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THE LIVING AGE

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'These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away.'

'Made up of every creature's best.'

'Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.'

~~EIGHTH SERIES, VOLUME XXXV~~

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CCCCXII

JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER

1924



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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

WHY MILLERAND IS OUT

IF we are to believe the French correspondent of *The Nation and the Athenæum*, M. Millerand owes his rather unceremonious ejection from the Presidency in no small measure to his effort to make that largely decorative honor an office of real political authority. He therefore infringed, at least in spirit, the Constitution to which he appealed when he refused the suggestion that he resign.

Not being responsible to Parliament, he has endeavored to instruct it. He tried to exercise pressure on the mass of the electors. He even went so far as to publish haughty threats. He has mixed in the struggle of the parties. He joined completely in the game, staking everything, knowing well that he was doing so, for he let it be understood that if the majority of voters did not rally to his point of view he would address a message to the country!

The Paris correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* cites two important violations of the precedents of his office by President Millerand: his intervention in the Conference at Cannes, and his speech at Évreux,

where he outlined a political programme identical with that of the National Bloc, and advocated revising the Constitution so as to enlarge the authority of his office. In both cases he championed his personal views against those of the Premier. He disagreed with Briand over the latter's foreign policy at Cannes, and with Poincaré over that Premier's domestic policy. Millerand himself led the campaign that forced the resignation of President Casimir-Perier thirty years ago, and wrote at that time: 'Inasmuch as the Élysée champions its own policy and seeks to carry out its own will, it is perfectly logical for the French electorate to call a halt upon that policy.'

Most French comment upon the crisis assumes such an ample background of local political information as to lose point for the foreign reader. The *London Spectator* elucidates the episode in an understanding article as follows: —

To us M. Poincaré has represented so completely the France of the last three years that we are inclined to forget that it was not he, but his less-known colleague, M. Alexandre Millerand, who formed that

famous Bloc National which alone made M. Poincaré and his policy possible. But if we in England were apt to forget this, the French electorate was never permitted to do so. In a series of speeches, culminating in his notorious address at Évreux, their President reminded them that it was he who was the architect of the great electoral trust which ruled them, and urgently demanded of them that they should continue to support it and him. The gravity of such action is not obvious in this country, where we are used to hearing of the actions and speeches of the President of the United States. But the position of the French President is a perfectly different one, analogous to that of the British Sovereign, and not to that of the American President, in that he calls on a party chief to form an administration, and never, like an American President, forms one himself. We have only to think for a moment of the situation that would have been created if the King had taken an active part in the late election, to get an almost exaggerated idea of what has happened in France.

Édouard Herriot, the new Premier of France, like several of his predecessors in that high office, was at one time a school-teacher, and he is still a lover of classical literature. The French correspondent who contributes a brief biography and character-sketch of him to the London *Saturday Review* says:—

He has not foresworn his allegiance to the humanities. He still carries an Ovid in his pocket, is frequently seen at the lecturer's desk, and when so inclined can write a satirical article in excellent hexameters.

✱

FASCIST ECONOMIES QUESTIONED

CREDIT for Italy's recent economic recovery has been a strong talking-point for the Fascist Government both at home and abroad. But Giacomo Matteotti, the Socialist Deputy whose kidnapping and presumable assassination by the Fascisti have seriously upset political tranquillity in Italy, disputed this claim in a letter published in the

June 7 issue of the London *Statist*. He asserted that the recovery began before Mussolini seized power, and its progress was not accelerated by that event.

It is perfectly true that 'all the usual statistical indices of the conditions of the country indicate a constant progress in Italy'; but that has nothing whatever to do with Fascism, for it is merely the result of a development which began several years before the Fascist régime.

The true expenditures of the Government have not diminished, though there has been an apparent decrease owing to certain peculiarities of accounting — the carrying-over into subsequent years of items connected with the liquidation of the war. The number of ministries, this informant tells us, has been reduced, but not their cost to the people. While there are about five thousand fewer civil servants than when the Fascisti took power, the actual cost of supporting them is more than 100 million lire greater than it used to be. There has been a reduction in the railway department, 'but the chief aim of this reduction was to get rid of employees who were not Fascisti.' The deficit in the operation of the Government railways still exceeds 900 million lire. This is a cut of more than 400 million in the deficit before the Fascisti assumed control, but that improvement is more than accounted for by one item — the lower cost of coal. The real improvement in the situation of the Italian treasury, according to Signor Matteotti, is due entirely to increased receipts from taxes, which were levied by the preceding Government. 'The cost of living is still rising, while wages are diminished by about fifteen to twenty per cent.'

✱

SPENGLER AND THE SOCIALISTS

OSWALD SPENGLER's latest work, which we note under Books Mentioned and

from which we publish an extract elsewhere in this issue, is naturally resented by the Socialists. Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* accuses the author of 'preaching from the pulpit like a conventional priest of Mammon' and asks:—

What does Herr Professor Spengler promise the workingman if he surrenders Socialism and places himself completely in the hands of 'talented, creative industrial leaders,' not a few of whom spend most of their time on the Riviera without the slightest visible detriment to the enterprises they own? The possibility of advancement by increased efficiency and personal service—that is, by piece work. . . . The workingman is to sacrifice his great ideal of world emancipation, his lofty aspiration for human brotherhood, all his conceptions of justice and humanity—in order to make his fingers a little nimbler and earn perhaps thirty-five per cent more wages, assuming that his employer does not improve the opportunity to lower the piece-work rate.

Turning to another theme in Spengler's new book, we find deductions there that have a very practical bearing upon the present public policies of Germany:—

World economics owe their form and organs to a long process of evolution, and Germany must accommodate herself to these or cease to exist. Russia made the experiment of ignoring them at the cost of 30,000,000 human lives, and now finds herself forced painfully to retrace her steps in order to escape a relapse into savagery. But Russia is a self-supporting country. Were Germany, whose people live on imports, exports, and credit, to make the slightest move toward destroying existing forms of credit and defying existing financial forces, she would invoke a similar catastrophe within a few weeks. In economics—though even experts often overlook this—sound theories and progressive methods often count for less than the accepted usages of the great masters of industry and finance. The keener vision of theorists plays a minor rôle; and equally in questions of statesmanship it is not so much brain

capacity as the acquired brain content that counts.

✱

COMMUNIST INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY

OUR London Communist contemporary, the *Labour Monthly*, refuses to see in the subsidence of economic and political uneasiness abroad anything more than the transient torpor of the satiated capitalist anaconda:—

The new era did not really begin with an uprising of the peoples, with changed hearts, to smash Baldwin and Poincaré at the ballot boxes. It began a long time ago, when the negotiators of the Standard Oil and Shell combines came to an agreement to share the Persian oil fields. Next came agreement, in principle, at Lausanne, as to the oil of Asia Minor. With the defeat of de la Huerta the question of the oil of Mexico was settled. Then came agreement as to the ultimate disposal of the Caucasian wells. The American debt is also settled as far as Britain is concerned. The experiment of direct control by the financiers of Europe has proved a success in Austria and is being extended to include Hungary. Italy received her soporific slice of African desert in the agreement as to Jubaland. These preliminary difficulties have been cleared out of the way, and all the spade work done for the 'settlement' of the biggest question of all—that of the control and exploitation of the railways, coal, and ores of Continental Europe. For the 'settlement of that question' American capital is needed, since the diplomatic settlement is not actually as important as the work of getting the Syndicate going on modern commercial lines. And for American capital to come in there is need for an international court of arbitration, on which American finances can be represented, to settle the disputes as to interpretation of phrases and to enforce the contracts agreed upon between the constituent national interests. That is why the Senate of the United States is at this moment discussing four distinct plans of action with regard to American participation in the World Court of The Hague.

Though the Communists have generally resorted to fiat-money when they have been in control of a country, they are not necessarily inflationists in theory. A contributor to the journal just quoted defines inflation as a device that produces 'a nation of millionaires who work twelve hours a day and are hungry.'

*

A BOLSHEVIST ABROAD

IVAN KUTUZOV, a Moscow delegate to the Anglo-Soviet conference at London, writes to his friends in Russia of his experiences in the British metropolis in a vein that suggests a chapter in that Australian classic, *The Waybacks in the Hearts of Their Countrymen*. One of these letters, published in the Soviet official daily, *Izvestia*, of May 9, records vividly the writer's first impressions of the city on the Thames.

Finally there is the station. Lights, lights, without number. A wonderful sight! Cleanliness, order! You get out of the car and see a crowd of people, automobiles, baggage carts, line after line — and all this within the station!

Cleanliness and order seem to be the high lights of his mental picture. At the hotel — 'English cleanliness, but not a particle of heat. If you want to feel warm, drop a shilling in a slot, because they have no Russian stoves, just automatic electrical ones. Sheer boredom. Just like an old folks' home.'

But alas for the roast beef of old England! In Russian eyes John Bull's country, famous for its hearty abundance and Pickwickian feasts, is a land of Lenten spareness: —

English food is, to a Russian, not food but a torturing mirage. You sit and look on: no end of forks and spoons, but as to food — you feel like getting up and looking around the room for it. When I was leaving Moscow, comrades shouted: 'Take care, Kutuzov, don't you get a fat stomach.' I

laugh when I think of that. Ten minutes after I have paid for my dinner I want something to eat again.

English beds are almost too aristocratic in their cleanliness, trimness, and comfort for a member of the proletariat. They are 'just what a *barin* — a fine gentleman — would have: spring mattresses, feather beds, warm blankets.'

The psychology of the well-trained English servant stirs the wrath of this revolutionary visitor: —

The servants look like lords, but know their duties. They must walk on tiptoe. If they only knew Russian I am sure we should soon teach them to behave differently. We should start discord and stir up disobedience to their masters. As it is, it's hopeless. You can't even gesture at them. We sit down; they stand before us. What they say about us, good or bad, we don't know. Besides, if we tried to convert them to our Russian ideas we might get a quick invitation to leave the country from their King. They're meek fellows here. So long as they're fed they're satisfied.

London traffic is another new experience.

I must say if we had such a crush on our Moscow streets we should have to put seven militiamen on every corner, and even then there would be confusion. Trams two stories high, bottom and top all windows. They don't allow people to stand in them — but then, who would want to stand if an autobus goes by every two minutes and a tramcar every four? And trains, elevated and underground, every three minutes! And they speed as if they were moving in a desert, while there are so many people in the street you're afraid to step on somebody's heels every moment.

A big city. Some forty versts or more from one end to the other. Judge for yourself: eight and a half million people, while Moscow prides herself on claiming two million. . . .

All in all, I must say London is a city and Moscow a village. Forgive me. Though I am a patriot of our workingmen's country,

I am saying what I have seen with my own eyes.

In stores — beauty outside and inside. Prices are fixed — no bargaining. You pay and your money shoots up a tube and the change comes back to the spot where you stand. Cunning indeed is the Englishman!

Such are my impressions. However, beautiful as is London, I'm already thinking every now and then: How soon back to Moscow?



TRANS-AFRICAN FORD-WAYS

EVEN the deepest jungles will soon afford no seclusion from the smell of gasoline and the chug of the motor-car. A correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from a frontier point in the Belgian Congo last April, thus describes the completion of the last link of a new automobile highway, over six hundred miles long, joining the Congo with the Nile: —



Here in Central Africa, in the most northeasterly district of the Belgian Congo, three epoch-making balks of timber have just been swung into position in the last span over a rising tropical stream. A rumbling, darkened sky, threatening one of those furious tornadoes which herald the breaking of the great rains, has hastened the workers' hands. The timber falls neatly into its resting-place with a deep contented boom. The last river has been bridged.

A Fiat car starts into a sudden purr from the depths of the forest patch behind and emerges along the high embankment into

the light. It moves slowly across the finished bridge, the first vehicle to cross. The date is April 13.

Henceforward, by rail, river, and this Congo road, the enterprising or curious passenger may travel in reasonable comfort to the Cape of Good Hope from Peking, Berlin, or Vladivostok with only one twenty-minute passage on salt water, without violence to his normal habits, and with only the exertion needed to walk from one to another waiting vehicle. *Calum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*



MINOR NOTES

Het Laatste Nieuws, a Brussels Liberal daily, deplors the tendency of political parties in Belgium to shape their tactics by the results of the elections in France. While acknowledging that the latter will determine Belgium's foreign policy, there is no reason, in the opinion of this journal, why they should influence purely domestic questions: Yet they are commonly regarded as doing so. 'Immediately after the French voters rendered their decision, some political leaders in Belgium, who until that event had been highly pleased with the idea of a Clerical-Liberal entente, made an immediate about-face, and began to champion an alliance between the Liberals and the Socialists. After shouting: "Long live the Catholic-Liberal Coalition! Down with the Socialists!" they now shout: "Long live the Socialists-Liberal Coalition! Down with the Catholics!"'

THE famous phrase, 'a scrap of paper,' supposed to have been used by the German Chancellor in referring to the treaty protecting Belgium's neutrality at the outbreak of the war, is now disputed. Mr. Valentine Williams, in a recent letter to the *Times*, says that he personally talked with the late Sir Edward Goschen, the British Ambassador, on this very subject, and that Sir

Edward informed him that the interview was conducted in German. The words actually used were '*ein Stückchen Papier.*' Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Chancellor, is reported to have remembered the words as '*ein Fetzen Papier.*' Sir Edward Goschen fancied that his rendering, 'a scrap of paper,' was suggested by Sardou's play. Perhaps the words will always remain a curious and undecided but not particularly weighty point of controversy in diplomatic annals.

CHILE'S March elections completed the swing to the moderate Left — the Liberalism represented by President Arturo Alessandri — that first manifested itself decisively at the ballot box in the presidential election of 1920. At that election the Conservative Party, which had controlled the destinies of the Republic for a generation, lost its hold upon the lower house of the Legislature and the executive branch of the Government, but retained a majority in the Senate that enabled it to block the progressive policies of its opponents. The March elections swept away this last obstacle to a more modern régime by giving President Alessandri a heavy majority in both Chambers. To be sure, this

advantage comes a little late, since the country is facing a new presidential election; but on the other hand, the long deadlock in the legislative branch of the Government serves the Liberals as a plausible excuse for not accomplishing all they promised the people in the campaign of 1920.

BOTH Russia and Germany have recently protested against the treatment of the minority populations in Poland. Germany's note was in favor of her countrymen in Silesia, while Chicherin seeks to make Russia the protector of the Ukrainians, the White Russians, and even the Orthodox Church in the territories of her Western neighbor. The Polish Government has not paid much attention to these protests, but has reached an agreement with the bishops of the Orthodox Church for a new delimitation of their parishes. This arrangement provides for the maintenance of an Orthodox Church within a maximum distance of ten kilometres of every resident in a parish, special seminaries to train orthodox priests, and the use of the minority languages in public schools wherever a specified proportion of the people — yet to be fixed by the Diet — uses these languages in their homes.

POLITICS IN FRANCE



HERRIOT ARRIVES

POINCARÉ DEPARTS. — *Humanité*

DIPLOMATIC STATUS OF THE DOMINIONS

BY ARTHUR BERRIEDALE KEITH, D.C.L.

[The request of the Irish Free State for a separate Minister at Washington, and the refusal of Canada to consider itself directly a party to the Lausanne Treaty between Great Britain and Turkey, raise the question of the diplomatic status of the Dominions. The author, who is distinguished both as an international jurist and an Oriental scholar, and is Regius Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology at Edinburgh University, is probably the leading authority on this question in Great Britain.]

From the *Morning Post*, June 10
(LONDON TORY DAILY)

THE publication of the correspondence between His Majesty's Government and that of Canada regarding the signature and ratification of the Lausanne Treaty, and the intimation of the desire of the Irish Free State to secure the appointment of a diplomatic representative at Washington, have raised once more in a somewhat acute form the problem of the measure of autonomy which is compatible with the continued unity of the Empire. The matter, indeed, would be simple enough if we could accept the doctrine which is current in South Africa, and which asserts that the Dominions are States of international law, whose unity depends on their allegiance to one sovereign and on that alone; but even General Smuts, who has carried to its furthest limits the doctrine of autonomy, has not officially adopted this position, and Mr. Massey has emphatically repudiated it. The situation is complex, and no simple theory is of value in attempting to explain it.

The dominant fact, however, is that the Dominions have as yet no international status other than that which they enjoy in virtue of their membership of the League of Nations. The terms of the Covenant of the League are sufficient to show that membership does not convert a Dominion into a

State of international law for all purposes; membership of the League gives a Dominion certain definite powers and duties, but, in matters not directly arising out of membership of the League, a Dominion retains its former position, and therefore is without international character.

It is true that the treaties of peace, save that with Turkey, were duly signed by separate plenipotentiaries in respect of each Dominion, but, important constitutionally as this method of procedure was, it was internationally of no consequence. The signatures were for and in the name of His Majesty, and the authority to append them rested ultimately on His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom; the significance of the mode of signature was essentially domestic, indicating that the Dominions, by their participation in the war, had acquired the right to consultation on all issues of foreign policy, while by signing the treaties they made it clear that they recognized their obligation actively to assist the United Kingdom in securing their due performance. The true nature of the signatures is admirably shown by the fact that the important — though abortive — pact between the United States, France, and His Majesty regarding the defense of France was signed only by

the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, while express provision had to be inserted to render the obligations of the treaty binding on the Dominions only if approved by their Parliaments.

In the light of these facts the controversy as to Lausanne admits of easy solution. The suggestion that any question of international law is involved is erroneous; no issue arises as to the possibility of Canada standing out from the treaty of peace, or remaining at war with Turkey, while peace prevails as regards the rest of the Empire. The Canadian Government does not claim that the British ratification of the treaty does not make the treaty applicable to Canada, or that Canada is an independent State; what it asserts is something very different, and perfectly reasonable, and it is a misfortune that its attitude should so widely have been misunderstood. Canada was not given the chance of being represented during the negotiation of the treaty, and therefore, very naturally, the Dominion Government declined to consent to the treaty being signed in respect of Canada separately, or to express concurrence in the ratification of the treaty, while taking no exception to such action as regards ratification as His Majesty's Government might determine upon.

The result, therefore, is that the treaty through ratification becomes binding on Canada, as far as international law is concerned, but that in regard to it Canada stands in a different attitude constitutionally than to the earlier treaties of peace. In the case of those treaties she accepted full responsibility to play her part in the execution of their provisions, a fact strikingly illustrated by her efforts to secure the modification of the grave burdens imposed by Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations. In the case of the peace of Lausanne she

has expressly stated that she holds that the obligations imposed by the treaty, including the Straits Convention, are essentially incumbent on the United Kingdom. In the event, therefore, of any breach of that Convention, Canada remains morally and constitutionally free to decide to what extent, if any, she will assist the United Kingdom to vindicate the terms of the treaty. From the point of view of the domestic relations of the Empire the distinction is of great practical importance, but it has no significance for international law.

The position of the Irish Free State in this regard is identical both in law and in fact. The treaty of Lausanne binds the Free State, but constitutionally the Free State remains free to determine how far she will accept the duty to participate actively in dealing with any breach of the terms of the Convention.

The attitude of Canada and the Free State in this regard affords a practical solution of what *prima facie* is a grave difficulty, the possibility of carrying on an Imperial foreign policy without deadlocks or destroying the unity of the Empire. It is plainly impossible, under present conditions of feeling in the Dominions and the United Kingdom, for British relations with European Powers to be controlled by a truly Imperial body, and the only practical solution lies in consultation, and, if agreement is not possible, in the conclusion of treaties by the Crown on the authority of the Government of the United Kingdom, subject to the constitutional understanding that it remains for the Dominions to decide, if and when the cause arises, to what extent they will actively assist the United Kingdom. How far it may prove possible in concluding treaties of a political character, as opposed to commercial treaties, to make clear to what extent they are applicable to the Dominions,

is a matter remaining to be explored; but it is not unlikely that in practice the attempt would prove unfruitful, and might tend to endanger Imperial unity.

The same danger is far more directly threatened by the question of the appointment of a Minister Plenipotentiary of the Irish Free State at Washington. The Irish demand rests on a very strong basis, the promise given by the treaty of December 1921, of a status equivalent to that of the Dominion of Canada, for on May 11, 1920, Mr. Bonar Law announced in the House of Commons the conclusion of an arrangement between the British and the Canadian Governments for the appointment at Washington of a Minister Plenipotentiary to have charge of Canadian affairs. It is true that Canada has hitherto refrained from making a recommendation to the King under this arrangement, but this is not, strictly speaking, relevant, and it is difficult, except on very technical grounds, to refuse the Free State the benefit of a similar appointment, provided, of course, that the United States concurs in it.

There are obvious objections to the procedure proposed, as well as considerable difficulty in estimating the manner in which the proposal would operate. The appointment, according to the agreement with Canada, would be intended to operate in such a manner as not to violate the diplomatic unity of the Empire, and the Government of the United Kingdom would be responsible for the advice to make the appointment tendered to the Crown. The Minister Plenipotentiary would be empowered to represent His Majesty at Washington, but not, like the British Ambassador, generally, his sphere of action being restricted to matters of purely Canadian or Free State concern, and on these he would take his instructions

direct from the Canadian or the Free State Government.

The immediate difficulty arises as to the authority to determine what matters were of purely Canadian or Free State concern, and the relations of the Ambassador to the Minister in respect of questions which might have, or be held by the British Government to have, an Imperial interest. It is patent that a commercial arrangement between the United States and Canada or the Free State is precisely the sort of question with which a Minister representing either of these territories would be expected to deal, and equally plain that any such agreement might very deeply affect Imperial interests generally as was the case with the reciprocity agreement of 1911. Further confusion may be expected if and when Australia or South Africa feels it incumbent to ask for a Minister of its own, and the United States Government may be excused if it feels no enthusiasm for any such splitting-up of British representation, even unaccompanied by any suggestion of recognition of the Dominions as distinct units of international law.

On the other hand must be set the fact of the natural Canadian feeling that, as the bulk of the Embassy business in the United States is connected with Canadian affairs, it is desirable that these matters should be dealt with by a Canadian, whose responsibility is direct to the Dominion Government.

One misunderstanding should in any case be avoided. The appointment of a Dominion Minister would in no wise increase the power of a Dominion in treaty matters. Such a Minister could not negotiate or sign for the Crown any treaty without the express authority of the British Government as well as of his own Government, and any treaty so signed could only be ratified with like assent.

AN ELECTION SURVEY OF EUROPE

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

From *L'Illustration*, May 24
(PARIS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY)

Is it possible to discover certain general tendencies and common traits in the elections that have recently occurred in England, Italy, Germany, and France? To be sure, political, economic, and social conditions are different in each of these countries, and the methods of voting, which necessarily have some influence on results, also vary. Women vote in England and Germany, and take an active part in political campaigns. Their weight is sufficient to determine the outcome in either country. We are told, for example, that they contributed materially to the strength of the Nationalist polls in Germany. If women possessed the ballot in France, as they certainly will some day, it is reasonable to infer that the cost of living would have been an even more important campaign issue than it actually proved to be.

What characterizes the French elections first of all is an emphatic return to the political alignments that preceded the war. We have elected a Chamber in 1924 that does not differ materially from the Chamber chosen ten years ago, in 1914. It was that earlier Chamber, where the Parties of the Left had an unquestioned majority and the understanding between the Radicals and the Socialists was very close, which, when it had been in existence only a few months, received the shock of Germany's declaration of war. That was the Chamber that fought the war. Socialists joined the Ministry. This Legislature and the Cabinets to which it gave its confidence bore the burden

of war without flinching, and carried the country to victory. That is a fact upon which we cannot lay too much stress.

The elections that immediately followed our victory, in the very midst of its intoxication, caused an abrupt shifting toward the Right. The National Bloc, which won such a signal triumph in that campaign, was the fruit of an effort to form a new party by reconciling the old differences that had divided formerly hostile groups. But to create a great political party worthy of the name, able to live and to thrust its roots deep into national life, takes much time, much labor, and much personal sacrifice.

The leaders of the National Bloc have had reason to realize that it is harder to use success than to win it. After a victory resulting from a unique concurrence of transient circumstances, it is all-important not to forget that special circumstances speedily change, and the victories they give are often short-lived. The abnormal conditions following the war gradually disappeared. Each country resumed more or less rapidly its normal habits of life and thought. Political alliances formed during or immediately after the war yielded to the older and solidier combinations that had preceded them. They could not live and grow except by supplanting what had gone before; and, either for want of skillful leaders or under the compulsion of circumstances, they failed to do this.

Such a situation is not peculiar to

France. England was not able to preserve the Coalition that for a time united the Conservatives and part of the Liberals under the sceptre of Lloyd George. That transitory and paradoxical alliance — considering the ancient and powerful traditions of the British Empire — came to an end. When the war was over and the treaty signed, each party wished to recover its old independence. The ill-matched team, so to speak, kicked over the traces, and its Welsh driver was unable, with all his dexterity, to keep it in the shafts.

So England too has resumed the political course she followed before the war, except for changes caused by the growth of the Labor Party. That party, which now ranks second in strength, has taken the place formerly held by the Liberals, and will probably encroach more and more upon the territory of its predecessor. So the future of the Liberal Party is unpromising. If, in a crisis, its leaders should adopt a positive policy, they would run the risk of seeing their following desert them, some to the Conservatives, and others to the Socialists. We should not forget that Premier MacDonald's Ministry already contains several converts from Liberalism. Their intelligence, culture, and political experience make them the most valuable lieutenants he has.

While the French elections exhibited a decided shifting toward the Left, precisely the reverse occurred in Germany. All that the Parties of the Right and Centre lost in France was gained by the Radicals and Socialists. In Germany all that was lost by the Parties of the Left — Socialists, Democrats, and Clericals — has gone to either the Nationalists on the extreme Right or the Communists on the extreme Left. And the gains of the Nationalists exceed the gains of the Communists both in numbers and in political significance. This drift to the Right is by no means a new

phenomenon in post-war Germany. It has manifested itself in every election since the Armistice. At each the Left has lost ground. Only the Clericals, with their powerful organization and use of the confessional argument, have been able to hold their followers.

German voters show this disposition to desert the leaders of the Left because the latter have been in power during a critical period, when they have made themselves responsible for many of the difficulties and disasters that have afflicted the country. The collapse of the mark has ruined the middle classes and overturned the whole social hierarchy from top to bottom. It has made the rich poor and the poor rich. *Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles.* Shifty sharpers have profited by speculating on the fall of the mark, and some of them have won fortunes that dazzle the imagination. As in all such crises, the middle classes — civil servants, retired business men, pensioners, and other people with moderate fixed incomes — have suffered the worst. Falling exchange and skyrocketing prices have weighed like a nightmare upon the country. They have ruined dispositions, wrecked business morals, aggravated domestic discord, and created dangerous undercurrents of discontent.

Naturally the opposition parties, particularly the extremists on the Right and on the Left, have taken advantage of this. We must add to these grievances the anger caused by our occupation of the Ruhr, which has been sedulously cultivated by a campaign of falsification and calumny.

Under such conditions, the opponents of the Left had an easy task. All they needed to do was to denounce the blunders and weakness of the Cabinet. Most of their attacks struck home. So the Government parties have met defeat.

Our difficulties in France since the war are not to be compared with those in Germany. They are just as actual, to be sure, and of the utmost gravity — especially our financial predicament. Our taxpayers have had to bear an enormous burden to rebuild the devastated regions, because Germany has defaulted. The logical result has been to depreciate our exchange and thereby to raise the cost of living, which directly affects everyone. In order to meet the crisis, we were forced to vote new taxes only a few weeks before the elections.

It is unnecessary to look beyond the high cost of living and heavy taxes for the discontent that manifests itself everywhere, both in the cities and in the country. And the discontented always vote against the Government.

In Germany as well as France new political forces are rising to ascendancy. But the men put in office by these forces will soon learn that it is infinitely easier to criticize a Ministry than to conduct one. If the German Nationalists enter a Cabinet, they will have to show their cards. They must say definitely and unambiguously whether they accept the Dawes Report or not. If they accept it, why did they blame their predecessors for doing so? If they reject it, they will have to take the consequences — offend England and weld her closer than ever to France, debase the Rentenmark so laboriously stabilized, and do many other things that no reasonable man will venture with a light heart.

Our Radicals in France condemn M. Poincaré violently for his financial policy, new taxes, and the *décrets-lois*, which they say violate our constitutional liberties and the rights of parliament. While we must admit that this criticism is theoretically justified, we should bear in mind that M. Poincaré did not adopt these measures because he liked them, but because he was com-

pelled to do so. Our financial crisis, the imperative necessity of protecting the franc from complete demoralization, made it absolutely necessary to increase the Government's income and diminish its outgo. How could that be done? If the *décrets-lois* were a poor device for doing this, some other way must be discovered immediately.

M. Poincaré was criticized bitterly for the occupation of the Ruhr. There again it was merely a question of the choice of means. His political opponents will quickly realize this the moment they are in power. Would they assume responsibility for evacuating the Ruhr and trusting to the unguaranteed promises of Germany? If, as we have only too much reason to fear, Germany should default in her promises, the responsibility would be crushing.

In fact, conditions govern men much more than men govern conditions. That is true of politics and diplomacy, and still more true of economics and finance. The new French Cabinet will discover within twenty-four hours of taking office that it is face to face with the same compelling problems that the old Cabinet vainly tried to solve. If it sticks rigidly to its preconceived programme, if it indulges in the slightest liberality at the expense of the public purse to either Government employees or taxpayers, it will open a spigot through which the treasury will soon run dry. Then it will be forced to choose between two things: to increase revenues by levying new taxes, or to resort to some form of public borrowing. In the latter case the franc will again plunge downward.

Italy's political evolution, and to some extent that of Spain, have entered a phase where a dictatorship set up by force has supplanted a discredited parliament, has vigorously restored public order, and has over-

thrown a tyranny of Communists and anarchists.

Fascism is primarily a reaction from an even worse evil. The middle classes, instead of surrendering as they did in Russia and letting themselves be dispossessed of their property and then destroyed, rallied resolutely to defend their rights. They formed military organizations well supplied with money — the nerves of war — and strictly disciplined, and offered battle to the Communists, replying to violence with violence, and returning with interest every blow that they received. When this Fascist organization reached a certain point of development, its leader, a man of resolution and decision, promptly seized power, and held it firmly. He ignored parliament, and for the time being practically suppressed its functions.

When public order was fully restored, business was reviving, and confidence in the stability of the Government was reestablished, both at home and abroad, Mussolini appealed to the country, and the voters responded as they ordinarily do to the authors of a triumphant *coup d'état*. They endorsed the dictator and his lieutenants by a formidable majority.

The soul of Fascism is hatred of Communism and detestation of the excesses and disorders that accompany it — of incessant strikes and violent outbreaks that endanger the property, personal safety, and even the lives of citizens. Russia is the only European land where Communism has survived. But geographically, economically, and socially she is only partially European. Everywhere else a very brief experience with soviet government and a dictatorship of the proletariat has provoked the other classes to immediate resistance, if necessary to civil war, and they have speedily crushed the Communist movement.

With slight variations that is what has happened in Germany, in Hungary, and in Italy. If parliament lacks the vigor and energy to perform this service, the endangered nation instinctively resorts to a dictator — and always finds a man for the job.

France is, of all European countries, the land where private property is the most subdivided and the most equally distributed. If we compare the condition of the common people of France — the working classes and salaried employees in town and country — with the same classes in England, Germany, or Italy, we discover marked differences. Practically no poor people in France are utterly pauperized. Rare is the French workingman who does not own some property, however modest.

For this reason Communism does not threaten us as much as it does some of our neighbors. But we cannot say that this danger is entirely absent. Conditions may arise where the laboring proletariat in the strictest sense of the word might be reënforced by a bourgeois proletariat that felt even more keenly than the former the constantly rising cost of living. This is the political peril that lurks in mounting prices. It is the most dangerous and disquieting evil society can face. It is an evil that must be combated by every means.

A study of the Cabinets now in power — or likely to take office within a few days — in France, Germany, and England, reveals one trait common to all of them: they are politically unstable, they lack a homogeneous majority. The Labor Cabinet in England lives by the tolerance of the Liberals. Should the latter refuse it their votes, it would be overthrown at once. Whatever Cabinet may hold power in Germany, whether the Nationalists take part in it or not, will likewise of necessity owe

its existence to a coalition of several factions. In France the Radicals, though by far the most numerous group in the Chamber, do not make a majority except with the support of either the Socialists or the Left Republicans.

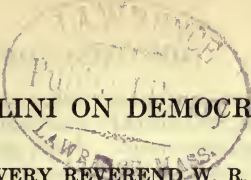
One might assume that such a situation will in each case result in a weak and vacillating administration. But this kind of instability is a disadvantage of more theoretical than practical importance. Moreover, except in England, it is not new. French and German Cabinets have nearly always been founded on coalitions. *Concentration* has become a familiar term in our parliamentary vocabulary. The last French Chamber was unusual in this respect, for the National Bloc commanded an indisputable majority. That was a transitory exception, however, which, like most exceptions, only confirms the rule.

Our marked shifting to the Left in France is the best answer the country could give to the charge of nationalism and imperialism launched against us almost everywhere, particularly in England and America. Pro-German propaganda — which, let me add, is not always conducted by Germans — made great capital of this accusation. For example, it was so skillfully exploited at the Washington Conference as to prejudice American opinion against France, although the general

sentiment of that country is so cordial and sympathetic toward our people. Its propagandists portrayed France as a reactionary, belligerent country, a disturber of European peace, dreaming of nothing but gore and bloodshed, and maintaining a huge army far beyond its means for the sake of annihilating, of trampling underfoot, its poor, vanquished adversary, peace-loving Germany.

These absurd accusations won general credit. How often newspaper articles and Congressional and Parliamentary debates in both England and America have brought us their echoes. We made futile efforts to refute them, to show how foolish they were, to prove by actual figures that we were spending less upon our army and navy than England and the United States. We appealed in vain to the fundamentally democratic and pacific character of our people. Either we were not believed at all, or we were only half believed.

Now the facts themselves — that is, the elections — have demonstrated so that all the world can see the true attitude and feeling of the nation. Henceforth no one can honestly accuse us of militarism and imperialism. Moreover, every Frenchman, whatever his political preferences, whether he is an admirer of M. Poincaré or of M. Herriot, knows that neither of these statesmen is more militarist than the other.



MUSSOLINI ON DEMOCRACY

BY THE VERY REVEREND W. R. INGE

[We follow the Italian article upon Mussolini and Machiavelli in our issue of June 28 with this exposition of the same theme by the versatile Dean of St. Paul's, because the present revival of that disparagement of popular virtue and intelligence that characterizes Machiavelli's political philosophy appears to be one of the significant phenomena of the times.]

From the *Morning Post*, June 8
(LONDON TORY DAILY)

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI avows himself a disciple of Machiavelli. 'The Prince,' he says, 'is the statesman's supreme guide. His doctrine is alive to-day because in the course of four hundred years no deep changes have occurred in the minds of men or in the actions of nations.'

And what, according to Mussolini, is the doctrine of Machiavelli? Politics is the art of leading, utilizing, and educating the passions, desires, and interests of men for the benefit of the general order. Men are more inclined to submit to him who makes himself dreaded than to him who strives to be loved. Friendship of this kind, being a mere moral tie, cannot endure against the calculations of interest, whereas fear carries with it the dread of punishment, which never loses its influence. 'It is necessary for anyone who establishes a republic to presuppose that all men are bad, and that they will always apply the malignity of their mind when they have an opportunity. Men never work for good except under compulsion.'

'If,' says Mussolini, 'I am permitted to judge my fellow creatures and contemporaries, I cannot in any way depart from the conclusions of Machiavelli. In fact, I have to be even more severe.' This severity he proceeds to illustrate. While individuals tend to

social decay, the State represents organization. The individual continually attempts to disobey the laws. He hates to pay taxes, and endeavors to avoid his obligations to service in war. There are very few heroes who are prepared to sacrifice themselves on the altar of the State, though there are many willing to upset the altar for their own purposes. Democracy is folly, as is shown by the fact that it is discarded at once when the nation is in danger. When the supreme interests of the people are at stake, even the most democratic governments take care not to submit them to the judgment of the people. 'Armed prophets' — he quotes from Machiavelli — 'conquer; those who are unarmed are ruined. Therefore it is well to arrange things so that when people no longer believe they can be made to believe through force.'

The political crudity of this declaration is amazing. It is as foolish as the utterances of James I, who, when his subjects had already determined to make the monarchy constitutional, was good enough to inform them that 'though a good king will frame his actions according to the law, he is not bound thereto, but of his own good-will and for good example to his subjects. For he is master over every person, having power over life and death.' A

wicked king, James goes on, is sent by God to punish his people, who should resort to 'patience, prayer, and amendment of life' when this infliction falls upon them.

This is not the way in which the real rulers of men have spoken and acted. Oliver Cromwell, for example, did not rise to power by riding roughshod over the opinions and convictions of the English people. His rule represented the triumph of armed force, it is true; but S. R. Gardiner has shown how often he was obliged to accommodate his policy to the factions opposed to him, and how little he intended to govern by fear. Napoleon's maxims, most of which he kept to himself till his active career was over, breathe a very different spirit from Mussolini's. 'The longer I live, the more convinced I am that nothing permanent can be achieved by bare force.' 'Man can be governed only through the imagination. Without it he is a brute.'

There can indeed be no more prodigious blunder for a ruler than to suppose that men are guided only by selfish material interests. It is the imponderables that count most in history. Mussolini says that there are not many heroes who would give their lives for their country. There are unfortunately some millions fewer than there were ten years ago; but the brave men were not all killed. It is difficult even to guess what Machiavelli meant by the failure of the unarmed prophets. Mohammed was an armed prophet; but the men whose ideas have influenced mankind most durably and profoundly — such as Buddha, Plato, and the Founder of Christianity — never appealed to force.

Even great military dictators have been carried to the height of power on the wave of some idealistic enthusiasm. This was true of Mohammed, Crom-

well, and Napoleon. Even Lenin, who was insane for many years before his death, as the autopsy on his remains proved, was the chosen hero of other madmen. The interesting fact about his career was that he became the Bolshevik dictator because he was a maniac. No sane man could have walked in bloodshed for five years. But even Bolshevism was not established by mere violence. There was a kind of fanatical faith behind it.

Nor does Mussolini interpret even Machiavelli rightly. He is better represented by such maxims as these: 'When the fear of God is wanting, a kingdom must either go to ruin or be supported by fear of a prince.' 'I believe good to be that which conduces to the interests of the majority, and with which the majority are contented.'

Mussolini as dictator will probably have a short life and a merry one. But Dr. Schiller is right when he reminds us that 'the populations controlled by sheer force are to-day far greater and more important than fifty years ago'; and this may bring us to consider Mussolini's contemptuous judgment of democracy.

That fetish of our grandparents is still worshiped in America. When a nation is blatantly prosperous it forgets its God and adores its institutions. There was a time when the late lamented British Constitution was honored as the final expression of human wisdom. Chastened Europe is looking at the fetish critically, and finds that something more than the feet are of clay.

Nevertheless, we shall prefer the ills we know to a Fascist dictatorship. Mussolini's political creed does not inspire confidence. After a few years of Cromwell England welcomed Charles II, who realized Mussolini's ideal in one respect — he believed most people were scoundrels, and thought no worse of them on that account.

SPRING IN THE ISLES OF GREECE

BY SIR ARTHUR SHIPLEY

[The author, who holds honorary degrees from two American universities, and has been Vice-Chairman of the University of Cambridge, is the author of a number of well-known works on natural history and allied subjects.]

From the *Times*, May 15, 16, 19
(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

NOTHING can be more delightful, more refreshing, more health-giving than a cruise in a comfortable yacht among the 'Isles of Greece' in spring. You are free from steamer routes and the inevitable unpunctuality of all those who go down to the sea in East Mediterranean ships. The yacht goeth where it, or rather its owner, listeth. If, as occasionally happens, a storm arises and the sea becomes, as in Homer's time, 'many-sounding,' there is almost always some quiet bay or harbor within reasonable reach. A yacht can land you at that point of an island whence a temple or monastery or Frankish castle can most easily be reached. It is independent of the island capital, often situate far from the ruins — for as a rule they are ruins — which form the main object of the visit.

At this time the Ægean Sea is at its bluest and its clearest, comparable with, though not surpassing, the brilliancy and translucency of the seas of the Bermudas and the Bahamas. The sun is warm, but not too warm, the air crisp and extraordinarily invigorating. It is of an amazing clearness and land can be seen at a distance of some forty miles, while the snow-capped mountains are visible some eighty miles off. In the spring too the snow is still there and adds a rare beauty to the background.

The trees are breaking into their

early foliage. Quinces in flower seem everywhere; the Judas tree adds a splash of vivid color. The smell of the orange blossom is in the air, and as a foil we have the perpetual evergreen fir, with its clean, resinous odor, the cypress, the bay, the myrtle, and above all the world-worn, sad-looking olive.

The flowers recall the foreground of a Botticelli picture. Asphodel and acanthus give a classical 'facies' to the fields where one finds large patches of anemones, the yellow allium or garlic, thought to be the moly of classical times, and poppies darker than our own. Yellow and delicate little blue-irises mark the moister regions, while the gorse and the broom clothe the barren hillsides with a golden glory. Rosemary, wild thyme, and other fragrant herbs are bruised as one moves about the ruins, and bruised they yield up their fragrance.

All these flowers in bloom mean a great activity in the insect-life, and the insects rise to the occasion. Graceful butterflies and heavily laden bees frequent the flowers. Dragon flies, moths, grasshoppers abound; and beetles more brilliant than any jewel crawl about the undergrowth.

The villages in the Greek islands owe a great deal to whitewash. Dwelling-houses of every kind are whitewashed, and even churches and monasteries. This is generally renewed in time for

Easter, and we found the whitewashers busily at work at the monasteries in Patmos and elsewhere. Whatever the whitewash conceals, the general effect is pleasing, and one picks out in the clear atmosphere of the Ægean Sea the villages on distant shadowy islands, for they look like little splashes of Chinese white on a purplish hazy background as one gazes from afar.

Coming, as we had come and as many travelers do, from Southern Italy and Sicily, it was agreeable to find that there were no beggars, or hardly any. The Greek country-folk are extremely courteous and pleasant to get on with. It is true they talk a great deal among themselves, in fact they talk all day; but that does n't trouble the casual visitor. One is almost sure, even in the remotest towns, to find someone who speaks English, generally a sailor once in our mercantile marine, but equally often someone who has made his little pile in the United States and has returned to spend his old age in his beloved native island, for they have an intense devotion for their 'home town.'

There are very few roads in the islands. One mostly passes along uncharted paths or ascends a steep zigzag, a cobbled pathway where, although it does n't feel like it, you are really much safer on the back of a donkey than on your own legs.

At Paros, whence the marble comes, we landed to see the Church of the Hundred Gates, which has an unusually rich iconostasis with the usual three doors. Only the King and the clergy may use the central portal, and now there is no King! We also saw here a strange font shaped like a huge hollow cross. In this total immersion is indeed possible, but, as the rubric of our Baptismal Service enjoins, it would have to be done 'discreetly and warily.' . . .

Although Strabo wrote slightly of

the local wine of Samos, its manufacture evidently greatly improved as the centuries passed. Byron selects it among all the Island wines:—

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,
and Tozer was 'regaled' at the capital, Vathy, with old wine 'of a splendid quality,' 'almost a liqueur.' Like other Greek wines, it is very strong and demands dilution with a considerable amount of water. . . .

The first Dodecanese island we visited was Rhodes, and to visit Rhodes is not always easy. The harbors are silted up, and when a sea is running the shore boats cannot reach the steamer. Tozer tells the story of a gentleman who left Smyrna to spend Christmas at Rhodes, and being unable to land was carried on to Alexandria; returning on the same boat he was again unable to land. In fact, he spent weeks and weeks traveling up and down the Eastern Mediterranean without ever being able to land on the island. In the end, however, he did spend Easter on Rhodes.

We were luckier and were able to land both at the south end of the island at Lindos and later at the city of Rhodes, the capital of the island, which lies farther north.

Lindos is a clean-looking little town lying athwart two small harbors. We were met by an Italian sergeant and a soldier or two, who, without being in any way obtrusive, kept a paternal eye on all our doings. The Knights of Saint John — or, as they call them out there, the Cavaliers — have left many mediæval marks on the windows and doorways of the town. The striking feature of Lindos is the Castle of the Knights, which towers over the town some hundred feet up. Just the sort of place for

Sir Guy — the doughty Crusader,
A muscular knight,
Ever ready to fight,
A very determined invader.

These castles and those of the Venetians are never whitewashed, and are for the most part in ruins, but at Nauplia, in an island called Bourzi, in the harbor one is kept in fair repair, for it houses or did house the public executioner, who is always a kind of converted convict and is very unpopular, so he is or was carefully guarded. Once a year he used to be taken round the country in a man-of-war to chop people's heads off, but now that capital punishment has been abolished no one seems to know what he does or even if he still occupies his castle.

Rhodes, the capital, was the busiest town we viewed in the islands. We were there on a Sunday, and the Turks and the Jews were doing a great trade in the chief street, where shops of all kinds jostle each other. Shops selling the same wares are contiguous, an Eastern and a very practical arrangement. In a parallel and quite deserted street still stand the priories of those nations which provided the Knights. Magnificent remains, but difficult to see because of the narrowness of the thoroughfare and the accretion of the inevitable latticed Turkish balconies.

All the old Rhodian plates seem to have disappeared, though the people of the island still decorate their walls with plaques. The old Rhodian ware was used for no other purpose than decoration, and each piece is pierced by two holes for the suspending string. Tozer tells us that dishes from Kameiros, made about 700 B.C., were pierced in the same way.

The small island of Kos was visited to see what is left — and it is not much — of the temple of Æsculapius and the venerable and gigantic plane under whose shade it pleased us to think, as the pious islanders think, that greatest of all physicians, Hippocrates, taught. It was at Kos that we first heard a muezzin call the faithful to prayer, and

this he did not from a minaret but from the top of a staircase leading to a classic doorway.

The landing at Crete is not always easy, as the port of Canea is an open roadstead. However, one can do much more with a motor-boat than one can with a native rowing-boat, and we landed quite comfortably. The Museum at Canea is well arranged and full of the most fascinating objects from Knossos — double-headed axes, bulls' heads with golden horns, models and pictures of ladies whose gowns recall the pictures of Keene and du Maurier, slim-waisted youths who can hardly have existed — all admirably displayed, labeled, and catalogued. To Knossos we motored out in about half an hour on a fairly good road. I rather wish Saint Paul had not given his endorsement to the saying of Epimenides, who seems to have been a poet, priest, and prophet at Knossos, that 'Cretans are always liars'; and, as far as I can make out, there was a special temporary reason for the remark of Epimenides. Burke did 'not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people'; apparently Epimenides did. To take the outburst of this local prophet and hand it on for all time seems to me to take a heavy responsibility. A man in the position of the Apostle should have thought twice before confirming such a wide generalization. It has prejudiced the island just as the statement of Phocylides about the badness of the people of Leros has injured Leros. We certainly did not find that the Cretans lied more than any other people we came across, and they are abstemious and thrifty folk.

During the war large deposits of coal, thrown over from the various warships which were centred there, accumulated at the bottom of the sea; but not being mechanically minded, and being devoid of dredging apparatus,

the Cretans retrieved this treasure by attaching an octopus to a string and lowering the mollusk over the coal-dump. As soon as it had attached itself by its tentacles to its resting-place, they gently pulled it up; the adhering lump of coal was then detached, and the octopus dropped in again. As in Southern Italy, the octopus is used as an article of food, but this is the first instance I have come across of this mollusk being of practical value as a coal-heaver.

In many of the Islands we were offered coins. I, with the fear of the Fitzwilliam Museum behind me, did not buy any. The last time I was in Greece the late Professor J. H. Middleton told us that if one was offered a really good coin it would be well to inquire whether the seller kept turkeys. It appears that a sojourn in the gizzard of that fowl produces just the right patina, or polish, which deceives the expert. Of course, one has to sacrifice a turkey, but this is a small matter to the coiners, who demand and get hundreds of pounds for golden coins — and, after all, they can eat a great deal of the turkey.

The last of the Dodecanese we visited was Patmos.

On landing at the Scala we were received by a very courteous and aristocratic-looking young Italian officer, who, with his sergeant-major, accompanied us on our visit to the monasteries. His whole garrison consisted of only eleven soldiers, who controlled the population of Patmos. It is quite possible he took us all for Americans, for when we got back to Athens we heard at the Legation of some Englishmen who were refused permission to land on the island and had to knock about throughout the night in an open boat in the unsheltered harbor.

From the harbor we climbed up a

long ascent to the Monastery of Saint John, and were most courteously treated by the abbot and monks. They have still retained a splendid collection of sacred vessels and many documents of the greatest value. The church alone was worth the climb, for it has a wonderful decorated iconostasis. The building was the queerest jumble of rooms and staircases and tiny courts all apparently at different levels, but ultimately we got into the library and saw the precious manuscript in uncial letters of gold and silver on purple vellum. The color of the leaves was the nearest approach to the old imperial purple that I remember seeing. The art of preparing this from the sea-snail (*Murex*) has been lost, but they are at present making vigorous efforts to recover the mystery in the United States. Thirty-three leaves of this Codex are at Patmos and some of the others are scattered in Rome, London, and Vienna.

There are many other valuable treasures, not the least among which are some wonderful bindings. The monks also showed us some curious wooden boards which they bang with a wooden mallet, instead of ringing a bell, to summon the community to prayer or to feasting. But the most beautiful thing we saw in the Monastery of Saint John was the inscription over the door of their ancient library: *ψυχῆς ἰατρείον*. Indeed, this was one of the most delightful things I saw during all our tour in Greece.

I never could make out what the monks in Greece did. Apparently they resembled our House of Peers who, during the Napoleonic wars,

Did nothing in particular
And did it very well.

They do not seem to take any part in preaching or any charitable care of the sick or poor. They appeared to lead a

quiet, contemplative life, though what they contemplated was not very clear. When they are not contemplating they carry on certain domestic tasks, and as a rule they make their own clothes, prepare their own food, and distill their own liqueurs, and in certain monasteries the monks cultivate their garden. In other monasteries they employ lay brothers for all outside work.

At any rate, these monkish gentlemen were not very learned, at least in modern matters. Of all the monks we met there was but one who could talk anything but his native language. Looking at the books and seeing how many of them were tattered, riddled with bookworm, and with broken backs, I could not help reflecting that it would not be a bad thing if one or two of the monks were trained as bookbinders. At any rate, they were proud of their books and pleased to show them.

After being restored by a white, creamy-cheese looking sweetmeat, which tasted like marshmallows, and a small glass of cognac, we visited the other monastery on the way down, that of the Apocalypse. Here, after descending some considerable number of steps, one discovered the cave where Saint John wrote his Revelation.

I, John . . . your brother . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos.

After seeing the cave, the guests were treated by the hospitable monks to quince jam and liqueurs.

The number of monasteries is declining. Under Capodistrias, nearly a century ago, three hundred were done away with, and twenty-five years ago there were only some twenty-five hundred monks and less than five hundred nuns in the kingdom; the latter enjoy greater liberty than their sisters in the Roman Church.

Altogether, there are some four thousand to five thousand inhabitants

of Patmos, who are practically all Greeks and Orthodox, there being very few Jews or Turks. These thousands are controlled by so small a number as a dozen Italian soldiers. I asked one of the privates how they managed to do it, and he replied that the inhabitants '*hanno paura*,' so I suppose the island is now ruled by moral suasion.

But if I could have my choice of all the Greek islands we visited I should certainly choose Santorini (Thera). It is the queerest possible island, but it has an extraordinary fascination. It is the most southern of the Cyclades, and it was thence we started for Crete. Santorini — called after Saint Irene, who was murdered there early in the fourth century, and sometimes known as Thera — is, in fact, the crater of a huge volcano. The edge of this crater is broken down in two places, thus making two inlets, one to the north and one to the south, and it has a few scattered small islands in the centre. The crater is extraordinarily deep and there is no anchorage except at one comparatively confined spot. In places the water is as warm as a hot bath and pumice stones were floating about on it. It is so impregnated with sulphur and other products of volcanic action that ships with foul bottoms repair thither. The sulphur has a fatal effect upon the barnacles, seaweed, and other encrusting organisms which do so much to diminish the speed of a seagoing vessel, and the ships leave these waters as clean as if they had been dry-docked. This particular part of the enclosed water basin is quite yellow and bubbling with gases very much as the waters of certain bathing-resorts bubble with various gases.

The wild, even horrible, aspect of the volcanic rocks has a fascination for me, and the white capital, perched on the edge of the volcano toward the northern limit, and the wonderful zigzag

path cobbled with blocks of lava which led from it to the harbor, formed a very appealing and human sight. Of all the islands we visited Santorini seemed to have the busiest people. Up and down the zigzag path the little donkeys were constantly passing, laden with goat-skins full of the *vino santo* which used to be exported in large quantities to Russia and now goes elsewhere, or with bags containing a certain lime which is resistant to sea-water and is hence in great demand for building ports and waterways. For instance, it has been very extensively used in the port of Alexandria and in the Suez Canal.

There is a feeling of life and bustle about the place and people which appeals strongly to one's sense of the picturesque. And in Santorini less than anywhere else were we bothered by crowds of people watching all our doings. They were very courteous, very

polite, very good-looking, and one handsome young sailor from Kos was extremely anxious to be photographed; but on the whole they were very unobtrusive. As everywhere else, the volcanic soil is highly fertile and, although there are no trees, vines and other crops flourish as they do on the slopes of Etna. There is something antiseptic in the soil, so that dead bodies remain unchanged, and this has given rise to many a superstition among the peasants, who believe in the existence of certain vampires or ghouls who have the power of bringing the dead to life and sending them forth to devour the living. These ghouls are known as *vrykolakas* (*βρυκόλακας*). They are common enough in Greece and among the Greek islands, but they are particularly abundant and potent at Santorini. Still, in spite of the ghouls, I want Santorini.

ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY IN INDUSTRY

BY OSWALD SPENGLER

[The author of the epoch-making work, *Untergang des Abendlandes*, has just published a new book, *Neubau des Deutschen Reiches*, from which the following paragraphs are quoted.]

FROM *Neue Freie Presse*, May 16
(VIENNA NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

MANUFACTURING is the most important element in modern economy. Since the application of natural forces to production has multiplied indefinitely the creative possibilities of man, a given area can support a population many times larger than it could in the days of agriculture and handicrafts. The expansion of manufacturing by machinery constantly calls for more men to

operate machines. This involves us in an endless circle. Human life becomes more valuable. Modern hygiene and sanitation strive to preserve it. We cannot dispense with a single producer. But *pari passu* machinery likewise becomes more precious, because it is indispensable for the support of those added human lives.

This circle of cause and effect ac-

counts for the tremendous growth of population in the civilized world during the last sixty years. That population is a product of machinery, and the very existence of the greater part of mankind depends on mechanism. This explains why great industrial countries are so intent upon securing uninterrupted and abundant supplies of raw materials and ample markets for their wares. These have become a matter of life and death for whole nations. The same condition explains why the industrial operative believes that he is the determining factor in modern society. In truth, his existence depends upon the survival of his industry, as does the existence of the entire population in excess of the number in 1800.

Manufacturing has become more important than agriculture. If the latter languishes, people may still live by exchanging their manufactures for imported food, but if industries languish, the excess population they support must emigrate or perish.

It is a great misfortune that industrial workers, through no fault of their own, have been victimized by a political doctrine the plausible force of which determines their whole conception of society. They have learned to look upon their class not as one factor in, but as the sum and goal of, economic evolution. This conviction makes them estimate falsely all the forces determining that evolution. While it is true that manufacturing is the controlling element in the economy of our age — and so far Marx is indisputably right — the machine, and not the man who runs the machine, is primarily responsible for the fact.

Besides the manual worker, we must have the engineer who has given manufacturing an intellectual content by converting our knowledge of natural laws into power over nature, and who

has made science the handmaid of production, so that each new natural law discovered becomes immediately one more lever placed in man's hands to lift the world. Next comes the industrialist, who converts an engineering process into an economic operation. The workingman resorts to the latter, is employed by him, and lives by virtue of his creative effort. The wage-earner can stop the wheels of industry, but he alone cannot keep them moving. He is not the only producer, as the disciples of Marx have hammered into his head. On the contrary, the developers and managers of industries work more, with greater intensity, sense of responsibility, and persistence, than he does.

There is managing labor as well as routine labor. Unless the two are joined modern industry cannot exist. Neither can survive without the other, for they are two parts of a single whole. Contrasted with both, however, is mere profiteering — speculation — which produces nothing, but is parasitic upon production.

During the earlier stages of the industrial revolution, the workingman lost his individuality. Man's scientific horizon broadened very suddenly during the eighteenth century, revealing almost at once the broad pattern that subsequent technical development was to fill in. Early attempts to accommodate industry to that new design were, compared with what we are doing today, exceedingly rude, clumsy, and mechanical. Now that the general outline of industry has been clearly traced in practice, the work of our generation is to refine and perfect it in special fields. Instead of making discoveries like the steam engine, which revolutionize all manufacturing processes at a single stroke, we elaborate highly specialized machinery for particular ends. Instead of merely burning coal for pow-

er, we convert it into a multitude of highly refined products. Every branch of modern industry is increasingly transfused with spirit — is an expression of brain work rather than muscular labor; its problems are in ever higher degree those of disciplined intelligence.

The leveling tendency that during the eighteenth century disintegrated the old crafts and guilds into an undifferentiated mass of factory operatives has been insensibly reversed into a trend toward labor aristocracy, manifesting itself by the selective stratification of workers of different grades of intelligence to meet the highly diversified needs of scientifically specialized production. This trend toward aristocracy reveals itself simultaneously in politics and in economics, for the two are but different aspects of the same social life-process. In politics this new force is breaking down our parliamentary institutions; in industry it is creating upper classes of educated hand-plus-brain workers — an outcome exactly the reverse of what Marx predicted, and of what would serve best the cause of Socialism.

Socialism's great disservice to the workingman was in destroying his pride in personal performance, in teaching him that to advance economically was to betray his class. That doctrine overlooks the fact that a full half of all our great industrialists are former workingmen. The only advancement that German Socialism tolerates, the only goal it sets before the workers' ambition, is a purely political career as a party secretary or a candidate for public office. Men of ability are taught to turn their backs on productive labor in order to win the esteem of their fellow workers. Wage-earners are conceived as an exclusive caste, upholding standards directly opposite to those of the rest of mankind. The Marxian theory identi-

fies with the same breath industrial workers and industry, and yet repudiates, as capitalist and imperialist, industrial expansion, new inventions, improved processes of production, economies of organization, the perpetual quest of raw materials, and the conquest of new markets.

No more urgent task faces popular educators to-day than to lift the incubus of this cynical theory from the minds of workingmen. The laboring class must be liberated from the duress of a doctrine that demands an oppressed class for its scheme of things. Technical progress is constantly broadening the opportunity of workers to become free personalities, to exercise a far-reaching influence over the organization and evolution of manufacturing, to raise up from their own ranks a generation of industrial leaders. Such ambitions should be implanted in the workingman's heart. He must be made conscious of his real power, which rests entirely in his personal intelligence and efficiency.

Qualities of leadership — such qualities alone — make men irreplaceable and indispensable. The public conscience must be aroused against any party and any programme that restricts leadership to promoting purely political and class interests; that condemns payment by results, that disparages industry, that confuses capacity with class treason, that ridicules self-improvement; that seeks instead to perpetuate the mechanical dead level that characterized the industrial operatives of a century ago, and willfully shuts its eyes to the rapid differentiation occurring among the workers of our present age. . . .

Even granting that labor may be a commodity, as the materialists of 1850 taught, it is also something more than that — it is personal service. The industrialist also labors, but he performs

a higher quality of service, without which he could not continue to hold his leadership in the industrial hierarchy. The gifted, hard-working, ambitious employee should regard such men as examples of opportunity set before himself. That ought to be the spontaneous attitude of every young workingman — it is an attitude that embraces the whole philosophy of life. He should also see that the leadership of labor belongs to those who work, to the most capable, prudent, responsible workingmen, and not to a horde of salaried officials recruited from journalists and lawyers, who live on the workers and play on their emotions to hold their jobs.

But on the other hand the industrialist must observe consistently the maxim that property is an obligation. The very concept of property, rightly apprehended, is permeated with the spirit of Socialism: property is a public trust. It must be regarded as a complex of opportunities to provide employment and happiness for others. There are two kinds of capitalists: the productive capitalist and the sterile capitalist — the entrepreneur and the speculator. The former owns an enterprise, the latter a sum of money; the former produces, the latter preys upon the product of others. For the first, money is an instrument of industry; for the second, it is a plaything in a game. . . .

Property implies a duty, and he who neglects that duty should have his property rights curtailed. No laws can be too strict in providing against the misuse of property. In particular our corporation law should protect productive enterprises against speculative exploitation, and guard with the utmost care the rights and security of investors.

Business enterprises are constantly exposed to another danger, which is often overlooked, but should be con-

stantly kept in mind. During their early history they are quick to recognize talent, and staff promotions are rapid. This explains the astounding early success of such firms as Siemens, Krupp, Borsig, and a hundred others. Since trusts have begun to monopolize great business fields, industrial management has become more bureaucratic. The talented man is not so quickly discovered or so readily placed where he is best qualified to serve. An inherent weakness of industrial concentration is this failure to breed competent successors for the leaders who founded and built up their constituent enterprises. . . . Personal control, personal ability, determine the success and prosperity of every branch of manufacturing, trade, and commerce, and such ability and initiative may be blighted as effectively by trust control as by state control. Both rob the man of creative mind of the freedom of action necessary to exercise his peculiar and independent gifts, and force him to conform rigidly with a prescribed scheme of things. Both alike discriminate against the exceptional man in favor of the mediocre man.

Every great business undertaking has a political side. Even if those who control it avoid active participation in politics, and take no direct interest in political questions, their very indifference has political consequences. Usually, however, it is more dangerous to confuse business and politics than to neglect politics altogether. Business policies may be an essential element in national policies, but they are no substitute for the latter. To overlook this is to court disaster. The economic life of mankind to-day functions through great organizations that are limited by political frontiers. We can therefore say that the existence of nations has an economic aspect; but it is still more accurate to insist that the political aspect

of national life is always the decisive aspect, and that failure to recognize this invariably involves unhappy consequences. . . .

The broad economic programme of the day should be: to breed an upper class of workers qualified to rise to the highest positions in industry; to cultivate their ambition in this direction; to

ensure competent successors for our present industrial pioneers by liberalizing the administrative organization of our great enterprises; and to insist that the ownership of productive wealth carries with it an obligation to the nation — an obligation that extends into the fields of higher politics and statesmanship.

A BOLSHEVIST INDEX EXPURGATORIUS

BY NADEZHDA KRUPSKAIA

[Nadezhda Krupskaja — Madame Lenin — is looming up in Russia as the real successor to her deceased husband. Her strength seems to lie in two facts: first, she knew Lenin's reasoning and views better than anyone else; and second, she is honest and sincere. The present rulers of Russia — Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Trotskii — seem to lack the confidence of the Russian masses. At least their sincerity is questioned. Their strength lies in their organizing, writing, and talking abilities. This article, which created a sensation in certain sections of the European press, is a striking document illustrating important phases of the Bolshevik intellectual programme.]

From *Pravda*, April 9

(MOSCOW COMMUNIST-PARTY OFFICIAL DAILY)

THE Library Section of the Central Office of Political Education — *Glavpolitprosvet* — is doing a great work. But 'only he who does not plough has no crooks in his furrow,' and during the last two years some errors have been made.

One was last spring. I signed a circular excluding unnecessary and harmful books from the people's libraries. We know how the libraries were organized, especially the 'people's' libraries before the revolution. They were filled with moralizing discourses, religious booklets reflecting the viewpoint of the Black Hundred, — such as the anti-Semitic *Visits of Our Lady to the Tortures*, — monarchistic twaddle, and the like. Such literature still remained in the libraries at many

places. Furthermore, on the shelves of provincial libraries there was still much patriotic literature from the time of the war, and other propaganda material written on topics current in 1917, such as the Constituent Assembly and the like. These libraries also contained many books and pamphlets interpreting decrees and laws which have long since been repealed; all of which was calculated to mislead the less-informed reader.

My circular discussed the necessity of excluding such literature from libraries intended for the masses. This was simply to defend their interests. The circular itself was not in error.

To the circular was added an unfortunate index of prohibited books, compiled by the Commission for Book

Revision. This was appended to the circular I signed without my having seen it; but as soon as I did see it the list was repealed.

Why was this index a mistake? First, because it missed the mark. It excluded from the people's libraries the writings of Plato, Kant, Ernst Mach, and idealists generally. These philosopher-idealists are harmful without doubt. But to have their works in the libraries intended for the peasants and workingmen is not harmful—it is immaterial: the masses do not read Kant. The list could not make any actual change in this respect. Much worse was the fact that the list of excluded 'religious' books was very limited.

The prohibition of certain works of Tolstoi and Kropotkin was a mistake. It is true that the world-view of Tolstoi, with his belief in God and Providence, does not belong to a school of thought which should be popularized. Concentrating on one's self, centring all efforts on one's own perfection, nonresistance to evil, appeals not to struggle against evil—all this is contrary to what we Communists are teaching the masses. And these appeals of Leo Tolstoi are especially harmful in view of his exceptional talent. Yet the general reader of the present day is already sufficiently saturated with collectivistic psychology; he is imbued with the fighting spirit. Therefore the sermons of Tolstoi are powerless to convert anyone; they only stimulate thinking. There is also nothing to be afraid of in the anarchistic tendencies of Kropotkin. Life demonstrates at every step that organization is a great power. Our recent experience has made the teachings of Tolstoi and Kropotkin unreal and ineffectual. Therefore the prohibition of their books is needless.

Consequently the odious list over

which so much noise was made by Russian émigrés and their foreign sympathizers was held up and repealed immediately after its publication.

The second error was that the Library Section overlooked a sentence which should have been expurgated from an otherwise very interesting and important article by A. A. Pokrovskii. In the last paragraph of his thesis the statement occurs that 'a religion which is entirely free of superstitions as to the interference of the Highest Powers in the affairs of this world, which does not put up bars against or set traps for science, which accepts in principle the entire real world, recognizable, if not "to the end," then at least "to where infinity begins" — such a religion, if it can be called a religion, is not in reality our enemy, and it is not the business of our libraries to combat it.'

Here Pokrovskii makes a gross error. Such a religion is no less harmful than any other religion. It confuses the minds of the people as much as any other religion; it diverts them from the struggle for a new life, from the establishment of a real brotherhood of man upon earth. The fact that such a new religion hides behind science, acts under cover, smuggles God in, throws dust in the eyes,—the fact that it works with refined instruments,—makes it even more dangerous.

Pokrovskii, as is seen in all his essays, believes the aim of our libraries to be 'the final establishment of positive atheism in the mind of man, and the spreading of propaganda for a comprehensive, logical, materialistic world-view.' He describes how such propaganda should be conducted. His theses contain many highly valuable suggestions, which certainly must be adopted by our popular libraries if they are to proceed correctly. Pokrovskii has had great experience and has great love for his work; he has already

labored long shoulder to shoulder with the Communists. We Communists have learned much from him and value him.

Yet he believes that, thanks to our low level of culture, an enlightened, or purely rationalist, religion cannot hurt us, and in general that 'a wedge can be driven out by another wedge.'

This is his error. To measure the harm of enlightened religion is indeed a hard task, but this does not change the situation. The Glavpolitprosvet should not have permitted this sentence

to pass. Needless to say, that cannot affect our relations with this valued worker. Our duty is to apply in practice the maxim of Vladimir Ilich (Lenin): 'We must know how to build Communism with non-Communist hands.'

To allow the assertion that an enlightened religion is harmless to pass without refutation would signify that this maxim is not understood. On the other hand, to condemn such a worker as Pokrovskii would imply an equal misunderstanding of the maxim.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE AT WEMBLEY

BY LUDOVIC NAUDEAU

[Ludovic Naudeau is one of the 'great reporters' referred to in the article on French newspaper-making which appeared in two recent issues of the Living Age. He is a frequent contributor to L'Illustration.]

From *L'Illustration*, May 17
(PARIS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY)

TAKING advantage of the hesitating favors of a doubtful sun, I have passed in lengthy review the immensities of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, and I still retain the impression made by my first glimpse of it: the British Empire Exhibition is an allegory of power and wealth, a significant summing-up of infinite resources on a world-wide scale, a display that needs only beauty to be perfect. 'But,' you ask me, 'how can anything even pretend to perfection if it lacks beauty?'

In the first place, the Exhibition is not wholly destitute of beauty. It has certain halfway splendors which we French should not despise, and some-

times I ask myself whether the rigors of an abominable spring are not more at fault than the architects who built Wembley. Every moment the dull skies are wrapped in a funereal pall of clouds, or else melted into fogs which dull all the colors and veil all the contours of the Exhibition. How hard it is to imagine a tropical scene in this foggy climate, where everything is wet and rainy!

Let us admit that the location of London teaches Frenchmen a great and lasting lesson in colonization. It makes us understand why men born in such a climate as this are willing to depart into the uttermost ends of the earth in quest of a more agreeable habitat. But

we may readily blunder if we trust this line of thought too far, for, whatever we may say, there is no denying that the greatest capital on earth has sprung up at the mouth of the Thames. London alone includes seven million inhabitants, while the whole department of the Bouches-du-Rhone has less than one. What Marseille gave to its colonial exposition was its light, its smiling sun, its memory of the Orient, its golden air which transfigures things that transferred to the coasts of the North Sea seem cold and stiff. What London gives its Exhibition is an unnumbered public and an incomparable gateway opening to the world. From Johannesburg comes word that the South African general elections may be affected because twenty thousand colonists, mostly partisans of General Smuts, are at this very moment on their way to the metropolis.

No doubt it is too late to try to describe the splendors of the opening on the twenty-third of April, and I myself have retained only general impressions — details which, emerging from the episodes of the moment, serve to illustrate the dominant characteristics of the English race.

No country in the world knows so well as England how to organize great national ceremonies. Germany herself, in spite of her discipline, and Imperial Russia, in spite of the magnificence of the autocratic régime, never offered ceremonials which could compare with the Jubilee of Queen Victoria celebrated in 1897, or with the funeral of that great sovereign; and as for processions and official solemnities in our own France, they are not to be compared with these other magnificences. Let us be honest enough to admit that ours are veritable stampedes, where each man acts as suits his own good pleasure and where an agreeable air of go-as-you-please replaces

prescribed decorum. *Mon Dieu, oui!* Let us admit our own evident inferiorities if we are to have the right to value in their own place certain of our gifts.

Recall what you can of Imperial Rome and then try to imagine this immense gray circus at Wembley, this new concrete Coliseum, the greatest stadium in the world. Imagine 125,000 spectators assembled; imagine an expanse of green lawn almost too green to seem natural, a lawn that one might mistake for a velvet carpet carefully cared for, something that looks more like a stage decoration than anything the earth produces. Over it, with automatic movements, the soldiers in their gold and scarlet tunics — soldiers as red as red can be, who are made still taller by monumental bearskins — take their places first of all. These are the massed bands of the Guard regiments. One end of the immense oval disappears beneath a structure of gold and purple. Twenty columns of coral-red support its roof, on which is placed a kind of aerial blockhouse, elegantly constructed, concealing the apparatus that is presently to broadcast the words of the King far and wide; and above the dais gleams the Imperial crown that testifies to the unity of the British world. This is the royal tribune where already the princes, the high dignitaries, the organizers of the Exhibition, colonial leaders, and the diplomatic corps are waiting for the Sovereign's arrival; and there, at the other end of the stadium, very far away, is a great spot of white — three thousand choristers in their white surplices:

Acclamations. Gleams of steel. A flash of helmets and cuirasses. Here come the Court carriages entering the circus at a gentle trot amid their dazzling escort of Horse Guards! Slowly the splendid cortège makes the tour of the immense arena, offering itself to

the eyes of the devotees, quite like the dazzling *cuadrilla* which in a Spanish *plaza de toros* defiles at the feet of spectators, adorned with gold and silver. No one need see any disrespect in such a comparison, irresistibly suggested as it is by a spectacular analogy with which it is impossible not to be impressed. Here is reality — Old England acclaiming herself in the persons of her beloved Sovereigns. It pleases the English taste to keep up with pomp and majesty a monarchic tradition, all of whose externals they delight to preserve. Here the King and the Queen are the representatives of monarchy rather than monarchs. In this incomparable tourney, in the spectacle which is shown us, every one of whose details has been worked out in advance with minute care, it is apparent that the King and Queen are nothing but the leading figures in a world of national functionaries, the first puppets in a world of puppets, each one of whom is meticulously adjusted to play its rôle well.

What is to be symbolized here, what must be brought to the eyes of the various envoys of the colonies, is the power and the unity of the Empire; and this is what the cavalcade of this good King and his good Queen — whose very existence is a symbol — is meant to signify. That is what these splendid coaches, drawn by six chargers caparisoned with gold and crimson, that is what these outriders and postilions and lackeys in their three-cornered hats and liveries fringed with gold, are meant to signify — all these people, adorned with lace, marvelously gilded, storified as if to play their parts in a fairy tale from the days of chivalry. At this moment, before all these archaic costumes, before this solemn procession of the musicians of the Guard, before these grenadiers who recall the time of the Crimean War,

before all this evocation of a glorious past, one can almost imagine that England has forgotten the World War, the German Zeppelins sailing over London, and how much else besides! Did all that ever exist? I have to make an effort to recall those khaki-clad British Tommies whom I saw recently in Cologne, in order to come back to reality and assure myself that all this splendor is after all nothing but a stage-setting, the representation of the moment in which one pushes to its extreme the Empire's dignity and splendor. It is a grand and magnificent illumination in any case, a spectacle which, without eclipsing the unforgettable scenes of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, recalls them and shows us how England is perpetually welding to the new acquisitions of her progress the memories of her past.

Still the same as she has always been, we find Old England, and after the King's speech, which is admirably broadcasted through the stadium by the loud speakers, the Bishop of London has his turn and prays. . . .

While the Bishop of London, over there beneath the royal dais, was finishing his prayer, I perceived a remarkable stir spreading among the spectators in the tribune, where my place chanced to be. Every face was turned in one direction, and there was an impression of intense curiosity, of limitless admiration, of warm sympathy. Everyone was saying: 'Douglas Fairbanks! Mary Pickford!'

Yes, yes. The two richest Have-you-seen-me's were here close beside me, in an aureole of glory, and as I gazed upon them the nearness of those illustrious presences made me feel my own self-respect growing within me. No doubt if someone had said to the distinguished persons present at the inauguration of the Exhibition that a famous foreign scholar or some great American

poet was there they might have contained their emotion; but dare I admit that for the privilege of contemplating these two 'stars of the screen' many of the enthusiastic spectators went so far as to neglect the official ceremony? British reserve failed for once. Let me bear witness that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks comported themselves with tact and discretion — but in vain! In the part of the stadium where I found myself these two attractions completely eclipsed the King, the Queen, the Horse Guards, and the Bishop of London. Such, in the twentieth century, is the hierarchy of celebrities.

When the official cortège had gone, a huge throng spread itself through the Exhibition. This good British public, lacking the sense of the ridiculous that a French public would have, scarcely observed at the gates of one pavilion a group of young odalisques in flowing Turkish trousers, charged with the duty of distributing prospectuses. Under their thin burlesque of Oriental garb, — apple green, the red of sunrise, — these luckless girls fell victims to a chilly spring. You could see them shivering as if in protest against the injustice of a fate which compelled them to play the part of bayadères under the blasts of a wind come straight from Norway.

Running the whole length of the Exhibition is a kind of artificial lake, upon which new boats were floating from the very opening hour of the Exhibition. All kinds of people, who could have canoed much more conveniently upon the Thames or the Serpentine, tried to make their way by boat through Wembley, and thus it was that they began to study the treasures of the colonies. The crowd, likewise, precipitated itself upon the giant Russian mountains, the wooden horses, and the roller coasters. It in-

vaded grottoes and subterranean structures and amused itself with *jeux de massacre*.

And yet here we are — I kept thinking — in the country which created parliamentarism, which founded democracy and liberty. How much democracy is there in conditions like this?

A few days later two or three hundred special trains brought a hundred thousand men to Wembley, who had not even come to see the Exposition. They occupied the stadium, where they watched two teams kick a leather ball about, cheered vociferously, took a walk among the palaces and pavilions, and then returned, quite content, to their distant provinces.

The enormous size of the principal palaces impressed me even more than on my first visit. Those of Canada, of Australia, and of India are regular exhibitions in themselves, worlds within a world.

To enumerate everything that I have seen would force me to elaborate a catalogue that would fill many numbers of *L'Illustration*. So I shall not try it. I have even given up the attempt to take notes, believing that what would later emerge automatically from my memory would provide me with a superabundance of material. As I write these lines, I remember the Australian pavilion and recall my thoughts as I stood before some gold nuggets whose huge size made my heart leap. Some were as big as two fists together, others were as big as an average skull. What marvelous bullion! What riches scattered by the caprice of Nature in that fortunate country! And what disturbing inscriptions: 'Value, 6868 pounds'; 'Value, 8780 pounds'; 'Value, 7550 pounds'! It is incredible! In this single showcase several millions are shut up! But as I looked more atten-

tively at a kind of big sponge, a fungus-like excrescence with sinuous lines of virgin gold, a tiny crack revealed the fact that I had before me a simple plaster cast, very like those painted pasteboard hams which give a fraudulent fillip to the appetite in the show windows of certain delicatessen stores. One disenchantment the more! One more doubt cast upon the reality of the external world!

In the Canadian Palace I daydreamed a long time before a rustic scene which represented the Prince of Wales, life-size, standing beside his horse on his ranch. Both the Prince and his background have been modeled by a careful sculptor *out of butter!* And so the heir to the throne may come and gaze upon his effigy fashioned out of a precious article of diet, and kept in an appropriate state of refrigeration behind its glass, a triumph of the Canadian farmer, the apotheosis of loyalty, the glorification of butter — and a symbol of the precariousness of human affairs as well, for the slightest accidental change in temperature would suffice to annihilate the marvel.

On the day of the inauguration King George, the Prince of Wales, and the Bishop of London all made speeches of lofty humanitarian aspiration, which made it seem as if Great Britain were slowly abandoning that imperialistic pride we used to know — an evolutionary process that bears witness to a profound wisdom. And yet, when we went into the British Palace, we saw, among other marvels, a model of the world in relief on a planisphere, set in water representing the oceans, with various ships plying ceaselessly upon that liquid expanse — each one of them, without exception, sailing either from England or to England. The rest of Europe did not count.

No doubt the British marine is the greatest in the world. We know it, and

we do not mind; and yet, poor foreigners though we are, we cannot help feeling a little humiliated if we are reminded of it with too much insistence and exclusiveness, and we find ourselves tempted to reply to all the fine speeches of our friends with a blunt: 'Practise what you preach.'

Noting the lack of beauty with which the British Empire Exhibition is reproached, I sought to learn its causes. In the first place, in the strictly English palaces, like those of Canada and Australia, our neighbors have categorically abandoned 'expositional ornamentation' of the classic sort — that is, statues of Prosperity, personifications of Commerce, groups of Labor, nude Herculese brandishing hammers, and unveiled women carrying cornucopias. None of these traditional features appear. The academic allegories have been shown so long in bronze, in stone, and in plaster, that it is hard to do anything new, and the English architects have resolutely discarded in their plans all these conventional personages, all these Mercuries, all these muscular blacksmiths — the whole tedious mythology. But the French mind is so made that it finds something wanting, and for lack of them it senses a barren emptiness. Geniuses will arise again some day to invent new symbols, new compositions not yet conceived — but when? This time, in Wembley at least, they have not put in an appearance.

The interior of the palaces, the pictures, and the diagrams are huge and rich and numerous, and often they are ingeniously supplemented by automatic machinery. Trains are running about, machines are working, herds are passing, or ships sailing, but their artistic execution is manifestly inferior to what we do every day in France. Sometimes they are only gross fabrications in which it would be impossible to

speak of art, even of a secondary and inferior sort.

The Chinese street, set up by the colony in Hongkong, is of great interest, but anyone who knows his China can see at every turn that the imitation was secured by inadequate means; that the makers have been content with approximations with which we French, accustomed as we are to more care and more minute perfection, would never have been satisfied.

One might push the present discussion further and show that this difference in execution is due to the fundamental difference in the psychology of the two races; but it is useless. We have said enough, and moreover our neighbors across the Channel, who

planned these exhibitions for the multitude, may have some right on their side in not devoting too much art, too much investigation, to improvisations which are destined to fall ere winter. 'Caviare to the general,' as Shakespeare says when he means us to understand that condiments too refined are not to be offered to the throng, to the million. The British Empire Exhibition is designed to receive twenty or thirty millions of cockneys, merchants, colonials, and planters, and for the purpose it is well conceived, as instructive as could be wished, truly rich, colossal; and such as it is it constitutes a grandiose symbol of the limitless resources of the Empire. Those who planned it had no other purpose.

PROLOGUE

BY HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

[Forced out of Berlin by the commercializing of the theatre, Reinhardt, the great German producer, has set himself up in Vienna. The Austrian dramatist, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who has been nearly as much associated with Reinhardt as with Richard Strauss, wrote this dramatic sketch for the opening of his new theatre, taking over the conventional Italian characters of Goldoni's eighteenth-century drama and dexterously interweaving his own lines with those of Goldoni. An account of the Theater in der Josefstadt appears elsewhere in this issue.]

From *Berliner Tageblatt*, April 20
(LIBERAL DAILY)

The curtain rises. The stage-setting for Goldoni's 'Servant of Two Masters' is already in place and the characters of the first scene — the DOCTOR, PANDOLFO, and TEBALDO — are beginning their lines.

DOCTOR. So let it be.
(TRUFFALDINO is visible in the wings,

attempting to peer across the stage into the audience.)

PANDOLFO (*proceeding, though sadly disturbed by a glimpse of TRUFFALDINO*). A betrothal to-day and a wedding to-morrow, since our young people are so much in love. You shall be one of the witnesses. (*He motions TRUFFALDINO to disappear.*)

TEBALDO. A great honor! (TRUFFALDINO, with SMERALDINA behind him, tries to peer out at the audience.)

TEBALDO (repeating himself in an effort to conceal the interruption). A great honor!

PANDOLFO. We may well say that Heaven had a hand in it. (*Aside*) What does that fool want? Too soon, Truffaldino! Get out! Too soon!

(*The DOCTOR looks around uneasily.*)

PROMPTER (*very loud*). Except for the sudden death of young Rasponi —

PANDOLFO (*energetically*). Except for the sudden death of young Rasponi we should never have become brothers-in-law.

(*SMERALDINA is trying to keep TRUFFALDINO, whose curiosity can hardly be contained, from marching out upon the stage.*)

TEBALDO. What! Is young Rasponi dead?

(*TRUFFALDINO breaks from SMERALDINA's grasp and rushes out. Before uttering a single word, he tries to get a position where he can see the whole audience, and begins his lines with obvious nervousness.*)

TRUFFALDINO. Moreover, I have the honor to be your Excellency's most humble and respectful servant and friend.

TEBALDO. What! The young Rasponi is dead? (*To TRUFFALDINO*) Vanish! Get out! You came on too soon.

PANDOLFO and PROMPTER (*together*). Dead! Why, he was killed. Killed among a lot of wild youngsters.

INSPECTOR (*to TRUFFALDINO*). Come back here. You get out of that.

DOCTOR (*to TRUFFALDINO*). No argument now. Get out! You came on too soon. Go away, before the public notices anything.

PROMPTER. His sister's lover whom he could not endure —

(*PANDOLFO misses the cue.*)

DOCTOR. If we don't get this fellow

off stage, he will ruin our play before it has begun.

(*The INSPECTOR, down stage left, makes signs to TRUFFALDINO to go back.*)

TRUFFALDINO. Let me have a look — just one look at the new theatre. One gets so curious, you know. Such a fine audience, so many pretty women! And all so keen about the theatre, all so keen about us! I'm no block of wood. I have a heart in my breast, I want to get acquainted. (*The other actors prepare to remove him forcibly from the stage.*) There is something exciting in such a sight. There's something in the air! It's like meeting a person of whom we have heard a great deal, a man who could do a great deal for us if we happened to please him. I want to make a good impression.

PEDANT (*crossing his arms*). Then make a good impression when it's time for your acting.

TRUFFALDINO. Oh, precious little you know about the world! It all depends on how a man presents himself. The first moment is what counts — the way it is with women, you know. A word too little and the finest opportunity is lost.

FIRST ACTOR. But a word too much spoils everything!

SECOND ACTOR. We have made up our minds not to have any speech-making, but to appear on this stage in all modesty. Many a play has been performed on these boards, and all we can do is to go on playing. Our group is suspected of all kinds of ambition and people will not endure from us what they might from others.

THIRD ACTOR. We must not try to tell people who have seen 'The Glass of Water' played in the Burgtheater the right way to act.

TRUFFALDINO (*quietly*). You can't persuade me that the ladies and gentlemen (*he edges closer to the footlights*)

don't want a greeting from me. They look as if they did.

FOURTH ACTOR (*pulling him back*). If we start speechmaking, they will bear us a grudge as actors.

FIFTH ACTOR. But if we keep silence, they will think we are conceited.

TRUFFALDINO (*still very quietly*). Let me say just a few words — just a few words without a bit of pathos. (*The rest block his way.*)

PEDANT. The people want to see our plays acted as well as we can act them. That's all they want. (*Raising his voice*) Γλαῦκ' εἰς Ἀθήνας! It's like taking owls to Athens to expect the Viennese public —

(*All the voices begin to get louder and louder.*)

ONE. We want to hold the mirror up to our contemporaries! That's what they expect of us!

ANOTHER ONE. No, no! They want to forget their contemporaries — that's why they go to the theatre.

A THIRD ONE. Not a bit of it! They want to escape from the theatre.

THE SECOND. No, they like things theatrical.

THE FIRST. What they want is to have the actor get back where he belongs, behind the poet.

A FIFTH. Not a bit of it. They want the actor to come to the front. They don't care anything about the play itself.

PEDANT. It's carrying owls to Athens, to expect the Viennese public —

A SIXTH. They want something up to date, something modern. They want Strindberg.

THE SECOND. They don't want Strindberg — they want their own Grillparzer and Raimund.

A SEVENTH. They don't want Grillparzer and they don't want Raimund. That's a lie. Who wants any such antiques as they are?

TRUFFALDINO (*trying to make him-*

self heard). Just a couple of words, please, without a bit of pathos. Just a glance at the gallery where the young people are. (*His voice grows louder and more appealing.*)

THE FIRST. They want to see something dealing with their own period.

PEDANT (*declaiming*). Things past are but pale images which here attain reality.

ANOTHER. They don't want people talking to them.

STILL ANOTHER. Oh yes, they do want people talking to them, but it must be something they want to hear.

TRUFFALDINO (*as above*). Just a couple of words. A very few words, without a bit of pathos in them.

ANOTHER ONE. But the public do not know what they want to hear.

ANOTHER. Then they must want what we want.

ANOTHER. No, we want them to want what we want.

PEDANT. It's carrying owls to Athens, to expect the Viennese public —

(*They are all talking at once. The call bell begins to sound. Even those who are not in this scene have come out on the stage by this time.*)

TRUFFALDINO. Just a couple little words. I might do something to please you.

AN ACTOR (*to PANTALOOON*). Why don't you shut him up? He's your son.

THE THREE YOUNG GIRLS OF THE PLAY. What have they to do with it? What do they want, anyhow?

COQUETTE (*in man's clothes*). They don't want to let him speak and that's a mistake. This is a city where people like talking.

TRUFFALDINO. Do you hear that?

COQUETTE. And it is a stupid trick to miss a chance to do something to please the public, because we actors depend on public favor.

TRUFFALDINO. Just what I say!

COQUETTE. For there is a certain

well-known fluid that we need. If we can't get it, we are neither agreeable nor charming, nor gifted. You ought to tell the public that a bond is being formed between them and us to-day that will be successful only if both of us take part in the play. It's a sad thing in every friendship if one party does all the receiving and none of the giving —

TRUFFALDINO (*chiming in eagerly and taking the words from her lips as he stands at her left hand*) — all the receiving and none of the giving.

COQUETTE (*stopping his mouth with her left hand*) — and none of the giving. Of course, you must not say it to them quite that way. You must say it so that it has an air of its own. Somebody must have put it into proper words, somewhere or other, before this. But if nobody has the written lines let him go ahead and say it as well as he can.

ALL THE ACTORS (*together*). Let him talk.

TRUFFALDINO. Yes, let me say a couple of words that I have in my heart.

ANOTHER. Intelligible, mind you.

A THIRD. With feeling.

TRUFFALDINO. That's my strong point.

A FOURTH. Sharp and clear!

A FIFTH. But no pathos about it.

TRUFFALDINO. I'll do it! I'll do it!

A SIXTH. With quiet restraint.

A SEVENTH. With humor.

AN EIGHTH. With discreet —

TRUFFALDINO. With discreet humor! You take the words from my lips.

THE FIRST. But leave out the wit.

TRUFFALDINO. Leave out the wit?

A SECOND. None of your cleverness!

A THIRD. No lauding of the past!

A FOURTH. No appeal to the future!

A FIFTH. And don't you go fooling around with the present!

TRUFFALDINO. Not a word about any of them.

A SIXTH. Don't talk to them about literature. They don't like it!

A SEVENTH. And nothing about politics. They don't know anything about it!

TRUFFALDINO. Oh, let me alone, let me alone!

AN EIGHTH. But remember that they are democrats nowadays — no distinctions.

TRUFFALDINO. Of course, of course!

THE FIRST. Put in a good deal of shading.

TRUFFALDINO. I have it in my little finger.

THE SECOND. No soft soap now!

TRUFFALDINO. How can you think it of me?

A WOMAN'S VOICE. You'll make a mistake if you leave out the soft soap.

TRUFFALDINO. She's right about that.

A THIRD. Don't tell them how serious we are. They would n't like it.

TRUFFALDINO. I know how to begin.

A FOURTH. Don't talk about our programme. Don't talk about our plans.

TRUFFALDINO. Oh dear, oh dear!

A FIFTH. Be sure not to talk frivolously about us, because we are very serious in what we are bringing them.

TRUFFALDINO. I'll remember.

A SIXTH. Don't neglect anybody.

A SEVENTH. Don't show preference for anybody!

THE FIRST. Remember, there are business men and lawyers and doctors out there.

THE SECOND. Weary, melancholy men.

THE THIRD. A little bit of cheerfulness won't come amiss.

TRUFFALDINO. Is n't that my specialty?

THE FOURTH. But they are Viennese, remember — born Phæacians — happy pessimists!

THE FIFTH. Don't encroach on their seriousness —

TRUFFALDINO. How can you think it!

THE SIXTH. Don't disturb their carefree mood.

THE SEVENTH. Don't contradict any of their prejudices!

TRUFFALDINO. I'll be careful.

THE EIGHTH. Remember, the critics are sitting down there.

THE FIRST. Don't get the idea that you can flatter *them!*

TRUFFALDINO. Is it like me?

THE SECOND. Still less put them in a bad temper.

AN ACTRESS. And be very sure to remember that you say everything each of us has told you!

SEVERAL VOICES. Everything we've told you!

THE FIRST. At least as much as there is time for.

THE SECOND. Without any circumlocution.

THE THIRD. Say it in ten words: we are here and we intend — Tell them what we intend.

THE FOURTH. We want to act plays in the good old way —

THE FIFTH. But at the same time we also —

THE SIXTH. Yes, yes, of course, in the new ways too.

THE FIRST. In so far, of course, as the new is the old, for we have no intention of tangling them up with novelties —

ANOTHER ONE. On the other hand, however — but naturally — in spite —

THE THIRD. In so far as we are moderns —

THE SAME ACTRESS AS ABOVE. Good heavens, it is n't so very hard, is it? We greet in them the public of a city that —

ANOTHER ACTRESS. No, we greet in this public the spirit of a city that —

ANOTHER ONE. A city that has always —

STILL ANOTHER. A city that has always been with us even when we were playing elsewhere.

THE FIRST ACTRESS. And to which we come now not on a visit, but to make our home!

THE SECOND. Yes, be sure you say that!

THE THIRD. But in very few words!

THE FOURTH. And go right along with it.

THE FIFTH. And none of your educated highfalutin' language.

THE SIXTH. The word 'modernism' — cut that out of your dictionary!

THE SEVENTH. But the word 'tradition' at the same time might seem appropriate to the people in this place.

THE EIGHTH. In short, speak just exactly what you feel.

THE FIRST. But don't let any improper words slip in.

ALL (*together*). Do you understand, now?

(TRUFFALDINO *looks hopelessly about.*)

ALL (*together*). Well, then, speak! (*They make room for him.*)

(TRUFFALDINO *comes forward toward the audience as if to speak, stops, and his face betrays a dismay which he adroitly masters.*)

TRUFFALDINO. I have nothing left to say. They (*he points to the actors*), they have taken it all away from me with their eagerness. It is for you to draw your own conclusions, how eager we all are to win your favor — and to serve you. (*He bows, and all the actors bow also.*)

INSPECTOR. The play is beginning. Everyone not in the first scene, off the stage, please. Enter the DOCTOR, PANDOLFO, and TEBALDO.

THE FAILURE

BY JAMES HILTON

From the *Manchester Guardian*, May 19
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

WHEN Mr. Plender, aged fifty, became a clerk at Murdock's he told nobody that twenty-five years before he had actually written a novel. And yet this was, and always would be, the central fact in his life, though his pride in it was subtly compounded with shame at his subsequent decline in the world. It was not only that he had failed — the best people did that sometimes; it was that he, personally, was a failure. He knew it. At thirty he had been able to deny it; at forty there had been perhaps a shadow of doubt; but at fifty there could be no doubt at all. Luckily it was not hard to preserve an incognito at Murdock's. Nobody there had ever heard of *The Wind in the Rushes*; indeed, nobody at Murdock's seemed at all interested in books of any kind.

At fifty-five Mr. Plender was still incognito, and still, moreover, a clerk with the same rank and salary. Many of the staff openly ridiculed him, and all, from the office boy upward, treated him as of no account. He did not play golf; he never used slang; he had no obvious pastimes or enthusiasms; in short, he was an old fogey.

And then one morning came young Snaith, the first new member of the staff since Plender himself. Snaith was a shy, bright-faced, eager-eyed, almost girlish-looking youngster in his early twenties, and at the end of his first day, as he passed Mr. Plender in the porch, he said, 'Good night, sir.' Possibly he mistook him for somebody important. But it was the first mark of respect that anybody had shown Mr.

Plender for years, and even the likelihood that it had been due in part to a misapprehension could not take away all its power. Plender warmed to it. That night he dreamed dreams of a deep friendship springing up between himself and young Snaith, a friendship as of a father for a youngest son.

The very next day fate seemed to play into his hands, for during the lunch interval he saw young Snaith studying a typed manuscript, and a casual inquiry elicited the rather shy answer, 'Oh, it's only a story I've written. I try — sometimes, you know — to get things in the papers.'

'Really?' exclaimed Mr. Plender, his heart beating wildly within him. 'Do you? Now that's extremely interesting. I — I wonder if I could — help you — at all. I do — I have done — just a little in that line myself.' But he added warningly: 'I would n't tell any of the others if I were you. They'd only scoff.'

He asked Snaith to tea in his rather dingy furnished rooms. In a conspicuous place on his bookshelves was his own private copy of *The Wind in the Rushes*. The boy — for he thought of him merely as a boy — had promised to bring along some of his work, and he intended to go over it with him, making suggestions and giving general literary advice. And then, as a final sensation, he would tell him his own strange secret — about the novel that was the one solitary achievement of his life. He waited for that moment as a starved man waits for a meal. Somebody would

respect him at last; somebody would be interested in him — would not think him so ordinary and humdrum and insignificant.

Snaith came, bringing his manuscript, and as soon as Mr. Plender began to look at it he perceived that it was very bad indeed. He was quite frank. 'You've a long way to travel yet, my lad. This' — he patted the manuscript as benevolently as years before a hopeful publisher had patted his — 'this shows undoubted promise, but more than that I should not care to affirm. To begin with, you must avoid the cliché. You should never write such phrases as "by dint of an almost superhuman effort" and "fell with a sickening thud." And, in general, I think there is far too much action in your work and not enough psychology. Of course, no doubt I am rather old-fashioned.' He paused, smiling, and reached down *The Wind in the Rushes*. 'Now here's a little thing of my own which I published — oh, quite a number of years ago. I will lend it to you, and perhaps when you read it you will see more clearly what I mean. Especially the chapter entitled "Nymphs and Fauns." Only please don't show or mention it to any of the office people. They have no interest in literature.' He added softly: 'You — and I — are in a different world.'

A week later Snaith returned the book with a vague and slightly embarrassed 'Very nice. Awfully good of you to lend it me.'

'Not at all,' murmured Mr. Plender. 'Oh, not at all. I hope it may have helped you in your own work. Had any luck yet?'

'Not yet.'

Mr. Plender smiled. 'Ah well, as I said, you have a long way to travel yet.

Keep at it — keep at it. And come to me whenever you want any help.'

But young Snaith did not come to Mr. Plender for help, nor did the friendship prosper as the latter had hoped. And one morning Mr. Plender arrived at the office to find Snaith surrounded by a crowd. He had had a story accepted by the *Purple Magazine*, and was telling everybody about it. And they, the Philistines, were shouting, 'Splendid!' and 'Congrats, old man!'

'I am very pleased,' Mr. Plender forced himself to say. 'Though I am afraid I don't know the — er — the *Purple Magazine*.' But nobody took any notice of him; perhaps nobody even heard him.

A fortnight later Murdock sent for him. 'Ah, Plender — I shall want you to manage Snaith's work for a short time, till we get somebody else.'

'Why — is he leaving?'

'Leavin'?' I should jolly well think he's *not*! I'm givin' him a chance as my private secretary. Enterprisin' young feller — deserves encouragement. Had a story in some magazine the other day — damned good, I thought it. Interestin' hobby, and profitable. Everybody ought to have some sort of a hobby. *You* ought to, Plender.'

Mr. Plender to-day, at the age of sixty, can reflect that his unfavorable opinion of Snaith's literary capacities was quite correct. The story in the *Purple Magazine* was a mere fluke, and anyhow, as deputy-head of Murdock's, Snaith has not the time, even if he had the desire, for story-writing. When he sees Plender now he would not dream of calling him 'Sir'; he just nods curtly and says, 'Morning, Plender.' His own private opinion — also correct — is that Plender is a failure.

RHODES SCHOLARS

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

From the *Daily Telegraph*, June 7
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

WHEN Mr. Rhodes was brooding over his scheme of the scholarships, he used to say, 'The game is to get them to knock up against each other *qua* students. After they have done that for three years at Oxford, they'll never forget it *qua* individuals.' Accordingly he so arranged what he called his 'game' that each man, bringing with him that side of his head which belonged to the important land of his birth, was put in the way of getting another side to his head by men belonging to other not unimportant countries.

It is an asset toward prosperity, even for those whose lot will be cast altogether in one land, to get full and first-hand information about the men they will meet later. You know the formula better than I. The style of a man's play, plus the normal range of his vices, divided by the square of his work, and multiplied by the coefficient of his nationality, gives not only his potential resistance under breaking-strain, but indicates, within a few points, how far he may be trusted to pull off a losing game. This knowledge can only be acquired in the merciless intimacy of one's early days. After that one has to guess at the worth of one's friends or enemies; but youth — which, between ourselves, sometimes knows almost as much about some things as it thinks it always does about everything — can apply its own tests on its own proving grounds, and does not forget the results.

Rhodes and Jameson, for example, did not draw together impersonally

over the abstract idea of Imperial service. They had tried each other out long before, across the poker-tables of the Kimberley Club, beside the deathbeds of friends, and among the sudden and desperate emergencies of life on the diamond fields. So when their work began neither had to waste time in reading up the other's references. They simply fell into step side by side, and there they remained till death parted them.

When the scholarships were first created, one was afraid that Mr. Rhodes's large and even-handed mixing-up of unrelated opposites might infect weaker souls with the middle-aged failings of toleration, impartiality, or broad-mindedness. And you know, gentlemen, that when these symptoms break out on a young man it is a sure sign of early death or — of a leaning toward practical politics. Fortunately, what one has seen and heard since then proves that one's fears were groundless.

There is a certain night, among several, that I remember, not long after the close of the war, when a man from Melbourne and a man from Montreal set themselves to show a couple of men from the South and the Middle West that the Constitution of the United States was not more than 150 years out of date. At the same time, and in the same diggings, a man from California was explaining to a man from the Cape, with the help of some small hard apples, that no South African fruit was fit to be sold in the same market as the Californian product.

The ring was kept by an ex-private of Balliol who, having eaten plum-and-apple jam in the trenches for some years, was a bigoted anti-fruitarian. He assured me that none of them would be allowed to kill each other, because they were all wanted whole on the river next day; but even with murder barred there was no trace of toleration till exhaustion set in. Then somebody made a remark which — I have had to edit it a little — ran substantially as follows: 'Talking of natural resources, does n't it strike you that what we've all got most of is howling provincialism?'

That would have delighted Rhodes. It was just the sort of thing that he himself would have jerked out, half aloud, at a Cabinet meeting, and expanded for minutes afterward.

I suggest this because when you move up into the line, and the gods who sell all things at a price are dealing you your places and your powers, you may find it serviceable, for ends outside yourself, to remind a friend on the far side of the world of some absurd situation or trivial event which parallels the crisis or the question then under your hands. And that man, in his station, remembering when and how the phrase was born, may respond to all that it implies — also for ends not his own.

None can foresee on what grounds, national or international, some of you here may have to make or honor such an appeal; whether it will be for tangible help in vast material ventures, or for aid in things unseen; whether for a little sorely needed suspension of judgment in the councils of a nation as self-engrossed as your own; or, more searching still, for orderly farewells to be taken at some enforced parting of the ways. Any one of these

issues may sweep to you across earth in the future. It will be yours to meet it with sanity, humor, and the sound heart that goes with a sense of proportion and the memory of good days shared together.

For you will be delivered to life in a world where, at its worst, no horror is now incredible, no folly unthinkable, no adventure inconceivable. At the best, you will have to deal with, and be dealt with by, communities impatient of nature, idolatrous of mechanisms, and sick of self-love to the point almost of doubting their own perfections. The gods, whom they lecture, alone know what these folk will do or think.

And here, gentlemen, let me put before you the seductive possibility that some of you may end your days in refuges for the mentally afflicted — not because you will necessarily be any more insane than you are at present, but because you will have preached democracy to democracies resolute that never again shall their peace be troubled by Demos.

Yet out of all this welter you will arrive at prosperity, as youth, armored by its own absorption in itself, has always arrived. In truth, there is but one means by which you can miss it, and that is if you try to get the better of the gods who sell everything at a price. They continue to be just gods, and should you hold back even a fraction of the sum asked for your heart's desire they will say nothing, but they will furnish you with a substitute that would deceive the elect — that will deceive even you until it is too late. So I would advise you to pay them in full, making a note that goods obtained for personal use cost rather more than those intended for the honor and advancement of others.

A PAGE OF VERSE

AN APRIL SONG

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

A CUCKOO 's back on the Cuckoo Stone, the Cuckoo Stone,
the Cuckoo Stone —
The catkins swing, the skylarks sing,
And Spring hath come to her own again.
A cuckoo 's back on the Cuckoo Stone,
With love and life, in daily strife,
Once more together thrown.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Come, lads and lasses, woo!

A cuckoo 's back on the Cuckoo Stone, the Cuckoo Stone,
the Cuckoo Stone —
Jack turns to Jill, and Jane to Bill,
And Will to little Joan again.
A cuckoo 's back on the Cuckoo Stone;
From peep of day to dimpsy gray
He chimes his monotone.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Come, lads and lasses, woo!

A cuckoo 's back on the Cuckoo Stone, the Cuckoo Stone,
the Cuckoo Stone —
Oh, fairy bell, ring never knell
To tell that love hath flown again.
A cuckoo 's back on the Cuckoo Stone:
Pray no heart meet or spirit greet
His music with a moan.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Come, lads and lasses, woo!

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MAX REINHARDT IN HIS NEW THEATRE

MAX REINHARDT, chief among German theatrical directors and, with the sole exception of Stanislavskii, the most famous of modern régisseurs, is at last comfortably installed with his actors in his new Theater in der Josefstadt, in Vienna, where three plays — besides a special prologue for the new venture, from the pen of the Austrian dramatist, Hugo von Hofmannsthal — have already won the plaudits of the critical Viennese audiences. Reinhardt and his distinguished company have often played in Vienna before, and some of the most remarkable of his recent productions — notably Hofmannsthal's miracle play, *Das Grosse Welttheater* — were first seen in Salzburg, near by; but now Reinhardt has definitely turned his back on Berlin and comes to Vienna this time — in the words of a character in Hofmannsthal's prologue — 'not on a visit but to make his home.'

The Theater in der Josefstadt, which is now Reinhardt's, has a tradition and a long history behind it. One hundred and thirty-six years ago a Viennese innkeeper — maintaining the ancient association between inns and the drama, and very possibly with a shrewd eye to trade — founded it for his son-in-law, the comedian Karl Mayer. It may be better not to inquire too closely into Mayer's pretensions to dramatic art. At least his old theatre has been the scene of notable artistic events: Beethoven once directed an overture there; the actors Nestroy and Schalz played their first rôles on its stage, and the dramatist Raimund appeared there in the first performance of his *Der Verschwender*.

Now, modernized and redeccorated,

the old theatre starts on a new lease of life under the right German and mouth-filling official title of *Die Schauspieler im Theater in der Josefstadt unter der Führung von Max Reinhardt*. With his characteristic flair for odd and unconventional detail, Reinhardt has contrived a new device whereby, as the curtain rises, the huge candelabra lighting the pit are also drawn up to the ceiling, thereby — a delicate attention, appreciated by a much-neglected portion of the audience — giving the occupants of the upper balcony seats a clear view of the stage.

Hofmannsthal, by adroitly combining in the *Prologue* his own lines with others brazenly and amusingly borrowed from Goldoni's *Servant of Two Masters*, — Reinhardt's first production in his new theatre, — gave the whole company a unique way of introducing themselves to Vienna. Hermann Thimig played Truffaldino and Helene Thimig the lady's maid, Smeraldina. Sybille Binder was the coquettish lady disguised as a man, who is Truffaldino's 'second master.' The dramatic correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* comments feelingly that Reinhardt's is the only theatre in Vienna where you can get anything hot to eat between acts!

The régisseur's artistic accomplishments are not yet, however, seriously overshadowed by his culinary achievements. Scarcely settled in his new house, he has produced two plays besides Goldoni's — a new comedy by Hofmannsthal, *Der Schwierige*, and Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe*, the latter so elaborately costumed that the *Neue Freie Presse* feels it desirable to

devote a special article to it — in the fashion section!

Your true Viennese never lets his artistic sensibilities and his appreciation of creature comfort or personal adornment interfere with one another.



AN EXHIBITION OF FORGED ART

By way of an awful warning to art students and collectors, the Burlington Fine Arts Club has gathered together an exhibition of forgeries, counterfeits, and imitations. Possibly because it does not wish to give the intelligent individuals who manufacture these interesting objects any more aid than need be, the Club is granting admission only to members and their friends, who, presumably, are as far above suspicion as Cæsar's wife. A few genuine works are also included in the exhibition for purposes of comparison — and possibly also to give the beholder's weakening faith in humankind occasional refreshment.

Some of the counterfeits are said to be so extraordinarily perfect that all but the most expert are likely to be deceived. One of the exhibitions is a miniature reproduction by Ruchmovski, a Russian goldsmith, of the tiara of Saitapharnes, which he forged and sold to the Louvre in the early nineties. So perfect was his workmanship that the fraud was not discovered until 1903. There is also a collection of sculpture by Bastianini, the Florentine forger, who is supposed to have been one of the most successful of modern times and who owed much of his success to his extraordinary skill as a craftsman and to the real creative spirit which he possessed.

The exhibition is especially interesting because it shows the antiquity of faking. It was a common practice in ancient Rome for art dealers to keep Greek slaves, who produced artistic

frauds for sale to ignorant Roman parvenus. European collections of Chinese paintings are said to contain many examples of the skillful forgeries of the Chin family, and in Paris to-day the artist who cannot paint modern pieces supports himself by turning out old masters. In London there was once a small studio above a fried-fish shop in Drury Lane where two young painters made enough to live by painting masterpieces of the Dutch school for export to America, at the rate of fifty shillings a week, with a special bonus of fifty pounds every six months. The poor amateur collector may take heart, however, from the pronouncement of an anonymous English critic, that 'in the collection at the Burlington it will not be difficult for trained eyes to detect the forgeries and imitations.'



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, AT IT AGAIN!

HAVING been out of the limelight for a long time, partly because Mussolini occupies so large a share of that desirable area, Gabriele d'Annunzio has set about collecting a museum of war trophies, prominent among which will be such pieces of arms or equipment as have had the honor to be connected with his poetic self. Recently he requested the Italian air force authorities to present him with the old airplane in which he carried out his raid on Vienna during the war. The authorities obligingly complied and the plane has been sent to Gardone, where d'Annunzio has perched it upon his villa, Vittoriale, in which his collection has been housed. It is now proposed to send also an old destroyer, unfit for use, which d'Annunzio desires because of some naval exploit. The war vessel is to be taken to pieces and sent inland to the Villa Vittoriale, where it will be reassembled and set upon the hill — truly an amazing spectacle.

Meantime Marquis Boltini, a friend of the poet's, has come to London with the manuscripts of d'Annunzio's most famous works. They are to be sold at auction and the proceeds will be used by the author to erect a monument to Eleonora Duse. It is rumored that an American collector recently offered d'Annunzio two hundred thousand dollars for these papers, but d'Annunzio did not care to sell them at that time.

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A REACTIONARY BOLSHEVIST
PLAYWRIGHT

ONE of the fundamentalists of Bolshevism raises a shout of protest in the Moscow *Pravda* over the last play by Anatole Lunacharskii, the Soviet Commissar of Education. The indignant Communist is aghast at Lunacharskii's 'most reactionary' and 'dangerous' play, *The Bear's Wedding*, which was recently produced at the Little Theatre in Moscow, and demands its immediate suppression.

With his hair — and probably his whiskers — vibrant in horror, the critic in *Pravda* exclaims: —

At a time when even in all children's books and so-called fairy-tales the Department presided over by Lunacharskii has eliminated such words as 'God,' 'the Tsar,' 'a noble Count,' 'a horrible witch,' and so forth, the Commissar of Education himself has presented to the audiences of our Soviet theatre a concentrated extract of all this reactionary rubbish.

Of the nine scenes of Lunacharskii's play, only two are played on a fully lighted stage. The other seven are acted in a mystical semidarkness or complete darkness. During these same seven acts an unseen chorus of women is heard to sigh and wail behind the scenes, and is supposed to represent the moaning of the wind and the whisperings of mysterious voices. In three acts several of the members of the cast have fits of insanity. In the same scenes barefooted women

with lamps in their hands suddenly appear out of the darkness, and make various mysterious speeches. In one act a gipsy appears from behind a tree, and tells the fortunes of two of the people in the play who are contemplating marriage.

Then nearly all the characters are counts or countesses or members of the so-called nobility. . . . The whole play is compiled of mystical nonsense from beginning to end. . . . We are entitled to demand from a playwright who is also a Communist and from the head of the Commissariat of Education complete ideological purity in his writings, adequate clarity in conception, and the presence of a minimum of artistic taste.

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ERNST TOLLER IN LONDON

MR. LOUIS UNTERMEYER's translation of *Masse-Mensch* — which was presented as 'Man and the Masses' by the Theatre Guild in New York — has had a fairly successful production by the Stage Society in London. This subscription organization, however, is able to give only occasional Sunday afternoon performances, and so far there seem to be few prospects that Toller's play of protest will find its way to the stage at any regular London theatre.

The reviewers are not very favorable, though most London critics have formed the habit of roaring as gently as any sucking dove at almost everything the Stage Society attempts. The *Daily Telegraph's* critic finds some scenes 'powerful,' but complains that they are 'exceedingly lurid' and asserts that 'the work adds little or nothing to our understanding of the cyclonic forces of which the world has seen all too much during the last ten years.' He also complains of the play's lack of cohesion and its inconclusiveness, but praises the work of the British director who staged it. The *Times* suggests that the label 'Made in Germany' would be exceedingly appropriate and finds *Masse-Mensch* in general an æsthetic

disappointment, 'though the play, no doubt, has a live political interest in its native land (where it is pretty generally prohibited).'

Even Mr. Desmond McCarthy of the *New Statesman*, who is usually receptive to the newest of the new, admits sadly, 'I do not think highly of the result as a work of art,' though in almost the same breath he concedes that it is interesting 'as showing how the stage can enlarge its methods to include new effects.' Mr. Edward Shanks, who is both poet and critic, writing in the *Outlook*, is so dissatisfied that he complains even of the acting of Miss Sybil Thorndike, who has labored long to give London the best in ancient and modern drama. His complaint is that 'Miss Sybil Thorndike was shot at the end of it instead of at the beginning' — which is really hard on a popular, intelligent, and conscientious actress.

In the last scene of *Masse-Mensch*, where the Woman is led from her cell to execution, two other women prisoners creep in and steal the bread which she has left uneaten. It gives Mr. Shanks an opportunity for the unkindest cut of all: 'Then comes the volley. Together they let fall the bread they are devouring and mutter (in these words I seemed to hear the anguished accents of members of the Stage Society): "We ought not to have done this!"'

*

A NEW HOBBY IN POSTAGE-STAMPS

THE various issues of postage-stamps used for air mail — which have appeared on every hand since the war — constitute one of the most recent and most expensive hobbies among Euro-

pean stamp-collectors. The rapid development of air craft and of aerial mails has produced an abundance of letters with interesting histories, so that the collector often pays not so much for the stamp as for its associations.

Any one of the ninety-five letters carried by Hawker on his ill-fated attempt to cross the Atlantic is worth to-day from thirty-five to fifty pounds; but by one of those freaks which only collectors can understand the first air-post letters which were carried across the Atlantic by Sir John Alcock in the R-34 are worth no more than twenty pounds, and even then only if they bear the special stamp that was struck for the occasion and are postmarked with the actual date of the flight. This is partly because these letters are not so rare. At a recent London auction one of the few private letters brought back from America on the R-34's return voyage sold for as much as thirty-two pounds. The souvenir label which the Australian authorities placed upon letters brought from England to Australia by Sir Ross Smith, in his London to Melbourne flight, is very much sought, and worth fifty pounds.

The gem of all air stamps, however, is the United States twenty-cent issue, which was printed by mistake with the airplane upside down. Only a hundred copies were issued before the mistake was discovered and the keen eyes of our postal authorities raised the price of each to a hundred and fifty pounds.

Three years ago M. Théodore Champion of Paris began to bring out his *Catalogue historique et descriptive des timbres de la poste aérienne* — a useful and interesting work which is now going into a third edition.

BOOKS ABROAD

Anatole France: The Man and His Work, by J. Lewis May. London: John Lane, 1924. 15s.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

MR. LEWIS MAY'S critical biography is, it must be confessed, rather too unambitious. He has written a simple and cautious account of the external facts of M. France's life, and has then proceeded to discuss him separately as novelist, short-story teller, historian, critic, philosopher, and stylist. Such a method, in the present fashion of subtle and sophisticated biography, is embarrassingly simple. The actual criticism is scanty and, although invariably sincere, not always profound. Mr. May, as becomes a translator, is evidently an ardent admirer. He has endeavored to temper the fervor of his enthusiasm by deliberate understatement, but the conscientious effort to guard against too fulsome an adulation has led him to commit several unnecessary errors in judgment. He condemns *L'Île des Pingouins* for 'its frequent lapses from good taste.' He emphasizes the sentimentality of *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, but does not suggest the existence of the fundamental sentimental weakness which vitiates so much of M. France's work. He speaks of the poetic feeling which inspires the subtle cadences of the master's prose, but affirms that this poetic feeling is his most characteristic virtue.

It would be unfair, however, to criticize the author from any angle other than that indicated by his intentions. He has succeeded, in his own manner, in creating an attractive picture, and, no doubt, in stimulating interest in the greatest living French writer. It is regrettable that Mr. May's own convictions should occasionally obtrude themselves on his interpretation of Anatole France's political sympathies.

Spain To-day, by Frank B. Deakin. London: Labour Publishing Co., Ltd.; New York: Knopf, 1924. \$2.50.

[L. R. in the *Irish Statesman*]

WE have sometimes wondered, turning over Hogarth's pictures, whether if we had the power of choice we should prefer to be the Industrious or the Idle Prentice. Certainly there is much to be said in favor of going to church, of being your master's favorite, of marrying his daughter and becoming rich, of rising to be Sheriff, Alderman, and finally Lord Mayor of London. On the other hand, gambling—even on a tomb-

stone—is deliciously exciting, travel is delightful, and many a light o' love in a garret is preferable to your master's daughter. And may it not be better to die young on a gallows than to live to drive fatly in the Lord Mayor's coach?

We are reminded of these considerations when we read Mr. Deakin's book about Spain. He writes with knowledge, and in what he calls 'a spirit of friendship.' Poor Spain will declare, 'Spare me from my friends!' He systematically and statistically exposes the abuses which are rampant there—illiteracy, corruption of press, politics, and law; insanitary conditions of life, poverty, slums. The book might be—doubtless would be—of use printed in Spanish and published in Spain, but printed in English and published in London what purpose can it serve? Well, this: that the Industrious Prentice likes to evoke from time to time the ghost of Thomas Idle. If he ever is inclined to be dissatisfied with his fat rich wife, his comfortable house, and his turtle soup, he has only got to think of the garret, Thomas Idle's disreputable loves, and the gallows, and at once he becomes reconciled to his fate. It is pleasant for an Englishman to think of the glory that was Spain, and then to remember the Armada, lost America, and the decline from being the first to—is it the fifth or the seventh Power in Europe? And the statistics cannot be refuted. Forty-four per cent illiterate in Cadiz! Twelve hundred tons of refuse thrown daily into dustbins in Madrid!

Does it ever occur to these people who club us with statistics that until they can supply us with statistics of happiness their blows have but little effect? Certainly the children of Spain are very badly educated, but the last time the reviewer was there his friend—who is all on the side of the Industrious Prentice—repeatedly exclaimed, 'I never saw such healthy, happy children.' A conformity of conduct in the matter of dustbins is taking place all over the world; let us grant that Spain is slow to conform, but let us add that if she were not slow she would not be Spain. Mr. Deakin is old-fashioned; liberalism died ten years ago. Need we add that there is nothing in the book about art, music, or literature? These trifles are beneath the notice of a man who marries his master's daughter.

Be Good Sweet Maid, by Anthony Wharton. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[H. C. Harwood in the *Outlook*]

To those in the trade of writing, *Be Good Sweet Maid* should present amusement and frequent

opportunities for a malicious sneer. For the rest — I am not sure. Miss Strong was the clever one of the family and took to the composition of novels. She studies Flaubert closely, but ends as a monger of the flippantly indecent. Mr. Wharton has very vividly described the tragedy of the second rate, and has nearly approached to making his heroine a beautiful as well as a pitiful figure. Unhappily some obscure rancor perplexes his narrative. It may be that Mr. Wharton dislikes female novelists. If so, as a male novelist, he should have kept silence. It may be that he dislikes all thinking women. But he could safely have left it to his female colleagues to mock at women who somehow have not become wives. Lord! how tired one gets of this baiting of old maids, of this assumption that no girl misses matrimony without slowly rotting from the soul outward.

The Black Soul, by Liam O'Flaherty. London: Jonathan Cape, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[Austin Clarke in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

MR. O'FLAHERTY'S idea is unsophisticated, healthy, positive. The Stranger, wrecked in nerve and mind by his war experience, abandons modern civilization for Nature and the primitive life of the Galway islands, and is made whole again by sea and wind and rain. Mr. Darrell Figgis, in his *Children of Earth*, seems to have made an unfortunate convention for the description of Atlantic scenery. Mr. O'Flaherty's similar ocean seethes or boils in cauldrons, hisses like wounded snakes, 'gets sick and vomits' on shores; his clouds are 'disemboweled in mid-air,' and all the rest of it — this, for so promising a writer, is bad and a downright lack of literary practice. Violence is not power; nor shouting strength.

The human study of a mind, half broken, disillusioned, tortured, yet without belief, is nevertheless moving and full of painful actuality and sincerity. The Stranger's morbid resentment toward the wife of Red John, a weak-minded man with whom he lodges, his gradual yielding to her simple, primitive love for him, and his gathering strength of mind and body, are finely contrasted with the husband's dull sinking into apathy. There is plenty of hard drinking, swearing, and virile conversation in the book; Mr. O'Flaherty can sketch roughly, but powerfully, a fast-fading type like O'Daly, and in his central theme he makes us feel the younger generation battling its way into its own light. But the fact that he

has dealt here once more with an exceptional emotional situation prevents him from using to full advantage his native knowledge of island life. Resentment, vehement sincerity he has, but also, as yet, too deep a preoccupation with the ninth — or is it tenth? — commandment.

European Bankruptcy and Emigration, by Helmer Key. London: Methuen, 1924. 6s.

[*New Statesman*]

DR. KEY is the editor of *Svenska Dagbladet*, a daily newspaper which occupies in Stockholm a position somewhat analogous to that of the *Times* in London. His book is, in effect, a plea for the organized emigration of Europeans — and especially of Nordic Europeans — on a scale much greater than has ever hitherto been attempted. We sympathize very fully with his object, though we cannot accept all the arguments which he adduces in its favor. It is evident, however, both that he is an able thinker and that he has made an exhaustive study of his subject. He appears to know all that there is to be known about the history of that greatest of emigrant movements which has produced large English-speaking communities all over the world. He is able, indeed, to tell us very much about the building of the British Empire which will be news to the majority even of well-informed Englishmen. For this reason alone his book is worth reading.



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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

DOMINION STATUS

PREMIER MACKENZIE KING'S pronouncement in the Canadian Parliament upon the relation of Canada to the Lausanne Treaty has suddenly lifted an undertone in the unceasing discussion of British imperial relations to the prominence of an almost strident keynote. Canada was not represented at the negotiations which resulted in the treaty between the British Empire and Turkey, because she was requested by the London Foreign Office not to send a delegate. The reason for this request was that France proposed to insist upon separate representation for certain of her dependencies in case the autonomous Commonwealths of the Empire participated directly in the negotiations. In other words, there was a new version of the issue that arose as to the relative representation of the United States and Great Britain in the League of Nations during the debate upon our joining the latter body.

The volume and the liveliness of English comment on this subject show how close it comes to the British heart. The *Saturday Review* insists that 'the

very serious question of a common Empire policy must be resolutely faced.' The *New Statesman* recognizes that the British Foreign Office will have to concede to Canada and all the Dominions the right to diplomatic autonomy, and that this, though easy enough in theory, is likely to prove embarrassing in practice.

Other nations with whom we are conferring or disputing are confronted with a single unit that claims five votes. The United States has long boggled at this, as we know, and so now has France. Their objection may seem unreasonable to us; but it is deeply rooted, and we cannot expect to laugh or argue them out of it, especially in cases of controversy where votes may be considered of importance. . . . If France, at some future conference, insists on her Sultan of Morocco as a counterweight to Canada, then we shall have two alternatives — no conference, or the acceptance of the Sultan of Morocco. Either of these courses might be embarrassing or absurd. But neither would be so embarrassing and absurd as the exclusion of Canada against her will.

Some of the specific difficulties in the present situation are thus summarized in the *London Outlook*: —

Within five years of the Treaty of Versailles, the notion that henceforth there would be a Britannic foreign policy, framed and supported by the Empire as a whole, has been dealt a heavy and perhaps fatal blow. What the actual situation now is nobody knows. Technically Canada remains at war with Turkey. . . . Logically Canadians should not enjoy the benefits of the Treaty. But, if that really matters to them, they will perhaps observe that the United States has found a way of securing all the benefits without the liabilities. . . .

The present drift toward dissolution of the Empire via foreign affairs is not to be arrested by any tightening of the mechanism of consultation — which is impracticable anyhow until the real trouble is dealt with — but only by Britain adopting a national policy based on the Washington rather than the Geneva theory of peace, and therefore lending itself to coöperation with the Dominions and also the United States, Canada being the natural intermediary. . . .

Geography, in this writer's opinion, is weightier than political kinship in moulding the foreign policies of Britain's far-flung Dominions: —

Canadian Liberals instinctively shun a foreign policy of European entanglement, especially when it would definitely entail a military liability. In this they are faithful not only to the memory of Laurier, with his ingrained horror of 'European militarism,' but also to that vaguer, new-world instinct of which the United States is the leading exponent. The American notion, which Wilson challenged to his cost, and Colonel Harvey expounded in London last autumn, at the very moment when General Smuts was publicly advocating more active opposition to France, is that the way to world peace is not by everybody minding everybody's else business, as the League of Nations would have it, but by a friendly reciprocity of Monroe Doctrines. Canada, being in and of America, cannot transfer herself from the American to the European atmosphere. Left alone she would readily join the United States in a policy of steadfast aloofness from European

disputes, except when invited to intervene for some specific and temporary purpose by the leading European Powers in concert. Such also is the natural impulse of Australasia and South Africa, although blurred in the one case by loyalty to Britain and in the other by Smuts's personal liking for world politics.

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TROTSKII CRITICIZES THE COMMUNISTS

Vorwärts publishes with evident satisfaction a confidential memorandum submitted to the Moscow Communist leaders by Trotskii, in which he criticizes unsparingly certain conditions in the Communist Party and in Russia. Among other things he says: —

The appalling demoralization of the Party is due to two causes: (a) the radically mistaken and unhealthy Party régime, and (b) the discontent of the workingmen and the peasants on account of their bitter economic hardships, which are due not only to objective difficulties but also to obvious fundamental errors in our economic policy.

Trotskii then proceeds to describe how a system of land taxes, exorbitantly high in comparison with the prices of agricultural produce, has created bitter resentment among the peasants — and this resentment has communicated itself to city workers. Their discontent is the ultimate cause of the dissensions that are rending the Party, where insurgent groups have appeared that are rapidly gaining strength.

Trotskii next describes an aspect of the Communist Party's relations with the rank and file of the peasantry that has a striking — almost amusing — parallel with the relations between the Old Guard and the Farm Bloc insurgents in the Republican Party of the United States. He then continues: 'During the last year and a half we have witnessed the development of a peculiar secretariat-psychology, based

on the conviction that the Party managers are qualified to decide off-hand every question without direct knowledge of the actual conditions from which it arises.'

The dominant factor in Russia's present crisis is the great gap between prices of manufactures and prices of agricultural produce. 'It is perfectly clear that a mechanical reduction of merchandise prices by Government decree will in most cases enrich only the middlemen, and will have little effect upon the welfare of the peasant consumer.'

At the Congress of the Russian Communist Party held in Moscow early in June, the 'Old Guard' retained its hold upon the executive officers, excluding such prominent Communists as Trotskii, Radek, and Dzerzhinskii, the former head of the Cheka. The last-mentioned gentleman has emerged from the recent turmoil an ally of Trotskii and a champion of the more moderate — what men of 'bourgeois' prepossessions would call the saner — school of Soviet economics. The Trotskii opposition group, which is very powerful despite its defeat in the Convention, is said to be strengthening its hold upon the rank and file of the people, and may reverse the present situation at any time.

The extent to which inadequate transportation and underconsumption are responsible for Russia's economic ills is illustrated by the difficulties the Soviet authorities are experiencing in disposing of their stock of coal. The mines of the Donetz Basin are now producing nearly 10,000,000 tons a year; and there is a surplus of 1,600,000 tons, for which it is impossible to find a market, although only 170 shafts are in operation as compared with 1800 before the war. It is proposed to reduce export prices and to

encourage the sugar mills in the Ukraine to return to the use of coal as fuel.

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PROFITEERING IN ENGLAND

MR. BALDWIN's recently expressed opinion that profiteering in Great Britain should have the searchlight of a public inquiry turned upon it moves a Political Correspondent of the *Spectator* to ask: —

Why is it that a frock costing 25s. is sold for £4 4s.? I take this as an example of what appears to be going on in the clothing industry, and others could be cited. Knitted goods sold wholesale at 8s. 11d. are retailed at 40s.; velours hats sold wholesale at a guinea are retailed at 50s. each, and Fair Isle jumpers which can be bought in Shetland for 50s. sell in London for £5 apiece, and sometimes more. . . .

In case of food, we are told the disparity between producers' prices and consumers' prices is even greater, and it is aggravated by the practice of giving short weight: —

It is by no means inconceivable that owing to short weight given or the inclusion of wrappers in the weight of foods, or a combination of the two, the weekly shortage in a family of four persons consuming per week, say, 2 pounds of fats, 4 pounds of sugar, and 12 pints of milk, would be: fats, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce; sugar, 1 ounce, 6 drams; milk, 12 fluid ounces. These figures appear to be very small, but for a town of 32,000 families of the same average size, they represent a weekly illicit profit of something like £380.

Argentine meat sold on the ranch for seven cents a pound; United States currency, dressed weight, and costing to deliver in Smithfield Market less than ten cents a pound, is sold to the butcher for 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. — or, say, eleven cents. Yet the cheapest cuts are quoted at retail in Great Britain at 8d. — sixteen cents — a pound, while rump

steaks command 1s. 10d., or nearly forty-five cents a pound.

The Correspondent conjectures that by eliminating profiteering and unnecessary middlemen's profits the cost of living in Great Britain might be reduced by twenty-five points.

This article brought a letter to the editor of the *Spectator*, signed 'Managing Director,' protesting that retail traders are forced by competition and by the intelligence of their customers to do business on a moderate scale of profits.

No business of any magnitude requiring careful organization and a strictly honorable system could exist in these competitive times on such unscrupulous methods as described. In these days of increased expenses in every direction, the draper who makes five per cent on his returns over and above his expenses has done well. The net profit is not made by extortionate gross profits, but on a quick turnover on small profits. . . .

It is a general rule when a new buyer is engaged to state the rate of profit he is to show on his returns. If he attempts to exceed this he would immediately be outbid by his competitors and probably forfeit his situation.

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NO K. K. K. IN IRELAND

A PROTESTANT farmer writes from County Galway to the *Spectator*, protesting against the rumors that Protestants are ill-treated in Western Ireland. As a matter of fact, he says, the disorders in Western Ireland have borne more heavily on Roman Catholic than on Protestant families.

It is not a question of religion at all, but if a man is suspected of having money in his house — and the fairs are watched by these robbers — he is likely to be visited by these miscreants. I know of a Roman Catholic gentleman-farmer living not far from this who was raided seven times, and his motor-car taken, and a lady, an enthu-

siastic Catholic Sinn Feiner, who was raided at least twice.

After giving further details of the same kind this correspondent says:—

Religious animosity is absolutely unknown in the West of Ireland, and from all accounts there is very little of it in the South. . . . I am a Northerner, but have lived in the West for thirty-five years, and, although a Protestant, have during that time experienced more kindness from my Roman Catholic neighbors than I have from my coreligionists.

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A BRITISH POPULATION FORECAST

A FORECAST of the probable movement of population in Great Britain during the next thirty years, published in a recent number of the *Economic Journal* by a prominent statistician, Professor A. L. Bowley, is receiving considerable attention in that country. Leaving out of account emigration and immigration, which are unpredictable, the Professor estimates that Great Britain will attain its maximum population between 1940 and 1950, after which the figures will remain stationary or there may be some retrogression. The prolongation of life by modern sanitation and the advance of medical science is increasing the proportion of older people among the population, while the declining birth-rate is lowering the proportion of children. Unless the population is to fall off, there must be an average of 2.6 births per woman in her lifetime. At a lower rate, the population will soon begin to decline.

'With the present rates of births, deaths, and emigration, Great Britain will have forty-five or forty-six million inhabitants about 1941, after which the number will diminish.'

These forecasts have a practical application — for instance in such long-term housing programmes as the

British Government has just inaugurated, in anticipating future conditions of employment and unemployment, and indeed in relation to all policies involving what we might term economic hygiene.



SUDAN AGAIN

SUDAN is a big country with varied climate and topography. Its great irrigation works, described in a late issue of the *Living Age*, serve a region very different in most climatic features from other vast territories within the Anglo-Egyptian jurisdiction. A correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from El-Obeid, describes a single province, Kordofan, — with an area larger than the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey combined, and a population of less than half a million, — as a forested land of many scenic attractions. The country, as seen on a 150-mile motor-car tour, 'resembles some wooded park at home.'

The spaced gum-trees, the woodcutters' clearances, the black patches where undergrowth has been burned — all combine to give this impression, and the red sand of the road heightens the resemblance to such an extent that at every turn one quite expects to see the manse or countryseat in the distance.

What one also notices in a drive of this nature is the amount of animal and bird life that exists in what is, after all, at this time of year a waterless region. The air is full of birds, some of them most charming, such as the golden-crested crane, which supplies the officers of the Camel Corps with their hackle; the lesser horn-bill, with its curious colored wings and mournful cry; the bustard, the stone pheasant, the crested ground-lark, the bulbul, and the glossy starling, with its glorious sheen feathers, which change from blue to green and mauve to purple as the sun falls on them. Wherever one goes there are guinea fowl and rabbits; gazelles run

gracefully about among the bushes or flit daintily across one's path; here and there a fox is disturbed in his morning hunt; while one of the prettiest sights is the jerboas, who from time to time are attracted to the roadside by the noise of the car and, evidently fascinated at what they see, instead of drawing back make a mad rush across almost under the wheels and disappear, with their bushy tails spread out behind them as a counterpoise as they bound into the foliage.



MINOR NOTES

THE Catholic Church, which has at present 2,208,000 converts in China and an ordained native clergy numbering 1701, deemed it advisable to raise a selected few of these Chinese clergymen to the dignity of prelates. Those chosen have been trained for about fifteen years in their native literature, in mathematical and physical science, in general history, in Latin, philosophy, and theology, in Scripture, apologetics, and canon law. The highest dignity to which natives have been appointed up to the present is that of prefects apostolic. They are not bishops; they have the rank of prelates and may wear the mitre and ring, but are not allowed the use of the crosier or of the throne. These appointments, of which two have been made already, are incidentally a concession to the growing demand that exists throughout Asia for ecclesiastical as well as political autonomy.

WITHIN the past year the Labor Party has won several victories in Australia, with the result that four of the six States of the Commonwealth — Queensland, Tasmania, South Australia — now have Labor Cabinets, and there is a probability that Labor will return to power in the Commonwealth Parliament after the next election. If so, this means a Capital Levy

to provide for the war debt, and presumably heavier taxation all along the line. As in the United States, the farmers are dissatisfied with the present administration, and attribute their hardships largely to the burdens of Protection and a policy that they conceive is favoring city at the expense of country interests.

AN important link in the future railway net of Africa has just been completed in British Sudan. It extends from the present line joining Khartum and the Red Sea to the borders of the Italian province of Eritrea, tapping the fertile Gash Delta, where 15,000 acres of irrigated land are already being planted with cotton, and 100,000 acres are expected eventually to be developed. Among the heavy freight awaiting transport when the railhead reached Kassala were one thousand tons of cotton seed. The line will eventually be extended to join the railway south

of Sudan at a point on the Blue Nile, thus completing a loop through fairly fertile country. The portion just finished is 216 miles in length. It was built with British materials and financed under the Trades Facilities Act.

ACCORDING to a recent announcement by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons, the British Government proposes to begin at once a programme of airship construction. The first vessel, which will probably not be in service until 1926, is planned to have accommodation for about 200 passengers, ten or twelve tons of mail, and other freight. It will have a range of some 2500 miles, with a cruising speed of 80 miles an hour. This will enable the Government to maintain a direct air-service to India on a sixty-hour schedule, with one halt in Egypt, where a mooring-mast and other facilities are to be provided.

DIAGNOSING THE DICTATOR



MUSSOLINI. A velvet glove to go over this steel gauntlet.
— *La Tribuna*



MILLERAND. Perhaps I ought to have remained a Republican.
— *Progrès Citrique*

THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK

BY J. L. GARVIN

From the *Observer*, June 15
(LONDON MODERATE SUNDAY PAPER)

RECENT political changes in France have happily eliminated the graver possibilities that lay on the immediate fringes of the Presidential crisis. M. Millerand could, if he had wished, have exhausted the authority conferred on him by the Letter of the Constitution before consenting to lay down his office. His resignation at once relaxed the strain and eased the way for compromise.

The Left returned from the elections committed to an exceptional course which its more moderate elements, probably including its leader, only preferred to a premature split in its forces. It was pledged to counter M. Millerand's interpretation of the Presidential function.

Set in these lines the Left now moved on to complete its victory. It had defeated M. Millerand and his conception of the Presidential prerogative. It next proposed to put in office the President of its choice. But danger signals were already showing. The Senate had voted without eagerness for the dismissal of M. Millerand. It was still less eager for the whole party triumph. That would have meant fuller power for the more advanced policies of the majority in the Chamber than it was prepared to countenance. It would also have meant an association between party change and Presidential succession which, on top of M. Millerand's dismissal, would have shaken still further the security of the seven years' tenure. Having played their part in disestablishing the partisan character

of the Presidency, Radical Senators drew back from another vote which might paradoxically have set a precedent for its firmer reestablishment.

In the party conclave, M. Painlevé, the chosen candidate of the Left leaders, failed to command the support necessary to assure his success in the National Assembly at Versailles. From that moment the conclusion was certain. M. Painlevé went to Versailles as the official candidate of the Left parties. M. Doumergue became the candidate of the moderate section of the Left, there joined in full force by the Right, and now succeeds M. Millerand at the *Élysée*.

The constitutional battle thus leaves the constitution uninjured and, probably, strengthened. The Presidential office comes out of this critical fortnight defined by new precedents of greater weight than a purely partisan victory could have given them. The constitutionalism of the new President is vouched for by his political record. He has lost no time in declaring that he will hold himself above parties, and that his inspiration will be the wishes of Parliament. The victory, then, is a victory neither for the Right nor for the Left, but for the spirit of constitutionalism. Aside from party and personal issues the result seems to interpret a general distaste for extreme courses which is the only safeguard democracy can have and without which its paper safeguards are paper. A true democratic faculty for compromise controlled the emergency. A

week ago the stability of French institutions seemed threatened, and the stability of Europe with them. On the safe passing of that crisis this country may congratulate itself while it congratulates its neighbor.

We may expect henceforth a more cordial and accommodating tone in the foreign policy of France. We may expect a humanizing of diplomatic practice. But the difficulties in the way of reconciliation and settlement in Europe have not been demolished by the French elections or lessened in the constitutional issue that has arisen out of them. There is still work to do and ground to travel before the main lines of European policy converge toward agreement.

Though we are not entitled, on the facts, to expect any wholesale revolution in French foreign policy, we have no doubt of the sincerity in which M. Herriot will seek to substitute constructive agreement both with Germany and with Britain for the now bankrupt policies of dictation and isolation. He will meet the Chamber with his Government this week. Almost his next business will be a visit to London and a meeting with Mr. MacDonald. The sitting of the Dawes Committee, and the series of General Elections in Europe, have imposed a moratorium of nearly nine months. That is now ended. Even before that the Poincaré policy, with its fixed obsessions of French domination in the Ruhr and on the Rhine, had to run to its appointed end. While it ran, negotiation for any fruitful purpose was impossible. So far as Reparations and the fundamental question of peace were concerned, diplomatic contact between France and Britain was, during that period, practically suspended.

The negotiators will now renew their discussions in the possession of facts which, little effect as they may

have had before they received demonstration, are not now to be trifled with. An international committee of experts has unanimously laid down the economic conditions under which alone Germany can be placed in a position to pay. They have framed an economic policy for Europe. Political considerations must be adjusted to it. If they are not, economic 'sanctions' will take effect automatically. In the last resort the economic factors have proved more potent than the political. This is another of the facts which European statesmanship is now appraised of. We have seen the franc in distress and grave danger. We have seen it temporarily rescued by the use of the French gold reserve. We have seen the mark artificially and conditionally stabilized by stringent devices. What must follow the fresh collapse of the mark or the franc needs no saying. Any political advantage which could be temporarily stolen in the face of the economic 'sanctions' would immediately be swallowed up in the fresh collapse, trebling or quadrupling all the consequences of the first collapse, of these currencies.

These are the material factors at present on the side of hope. The parties now in a majority in the French Chamber have always had a clearer perception of them than the opposition. They are not the only factors, nor can a policy that is to lead to genuine peace be shaped by them alone. It is no accident by which the resurgence of German nationalism coincided with M. Poincaré's régime. It is no fancy that the timely appearance of the Dawes Report, with its proposals for plain and businesslike dealing with Germany, respited democracy in the Reich. These also are facts within the purview of the negotiations, new, though only in the sense that they have had to be demonstrated before acceptance. Democracy in Germany is, as the mak-

ers of the Versailles Treaty affected to see, a cardinal factor in the peace of the Continent. It should be the undeviating purpose of French and British diplomacy to render it secure. M. Poincaré from time to time paid it lip-service. The Left has a livelier conviction of its importance. We hope to see the spirit of M. Herriot's excellent declarations take practical effect in the Ruhr and the occupied territory.

Such are the simple facts which provide a British and a French Prime Minister, coming fresh to their business, without personal responsibility

for the past, after an eighteen months' intermission of negotiation between their respective countries, with an opportunity such as has not yet existed. Whether they can take it, whether they will be able to make of the Dawes Report a practical instrument not only for the restoration of European credit but for reforming the whole spirit of the relationships between victors and vanquished, is a question not independent of political contingencies. But a great advance from the present position is possible, and statesmanship will know how to handle its risks.

THE LEAGUE RECEIVES ROYALTY

BY GEORG POPOFF

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*, May 27
(SWEDISH LIBERAL DAILY)

THERE are still kings in the world and also elaborate royal receptions. But they have become so rare that they impress the spectator like some historical moving-picture in natural colors — above all if he has been a participant in the Russian and German revolutions. I have seen so many of the great ones of the earth dethroned and humbled, so much human misery among their people, that it is hard to believe in the reality of this ritual, this court ceremony, or even the existence to-day of crowned heads. And this unreality seems the greater when presented in a setting whose every detail suggests the new spirit of a democratic age.

Consequently, despite all affectation of simplicity and unostentatious ease, an unnatural and strained atmosphere surrounds the visit of the

Rumanian royal couple at Geneva. Everywhere antiquated and newborn forms clash. At the railroad station, in the midst of a group of waiting officials, stands the well-known Socialist, Albert Thomas, Chief of the International Labor Bureau, wearing a well-pressed morning coat and a shiny stovepipe hat, and with an expression of dignified formality on his countenance. At his side is an elegantly gowned lady, holding a marvelous bouquet, evidently destined for the Queen. This chic Parisian apparition is Madame Albert Thomas. On my word of honor, Madame Trotskii looks much more proletarian.

The train approaches — the private train of the King of Rumania, consisting of ten cars. The Russian Tsar used to travel with his attendants in

three trains, each consisting of fifteen cars, so that the pomp of the Rumanian monarch is quite modest by comparison. As usual when a royal train arrives, a lackey with a general's overcoat on his arm jumps off first. Next comes a variegated stream of couriers, officers, ministers, generals, courtiers, ladies in waiting — Rumania displaying her magnificence.

At last the face of the King appears, wreathed with the friendly smile so familiar in his photographs. He wears a hussar uniform, bespattered with decorations. Next comes the Queen — handsome, elegant, majestic, conspicuous in a wonderful pearl necklace. Behind the Queen march two court ladies, the one fat and homely, the other slender and pretty; both wearing beautiful gowns. Madame Thomas presents the gorgeous bouquet and everything else proceeds according to the ritual. At length an endless line of automobiles starts in the direction of the city. It looks a bit dull, because motor-cars do not adapt themselves to royal processions. The old gala carriages with their prancing horses were more impressive.

The republican inhabitants of the Canton of Geneva rejoice at the show, and cry their *vivats*. Although a Swiss Communist paper had proposed that some brave man should yell, '*Vive la Bessarabie Russel!*' in the King's ear, just as Floquet once shouted '*Vive la Pologne!*' at the Tsar, no one follows this tactless advice. The people of Geneva have better taste than that. The beautiful Queen has made a deeper impression on them than have the Bolsheviki, and gayly they cheer, '*Vive la Reine, vive la Reine!*'

The formal reception at the League Headquarters takes place on the historic verandah, 'the glass house on Lake Geneva,' where Signor Salandra last fall defended the imperialism of Benito

Mussolini so vigorously that the place would have been wrecked had not someone called out, 'Those who live in glass houses should n't throw stones.' Consequently King Ferdinand, who has to reckon with an eventual settlement with Russia, may well be welcomed when he ascends this Olympus of the League of Nations to proclaim loudly to the whole world Rumania's desire for peace. . . .

With gay courage the ruling couple enter the glass house, where a throne has been raised for each. But there is also a third — for Sir Eric Drummond, for the League, for the majesty of peace. . . . A remarkable scene then ensues. At first all three sit a moment on their thrones in silence. Then Sir Eric rises — a typical Englishman, half embarrassment, half cricket-ground democracy. His voice quavers with confusion. His right hand, which holds the copy of his address, trembles visibly, while his left hand rests calmly in his trousers pocket. But despite his stammering, his English flows on, self-reliant and easy. Sir Eric says, 'Your Majesties,' but it sounds as if he said, 'My dear old chappies.' And so everyone understands his meaning: that the League is talking to Rumania merely as to one of its children. . . .

Then the King rises, the King of Rumania, of the House of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. Nervously he tugs at a string, the purpose of which no one can grasp. But behold, the string ends in a monacle! The royal right brow rises, the royal right cheek drops, and the gold-rimmed monacle sits jauntily in the royal right eye-socket! Like a flash of lightning a word shoots through the spectator's mind: '*Serenissimus!*' Then the royal right hand descends into the pocket of the hussar tunic, and pulls out a folded sheet of paper. Carefully His

Majesty unfolds it, looks at it right side up, then bottom side up, then right side up once more, and finally reads the contents in French with a strong German accent.

The King says: 'Rumania is always ready to support the League of Nations, so that the ideals of humanity and justice may prevail throughout the world.' And yet only a few days before *Basler Nachrichten* had said, in an article on 'Rumania and the League of Nations': 'King Ferdinand and Queen Marie enter a country which feels for Rumania both sympathy and interest. But unfortunately not always a happy interest. We Swiss are overwhelmingly either Protestants or Roman Catholics, and are therefore grieved over the difficulties, not to say persecutions, which our fellow communicants have to endure in the new provinces of Rumania, particularly in Transylvania. Two thirds of our people speak German. We therefore view adversely Rumania's persistent attempt to deprive her German-speaking subjects of their ancient language. And Switzerland is also a member of the League of Nations. Therefore it pains us to hear continually how Rumania evades or openly violates her obligations under the League to protect her religious and linguistic minorities.' But of course such painful subjects cannot be mentioned at this official reception, and therefore only sunshine is reflected on the faces of all. . . .

At the International Labor Bureau the Socialist Albert Thomas delivers an eloquent address such as only a Frenchman can deliver, and in his own tongue. This is in substance what he says: 'Queen, cast your radiant eyes upon me. As you once during the war bent your beautiful face over your struggling people, so may you now during peace let your inspiring glances rest with sympathy on laboring hu-

manity.' Am I not right? Is there any other language in which a Socialist can say such things to a Queen? No, and no other nation can be so polite.

The good Queen bows her beautiful head in assent, and smiles sadly. What is she to do, poor thing? Out on the street she mixes with 'the people.' Washerwomen, cooks, factory girls and their kind surround her, jests fly back and forth. The washerwomen laugh aloud and the Queen seems to be highly amused. Even the King talks familiarly with the everyday people of all ranks whom he meets. He is supposed to do that even in Rumania, which may have led him to make the remark: 'If there should be a revolution in Rumania, I'm sure I could be elected President of the Republic.'

When the royal couple leave we once more admire the beauty of the ceremony and of the Queen. Standing on the platform, stately, noble, and pretty, she is a really inspiring sight. There is something of the Romanovs in the great-granddaughter of Alexander II, even in the deep bow with which she greets the people. That was the way the Russian Grand Duchesses received when they were alive. Queen Marie, what thoughts stir in your beautiful head? Your Russian cousins no longer have any heads. Your relatives of Saxony-Coburg-Gotha and Hohenzollern have ended their reigns, and even your own daughter has been compelled to descend from the throne of Greece, because her husband was not wanted as President in Hellas. But there Marie of Rumania stands, silent, erect, and proud, with majesty in her bearing — every inch a Queen. And she bows farewell over and over again with her handsome head, and smiles with the conventional and fascinating smile that belongs only to those truly to the palace born.

HANDICAPPED JAPAN

BY PROFESSOR EMIL LEDERER

[We add to the articles, 'Awakening India' and 'Changing China,' by this distinguished sociologist, recently professor at the Imperial University in Tokyo, a final contribution upon a country which he was able to study with an equally discerning and even more intimate eye. Several paragraphs, mostly of a statistical nature, have been summarized or omitted.]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung*, May 11, 14, 16

(LIBERAL DAILY)

CERTAIN fundamental economic conditions, too elementary to be modified by Japan's superficial industrialization, determine the social configuration of that country. First of all, Japan remains a land of peasants, in spite of the rapid factory development of recent years. Two thirds of her people still support themselves by agriculture, and one half of the population is exclusively devoted to this pursuit. About five and one half million peasant families cultivate an area of fifteen million acres — or, upon an average, only three acres per family, as compared with one hundred and fifty acres in the United States. Nature has but grudgingly gifted with fertile soil this mountainous and volcanic archipelago. Its arable land is cultivated far into the remoter recesses of the mountains. A person who observes the tiny paddy fields laboriously carried up the side of the foothills on terraces, or precariously tucked away in narrow cañon bottoms, where their protecting dikes are threatened by every freshet, cannot fail to be impressed with the endless toil and patience demanded of its peasants.

In spite of these unfavorable conditions, Japan can normally feed nearly its whole population. Even in an exceptionally unfavorable year like 1919 the importation of rice amounted

to only \$81,000,000, or about \$1.25 per capita. Were the land reserves of Hokushu (Hokkaido) under cultivation, no foodstuffs would need to be procured abroad. None the less, imports of fodder and artificial fertilizers, especially oil cake, are growing rapidly. And while the country is theoretically self-sufficient in respect to food, it procures its subsistence at a high cost — the labor of sixty per cent or more of all its able-bodied workers. If we add to this artisans and operatives in occupations subordinate to agriculture, and labor employed in distributing agricultural products, we see that the nation's surplus productivity is, if measured by European standards, very small.

Another important limitation to Japan's prosperity lies in the character of her workers. They are very clever, and quick at mastering unfamiliar trades, but they lack endurance, and do not equal Europeans or Americans in per capita output. That is explained partly by their diet, which consists chiefly of rice and fish, and is deficient in fats and other stimulating elements. Even when wages were much less in Japan than in Europe, labor costs were no lower. To-day they are absolutely higher, because the whole price-level has risen, including wages as measured in gold, although the compensation of

labor has not kept pace with the increased cost of living. For the latter reason, no appreciable betterment has occurred in the standard of living, which alone would be likely to increase the worker's output. Moreover, the general rhythm of Japanese life is unfavorable to continuous and intense exertion. Despite all these handicaps, however, labor output is slowly rising. Statistics indicate that this is true in rice-farming and silk-raising; and, despite many discouraging conditions, both the total and the per capita product of manufacturing have risen notably since the beginning of the war.

Japanese industry is not organized on a basis of quantity production. To be sure, some large establishments are models in their way, but manufacturing in general is still carried on by antiquated methods. Brokers and middlemen of every kind abound in all lines of business. For example, the coal used in Tokyo passes through eight different hands between producer and consumer. Trading profits, particularly retail profits, are very small. Shopkeepers' families do not support themselves entirely by selling goods. The shop is often a side line, which ekes out an income earned in other vocations. The first impression a stranger receives upon arriving in a Japanese town is of endless rows of little shops and streets thronged with itinerant vendors. The shops often combine manufacturing with retailing. This splitting-up of business into tiny units naturally represents a waste of labor in production.

Japanese commercial ethics tacitly forbid undercutting prices. Consequently competition is not as effective a business regulator in Japan — or in any part of the Orient — as in Europe.

Another impediment to production is the system of writing. It usually takes six years to master even the most

necessary ideographs, and though the process of memorizing them is correlated in the school curriculum with other studies, this effort monopolizes the mind of the pupil with a purely mnemonic exercise. The result is that the reasoning faculties develop late. University students seldom complete their courses before they are twenty-six years old. The long period required to obtain an education shortens correspondingly the time left for productive activities. This becomes more important when we take into account that the average term of life in Japan is shorter than in Europe and America. Incidentally, this complicated system of writing discourages the use of labor-saving devices, such as typewriters and duplicating machines. It also prevents precision of expression.

Production is further hampered by a topheavy bureaucratic organization, and the excessive personnel employed in private enterprises and public offices. Europeans will note at once that the number of guards, conductors, and other functionaries in the railway and tramway service is abnormally large according to European standards. The same condition may be remarked in any post office. This is explained partly by the system of writing, which complicates all transactions where it is used. To be sure, salaries are very low, and the service their recipients perform is presumably of correspondingly moderate value. The whole system encourages waste. The large number of officials adds to the complication of business. Bureaucracy is a costly burden to the country.

In addition to these drags upon production, Japan is handicapped by destructive natural disasters. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and great fires levy a heavy tax upon her national wealth. The fragile system of construction, probably adopted because

of the frequency of earthquakes and floods, is a constant invitation to great conflagrations. The average length of life of a Japanese house is but a fraction of that of a house in Europe. The materials employed — matting, mud, and weak native timber — are themselves short-lived. Therefore, even though labor is cheap and the first cost of building is less than in Europe, a relatively large proportion of the wealth-creating energy of the people is absorbed in providing shelter.

Passing over the question whether it is really desirable to reform the economic structure of Japan, so as to relieve its people of these industrial handicaps, it is very doubtful if that is possible. To be sure, the country is rapidly becoming industrialized, but as yet only superficially. This modernization of production has not radically changed the habits of the people. A Japanese factory is very different from a German factory. Agriculture, handicrafts, and the mechanic arts, which still form the most important part of the country's industry, have changed but little. The features of Japan's economy that prevent her attaining Western standards of production are largely of a permanent character. The ratio of population to cultivated area cannot be changed materially. As soon as the still virgin lands of Hokushu are brought under crops, the peasants will multiply to correspond. Mass emigration meets an obstacle in a Japanese family's attachment to its native soil. Neither Hokushu nor Korea attracts many settlers. The general use of agricultural machinery and draft animals is prevented by the minute subdivision of the fields, and the fact that rice is the chief crop.

Until the war local prices were exceedingly low in Japan. They were the prices of an agricultural country that still retained a superstitious reverence

for the precious metals. This was particularly true of the cost of food and labor. Moreover, this low price-level was relatively stable, because export markets did not affect it. What was produced at home was consumed at home, and little agricultural produce was imported. This condition did not apply to the same extent to manufactures, but there were so few parallels between home-made and imported goods that the cost of one had little effect upon the cost of the other.

Although Japan's wars with China and Russia were followed by a slight fall in the purchasing power of money, it was not until the World War that a radical price-revolution occurred. For the first time in their history the Japanese began to work en masse for the people of other countries. The nation's man power was absorbed in producing munitions and manufactures for the Allies. The balance of trade, which hitherto had been slightly against Japan, suddenly swung overwhelmingly in the other direction; so that her people acquired large credits abroad, and she was flooded with precious metals. This reversal of trade balances enabled Japan to pay up much of her foreign debt — in fact, to become a creditor nation. . . .

Naturally this condition was exceptional. A country whose productivity is below normal cannot remain permanently a creditor country except at the cost of great self-privation. Japan's condition just before the earthquake might be summarized as follows: her productive efficiency was not at the highest point, her natural resources were limited, public and private expenditures had mounted rapidly. The Government had done little to meet this situation. Japan's political leaders are firm believers in private enterprise. They are inclined to identify national interests with the interests of great

corporations. Meanwhile the tension between the classes is increasing. The gulf between different social strata, and between members of successive generations, is extraordinarily wide. Behind his smooth, amiable countenance the Japanese is a man of violent passions, prone to explosive outbreaks.

Despite many mutual suspicions and antipathies, Japan is profoundly influenced by the United States. She has modeled her trusts upon those of America, forgetting that she does not possess the inexhaustible natural resources of her rival across the Pacific. Neither do her people enjoy as yet the civic training, democratic institutions, and popular education of the Americans — advantages that place in the hands of America's consumers weapons that the common people of Japan do

not possess. Capitalism prospers in the United States because of the country's steady economic expansion, which makes it possible to raise steadily the standard of living of the masses. How long this will continue it is impossible to predict. But Japan, where economic betterment is confined within narrow limits, where productive forces are weak, where there are no boundless possibilities, is in a very different situation. Her economic limitations speedily express themselves in social oppression, and no one can say how soon the forces thus confined will break violently forth.

So this attractive country, which may seem to the superficial observer a land of carefree happiness, is beneath the surface also a land of intimidating problems.

PROTECTION IN INDIA

BY ST. NIHAL SINGH

From the *Irish Statesman*, May 24
(DUBLIN FREE STATE WEEKLY)

It is not without significance that Protection is being initiated simultaneously in British India and the Irish Free State. While Mr. Ernest Blythe is carrying through his proposals to foster Irish industries by handicapping certain imports, a bill imposing heavy duties upon some classes of steel imported into India has just been completed by the Legislative Department of the Government of India, and will be introduced at the session of the Legislative Assembly which will open shortly at Simla.

The motive power in India and Ireland is derived from the same source. The system of Free Trade imposed from the outside has produced a strong revulsion in the minds of nearly every person who can think politically in either country. By her action Britain has made it impossible for Indians and Irishmen to consider economic issues solely or even mainly from the economic point of view.

At the time the British succeeded in establishing their dominion over India the products of her looms and forges

were in demand in every civilized land and gave employment to a considerable percentage of the population, whose skill, acquired through the experience of generations, was admired in Europe as much as it was in Asia. With the extinction of Indian rule in British India, however, and the subordination of such rajahs as were left, the industries which theretofore had been thriving began to wither and die, and an ever-increasing number of men and women began to be squeezed out of crafts and thrown back upon the land under tillage, in time making the soil groan under a terrible pressure.

This movement was not entirely due to political causes. The development of power industries, particularly in Lancashire, forced upon the handicraftsmen of India a competition which they were not able to combat.

The political dominated the economic factor, however. Such Indians as could think realized that the men who controlled India's affairs were of the same race and religion as those who were engaged in commerce and banking — they wine and dined together — and the bread they broke and the whiskey and soda they sipped were bought with the money acquired through trade which was crushing the Indian laborer and making life intolerable for the Indian peasant. They further saw that when the English textile industry was young Indian imports into Britain had been penalized, whereas similar action was not taken to afford protection to Indian industries which for centuries had depended, in no small measure, upon the patronage given by the Emperor and his Court. Action was taken, on the contrary, to facilitate the expansion of the import trade, particularly by means of fixing favorable rates on railways built with Indian money but uncontrolled by Indians.

At a later stage actual attempts were made to penalize the only modern industry which Indians had been able to establish in their country, a duty on cotton goods produced in Indian mills being levied to 'countervail' the duty paid on yarn and cloth from Lancashire and elsewhere. Until comparatively recent years the educational policy was so framed and administered by British officials that it gave the Indian youth little opportunity to acquire scientific, engineering, technical, or commercial training, and forced him into the only channel open — pseudo-literary education entirely lacking the life-giving principle of nationalism — and thereby produced another series of terribly grave problems which a self-governing India will have to solve.

Political bitterness made educated Indians look upon Free Trade as an invention of the Devil, and tended to develop Protectionist tendencies in them. Had they lived under a different system of governance, which permitted them to view economic issues from the purely economic angle of vision, they might have become strong Free Traders.

Much the same conditions have produced in Ireland Protective tendencies, but whereas the Free State is beginning her experiment in Protection after shaking off British control, the Protective system is being introduced in India while she is still in British leading strings. Whatever else it may do, it will strengthen the tendency in the British to set up industries in India instead of engaging in import and export trade and intensifying the exploitation of Indian resources by persons who have no abiding interest in the country but degenerate India more and more into a land of coolies.

In the ratio in which this exploitation becomes intense, the Indian political problem will, I fear, grow more

difficult. The opposition to Indian Home Rule, which proceeds from the classes from which the British officials in India are recruited, though formidable, is nothing compared with that which comes from the mill-owners in the industrial counties of England and Scotland, particularly Lancashire and contiguous counties, from the great banking, export and import, and shipping houses with headquarters in the City of London and connections in India, and the British firms which have been able to secure contracts running into tens of millions sterling for stores needed by the Government departments and railways in India, manned, at the top, by Britons who naturally prefer to patronize their own people and to use British products. The very existence of these British financiers, industrialists, commercialists, and middlemen is menaced by the transfer of political power in India from Britons to Indians, and by the development of Indian industry, commerce, and banking through Indian agency and under Indian control. The more shrewd among them realize that their effort to retard Indian self-government will, sooner or later, fail, and some of them have seen the wisdom of abandoning commerce with India in favor of setting up industries in that country, and have thus found a means of adding to their wealth at a much faster rate than would be possible through the investment of the same capital in Britain, where labor is much dearer and more unruly than is the case with Indian workers.

During my recent Indian tour I was surprised to see the rapidity with which mining licences were being acquired by British individuals and syndicates, and sites were being bought for building mills, factories, and workshops, and with which British firms were setting up chemical laboratories, iron

and steel mills, cement works and the like. I found these British industrialists strongly Protectionist, and have little doubt that but for the demands put forward by them the bill which has been framed to give Protection to certain classes of Indian steel would never have emerged from the Legislative Department of the Government of India until that Government had ceased to be preponderatingly British in personnel, as it is to-day. I have even less doubt that their representatives in the Legislative Assembly will throw all their weight in favor of this measure.

Even those Indians who are alive to the dangers arising from the rapid increase in the number of Britons bent upon exploiting Indian resources in materials and men feel that they can check the menace by applying quack remedies, such as insisting upon the registration of companies in India, and the inclusion of a certain number of Indians upon a Board of Directors. They little realize that such means have been tested and found wanting. It is not impossible, on the contrary, that a time may come when the British industrialists in India may find it to their advantage to form an alliance with the Indian industrialists and thereby create a caste of monopolists which will sweep everything before it.

The policies pursued by the British in India have, however, bred in the Indian mind a deep antagonism toward Free Trade and a great fascination for Protection. Indians will look only on the brighter side of life in protected countries — rapid industrial growth and the consequential accession of wealth. They will not see that side by side with it terrible abuses have multiplied — gnawing poverty, slums, and political corruption. Such British friends as have sought to draw their attention to these evils have been con-

demned as self-seekers. Even Mahatma Gandhi's effort to turn back from the machine to the handwheel has not arrested the expansion of industrialism or the spread of the Protection fever.

The Government of India probably thinks that by seeming to bow to the Indian will in this matter — and at this time — it will gain a political ad-

vantage. It is, however, impossible to conceive that the Labor Government will give it leave to feed Indians on meat sufficiently highly spiced to satisfy their appetite for Protection. The taste which they will acquire will only make them feel that they cannot satisfactorily deal with their economic problem until they have first got the political problem out of the way.

MACEDONIA, LAND OF FEAR

BY HAROLD SPENDER

From the *Daily Telegraph*, May 26
(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

'COME over to Macedonia and help us' seems to be now, as of yore, the wail of that unhappy land, and, hearing it in the course of my Balkan journey, I decided to make a tour through the Macedonian highlands. My object was generally to see at first hand the details of the great exchange of population between Turk and Christian; to have a look at our British relief work, and principally to obtain a general survey of the working of the country under the arrangements of the new treaties. The greater part of Southern Macedonia is now Greek. The Serbian frontier comes just south of Monastir, and the Bulgarians are thrown back eastward practically out of Macedonia. In exploring Macedonia, therefore, one is, in the main, still within the frontiers of Greece, and we were given every possible help and support both by the Greek Government and by the British relief authorities.

We traveled across the hot plain of

Saloniki in the comfortable little train which now goes as far as Monastir, and after a few hours of flat going we began to climb the lower hills of the Macedonian highlands. The line is hewn through the rock, and boldly bridged across the valleys. We moved upward on a day of lovely spring sunshine, amid the fresh green of the young mulberry trees and the sweet savor of the creamy-flowered acacia. We looked down on beautiful valleys and up to distant heights, and at the little stations we watched all the gayety and merriment which accompanies the celebration of the Greek Easter. The little boys were selling the scarlet-dyed eggs, and the shepherds were bringing down on their shoulders the little lambs which are the paschal victims of this Christian feast. CHRISTOS ANESTO!

We stopped for lunch at the lovely little town of Vodena, which stands on a high hill platform with white cata-

racts streaming from it like locks of snowy hair. The Turks called it 'the Place of Many Waters,' and hither the richer folk of Saloniki come for their holidays. The houses of the little town peep out from between emerald veils of mountain ash and poplar, now breaking into their first fresh green. This beautiful place has the rare distinction of producing green grapes all the year round, and they were sold to us in paper bags at the railway station.

Then we passed along the shores of the great lake of Ostrovo — one of the largest of that group of inland waters which form the chief beauty of Macedonia. The lake of Ostrovo would be as popular as one of the Italian lakes if it were more accessible. Like Lake Como it is framed in a curve of beautiful hills, and its waters have the same lustrous azure tint. But Lake Ostrovo has become a serious anxiety to the Greek Government. It has begun to rise at the rate of three or four feet a year, and the result is that the villages round it are losing their land. The lake road has disappeared, and the railway is now being rebuilt for the second time, once more at a higher point in the mountains. The actual track along which we passed was already threatened, and we could see all round us the tops of half-submerged trees and the remains of flooded houses. An island with a broken minaret, now standing some way out in the lake, was once a peninsula.

Somehow this rising lake of Ostrovo seemed to me typical of the Balkan spirit, with all its waywardness and its contrariness, its leisurely self-will. As if to carry the parallel further, the villagers themselves regard the rise of the lake with a strange passive fatalism. They are always hopeful that some day it will cease. Even now the raising of the railway gives man only a few years' advantage over the lake,

and if the rise continues the line will soon be wholly destroyed.

At last we arrived at Sorovitch, a little Greek town newly rebuilt since the ravages of the war, and lying at the meeting-place of two great Macedonian valleys. We were received by welcoming deputations of all the principal Greek authorities; we visited the camps of the refugees, both Greek and Turkish; made brave orations in which *Zetc* was the outstanding phrase; drank much sweet coffee; and then started off in a little Ford car up into the Macedonian hills.

We drove for six hours on that day along the highways of Macedonia, and I shall never forget the impressions of that ride. There is great beauty of nature in the Macedonian hills — beauty of shape and form, color and shadow; the gold of the sunset and the purple of the twilight on the bare treeless flanks of the hills; the charm of old-world villages and tapering minarets. Then there is the infinite variety of the life of the Balkan highway — the little caravans of loaded mules and donkeys, the groups of scarlet-fezzed Turks and sturdy Christian peasants, in their sheepskins; the great flocks of sheep and goats, led by their lonely shepherds; the toiling ploughmen pressing down into the soil the points of their primitive wooden ploughs; the horned buffaloes, the gigantic dogs. All these sights and sounds would alone make Macedonia a moving picture of endless and inexhaustible interest.

But after all it is the human factor which, here in Macedonia, occupies the centre of the stage. There are many other lovely mountain districts in Europe, and in some respects Macedonia recalls the scenery of the Scottish Highlands. But there is nowhere else in Europe where you are conscious of the same strange brooding human spirit. It is partly fear and partly

poverty. But there is also an element of menace and savagery never far behind. You see it in the eyes of the passers-by, of the little village groups. You hear grim stories of banditry, now ominously reviving after a pause of half a century. That is, I suppose, why the Greek Government insisted that we should enjoy the company of ten gendarmes, cheerful men, but generally so far in the rear that we had to rely upon their spiritual support alone.

Fear — that is at the base of this spirit that pervades Macedonia — the inherited fear of a population that has been harassed and ravaged for centuries, and expects to be harried and ravaged again. That fear has become defensive, and it is expressed in the behavior of those very same sheepdogs — animals that come from afar across the fields rushing swiftly at your motor, and almost leap in to the car with deep bayings, only giving up the pursuit when they are quite exhausted. Those dogs remind one of the wolves of Russia.

This Macedonian fear becomes an alarmed curiosity as the people watch your car. What are you there for? What honest purpose could bring a man possessed of his senses to this forlorn land? What kind of oppressor are you? A landlord, a taxpayer, or an evictor? Do you come to sell weapons? To kidnap men? Those are the fleeting shapes and forms taken by the fear of Macedonia. Remember that it is only twelve years since these people were subject to the caprices of any passing Turkish pasha or bey, and that since then they have been bandied about between the ambitions of new Christian States. Even to-day they are being visited by murderous bands. No wonder there is fear in Macedonia.

Toward the close of the afternoon we climbed over a great pass, up and down a marvelous zigzag road, but in such a

fearful condition that at every moment the car seemed on the point of falling over an abyss. We ran down another valley and climbed another smaller height. Then, turning a corner, lo! we found ourselves suddenly in the presence of the loveliest star of the Macedonian lakes — the lake of Kastoria. Her town lies in the midst, once an island, now a peninsula. Later on we threaded the cobbled tracks of her neglected streets in the pitch darkness, and were glad at last to find rest and hospitality in the comfortable home of a well-to-do fur-merchant, who most kindly entertained us. For Kastoria, strangely enough, is a rich little town, drawing its money from the fur trade, and in close touch with London and New York.

Next day we took another long ride, this time due north by Florina. There we were feasted by the Greek Prefect, the Deputy, and the Chief of the Gendarmerie at a most picturesque and varied little banquet in the local inn. Florina is a lovely little town, lying in a fertile valley. There, as so often elsewhere in Macedonia, the British name is beloved because the warm heart of Great Britain has yearned from her island home, and British hands have brought relief to this distant recess of the Macedonian hills. For here the Union Jack flies over a little food kitchen, whither we saw the starving children flock.

After Florina we pushed on to Monastir. A gay, rollicking Serbian officer acted as our escort, and he carried us successfully past the frontier. The formidable frontier-guard consented to be photographed with us, and all went as merrily as a wedding bell. No bandits put in an appearance. The Serbian army protected us!

Monastir lies in a basin of the mountains, and is approached from the south by a great, broad valley. Once

it was a lovely little town, before the scourge of war fell on it. But now it is a mere shell of its former self. As we came nearer to the city it was like approaching some mirage of a beautiful face and finding it a grinning skull. We moved through the streets between broken walls and windowless buildings. It is a place of desolation and ruin.

The peasantry had flocked into the town in all their brilliant Balkan dresses, for it was a holiday. But Monastir — sad Monastir — seemed unmeet for such embroideries. It seemed like a corpse dressed out for a festival. It is really a dead town, ruined by hate and division, caught between the Balkan fires, torn to pieces by conflicting passions, the ghastly victim of rapacious ambitions. Yet in Monastir there is one industry that

still flourishes. It is the centre of a Serbian Army Division, and the streets swarm with Serbian soldiers and officers, smart and debonair in their fresh uniforms, proud and dashing in their peaked caps and golden epaulettes. War is not ashamed of her work!

Moving through the shadows of this sad city, we heard in the twilight a long melancholy cry from above us. We looked up and saw the delicate outline of a minaret silhouetted against the sunset sky. From the balcony of the minaret was sounding the cry of the muezzin, calling the faithful to their evening prayer.

Well may Macedonia call to prayer! For indeed in her present woe, ravaged and menaced as she is, there seems nothing for her but to appeal from man to God.

OUR MINUTEST FOES UNMASKED

BY FRANZ SCHIKORA

[The author of this article is an associate of the bacteriologists who have just isolated and photographed the germ of the foot-and-mouth disease.]

From *Vossische Zeitung*, May 27
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

THOSE devastating, infectious, or contagious diseases of men and animals that we call epidemics are not all produced by the same class of germs. Cholera, typhus, leprosy, the plague, glanders, anthrax, and several others are caused by bacteria. They are due to a minute vegetable organism that reproduces by fission. Many skin diseases and certain diseases of the lungs in both men and animals are

caused by equally minute filamentous vegetable organisms, like moulds. This is due to the presence of a fungoid organism that reproduces through budding, like the yeast plant. Most of the so-called tropical diseases, of which the best known are malarial and tropical fever and the sleeping-sickness, result from the introduction into the system of a primitive, one-celled ani-

mal, the amœba. Since the epochal discoveries of Koch and Pasteur and their distinguished successors, our knowledge of these tiny organisms and the way to combat them has been marvelously extended.

Nevertheless, some twenty infectious or contagious diseases of epidemic character, afflicting either men or animals, remained, the precise cause of which had not been discovered; although a practically infallible prophylaxis against one of these, smallpox, had been discovered in a purely empirical way long before the modern science of bacteriology was known. These still unmastered diseases included scarlet fever and measles in case of human beings, cattle pneumonia, and the foot-and-mouth disease afflicting all hoofed animals. We were still in the dark regarding these diseases, because no one had ever seen the organism that produced them.

Scientists were confident that such organisms must exist, for these diseases are communicated by infection from sick to healthy persons or animals. The reasons for so presuming were that the producer of the disease would apparently be multiplied, its pathological effect increased by special fermentation, and it could be destroyed only at temperatures higher than those of the body. Nevertheless, these organisms, such as there were, remained in shape. If the poisonous serum was passed through hard-baked porcelain, where the pores are so minute that dust can scarcely be detected by the strongest microscope,—in other words, if it was filtered with the finest filter at our command, a filter that will eliminate every organism actually visible under the microscope from any fluid,—nevertheless the serum retained its infectious quality. On the other hand, until very recently it proved impossible to propagate this

serum in ordinary culture media. Scientists for the sake of convenience classified all such disease germs under the general term of ultravisible, filtrable virus.

Two German bacteriologists, Professor Paul Frosch and his associate, Professor Dahmen, have at last successfully invaded this field of hypothetical and unknown vegetable life, and annexed it to the territory of recognized bacteriology, by epoch-making discoveries. Doctor Frosch reasoned that the invisibility of these disease-producers resulted from their extreme minuteness, which prevented our seeing them even with microscopes of the highest power. The layman may not be aware that even a microscope has its limitations. If an object is so small that only a few of the light waves of different lengths which combine to form white light are deflected or interrupted by it when under the microscope, the image that reaches the retina of the observer is indefinite; or if the object is sufficiently minute, no image whatever is produced. Such objects are truly invisible even to the most perfectly aided human eye. Some way must be discovered to make them visible.

It is the very essence of scientific genius to seize upon a procedure developed in some other field of science to serve the purposes of its own specialty. We have this inspiration to thank for many of our most brilliant discoveries.

Doctor Frosch proceeded thus in resorting to a unique microphotographic apparatus designed by Professor Köhler of Jena. The inventor had devised this apparatus in order to utilize the ultra-violet rays, which are invisible to the human eye, to increase the sharpness and definition of the images of certain visible objects. Doctor Frosch's great contribution is to

apply the same apparatus and procedure to obtaining images of hitherto invisible objects. What he has accomplished here is therefore analogous to the already familiar procedure for recording otherwise invisible astral phenomena, but it was an incomparably more delicate and difficult operation.

The first disease he attacked in this manner was cattle pneumonia, which he and Professor Löffler had studied with some success twenty years before. More recent investigations had resulted in the successful propagation of the germ of this disease in culture media, but the organism itself had never been seen. It manifested its presence as a structureless white cloud or smear, which it was impossible to resolve into constituent parts. After long and infinitely patient experiment, Doctor Frosch succeeded with the apparatus we have just described in overcoming all the technical difficulties the problem presented and securing definite photograms of the object sought. The producer of cattle pneumonia proved to be an inconceivably minute fungoid structure which could be detected in the lungs of sick animals and combated by the same general methods that are employed in case of diseases caused by larger vegetable pathogenic germs.

After this initial success, Doctor Frosch turned his attention to the foot-and-mouth disease. Its hypothetical germ had never yet been propagated in a dry culture medium, something indispensable for his investigations. This is where Professor Dahmen appears in the picture. That skillful bacteriologist undertook to discover not only a suitable culture medium, but also a method of propagation that would make it possible to grow the organism outside the body

and without moisture. Only a specialist can appreciate the difficulty here presented. Happily Doctor Dahmen not only solved the problem perfectly, but made discoveries while doing so that will aid us greatly in fighting this pest. Eventually the identity of the organism that produces the foot-and-mouth disease was established beyond question. It was scarcely distinguishable by any ordinary means even in masses — that is, as a cloud on the culture medium; and its individual colonies, into which great numbers of the germs group, could be seen only with a powerful microscope, for they are no larger than a red blood corpuscle.

To summarize in a sentence the fruit of what would seem to any but the enthusiastic scientists interminably long and patient labor, microphotographs were eventually obtained that revealed the germ of the foot-and-mouth disease as a bacillus — as a little, staff-like vegetable organism reproducing by fission, not more than one ten-thousandth of a millimetre — that is, not more than one 250-thousandth of an inch — in length. It is almost gasps with wonder before this victory of science, as he studied a picture of a colony of these enemies of our best animal friends projected on a photographic plate.

Thus the way has been paved for the combat this pest successfully by methods of serotherapy. The path of further research has been clearly defined. One of the greatest victories in the field of medical exploration has been won. Furthermore, the term 'ultraviolet virus' is already out of date.

We may feel confident that, since this last dark continent of the bacteriological unknown has twice been crossed, its other secrets will soon be revealed to man.

A PANORAMA OF GERMAN BOOKS

BY HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER

From the *Bookman*, April
(LONDON LITERARY MONTHLY)

REGARDED as a precipitate of modern German literature, the German bookshop, with its astounding plethora of new publications, its revel of highly individualized books, — in form, color, and contents, — presents a vision that is kaleidoscopic and, as a true mirror of the times, chaotic. Yet this welter of color and 'book-art,' these countless self-assertive, challenging new books, units, series, and whole categories, these galleries of art books, these echoes from other lands in the shape of translations — all this reflects only the feverish, uncertain groping for new life, for new truth, for new dispensations. It furnishes an index to the dualism and discord that gnaw at Germany's soul and spirit to-day. Economically the book torrent no longer cascades over the rocks in the rapids of the Wildfand paper mark. It now flows peacefully in the even channels of the lorn, aged gold mark, and the daily 'x-multiplicator' of the Book Exchange has been put aside like some instrument of mediæval torture.

Even to the German — and every German is inured to books far more than to newspapers — the literature of to-day is a jungle rather than a garden. Books are battles or at least battlefields. Books written in a vibrant, nervous new variety of German clamor for a hearing; they show their teeth or their wounds. Books are set ringing like bells, books send forth signals as though with flags or torches to mankind, the Universe, posterity, Eternity! Over it all shimmers the phosphores-

cent light of a new mysticism, of 'a searching for God,' and through it all goes the pother of fierce, insistent debates with old institutions and old values which still stand gibbering beyond Germany's frontiers as spectral survivors of the age before the war, but which have become or are becoming atavistic here, dethroned by the same implacable realities as confront nation and people themselves. The phenomenon is amazing, the creative spirit it manifests bewildering — this Gothic inwardness and ascension that involves titanic struggles with vast fragments of the classic and academic spirit, or with phantasms of the future.

Man, his *Weltanschauung*, Art as a national and personal factor, find an inspired esoteric life or revival in such books as *Deutsche Kunst und Art*, by E. K. Fischer (Sihyllen Verlag, Dresden), and in the ample and fascinating work compiled by Ludwig Benninghoff — *Geprägte Form* (Minted Form), published by the Hanseatische Verlag, Hamburg. Here all that is characteristic in art, folklore, or literature is given in extracts, in the potential word and picture as 'witnesses of our spiritual creative power.'

This inward-boring or backward- or forward-looking preoccupation with the spirit, with things abstract or superterrestrial, this flight from reality, is visible even in a crisp, skeptic, collected mind like that of Thomas Mann, a mind almost pedantic in its precision of expression, its tortuous searching for the exact word, the luminous

phrase. Mann, who might in his externals pass for an English M.P. or a youngish major, is lecturing at present upon 'Occult Experiences'—a dreadfully detailed yet poignantly disturbing account of an evening spent at a spiritistic séance at the home of the famous Count Schrenck-Notzing at Munich—Mann's own home. His latest book is the first part of *The Confessions of Adventurer Krüll*, a subtle study in the juvenilia of one of the profiteer types of the time—a *tour de force* in psychological presentation. Mann is just completing another book, chiefly in dialogue,—*The Magic Mountain*,—the study of a sick man in the environment of an Alpine sanatorium.

Gerhart Hauptmann, resting on royal laurels in his handsome home at Agnetendorf in the Riesengebirge, has also yielded, though only in fancy, to the perpetual lure that coaxes the German southward. He has recently published in *Die Neue Rundschau* a long, elegiac poem in classic measures, pitched in Capri, and called *Die Blaue Blume*. It is an adroit performance, but despite its forced rapture and jocundity, full of conventional echoes and figures, and covered with a patina of dust—even though it be marble dust. Hauptmann is also being lured to the North, for he is to lecture upon German literature at Petrograd. All the newspapers are full of tributes to Börries von Münchhausen, the ballad-writer, whose fiftieth birthday is approaching. The University of Breslau is to grant him an honorary degree.

Arno Holz, the poet, the great leader of the German naturalist movement of the eighties-nineties, recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday, which brought great abundance of honors and gifts upon him. The bleak heavens compact of clouds of paper marks opened, and his by no means uncorny

poet's attic in Schöneberg-Berlin was flooded with crates of wine, delicacies, books, specially dedicated portfolios of drawings by artist friends. The municipality itself bestowed upon him a handsome bonus in cash and one of the universities an honorary degree. His finest present, however, was the offer of a publisher to publish his collected works in a superb edition.

The author of *Das Buch der Zeit*, *Die Dafnis-Lieder*, *Die Blechschmiede* (Tin-smithy), *Ignorabimus*, and so forth, sits anchored at his desk like a recluse, filing away at his gigantic world-opus, *Phantastus*, of which many editions have already appeared, each different. This cyclopean poem is written according to Holz's individual verse-forms and arrangements, based upon his aversion to *Metrik* and his passion for *Rhythmik*. The lines, long and short, are all centred upon an axis in exact symmetrical halves, and the huge folio-pages are thus splendedored with decorative patterns like those of vases or trees, each line being carefully pasted into place on a narrow strip of paper. Holz, so little known abroad, is indubitably one of the most remarkable poetic individualities of our day. There are many who regard him as a proper candidate for the Nobel Prize in the literature.

Walter von Molo, a fertile and turbulent spirit, earth-bound with a warning Whitmanian broadness, yet forever oscillating between the stars, has become one of the most popular of German novelists and dramatists. He is essentially the kind of inspired writer whom the Germans invest with the ennobling name of *Dichter*, whether he work in prose or verse. Von Molo as a writer is full of power and fire. His wonderful mastery of historical matter and characters is shown in the vivid, percussive prose of his national novels—*Fridericus*, *Schiller*, *Luise*, and so

forth. Two of his latest successes — a romance, *On the Rolling Earth*, and the queer church-steeple play, *Till Lausebums* — pulsate with the tremendous élan, the rude vitality that breaks or submerges the form — the eternally human that glows and sings in the work of this boisterous Gothic genius.

Jacob Wassermann has brought out a new romance in the *Wendekreis* series, published by S. Fischer, — *Ulrike Voytich*, — a tale of a masterful woman, the part she plays as destiny in the lives of all that come within the radius of her demoniac power and will, and the barrenness and bitterness of her end. S. Fischer has also published the long-awaited second volume of the letters of Richard Dehmel, the poet — human and cultural documents of immense pithiness, color, and movement, brilliant coruscations, not only of a great lyric poet but a rare critic and thinker. The book contains the poignant love-letters to his first and second wives.

Rainer Maria Rilke has published a volume of new *Sonnettes*, rich ore cast into the bell-like, sombrely serene music that distinguishes the work of this poet. Jacob Winckler, one of the Wöralm group of *Haus Nyland* or *mæokmen* poets, has published his lorn *ästische Pilgerzug*, a rapture-driven yorse narrative full of a symbolism that probes the heart of life, an apostolic pilgrimage of the spirit east, north, south, and west, a work as over-rich and bewildering as a piece of Indian architecture or the inconsequentiality of life itself. Winckler — this rude, Prometheus-like singer of *The Labyrinth of God* — has also given us *Der Tolle Bomberg*, the mock-heroic freaks and escapades of a daredevil nobleman who lived in Westphalia fifty years ago.

Ernst von Wolzogen, one of the older, better-known novelists, has issued a book of intriguing memoirs,

The Story of My Suicides, — or failures in matrimony, in life, in letters, — a book of gentle, retrospective self-irony. Ernst Toller, the young dramatist of the Revolution, is still pent in the fortress of Niederschönweide, serving the tail end of his five years' sentence for his part in the Communistic revolt in Munich in 1919. His new play, *Hinkebein*, recently produced at Dresden, brought about a riot on the part of nationally minded students, a German counterpart to the riot provoked by French patriots when Georg Kaiser's *The Fire in the Opera House* was recently produced in Paris.

German hospitality to translations is very conspicuous. A book which has created a great stir here is Frank Harris's *Life of Oscar Wilde*, published by S. Fischer and admirably translated by Frau Tony Noah. Another is the autobiography of Henry Ford. The sensational success of this book and the immense *réclame* made for it are evoking their own reaction in a book by a Herr Mencken which has been announced. It bears the title, *Anti-Ford*. Lloyd George's book, *Is It Peace?* has been announced, also the German and Russian editions of Sir George Buchanan's memoirs. Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* has been published, *Babbitt* is being translated, as well as books by John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, Geoffrey Moss, and so forth.

The prophets have been busy building up the broken world with bricks of books and the millennia they propound. Keyserling, Spengler, Steiner have their imposing followings. A new voice among the prophets and reformers is Rudolf Maria Holzapfel, who in two large and beautiful volumes called *Panideal*, published by Diedrichs, of Jena, points out the path of healing to a sick civilization. Art, society, man — all are overhauled, and all the factors of civilization are restated by means of

a 'creative soul-analysis.' Another thinker who commands attention by the sheer force and clarity of his message is Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi, whose *Pan-Europa* is of great import in a cultural as well as a political sense. It is in effect a 'hyperethic,' based upon a code of the beautiful and the heroic, upon the factor of courage in life and the harmony that must be its goal and inspiration. A kind of sublimated common-sense lightens in this book. Here at length — and perhaps — is a strip of light that gleams above the limbo of a Europe in ruins — a path to a new synthesis.

General Suchkomlinoff, the former Russian Minister of War, has just published in German a large volume of his reminiscences through the house of Reimar Hobbing, Berlin. Despite the gigantic national, dynastic, and personal tragedy reflected in these pages, Suchkomlinoff maintains a kind of roguish humor. A true Russian, he permits the shadow of blame to fall across his own name at times — a characteristic not very frequent in the writers of political memoirs.

Many new magazines of an artistic and literary nature are beginning to revive or come to birth, such as *Faust*, *Hellweg* (The Lighted Path), *Orplid*, and so forth. *Vers und Prosa*, a little monthly published by Rowohlt, of Berlin, is devoted to all that is strong, fresh, and vital in the work of the younger writers, known and unknown. Germany has a large category of a class of publishers that exists scantily in other lands — the publishers of art books. Large, handsome, lavishly illustrated works are constantly appearing. To mention but a few: the magnificent folio devoted to Fra Angelico, with text by Wilhelm Hausenstein, published by Kurt Wolff, of Munich; *The German Ex-Libris*, *The Gallery of Beauty of King Ludwig*, and *The Her-*

mitage Gallery, all published by Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich. A volume in gold cloth with wonderful color-plates bears the title *Räume und Menschen* (Rooms and the Man). It is devoted to modern German interiors — the cult of color in full blaze, with text by August Trueb, published by the Walter Hädecke Verlag, of Stuttgart, which also issues a brilliant color-book called *Die Tapete* — or 'Wallpapers.' Ernst Wasmuth and Company, Berlin, continue their fascinating series of *Orbis Pictus* books, each devoted to some special field of art, such as Japanese woodcuts or ancient Russian churches, with many illustrations and texts by famous specialists. Klinkhardt and Biermann, of Leipzig, have published many new art books, among them a *History of Spanish Painting*, by August L. Mayer, a very authoritative work.

New editions of Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Fichte, Dante, Balzac, Pushkin, Tolstoi, and other classics are appearing constantly.

The field of German philosophic, scientific, and educational literature is in itself so vast that special treatises would be necessary even to outline it. Books such as William Stern's *Psychology of Early Childhood* are aiming at a complete revolution of the treatment of the human being. The element of revolt against no longer tenable truths is at work everywhere. Even German science has become audacious, as may be seen in such books as *Rätsel der Tiefe*, by Hans Fischer, in which ice forms the dominant factor in the evolution and devolution of worlds, and in *The Rocket into Space*, by Hermann Oberth, a scientific free-lance who comes with a cool, algebraic-mechanical project for invading the regions beyond the earth's atmosphere — a Wellsian dream worked out in incontrovertible figures.

SACRIFICE OF THE PASSOVER ON MOUNT GERIZIM

BY DOCTOR WOLFGANG VON WEISL

From *Vossische Zeitung*, May 11
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

As twilight began to purple the barren mesa of Gerizim, the Sacred Mountain, on the evening of the seventeenth of April, an observance began there that has no counterpart elsewhere in the world. It purported to be a festival of joy — and indeed there was dancing and singing the whole night through; but to me it was like a funeral. I seemed to stand at the grave of a people and a religion.

The last of the Samaritans slaughtered their Passover sacrifice upon the summit of the mountain, which their temple at one time crowned. They ate the flesh, they sang, they thanked the Eternal who led their forefathers out of Egypt. Scarcely forty men and boys joined in the prayer, and altogether not more than one hundred and seventy participated directly in the ceremony. Spectres seemed to dance around the holy fire of sacrifice.

Unique indeed is this tiny Samaritan people — as unique as its history. After the destruction of the kingdom of Israel, the King of Babylon settled strangers in the conquered land. These intermarried with the Israelites who had remained behind, and — remarkably enough — adopted the religion of the latter. When, two centuries later, the Jews returned from Babylonian exile and began to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem, these Samaritans came to the Jews and said: 'Let us build with you: for we seek your God, as ye do; and we do sacrifice unto him.' But the returning exiles, instead of welcoming this unexpected aid, bluntly

rejected it, for they considered the Samaritans no longer of pure blood.

Bitterly did the Samaritans avenge this insult. We seem to be reading the history of the modern intrigues against the Balfour Declaration when we recur to the records of that period. The Samaritans hired counselors against the Jews 'to frustrate their purpose, all the days of Cyrus king of Persia, even until the reign of Darius king of Persia.' And the Jews reciprocated in full this hatred, which more than once endangered their very national existence.

Thereupon something still more remarkable occurred — a psychological riddle. Precisely at this time, when the hatred of the Samaritans for the Jews was bitterest, they accepted the Pentateuch as their Holy Scripture, and proclaimed themselves the Defenders of the Law. They erected a temple on Mount Gerizim which, according to the Samaritan belief, is the place appointed for it by Jehovah, and, rejecting all oral tradition, clung inflexibly to the letter of the Law. Fighting the Jews on one side and the Gentiles on the other, they likewise became jealous defenders of the purity of their race.

Centuries passed. Greeks and Romans came, but neither the Jews nor the Samaritans softened their hearts. They remained steadfast enemies. Vespasian defeated the Jews and sacked Jerusalem; and he defeated the Samaritans and slaughtered eleven thousand of their people on Mount Gerizim.

But even common suffering did not unite the brother peoples.

Jews and Samaritans revolted against the foreign yoke. In the year 628 A.D. Emperor Heraclius II conquered the Holy Land. He massacred the Jews because they had revolted against him, and the Samaritans because they would not accept Christianity. But the few survivors of the Jews and of the Samaritans remained as bitter enemies as ever. Both races had lost their temples, but neither would forget a feud begun at the erection of a temple a thousand years before.

Another ten centuries passed, and other centuries in addition. Many peoples in succession overran the Holy Land: Arabians, Seljuks, Crusaders, Tatars, and Turks in turn ravaged the country. But the little tribe at the foot of Mount Gerizim, though repeatedly decimated by persecution and forced conversions, remained faithful to its Holy Books — the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua — and clung precariously to existence.

Until to-day. Now, just when the Jews are returning to their ancient fatherland to erect there a New Jerusalem, the Samaritans are gradually disappearing. They now number only one hundred and seventy souls, and there is little chance that they will multiply. There are not enough mothers to perpetuate the race. The Samaritans are handsome, upstanding, physically vigorous, and their women are often remarkably beautiful, with magnificent eyes. But the race is worn out. It is no longer prolific. Men remain single because they can find no wives. Samaritan girls are lacking; their Law forbids them to marry Arabian women, and the Jewish rabbis forbid Jewesses to marry them. It is to-day as it was twenty-three centuries ago — the Samaritan is an Israelite, as he claims, but not a Jew.

At Easter the Samaritans go forth from their little quarter in the fanatically Mohammedan city of Nablus to the plateau of Gerizim, and encamp there just beneath the summit of the mountain, where their temple once stood. Men, women, and children thus go forth, pitch their tents on their ancient place of worship, and during the seven days that the festival continues live under the open heavens, in the heart of their former kingdom. On the thirteenth of Nisan, the first month after the spring solstice, just one day before the date observed by the Jews, they slaughter their Passover sacrifice. They kill seven sheep in the twilight, and roast them with hides and entrails on a fire, and they eat the flesh with bitter herbs and unleavened bread.

The oldest sacrifice in history! In the past strangers have occasionally ascended Mount Gerizim on the night of the sacrifice to witness the ceremony. This year, however, they did not come singly or in pairs, but in great parties, completely changing its character. For the first time in the history of the two kindred but hostile peoples, Jews flocked in throngs to the sacrifice of the Samaritans. is.

Seven auto-trucks brought threese four hundred workmen from the salem to Nablus; five hundred when came on foot from Haifa through the mountains of Ephraim, and still other from the colonies, even as far as Jaffa. It was an invasion, and in a way a political demonstration, against the Mohammedans of Nablus, whom the Jews regard as their particular enemies to-day.

The men, wrapped in white mantles, formed a circle around the sacrificial animals. The sun was just sinking below the horizon. The Samaritans prayed aloud, stretching their hands out toward the young sheep in the

middle of the stone corral that is the place of sacrifice. One after another the throats of the lambs were cut, and their blood ran over the stones that formed the altar. Green boughs carpeted the ground. These were kindled and carcasses thrown on them and covered with burning brush. The men continued to pray, erect, forming a compact ring around the fire. Children crouched at their feet, tearing the wool from the singeing pelts. A man kept pouring boiling water over the animals, in order that the wool might come off easier. The blaze flamed high, the smoke was wafted over the circle; the moonlight lay brilliant upon the white cliffs and rocks beyond.

It must have been difficult for the praying men to concentrate their thoughts upon their solemn function, for full fifteen hundred spectators crowded around them on every side. Those behind could not see what was going on, and pushed forward against the others. It was necessary for a chain of policemen to keep the centre of the circle clear. Yet I could see that the visitors themselves caught the contagion of worship. The solemnity of the occasion irresistibly overawed them. These last representatives of a faith long dead from centuries before our present era closed their eyes and chanted like the dervishes, or like the Chasidim themselves. They prayed with their whole bodies; their beards and their long locks waved in the air as they clapped their hands in time with the rhythm of the chant. The latter became more rapid and rose louder — a song of joy and exultation in march time. The words were Arabic, but the melody was not. I could detect Jewish tone-sequences that I had heard in Saloniki, and strange refrains from the Yemen. Ancient affinities with kindred races echoed obscurely through the notes.

The carcasses were hung in succession by the hind feet to a tall wooden post and dressed. The lungs and other organs were carefully inspected; the liver, kidneys, and lungs were laid aside as an offering of honor for the priest. Meanwhile the chanting never ceased. The singers described the flight of Israel from Egypt. Then suddenly all was silent.

A solemn voice rose from one corner of the circle, speaking in Hebrew — the first time, perhaps, in eighteen centuries that this tongue has been heard on Mount Gerizim. The schoolmaster of the Samaritans was addressing the assembled guests. He said that this day an alliance was concluded between Judæa and Ephraim. To be sure, Ephraim is but a name. The nation itself is dead, and the thirty or forty men present that night were hardly capable of making an 'alliance.' But on an occasion like this such terms may be allowed. The speaker requested offerings from the Jews to help rebuild the Samaritan synagogue, because the Samaritans themselves are very poor.

This appeal seemed to me to jar on the occasion. A people may be poor, and a people may perish. It may be great in poverty and in death. But an impoverished people begging alms of its hereditary enemy to pay for a fine funeral is an unworthy end of greatness.

It reminded me of Europe after the war.

At length the sacrifice was over. The slaughtered animals were deposited in a separate enclosure until the feast, which occurs just before midnight. There they were carefully guarded, that no foreigner might disturb them. Should a Jew or a Mohammedan touch anything associated with the sacrifice, the latter would become impure.

Then a sight ensued that has had no precedent on this ancient mountain. The Samaritans received the strangers

as guests in their tents, selling to the tourists — and at reasonable prices — coffee, tea, beer, soft drinks, and eggs. What the poor Samaritan artisans and petty traders of Nablus earn on this occasion is of great importance to them, yet they manage to preserve the fiction that the Europeans are really guests. They summoned up the little Hebrew they possessed in order to greet the visitors courteously in what they presume to be their native tongue. But I could observe that most of the Jews, especially those from Germany and Czechoslovakia, knew even less than they did of the language. While the wealthier were making purchases in the tents, or contemplating with wondering interest the strange scene around them, the poorer Jewish laborers took things into their own hands. Several hundred young colonists gathered around an itinerant lecturer, who gave a talk upon the history of the Samaritans. Others started singing, and at length, joining hands, began to dance the *horra*, the new Jewish dance of Palestine.

He who has not seen the *horra* in Palestine does not know what dancing is. The *chaluz* — the colonist — puts his whole soul into it, dances until he is ready to sink to the ground with fatigue, revels in an ecstasy of motion. There is no suggestion of the exotic about the *horra*, as in the fashionable dances of Europe; indeed, it is rather for men than for women — an expression in rhythmic movement of masculine power and vigor.

One man places his arm around the shoulders of another, and so on until a circle is formed. A simple melody is sung, either by the dancers or by the spectators, and the circle begins to turn with constantly increasing speed. Other men and women join, throwing their cloaks and knapsacks into the middle of the circle, unclasping a pair

of linked arms, and joining the swiftly moving ring. Thus the circle grows until it is too large and its movement is retarded. Then it breaks up into two or more smaller circles, and the dancing is renewed. The music of the *horra* fascinates the *chaluz*. The moment he hears its monotonous but stirring melody he drops whatever he is doing and hastens to join his singing companions. The words are simple and of no significance; indeed some of the songs have no text, but consist of the repetition of a few meaningless vocals. Yet they have a wild, primitive beauty, and these men dancing upon the moonlit mountain plateau, to the rhythm of their hobnailed boots on the stony ground, are a much finer sight to look upon than a crowded European ballroom.

Midnight approached. The carcasses of the sheep had been long since buried amid the glowing stones of the altar, and covered with earth. Now they were taken out, carved on huge platters, and served to the participants in the sacrifice. The older men sat on stools, their cloaks girdled about their loins, their shoes on their feet, as the Bible bids. When the meat was served, they rose and ate hastily and standing, as the Israelites were commanded to do when they fled from Egypt. Huge biscuits of unleavened bread were distributed, and platters of bitter herbs. The meat was piled on the biscuit, covered with herbs, and eaten, naturally in the Oriental fashion, without plates or knives and forks.

Toward midnight the feast drew to an end. The high priest, a descendant of Aaron, a massive, powerful old man of royal mien, well past his eightieth year, lifted his face and recited a benediction. The worshipers joined in a low voice, thanking the Eternal that He had fed and preserved them until today — them, the last of the Samaritans.

FIRES THAT BURNED OUT

BY PRINCE V. V. BARIATINSKII

[The following is an extract from the author's book of reminiscences, *Dogorevshie Ogni*, which is soon to appear.]

From *Dni*, April 27

(BERLIN CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST RUSSIAN-LANGUAGE DAILY)

JUNE 1895 — Paris — More than that: my first visit to Paris! Youth and a first visit to Paris! What a host of joyous reminiscences, irrational, but bubbling over with life for life's own sake! Yet, strange though it may seem, my most vivid memory of those days begins with a visit to a cemetery.

The thought of death, and of all that is connected with it, was always near to me, even in my youth. Even in those years I used to find some special, though melancholy, pleasure in visiting churchyards. Now, in my latter years, it is a sort of review of old calling-cards: a relation, an acquaintance, a friend — here and there I read a familiar name on a tablet. In those distant years, however, a visit to a cemetery was, to me, a summary of modern history.

The Montmartre cemetery is not so majestic as Père-Lachaise, but here too many a great figure comes to mind — Heine's among others. I wandered about the place without my Baedeker, trusting to luck. A caretaker, evidently in wait for visitors, stepped toward me.

'Would you like to see the grave of *La dame aux camélias*?'

The grave of *La dame aux camélias*! And I still a dreaming youth — of course I would!

Stepping with a wary and experienced gait among the alleys of that town of the dead, the caretaker led me to a modest, almost neglected grave with a tablet that read: '*Ci-gît Alphon-*

sine Plessis, née . . . 1823, morte . . . 1846. De Profundis.' (I don't remember the exact dates.) A wreath of white camélias lay under a glass cover. This roused my interest. Whom could it be from? Who brought it here? Who still thought of her, half a century after she was dead and gone?

The caretaker explained, not without an air of importance: 'M. Dumas brings one each year.'

I had always known that Alexandre Dumas took the subject of his novel — which he later worked over into a less brilliant but more popular play — from his own life, and yet something in the caretaker's words impressed me. I spoke about it at lunch that day to some friends who belonged to literary and artistic circles. Some of them knew Dumas personally, and one lady asked me if I cared to meet him. It may well be imagined that my answer was yes. A telegram was at once sent to Marly-le-Roi, where Dumas lived in his villa. A favorable answer was received that same evening: the famous writer would expect me the following day at three o'clock.

That 'following day' — I remember it well — was a tedious gray and rainy one. I walked through the mud from the station to the gate of Dumas's villa, then over the slippery gravel of the garden path. A servant took my card. A few minutes' waiting. 'Please, sir, this way!'

Alexandre Dumas met me most amiably at the top of the stairs. A white moustache, which looked as if it had been curled, sparse wavy white hair, a pleasant smile, and not very pleasant light eyes. He was dressed informally, but very elegantly, in the fashion of that day: a velvet house-jacket and lacquered shoes.

'*Charmé, Monsieur . . .*' and so forth.

We stepped into his study, of whose furnishings I remember clearly only one large rug on the wall — blue, with Bourbon lilies, probably a valuable Gobelin.

The conversation naturally turned on Russia, and I felt at once that Dumas did not care for Russians as a race, although his first wife, Naryshkina, had been one. The explanation of this antipathy was very simple, as I soon found out when I asked him whether he had ever been in Russia or hoped to go there.

'Go to Russia? No, I'm too old now for such long journeys. My father used to visit Russia.'

I remembered the overfamous 'shady *kliukva*' and the other nonsense ascribed to Dumas *père*, although in reality he had never written it.

'Once, however, I reached the Russian frontier, but never got any farther.' And in a tone of bewitchingly graceful *causerie* Dumas told me the story of his desperate attempt to penetrate into Russia in pursuit of a woman with whom he became deeply fascinated — not a banal story, though somewhat in the cheap-newspaper spirit, and one that would be admirably fitted to-day for a 'kino-romance,' that last word of modern literature.

'I do not regret the event, however,' he concluded, 'for it was there, in that little frontier town, that I wrote the first chapters of one of my novels, which I based on the incident.'

Some years afterward I talked with Armand Silvestre, the poet, who explained to me that the novel, *La dame aux perles*, was the one based on the episode with the Russian lady. He even told me the name of the prototype, which naturally I find impossible to mention.

From *La dame aux perles* the conversation quite naturally shifted to *La dame aux camélias*, and — strange as it seems — Dumas no longer spoke in the tone of an amiable, jocular, drawing-room conversation. With a touch of dreamy melancholy in his voice, which contradicted his outward appearance and even his inward self, — as far as I could guess it from the preceding conversation, — Dumas told me some memories of his first youthful passion.

It seems that Jules Janecq, in his preface to *La dame aux camélias*, has drawn a very true portrait of the 'Duchess Marie du Plessis,' the assumed name under which Alphonsine Plessis, during her short lifetime, charmed all Paris with her elegance and her noble spirit.

'*Elle était si bonne, si douce, si distinguée,*' said Dumas, pointing to a large portrait — I fail to remember now whether it was an oil painting or a pastel — of the woman whom he made famous and who made him famous.

The sad story of *La dame aux camélias* — not as it is in the play but as it was originally told in the novel — was taken entirely from the life of Alexandre Dumas *fils*. Armand Duval is Alexandre Dumas.

'I gave my hero the initials of my own name, but I did not want to emphasize the identity any more, and therefore I deprived Armand of personality. He is the weakest-drawn character in the novel.'

This, however, was not true, for Armand Duval is a very vivid character-

study. Probably Alexandre Dumas, speaking of the 'weakest' character in the novel, was somewhat affected.

'The only detail — although, it seems, an important one — that is not true to life,' he said, 'is the camélias.'

As he said this, Dumas smiled — his only smile during his story of *La dame aux camélias*.

'The camelia was the flower she most disliked, because of its lack of fragrance. When, still under the impression of the emotions that she stirred, I wrote the novel, I employed this detail for some reason or other, but turned it quite around. It really should have been something more characteristic.'

He added after a short silence: 'In this portrait she has a camelia pinned to her corsage. The portrait was painted while she was still living, but the flower was added later, when Alphonsine Plessis, after her death, had become Marguerite Gautier, and Alexandre Dumas — Armand Duval.'

Here our talk was interrupted. A friend of Dumas, a well-known surgeon, — if I am not mistaken his name was Reyer, — came in unannounced, and a general conversation began. One of the fashionable topics of the day was the marriage of a world-famous singer with a French countess who before her marriage bore an ancient aristocratic name. For some reason or other — later I heard that Dumas himself was not quite indifferent to the countess in question — he energetically objected to the marriage. A curious sentence of his stayed in my memory: '*Un aristocrate peut épouser une cabotine, mais une aristocrate ne peut pas épouser un cabotin.*' (A man of the aristocracy may marry an actress, but a woman of the aristocracy should not marry an actor.)

Then, too, I remember literatim his

interesting appreciation of philosophy in general, which he expressed after his friend had warmly eulogized some contemporary philosopher.

'Generally speaking,' Dumas said, crossing his legs and leaning back comfortably, 'all philosophy is fiddlesticks.'

Naturally such an opinion produced emphatic objections. May I be forgiven, for reproducing it, by the spirit of the only human philosopher I knew — Vladimir Sergeevich Soloviev!

Dumas, however, insisted on illustrating his paradoxical statement with an anecdote: —

'I used to be on very friendly terms with a famous philosopher.' (He gave a name which I, unfortunately, do not remember.) 'When my friend was on his deathbed he said: "*Nous étions deux à comprendre la philosophie, le bon Dieu et moi. Maintenant il ne restera que le bon Dieu.*" (There were two of us who really understood philosophy: the Lord and I. Now there is only the Lord.)'

The surgeon and I laughed, and Dumas added with comic earnestness: '*Et il compromettait Dieu en disant cela!*' (And he compromised the Lord when he said it!)

This was my first, and unfortunately my last, meeting with Dumas. As I took leave of him, he very amiably presented me with a copy of his *L'Ami des femmes*, which at that time was being performed at the Comédie Française. I run the risk of being quite out of date if I recall here his inscription — banal, yet dear to me — on the inside cover: '*Souvenir affectueux de l'auteur.*' The book remained in Petrograd, in my library, and *L'Ami des femmes* is now in possession of the *ennemis des hommes* who will appreciate neither the fascinating humor of the book nor my own love of things past.

CHERPICH'S AGED MONK

BY LILLY CLAUDY

FROM *Neue Freie Presse*, May 22
(VIENNA NATIONALIST LIBERAL DAILY)

WE talk much nowadays about growing old — about the how, when, and why of a phenomenon that everyone recognizes in theory and as affecting other people, and overlooks as applying to himself. This is particularly true of women. Are there to-day any old women? Mark, I do not say elderly ladies. I mean grandmothers such as we see in picture books, with lace caps on their thin white hair, and gowns that are eternally in style because they transcend all passing fashions. Do we ever see these dear old ladies, with their self-effacing, kindly smiles, in modern society? I look around me and I see only ladies who have married daughters and grandchildren, but none who fits the traditional idea of 'old.'

But I have personally decided that when my time comes I will be an undisguised and self-confessed old lady. For since I visited Cherepich Cloister and called on its venerable monk, more than a century old, I know that age has its beauty — an inner beauty, a physical reflection of that joy of the spirit that we call bliss.

We were making a little excursion from Sofia. The Austrian attaché and his pretty young wife, the mayor of the city, and a few other dignitaries were putting themselves out to show honor to our Viennese party returning from Constantinople. We took the Bulgarian Central Railway, which runs from Sofia through Plevna, Schumla, and Varna, to a destination which was strange to me, but lay somewhere beyond in the unknown landscape. On

the right and left extended flat, fertile farmlands, endless fields and meadows, whose shimmering surface rippled in the summer wind. Every vista from the car window was submerged in a sea of green stalks and golden ears, interrupted at rare intervals by a low gabled cottage, a ruminating cow, or a little company of goats and thick-wooled sheep grazing together in tolerant comradeship.

Little by little the scenery began to change. Hills rose from the plain in gentle, billowy contours that gradually grew loftier and more impressive. Red sandstone cliffs, broken by deep valleys and verdure-embowered cañons, interrupted our line of vision. Presently we came to where the Iskr River breaks through an old volcanic formation between imposing cliffs of diorite and porphyry. The Balkans — with their stern, slightly melancholy, dreamily savage beauty!

Suddenly the train stopped. A station? No, merely a little unimposing siding where a narrow road wound through the neighboring meadow to a great cloister straggling over emerald fields. The group of ancient buildings resembled an aged beggar kneeling in mute reverence before the table of his master, so humbly did its gray and weathered structures seem to bow before the stone altar of the silent Balkans. I can no longer recall the architectural details; I only remember venerable gray walls, monastic simplicity, and wonderful, profound peace brooding over everything.

It was not always thus. Old chronicles tell of bloody conspiracies, whose threads once centred in this seat of seclusion and repose, of Bulgarian revolts hatched here, of burnings and massacres and Turkish cruelties. But the old cloister always rose again like a phoenix from its ashes, triumphing over error and transitory vicissitudes. Now it harbored a miracle in its bosom — a miracle so rare that it recalled the legends of the Bible. This miracle of Cherepich Cloister was its aged monk.

That venerable old man, at the time I saw him, was one hundred and fifteen years old. If you asked him his age he would say about a hundred. He did not care or was not able to give his tale of years more precisely. For him one day was like another. His brother monks kept the record in his place, and it was well known in the whole vicinity.

Pious pilgrims came from the neighborhood and even from remote regions to beg the old man's blessing, for these good people believed that one so rarely favored by fate must be of the elect, specially chosen of God.

I had, I must confess, keen curiosity to see what this centenarian would look like. A fossil? An alruna? A mummy? In truth, none of these.

We were conducted to a little chamber on the first floor, modestly — almost meagrely — furnished, in the middle of which the old monk sat in a rude, peasant's chair. He wore a wrinkled black cloak of his order, and on his head a high, dark, priestly cap. His hands lay quietly in his lap. People were standing or kneeling around him, speaking to him or stroking his withered fingers with timid, reverent, caressing gestures.

The old monk sat motionless. His face was serious and placid, like the surface of a quiet, dreaming, woodland

lake. The experiences of a long, long human life were engraved in the deep wrinkles that furrowed his high, broad forehead and twinkled around his smiling mouth. He answered questions in a low, kindly, calm voice. The dignity of his marvelous age and the reverent awe of his visitors made the barren cell seem like a chapel.

'Marvelous,' whispered someone, half aloud. 'He would not be taken to be more than seventy or at the most eighty.' The speaker did not stop to think how small a fraction a decade more or less adds to an age like this. Another visitor observed: 'Apparently after a person passes ninety his appearance changes very little.'

I pondered silently to myself that possibly after ninety we reach an age where the burdens of life cease to be felt. In any case, the old monk looked as if there was not an inch left on the brownish-yellow parchment of his face to record further runes of fate. It seemed as if his soul was asleep with open eyes staring into dreamland.

Since the aged monk in his quiet self-communion was not a very sensational figure, most of his visitors soon left, after receiving his formal blessing. They departed down the corridor, talking in subdued voices, to visit the other things of interest in the cloister, or to spend the beautiful afternoon in the open air.

Thus I suddenly discovered that I was alone with the old monk in his almost unfurnished, whitewashed chamber. He seemed hardly conscious of those about him — no more aware of them than is a boulder on the beach aware of the playful wavelets that lap its feet.

Now, however, he opened wide his big dark eyes and contemplated me with a clear, calm gaze. Accustomed as he was to being questioned by old and young alike, he was evidently sur-

prised at my silence. 'Have you nothing to ask?'

For a moment I had the uncomfortable feeling of a schoolgirl who does not know her lesson. But I braced up and replied, a trifle defiantly: 'Of course, sir. I should like to know if it is a blessing — if we should wish to live as you have, to be more than a hundred?'

'The world is beautiful,' said the old man, with a quaver of gratitude and warmth in his voice. 'I love it and rejoice in its beauty.'

'Is not the burden of your age sometimes almost unendurably heavy?'

'I am well, and thank God for it morning and night.'

'Of course, that goes without saying. I mean one's feet become weary and one's hands weak. You sit here in your cell. Outside is motion, life, joy.'

The old man smiled. 'As long as the fingers are nimble and the feet are restless man has too little time to think. Not until his limbs are heavy and weary does he stay at home and find in solitude — himself. There are so many hours, quiet hours, that are filled with bliss.'

I felt abashed, but an impulse of contradiction spurred me to ask: 'Is your hearing so keen that you have nothing to wish in that respect?'

'Aye, indeed,' said the old man, with a sigh, 'it is a long time since I have heard the church bells of Ljutibrod, even when the wind does not carry their sound away into the mountains. Neither do I hear any more the tinkling of the goats' bells in the distance when they are driven in from the pasture of an evening. And I miss that. Yet I cannot complain of my hearing. So many evil and ugly things are spoken in the world that God well knows it is not all loss if we do not hear everything. And then, please understand me — young ears hear

what goes on outside; old ears hear what goes on inside. The longer they listen the keener they are for that.'

'And your eyes?' I asked, in an almost timid voice.

Slowly the old man lifted his hand and pointed to the open window, through which a flood of sunlight streamed into the otherwise cheerless room. The golden clarity of late summer hovered over the sharply defined declivities of the Balkans and the lonely solitudes of their remote valleys. An eagle, beating his wings with leisurely majesty, rose from a rocky pinnacle, then, soaring higher and higher in an ascending spiral, at length vanished in the light-filled ether.

'My eyes are good,' said the old monk, 'for they see the soft blue of the sky, the coursing clouds, the mountains of my childhood, and the eagles circling over their summits. Ought I to wish to see the death quiver of the poor victims the bird of prey clutches in his bloody talons as he stoops to his lofty nest? Or the bullet that mercilessly strikes him down from his craggy heights? It is well to see, but better not to see all. It is best to see only what is good.'

The aged monk beckoned to me, and a cheerful radiance suffused his wrinkled countenance. Was it a reflection of the sunshine that shimmered warm and vibrant on the worn flagstones of the floor? Or a beam of light from the hoarded soul-treasures of a century of pious meditation? I do not know. I only know that, obeying a sudden impulse, I bowed and pressed my lips to his cool, tired hand. As I did so, I heard the voices of people approaching and speaking my name. As I left the room I turned for a moment on the threshold and glanced back. The old monk sat in the same position as when I entered — motionless, wrapped in self-communion, his hands

lying quietly in his lap. He smiled and his eyes followed me, though I am sure without seeing me.

The whistle of a locomotive broke the stillness. I was back in the world, the world of every day.

'What in the name of all that is holy kept you so long with that miraculous old man?' asked my seat companion on the train, a tawny, honest fellow from Sofia. 'You don't speak, so far as I know, a single word of Bulgarian, and he does n't understand a word of any other language.'

I started, and a queer thrill gripped my heart. 'What did you say? He speaks no other language, the old monk?'

'No, my young friend.'

And our questions and answers?

What I had learned of his victory over the illusions of the world, his philosophy of life and old age? Had I merely dreamed it?

Not at all. To-day I understand. There is a channel of communication that requires no words. Thus had I communed with the old monk of Cherepich — without the aid of a common tongue or an interpreter.

He must have passed from this life long ago — that venerable monk. But the imperishable legacy he bequeathed me that hour in his cloister cell I treasure still — the life lesson that the vision of his hundred and fifteen years taught me: that to grow old with profit is the fairest flower of wisdom, and ripens into the sweetest fruit of human life.

THE WEDDING MARCH

BY SELMA LAGERLÖF

From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*, May 10
(LONDON POPULAR JOURNAL)

Now I am going to tell you a good story. Many years ago a great wedding was to take place in the parish of Svartsjo, in Värmland. It was going to be a church wedding, followed by three days of feasting, and there would be dancing every day from early morning until late into the night.

As there was to be so much dancing, it was most important to have a good musician, and Nils Elofsson, who was giving the wedding, took more trouble over this point than over anything else connected with the party. He did not wish to have the musician who lived in

Svartsjo, by name of Jan Oster, although he was considered the best in the district, because he was so poor and might perhaps have to come to the wedding in ragged clothes and no shoes.

Such a beggar the bailiff would not have leading the wedding procession.

At last he decided to send a message to a man in Jossehernd, who was known familiarly as Fiddler Martin, and ask him to play at the feast. But Fiddler Martin would not agree to come; for had they not in their own parish the best musician in the whole of Värmland?

And as long as Jan Oster was alive there was no need to send for anyone else.

When Nils Elofsson got this answer he thought it over for a day or two, and then sent a message to a musician who lived in Great Rils parish, and was called Olli of Saby, to ask him if he would come and play at his daughter's wedding.

But Olli of Saby answered the same as Fiddler Martin: he sent his compliments to Nils Elofsson, but as long as there was such a wonderful musician in Svartsjo as Jan Oster, he would not come and play.

Nils Elofsson was not pleased that the musicians tried to force him to take a fiddler he did not care for, so he considered it a matter of great importance to find another player.

A few days after he had received Olli's answer he sent a message to Lars Larsson, who lived at Angsgard, in the Ulleried parish. Lars was a well-to-do man who owned his own farm, and he was clever and discreet, and not so hot-headed as the other musicians.

But, just like the others, he immediately thought of Jan Oster, and asked how it was that he was not going to play at the wedding.

Nils Elofsson's messenger thought it wiser to say that as Jan Oster lived in the parish he was too well known, and as Nils Elofsson was giving a great wedding he would rather have a new musician to play.

'I doubt if he can get anyone better,' replied Lars Larsson.

'Now you are certainly going to give me the same answer as Fiddler Martin and Olli of Saby,' said the messenger, and told him how it had gone with them.

Lars Larsson listened attentively to the man's story, then sat still a long while and thought it over. At last he

answered: 'Greet thy master and thank him for his invitation, and I will come.'

Next Sunday Lars Larsson went to Svartsjo Church and swung up the hill just as the bridal procession was starting.

He drove in his own gig with a good horse in front of him, and wore his best black suit and had his violin in a highly polished case. Nils Elofsson was most impressed and considered him a musician to be proud of.

Directly after Lars Larsson arrived, Jan Oster came up to the church with his violin under his arm, and joined the crowd that stood around the bride, just as if he had been ordered to play at the wedding.

Jan Oster had on his old frieze coat that had seen service under many masters, but his wife, in honor of the wedding, had tried to mend the holes in his elbows and had put in large green patches. He was a tall, handsome man, and would have looked well leading the wedding procession if only he had not been so ragged or his face had not been disfigured by lines of misery and anxiety caused through worry and ill-luck.

When Lars Larsson saw Jan Oster arrive he was very annoyed. 'So you also sent a message to this man,' he whispered to the bailiff. 'It may spoil everything to have two musicians at such a great wedding.'

'I did not ask him,' Nils Elofsson assured him, 'and I cannot understand why he has come. Wait a minute, while I tell him that he is not wanted here.'

'So it must be another fool who has invited him,' replied Lars Larsson; 'but if you will take my advice, don't say anything, but go and welcome him; he is said to be quick-tempered, and who knows that he will not fight and quarrel if you tell him that he is not wanted.'

The bailiff also thought it was hardly the time for quarreling now that the bridal procession was getting into line on the hill by the church. He therefore went across to Jan Oster and bade him welcome.

Then the bridal pair stepped under the canopy, and the bridesmaids and guests walked two and two, followed by the parents and relations, so that the procession was both long and stately.

When everything was ready, one of the guests went up to the musicians and told them to begin the Wedding March.

Both musicians put their violins under their chins, but got no further than that, only waited. It is an old custom in Svartsjo that the best musician always leads the music. The guests looked at Lars Larsson, thinking that he would begin the Wedding March, but he looked at Jan Oster and said: 'It is for Jan Oster to begin.'

Now Jan Oster thought that the fiddler who was dressed like a fine gentleman must naturally be a better musician than he who had come from his poor home in ragged clothes, so he only replied: 'No, certainly not, certainly not.'

Then he saw the bridegroom stretch out and nudge Lars Larsson, saying: 'You must begin.'

When Jan Oster heard the bridegroom say this, he put his violin down and drew to one side.

But Lars Larsson did not move; he remained there quiet and unconcerned, neither did he touch his bow. 'It is Jan Oster who must lead the music,' he said, speaking in a stubborn, firm voice as if he was accustomed to being obeyed.

The procession now began to grow restless with the delay, and the father of the bridegroom went up to Lars Larsson and ordered him to begin,

while the verger came out of the church and made signs to them to hurry as the priest was already waiting at the altar.

'Well, you had better order Jan Oster to play,' answered Lars Larsson. 'We musicians consider him the best in the district.'

'That may be,' was the reply, 'but we farmers consider Lars Larsson to be the best.'

The other farmers gathered round. 'Only begin,' they urged. 'The priest is waiting and you are making a fool of us before the whole parish.'

But Lars Larsson remained just as obstinate and firm as before. 'I cannot understand that the parish does not realize what a musician it possesses.'

Nils Elofsson was furious to think that his hand was being forced, and going across to Lars Larsson whispered: 'Now I understand that it must have been you who sent for Jan Oster, and did this to make a fool of him. Now begin or else I will have you beaten.'

Lars Larsson looked him straight in the eye and intimated that he need not lose his temper on such a day, and finished up by saying: 'Yes, you are right, we must put a stop to this.'

He beckoned to Jan Oster to return to his place, and went a pace in front of him and waited a moment to make sure that all could see him; then, throwing his bow away from him, he took out his clasp knife and cut all the four violin strings across so that they snapped with a loud noise.

'It shall never be said that I thought myself a better musician than Jan Oster,' he said.

Now it so happened that Jan Oster had been dreaming about a melody for the last three years, though he had never been able to play it, because whenever he had gone home full of inspiration some household worry or

misfortune had always diverted his thoughts.

But when he heard Lars Larsson's violin strings snap, he threw his head back, drew in his breath, and his expression was such as if he were listening to some music that drew him far away. Then he began to play,

because the melody he had dreamed of for three years now became a reality to him, and as the music rang out he walked proudly toward the church.

And never had the bridal procession heard such a wonderful melody; it moved them so much that not even Nils Elofsson could remain morose.

D'ANNUNZIO, A PRINCE AT SIXTY

BY KARL FEDERN

From *Vossische Zeitung, Ma ch 17*
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

WHEN d'Annunzio was still a mere gymnasium student, the precocious gifts of the handsome fair-haired boy were already attracting attention. In 1879 his first poems appeared in Chieti, the capital of the province, and the sweetness and strength of the language, the vigor of expression and the easy mastery of the verse, together with the unrestrained and overflowing sensuality that filled them, caught the public fancy and made him at fifteen a much discussed and successful poet. One work followed close upon another — verses whose art was invariably perfect and whose eroticism was quite as unvarying; poems expressing all the Southern joy in life and sensual pleasure, though not without that dark and tragic overtone that sounds about the fate of every Tannhäuser, old or new. Between the poems came long stories and short ones, in the broad tones or strong colors of the naturalistic epoch, depicting a life of almost animal sensuality, fanatic passions, glory and despair, in the most various levels of South European society.

By the time he had attained twenty-one, d'Annunzio could already point to eleven books, among them two novels, *Il Piacere* and *L'Innocente*, books full of verbal magnificence, glorious color, and passionate feeling. Neither was there any falling-off in his creative powers as his life began to broaden and his thirst for action and his natural faith began to lead him into new fields, even though many of his works by no means equaled the heights that he had earlier attained. An overmastering temperament lodged in his weak little body, and with it dwelt an astounding capacity for work, to which was added the excessive facility of his gift for language. The critics lauded him and fought for him. All the philistines, all the serious people, were wrath against him. Young poets and artists were inspired by him. Everyone talked about him.

Social success of every kind fell to the lot of one who had achieved fame so early. Women flocked to him and snatched him from each other's hands. He reveled in all the pleasures and re-

finements of culture and in all the pleasures of the mind and the senses. He read as insatiably as he wrote and lived. He absorbed so much, received so many ideas, that the superfluity of what he had not always sufficiently digested and the material that had not been completely melted down into his own personality can be recognized bubbling out again in his later novels. He was a tireless writer, hunter, and fighter, yet clever enough to share the life of his own time. From stormy scenes of pleasure he would emerge to bury himself in deepest seclusion for creative work, sitting eighteen hours a day at his writing-table, and yet going off for several months every year to steel his body in the wholesome pleasures of country life, hunting, and sport.

He got himself elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and with that gift of his — half journalistic cleverness and half the naïve rhetoric natural to him — announced that he would 'introduce beauty into Parliament.' He was not able to do a great deal on beauty's behalf after all, but he took part in one stormy sitting of the Chamber — it was at the time of the Socialist struggles after the uprising of 1898 — when he suddenly left the bourgeois minority, to which he had previously belonged, to go over to the revolutionary Left with the demonstrative and rhetorical declaration that he was 'leaving the dead to join the living.'

At the same time his works were reaching the stage; but genuine drama, the indispensable strength in construction, swiftness in treatment, and continual clash of antithetic forces which the stage demands, were beyond him. Yet he would produce wonderful lyric plays of piercing observation, presenting pictures of the Middle Ages or Italian country-life drawn with great power — productions which, to most of us, were extremely strange, yet which,

thanks to their dazzling performance, often met with great success.

I remember attending the first performance of *La Gioconda* in Rome in 1899 and the storm of applause which swept over the house — Ermete Zacconi and Eleonora Duse were playing the principal rôles; and I remember how I made my acquaintance with the poet, to whom I brought letters of introduction from common friends, after the performance in the Café Aragno. He invited me then to visit him at his villa at Settignano. He had a charming and winning personality and an extraordinarily gentle appearance. The blond locks had disappeared, his head was completely bald; but the man seemed to live ten lives at once. In a few months he had written his novel, *Fuoco*, from end to end, composed some of his most beautiful hymns, conducted at the same time his campaign for reëlection, delivered speeches, fought two political duels, and broken in a young colt which once threw him so badly on a mountain road that he had to be carried home — not to mention his love affairs. Everything about his life was like a novel.

When I went to Settignano a week later I found the Villa Capponcina closed and the boy who showed me the way said in his Tuscan dialect: —

'The Master is not here. A plague has broken out, and the Master's chamberlain, as well as the wife and child of the gardener, has died. The Master's dog has died, too, and been buried in the garden, and the Master has hurried off to Paris.'

D'Annunzio was very young when he married Donna Maria Galesse, the daughter of the Duke of Galesse. Much that is dark and scandalous is told about this marriage, but I pass it over here, for who can tell how much is true and how much is false? Everyone can recognize in d'Annunzio's works the

traces of a stormy life. Everyone knows his reputation. The vapors of a mad eroticism play about him. Everyone knows what famous lady, whose identity is easily guessed, was the heroine of the novel, *Fuoco*. The experience was deeply tragic for her, although the book has erected such a monument to her as scarcely any other actress has ever had. D'Annunzio has been reproached for his reckless selfishness. It was not merely the selfishness of the artist who sacrifices everything — himself, his friends, his property and theirs — to his work. For the requirements of elegance, for the refinements of his life of pleasure, the profits of a successful writer were not enough. His financial situation was serious and at times disquieting. Friends who supplied his needs complained bitterly that he used them up. Much seems never to have been declared. At any rate, the Villa Capponcina, with all its artistic treasures, was sold at auction, and d'Annunzio, leaving Italy, went to dwell in Paris, — in an exile which was doubtless quite endurable, — until suddenly, in 1915, he strode in arms upon the stage of the world.

How much of d'Annunzio's stormy nationalism was deep and honest feeling for the Latin languages, races, and culture, how much was mere intoxication with words and rhetoric, is doubly hard to make out, because of the nature of the man, who is quite as much littérateur and comedian as he is patriot and soldier. His fourteen-day campaign with endless special dispatches to all the newspapers about every halting-place, every hotel, every bed in which he slept, about his auto and his uniform, his laughter, and the orations in which he described his iron head and unshaken heart, was pure grotesque. Kisses, embraces, big words, are a favorite form of publicity in Italy, but at this particular time too much

conviction of his own importance seems to have confused his taste.

In the war he made his mark and lost his eye. Madcap courage, determination, and skill no one can deny him. His undertaking against Fiume, in which he gave fresh proof of these qualities, led Italy into the negotiations which led to the Treaty of Rapallo and doubtless placed her in a favorable position. But he did not overlook his own position. Major d'Annunzio announced the annexation of Fiume, declared the Italian ministers and generals were traitors, led his troops to disaster, and the adventure ended, after numerous declarations and tragicomic theatricality, with a short outbreak of fighting in the city and useless bloodshed. It was a clever stroke, carried through with magnificent proclamations but without political insight. The heroic literary rôle which d'Annunzio played in his own imagination, and before the eyes of the world, exceeded the realities of the case. D'Annunzio, who had sworn to die, returned peacefully to Italy under the wise management of Giolitti. Since the victory of Fascism, he has retreated into the background behind the overshadowing personality of Mussolini.

His is a flamboyant and questionable attitude in politics and in life, not without a tinge of the ridiculous and not without a tinge of greatness, either — a strange mixture of enthusiasm and selfishness, of manhood and rhetoric, a heroic comedian who may be able to cast a magic spell but who is nevertheless more actor than hero. Purity is lacking in the man and in his purpose. Even his countrymen feel this, and it affects their pride in him, for with all their admiration a slight feeling of shame is mingled. Yet he was, in his best period, beyond question a great lyric poet and one of the greatest Italians.

A PAGE OF VERSE

QUEENS IN TIR-NA-N'OG

BY PAUL GREGAN

[*Irish Statesman*]

NOT in some moon-cold underworld of woe
Where shrinking ghosts of long-dead lovers groan,
Where never noon nor morning makes a glow
To light grim Pluto on his murky throne:
But on an island of the Western deep —
Its yellow beaches flecked with milky spray
Of oceans foaming as they turn in sleep —
'Midst changing beauties of the night and day,
And memories of dear and distant scenes,
They reign, the glory of our epic tale,
Those unforgotten, proud, and gracious queens,
The loved and lovely women of the Gael.

Deirdre is dead, but in her isle of dream
The hills of Alba rise, its streams run cold;
The horn of Naisi hails the morning beam,
His sleeping heart upholds her head of gold;
Emer has won her hero back, her name
With his and Fame's shall be forever twined;
And Maeve, whose heart was a red battle-flame,
Hears shouts of Erin's wars upon the wind,
Time folds them close with timeless dreams, his wings
Flutter no more about each lovely ghost;
They shall dream on, until the trumpet rings
The last reveille for the Irish host.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

'TAY-PAY'

POETIC justice has at last overtaken Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, better known to the last two or three generations of Parliament as 'T. P.' or, to be strictly accurate, 'Tay-Pay.' T. P. is father of the House of Commons, a position which is so nearly official that, although he belongs to no party and has no parliamentary rank beyond that of a private member, he joined the four party leaders in paying tribute to the memory of Mr. Bonar Law on the opening of the House last December.

He was first elected to the House in 1880, long before many prominent members of the present day had been born. In 1885 he had the unique distinction of being returned for two constituencies at the same time. He chose the Scottish division of Liverpool, which is not Scottish at all, but extremely Irish; and, firmly entrenched in the hearts of his constituents, he has laughed at opposition for nearly forty years.

He is said to have observed more distinguished men than anyone else in English political life, and all that time he has been the chiel among them takin' notes. Not content with taking notes, he has been working them up into scores of biographical and personal articles, until at last the indefatigable and always delightful scribbler himself becomes the subject of an article. The Earl of Birkenhead, long prominent in British politics as plain F. E. Smith, who has been contributing a series of sketches to the *Sunday Times* under the heading, 'Men of the Hour,' has finally reached T. P., and the redoubtable Irishman who has served up so many of his contemporaries in the newspapers has a chance to see how it

feels. Lord Birkenhead, who can be merciless enough in some of his articles, treats this subject with the utmost good-nature — for good-nature toward T. P. is a British tradition.

It has frequently been said of Mr. T. P. O'Connor that he is insincere. I do not in the least share this view. I think that he is so good-natured that in conversation he always finds it easier to agree than to disagree, and this tendency, innocent in origin as it is, has sometimes misled those who have founded themselves upon verbal arrangements with him; but of insincerity in any real sense I find no trace in a very consistent career.

He never varied in his support of the Nationalist Party. Although he has been for fifty years, in his residence, in his employments, and in his habits, an Englishman, he never adopted the simple and profitable course of saying, 'I have become an English Liberal, and intend to take a part in politics as a member of this rich and powerful party.' Had he been willing to do so, he could have occupied some of the highest offices in the State. Great distinctions and honors would have been within his reach. I doubt whether he ever considered this temptation; if he did, he never yielded to it. He remains to-day plain Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and his only titular distinction is that he is the oldest, and one of the most respected, members of the House of Commons.

As we take leave of him we may recall almost with affection the confidential conversational manner, which is so attractive, if only because it holds out the promise of indiscretion; the Dublin brogue; the slight garrulousness of anecdote; and the snuff-soiled waistcoat, of this Veteran of the Pen, and we place — as we ought to place — the tribute upon record, that the instrument by which he lived was never steeped in venom; that it was ever, on the contrary, employed in illustrating what was good —

in avoiding what was bad — in that human nature which has been the subject of a long life-study.

The Labor Government recently made Mr. O'Connor a Privy Councilor after he had, according to report, declined a peerage.



THE VALUE OF PARIS

No real estimate of how much Paris is worth has been made since the time of Henri IV, who thought it 'worth a Mass.' Now the Municipality, having finished a two years' inventory of its possessions, announces its total assets as 3,840,500,000 francs. Among the property valued are the Hôtel de Ville, at 31,806,000, the Petit Palais, at 15,000,000, and Les Halles at 50,770,000.

It is rather discouraging to find that the debts of the Ville Lumière exceed its assets by more than a billion. The City of Paris owes five billion francs. The inventories of its assets, however, are often based on the purchase price or original cost of the buildings, many of which have doubled and tripled in value. The interest of the inventory is primarily historical, as no one suggests that the city should sell any of its possessions, not even the most salable, among which are its articles of furniture and art treasures, worth 320,000,000 francs.



A MEMORIAL TO REMY DE GOURMONT

A COMMEMORATIVE tablet has been placed on the house in the rue des Saints-Pères which was formerly the home of Remy de Gourmont. This is not the only memorial to the most famous — at least beyond the frontiers of his own country — of modern French critics. There is a monument to him at Coutances, where he was born, and besides the bronze of his tablet and the

marble of his monument there is a third memorial which would probably please the critic more — a little review exclusively devoted to himself, his ideas, and his works. Another periodical, *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, devoted a whole number to him — after the agreeable French fashion — on the occasion of the memorial tablet's dedication. It is now proposed to establish a Gourmont Club, in imitation of the Stendhal Club, of which Gourmont himself was once elected president — rather inappropriately, seeing that he was not an especial admirer of the author thus honored.



LORD GREY ON THE PLEASURES OF READING

IN an address on 'The Pleasures of Reading,' delivered to the members of the Royal Society of Literature, Viscount Grey criticized a number of modern devices which he finds exceedingly unfavorable to the cultivation of the reading habit. Among these, he enumerated the motor-car, the telephone, wireless, and the picture papers — which last he thought especially bad because they lessen not only reading but also thought. Going back over ground which he covered in America when he addressed Harvard students some years ago, Lord Grey made suggestions as to planning one's reading. Chief among his suggestions was the thought that one should always have in mind three or four books to be read. (It would be interesting to know how Lord Grey contrives to keep the number so low.)

He described how, after eleven years in office, he had retired for quietness to the country, where he reread Shakespeare's plays. The impression produced was of such incredible power that he felt almost afraid to be alone in the room with the playwright, as if he

were with something supernatural. He placed Jane Austen among the greatest novel-writers, partly because she achieved such astonishing results while working under the closest limitations.



RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN CHINA

RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S visit to China suggests the possibility of a Pan-Asiatic awakening. Not a politico-militaristic movement, — the last thing in the world that the peaceful Bengali would desire, — but an aroused sense of intellectual kinship. Bertrand Russell's visit exercised a powerful effect upon certain classes in China, and John Dewey's influence, though it has been said not to be so great in direct consequences, may ultimately mean even more than Mr. Russell's; but both these men, though they came with open and sympathetic minds, were merely Westerners, and Westerners at an age when the mind, no matter how carefully trained, is not so apt for new impressions.

Tagore, though no longer a young man himself, is Oriental. The civilization of China is foreign to him, but not so foreign as to an Englishman or an American. He can speak to Orientals as one of themselves, and at the Temple of Agriculture in Peking this is what he said: —

You are glad that I have come to you as, in a sense, representing Asia. I feel myself that Asia has been waiting long and is still waiting to find her voice. It was not always so. There was a time when Asia saved the world from barbarism; then came the night, I do not know how. And when we were aroused from our stupor by the knocking at our gate we were not prepared to receive Europe, who came to us in pride of strength and intellect. That is why Europe overcame Asia. We did Europe injustice when we did not meet her on equal terms.

The result was the relation of superior

to inferior — of insult on the one side and humiliation on the other. We have been accepting things like beggars. We have been imagining that we have nothing of our own. We are still suffering from want of confidence in ourselves. We are not aware of our treasures. The West came not for us to give it our best, but to exploit us for the sake of material gain. It came into our homes robbing us of our possessions.

We must rise from our stupor and prove that we are not beggars. That is our responsibility. Search in your own homes for things that are of undying worth. Then you will be saved and will be able to save all humanity. The West is becoming demoralized through being the exploiter, through exploitation. We want to find our own birthright. Some of the East think that we should copy and imitate the West. I do not believe it. What the West has produced is for the West, being native to it. But we of the East cannot borrow the Western mind or the Western temperament.

We must fight with our faith in the moral and spiritual power of man. We of the East have never revered generals or lie-dealing diplomats, but spiritual leaders. Through them we shall be saved or not at all. Physical power is not the strongest in the end. Power crushes itself. Machine-guns and airplanes crush living men under them and the West is sinking to its dust. We are not going to follow the West in competition, in brutality, in selfishness.



A TEMPLE IN JAVA

THE Dutch Government has undertaken the restoration and preservation of the ancient Buddhist temple of Boro-Budur in Java. The temple is supposed to have been erected in the eighth or ninth century A.D., when Buddhist kings ruled in Java. It appears to have been used, however, for only about two centuries, and the process of decay must have begun sometime in the tenth, when Mohammedan rule was established in the island. In the sixteenth century there was no interest in monuments of the

past, and Boro-Budur was allowed to decay. By 1710 even the natives of the island had forgotten about it, and it lay neglected until 1814, when English officials, during their brief occupation, caused architectural plans to be made. In 1907 the Dutch Government ordered a complete photographic survey, and the recent work of restoration has been in charge of Colonel Th. van Erp of the Engineering Corps.

Boro-Budur is built on a hillside, in a tier of four terraces, each bordered by balustrades which, like the inner walls, are decorated with some thirteen hundred panels in high relief illustrating texts of the Buddhist sacred books. Many of the stones have fallen out, and some have been destroyed, though during the excavation of the surrounding land it was found that many of the lost stones were lying buried near by. Seven months were occupied in sorting the thousands of sculptured pieces, most of which have been fitted back into their original positions. Happily, however, there has been no effort to replace lost sculptures with modern imitations.

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BERNARD SHAW ON HIMSELF

BERNARD SHAW is his own King Charles's head. He finds it quite impossible to keep himself out of his speeches, but as he is always most amusing when talking about himself his hearers rarely object. His latest ebullition was at a meeting of the Independent Labor Party at Norwich.

'I am an old Communist,' said Mr. Shaw, 'but I am perfectly respectable, legally married, and my wife is respectable. I am a perfectly respectable

landlord and a capitalist, and can speak feelingly about the condition of the landlord and the capitalist. I am of a quiet and simple life, a vegetarian, a teetotaler, and non-smoker. My wants are very few. A nice little flat in the West End of London, a pleasant country-house not too far from London, a couple of motor-cars, three or four thousand pounds pocket money, and there is no more contented man in England than Bernard Shaw. Multi-millionaires describe me as a poor devil, but I get on very comfortably. This is the simple, plain position I should like to see every man and woman in this country occupy.'

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LATIN AS A MODERN WORLD LANGUAGE

CARDINAL BOURNE, Archbishop of Westminster, speaking at the annual dinner of the Newman Society at Oxford, described his experience during his journey to the East, in 1919, as illustrating the extent to which Latin is still used as an international language. He was toasted in Latin at Trieste, and found Latin still the polite language of Croatia on account of the difficulty that had arisen between Yugoslavia and Italy. The University of Louvain, like some other Catholic establishments, still carries on its teaching in Latin, and he reminded his hearers of recent suggestions that Latin shall be made an international language for the European police.

His Eminence admitted that there would probably be difficulties over the various national pronunciations, but suggested that the British would have to give up their peculiar pronunciation in favor of that more generally used among the Southern races.

BOOKS ABROAD

Love Letters of Great Men and Women, by C. H. Charles. London: Stanley Paul, 1924. 12s. 6d.

[London Bookman]

It may be an open question whether these letters are too intimate for general perusal, but once that difficulty is disposed of we realize what a wonderful treasure-trove is spread before us. Covering the ground from the eighteenth century to the present day, we have about one hundred and fifty authentic love letters which Mr. Charles has collected, translated, and arranged in groups of countries, periods, régimes, and so forth, adding an interesting preface on 'The Lost Art of Letter-Writing' and 'The Ideal Love Letter.' Naturally their great interest to us lies in the self-revelation of the writers, the inspiration gained from the recipients, and the vastly entertaining glimpses they give of surroundings and contemporaries which but for this mode of preservation would otherwise be lost.

Mr. Charles has practically defied any limitations as to variety: poets, philosophers, musicians, statesmen, kings, queens, soldiers, men of letters and so forth, are all included, and it is interesting to compare the infinite variety of style in which these men and women, all great or celebrated in their way, express themselves. Take for instance the fiery poet, Ugo Foscolo, one of the greatest Italian writers and thinkers; the lengthy outpourings of the Brownings, in which their love for each other is so great that it can only be accepted by degrees:—

'The regard and esteem you now give me, in this letter, and which I press to my heart and bow my head upon, is all I can take and all too embarrassing, using all my gratitude.'

Burns, who was so notorious in his love affairs and always discovering fresh divinities, greatly surprises us by writing love letters that sound like those of a sedate professor:—

'People may talk of flames and raptures as long as they please—and a warm fancy with a flow of youthful spirits may make them feel something like what they describe; but sure I am the nobler faculties of the mind, with kindred feelings of the heart, can only be the foundations of friendship, and it has always been my opinion that the married life was only friendship in a more exalted degree.'

Mr. Charles is of opinion that the art of writing a love letter is now a lost one, and he would like it to be taught in all the schools; it may be that a new note has crept in for which the bustle and scurry of modern life to a certain extent accounts, but we are not inclined to think of it as lost;

rather that it is hidden from its own generation. Many excellent photographs add greatly to the value of this book.

Elizabethans, by A. H. Bullen. London: Chapman and Hall, 1924. 10s. 6d.

[Life and Letters]

THE late A. H. Bullen, who rediscovered Campion, lived long enough, and had good sense enough, to protest against excessive adulation of the exquisite small poet he had restored to the world of readers. We may feel sure that he would have protested against some of the things said in praise of his volume of posthumously collected essays and lectures, *Elizabethans*. Bullen was a great scholar, and since he had a vivifying mind the Elizabethan age was more real to him than it has been to any modern man except Swinburne. As Munro, the translator of Lucretius, used unconsciously to lower his voice when he spoke of the scandals of ancient Rome, so Bullen would have gossiped about young Marlowe's death and Greene's unprofitable life with as keen a sense of discussing neighbors. But Bullen was not the kind of critic who can communicate precisely his own emotion and view of an author to readers. He knew the best instantly when he discovered it, he edited it admirably, but his commentary was no more than a series of hearty exclamations. He put the right things before readers in the right forms, recommended them vigorously, and leaned back, flushed with honest satisfaction. He did not illuminate them as Lamb, Swinburne, Mr. Arthur Symonds, and other fine critics have done.

We are very glad to have this posthumous volume of his, every page of it eloquent of his knowledge. But to our appreciation of his greater subjects, Drayton and Daniel and Chapman, he really adds nothing much. Where he does score is in such a resurrection of odd, quotable, but as a whole unlikely to be read, matter as William Bullen's dialogue. That Bullen—the name has many spellings, including the historically familiar Boleyn—was his ancestor, and must have been almost as pleasant and exuberant a person.

The Heavenly Ladder, by Compton Mackenzie. London: Cassell and Co. 1924.

[Manchester Guardian]

In a postscript Mr. Mackenzie asks to be acquitted of propagandist intention: our suggestion, then, is that this third part of his trilogy consists of longhand notes for a novel he is some day

to write. The material is here, strangely and continuously lacking that quickening which can give artistic significance to any theme, however unpromising. And this is not by any means unpromising: most of us have the will to be interested in the life of the English Church, while for a minority that life is a matter of passionate concern. Perhaps Mr. Mackenzie is consciously addressing the minority and, himself expert, becomes impatient of the expectations of the general reader.

We found it unfortunate that the hammer-and-tongs argument with an agnostic conscientious objector, in which the position of the Anglican Catholic priest is lucidly stated, should come so late in the book. Mark Lidderdale, if we are not to rely too much on recollections of the earlier parts of the trilogy, requires, for the sufferance of the open-minded reader, more explanation than we get early in the book. He writes to a friend, 'I find that the Cathedral of Tréguier has several bones of Saint Tugdual, our patron saint. Do try on your next trip to Brittany to procure for me the smallest fragment of a bone. . . . You might be able to secure a knuckle.' Relics; images; incense; Latin for the private devotions of the priest in the communion service; the repetition of the Litany of Loretto and of the Litany of the Sacred Heart; the Benediction; the Real Presence — the trouble is not that some of these may seem absurd to some readers, but that Mr. Mackenzie is continually allowing us to ask, 'Does it matter?' And a novelist should make it matter. The sketches of Cornish childhood are, however, charming; the opposition of a primitive peasantry to Lidderdale's practices is grim, and the obscene village scandal about the priest and a languishing spinster and about a seduced maid-servant whom he protects is probably not overdone. But one has to remember hard, for mark that strong belief does not make for tactfulness; his end, satisfactorily perhaps, is Rome.

Bernard Shaw, by Edward Shanks. ('Writers of To-Day' Series.) London: Nisbet, 1924. 2s.

['Librarian' in the *Saturday Review*]

I AM not in favor of such enterprises as a series of 'Writers of To-Day': books about them had better be left till to-morrow — or the day after. But when one of them is written by a critic widely known and advertised, Mr. Edward Shanks, and the subject is 'Bernard Shaw,' I feel constrained to read it. Mr. Shanks gives us a quite personal view of Mr. Shaw's career, and the account of the way in which he forced his way into public

attention is well done. Perhaps Mr. Shanks does not adequately recognize the extent to which G. B. S. has assisted in moulding the tastes of the present generation. When he began to write on music as 'Corno di Bassetto' in the *Star*, Promenade Concerts relied on cornet solos and British Army quadrilles. He was the first newspaper critic to write about music as if it were of interest to the ordinary man in the street, and the galleries of Wagner Concerts and Operas were filled by his readers. When he became the dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, his influence was as great, though exerted on a different public.

The Rector's Daughter, by F. M. Mayor.
London: Hogarth Press, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[Ralph Wright in the *New Statesman*]

MISS MAYOR, the author of *The Rector's Daughter*, is an entirely new author to me, and rather a fascinating discovery. She too deals for the most part with country life, but on a higher social level, that level that extends from the country to the rectory and just a little lower. It is a life that she clearly knows as intimately as Mr. Powys knows his lower orders, and when she describes it she is on sure ground. Nothing could be better than her quiet opening pages, with their description of the gentlemanly and scholarly old rector who 'was melted by beauty, giving it moral qualities which did not belong to it'; who said of Pascal that 'he had a great mind, and I think, much as one respects the brilliance and lucidity of the French, one may say it was an English mind'; and who felt that 'the French pronunciation of French was 'what was to be expected of them,' so much so that 'if any English person, particularly any English *man* tried to pronounce French correctly, Canon Jocelyn would say afterward: "There is a little affectionation about him, I cannot tell precisely what it is."'

Canon Jocelyn is beautifully done, and so is his daughter with her longing for love, her real goodness, and her incapability to be otherwise than her gentlemanly upbringing had made her. Where the book fails curiously is when it wanders from this field. We are shown glimpses of 'Bohemian Life' in London and fast life on the Riviera which are on a far lower level. Miss Mayor's powers of quiet and gently humorous description fail her here. Nevertheless, this book too is far out of the ordinary. Its writing is often delightful, and its main story is genuinely moving and without trickery.

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE MATTEOTTI CASE

MUSSOLINI'S prestige both at home and abroad has been shaken seriously by the Matteotti case; indeed, many acute observers imagine that this tragedy marks the beginning of the end of Fascist rule in Italy. As all the world knows, Giacomo Matteotti, a Moderate Socialist, who is said to have been in possession of documents containing embarrassing evidence against prominent Fascist officials, — including, incidentally, alleged proofs of misconduct in connection with oil contracts with interests representing Mr. Sinclair, now under indictment in the United States, — was assaulted in broad daylight on the streets of Rome as he stepped out hatless from his residence to make a purchase in a neighboring shop, carried off in an automobile, and presumably murdered.

Political crimes of this sort have been common in Italy since the war, and a majority of them — at least during the past two years — are charged to the Fascisti. Why, then, has this last tragedy aroused the nation? For public opinion in Italy is unmistakably

aroused, and the people have revolted in earnest against a régime of violence.

Scattered sentences from the leading Liberal daily of Milan, and perhaps of Italy, help us to an answer. That journal says that the growing agitation of the people is due to two causes, one sentimental, the other political: intense interest in the search for the body, and a vigorous demand that such unsparing light be thrown upon those responsible for the crime as to leave no suspicion of official favor or remissness. This last demand, which is the more fundamental, powerful, and general of the two, is not partisan in character. But there are reasons for grave political concern. 'The police force, a delicate instrument that cannot operate efficiently unless assured of itself and free from preoccupations foreign to its fundamental purpose, has not proved to be in the right condition to deal effectively with the emergency. . . . No one can ignore the fact that the public mind is alert to every suspicion, and spontaneously, almost instinctively, jumps from the hypothesis of remissness to a hypothesis still more damnable.'

Not that Mussolini himself is involved, but men close to him, including the chief of his Press Division, a high police authority, and a subordinate member of the Cabinet, are under direct suspicion. The details of the crime are sufficiently well known. The vigorous measures taken by the Government, after a brief period of initial procrastination, have resulted in the arrest of some of the actual criminals and of prominent principals or accomplices higher up. Not only Socialists and other political opponents of the Government, but university students, a great Fascist gathering at Bologna, have demonstrated and otherwise protested against the crime, and have called loudly for the unsparing punishment of the guilty. The Opposition in Parliament has been emboldened to venture more aggressive criticism and resistance to the Government than heretofore. Mussolini's Cabinet has been reconstructed with a view to incorporating influential representatives of opinion from outside the close conventicle of the Fascist faith.

The Rome correspondent of the London *Times* relates an incident that brings the effect of this crime on public sentiment very vividly before our eyes:—

I witnessed this morning a moving scene. Signora Matteotti went to the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo in order to assist at a Mass for her husband. While she was passing, the people who were on the steps of the church knelt, and as soon as she entered the church the whole congregation prayed loudly, and bitterly protested against the murder.

On the spot where it is believed the crime was committed many citizens continue to scatter flowers.

Another significant consequence of the episode is mentioned by the Milan correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*:—

Everyone is now reading the papers of the Party to which Matteotti belonged, in order to find out what the Socialists say, for they naturally have the first right to demand justice. The result is that these papers have become the mouthpiece, not only of Socialists and opponents of the Fascisti, but also of all the Fascisti who will have nothing to do with 'the Palazzo Viminale gang'—a term invented for the assassin clique by *Sereno*, a paper close to Mussolini himself.



FRANCO-GERMAN RELATIONS

SHORTLY before Premier Herriot took the first step toward relaxing the tension in the occupied territories by granting their exiled residents permission to return, the London *Spectator* appealed for precisely the policy of which this is apparently the initial step:—

The Experts made it perfectly clear that Germany could not possibly carry out the terms of their Report unless her economic unity was restored to her. She cannot even begin to make payments, since they depend in the first year entirely on a foreign loan, until she has the assurance that her unity will be restored to her on a definite date. But will M. Herriot or whoever is in charge of French policy be able to accept such terms as these? It is hard for us in England to realize what an utter reversal of French policy this would mean, in fact though not in theory.

What would M. Tirard, the French chief of the Rhineland High Commission, or General de Metz, his subordinate in the Palatinate, do if they received orders from the Quai D'Orsay to carry out such a policy of reconciliation? For four years now these men, or others before them, have inflexibly carried out a policy which aimed at the complete absorption of the Rhineland by France. This has never been the policy of the French people, and probably not of the French Government, but it has been the policy of the men on the spot, and it is essentially this which has kept Europe in ferment since the war. The vital question is

whether M. Herriot can really make an end of all this and start on a new basis of conciliation and coöperation. Certain it is that Germany, with her incorrigible political and diplomatic stupidity, her blockheaded Nationalists, her hordes of embittered refugees from the Ruhr, will not make it easy for him. But with the solid support of every class and party in this country, and the active collaboration of Mr. MacDonald, he may succeed.

Le Temps, whose political editor, Jean Herbette, criticized Poincaré's inflexible attitude on the Rhine for some months before the last election, publishes an article by its Berlin correspondent dwelling with considerable appreciation upon the strong undercurrent of conciliatory pacifist feeling in Germany. This writer says:—

In spite of the justifiable distrust and skepticism we feel as a result of our experiences since the occupation of the Ruhr, it is impossible not to render honor to the good faith and the courage with which the men in charge of the Centre Parties pursue their policy of moral disarmament, in spite of all the abuse and the physical dangers—Erzberger's assassination—to which they have exposed themselves, and the cruel disappointments they have encountered in their efforts to conciliate the two great neighboring nations.

The Nationalists, thanks to their material resources, their unscrupulous but shrewd and bold leaders, and the mediæval mentality of a part of the population, do constitute, it is true, a formidable threat to peace, to republican institutions, and to the welfare of the German people. But every day since the elections of May 11 the forces opposed to them have been gaining confidence. And if nothing happens from outside to check their recovery, if the foreign situation remains favorable or improves, these revenge-preaching Nationalists, in spite of their clamor, their military fanfares, their venal press, will soon experience an eclipse visible even to the most pessimistic.

The German Foreign Minister, Dr. Stresemann, delivered an address in

Karlsruhe last month defending the Cabinet for accepting the Dawes project. In speaking of the occupied territories, however, he asserted that it was of great importance for Germany not only to have the total sum of her obligations to the Allies fixed, but also to conclude an arrangement by which the Allies would pay the cost of occupation. The latter measure would constitute an automatic check upon any unnecessary increase of garrisons in that region. At the same time, it would fortify Germany's solvency and enable her to make more liberal Reparations payments.

Dr. Luther, the Minister of Finance, in an address delivered the same day at Pymont in Lower Saxony, warned his hearers against a relapse into the visionary state of mind so largely responsible for Germany's recent evils. There is no panacea for the present distress. 'Our only hope lies in patient labor and very gradual betterment.' Germany must establish her credit abroad before she can take any positive step forward toward recovery. To do that she must avoid future inflation. One of the big tasks facing the Cabinet is to adjust taxation to the actual needs of the Government, in order to avoid another era of currency depreciation.



FRANCE AND JAPAN

THE London *Daily Telegraph* recently reported: 'It is believed that a Franco-Japanese understanding is now in existence, covering Pacific and Chinese questions.' This conjecture has existed for some time in diplomatic circles. It has been noted that the Japanese delegate on the League of Nations Council, who formerly voted with Great Britain in Central European issues, has voted with France at the last two sessions. France supported what is assumed to be the policy of

Japan — and of the United States — in opposing the recent agreement between China and Russia. Japan and France are suspected of standing together on the disarmament question. It chanced, though this by no means proves the existence of a secret compact, that the two Powers have followed parallel policies in respect to a number of minor matters in China — such as blocking the proposed readjustment of China's customs duties and the abolition of *likin*, authorized at the Washington Conference. All the Powers represented at the Washington Conference formally engaged to file with the other Powers 'a list of all treaties, conventions, exchanges of notes, or other international agreements' that they might have with China or with any other Power or Powers in relation to China, which were still in force.

Such gossip, which does not necessarily have a very substantial basis of fact, was naturally revived when M. Merlin, Governor-General of French Indo-China, visited Japan and Korea last May. Nominally the ostensible object of his visit was to convey congratulations to the Prince Regent upon his marriage, and to conduct preliminary negotiations for a revision of the treaty of commerce and navigation between Japan and Indo-China. Japan imports rice from the French possession, and is interested in widening her market in that region. Rumors of these negotiations caused some alarm in France, where manufacturers of textiles and machinery protested that any relaxation of the present barriers against their Oriental competitors would deprive them of profitable markets.

The *Japan Weekly Chronicle* devoted a long leader to this topic, in which it dwells upon the impressiveness of the reception given Governor Merlin, the

discreet reserve with which the Japanese press discussed the visit, and the possibility of an understanding between the two countries without a formal treaty violating the Washington Conference already mentioned. Among other things the editor drops the following suggestive remark: 'Just as Japan has supported Rumania's claim to Bessarabia, with a great strengthening of Rumania's hands in consequence, so, too, vigorous French support in China might well strengthen Japan's hands and deter any other Power from protesting. . . .'

The most engaging feature of Mr. Merlin's visit is the publicity with which its importance is admitted and even advertised. As the old diplomacy develops its new camouflage, we are likely to have important diplomatic arrangements concluded without any trumpets. In any case, it is by their fruits that we shall know what tricks patriotic statesmen with a taste for intrigue indulge in by way of promoting the interests of their countries. By the degree of Franco-Japanese coöperation in respect of the Chinese Eastern Railway and other matters we shall be able to estimate the diplomatic importance of Mr. Merlin's visit.

All this may have some connection with the attempt of a Chinese assassin to kill Governor Merlin at a reception in Canton, which resulted in the death of seven of the guests.

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ANCIENT EVILS DIE SLOWLY

THOSE who imagine that patrolling the sea against slave-traders is an extinct function of modern navies will be interested to learn that the British Government has just dispatched a division of fast destroyers to coöperate with vessels of the French and Italian navies in curbing the slave-trading dhows that ply between Africa and Arabia. A correspondent of the Lon-

don *Morning Post* gives us this brief word-picture of this eternal vigilance:—

The sun has gone down; yet neither puff of wind nor breath of air less torrid gladdens the heart of the Red Sea wanderer. Rather, it seems, earth and sea conspire to yield up their vital heat to make the night unendurable. We compose ourselves to 'sleep,' resigned to the refined torture of a Red Sea night.

Away on our port quarter we can yet discern the silhouette of an Arab dhow. She is something less than a hundred feet long, of the picturesque type distinctive from Suez to Aden for its stilted bulwarks, super-constructed with matting, its raking masts, and its lateen sails. She has, too, a turn of speed, for is she not the corsair of the Barbary pirates? Do not her masts rake forward as theirs did; do not her *baharis* to-day reef and furl her sails from the peak as they did of old; and is she not in truth a fine sea-boat, unkempt, perhaps, but fast, almost incredibly fast on a wind?

She is something of a mystery-ship withal, hove-to at sunset thirty miles out of Jeddah. Is she waiting for the night breeze to carry her down coast on her lawful pursuits? Is she hoping to slip inside the reefs and disembark a cargo of slaves in her good time?

From Suez to the Straits of Bab el Mandeb the Red Sea is well over a thousand miles long, while its breadth is never more than two hundred and fifty miles. In parts the navigable channel is whittled down to twenty miles. On either side immense reefs shield the coasts, often with good navigable water inside — a blessing to small craft on evil purpose bent. With a fair wind, slaves can be embarked at sunset on the African side and in the morning be making the Arabian coast.

The Regent of Abyssinia, perhaps influenced in part by the desire to appear well with his hosts on his recent visit to Western Europe, issued, before he left home, an edict forbidding the sale or purchase of slaves in his country. He did not, however, emancipate existing slaves because, as the proclamation alleges, if liberated at once they

might 'become thieves and bandits, and disturb the public order.' But judges are appointed to see that slaves are properly fed and clothed, with authority to emancipate them if they are inhumanely treated. Children of slaves will have the right to liberty after they are fifteen years old.



IMMIGRATION VERSUS MISSIONS

AMONG the multiple aspects of the outburst of feeling against the United States in Japan is the revolt of the native Christian clergy against ecclesiastical supervision or assistance from this country. A movement has started in Tokyo to declare the Japanese churches independent of their mother churches in America. Reverend Masahisa Uemura, President of the Tokyo Theological Seminary, declared at a recent meeting to consider this subject:—

Christianity was originally an Oriental religion, and the Japanese can understand it better than the Americans. It is a disgrace for Japanese engaged in Christian missionary work in their own country to receive material aid from the United States.

At present there are more than 800 missionaries in Japan under the auspices of America, and our country is spending millions of dollars for their maintenance. According to this propagandist, the withdrawal of our assistance will unify Christianity in Japan and enable the 300,000 Japanese Christians to develop and organize their faith in their own way, with a better prospect of converting the remainder of their fellow countrymen than exists at present.

Yorodzu calls for a moral revolt against America inspired by somewhat different ideals. Its editor says:—

Schiller sounded the tocsin that roused young Germans from idle slumber when their country was overrun by triumphant

enemies. . . . Like the dreaming and indolent young Germans of that time, our young men of to-day are decadent and pleased only with sentimental literature. . . . We doubt if they have any adequate idea of patriotism and the spirit of self-sacrifice. Now an insult such as our forefathers never knew has been inflicted upon us by the United States. A Chinese sage wisely said that when a nation was careless of its dignity and imprudent in its conduct Providence would rebuke it. Let this insult by America be a lesson to us. We must liberate ourselves from the iron fetters of decadence.

The Germany of Fichte and the Italy of Mazzini and Garibaldi are cited as examples for the Japan of to-day to emulate.

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MINOR NOTES

ON the date of the wedding of the Prince Regent of Japan, the *Japan Advertiser* published a special issue showing the remarkable recovery of the country since the earthquake. That disaster encouraged the introduction of mechanical improvements. For instance, the number of motor

cars and trucks in Tokyo has more than doubled during the past nine months. Before the earthquake there were seldom more than twenty taxis waiting at Tokyo station. To-day the line of cars seeking fares numbers more than one hundred, and the rickshas are being rapidly displaced. The Ginza has resumed its old aspect, and is again one of the liveliest shopping thoroughfares in the Orient.

THE German press is making much of the inauguration last May at Shanghai of a German-Chinese university. The institution embraces provisionally an engineering and a medical school, and has accommodations for 400 students. It will receive matriculants from the graduates of all the German secondary schools in China, and its standards and courses will entitle its graduates to the same rank as graduates of universities in Germany. German language and literature are obligatory major subjects. The mechanical equipment of the engineering school is said to be unexcelled, but the medical department is not yet satisfactorily equipped.

RADIO IN RUSSIA



Comrades, France is in revolution. Listen, they're ringing the Marseillaise. — *Roelj*

GERMANY'S STUDENT MONARCHISTS



Don't worry, old chap, we're half your age but twice as conservative. — *Arbeiter Zeitung*

WILL FRENCH WOMEN EVER VOTE?

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

From the *National Review*, May
(LONDON TORRY MONTHLY)

THERE is perhaps no other country in the world where women have played so important a part in politics or where they have exercised a greater influence on history than in France.

The French Revolution, in its very beginning, was but a duel between two women — Queen Marie-Antoinette and Madame Roland. Had neither been born, one might well ask whether the Revolution might not have been carried out differently.

The Second Empire was much more personified in Empress Eugénie than in Emperor Napoleon III. Had the Empress not existed, one might indeed ask whether there would have been a war in 1870.

Under the Third Republic, the political salons played a large rôle. After the Franco-Prussian War, Madame Adam's salon, of which Gambetta was the central figure, symbolized France's indomitable will to revive and witnessed the birth of the alliance with Russia. The salon of Madame de Bonnemains later saw the rise and the fall of that strange star in France's political firmament — General Boulanger. The salon of Madame de Loynes, where the Royalist and Nationalist leaders met daily at the time of the Dreyfus case, was the great centre of resistance against the revision of the trial and the rehabilitation of the condemned captain. And the salon of Madame Waldeck-Rousseau was the strong Republican citadel wherefrom was launched the entire plan of separation of Church and State, and the dissolu-

tion of the various Catholic congregations.

Yet, in this country, where so many formidable political events have taken place under the influence of women, they have no political status. They can't even vote in municipal elections. They can't even sit in a town council, nor can they serve on a jury. Up until only a few years ago they could not even act as witnesses at a marriage. What indeed is the why and wherefore of this strange state of affairs?

There is but one answer. It is so because the women of France want it to be so. And it will continue to be so as long as the women of France desire it.

Five times in the course of my journalistic career I had the opportunity of questioning women who, by their station in life, as well as by their personality and genius, were the real representatives of the women of France. Five times I received the same reply when I mentioned woman suffrage, and in each I found nothing but disdain, scorn, or dislike for votes and voting.

The first time I questioned a woman of note on this subject was some months before the war, when I had the honor of an interview with the late Empress Eugénie. I had undertaken to elucidate an historical problem regarding the Second Empire, and the deposed sovereign, who was the living incarnation of this period, very graciously accorded me an audience at her Cap Martin villa, near Nice. I don't know how it occurred; but in the course of our con-

versation we happened to speak of women's rôle in politics; and I permitted myself to ask:—

'Does your Majesty consider it the duty of all women to participate in politics?'

'No!' she exclaimed, and the reply was sharp and cutting. 'Politics are cruel, bringing nothing to women but tears and pain. . . .'

And, in the eyes of the Empress, from whom politics had taken her throne, her husband, and her son, — in those eyes that had cried every day for forty years, — I saw the passage of a flame of anger.

The second time that I posed my question was after the war, at the Château of Rambouillet, where I had the privilege of lunching beside Madame Raymond Poincaré, who was then the wife of the President of the French Republic. It was six months before the expiration of the President's term of office, and, in the course of the luncheon, the conversation naturally fell on the coming election of a new Chief of State.

I turned to the First Lady of the Land, and asked: 'What would you say, madame, if M. Raymond Poincaré were reelected President of the Republic for another seven years?'

'I would immediately demand a divorce,' was the quick reply. 'I simply hate politics.'

'But,' I insisted, 'I thought that the occupants of this mansion stood for feminism and woman suffrage.'

'No!' Madame Poincaré retorted. 'There is but one feminist in this house. It is the President, not I.'

Several months later I had the occasion to discuss the matter with another woman, who was then the First Lady of the Land — Madame Millerand. The wife of the President of the Republic had a sort of genius for organization. She employed more secretaries

and typewriters at the Élysée than the President himself. She created a social-service bureau in aid of families that were victims of illness or unemployment, facilitating the admission of the ill to hospitals, where they may be properly cared for, and procuring work for the unemployed. She created a *bureau de couture*, where clothes for children were made, she herself giving the patterns and materials necessary for the designing, cutting, sewing, and embroidery of the garments by the workers thus employed. She created a *bureau des mairaines*, where every French family having more than six children had the right to apply and to ask the Chief of State to be godfather, or Madame Millerand godmother of the seventh child. This automatically led to a present at the christening, a present every New Year, and a continued correspondence with the parents. And she created many other things. In fact, one may well ask what she has not created.

I took the liberty one day of remarking, 'You are, madame, at the head of a real Ministerial department. Why should n't you be Secretary of State?'

'I hate to have people talk about my department,' Madame Millerand exclaimed. 'I should hate to be Secretary of State, because I should then be obliged to mix in politics; and there is nothing I dislike more than politics. Politics divide — and I like only those things that bring people together.'

'But,' I insisted, 'in the United States women play an important rôle in the political as well as in the social life of the nation. They have their clubs and their organizations. They vote and hold office, sitting on high Governmental committees. What prevents our women from playing a similar rôle?'

Madame Millerand summed up her

reply in one word — 'Tradition.' 'I greatly admire American women for what they have accomplished,' she continued. 'They are giving the world a magnificent example of energy and initiative. But they can do what they are doing because they are living in a new land. They could not have done all that they have done if they had lived in a country that has behind it twenty centuries of tradition, customs, and habits.'

It was thus that I had my third reply from the lips of a third great lady of France. But two more replies are yet to be made to my query by two other women whom the entire world had treated as sovereigns — Sarah Bernhardt, queen of the stage, and Madame Curie, queen of science.

I was dining one day, during the war, at the home of Sarah Bernhardt, who then happened to be in New York. An American guest recounted the incident that had occurred in the House of Representatives, at Washington, when Miss Jeannette Rankin, the first American woman to sit in Congress, had wept just as the vote was taking place for the war against Germany.

'I don't blame her!' exclaimed the divine Sarah. 'I should have done the same. People see me shed tears every night on the stage; but nobody has ever seen me shed tears in my private life. Nevertheless I wept twice during the war. I wept with anguish when I heard that Germany had declared war on France — and I wept with joy when I heard that America had declared war on Germany. . . . Our place is anywhere but in political assemblies. We are made to rule over the entire world — but not to govern our own nation.'

As for Madame Curie, she persistently refused to express any public opinion on the subject. Quite recently, however, she gave a most direct, al-

though silent, answer in my presence. It was some weeks ago, at the Ministry of Education, in Paris. The Minister had brought together the most brilliant assembly of scientists that had ever been seen together under one roof. Practically all the members of the Académie des Sciences and the Académie de Médecine, the deans of all the important colleges, the directors of the principal institutes, and the most celebrated professors were present. Among them all, sitting in an armchair like a queen on her throne, was a woman — the only woman there.

The session began. It had been called to decide the use that was to be made of the thirteen million francs that had been subscribed for the laboratories of France. Were these millions to be used for new buildings, for the development of education, or merely for the improvement of that which already existed? Two Under-secretaries of State gave their opinion, and a senator and the President of the Board of Education expressed other opinions. Suddenly Madame Curie asked for the floor. Deep silence fell on the gathering as they listened to her with close attention. The voice of the only woman present rang out clearly, grave and modulated. She said exactly that which should have been said. Above all, she declared, it was necessary to perfect that which we already had: nothing new could be built safe which is not constructed on the old foundations. Her expression of opinion was so clear and so illuminated the subject that all saw the justice of her decisions and came to her support.

Dr. Paul Appell, rector of the University of Paris, who was sitting next to me, leaned over and whispered in my ear: 'Here we have the finest example of French feminism: a woman can't vote, but she can obtain the votes of all.'

And I then understood why Madame Curie did not care to express an opinion regarding the political rights of women. She knew that their power was greater than that of any minister or senator. She knew that a woman can always lead men where she will if she is intellectually superior.

In any case, millions of women in France think and speak much as the five women I had interviewed. The vote for them means mixing in politics. And politics for them is a sign of weakness, not of force. They are afraid that politics will lower instead of ennoble them. It is thus that one may explain the extraordinary passivity of French women in face of the many tempting offers that are dangled before their eyes. It is thus that one may explain their disdain and indifference for all the laws voted in favor of their *affranchissement* by the men of France.

On May 8, 1919, in the midst of the Peace Conference, when the Treaty of Versailles was not yet signed, the Chamber of Deputies considered as the order of the day the project of a law according all the women of France the right to vote at the municipal and provincial elections. It was the first time that a parliamentary body in France had ever discussed anything of the kind. The debate was short—lasting less than two hours. Five speakers, belonging to all the parties, from the extreme Left of the Socialists to the extreme Right of the Conservatives, mounted the tribune, each rendering striking homage to the women of France.

The most moving speech was made in the opening address by a young deputy, Pierre-Étienne Flandin, who had introduced the bill. He recalled that one after the other Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the United States, Australia, England, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Belgium had each ac-

corded women the right to vote. Was the French Republic to be the last and only country in this regard? He cited Taine's unjust words, 'Shopkeeper, society lady, or servant, that is the work of the woman of France. It is only there that she excels.' And in the midst of almost unanimous applause he cried out: 'Taine did not foresee the World War, where five million women had grasped the plough and the spade, took in the harvest, and picked the grapes. He did not foresee that women would one day work in munitions factories to make the arms with which their husbands and their brothers defended the country against an invading enemy.'

The other speakers addressed the assembly in a like vein. There was but one exception, a moderate Republican, M. Lefebvre du Prey, father of eleven children, actually Minister for Justice, who also rendered eloquent homage to the women of France, but sounded a strange warning: 'Take care! You are going to introduce political dissension in our homes. . . . The authority of the husband is just as necessary in a household as is the authority of a chief in any kind of organization. If, therefore, you give women equal authority, you will have created rival powers. But what about the children? What about the French family? Take care! During the crisis that France is now traversing it is more than ever necessary that all should be in their right place. It is necessary that all our efforts should have but one goal—the defense of the French home.'

Nearly all of these grave sentences were lashed with passionate interruptions; and when the House divided 330 deputies voted for limited suffrage, while only 218 opposed the idea of giving women any political rights.

Twelve days later, on May 20, 1919, the victors pressed their advantage,

and René Viviani mounted the tribune to ask the Chamber to go a step further — granting the women of France not limited suffrage, but exactly the same political rights enjoyed by men. His passionate voice eliminated all obstacles and succeeded in obtaining a majority of 344 in favor of suffrage, as against 97 opposing, giving the women of France complete victory. It was decided that they should have exactly the same right to vote as male citizens.

Strange to say, this memorable vote, unregistered in the annals of history, passed almost unnoticed. It was recorded in a few lines — without a headline to make it stand out — on the second or third pages of the Paris newspapers. No comment was made. No leading article was written. No crowd gathered in the street to cheer the wonderful news. Fifty per cent of the women of France entirely ignored the revolution of which they were the heroines; and another forty per cent cared less about this important event than about the price of butter, which at that moment had been raised twopence a pound. No flood of congratulatory telegrams inundated the secretariat of the Chamber. But one telegram was received by President Deschanel. It read as follows: 'The feminine masses are at last marching forward. Long live the social Republic!' It was signed by twelve names that were entirely unknown.

This explains without the question of a doubt why, when in November 1922 the law went before the Senate, the atmosphere was entirely different. There was no sign of the enthusiasm that had been shown in the Chamber. There were no passionate speeches such as those made in 1919. There was naught but men as cold as judges and as impassive as statues, who, as soon as the debate had been opened, asked: 'Where are the women who

want to vote? When have they demanded the right to vote? How many of them have demanded this right?'

Not a single Senator put forward the thesis that they were not entitled to the right to vote. There was not a single Senator present who felt that they were not entitled to the very highest honor and reward for their self-sacrifice and devotion when the country was in danger; but was it really a recompense to expose the women of France to the dangers and to the relentless strife of politics? Was it not indeed taking them from the pedestal upon which they had been placed by the respect of all?

This thesis was pleaded ardently and with extraordinary eloquence by the youngest member of the French Senate, M. Labrousse, who was enthusiastically cheered by the high assembly.

'I ask,' Senator Labrousse exclaimed, 'if it will not be a far greater service to women, confirming the respect due to mothers, to refuse them the meanness, the disillusion, and the pain of party strife. Duty, Justice, and the Homeland — all that we place above the plane of politics — are personified by women, because we place women above all strife.'

Someone observed that all the Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian countries had granted suffrage to women. It was only the Latin countries that still lagged behind. Why should they not follow?

To this Senator Labrousse retorted: 'The reason for the lesser impulsion that is given to suffrage in the Latin countries may be explained by the fact that the absolutism of a husband's marital rights has long since disappeared in France, the land of courteous love; in Italy, the land of gallant love; and in Spain, the land of chivalry; whereas this absolutism persists in the countries of the North. The Latin woman, who is more highly honored

and who enjoys greater privileges, has n't the same reasons for the claim of suffrage as the woman of the North. Feminism in the North is but the product of men's excess.'

Again the Senate cheered the brilliant argument of the speaker; and, having cheered, it voted. This time the scales were turned, and by a narrow majority of twenty the high assembly refused to pass the bill. The women of France were thus refused the right to vote.

This negative vote of the Senate met with no more demonstration on the part of women than the vote given in their favor by the Chamber. The women of France did not assemble any more to protest than they had previously assembled to exult in their victory. The women of France remained

just as strangely indifferent when their right to vote had been refused as when it had been granted. . . .

Premier Briand once remarked in the Chamber: 'The woman, who lives in the household beside man, should also live his political life with him.' This is an axiom of which the women of France themselves must be convinced. The woman of France at present feels that she exerts a greater influence by remaining within the soft shadow of her home rather than by descending into the brilliant glare of politics.

As long as she keeps this belief, it will be of no avail that the hands of men approach the cup of happiness to her lips, for she will stubbornly continue to regard it as filled with bitter dregs.

EVOLUTION

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*Spectator*]

As in the monkey's musing eye
There broods a sort of muddy guess
Upon the brink of consciousness,
Our human vision may descry;

So will the rare, transfigured face
Of man, or woman, when it gleams
With selfless thought, or saintly dreams,
Shadow a first, proleptic trace

And harbinger of those to be:
Who, in a nobler pattern wrought
Through æons of creative thought,
Smile back on us with sympathy.

PRE-COLUMBIAN CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA

BY PROFESSOR CARL MARIA KAUFMANN

[The author, concerning whose Amerika und Urchristentum we give bibliographical data under Books Mentioned, is a well-known archaeologist and art historian. Leo Frobenius, one of the leading ethnologists of Germany, prophesies that this forthcoming volume will create a sensation in the learned world, although he accepts some of its conclusions with reserve.]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung Wochenblatt*, June 12

(LIBERAL WEEKLY)

WE may assume that the mystery of the unknown continent in the West excited the interest of the bold seafarers of antiquity as powerfully as it did that of the successful Spaniards a thousand or more years later. Deep-sea voyages, though not indeed the rule, were by no means a novelty in the classic age. We have evidence of this, not only in the expeditions that the ancients made by sea to India and China, but also in their frequent voyages to the most northern latitudes of Europe.

No one questions the mediæval references to the arrival of 'Indians' on the German coast. The foreign appearance and customs of these seafarers, and the impossibility of learning anything more definite of their origin, led to the later assumption that they were Indians. We are equally justified in surmising that the earlier unknown foreigners, storm-driven to the German coast, — described in the first century by the Gaelic proconsul, Pomponius Mela, who received them as a gift from a German chieftain, — were also Indians.

A map showing traffic routes between China, India, and Rome about 100 A.D., published in the Proceedings of the Institute for Research in Comparative Religion of the University of Leipzig for 1922, contains impressive

evidence of the high development of intercommunication throughout the world at that period. The average reader notes with surprise the density of the road net between Europe and Asia — especially the great number of competing trade-routes lying between the tenth and fourteenth parallels of latitude and the numerous connections between Egypt and Asia Minor, and Sogdiana, Bactria, Gandhara, and down the Malabar coast. Besides this network of caravan and sea routes, the map also shows what an important part the valleys of such rivers as the Indus played at that time in world commerce.

One especially important and engrossing aspect of this study of ancient highways is our ability to trace evidences of the diffusion of primitive Christian culture along their course. Such traces radiate over all the then-known world. They teach us to appreciate the marvelous spread of this doctrine and show us how communication bridged even the broadest oceans long before the days of Columbus, even as far as the semicivilized states of America.

Primitive Christianity in America! It sounds like a fairy tale, a figment of the imagination, a flat denial of all that history has hitherto taught us. None

the less, the fragmentary remnants of a primitive Christian epoch in America survive to our own day. They have withstood the storms and destruction of a decade and a half of centuries, and are still recognizable despite the blind and brutal efforts of later propagandists of the faith to destroy every record of the culture that preceded their arrival. To-day or to-morrow may reveal still further evidence, concealed under the dust and humus of ancient ruins hidden in dense tropical forests, to add to our present knowledge.

When Spain subdued the more highly developed races of Central and South America, many records of their earlier civilization had already disappeared. The Christian symbols of the Spaniards impressed the native as something foreign, as alien adoptions to which he must accommodate himself as best he could. Yet many survivals of much older Christian observances had remained a continuous tradition in Peruvian and Mayan ceremonial. Orant remained orant, even under the later Incas, and the cross retained a place in the religious cults of Yucatan and Mexico long after its original significance as a symbol of a Supreme Being, brought to America from an older world, had been forgotten. Nothing could be blinder than to reject these hints, merely because the absence of literary remains among the people in whose midst they persisted leaves many facts regarding them in the realm of conjecture.

Besides the cross in its different forms, pictures of the dove and of the fish, in association with the cross, were very common as orant symbols in the art language bequeathed America by primitive Christianity. Native pottery, terra cotta, and textiles repeat these motives in profusion. Orants are depicted on Peruvian pottery, for

instance on jars from Trujillo, which to even the superficial observer bear a striking resemblance to Egyptian New Year's jars. Indeed, they copy these so truthfully that they would at once arouse the interest of an excavator fortunate enough to discover them in any of the ancient centres of Christian pilgrimage where similar articles are commonly found.

I have discovered thousands of these pottery jars at Menapolis with the picture of the Menas orant. From this centre they were carried far beyond the boundaries of the Roman Empire to the remotest parts of the then-known world, to the far north, to the far east, and to the very heart of the Negro kingdoms of Africa upon the Blue Nile, and in Dongola. Nor need we confine ourselves to this single comparison. A remarkable similarity is discernible between certain Menas votive statuettes, especially Libyan female ex-votos, and corresponding figures of ancient American origin.

I believe traces of Christianity penetrated to Central and South America between 500 and 1000 A.D., and probably nearer the earlier than the later date. I should place the first preaching of this doctrine in Peru in the fifth or, at the latest, in the sixth century of the Christian era, and plan to present evidence of this in a work which will reproduce all the pertinent monuments of the Peruvian and Mayan civilizations of that period, with intermediate material, particularly from Bolivia, Ecuador, and Colombia.

In this connection, we must lay stress upon an error into which both earlier and later scholars have fallen, when they accuse the missionary priests of the Spanish Conquest of crude falsification; I mean, not of forging antiquities and monuments, but of consciously and systematic[ly] falsifying Indian tradition. They assert

that the Jesuits in particular presumed to refine and modify the original polytheism of the natives in both South and North America, in an effort first to represent the native beliefs as originally monotheistic, so as to secure readier acceptance of the Christian conception of the Deity, and second to smooth the way for the conversion of the Indians by a skillful system of suggestive questioning.

The bewilderment of the missionaries when they discovered among the heathen natives, not only old forgotten Christian symbols, but even the legend that their chief deity, Perus Huiracocha, had come from a land across the ocean and that he was a tall, emaciated man with a long beard, naturally suggested that catechetical device. Even Rudolf Tschudi, who refuses to attach weight to this Indian tradition, finds it very remarkable that the natives handed down the memory of a migration of strangers into Central Peru, who taught a new doctrine — strangers who, after the conquest by the Spaniards, survived in Indian folklore as apostles and saints.

Evidences of this tradition were recorded about the year 1585, at the direction of the Corregidor Don Luis de Monzon, in the *Relaciones geográficas de Indias*.

As evidence of the credibility of a Christian influence antedating Columbus, I cite here only the following passage:—

'In the vicinity of Vera Cruz de Cauana is what appears to be an ex-

ceedingly ancient ruined village, where there are walls of dressed — though very roughly dressed — stone. The doorposts of the houses, some of which are more than two yards high, and the thresholds, are hewn from very large stones and there are traces of streets. The old Indians say their ancestors have told them that in ancient times, before they were ruled by the Incas, people of a different race, though only a few of them, came into the country. They were called *Wirakotsa*, and the natives followed them to hear their words. And now the Indians say they were saints. These people built highways which are still visible, as broad as a city street, with small retaining walls on both sides, and they erected rest houses along them a day's journey apart, the memory of which is still preserved. These are the people who built the village I mention. Some Indians recall having seen in this old village several tombs built of square-cornered stone flags, and plastered inside with white clay, which originally contained bones. To-day, however, no more bones or skulls are found.'

Reports like this of a pre-Columbian arrival of foreigners whose leaders, according to the legend, could have only been missionaries, certainly invite further study. They alone prove how mistaken is the obstinate refusal of students hitherto to consider the possibility that channels of influence ever existed between the ancient world and America. They invite us to a reconsideration of the entire question.

ALCOHOL THROUGH THE AGES

WILLIAM LITTLE

From the *English Review*, June
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

No plant is so frequently referred to in the literature of the world as the vine. In the Holy Scriptures vines, vineyards, and wine-presses are mentioned in about 250 passages, while wine is named 77 times, and there are 13 distinct Hebrew terms indicating wines of various sorts and ages, all rendered in our version of the Scriptures by the one word — wine.

From discoveries in the tombs and buried cities of Egypt we know that wine was used in that country from the remotest ages, and two jars, with inscriptions not yet interpreted, have been found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. The processes of viticulture and vinification are depicted by carvings in the grottoes of Beni Hassan, carvings executed probably a century before the time of Joseph. Then, as now, it was known that the best wine could only be grown on high gravelly soil, and the Egyptian vineyards were situated, not in the fertile basin of the Nile, but on the surrounding hills. Inscriptions of the time of the Pharaohs indicate seven different kinds of wine, and that a kind of ale was brewed from grain which is probably the progenitor of the pombe now used throughout Central Africa.

The earliest vessels for strong wine were skins of animals made into bags, the seams cemented with pitch or resin. Such were the wine-skins successfully employed by the wily Gibeonites, in their negotiations with Joshua. These were succeeded by earthenware jars known as amphoræ, the size and shape of which are obviously modeled on the

primitive wine-skin. The amphora was glazed inside and not outside, the glazing being a resinous composition evidently copied from that used for wine-skins. Its capacity was about three gallons, and its aperture was at the thick end or top, unlike the wine-skin, which was filled and emptied at the thin end or bottom. This simple but thoroughly practical vessel for containing wine remained in use without change for many centuries in Egypt, Greece, and Rome. It was stored by thrusting the small end into the cellar floor of dry sand. When the first tier was complete it was covered up deeply with more dry sand, another tier of amphoræ was placed above it, also smothered in sand, and there it was left for years to mature at an even temperature. Such a cellar was found when the palace of Pharaoh Hofra at Tahpanhes in Lower Egypt was excavated about forty years ago.

All the sacred writers deprecate the abuse of wine — not one of them forbids its use in moderation. Daniel was a strict abstainer in his youth, although in later life he seems to have felt the need of something stronger than water. The first chapter of Daniel is the earliest temperance-tract, inspired, no doubt, by the evils arising from the abuse of strong drink which Daniel witnessed around him in Babylon. This was indeed the direct cause of the fall of that magnificent city, for its fortification was so strong and its garrison so numerous that Cyrus, with his combined army of Medes and Persians,

failed to take it after a siege of several months. He was about to abandon the siege when a novel idea occurred to him. He knew that a great festival was held annually at which Babylon gave itself up to revelry and drinking. This date he selected for an attack by marching along the channel of the Euphrates, which intersected the city. A trench was dug by which the water of the river was diverted and its depth greatly reduced. The festival extended over some weeks, but on the principal day Belshazzar gave the grand supper in the hall of his palace so vividly pictured by Daniel.

'Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar his father had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem. . . . Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king and his lords, his wives and his concubines, drank in them.' The revelry was at its height when the dread handwriting appeared on the wall. Meanwhile Cyrus had formed up his attack. His leading companies were already wading along the bed of the Euphrates, the Babylonian pickets had left their post to join in the festivities, and the invaders got possession of the city without resistance from its drunken garrison.

Seventy years later we come to the time of that charming and clever woman, Esther. Her husband, King Ahasuerus, no other than our school friend Xerxes, seems to have been very fond of his dinner and especially of his wine, a pardonable weakness which Esther knew how to humor. He was one of those individuals who become cross and unreasonable when they take a

glass too much — a peculiarity which his wife had noted and knew how to turn to account. Indeed it was a little misunderstanding with his first wife one day after dinner that gave Esther her first opportunity. The way she manages her bear of a husband is admirable, getting all her own way while seeming to let him have all his. In playing her game against Haman, she skillfully avoids bringing on the climax until toward the end of the second little dinner she had arranged for the King and his Prime Minister. 'And the King arose in his wrath from the banquet of wine and went into the palace garden.' Then Haman knew he was a lost man. There is no finer tale of woman's tact and courage than the Book of Esther.

The details of daily life in Jerusalem in the time of our Lord have been elucidated by the researches of Dr. Edersheim. While the cost of ordinary living was low, there were to be had in the shops and markets many expensive luxuries, including ice from Lebanon. At feasts there was an introductory course of salted meat, or some light dish. Then followed the meal itself, which ended with dessert consisting of olives, radishes, and fruits — even preserved ginger from India is mentioned. The wine was always mixed with water, the necessity for which can well be understood, the natural and unfortified wine grown in those regions at the present time being strong and heady. Indeed it was considered by some that grace should not be said until after water had been added to the wine. Among the growths of repute was the wine of Saron, and there were foreign wines from Ammon and Asia Minor, the latter a sort of boiled must like our paxarette. According to some scholars liqueurs were known and used, but these would only be sweetened and spiced wines such as wine of myrrh and wine in which capers had been soaked.

Another mixture, chiefly used by invalids, consisted of old wine, water, and balsam. There was also a cooling drink, described as vinegar, made from grapes which had not ripened or from lees. This was the drink given by charitable ladies to condemned criminals to mitigate their sufferings, and was probably the liquid which filled the sponge at the Crucifixion. From the second chapter of John we gather that heavy drinking was a feature of the festivities of those days. That inebriety was a cloud overshadowing the society of the period is indicated in the first chapter of Luke, which records the nativity of John the Baptist, and the promise to his parents of 'joy and gladness' inasmuch as he 'shall drink no wine nor strong drink.'

In the far East wine was known and used from prehistoric times. Bacchus is originally an Indian deity, and came to the Greeks and Romans by way of Egypt, where, according to some scholars, he figures as Osiris. Homer, who wrote twenty-seven centuries ago, makes frequent references to vineyards and wine.

Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
These are the rights of age, and should be thine,

is the commendation of Ulysses to his aged father. At that time the island of Sicily, which had been colonized by the Greeks, was prolific of wines, so that of the wines we find on our modern tables the one possessing the most ancient lineage is the cheap and homely Marsala. In order to mature their wine the ancient Greeks used to submerge it in jars in the sea, a practice analogous to that of our grandfathers when they sent sherry and Madeira on a long voyage.

We have seen how the abuse of wine gave Babylon into the hands of Cyrus. He seems to have bethought himself of this when, eleven years later, he invaded Scythia, and, finding that its hardy people could not be overcome by

the ordinary methods of warfare, he pretended to abandon his camp, leaving in it a quantity of wine. The Scythians took possession and, being unacquainted with intoxicating beverages, they drank to excess. Cyrus returned in the night and slew them, but his triumph was short-lived, for Tomyris, Queen of the Scythians, rallied her warlike subjects, who soon furnished her with a new army, with which she destroyed the army of Cyrus and brought his career to an end.

It seems that the consumption of wine reached a very high point about a thousand years before the Christian era. It was about this time that Lycurgus, King of Thrace, set himself to check the tide of drinking. He did not rely on half measures, but passed a Prohibition Act at once. A strict teetotaler himself, he forbade the use of wine to his subjects and rooted up all the vines within his dominion — so that Prohibition is by no means a new idea. How long it lasted in this case history does not tell us, but the end was that his subjects mutinied and put Lycurgus to death, alleging that he had drawn down upon his country the anger of the gods by insulting Bacchus.

The abuse of wine in Eastern countries continued a crying evil down to the time of Mahomet. That bold reformer, in seeking to correct the vices of his time, imposed in other cases only such restrictions as seemed easily practicable, but with true insight he grappled firmly with an evil so difficult to control. He put an unmistakable veto on all alcoholic drinks, and, unlike Lycurgus fifteen centuries before, he succeeded in effecting a reform perhaps the most comprehensive and beneficent in the history of mankind.

Numa Pompilius, who governed the Romans for three and forty years, during which he maintained peace and encouraged the useful arts, took special

interest in viticulture. For eight or nine centuries after his time the Roman husbandmen paid diligent attention to their vineyards, and some of the authors who have written on rural affairs — like Cato, and Varro, and Vergil — give ample and minute directions for the cultivation of the vine. So advanced, indeed, was their knowledge that few improvements have been added during the centuries that have since elapsed. The general mode of fortifying was by adding aromatic substances such as resin, spikenard, and myrrh, well bruised and sifted. These powders, being heavier than wine, would fall to the bottom and act as clarifiers. Columella, who was a wine-grower in Spain about the beginning of the Christian era, and wrote twelve books on agriculture, says that four ounces to two amphoræ — about six gallons — is the right proportion, but in dry seasons, when the wine is stronger, three ounces will be found sufficient; and he quaintly cautions the wine merchants to put in as little as possible of these ingredients lest their customers should smell them.

Pliny tells us that in his time there were eighty celebrated wines, of which two thirds were produced by Italy herself. The growths most in repute were those from the slopes of Mount Falernus and from Setinium, the latter being the favorite wine of Augustus. These were carefully stored in amphoræ, the mouths of which were closed with earthenware lids sealed and made airtight with a resinous cement. These amphoræ were marked with the name of the growth, and, by the way of date, with the name of the Consul in whose year of office their contents were vintaged. The name of Lucius Opimius Nepos thus became celebrated through more than one generation in connection with the famous vintage of the year in which he was Consul — 121

B.C. The storage was in chambers artificially warmed called *fumaria*, just as Madeira wine is treated to-day to hasten its maturing. The ancient appearance the amphoræ acquired in these smoky receptacles was much prized, but it was not unfrequently imitated, and the names and dates tampered with, like the brands and cobwebs of our own time. Martial, in one of his *Epigrams*, inveighs against this, specially pointing out one Munna, a wine merchant of Marseille, who seems to have been a noted practitioner in this line, and whom the poet humorously represents as being afraid to visit Rome lest he might be compelled to drink some of his own wine.

The Roman connoisseur preserved his choicest wines in earthenware jars, and there is evidence that glass bottles about the size of our own were in use. Prices also were similar, ranging up to nearly five dollars for a bottle of very old Opimian of the famous year when Opimius was Consul, a figure corresponding to the guinea a bottle of our time. A banquet at the house of a wealthy and cultured Roman, like Lucullus or Mæcenas, the friend and patron of Horace, was elaborate and costly beyond the most sumptuous of our modern dinners, both as regards the dishes and the wines, while the drinking was on a scale not unworthy of our grandfathers. There was always a master of ceremonies whose duty it was to see that every man's cup was filled up, and that everybody drank fair. *Aut bibat aut abeat* was the rule — either drink or begone. The health of friends and of distinguished individuals was pledged in a greater or less number of cups, according to the degree of esteem intended to be indicated, and when toasting his mistress the Roman reveler called upon his friends to drain a cup for every letter of her name.

Before the Roman occupation of

Gaul the inhabitants drank mead, and wine was imported from Italy for the use of the wealthier classes. But in the early centuries of the Christian era the production of wine in France increased so much that import trade was changed to export. The choicest growths were sent to Rome, just as in later times they were sent to London. For nineteen centuries the slopes of Burgundy have yielded wine of repute, and thence the vines spread northward to Champagne and westward to the valley of the Loire, the two districts which now supply the world with sparkling wines. In the fourth century the district now called St. Emilion, near Bordeaux, bore the highest reputation, when the Roman Consul and poet Ausonius resided there on his wine farm — a reputation which was maintained down to the Middle Ages, but which has since been surpassed by the neighboring district of the Médoc.

Writing in the first century of the Christian era, Tacitus tells us that the ancient Germans were heavy drinkers. Their drink was a coarse strong ale brewed from grain.

During the four centuries of the Roman occupation of England, wine was regularly imported from Gaul. In the ruins of Uriconium, in Shropshire, a Romano-British city suddenly and utterly destroyed by Anglian invaders, A.D. 583, wine bottles have been discovered; and from the Colloquy of Ælfric we learn that Bordeaux sent wine to England in Saxon times, reintroduced by Christian missionaries who came to convert our heathen forefathers. For two or three centuries subsequent to the Norman Conquest wine was made in the South of England from grapes grown in the open air by the brethren of the wealthy abbeys, which were always situated in fertile and sheltered places. We know that claret was imported into Hull in the

eleventh century. King John drank claret himself and was anxious that his subjects should not be overcharged for it, so he fixed the retail price at sixpence per gallon. At his death in 1216 he owed a considerable wine-bill to the Commune of Bordeaux, for which they never got more than eleven shillings in the pound. His successor, Henry III, did business in claret on his own account, and in 1243, finding himself rather overstocked, he ordained that no other wine should be offered until his own had found a market.

From Chaucer's 'Shipman's Tale' it appears that sailors had no more scruples then than they have now about pilfering from wine cargoes, and as there were then no iron bulkheads to contend with, their opportunities were good. It was necessary, therefore, for wine merchants to travel themselves, or to send someone in their interest to look after their property. The wine merchants themselves were well looked after in those days, for King Edward II in 1309, thinking they were making too much profit, fixed the price of the best wines at fivepence per gallon, and ordered some of the wholesale houses that had opened taverns for retail trade to give up that branch of their business.

During the year 1350, vessels to the number of 141 cleared at Bordeaux for England laden with wine, and this large trade seems to have increased during the remainder of the century, notwithstanding a great rise in freights occasioned by wars. A charter-party dated 1395 shows that a whaler called the Trinity was taken up for the round voyage to the claret ports and back to the British Isles. She was to get 14s. to 16s. for ports on the east coast of Ireland, and 18s. if ordered to Beaumaris or Chester. There is no quotation for Liverpool. It must be remembered that this important trade was not a foreign one, for all the wine-growing dis-

districts of southwestern France were English territory during three centuries. After 1453, when these provinces came finally under the French Crown, English traders were hampered in every possible way, and in retaliation the Bordeaux merchants and their ships were burdened with restrictions in English ports. The consequence was that trade with the Gironde fell off very much, and began to flow in other channels. Thus the wines of Burgundy were brought before English buyers at Rouen, and the white wines of the Rhine received more attention.

In the reign of Henry VIII the taste for stronger wines had increased in England, and wine from Spain and Portugal began to be freely imported. But the popular beverage was ale, spirits being known only as a medicine. The art of distillation had been discovered long before by the Arabian alchemists in their search after the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life.

The first mention of alcohol is in the eleventh century by Abul Kasim, an Arabian physician. The most wonderful properties were ascribed to it, but its production, carried on in small alembics for several centuries, was very limited, and the drinks of the English people during 'the spacious times of great Elizabeth' were ale and wine. During her reign Spanish wine came into common use under the name of sack, a word which is simply the Spanish *seco* — dry. But the Elizabethans liked their sherry not too dry, and they mixed it with hot water and sugar, making what we call negus. The sherry of those days must have been the same as it is now, for when it was shipped very young for the sake of extra profit it behaved precisely as our cheap sherries do if imported at low alcoholic strength. Distillation not being sufficiently advanced, it could not be fortified with spirits, and lime was put into

it to check the fretting of secondary fermentation. It must have been some of this young sherry that caused Falstaff to blow up the waiter at the Boar's Head: 'You rogue, here 's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it.'

The restoration of Charles II was also a restoration of drinking, as testified by the bacchanalian ditties of the period. Claret continued to be a favorite wine in England during the seventeenth century, especially in the sister kingdoms where ale was not well known. On the table of an Irish gentleman or of a Highland chieftain the red wine of France was to be found in profusion. In the Western Highlands some of the lairds were impoverishing their estates to keep the bowl flowing, and even tenants and crofters were wasting money on wine brought to them by French smugglers. This led to an ordinance by the Lords of the Privy Council of Scotland, dated July 23, 1622, prohibiting masters of vessels from carrying wine into those districts, forbidding absolutely its sale to the common people, and putting the lairds on a fixed allowance.

It is amusing to observe what was considered a reduced allowance of claret for a Highland gentleman's household in the seventeenth century. Mackinnon of Skye and Maclean of Coll were restricted to four hogsheads each — about eighty dozen bottles — while for chieftains such as Clanranald and Macleod of Dunvegan the year's supply was to be twelve to sixteen hogsheads. But a new magnate now arose in Scotland, — namely, John Barleycorn, — his advent hastened, most likely, by those very restrictions. During the eighteenth century ale and whiskey came into general use in Scotland, and Burns, writing in the lat-

ter half of the century, remarks of his countrymen:—

Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!

Claret, however, still maintained its place among the wealthier classes in Scotland and Ireland, and Burns's account of the contest for the whistle, which took place in 1790, gives an idea of the drinking customs of the period.

The prolonged war with France which broke out at the end of the seventeenth century created an important change in the wine-drinking habits of the English people. The price of claret rose to three or four times its former figure, and in 1703 a treaty was concluded with Portugal by which the wines of that country were to be admitted at one third less than the duty charged upon French wines. English merchants had settled at Oporto, and the impetus given to the production of red wine on the Douro was such that by the middle of the eighteenth century claret in England was almost superseded by port. At that period the consumption of port in England was much larger than it is to-day. Indeed, the demand could only be met by obtaining similar wine from other countries, and forcing it by artificial means to resemble real port until falsification became a crying evil.

From this cursory review of alcoholics, extending over forty centuries, we see that there has been a liquor problem in every age; that warnings against the abuse of strong drink and measures adopted at various times to prevent or mitigate its baneful consequences have never been more than partially effective.

The nuisance and danger of inebriety have been magnified in our time by the vastly increased production and wide

distribution of alcoholic drinks, and if they are to be looked upon as gifts they are gifts too dangerous to be handled as unguardedly as they were during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The fact that a highly civilized nation, numbering more than a hundred millions of people, should have resolved upon absolute prohibition is a sign that the conscience of mankind is awakened and alarmed. If this drastic measure on the part of the United States does not meet with all the success it deserves, it will at least check the evil it set out to cure, and will advance the social change of view that has taken place since the days when inebriety was regarded as a matter of course, to be tolerated with a smile.

The fascination exercised by alcohol over certain temperaments resembles the strange fascination of the burning candle over the fluttering moth. How these hapless human moths should be dealt with is a question not easily answered. Shakespeare's sympathy with them is evident when he makes Hamlet, after denouncing the drinking customs of his time, go on to plead:—

So, oft it chanceth in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin—

These men, their 'virtues else—be they as pure as grace,' are condemned for one particular fault, and Shakespeare follows up his humane plea with a concrete example. The story of Cassio in the second act of *Othello*, his downfall through drink, and the remorseful groan wrung from him in his distress, is, to the understanding heart, perhaps the most pathetic page of Shakespeare's writings. Happily the story ends with the restoration to place and honor of 'a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar and give direction.'

REMOTEST PERU

BY ELSIE E. D. DARKINS

From the *West Coast Leader*, May 13
(LIMA ENGLISH-LANGUAGE WEEKLY)

PICTURE to yourself long rows of rolling mountains entirely covered by dense forests, and away in the far distance a long white curling snake-like line, the River Chinchipe, one of the many tributaries of the vast Amazonian watershed. We are going eastward, having left behind us the hot sandy desert of the North Peruvian coast. For many and many a weary mile we have traveled over the sun-baked arid country, and the sight of fresh clean green vegetation is something to think about. We are just on the summit of the third range of the mighty Andes, although we have chosen for our trip the lowest section of these mountains in the whole of the Continent. In contrast to the heat and dryness left behind us, here, at an altitude of seven thousand feet on this last summit, the climate is wonderfully refreshing.

Enormous clusters of clouds hang over the ridges, and even low down on the hillsides ahead of us. A long way below us, on what appears to be a tiny plateau, our guide points out a small bunch of white specks. That, he tells us, is the tiny village of San Ignacio. Very small it looks from the distance, among the vastness and majesty of the surrounding country. A little to the north he points out the cañon of the San Francisco River, a small stream running at right angles into the Chinchipe. This is the extreme limit of the Peruvian northwestern border, as this river divides Peru from Ecuador.

We continue our journey, and a few hours' travel, descending rapidly along

the ridges of the mountains, brings us to San Ignacio. As we ride into its grass-covered plaza, people advance toward us from all directions, introducing themselves and offering us accommodation. We inquire for the Governor, and he places at our disposal a small room, with effusive excuses, lamenting that it is 'unworthy of such distinguished visitors,' although we have not yet introduced ourselves or produced any papers. I mention this as testifying to the kind simplicity and hospitality of these good people. We need not, however, impose upon their kindness, as we carry our own tents, outfit, and food.

San Ignacio should commend itself to any man tired of civilization, who feels he would like to live the simple life, for not in many places in the country, not even among savage tribes, could he find conditions much more primitive. The houses — if such they may be called — may be very picturesque from a distance, but they are sadly lacking in comfort.

As a rule they consist of two small rooms, one the kitchen, the other the 'parlor.' The walls are made of cane tied together — not very close together; you can always see through — while the roofs are thatched with sugar-cane leaves. No windows are necessary, as the interstices between the cane give both light and air, but of course afford no privacy whatsoever. Neither is there furniture of any kind, not even tables or chairs. At mealtime the family squats around the kitchen

floor, where the lady of the house presides over a large earthenware pot moulded by her own hands, and serves her yuca or banana soup in tiny replicas of the large pot. It certainly is the simple life!

Food too is limited, both in quantity and variety. There is any amount of land, but unfortunately not very much cultivation. Green bananas, or plantains, and yuca form the chief diet. Meat can always be obtained, also rice; but they have to be paid for in cash and therefore cannot be indulged in very often by these poor people. Bread to them is like Christmas cake to our children at home — a dainty luxury for important fiesta days only, and is talked about, dreamed about, and remembered.

The *chacras* — or farms — are small and not very well tilled. To be sure, agriculture is difficult on account of ants and other pests, and because weeds grow with lightning rapidity in these subtropical humid climates, but no more cultivating than necessary is attempted. When a man has grown enough yuca, bananas, and sometimes sugar-cane to supply his household, and enough tobacco to sell to buy clothing and salt for the year, his ambition ends. Nor can you blame him for not aspiring to wealth when you consider the ridiculous price he receives for his products, and the small requirements of himself and family. His surplus harvest — if in the course of a lifetime he ever has a surplus — would not bring him a fortune.

The following list will give an idea of values, bearing in mind that a centavo is equivalent to one half an American cent: bananas, ten centavos a bunch, the product of one tree; yuca, ten centavos a root, usually about twenty-five pounds; meat, fifteen to twenty centavos a pound; raw sugar, fifteen centavos a block of five pounds; green

corn, ten centavos for about half a sack; maize, forty centavos an arroba, or twenty-five pounds. The highest price for a cow is forty-five sols, or a little over twenty American dollars. Tobacco brings twenty-five sols a carga of one hundred and fifty pounds sold to the Government in Huancabamba, four and a half days' journey from San Ignacio.

Money is not used much in neighborhood transactions, business being done by barter. Cattle and tobacco are the only products that bring in actual cash. These people have a great dislike for buying and selling, and do so only as a mark of great friendship. Each household lives absolutely independently of all the others. Each man grows his own food, and only in dire necessity buys ten centavos' worth of yuca or bananas. He grinds his own cane, from which he makes his raw sugar. He goes yearly to Huancabamba with his tobacco and brings back the necessities for the year — clothing, a machete, and salt. Medicines and dyes are also bought if there is any money left over, but that does not occur very often.

While writing of cane-grinding, mention should be made of the local sugar-mills, for these are indeed works of art. In some *chacras* a three-cylinder machine made throughout of wood is used, and is driven by oxen — oxen are used as beasts of burden, and one man actually rides one. The great works of art I write about, however, are not these three-cylinder affairs, but that one which resembles very much an ordinary clothes-wringer, although its manipulation is different. A washer-woman manages her wringer single-handed; this marvel of ingenuity needs three operators!

Poor though San Ignacio may be to-day, it once could boast of wealth. It is said to have been the happy hunting-ground of gold-seekers and, if

report be true, mines of fabulous wealth existed near the San Francisco creek, and perhaps were worked by the Spaniards, as signs of their colonization are present on all sides. Of late years several gold-washers have attempted to discover the hidden treasure, but though all have found gold in the rivers no one as yet has been able to get at the mother lode.

Ample proof exists that these regions were formerly inhabited by the Inca Indians. For instance, at about a half-day's journey from the town is a huge cliff covered over its whole area with weird figures and symbols, not cut in the rock, but painted in red, and notwithstanding the excessively humid climate prevalent there these figures are in perfect condition to-day. As would naturally be supposed, many superstitions prevail regarding this rock. Some say it conceals a cave, the entrance to which is guarded by an enormous snake. Nobody seems to have the courage to kill the snake and enter the cave. This may be the entrance to the great gold-mine!

As I said before, these San Ignacioites are a very hospitable people. All visitors are invited to a cup of *guayusa*, an infusion of the leaves of a tree, resembling the maté of the Argentine. This is served with a little meat, yuca, or tamales. They may not have enough for themselves, but there is always something for guests. When they return a visit they bring a present. It may be some toffee made from raw sugar, a little yuca, or some ripe bananas, which are never to be seen — the ripe kind — in the chacras or the houses, but only come to light as presents.

We often hear the native women called indolent, but on actually seeing their everyday life we cannot make such an accusation — certainly not in these parts. In Huancabamba there is more than one who owns and runs a

relatively large business and has made a good-sized fortune. I know of a woman who does all the business of a farm and manages its peons, besides cooking for them and her own large family. Women from these country districts often accompany their menfolk to Huancabamba. These journeys are no pleasure-trips, I can assure you, the tobacco harvest coming as it does in the wet season. The roads are bad in some places, and even in the dry season the first two days' travel is made through one immense sea of mud, so that you cannot possibly get through dry. These poor women set out on foot, without shoes, dressed in thin cotton clothes and carrying one thin poncho, which also serves as a bed-covering. They walk all day, sometimes — in fact usually — in a down-pour of rain. They arrive soaking wet at the *tambo*, — where there are no houses a *tambo*, or inn, though usually only a roof, is built, — light a fire, — and the wood is sure to be wet, — go sometimes a good distance for water, and then set to work with their cooking, all the time shivering with cold, wet clothes, and even with tertian fever. When the food is cooked, they serve it, eat, wash up, make their beds on the damp ground, and go to rest. Saddle-cloths serve as a mattress, their one cotton poncho and wet clothes as covering. At daybreak they are up again to wet clothes, wet firewood, cooking, and another long day's tramp. For ten or fifteen days they go through this routine, seldom complaining except of the cold.

I have no grudge against these people for not being willing to sell their produce, as I do not count on buying anything except green vegetables when they can be obtained, but after continuous consumption of more or less the same thing over and over again, and after seeing plenty of ripe corn, I

thought that a plate of *humitas*, the delicious steamed corn dish of the country, would not be amiss. So I determined that by fair means or foul I would acquire the green corn with which to make it.

From observation and experience I determined on the following plan of attack: first, to find out definitely who had green corn — they say 'no hay' whether they have or have not; second, to call as for a casual visit and, as they do, to carry a small present; third, to go prepared to stay an hour at least — you offend them if you refuse the *guayusa*; fourth, to agree with their *no hay* and all their other objections, and on no account to contradict them; fifth, to offer double or treble the recognized price — that would still be cheap.

I made inquiries and found that a certain old woman had a good-sized *maizal*, and that the corn was green. So I provided myself with some bread as a present, knowing that this would find me favor if anything would; then I set out on horseback. Arriving at the house, I saluted the lady and was welcomed very cordially; three people helped me to dismount, when I could have dispensed with all such assistance. I was invited to enter, a new clean saddlecloth was brought out for me to sit upon, the *guayusa* was put on to boil, the *yuca* and meat were fried, and everything was going off as merrily as a mothers' meeting. I asked how my hostess was, and how her *frios* were — the local name for tertian fever, from which they all suffer. I presented my gift of bread, and I inquired about her husband, though this may have been a delicate question, husbands having a tendency to disappear in these parts; I asked about each child individually and the remotest *compadre* and *comadre*.

All this conversation took place while I drank the *guayusa* — it takes some moral courage to swallow this

liquid, believe me. About two hours passed and I was thinking of returning. We all seemed in such good humor that I thought I could bring up the momentous question: Had she any corn? And if she had any, as a great favor might she sell me some? Not a great quantity, only three or four pair of ears, and if she did me this favor I would remember her with gratitude all the days of my life.

She answered me that to be sure she had a *maisal*, — we were looking out on it so that she could not deny its existence, — but food was scarce, and she had so many mouths to feed, and she had to keep what little corn she had to fatten the pigs and the hens for the *fiesta* that was approaching, of which she was *mayordoma*, for which reasons she could not possibly sell even five centavos' worth.

Feeling confident that I was going to attain my desires, I was not disheartened, nor did I press the point. I continued the conversation, asking what *fiesta* was approaching. 'San Antonio,' she answered, and related that the last time that she was *mayordoma* she had to kill five hens and ten guinea pigs, besides providing rice, *yuca*, and bananas for all the guests. I agreed with her that the *fiesta* was a great expense, and sympathized with her in all her other troubles. In the meantime another good hour had passed, and in my secret heart I was wondering if the corn was worth so large a fraction of my life; nor did *humitas* seem half so tempting as they had seemed when I set out in the morning. I declared that I really must go; but what do you think — she had been preparing me another meal! This poor old woman who could not afford to sell me five centavos' worth of corn was inviting me to two meals! For fear of offending her I stayed. We had *yuca* soup, ripe bananas, and coffee.

Still another hour passed in pleasant conversation; then I got up again. I said nothing about going. The time was for action, not words. I went and saw about my horse being saddled. I made no further mention of corn, meaning to bring up the subject once I was on my horse, provided she did not do so before that. The horse was saddled and I was in the middle of making my adieux to the various members of the family when she exclaimed, as if by inspiration, although she knew the purpose of my visit as well as I did: '*Un momentito!*'—and disappearing like lightning into the maisal she returned with a huge saddlebag packed full. '*Un regalito para la gringuita, pobrecita, andando en estas tierras tan fieras!*'—A small present for the lady, poor little thing, traveling about in

these wild countries!' she declared as she tied the bag to my saddle. I gave effusive thanks, a more effusive farewell, sprang into the saddle, and departed. I did not need to look into the saddlebag. Well did I know that I carried back the corn she could not possibly sell!

The point is that this has to be gone through with every time one wants to buy, and every little purchase needs as much time and conversation. No wonder these people are poor. No wonder chacras are not well tilled. The time is passed in conversation. But for us poor gringos, who value each hour of our lives, and who, when we would pay fifteen centavos for each *choclo*—ear of green corn—in Lima, get a hundred here as a present, where is the economy? Where?

THE HOME LIFE OF THE ROMANOV. I

BY S. R. MINZLOV

[About a year ago, in the issue of April 28, 1923, the Living Age published a note upon the memoirs of Alexander II which, among other things, confirmed the rumor that Tsar Nicholas I committed suicide in despair over Russia's military disasters in Crimea. The following reminiscences, showing the pleasanter side of that monarch's domestic life, while not susceptible of documentary proof, purport to be authentic.]

From *Dni*, March 31

(BERLIN CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST RUSSIAN-LANGUAGE DAILY)

HERE in our little Yugoslav town of Novy Sad, among former aristocrats and other fellow-countrymen who have seen better times, I have discovered a few really interesting old ladies and gentlemen who have suffered much, like all our émigrés, but who—unlike most of these unfortunates—have also learned much from their experi-

ence. I often feel, when conversing with one of them, as if I were speaking with an ancient hermit. Last summer we Russian lodgers at a wretched little house would gather evenings in the tiny courtyard and, sitting between the stable and the garbage bin, would chat and drink tea under the starry skies. Our party included former

ladies-in-waiting and dignitaries of the Imperial Court. The particular tale that follows was related by one of these, a Madame Shkinskaia, who spent a lifetime as a tutor in the Tsar's family, and is absolutely trustworthy.

Many years ago all Moscow and the Crimean resorts knew the familiar figure of a tall, gray-haired woman, energetic and erect in spite of her already advanced years, who invariably wore a short skirt and a man's high boots and carried a cane. She was commonly called Masha Fredericks, and, be it said by the way, she could not tolerate Count Fredericks, her namesake and Russia's last Minister of the Imperial Household.

She had been educated at Smolny, the old school of nobles, where she attracted the notice of Emperor Nicholas I at a graduation ball, because she sat by the wall, lonely and unattended. The Tsar promptly led Grand Duke Michael up to her and told him to ask her to dance.

'I don't care to dance with such a homely girl,' the young man muttered.

'Get out of this then, you fool!' said the Emperor sharply, and, removing his sabre, asked the girl for a waltz. At its conclusion he presented her to the Empress, who received her with great kindness.

Before commencement the young girls were naturally all aflutter with their plans for the future. The Tsarina often called at the Institute and it did not escape her observing eye that Masha Fredericks usually sat alone during these lively times, and did not take part in all this dreaming aloud of future happiness. She had no place to go after she left Smolny, — at least, no pleasant place, — for she was a poor orphan.

One day the Empress put her arms around the girl and said: 'I'll make

her dreams for her. Masha will stay with us.'

That night hardly anyone slept in the big dormitory. Everyone talked of Masha, envied her, and rejoiced with her.

A few days before commencement, basket-trunks with 'their own things' began to pile into the senior dormitories. They contained the pretty gowns that the girls would wear when they discarded their school uniforms at graduation. Masha, who had no relatives, did not expect a trunk. However, one came for her, labeled 'M. Fredericks' in the Empress's own handwriting. When it was opened, the girls smelled the Tsarina's favorite perfume; obviously she had packed the trunk herself.

On commencement day there was always a grand dinner at Smolny for the senior girls, after which the graduates went up the grand stairway to the great white ballroom on the second floor; this was the only time in their student life that any Smolny girl had that experience. Among the throngs of parents waiting for their daughters, the Empress stood modestly, waiting for Masha. In those days parents never came for their daughters in their own carriages, because that would be considered tactless toward the girls who had no such luxury. Everyone came in a hired carriage and the doorman announced them in the alphabetical order of the girls' names. The Empress, in accordance with this custom, took Masha away in a hired conveyance. The following day, when custom required each mother of a new graduate to make a formal call on the principal of Smolny, the Empress called with her new favorite.

The young orphan's bed was placed in the same chamber with those of the young Grand Duchesses Olga and Maria, who welcomed her most kindly.

In the dining-room she found her napkin in a ring with her own initials, and under the napkin graduation presents from the Imperial couple. Then Nicholas I raised his glass and offered a toast to her as 'our God-sent daughter.'

Masha Fredericks had no property whatsoever of her own, and aristocratic courtiers sometimes slighted her. But the Empress was always on the lookout for such incidents and speedily showed the offenders their place. She herself possessed a remarkably kindly and even disposition. She always wore a large shawl, and when excited betrayed her emotion with a single gesture: she wrapped the shawl more tightly around her shoulders. Nicholas I had great respect for his wife and perfect harmony reigned in the family.

Every day one of the Tsar's daughters sat next to him at table and shared the special meal served him, — usually the plain barracks fare of *shchi* and *kasha*: that is, sour cabbage soup with cream and buckwheat grits, — for he hated to eat anything alone. The girls took turns at this duty. A few days after Masha's arrival, when the family was ready to sit down for dinner, one of the Grand Duchesses ran ahead to take her seat next to her father, but her sister stopped her and the seat remained empty. Thereupon the Tsar turned to Masha Fredericks and said sternly: 'This is not in order. Don't you know, Masha, that it's your turn to-day?'

Masha hastened to take her seat next to Nicholas I and thus made her entry into the daily routine of the royal family.

A few years later, when Nicholas I was walking in Petrograd on a rainy, misty day, he noticed a small boy leading a still younger girl, who followed him like a shadow. He asked the children what they wanted.

'Take us with you,' said the boy.

'Who are you?'

The boy gave the name of a Polish courtier who had recently been exiled to Siberia and deprived of his title for active participation in the last Polish insurrection. The Tsar frowned and asked: 'Where is your mother?'

'She is dead.'

A few minutes later, while the Empress, her daughters, and Masha were seated in their warm, cosy boudoir, embroidering and talking, they heard the quick steps of the Tsar approaching. The monarch walked in, followed by two strange, wet, shivering children. He said brusquely to his wife: 'There! Do with them what you please' — and, turning sharply on his heel, left the room. He did not speak a word that evening at dinner. But at another dinner, a few days later, the Empress handed him a sheet of paper with the remark: 'I've done it.'

The paper was an order to receive the little Polish girl in the Smolny Institute and the boy in the Pages' School. Nicholas I read it, then raised his eyes and looked steadily at the Empress for a few moments. She bore his gaze firmly. Finally, muttering between his teeth: 'Let it be as you wish,' he signed the paper and kissed his wife's hand.

Thus the little Polish children were placed in the two privileged schools the same day. The Empress never forgot to keep track of them. The girl proved a gloomy, vengeful little soul. The boy died before completing his course. When the girl's graduating-day came, the question arose as to how she was to be named in her diploma, since her parents had been deprived of their title. This was important, since the diplomas were distributed at the commencement exercises and the names would be read aloud in public. The Empress was worried. Finally one day she wrapped her shawl tightly around

her and, taking a liberty that she rarely ventured, entered her husband's study without invitation. A few minutes later she returned with a radiant face. In her hand she held a sheet of paper with the Polish girl's name and the title 'Countess' added in the Emperor's own handwriting. Later the Emperor received her protégée at the Palace and soon arranged for her marriage with a Court official.

A little Swedish countess, Maria Kronhelm, also studied at Smolny about that time. As she was a poor orphan, she was, after her graduation, recommended as a governess to a prominent family. She was a rare red-haired beauty, danced admirably, and was naïvely open-hearted. Soon after arriving at the strange home, her employers gave a grand ball. Young Maria Kronhelm had scraped together her last pennies to contrive an evening gown for the occasion. When the guests began to arrive she sat in the nursery in her flimsy dress, all excitement and expectation, waiting to be invited to join the party. The mistress of the house walked in to have a look at her little girl.

'What does this performance mean?' she asked, with a chilly stare at the evening gown of the young governess.

'I — there — there's going to be a ball —' she stammered in great embarrassment.

'Your place is with little Betsy,' the lady replied cuttingly, and left the room.

The next day the young countess hastened to the principal of Smolny and tearfully related to her the whole occurrence. The latter told the story to the Empress, who sent a carriage for Maria Kronhelm, with instructions that she was to be given a home again at Smolny. A little later, when a list of those invited to a grand reception in the Imperial Palace was presented to

the Tsar for approval, he crossed out the name of the countess who had employed Maria Kronhelm, and wrote on the margin: 'I have no room in my palace for a lady who has no place for a *Smolianka* at her parties.' As a result, many aristocratic homes closed their doors to the snobbish countess and, naturally, she was never invited again to any function where the Imperial couple were to be present.

The august monarch used to play with his boys in his leisure hours — usually very boisterously. One time they were playing horse and it came the turn of Nicholas I to be the horse. He was put 'into the stall,' — that is, in a corner of the room, — and the boys began to scrub him. When the Empress came in, they were pouring water over the Tsar and brushing him vigorously, saying: 'No, that won't do. Stamp! Stamp! You're the horse — you've got to stamp!' The Tsar, all wet, obediently stamped.

Nicholas I liked to tell stories of his childhood. He remembered with dread his tutor, Count Iamsdorff, a brutal, coarse man who knew nothing about education. When little Nicholas behaved badly, he was put in a corner and his brother Michael was told to play with his toys. Nicholas was extremely orderly and liked to build. Michael was destructive, and the punishment consisted in having Nicholas watch Michael destroy the little structures he had made and break his playthings. Nicholas also had a German nurse who at one time had lived in Poland and constantly impressed on her young charge her opinion of that country as 'the worst place in the world, inhabited by the worst possible people.' Thus her prejudice was so indelibly imprinted on the plastic mind of young Nicholas that he never was able to banish it.

The Tsar would often tell his family about his visit to Queen Victoria. He had stayed for seven days at Windsor Castle, and when he left, a bill was presented him, exactly as is done in a hotel.

One evening during Lent, at the time of the Crimean War, the Imperial family returned from church, where they had been to confession, and sat in a group reading the Bible in preparation for communion the following day. The Tsar withdrew early, and a little later the Empress rose and followed him. They remained together a long time, and when the Empress returned she sat down on the arm of Masha's chair and said in a low voice: 'Nicholas feels very depressed. I am afraid —'

This was the first time that Masha had ever heard the Tsarina use her husband's first name in the presence of others. On other occasions she invariably referred to him as His Majesty. All the family knew that the Emperor was not himself that evening. Finally the Tsarina told the children to leave her and to continue their reading in another room. As they went out, Masha looked back and saw the Empress weeping bitterly in her chair.

About the middle of the night the whole family, including Masha, were awakened and summoned to the Tsar's bedside. In the doorway they met Alexander — the future Alexander II. He sobbed and tore his adjutant's insignia from his shoulders, saying: 'It's over — I'll never be his adjutant again.' On that last evening Nicholas I had exacted from his son a promise to liberate the serfs.

Nicholas I lay on a narrow iron camp-bed, deathly pale. He blessed the children. The Empress drew Masha aside and asked her if she would not call in Nelidova, the former mistress of his father, Paul I, who lived in extreme retirement at the other end of the long corridor and never appeared among the family. Nicholas overheard her. 'No,' he said sharply, 'it is not necessary,' and ordered everyone to leave except the Tsarina herself.

When the family were summoned again, Nicholas I was dead. His face was black, and black spots disfigured his hands. But not a soul in the family spoke of what they all knew: that he had taken poison.

As Masha was walking back along the corridor to her apartment after all had left the death chamber, she saw a shadow-like figure slip noiselessly into the room of the dead sovereign. It was Nelidova.

Madame Shkinskaia, whose father was a near relative of Arndt, the personal physician of Nicholas I, told me the latter's account of that sovereign's last hours. Arndt was called, and Nicholas I, without wasting time in preliminaries, demanded a deadly poison. The physician tried to remonstrate.

'I have no right to live any longer as Tsar,' insisted Nicholas. 'Give me something to put me out of the world.' Arndt continued to protest. Finally the Emperor stamped his foot and gave an imperative order. Many times in his later life the poor man cried bitterly at the home of the Shkinskii, regretting his last act of obedience.

IN A LITERARY FACTORY

BY DOUGLAS H. STEWART

From the *Outlook*, May 31

(LONDON MIDDLE-GROUND LIBERAL WEEKLY)

THE other day I had the privilege of being conducted, along with a friend, through the premises of Messrs. Bangham and Barger, Authors. Mr. Barger, who issued the permit, was out of town, and a distinguished member of the staff acted as our cicerone. We were to have called on Mr. Bangham, but as we chanced to learn that he was extremely busy with the spring fiction we did not intrude.

There are two principal classes of writers employed in this interesting establishment: the plottists who design the stories, and the detailists who do the actual writing, or rather typewriting. I am told that a plot should not be longer than can be written on one side of a sheet of foolscap. There were three plottists at work as we entered the plot-room, and these, along with our guide, constitute the complete staff. The plot-room is really nothing but a roomy, well-furnished library. Two of the plottists were engaged in a consultation at a table. The third was sitting with legs crossed in an easy-chair, and with furrowed brow and horn-rimmed spectacles he was reading what looked like a volume of the *Cambridge Modern History*. At a table near him, and apparently working under his orders, was an apprentice of about sixteen. He was making notes out of a ponderous tome entitled *Italy in the Sixteenth Century*; and his countenance wore an expression of boredom, intense and undisguised.

The plottists — as well as the apprentices — seemed not unwilling to

suspend their labors for a while, and to explain the part they played in the organization. They impressed me, indeed, as being extremely witty, genial, and cultivated. They showed us some of their plots, and I noticed that historical plots had marginal references to various authorities. They told us that they had found it necessary to make their stories simple and full of action. The detailists, they said, invariably made a 'hash' of anything subtle or psychological. In answer to my inquiry they informed us that they usually keep a fortnight's supply of plots in reserve in case of a drought of inspiration.

Between the plottists and the detailists there is a class of intermediaries or middlemen technically known as 'arrangers.' The arranging-room is more like an office than a studio. Eight or nine arrangers were busy dictating to typists, or working at desks covered with manuscripts, letters, chits, and memos. The arrangers struck me as being decidedly less literary than the plottists; in fact, they reminded me of people like adjutants, sergeant-majors, and head waiters, who keep those immediately above and below them in a state of continual turmoil and trepidation. As was natural, perhaps, they were rather briefer in their explanations than the plottists. I hope, however, I do not give the impression that they were uncivil.

The duties of the arrangers seem to be very miscellaneous. They refer back unsuitable plots to the plot-room

with comments, expand the suitable ones and assign them to various detailists to be made into novels, dramas, and scenarios, keep discipline in the detail-room, go over the finished work of the detailists, prepare material for publishers' jackets, get up briefs for the principals and otherwise assist them in dealing with editors, publishers, and producers, see that odds and ends are properly utilized as snappy articles, and correspond with the press in answer to reviewers.

The detail-room is large and well lighted, but somewhat bare. There were fifty or sixty detailists and others at work, and they impressed me as being, on the average, young, happy-go-lucky, and fairly energetic. There was a good deal of conversation; and it seemed to me that the effect of this was to level up, perhaps also to level down. One young man, leaning back in his chair, exclaimed, 'How 's this?' and began to read from his manuscript: "No," she said icily, freezing him — ' The rest of the sentence was lost amid a chorus of derisive comments and some pantomimic shivering on the part of the young men and women about him.

Another youth was standing reading his neighbor's manuscript, and I heard him remark: 'Why all the full stops? Won't one do the job?'

The division of employments in this firm was still further illustrated by chance remarks. A detailist of about twenty-three years came back to his desk after a brief interview with the Arranger-in-Chief and, flinging down his manuscript, exclaimed: 'This is without doubt the worst-managed office I've ever been in. Where *are* all the local-colorists?'

'One 's at St. Ives, one 's at St. Andrews, one 's at Cannes, and one 's at Manchester,' replied his neighbor without looking up from his typewriter.

'I wonder what would happen if I

applied to old Bang for an appointment?'

'The Manchester one 's coming back by the evening train.'

Other experts are spellers, grammarians, and punctuators who correct the work of the detailists before it is sent back to the arrangers, and, in rooms of their own, an antiquarian and an authority on the woman's point of view.

The consultant on women's questions we did not visit; but we spent a very pleasant hour in the study of Mr. Tyndall, the antiquarian. I may say in passing that we caught a glimpse of Mr. Bangham at his work. He is a big, vigorous man and was speaking with considerable energy over a telephone, I suppose to an editor or publisher. My friend said afterward that he would have made a distinguished member of the 1918 Parliament.

Mr. Tyndall's study is a charming little room, full of old books, prints, and curios, and with a casement window looking over a park. As we entered he did not look up for a moment, no doubt thinking that we were detailists; and I could not help observing that he was writing with great facility and neatness in an old-fashioned-looking script in which each letter was separate. He is a tall, distinguished-looking man, clean-shaven, and with thick white hair. His expression is at once alert and benign; and seldom have I met anyone whose conversation is more sparkling and interesting.

Mr. Tyndall supervises the technical detail in historical novels, and at the same time he is writing a standard work on mediæval costumes. While it would be too much to say that he altogether approves of modern developments in the writer's art, he seems to have no complaint in respect of his own personal occupation. It is 'sociable, but not too sociable'; and he is only too

pleased to leave matters of business in the capable hands of Mr. Bangham or Mr. Barger.

After we had been talking for a little time a detailist called in to inquire whether it was 'hauberk' or 'halb-ert,' and which was which, anyway. Mr. Tyndall by means of some illustrations in an old book was able to convince him that the knight in question had been stricken through the hauberk, not through the halb-ert. Later on a plottist

dropped in, and shortly afterward tea arrived.

In the flow of conversation which followed the entry of a second plottist, a question I had meant to ask quite slipped my memory until after we had taken our departure; and I am still left wondering whether the *Treatise on Angevin Armor and Costume* will appear as Mr. Tyndall's own work, or under the authorship of Messrs. Bangham and Barger.

A BALLOON CHASE

From *Neus Zürcher Zeitung*, June 4
(SWISS LIBERAL REPUBLICAN DAILY)

A BALLOON chase taxes the ingenuity of an aeronaut. He must not only control his balloon, but he must also elude the pursuit balloons and automobiles that are on his trail.

At 11.36 A.M., after carefully taking our observations of wind and weather and seeing that everything was in order, we tripped anchor, so to speak, and were off, followed by the Godspeeds and 'Chautauqua salutes' of a cluster of well-wishers, who stood staring up at us as we swept out of sight beyond the roof of the gas works.

As we gazed back at them, they looked like a little group of ants. Our great yellow globe, with its red waist-band, circled rapidly for a moment, and then sailed solemnly and majestically after the little pilot-balloon that we had released shortly before our ascent, toward Zurich, while we gazed over the basket's edge drinking in the beauty of the brocaded landscape below.

What a mere thread of a stream the Limmat is, seen from balloon perspec-

tive. How tiny the villages look, sprinkled on the green cloth beneath us. Their houses seem like toys tumbled out of a boy's basket. The Uetliberg need no longer pride itself on its height, and the lake has dwindled to a horn-shaped pond with white specks here and there, where sailboats cut its surface. An express train with a brownish-red dining-car is speeding away toward Bern like an infinitesimal snake, making a tremendous noise in proportion to its size.

Before we are over the city we cast a rapid glance around the basket to assure ourselves again that nothing has been forgotten. Glasses clink in the side pockets, a couple of bottles certainly contain something besides oil or gasoline, a tiny ice-box is there, and bread and cold meat a plenty promise that we shall suffer no physical privations in the lonely upper altitudes. We arrange our twenty-five sandbags, inspect the instruments, fasten the seats securely, make ourselves comfortable,

and set about a systematic survey of the landscape.

One of us identifies this point, another that point, as we glide along, gazing down at the gardens of the good Zurich burghers and the roofs of their houses, and tracing streets and suburban highways until they lose themselves in the distant mountains. There is nothing to disturb us — no rattle of machinery, no steam, no 'smoke, no odor. Now and then the sound of a whistle, a barking dog, a rumbling train, or the whoop of a boy who has suddenly discovered our great ball floating through the upper atmosphere, rises to our ears. Just as we are over the centre of the city, we make a quick descent until we can distinguish the red tunics and blue umbrellas of a procession of Turners marching down a white paved boulevard. We see flags over the roofs, racing crews practising on the lake, automobiles speeding hither and thither, men standing and gazing up at us with their feet wide apart, their shadows falling behind them like the pattern of a pedestal. When we are just over the Salvation Army tent, we are less than five hundred feet above the ground, and as we course down Dufour Street toward Küssnacht observers might imagine we were about to land.

We look behind us toward the Hohentwiel, Regensberg, and the Lägern, and discover that the hunt is on. Five balloons are behind us, all higher than we are, but moving in our direction. We simultaneously discover that the pack of automobiles has started and is speeding toward the city to catch us. Noon bells ring; the shadow of our balloon draws closer; church vanes twinkle; men stand and wave to us.

For a moment it looks as if we were destined to cross the lake toward Sihlwald, but suddenly our good 'Uto' seems to reconsider, rotates solemnly twice upon his axis, and as we descend a

little pauses just above the border of the lake. We can discern every shallow and the wake of each passing vessel. Rising a little, we are able to make out the Greifen See, and white-covered umbrellas in a distant lakeside resort. We can now distinguish the name of one of the pursuing balloons, and discover a blue automobile, number seven, driving like mad directly below, while its baffled occupants stare up at us. We named this car the 'Blue Devil,' because it kept persistently at our heels to the very end, now on this side of the lake, now on that, now on paved boulevards, now bumping over ordinary farm paths, and invariably waiting at every crossroads where there was a good view of our course and position.

One of the pursuing balloons has disappeared, but the 'Zurich' is hard on our heels and the brown 'Bern' is poised threateningly above us like an avenging angel. Now our thrills begin. Automobiles appear from every direction. But we are not ready to surrender yet. We descend still lower, and at Küssnacht let our dragrope out until it touches the ground, as if we were about to land. Alert countrymen run after us, attempting to seize it and eager to witness our descent. Automobiles race toward us, imagining that they already have us cornered, the Blue Devil in the van. I can see its occupants already radiant with the flush of victory. But patience, my good fellows, not too previous! We haul in the dragrope, ascend, catch a new air current, and sweep over Itschnach, where the guests at dinner hurry out to gaze up at us with wonder.

We have again reached an altitude of a thousand metres. Beyond us lie Zuger See and Vierwaldstätter See. The smallest chalet on the Pfannenstiel seems within reach of our hands. Again the balloon treats us to a merry-go-round ride. We are tempted for a moment to play a scurvy trick on our

pursuers. Supposing we were to descend at Ufenau. The people in automobiles would have to leave their machines to catch us at that point, and there would be no room for another balloon to land. But we think better of it — in fact, the trip is too interesting to end the game prematurely. Four balloons are at our heels, and twenty-five automobiles are beneath us. But why should we worry in our aerial security?

Friend Emil uncorks a bottle, I open some tins, our leader, Walo, dives into mysterious pockets, and presto! we are sitting before a well-served table. The sun is blistering hot. Luncheon over, we again lean over the edge of our basket and discuss the beauties of the landscape. We feel like Sunday excursionists who have stolen the world for a plaything. We recklessly throw our sausage skins overboard, hoping a dog in the lower, mundane sphere may find them, and then an illustrated newspaper supplement, amusing ourselves with the fancy that some young lad may chase it as it floats down through the air like a message from heaven. Our ice is gradually melting, but we reckon of an arid future, and rejoice in the favoring wind current that carries us over the lake past Uetikon.

Good luck, you automobiles that have charged, honking, after us! Now cross the Rapperswil dike and reach the left shore before us if you can!

Away they chase, as if they instinctively detected our plan, while we float merrily across the lake, leaving two of the pursuing balloons drifting toward Pfannenstiel, as if to outflank us. The 'Bern' is higher than we are; the 'Zurich' is skimming across the surface of the lake far below.

That is the situation at 1.45 P.M. Slowly — so deliberately that we seem to be scarcely moving — we reach Wädenswil on the other shore. At this

point the balloon pauses in deep meditation. Where shall he go? Toward Rapperswil, Zuger See, Albis? Our yellow master spins around, pauses again, and then invites us to take a look at the world from six thousand feet higher up. The 'Zurich' and the 'Bern' drift up the lake and disappear in a cloud. The yellow 'Léman' is poised over the right shore. The other two pursuing balloons have vanished long since. But look out, the Blue Devil and a couple of agile automobile companies are already at hand. They must have good gasoline to be here so soon. They are waiting for us patiently below.

We bestow several bags of sand as a gift upon Wädenswil. It gives one a gloriously irresponsible feeling thus to throw sand in the eyes of his brother and sister humans incognito. We are seeking still higher altitudes in order to catch a favorable wind current to carry us to the right bank and give the automobiles a chase for their gasoline. Our commander, Walo, knows perfectly the air drift in these high regions. Before long we have caught the breeze we seek, sail serenely over Horgen, wave a greeting to the Bocken manor house, and clink glasses again to good comradeship and a successful landing. The air is below the freezing-point, as the steam from our breath shows, but the sun burns mercilessly and paints a new coat of red upon our noble brows.

We next swerve homeward, toward Schlieren, as if we were in a dirigible. We do not quite reach the right bank of the lake, however, but drift along well over the water until a little after 3 P.M., when for a second time we are directly over Zurich. What is there worth looking at in a sporting way down there? First a butchers' procession just crossing the Quay Bridge like a column of tin soldiers on a nursery floor. We can distinguish the flags, hear

the bands, and make out the red tunics and glittering decorations of the marchers. Second there is a driving-contest at the barracks grounds, where two-horse teams are crossing the broad square between dense rows of spectators. Third we see a bicycle race on the Oerlikon Race Course. Two contestants are speeding around the track behind a motor-car as pace-maker, and the music reaches our ears six thousand feet above. Yes, we have a fine seat for all these events, and they cost us nothing. Moreover, we can survey them in majestic composure from our lofty outlook, drifting silently with the light wind in Olympian indifference to the turmoil and heat and dust that are so discomfoting to the packed masses of spectators down below.

For a time the pursuing balloons have been completely out of sight. Soon, however, the sharp eyes of one of my companions make out two of them far away on our right in the direction of Winterthur. The 'Bern' and the 'Léman' are following far in our wake, and for just a moment we catch a dim glimpse also of the 'Zurich.'

It is 3.30 and we must think of landing, for the rules require us to do so by 4 P.M. The sun has disappeared behind a cloud. We dive into a bank of white mist, and for a few moments are wrapped in cosmic solitude. Gradually we sink until the thin ribbon of the Glatt becomes dimly visible far below us. Have we shaken off our pursuers? We need no longer fear the falcons of the air, but the eager huntsmen beneath are still on our trail. We can see them hastening toward Kloten from every direction. As our gas bag cools we sink more rapidly. The ellipse of the Oerlikon Race Course now lies far behind us. A little factory directly beneath tells us we are drifting toward the forest near Rümlang. We must

pass that even at the risk of being captured.

Our chances of escape are not good. Too many pursuers are close on our heels. But that does not worry us, for we have the best prize victory could give: four glorious hours aloft such as life seldom grants. Down, down, down! We empty our sandbags to check the descent, as if we were broadcasting the seeds of some strange aerial crop across the meadows below. We drift rapidly toward the forest, which seems to spring forward to meet us. Almost in a moment we are above the treetops. Our dragline clutches at the branches and jumps from tree to tree as if seized with a petulant passion for boxing the ears of every forest monarch that we pass. With a scratching sound our basket grazes the topmost twigs, but the yellow sphere above pursues its course unchecked, and the flag of Switzerland still floats proudly in the breeze. Branches whip our faces and force us to crowd together for protection.

Men appear as if by magic from every side. Automobiles charge toward us recklessly over almost impassable field roads. We hear voices, whoops, shouts. Men are taking photographs; we can hear the click of a moving-picture apparatus even as we are dragged through a thick mass of branches. Just at the edge of the grove we discover our confident pursuers already grasping eagerly at the prize of victory. But even now we do not lose hope. There is just a possibility that the dragrope will free itself from its entanglements and let us escape. But that is not to be. Sturdy hands seize it, hold it fast, and guide us toward a little clearing, where we are pulled to earth with jubilant cheers. We land just at the edge of a field, as well satisfied with our exploit as the victors themselves, after four and a half hours' chase.

THE LANDING

BY LIAM O'FLAHERTY

FROM *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*, May 24
(LONDON POPULAR WEEKLY)

Two old women were sitting on the rocks that lay in a great uneven wall along the seashore beyond the village of Rundangan. They were knitting. Their red petticoats formed the only patch of color among the gray crags about them and behind them. In front of them stretched the sea, blue and calm. It sparkled far out, where the sun was shining on it. The sky was blue and empty, and the winds were silent. The only noise came from the sea, near the shore. It was just low tide. The water babbled and flopped along the seaweed on the low rocks that lay far out, black strips of serrated rocks with red seaweed growing on them. It was a spring evening and the air was warm and fresh, as if it had just been sprinkled with eau de Cologne. The old women were talking in low voices as they knitted woollen stockings.

'Ah yes,' said one of them, called Big Bridget Conlon, an old woman of seventy, of great size and strength, with big square jaws like a man, high cheekbones, red complexion, and wistful blue eyes that always seemed to be in mourning about something. She made a wedge of a corner of the little black-cotton shawl that was tied around her neck and cleaned out her right ear with it. 'I don't know,' she said, 'why it is, but I always get a pain in that ear when there's bad weather coming. There it is now, just as if there was a little stream running along inside in it. My grandmother — God have mercy on her soul — used to have the same thing happen to her.'

'Yes,' said the other old woman with a lazy and insincere sigh, 'there is no going against tokens when they are sent that way.' The other woman, Mary Mullen, was only sixty-five, and her reddish hair had not yet turned very gray. She had shifty gray eyes and she was very thin about the body. She was greatly feared in the village of Rundangan because of her slandering tongue and her habit of listening at people's doors at night to eavesdrop.

'Heh, heh,' said Big Bridget, looking out mournfully at the sea, 'sure we only live by the grace of God, sure enough, with the sea always ready to devour us. And yet only for it we would starve. Many a thing is a queer thing sure enough.' She stuck the end of a knitting-needle against her teeth and leaned her head against it. With brooding eyes she looked out at the sea that way, as if trying to explain something.

The two old women lapsed into silence again and knitted away. The tide turned and it began to flow. From where the women sat the land stretched away out on either side into the sea. To the east of them it stretched out in high cliffs, and to the west it ran almost level with the sea for about a mile, a bare stretch of naked, gray rock, strewn with boulders. Farther west it rose gradually into high cliffs. Now a light breeze crept along the crags in fitful gusts, here and there, irregularly. The women did not notice it.

Then suddenly a sharp gust of wind came up from the sea and blew the old women's petticoats in the air like bal-

loons. It fluttered about viciously for a few moments and then disappeared again. The old women sniffed anxiously and rolled up their knitting by a common impulse before they spoke a word. They looked at one another.

'What did I say to you, Mary?' said Big Bridget in an awed whisper, in which, however, there was a weird melancholy note of intense pleasure. She covered her mouth with the palm of her right hand and made a motion as if she were throwing her teeth at the other woman. It was a customary gesture with her. 'That pain in my right ear is always right,' she continued; 'it's a storm, sure enough.'

'God between us and all harm,' said Mary Mullen, 'and that man of mine is out fishing with my son Patrick and Stephen Halloran. Good Mother of Mercy,' she whimpered uneasily as she got to her feet, 'they are the only people out fishing from the whole village and a storm is coming. Am n't I the unfortunate woman! Drowned, drowned they will be.' Suddenly she worked herself into a wild frenzy of fear and lamentation, and she spread her hands out toward the sea. Standing on the summit of the line of boulders with her hands stretched out and wisps of her gray hair flying about her face, while the rising and whistling wind blew her red petticoat backward so that her lean thighs were sharply outlined, she began to curse the sea and bemoan her fate.

'Oh, God forgive you, woman of no sense,' cried Big Bridget, struggling to her feet with difficulty on account of the rheumatic pains she had in her right hip, 'what is it you are saying? Don't tempt the sea with your words. Don't talk of drowning.' There was a sudden ferocity in her words that was strangely akin to the rapid charges of the wind that was coming up from the sea about them, cold, contemptuous,

and biting, like bullets flying across a battlefield fired by unknown men against others whom they have never seen, the fierce and destructive movement of maddened nature, blind and rejoicing in madness.

Mary Mullen, with her hands outstretched, paid no heed to Big Bridget, but she shrieked at the top of her voice: 'Drowned, drowned they will be!' She also seemed to be possessed with a frenzy in which sorrow and joy lost their values and had intermingled in some emotion that transcended themselves. The sea began to swell and break its back with rivulets of foam.

People came running down to the beach from the village as the storm grew in intensity. They gathered together on the wall of boulders around the two old women. There was a cluster of red petticoats and heads hooded in little black shawls, while the men strutted about talking anxiously and looking out to sea toward the west. The sea was getting rougher with every wave that broke along the rocky beach. It began to growl and toss about and make noises as if monstrous teeth were being ground. It became alive and spoke with a multitude of different yells that inspired the listeners with horror and hypnotized them into feeling mad with the sea. Their faces set in a deep frown and their eyes had a distant fiery look in them. They shouted angrily when they spoke to one another. Each contradicted the other. They swore with wild gestures.

Stephen Halloran's wife squatted down on a boulder beside Mary Mullen, and these two women whose men were out fishing and in danger from the storm became the centre of interest. They arrogated to themselves a vast importance from the fact that their men were in danger of death from the sea. Their faces were lengthened with an expression of sorrow, but there was a

fierce pride in their sharp eyes, like the wives of ancient warriors who watched on the ramparts of stone forts while their men fought in front.

Stephen Halloran's wife, a pale-faced, weak-featured woman with weak eyes that were devoid of lashes and were red around the rims, kept rolling her little head from side to side as she searched the sea to the west, looking out from under her eyebrows and from under the little black shawl that covered her head.

'Drowned, drowned they will be!' shrieked Mary Mullen. She had gone on her two knees on a boulder, and she had put on a man's frieze waistcoat. She looked like a diver in it. It was buttoned up around her neck and three sizes too big for her.

The crashing of the waves against the cliffs to the west was drowning the wind. The wind came steadily, like the rushing of an immense cataract heard from a long distance. But the noises of the sea were continually changing. They rose and fell with the stupendous modulations of an orchestra played by giants. Each sound boomed or hissed or crashed with a horrid distinctness. It stood apart from the other sounds that followed and preceded it, as menacing and overwhelming as the visions that crowd on a disordered mind, each standing apart from the others in crazy independence.

Then the curragh hove into sight from the west, with the three men bending on their oars. A cliff jutted out into the sea, forming a breakwater where its sharp wedge-shaped face ended. Around that cliff the curragh appeared, a tiny black dot on the blue and white sea. For a moment the people saw it, and they murmured in a loud, awed whisper: 'There they are.' Then the curragh disappeared. It seemed to those on the beach that a monstrous wave surmounted it callously and that

it had been engulfed and lost forever, swallowed into the belly of the ocean. The women shrieked and threw their hands across their breasts, calling out to heaven: 'O Blessed Virgin, succor us!' But the men simply said to one another: 'That's the "Wave of the Reaping Hook" that came down on them.' Still the men had their mouths open and they held their breath, and their bodies leaned forward from the hips watching to see the boat appear again. It did appear. There was an excited murmur: 'Hah! God with them!'

From the promontory which the curragh had just passed there was a calm strip of water lying across the cove, and the people could see the boat coming along all the time without losing sight of it. They recognized the men rowing. They said: 'That's Stephen Halloran in the stern. He's too weak on a day like this for the stern. So he is.' They began to move cautiously down to the brink of the sea where the curragh would have to effect a landing. As the moment drew near when the curragh would have to brave the landing and the sharp rocks upon which the curragh and the three men might be dashed to pieces, the men on the beach grew more excited and some shivered.

The place where the boat would have to land was in the middle of the little cove. It was a jagged rock with a smooth place at the brink of its left-hand corner, where a slab had been torn out of it by thunder a few years before. In calm weather the sea came level with the rock at half tide, and it was easy to land there. But now the waves were coming over it like hills that had been overturned and had been rolled along a level plain speedily. The men on the beach stood at the edge of the rock and of the line of boulders, fifty yards away from the edge of the sea. Yet the waves came to their feet when the sea swelled up. They shook

their heads and looked at one another.

Peter Mullen's brother, a lanky man with a lame leg, made a megaphone of his hands and shouted to the men in the boat: 'Keep away as long as you can! You can't get through this sea!' But he could not be heard ten yards.

The curragh approached until it was within two hundred yards of the landing-place. The faces of the rowers were distorted and wild. Their bodies were taut with fear, and they moved jerkily with their oars, their legs stiff against the sides of the boat, their teeth bared. Two hundred yards away they turned their boat suddenly sideways. They began to row away from the landing-place. Silence fell on those on the beach. The men looked intently at the boat. The women rose to their feet and clasped one another. For half a minute there was silence that way while the boat manoeuvred for position.

Then simultaneously a cry arose from the men on the beach and from the men in the boat. With a singing sound of oars grating against the polished wet wood of the gunwale, the boat swung round to the landing. The singing sound of the oars, and the ferocious snapping of the men's breath as they pulled, could be heard over the roar of the sea, it came so suddenly. The boat faced the rocks. In three moments it would reach them.

Then the women standing on the boulders became mad with excitement. They did not shrink in fear from looking at the snaky black canvas-coated boat, with three men in her, that was cutting the blue and white water, dashing in on the rocks. They screamed, and there was a wild, mad joy in their screams. Big Bridget's eyes were no longer mournful — they were fiery like a man's. All the women, except Mary Mullen and Stephen Halloran's wife, looked greedily at the curragh; but they tore their hair and screamed with

voices of terror. Mary Mullen fell on her face on a boulder, and resting her chin on her hands, she kept biting her little fingers and saying in a whisper: 'Oh, noble son of my womb.' Stephen Halloran's wife rolled herself in her shawl, low down between two boulders, and she went into hysterics.

The men in the rapidly advancing boat yelled, a mad joyous yell, as if the rapidity of their movement, the roaring of the sea, the hypnotic power of the green and white water about them and the wind overhead screaming, had driven out fear. In the moment of delirium when their boat bore down on death they no longer feared death.

The crew, the men on the beach, the women on the boulders, were all mingled together for a mad moment in a common contempt of death and of danger. For a moment their cries surmounted the sound of the wind and sea. It was the defiance of humanity hurled in the face of merciless nature. And then again there was a pause. The noise of voices died.

On the back of a wave the boat came riding in, the oars stretched out, their points tipping the water. Then the oars dipped. There was a creak, a splash, a rushing sound, a panting of frightened breaths. A hurried babble of excited voices rose from the men on the beach. They waited in two lines with clasped hands. The foremost of them were up to their waists in water. The boat rushed in between the two lines. They seized the boat. The wave passed over their heads, there was a wild shriek, and then confusion. The boat and the foremost men were covered by the wave. Then the wave receded. The boat and the crew and the men holding the boat were left on the rock, clinging to the rock and to one another like a dragged dog clings to the earth. Then they rushed up the rock with the boat.

A PAGE OF VERSE

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

I MUSE by the midnight coals to the tick of a clock:
On pageants I ponder; I ask myself, 'What did it mean —
That ante-noon tide ceremonial scene?'

I have sat in the Stadium, one face in a stabilized flock,
While the busbies and bayonets wheeled and took root on the green.
At the golden drum-majors I gazed; of the stands I took stock,
Till a roar rolled around the arena, from block after block,
Keeping pace with the carriage containing the King and the Queen.

Ebullitions of Empire exulted. I listened and stared.
Patriotic parading with pygmy preciseness went by.
The bands bashed out bandmaster music; the trumpeters blared.
The Press was collecting its clichés. The cloud-covered sky
Struck a note of neutrality, extraterrestrial and shy.

The megaphone-microphone-magnified voice of the King
Spoke hollow and careful from vacant remoteness of air.
I heard. There was no doubt at all that the Sovereign was there;
He was there to be grave and august and to say the right thing;
To utter the aims of Dominions. He came to declare
An inaugurate Wembley. He did. Then a prelate, with prayer
To the God of Commercial Resources and Arts that are bland,
Was broadcasted likewise, his crosier of office in hand.
'For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,' he said.

But when Elgar conducts the massed choirs something inward aspires;
For the words that they sing are by Blake; they are simple and grand,
And their rapture makes everything dim when the music has fled
And the guns boom salutes and the flags are unfurled overhead. . . .
And the princes in pomp, the dense crowds — do they all understand?
Do they ask that their minds may be fierce for the lordship of light,
Till in freedom and faith they have builded Jerusalem bright
For Empires and Ages remote from their war-memored land?

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

INTIMATE VIEWS OF ANATOLE FRANCE

M. BROUSSON'S memories of his work with Anatole France, whose secretary he has been for a long time, are about to appear in print, and fragments of the work have already been published by the new magazine, *Demain*, and are quoted in the Russian *Dni*, of Berlin.

'I work like Renan,' Anatole France once said to his secretary. 'Renan used to put down a thought on a scrap of paper just as it came to his mind and send it to the printer. The latter returned him the proof, which he changed entirely and sent back. This was repeated no less than four times, and after the fourth time "it looked like Renan." Now I do the same thing — only five, six, or even seven times. My most precious tools are paste and scissors — not the pen. Are you surprised? Did you perhaps think that I am dictated to by angels from above and that I can produce a page or a whole chapter at one stroke? No, "inspiration" is something I have felt very rarely, and "intoxication by work" never. It's hard for me to write. When somebody asks me: "*Cher maître*, will you write a hundred or a hundred and fifty lines for us?" I immediately ask: "I beg your pardon — just how many lines do you want? One hundred or one hundred and fifty? Two very different things!" I always write like a boy that has been made to write for punishment.'

In some ancient chronicle Anatole France saw the sentence: 'Madame de Terould was wealthy and enjoyed a good name.' He immediately wrote it down and sent it to the printer. But no sooner did he get the proof sheet than he disliked the quotation. 'It's

flat and tasteless as a bad pancake. . . . Let me serve you Madame de Terould under a different sauce.'

And he changed the proof thus: 'Madame de Terould was wealthy and therefore enjoyed a good name.'

'*Cher maître*, it's defamation,' the secretary told him. 'We have no proof that Madame de Terould enjoyed a good name because she was wealthy!'

'I would swear to it. In the Middle Ages money meant everything, just as it does now. And then, what do you care about defending Madame de Terould, whose bones have become dust long ago? Believe me, it makes no difference to her — and my sentence is much better for the trick.'

However, such liberties are only taken with personages who have become a myth. In all other cases no one could pursue historic truth more persistently than Anatole France. In his book on Jeanne d'Arc there was a beautiful phrase about the apples that grew in Jeanne's orchard. When he read this passage in the proof, Anatole France sighed regretfully, took his scissors, and cut out the phrase about the apples.

'I cannot leave it,' he explained to his secretary. 'At this very moment some old maniac in Rheims or in Nancy may be writing a monograph about the history of the Lorraine flora. As soon as my book appears, he will cry from the housetops that there could not have been a single apple-tree in the orchard of Jeanne d'Arc, but that there were only pears, cherries, and apricots; and he will support his claim by ten thousand documents! He will be able to cover my head with

shame for time everlasting. Do you think I 'm joking? I have already had a similar experience.

'In my story of Pilate, describing the Gulf of Naples, I said: "Far off in the distance, Vesuvius was smoking . . ." As soon as the story appeared in print, all specialists in seismological history were thrown into a perfect rage. "Sir! Vesuvius never dreamed of smoking at the time of Pontius Pilate. It did not begin smoking until the year 55 A.D. You have never read Pliny the Elder, sir! You have never read Pliny the Younger, sir! You are an ignoramus, sir!" I felt utterly downcast. I was obliged to change the sentence without changing the make-up. I sat down and thought and thought, and finally changed it to "Vesuvius was laughing." Everyone was very well satisfied!'

Anatole France invariably checks up his own ideas of historic events and individuals by talking with different, mostly with plain, people. A girl selling papers, with whom he regularly chatted, for a long time felt quite certain that this talkative old man wanted either to ask her hand in marriage or else to make a less honorable offer. He is very fond of asking the opinion of his chambermaid, Josephine, on all kinds of subjects. Once he spent all night reading Tacitus, and when in the morning Josephine entered his room he told her:—

'Josephine, I could not close my eyes all night long. I was reading Tacitus. He tells such horrors about Tiberius that I felt disgusted at being myself a human.— Give me my chocolate, if you please.— Josephine, if they should tell you that the President of the French Republic commits atrocities every night in the Bois de Boulogne, what would you say?'

'I 'd say, sir, that it may be true. But also I 'd say that it may all be thought up by the reporters. You are

a journalist yourself, sir, so you ought to know that one can expect anything from those people.'

This remark was a revelation to Anatole France. The atrocities of Tiberius on the Isle of Capri thought up by reporters! Tacitus as a Léon Daudet of that distant epoch! One of his most brilliant pages is devoted to this hypothesis.



SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE PROOFREADERS

THE auction sales of rare books and manuscripts, which go on at such London establishments as Sotheby's or Hodgson's almost daily, are a veritable fount of information as to the habits and sometimes the frailties of the great figures in English literature. Something is eternally turning up. One day it may be a Keats love letter, the next a Shelley autograph, or perhaps a fresh fact about Byron.

Messrs. Hodgson have recently been lucky enough to get hold of the proof sheets of two of the Waverley Novels, *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman*, bearing profuse corrections and alterations in Scott's own hand. Though Scott was not quite so bad as Tolstoi, who shamelessly admitted practically rewriting novels after the printers had them already in type, he must have been a terror to his publishers. He corrects and alters in these proofs wherever the fancy strikes him, and often writes in whole passages. The proofs themselves contain many suggestions from his printer, James Ballantyne, written on the margins.

They are supplemented by nine letters which are to be sold with them. Scott's habit of making free with his proofs does not always indicate a literary conscience unduly sensitive in stylistic matters, however, for against one of Ballantyne's suggestions he notes:

'As it must be decided, I have e'en tossed up half a crown and the luck is yours.'

At the same sale a series of Wilde manuscripts is offered, including a rough pencil draft of a play, *The Woman Covered with Jewels*. This has never been printed and exists in no other version, for the completed copy was lost. There are also first drafts of *A Woman of No Importance* and *An Ideal Husband*, as well as the almost complete original of the *Duchess of Padua*.

A more romantic interest attaches to a thick manuscript volume in Russia gilt and a bulky parcel of marriage certificates which were sold at Sotheby's a little earlier. These constitute a complete record of the runaway marriages performed at Gretna Green by John Linton from 1825 to 1854. Almost all of the marriages are of English couples who took refuge from the complicated marriage requirements of English law under the far milder dispensation of Scotland. The relics, which were sold to a private collector for two hundred and eighty pounds, extend almost to the time when runaway weddings in Scotland were stopped by act of Parliament.

IMMORTALS UP-TO-DATE

THE immortals of the French Academy, though conservative in their dictionary, can move with the times as well as anyone else. For the first time a microphone has been installed beneath the Cupola, and the speech of M. Louis Barthou at the reception of M. Henri Robert, the famous Parisian barrister, into the Academy, and the new member's own address, were broadcast throughout France and beyond the Baltic and Mediterranean.

Following the usual custom, M. Barthou lauded the accomplishments of the new immortal, and M. Robert delivered a eulogy of his predecessor,

the late statesman, Alexandre Ribot. For the first time speeches delivered in the French Academy were audible in Scandinavia, Russia, Turkey, Morocco, and Great Britain simultaneously. The incident suggests the linguistic difficulties which radio is already beginning to involve.

MAKING THE DIVINER'S ROD RESPECTABLE

EVERYONE knows the old belief that water or precious ore can be detected beneath the surface of the earth by the diviner's rod — a forked twig held in the hands of any person endowed with the gift of divination. Experts of the South Kensington Museum have been experimenting for some weeks with a new scientific instrument which is designed to accomplish precisely the same result. This is the Eötvös Torsion Balance, which is devised to indicate the direction in which a vein of ore extends. No complete report of the test has yet been made, but it has been shown that the instrument can be used in mountainous country as well as on flat areas, which were at first supposed to be its only possible field.

The torsion balance, originally devised on the Continent, but now being manufactured also in Great Britain, is operated wholly by gravitation. It consists of a beam suspended by a wire, a trifle over a thousandth of an inch in diameter. Two gold weights are attached at either end of the beam, one fast to the beam itself, the other swinging from a fine wire two feet long. The presence or absence underground of any material having more or less density than ordinary soil affects the balance of the beam. This effect is, as might be expected, very slight, but is rendered perceptible by a magnifying mirror.

The balance is said to be useful in

detecting deposits of salt and oil, as well as ore, and it may become useful to archæologists, since it is also affected by hollow spaces beneath the surface. If Mr. Carter had had one in the Valley of the Kings, he need only have carried it above Tutankhamen's tomb to learn that a large hollow space lay beneath.



25,000 PICTURES A SECOND

MOVING-PICTURES can be made at the rate of 25,000 a second by means of a new apparatus advertised by M. Lucien Bull, subdirector of the Institut Marey in Paris. The highest speed used in ordinary moving-pictures is 300 a second, which is perfectly satisfactory for most work and which employs an apparatus that stops the film moment by moment as it is exposed.

Three hundred exposures a second, however, is scarcely satisfactory for many forms of scientific work, especially for studies of insect flight, as many insects vibrate their wings so rapidly that they cannot be followed by the eye and the rate of vibration has to be calculated by the pitch of the note produced. To obtain his higher speeds M. Bull has abandoned the system of stopping his film and employs instead special illumination with an electric spark. This has twin advantages. It is fifteen to twenty times as brilliant as sunlight, hence making a far more rapid exposure possible. In the second place it lasts only about $\frac{1}{100,000}$ of a second and is so brief that the motion of the film is imperceptible. The relation of light to darkness which the new apparatus secures is about the same as we should have if the sun shone on the earth for one day which was followed by a night of two hundred and fifty years.

Among the interesting films which have been made at the Institut Marey is one showing the bombardment of a soap bubble with a paper pellet, in which the pellet is seen entering the bubble, which automatically closes the hole behind it, passing through the centre of the bubble, and smashing it on emergence. Another shows a bullet passing through a glass bulb and emerging apparently larger than when it entered because of the powdered glass with which it is coated. It is an extraordinary fact, for which no one is able to account, that when a bullet strikes a piece of wood the fragments achieve a velocity greater than that of the bullet itself. Even the artillery officers who saw the film were at a loss for an explanation.



EXCOMMUNICATING THE CATERPILLARS

THE versatile British journalist who conducts the column known as 'Miscellany' in the *Manchester Guardian* has been delving in entomologico-ecclesiastical antiquity with the following results:—

No one nowadays seems to think of fighting the caterpillars which are ravaging the Kent and Surrey orchards by means of the law, secular or ecclesiastical, as was the recognized procedure centuries ago. In 1120 the Bishop of Laon pronounced a solemn sentence of excommunication against caterpillars and grasshoppers in his diocese, and as late as 1516 an admonition was issued by another bishop declaring, 'We grant the request of the inhabitants of Villenoce, and warn the caterpillars to retire within six days, in default of which we declare them accursed and excommunicated.' With a commendable sense of justice an advocate was sometimes appointed to plead the cause of the insects against that of the farmers before judgment was delivered.

BOOKS ABROAD

The Collapse of Central Europe, by Karl Friedrich Nowak. London: Kegan Paul, 1924. 15s.

[G. R. Stirling Taylor in the *Outlook*]

THIS book would be well worth reading if it were only as a piece of literature which is twenty times as exciting as the mechanical romances turned out by the 'best seller' class. But we have also the authority of Lord Haldane, who tells us in a preface that Mr. Nowak has 'great command of material' and much historical knowledge. The statement is necessary, for the author makes many sensational announcements without a hint as to the source of his information; with the exception of a few secret documents of State which he reprints at the end of the book, again with no indication of how they reached him. One is not throwing doubt on the accuracy of all this information; for it rings true. Nevertheless, what the Emperor of Austria said to his Premier over the telephone, with the German Foreign Secretary waiting in the next room, does require a word of explanation. Again, what Ludendorff said when he flew into a passion with his Emperor; or what Mr. Lloyd George said when Prince Sixtus brought him a letter from the Austrian Emperor, asking for peace; all such great moments of diplomacy cannot be safely dismissed in the way in which film heroes do amazing deeds.

But we can easily accept the authority of Lord Haldane that Mr. Nowak is a credible witness, for it is confirmed by the clarity of the writer's remarkable story. There is a tone of the higher journalism in its occasional sentimentality, but then writers who carry the name of Karl Friedrich are compelled by birth to carry also a slightly excessive weight of that form of original sin. A race that offered itself for four years to the bullet and sword just because a gang of generals and muddle-headed government officials said that this was true patriotism, is clearly sentimental to its last heartstring.

However, it may be unfair to accuse Mr. Nowak of such excesses, for there can be very little left of the reputations of General Ludendorff and his set after Mr. Nowak has described their careers. . . .

If many more books of this kind appear the ruling official classes will disappear in ribald laughter. Out of all this unutterable folly and confusion one can only recall two people in the whole narrative whom one would have cared to invite to dinner — General Hoffmann, of Brest-Litovsk fame, and the Emperor Charles of Austria. They strike the reader as having been gentlemen and sane human beings.

The Voice on the Mountain, by Marie, Queen of Rumania. London: Duckworth, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THIS is a novel which seems to have been inspired more by books, and even Wagnerian opera, than by life. It is a kind of allegory, illustrating the power of love. Glava, the maid of the mountains, heals the sick through the strength of the passion she has aroused in Gorromo, the crippled knight, and when she meets another knight and loves him, and Gorromo dies, her miraculous gift is withdrawn. Such is the fable, but there are other characters in it — a wandering monk, an old woman named Volona, who is apparently of Irish extraction, since she talks an idiom that seems to be dimly related to Kiltartan. The book very likely will be described as mystical, and there is a constant striving after poetic effect; but it is all infinitely remote from reality — both the reality of dream life and the reality of waking life.

Luck of the Year, by E. V. Lucas. London: Methuen, 1924. 6s.

[T. Michael Pope in the *London Mercury*]

MR. E. V. LUCAS is one of our leading exponents of what Shaftesbury called 'the ingenious way of miscellaneous writing.' He combines to a quite extraordinary degree the ingenuity of the journalist with the dignity of the man of letters. His essays afford a perpetual refutation of the often-repeated statement that there are no new subjects. To what other writer would it have occurred to begin an essay with the sentence, 'Who was William Allen Richardson?' He is always on the alert for new themes — and he is always finding them immediately beneath his nose. A book retrieved from a twopenny box in the Charing Cross Road will furnish him with material for an essay of ten pages. It is easy, perhaps, to discover books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones, but to find sermons in scents and essays in marmalade, in walking-sticks, or in the telephone directory — that I conceive to be a more difficult matter. And it is precisely here that Mr. Lucas's value comes in. For though moral improvement would be the last object at which he would aim by investing the common objects of life with a new and unexpected interest, he has to that extent succeeded in making us better men. In the last resort, the unpardonable sin is to allow one's self to be bored — as I think Mr. G. K. Chesterton has somewhere or other remarked — and boredom is im-

possible in Mr. Lucas's genial and expansive company.

His latest volume, *Luck of the Year*, reveals him at his best; or, if that be too much to say, it is a worthy sequel to its many delightful predecessors. Certainly it betrays no evidence of the failing hand. Here you will encounter a satire that never degenerates into spite, and a humor that never broadens into buffoonery. The temptation to quote is almost irresistible, but, for all that, must perforce be resisted. I will content myself with merely quoting the titles of two essays, both of which are in the author's most characteristic manner — 'Our First Authors' and 'A Formidable Woman.' If you fail to appreciate the mingled humor and whimsicality of these, then you are no true Lucas-lover. And that, I think, is a confession that should not lightly be made by any man.

Ghosts in Daylight, by Oliver Onions. London: Chapman and Hall, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[Observer]

SLIGHT, imaginative, often poetic, these sketches are a little thin, regarded as a book; but they are all well above popular magazine level, as indeed one expects from Mr. Oliver Onions. Pending another such novel as *Peace in Our Time*, they will keep his name before the public without adding enormously to its prestige. The last tale, which has a veritable ghost in it, — the others are mostly ghosts by a stretch of metaphor and courtesy, — has actually hit upon a new thrill, tremendously enhancing its horror. All the stories have the distinguished Onions touch; but the impression made by them is shadowy, as the title recognizes. Close the book, and you are conscious of little but a vague impression, except in the case of 'The Woman in the Way,' which has a new idea in it. Mr. Oliver Onions is of all novelists one who should take his time and not be persuaded to rush into print with anything short of his always remarkable best.

Sunlight and Health, by C. W. Saleeby, M.D. London: Nisbet and Co., 1924.

['Sinapis' in the *Empire Review*]

SOME little time ago I called attention to a book by one of the pioneers of the cult of sunshine as a remedial agent, Dr. Rollier, of Leysin in Switzerland. The book was called *Heliotherapy*,

a title which accurately enough suggested the rather technical contents of a work addressed primarily to the medical profession, and was therefore above the heads of the ordinary reading public. This gap has now been filled by the publication of a book on the same subject, addressed to the laity by Dr. Saleeby, who is not only a master of lucid exposition, but an enthusiast on the subject of which he treats.

Dr. Saleeby was responsible for the translation of Dr. Rollier's book, from which he has very properly extracted such of the matter as was suitable to his present purpose. But he has done a great deal more than that. He has approached the whole subject from a thoroughly scientific standpoint, and has applied it, not only to human, but also to animal needs in such a manner as will surely interest and convince those who are wise enough to read and study his work. Dr. Saleeby has for many years been prominent among those who are laboring to abate the 'nuisance dangerous to health' which is presented by the smoke-laden canopy which overhangs our great cities, and he does not fail to emphasize the obstructive effect of these canopies in depriving the denizens of the cities of the beneficent, disease-preventing, and health-assuring influence of the sun's rays. The book is a thoroughly good one; it should be studied by every thinking person in these islands.



BOOKS MENTIONED

KAUFMANN, CARL MARIA. *Amerika und Urchristentum*. Munich: Delphin-Verlag, 1924.



NEW TRANSLATIONS

BARTHÉLÉMY, JOSEPH. *The Government of France*. Translated from the French by J. Bayard Morris. London: Allen and Unwin, 1924.

BOULE, MARCELLIN. *Fossil Men: Elements of Human Palaeontology*. London: Oliver and Boyd, 1924. 36s.

FREUNDLICH, ERWIN. *The Foundations of Einstein's Theory of Gravitation*. Translated from the German by Henry L. Brose. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924.

LARRETA, ENRIQUE. *The Glory of Don Ramiro*. London: Dent, 1924. 7s. 6d.

NIETZSCHE, FRIEDRICH. *The Works of Friedrich Nietzsche*. Translated by Dr. Oscar Levy. New York: Knopf. Date to be announced.



THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ALSACE-LORRAINE

THE recovered provinces of France occupied the front of the stage at Paris for a brief period during the debate upon the programme of the Herriot Cabinet. The Premier, consistently with the platform of his supporters, announced the intention of the Government to withdraw the French Ambassador from the Vatican. It will be recalled that this Embassy had been reëstablished by the preceding Government, after several years' abeyance during the anti-Clerical régime. On the other hand the Alsace and Lorraine Catholics had recognized relations with the Vatican under the German Government, and their representatives protested against the interruption of these relations by the new Paris Ministry. This protest, in which twenty-one of the twenty-four Deputies from the two provinces joined, was thus presented by their spokesman, M. Robert Shuman: 'We are grievously surprised at the Ministry's declaration in so far as it proposes to apply to the recovered provinces the religious and school legislation of France in its

entirety.' One of the excited Deputies called this a betrayal—'*C'est une trahison!*'

Premier Herriot, with the enthusiastic support of the Left, insisted on his position: that no concordat or contract between the French Government and the Vatican existed, and that therefore no special status under a concordat could be given the Catholics of Alsace-Lorraine. Of course the Protestant population of these provinces was not involved in any case.

This incident — which, so far as surface indications show, was of only passing moment — adds to the interest of a description of conditions in Alsace-Lorraine in a late issue of *Vossische Zeitung* by a recent German visitor, Otto Grautoff, a well-known art writer who resided in Paris for many years before the war. He found Strassburg entirely French — 'French signs, French posters, French names on the tramcars. Peasants and old people talk Alsatian. Young people talk a mixture of both languages. The better classes speak French.' He introduced himself as a German, expecting to receive a sympathetic re-

sponse from some of Germany's former subjects. In this he was disappointed. 'I felt as if I were in a vacuum. I strolled through the cheerful, crowded streets with a choking feeling in my throat. I never before felt so alone, so far from home, in my life.' His conclusion is, 'We have irretrievably lost the Alsations.'

There is not a German theatre, a German bookstore, or a German newspaper of importance in Strassburg. I saw no modern German books. Yet the Alsations did not complain. There is no German protest party; there are only a few discontented individuals. To be sure, several political factions exist, none of them important, and most of them endorsing Poincaré. After 1870 the intellectual and economic élite of Alsace migrated to France. The smallest town in the Republic kept alive the memory of the lost provinces by naming streets and squares and even private villas after Alsace, Lorraine, Strassburg, and Metz. But after 1918 no Alsatian élite migrated to Germany, and no German town felt the loss of the provinces deeply enough thus to commemorate their names. Worse still, the vigorous young people of Alsace-Lorraine flocked — bear in mind my word, flocked — to the French cadet schools, and already some of France's best officers are natives of these provinces.

Alsatian teachers, most of whom were educated in German gymnasia, readily responded to the call of the French Government and went to Paris or to provincial towns to learn the language of the country. They have quickly and willingly become French. In fact, the assimilation has gone on faster than the French expected. That was the universal testimony. It is only necessary to talk with the people on the streets and in the shops to learn this. An old Alsatian said to me: 'We are thankful to the Germans for the excellent administrative system they gave us, but we have no political sympathy with Germany. We feel as we do not because of Germany's political blunders, but because we have an instinctive aversion to German rule.

That is shown by the common remark among our people: "Whatever Germany did for Alsace was done for the glory of Germany, and not for the welfare of Alsace. But France merely had to give us the tricolor to make us enthusiastic Frenchmen."

To this he adds the following significant qualification:—

The only people who still resist are the Catholic clergy. I entered the Cathedral. The voices of a German children's choir rang through the multicolored obscurity of the ancient edifice. Never have deep organ notes and human voices moved me so deeply as in this last oasis of German culture in Alsace.

The new Amnesty Bill, which provides for the complete pardon of persons condemned for political offenses since 1914, is another moot issue in the new Cabinet's domestic policy. Naturally M. Caillaux immediately comes to mind. His supereminent ability as a financier and politician is unquestioned — although a certain nimbus that has gathered about him during his eclipse may have exaggerated somewhat his reputation. If he returns to public life, it may not be altogether to the advantage of the Party to which he nominally belongs, for the Radicals have found new leaders, and might be embarrassed by the sudden appearance of their old champion in their midst. Furthermore, during his occultation Caillaux is said to have drifted farther to the Left. At least the Socialists are quite as enthusiastic advocates of his immediate pardon as are his own party associates. His reappearance in public life will make him and his friends, regardless of party, the centre of attack by a still powerful Chauvinist clique; but rather inconsistently, perhaps, for even Poincaré's Cabinet pardoned Marty, the leader of the French naval mutineers at the time of the Bolshevik Revolution,

whose act, if not so subtly dangerous to the State as Caillaux's, — assuming the worst interpretation of the latter's motives to be true, — was frankly confessed and openly defended.

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ANOTHER REPORT ON GERMANY

THE last of the reports issued periodically by the British Department of Overseas Trade upon 'Economic and Financial Conditions in Germany' discusses three outstanding questions: the currency, the occupied territories, and the expiration on January 10, 1925, of Germany's temporary obligation under the Peace Treaty to grant all signatories of that treaty one-sided, most-favored-nation treatment.

Speaking of the new Rentenmark, the authors of the Report say that it has produced a quite extraordinary change in the economic and financial condition of the country. From the tourists' point of view 'it has the disadvantage of artificially increasing prices. . . . Only sixteen to eighteen Rentenmarks are obtainable for a pound sterling, although the purchasing power of the Rentenmark is less than that of a British shilling.' These authorities consider the foundation of the new monetary unit unsatisfactory, because it is based on 'a practically unrealizable security' — the land. In case its guarantors were asked to pay up their mortgages in order to redeem the bonds against which this currency is issued, they simply could not do so. Consequently the stability of the Rentenmark depends largely on sentiment.

Turning to the occupied territories, Mr. Kavanagh, one of the authors of the Report, observes: 'It would be little exaggeration to say that the industrial units comprised within the Rhineland and the Ruhr Basin represent a proportion of the national

wealth-creating organism which might be found to exceed that in the remainder of Germany.' Describing this region more in detail the Report says: —

The occupied territory produces in the main raw materials or those semi-manufactures which form the raw material of other industries: coal, iron, steel, rolled goods, chemicals, and a certain amount of artificial silk. . . . Of Germany's coal reserves 90 per cent are in the occupied territory, 85 per cent of her coal production, 90 per cent of her coke, 77 per cent of her pig iron, 82 per cent of her raw steel, and 80 per cent of her rolled goods. The figures relating to the movement of foods in Germany also show the close interrelation between the two areas. In 1920, the last year for which statistics are available, nearly 70 per cent of the goods sent out of occupied territory went to unoccupied Germany, while over 75 per cent of the goods received by occupied territory came from unoccupied territory.

The occupied territories — which, with the Saar and the Ruhr, comprise 34,600 square kilometres and a population of 11,700,000, representing nearly a fifth of the total and a quarter of the industrial population of Germany — were a very important and reliable market for many products of the unoccupied portion of Germany. They bought large quantities of cotton tissues, woollen goods, hosiery, ready-made clothing, electrotechnical and leather goods, cellulose, rubber, and building material; 70 per cent of the production of the German tobacco industry went into occupied territory.

With the expiration of the provision of the Peace Treaty assuring the signatory Powers most-favored-nation treatment in Germany, regardless of the treatment they accord her commerce, Berlin will recover 'one of the most important advantages in negotiating commercial treaties.' Therefore —

It is to be expected that Germany will employ the interval in preparing a new and more active commercial policy which will

find expression in a new series of commercial treaties next year. The chief object aimed at will be the stimulation of exports. It is suggested in the press and elsewhere that in addition to most-favored-nation treatment Germany should ask for guaranties that she will be allowed to export certain definite minimum quantities to any particular country. Germany holds an advantageous position with regard to transit traffic, owing to the large area which she occupies in Central Europe, and she may take advantage of this fact in order to secure passport facilities for her nationals and freight advantages for her goods.

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AIR DEFENSE

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER C. DENNIS BURNEY, whose imperial airship scheme has just been adopted by the British Government, contributes articles upon air defense and the aerial commerce of the future to the June 21 issues of both the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. He is an ardent champion of vessels of the Shenandoah and super-Shenandoah type, such as our own navy is now acquiring, and of close coöperation between the Admiralty and the Air Ministry.

So far as can be seen at present, it will be several decades before aeroplanes have that great radius of action necessary for operation over the great ocean routes, so we may say that the tendency must be for the defense of the British Isles to become more and more aerial, but for the defense of the outer Empire to remain almost completely naval. The acceptance of this doctrine carries with it the necessity for a reorientation of our naval bases and dockyards. We require more dockyards abroad and in the Dominions, and fewer at home. But this reorganization is not likely to take place so long as the Admiralty and the Air Ministry remain in competition instead of coöperating.

In his *Saturday Review* article Commander Burney emphasizes the importance of both types of aircraft:—

There are some who contend that aeroplanes are to be preferred to airships, but in reality the two kinds of aircraft have their distinctive uses. They are not antagonistic but complementary. The airship is primarily suited for long-distance flights, such as no aeroplane could traverse because of

(a) The need for more frequent refueling of aeroplanes;

(b) The difficulties and dangers of night flying in aeroplanes;

(c) The fact that continued flight day after day in an aeroplane involves an immense strain upon both passengers and pilot. On the contrary, airship travel is ideally comfortable, and is comparable only to first-class railway traveling from which noise and vibration have been virtually eliminated; flights can continue by night as well as by day; and refueling is necessary only at intervals of about 3000 miles. When once airship travel is made available to the public, it cannot fail to be popular with long-distance travelers.

But travelers require safety as well as comfort, and in the public mind airships have become associated with disasters such as overtook the R-38 and the Dixmude. In this connection it is well to recall that these accidents have been confined to vessels built for war purposes, in which solidity had been sacrificed to lightness of structure, with the result that an insufficient margin of strength had been left to meet unusual stresses. On the other hand, regular passenger services have been run over long periods in Germany without the least mishap. The type of airship that is to be built for the commercial services of the future will be twice as large as any yet constructed, and of much more robust construction. Danger of fire will be minimized by the use of heavy oil instead of petrol as fuel, and by surrounding the hydrogen gasbags with a layer of inert gas. It must also be borne in mind that much progress has been made, and many technical problems resolved, through recent research and experiment, and that the new airship will mark a very great advance on anything that has yet been attempted.

While the airship is not primarily a fighting instrument, it has a clearly

defined field of service in future naval strategy, respecting which the author has a word to say that is not without interest for America:—

The focus of naval power has moved to the Pacific Ocean and, owing to the manner in which land and water are distributed over the surface of the earth, the area to be patrolled in the Pacific is three times that which had formerly to be patrolled in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The cost of constructing and maintaining sufficient seagoing vessels to cope adequately with this extra work would be likely to impose on this country a greater economic burden than it could bear, but if the development of airships were suitably and promptly undertaken they could perform at an immensely reduced cost the reconnaissance duties that are necessary to control great ocean spaces.



LABOR UNIONS IN PALESTINE

DURING the last session of the International Trades-Union Congress at Amsterdam, a representative of the Dutch Labor Daily, *Het Volk*, interviewed the three delegates from Palestine— one of whom represented the Rural Workers Union, and the two others the Public Works Employees— regarding labor conditions in their country. About half of the twenty thousand wage-earners in Palestine are organized. The unions accept Communists and 'Orthodox Jews' without distinction. Indeed, they welcome Arabs when they will join, and they do count some Arab railway employees among their members. The outstanding feature of the Labor movement in Palestine is the large part that coöperative undertakings play in the life of the workers. For instance, there is a building-trades coöperative with 2500 members and an agricultural coöperative with 2000 members. These productive coöperatives buy and sell through a central distributive coöpera-

tive society, *Hamashbir*, which purchases raw materials and disposes of finished goods. In addition to the trades-unions and their associated co-operatives there is a Socialist Party in Palestine.

To the question: 'What is your attitude toward immigration?' the delegates replied: 'The Jews who migrate to Palestine are generally people who have no special trade or at least no experience in agriculture, which is the mainstay of the country. We do all we can to assist the authorities in finding employment for these people, so that each newcomer who is willing to work may have something suitable to do, and not become a burden to the community.'



MINOR NOTES

Tehvid, a Turkish paper representing the commercial interests of Constantinople, has published a pessimistic article upon the city's trade decline. Greek and Armenian merchants find the restrictions imposed upon them by the new Turkish Government so onerous that they are migrating in numbers to Saloniki and Piræus, where they are setting up new establishments and taking business away from Constantinople. Manufacturing is following in their wake. For example, the number of looms for weaving Turkish carpets in Greece in 1920 was only 200. Three years later the number had grown to 2500 looms, producing 10,000 square metres of carpet annually. The trade in Persian carpets, which formerly passed through Constantinople, has been diverted to Greek ports, since the Greeks are the principal middlemen in this trade. Even more important as determining the future routes of commerce is the emigration of the coaling business from Constantinople to other ports.

THE recent Canterbury Diocesan Conference at Westminster discussed among other things the minimum wage in the Church. An Ecclesiastical Commission in Great Britain has provided a fund to supplement the revenues of the poorer clergy up to a certain point. To quote from the press report of the Conference:—

Under that scheme, if a benefice has a population of 300 or more, the income will not be less than £300 per annum; if the population is 1000 or more, the minimum income will be £350; and if the population is 4000 or more, the income will not be less than £400 a year. Five sixths of the work has already been accomplished; 2293 benefices have thus been augmented, the grants for this amounting to £105,000 per annum. About 350 cases still remain to be dealt with, and the whole scheme will, it is hoped, as regards existing benefices in public patronage, be completed in less than three months.

OUR land of liberty — often characterized by the Radical Europe of to-day as the most conservative country in the world — will probably hear much of Conservative and Progressive pro-

grammes during the coming campaign. The following 'Eight Points of Freedom,' agreed upon by the Executive of the National League of Young Liberals — who occupy middle ground between the Conservatives and the Labor Party — at a recent meeting in the House of Commons, may suggest a base line by which to determine our position relatively to that of Great Britain in the procession of progress: (1) Freedom of all nations based upon the League of Nations; (2) Freedom of trade, external and internal; (3) Freedom from burdensome taxation by the adoption of direct taxation; (4) Freedom of the community to draw upon communal value by the taxation and rating of land values; (5) Freedom from injurious monopolies; (6) Freedom for the worker aided by a National Industrial Council, and a National Insurance scheme to cover accidents, old age, and the cases of widows and children; (7) Freedom of the individual to secure better housing, health, and education; (8) Freedom of the electorate to be won by proportional representation.

THE MATTEOTTI CASE



PILATE—MUSSOLINI. 'I wash my hands in innocence.' — *Het Volk*, Amsterdam

LIFE'S MULTIPLYING PERPLEXITIES



North China Herald

AN APPEAL TO AMERICA

BY ALFONS PAQUET

[Several articles by this distinguished German author and traveler have previously appeared in the Living Age.]

FROM *Der Neue Merkur*, April
(BERLIN LITERARY MONTHLY)

EVERY country that does not meddle in the affairs of other countries is a land of peace. America is such a land of peace. She has had a long experience of peace, thanks to her geographical situation, and to the wonderful unity of her people despite their varied ancestry. She is great, wealthy, and impregnable. In the extremely improbable case of foreign attack, her mountains, waterways, and coasts would defend her better than powerful armies. In sum, she is the most favored country on the globe, and almost outside the sphere of earthly turmoil.

Nevertheless, America does depend on the rest of the world. Every disturbance of the peace, wherever it occurs, threatens not only the life and property of American citizens residing abroad, but also in some degree her own prosperity, which rests directly upon her relations, both economic and cultural, with other countries. The United States has a real interest in permanent world-peace. In the same way that her domestic policies are designed to keep order at home, so can her foreign policies be designed to keep order abroad.

Three ways of promoting peace suggest themselves. These are to buy peace, to teach peace, and to live peace.

Some will object: 'No one can buy peace. If a man attacks me on the street, I cannot defend myself with a ten-dollar bill; I must use my fists. If

I want to spend money to defend myself, I pay it to a boxing instructor.' That argument is sound so far as the usual practice of statesmen goes. To be sure, some statesmen have chosen wiser methods — for instance, Pericles and William Penn. Pericles bought peace for Athens with the gold he lavished in his own country and in foreign states. With the war treasure collected by the Greek cities he built the wonderful temple on the Acropolis, and paid his friend Phidias to carve for it out of gold and ivory a marvelous statue of Pallas Athene. He beautified Athens so that she was famous for centuries, and even her conquerors spared her.

When the Athenians wished to make war they found their war chest empty. Pericles taught them to gain their political ends by better methods than an appeal to arms. He subsidized the peace parties in Sparta and in Persia when their rulers wished to attack Athens. Some historians have denounced this as reprehensible. They have called it bribery. But Pericles gained his object. He secured for Athens a long period of peace, even though he was compelled to start a few wars, or to threaten hostilities at times, to make his enemies negotiate.

William Penn bought peace in a very different way. He built no Parthenon, erected no immortal monuments, bribed nobody. He founded a State and yet refrained from enriching

himself excessively at the cost of others, although he had abundant opportunity and power to do so. He lived like a modest citizen among his colonists, and the Indians trusted him because he faithfully kept his word to them. For many years the Colony of Pennsylvania was true to its policy of peace. William Penn even drafted a plan for a European parliament of nations, a precursor of the present League of Nations.

But what can the United States do to-day to buy peace? Many people imagine that Uncle Sam might induce bellicose European Governments to keep the peace by remitting the debts they owe him. Undoubtedly those countries would welcome such a favor, and it might abate somewhat their warlike spirit. But no one can say how long their good behavior would last, and other Governments would immediately ask for similar treatment; so that Uncle Sam would be kept busy loaning money that was never to be repaid. It is unwise to set bad precedents in such matters. We must not undermine the fundamental principle of business intercourse, that governments, like individuals, must pay their debts.

Another suggestion is to subsidize pacifist organizations in all parts of the world, to help them enlarge their activities; and also to encourage with government backing financial projects interested in the maintenance of peace. But while such a scheme is open to fewer objections than the one previously suggested, it presents many difficulties. Capital is neither pacifist nor militant; it seeks simply to multiply itself, whether by peaceful commerce or by munitions contracts and war loans. The boards of directors of certain trusts and banks may prefer peace to war, but the preservation of peace is too important a matter to be

left to either the intelligence or the caprice of financiers. Furthermore, money is not a panacea for any malady, certainly not for the malady of war.

It is true that the American people have made a large use of money since the Armistice. They have sent liberal gifts to destitute peoples, and have thereby prevented much disorder, demoralization, and brooding upon desperate remedies. Perhaps this has meant more for the world than the average man realizes, and these gifts might be regarded as 'expenses for peace-maintenance.' It is conceivable that national budgets may in time include a sum to be devoted to immediate relief when great disasters occur in foreign countries, with the idea that such charity strengthens international friendship and weakens war psychosis. But such a device is merely a palliative — it would never reach the root of the disease.

We can teach only the things we know well. One of the greatest obstacles to teaching peace effectively is the peace diletantism that to-day floods the world with its oratory and aphorisms. A host of eager, well-meaning pacifists injure their cause whenever they fall into argument with military advocates who know their subject thoroughly. There is a highly elaborated philosophy of war. Its prophets are Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, and Moltke. Some even appeal to Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest, although the deeper lesson of his hypothesis is the brotherhood of all animate nature. We have many war colleges and able textbooks on military science. Every army is not only a great body of armed men, but also a school where thousands of soldiers are taught the art of war. But there are no peace schools to teach what forms of peace are good and permanent and what are not, or to inculcate an en-

lightened understanding of the laws of peace and a practical knowledge of the measures by which controversies may be solved without resort to war. Yet great teachers have arisen who have preached a gospel of peace. The greatest of them have laid down their lives for it. Their names are household words; why do we not listen to them?

We must study critically the historians who profess to interpret the records of the past, to see if they have truly appraised the relative importance of the events they describe, and have given due weight to achievements of peace as compared with exploits of arms. Many a brilliant historian is a war-worshiper, and asks us to admire deeds we should condemn indignantly if done in ordinary transactions between man and man. We are wont to draw a distinction between just wars and predatory wars, fought in an atmosphere of lies, broken treaties, and appeals to the baser passions. Men make much of this distinction, but we have not learned similarly to distinguish between different kinds of peace. One kind is founded upon force and oppression, and is only latent war. So long as this kind of peace prevails, we shall justly honor the soldier who lays down his life to abolish it. But what disillusionment awaits him on this path! If we study the words of the great teachers of mankind, we learn what just peace is, and that it is attained by other means than violence. Why, then, do we so rarely find a statesman courageous enough to follow a policy for which his nation will eternally thank him, a policy of conciliation, meekness, and nonresistance? We must confess that many a friend of peace and lover of his fellow man will betray his faith before he will incur the taunt of lukewarm patriotism.

This is no theme for daydreams. Of course, we can have an orderly house if

we put a policeman with a club before the door. It is harder but far more important to convince men that war and peace represent two entirely different worlds. We can easily crisscross the earth's surface with strategic frontiers. That is part of modern geography, but not its final word. If national boundaries and the location of cities had been determined solely by hostile strategy, disregarding the influences that bring peoples together in mutual confidence, we should indeed be living in a world where might alone is right. Our conventional teachers of history, international law, and geography have never hitherto classified their facts so as to give a clear and consistent picture of this problem.

All our thinkers and artists, all our schools and universities throughout the world, ought to be the pioneers of a great peace empire, in which it is possible to discuss with mutual comprehension subjects that become distorted and confused in the turbid atmosphere of the street. We must begin with the spiritual and intellectual aspects of peace. They lead directly toward the goal, which is nothing less than to establish the Kingdom of God on earth. Instead of that, however, our schools and scholars now choose a perilous detour to that goal through the narrow confines of selfish nationalism.

In the present universal confusion bitter criticism is leveled at such seemingly distinct phases of modern civilization as its laws, its economic institutions, and even its mechanical and scientific progress, because these are accused of encouraging intellectual attitudes and habits of thought that communicate and fortify the war spirit. But many artists, scholars, and thinkers do see the fallacies that invite this criticism. They should be encouraged. They are swimming against the tide. Their voices are seldom heard,

for only rarely there rises among them a man like Bernard Shaw, who can catch the ear of a vast audience.

Moreover, the science of peace must be based upon something broader than an individual doctrine or one man's hobby. It must be developed by institutions whose serious researches lend authority to the conclusions of their staffs. Consider what might be accomplished for teaching peace by a group of savants supported by a great pacifist nation like the United States. Has there ever been a better clinic for studying the disease of war than Europe affords to-day? This science can be taught. Its data have already been accumulated in the records of hundreds of institutions; it is a living truth in the hearts and minds of thousands of men and women who either individually or in association have long combated the doctrines and the psychology of war. The demand for this new teaching is particularly strong in the younger generation of every country, for the conviction is dawning upon our youth that the doctrine of war spells death.

Some Periclean academy should disassociate war and politics from their intimate and age-long alliance, to demonstrate that war is not the natural condition of man, and to carry these truths convincingly to the scholars and teachers of every land.

To live peace demands neither books nor dogmas. Jesus had neither an academy nor an endowment. He pronounced no judgment on the past or upon the wars either of his own nation or of the Romans, who oppressed his people with what was called the Roman peace — *pax Romana*. He lived peace. The Greeks, the Hindus, and the Chinese have also produced great teachers who lived peace. Naturally it is all-important that those who would teach peace to-day should study the men and

women who have lived peace in troublous and perilous times. It is well worth inquiring why we revere such men as the greatest teachers of humanity, although most of them failed in their mission. Many wise and proud men have lived war. Some of them have led their people to great achievements, for they knew how to arouse intense appetites and passions that carried them directly to their goal; but just beyond that goal has lurked disaster. Nor do men who sought peace through the statesman's craft, like Comenius and William Penn, occupy the most exalted niches in the hall of fame. The great peace-apostles who have made that doctrine an inspiration were little more than laymen in either philosophy or statesmanship. But they were inspired masters of a science that taught them to recognize the true nature and power of peace, and to pursue a course of conduct that in the end proved stronger than brute force.

Yes, it is possible for both individuals and nations to live under a peace polity. Every country and race contains groups that live under such a polity, but usually in obedience to a religious creed of limited acceptance. Certain monastic orders and certain sects like the Quakers, Dunkers, and Mennonites, at once come to mind. They embrace practical men, who know the ways of the world, accommodate themselves to existing institutions, and are useful members of the community. But these sects are not numerous enough to afford a solution for the tremendous problem that faces us.

Even a country with a great army may live a life of peace. An army that never fights, to be sure, eventually becomes an onerous burden that taxpayers are loath to support. It is better to put aside our weapons than to clutch them until our hands are numb. A country with colonies also can live

peace, provided it does not preoccupy itself with their defense.

Can a single nation live peace, however, so long as another nation exists that does not accept that doctrine, but constantly brandishes a shining sword? Let us ask nations that have lived defenseless among armed neighbors, like the people of the Rhineland in the old days, when their city leagues were the cradle and nursery of Europe's earliest democracy — from which the Swiss Republic and independent Holland sprang. Switzerland was able to withdraw from the Holy Roman Empire because nature gave her a fastness in the Alps. The people of Holland defended their independence against the Spaniards with the help of their dikes and the sea. Some nations have learned to live peace, in a long career of untroubled independence, because of a favorable geographical situation. But there are other nations whose love of peace comes from their longing to possess it, whose unhappy geographical situation constantly exposes them to the arbitrary intimidation of belligerent neighbors. These two kinds of nations are very different in many respects, but both cherish in common this pacifist sentiment. Wherever two great, restless Powers rub against each other, some third nation suffers from their enmity, and would have them friendly at any cost. This phenomenon is so typically European that Americans may have difficulty in understanding it.

But the longing for a future United States of the World has struck deep root in the bosoms of millions of men in our old continent. America should turn her eyes toward these millions, who live in constant fear that any day their homes may become a battlefield. They have learned their lesson in the hard school of experience. Their love of peace is as great as the

crushing threat of war that overwhelms them. Every nation that lives in the midst of international danger, yet knows the value of international friendship, can make practical and wise contributions to a peace polity; for its thought is stimulated by its own peril, and it has a sympathetic understanding for all other nations that share its condition.

Furthermore, it is well to remember that honor and justice seldom rule in the intercourse between weak and powerful neighbors. Justice will never prevail between nations until there is an authority to which all may appeal on terms of complete equality.

What elements of the people are best prepared to understand and to cooperate in a peace policy proclaimed by a Great Power? The inhabitants of large cities, especially of busy marts of trade and seaports, are naturally the most devoted to peace. They are already part of a United States. Such places are melting pots of nations. If our great metropolises had more influence upon international policy we should have fewer wars. Natives and strangers intermingle on their streets. But our so-called national States are different. Each considers itself a chosen people. Yet if we study the history of any one of them we come upon many curious, arbitrary, and accidental episodes in their genealogy. Rare indeed is the nation that is an organic unit by descent. For this reason such States are never finished, never at peace within themselves. America should lend her aid to defend every border country in the world against the oppression of its neighbors, and thus make it a focus for the spread of internationalism.

Unless astonishing changes occur, no one will expect a nation to change its entire character overnight, and no one will expect America suddenly to lay

aside her new shining armor — America with her modern warships, her high-spirited troops, her constantly manœuvring squadrons on both the great seas. . . . But so far she is not a land of war like the nations of Europe with their age-old quarrels. She is still plastic and can guide her course toward

the goal of all nations who set their hopes on peace. She will naturally do so unless her legislation is desiginedly directed toward military ends. As a nation of peace she still has the choice between perpetuating her present ambiguous position or choosing a course that definitely steers away from war.

GIACOMO MATTEOTTI

BY ODA OLBERG

[This article by Arbeiter Zeitung's Rome correspondent was apparently written under the grip of the emotion produced by the tragedy it describes. The assassination of the parliamentary leader of the Italian Socialists may not produce the immediate effect predicted by the writer, but its ultimate consequences may be quite as grave as he imagines.]

From Arbeiter Zeitung, June 21
(VIENNA CONSERVATIVE SOCIALIST DAILY)

MATTEOTTI was author of the phrase: 'We must have courage to be cowards.' When the Fascisti began to assault the defenseless farm-laborers of Italy with bludgeons and revolvers, he gave the order of the day not to resist force with force. He counseled against useless sacrifice; he refused to lead to slaughter heroes whose noblest deeds would remain unrecorded. The proletariat was disarmed. It seemed to him unworthy of Socialism to incite its scattered converts in country hamlets to a resistance whose humble victims would suffer and die in a merely decorative rôle.

Indeed a deep sense of responsibility was Matteotti's outstanding trait. His insight into actuality was so keen that phrase-making and posing shriveled to their true nothingness before his searching gaze. He was not a man of big words, and he did not know that he was a man of great deeds. It seemed as

natural and sensible to him to check impetuous, hot-headed, rash acts of vengeance as it was to face death coolly when death would best serve the cause.

The same stern sense of duty that made him tireless and painstaking in his routine tasks as party secretary and parliamentary deputy drove him to the most exposed point on the battle-line when the call to heroic action reached his ears.

Matteotti was neither callous to honors nor carried away by them. His strength of character and his capacity to win the confidence and loyalty of men sprang from his genuineness and clear vision. A person who saw the boyish smile that used to play like a sunbeam across his austere countenance might imagine him quite unconscious of the fate that was unescapably in store for him. But Matteotti knew it. He told me only a few weeks before

he was murdered that some victim must lay down his life for the cause. He said it with a tone and an expression that thrilled me with instant premonition of a tragedy to come; but I did not express my fear. Remonstrances would have been vain with one so modestly dedicated to what he conceived to be his duty. Matteotti knew that the Fascisti had the power and the purpose to put him out of the way, but that was no reason for retreating from the task fate had given him — that of indicting the fathomless corruption of their régime. He was like a tree that, towering above the surrounding forest, first invites the woodsman's axe.

Yet nothing would have been more foreign to his temperament than to become intoxicated with his own heroism. Any gladiatorial pose, any seeking of the spotlight, was alien to his nature. The haze that æsthetic delight in our own gestures often raises between us and reality never dimmed his vision. In truth, however, he did not buy the palm of martyrdom for a cheap price. Every Socialist who speaks the common tongue of Socialism that he spoke, every worker, whether his tool be the hammer or the pen, should realize that this man went open-eyed to death for our cause — that he saw his Golgotha ahead of him. Matteotti had already fallen once before into the hands of Fascist bravoës. He had felt their bestial wrath wreaked on his own person until a kind of reverence for his fearlessness checked their blows.

Yet there was also a Gethsemane on his road to Golgotha. He was a most attractive man, remarkably likable; he was blessed with youth, health, a happy family circle, a liberal fortune. He had, above all, the more intimate treasures of a sympathetic loving heart and an alert receptive mind absorbingly interested in everything that had to do with

his fellow men. He delighted in study and in good works.

How could it be possible, therefore, for him to escape hours when his heart was as heavy as Christ's on the Mount of Olives — when his cup seemed almost too bitter to quaff? He must have summoned all his vitality and youth and vigor to overcome this feeling. The unceasing tremulous fear of his young wife kept the dangers he incurred constantly before his eyes and may well have tempted him to seek a post less exposed to the vengeance of his enemies. But Matteotti disobeyed his own injunction to have the courage to be a coward when his own safety was in question. For himself there was but one motto: Duty unto death.

Happily for ourselves, we cannot picture, in the horrible and unsparing colors of truth, the actual circumstances of his atrocious death. The mere statement that this young, noble, conscientious man was set upon by five ruffians, overpowered, beaten, mutilated, foully slaughtered, cannot call to our eyes the full reality of the atrocious vision. That the last glance of this man, who had faith in the goodness of his fellow men and went to his death for that faith, met eye-to-eye the hate-distorted glare of human beasts for whom his death struggle was a sport — that is too vile a vision for a normal human mind to conceive in its naked horror.

They have not dared to produce the body because it was so cruelly mutilated. But one of the Fascist assassins described the death struggle to a confident during his flight. When the murderers were stabbing him, Matteotti cried: 'You can kill me, but not my cause. You cannot kill my cause. My children will be proud of their father. The proletariat will bless my corpse.' His last words were: 'Long live Socialism!'

The assassin added that if Matteotti had not been so 'fresh,' and had begged for his life and renounced his errors, they might not have 'taken the last recourse.' I do not believe that. I believe that the whole tragedy, including the final concealment of the body, was plotted in advance.

But there is much to give plausibility to this recital of Matteotti's last words. His reference to his children accords accurately with what we know of his manner of speech. The kind of men who kill for money do not invent such words. It also agrees with something that Matteotti said to me only a month ago, when he expressed the opinion that a man could endow his children better by setting them a noble example of personal courage and devotion to duty than by carefully sheltering his own life for their sake. Consequently we may receive some consolation from the thought that in the dark hour of death our comrade's soul was illuminated by an inner vision; that he did not see the hate-distorted features of his assassins, but the great, noble visage of humanity as he conceived it in his heart. The madness and brutishness of men proved puny and futile against the true grandeur of the human soul, and his death was submerged in victory.

But this consolation should not tempt us in our littleness to be reconciled with this man's cruel end; it should rather be a solemn admonition to every one of us. If Matteotti's faith in his cause exalted him so immeasurably above his murderers, it is a cause to which we must dedicate ourselves anew. We must not elevate our martyr to a pedestal that exalts him above the community of mankind. We must not make him too great to be imitated. No, let him remain merely a noble comrade, not removed from our companionship by his death, but a perpetual example of how to live for our cause.

Matteotti devoted his whole life to routine labor—mostly to the petty drudgery of a party secretary. He exerted himself to the utmost, though unhappily with but moderate success, to awaken in the Socialist parties of other lands an intelligent interest in what was occurring in Italy. He failed to realize his project of establishing an international Socialist news-service. He was equally conscientious in performing his parliamentary duties. He never made assertions on the floor of the House that he could not prove by evidence. Suppositions, rumors, imputations, were for him merely suggestions pointing to future inquiries. He never made them the basis of an indictment. He steered a wide course away from irresponsibility and overzealousness. No one ever charged him with personal self-seeking, even the men who murdered him. He proffered charges against the Government not as a sport but as a solemn duty. He conceived his office as a public trust. I have never known a man in political life who was so absolutely indifferent to personal advantage and personal danger. He did not know what ambition, vanity, or fear was; precisely because of his high self-respect.

Matteotti must have known, of course, that he was more than an average man. He was conscious of possessing great energy and great determination; that is why he exacted more from himself than from others. Furthermore, his faith in humanity was not faith in individuals. Matteotti knew men and knew their weaknesses; he saw through evil and pettiness and pitied their victims. There was a certain clarifying candor about him that stripped off the affectations and concealments of men like a mask, and revealed them unsparingly for what they really were.

This was a peculiar and remarkable

gift that Matteotti possessed; and it was not yet fully developed, for despite his nine-and-thirty years he was still a boyish person, whom a hasty observer might even imagine immature.

Now this bright, clarifying light in Italy's morass of shame has been eclipsed! There is no consolation — there is no compensation for that loss. All we can do is to make good his last words. If the proletariat of Italy fails in that, it will have crucified him a second time. For something in Matteotti did not die — will never die, for we shall keep it alive, not in a sterile cult of the dead man himself but in our rededication to our cause. What has happened in Italy is, after all, but the fruit of our unworthiness, of our delight in the intoxication of mere words, of our deficient sense of responsibility,

of our readiness to listen to leaders who asked from the masses what they themselves were not ready to give.

History is preparing for our unburied martyr a mighty funeral — the collapse of a whole régime. They have killed a man in order to silence him; but his voice has become a voice of thunder. A tempest has been unchained that has torn the coverings from so much corruption that no power on earth can longer conceal the truth. Matteotti foresaw an event that his death has only precipitated. But this is not the place to draw a political balance-sheet of what we have lost and what we have gained. Let us honor humbly this victim of our cause, whose death has added to the dignity of human life by its eternal lesson of values that are higher than life itself.

HOME LIFE OF THE ROMANOV. II

BY S. R. MINZLOV

[This is a companion article to the account of the domestic life of the family of Nicholas I printed in our last issue. It purports to record the reminiscences of an aged lady who lived as a member of the Romanov household under three generations of the royal family.]

From *Dni*, April 13

(BERLIN CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST RUSSIAN-LANGUAGE DAILY)

ON January 9, 1905, the Winter Palace in Petrograd was upset by the unexpected news that the populace had revolted and that mobs of workmen were marching thither to murder the whole Imperial family.

The Empress was nursing her six-months-old son, Alexei. Rumors of what was occurring reached her. Panic-stricken, she seized her baby and ran stupidly from one corner of the room to

another in a sudden attack of frenzy. She recognized no one, searched frantically for her children, sobbed, would not let her attendants undress her, and for entire nights thereafter remained seated on her bed in her fur coat and hat, imagining that she must hurry away to escape from pursuing assassins.

This mental attack was carefully kept from public knowledge, and the Empress was treated for a time at home

without the help of specialists. Not until her mental disturbance grew more serious were the well-known Moscow psychiatrists, R— and M—, summoned.

R—, an old friend of the writer Chekhov and the painter Levitan, described to his friends with great emotion the condition in which he found the unfortunate woman. She recognized no one, sobbed, kissed his hands, and entreated him to recover her baby. R— advised that she be given a complete change of surroundings and kept under strict scientific observation. Instead of that, he and M— were dismissed and Rasputin took their place. He began to treat the Empress by hypnotism. After a while she was taken to Hesse and there, in her native Friedrichsburg Schloss, she recovered in about six months. But the after-effects of this illness remained with her, manifesting themselves particularly in her constant abnormal solicitude for the safety of the heir apparent. Hence the unlimited influence of Rasputin.

No governesses, in the strict sense of the word, were kept in the Imperial family. The children were brought up by the Empress herself. Each girl had her own Russian nurse, who remained in the capacity of maid to her former charge as the latter grew older. These maids enjoyed some influence at the court. All of them were common peasant women and the Tsar's daughters learned from them plain popular speech, a love of icons and lamps, of old traditions and wonder tales. There was nothing German about the Tsar's daughters. They spoke almost no German, mangled their French, and had a perfect command of only Russian and English. They acquired quite naturally many quaint popular expressions and turns of speech that did

not belong to the literary Russian language.

All the Tsar's children dressed very plainly. For pocket money each girl had fifteen rubles a month, and out of that she was expected to put one ruble into the collection plate every Sunday. Madame Sh—, their teacher, often saw them in neatly mended cotton dresses. During the war they bought practically no new clothes.

Olga had the best taste of the two older girls and so was entrusted with the choice of styles and the general management of the children's clothing. Tatiana was a born housewife, who knew how to make things cosy and to attend to details. She had the keys of the supply of sweets and she was the one who arranged the bill of fare, which was no easy matter, because Alexandra Feodorovna had a special diet. The other three children were usually called 'thelittleones' and treated accordingly. Of these Anastasia, the youngest of the girls, had the gift of humor and 'knew how to straighten out wrinkles on anybody's brow.' Maria, the third girl, was cheerful, good-natured, sincere, and inclined to be boisterous. The latter quality, and her cowlick of fair hair, caused her sisters to nickname her 'Tiutka,' which suggested an exuberant and somewhat ungainly puppy.

Alexei inherited his mother's independence of character, her retentive memory and intelligence; he was interested in everything and was a very gifted child. He liked to play with plain children. Between Yalta, on the southern shore of Crimea, and Livadia, the Imperial summer residence, was a village where Alexei made the acquaintance of some boys with whom he loved to play. One day when they were playing in the park, Harchenko, the Tsarevich's manservant, came to call him to lunch. The Tsarevich paid no

attention. Harchenko spoke to him again, and again received no answer. The third time Alexei turned to him and said: 'How silly you are. How can fifteen boys sit down at one place?'

Harchenko understood, went away, and reported to the Empress. Places were set for Alexei's guests, and not until then did he come to table with all of them.

Tea was usually served in the apartments of the young Grand Duchesses at six o'clock in the afternoon. Only those whom the girls wanted were invited. The guests usually included, besides the Emperor and the Empress, an officer of the Imperial Uhlans, Malama, whom Tatiana liked very much. Once at tea, during a moment's general silence, Alexei proclaimed loudly: 'And Tatiana loves Malama!'

There was general merriment, while the two persons named were too embarrassed to speak. Such revelations were a favorite trick of Alexei, and his sisters lived in constant terror of his telltale tongue.

After tea and *petits jeux* the children went to the door of their father's study and, if he was busy, waited there without entering. As soon as the door was open, they rushed in and sat down in a circle around him, some with their handwork, others with their drawing, and he read aloud to them. The Tsar was a good reader and his reading of Gogol and Chekhov was often rewarded with great outbursts of laughter.

The Empress herself taught her children sewing and embroidery. Olga, who detested handwork, always tried to be the reader on such occasions, for it was customary for one of the party to read aloud to the rest. During the last years of her life, Olga showed an increasing liking for solitude and reading. She wrote verses and was never without a book. Her favorite historical character was Catherine II. Once when

Alexei quarreled with his valet, Harchenko, and shouted at him, Olga, who sat near by reading, lifted her head and said to her brother: 'Catherine II always praised in a loud voice and scolded in a low one. Remember that, and do as she did.'

The Tsar used to call Tatiana his secretary. She reminded him whom he wished to question on some subject or whom he wanted to see. She was orderliness personified: she kept several memorandum-books containing the names of persons who were in need of assistance. She had a knack of managing things so that the older members of the Imperial family, from whom the help was expected, noticed what was needed before she reminded them directly; so they often thought they helped people on their own initiative, though actually most of the charitable aid that came from the Imperial family was due to Tatiana. Whatever she undertook, she accomplished quickly and inconspicuously.

Maria, alias 'Toutou' or 'Tiutka,' was a very different type of girl. She had blue eyes, a blooming complexion, and golden hair; and she was noisy and tomboyish. Her hair bow was always awry and her hair always disarranged. She refused to become a spoiled Imperial child and acted as if she did not suspect that she was a Tsar's daughter. Up to the last day before the Revolution she would shake hands with any palace attendant or servant, or exchange kisses with chambermaids or peasant women whom she happened to meet. If a servant dropped something, she would hurry to help her pick it up. Naturally everyone felt very much at ease with her and sometimes spoke to her in a manner they would not dare to use with her sisters. When the Revolution came, 'Tiutka,' the good-natured puppy, quickly changed into a grown girl.

Alexandra Feodorovna herself used to say that she had no better friend after the catastrophe; to everybody else she was like a guardian angel.

The Tsar's family lived through the first frightful days of the upheaval under Palace arrest. All four sisters and Alexei had the measles; their mother suffered from heart attacks. The Fourth Battalion of Imperial Fusiliers, the only battalion that remained loyal to the Tsar, volunteered to defend the Tsar's family. The situation was hopeless, and Maria, sick as she was, went out into the blizzard and the cold to persuade them not to incur useless bloodshed. The battalion insisted and it took much argument to induce it to withdraw. Maria went back to her room and that evening developed pneumonia.

Anastasia, the fourth sister, was a still different type. Of the four sisters she alone was small and plump and resembled in general appearance her grandmother, the Empress Dowager Maria. She was an ordinary, inconspicuous sort of person, but wrote clever humorous verse.

The sisters adored Alexei. One little incident was very characteristic of Olga. The Tsar was reviewing a Boy Scout parade while Olga and six-year-old Alexei sat in a carriage surrounded by courtiers and the public. Suddenly Alexei expressed a desire to get out of the carriage and join the parading boys. His sister kept him from doing so, and then the little lad, seeing that she would not let him go, slapped her face as hard as he could. She never winced, but took his hand and stroked it quietly. The boy recovered his temper and sat as still as a mouse. Not until they returned home did Olga cry. She went to her room, and Alexei was shut up in a dark closet for two hours, with a threat from his father that he would be whipped if anything like that

happened again. For two days he was repentance itself and made Olga accept his portion of dessert at table. He loved her more than his other sisters and, when dissatisfied with his father and mother, would declare that he was Olga's boy, pick up his toys, and go to her apartment.

A characteristic trait of all Nicholas II's children was the fact that no one ever saw them idle or at a loss as to what to do with themselves. They always kept busy with something and were always lively. They did not care much for the palace life. In Tsarskoe Selo, at 14 Tserkovnaia Ulitsa, they had 'a private residence,' three rooms of which were occupied by Anna Vyubova, the Empress's close friend. Here the Grand Duchesses held informal receptions, and the Empress used it for business appointments and political interviews.

The Imperial couple had a manservant named Volkov, who was an interesting character. Like most palace attendants, he was the son of palace servants and spent all his long life near the Imperial family. Of middle stature, white-haired, always carrying a snuffbox as well as a big colored handkerchief the corner of which usually protruded from his back pocket, he was a living emblem of the dying past and well nigh a member of the family circle.

Volkov despised female servants and when Alexandra Feodorovna was ill would never allow anyone else to take food to her room, but served her personally, observing: 'Womenfolk are addle-pated creatures. You can't rely on them.'

The sick Empress would eat in bed while Volkov sat in an armchair and entertained her. She used to say that he was a man of extraordinary sagacity, fine feeling, and penetrating insight. He was very old and when tired — or

pretending to be tired — became grouchy.

'I've been serving you for sixty years now,' he would answer to the solicitous questions of the family. 'I should think I had an excuse for being tired. How many of you have come and gone — and I am right here all the time, and no relief!'

'A Tsar should be a Tsar and Grand Duchesses should be Grand Duchesses,' he would remark when any of the family acted, in his opinion, inconsistently with their Imperial dignity. He enjoyed everybody's affection and the Tsar's daughters, when little girls, would often hang about his neck and pester him generally, while he pretended to make a sour face.

'Don't cry. Crying is a sin,' he would say to them when they complained, and would stroke their heads. After they grew up they continued to share their confidences with him, and often told him with whom they fell in love. He repeatedly reprimanded Tatiana, who was especially prone to this soft impeachment: 'A Tsar's daughter — and blowing a kiss to a muzhik!'

Muzhiki — that is, peasants — included in his eyes all that did not belong to the Imperial family. Nobility did not exist to him, and courtiers were the object of his undisguised contempt.

There was a moving-picture apparatus at the Livadia Palace, and Volkov did not like it. Once when the Tsar asked his daughters to come and see a picture, Tatiana said: 'The third day in succession! Think what "grandfather" will say! Don't let us go — he'll be angry.' And the girls were not present at the picture. 'Grandfather' also did not like them to run about without their hats and get badly sunburned, and often chided them for it. Olga, the eldest, was his favorite. 'Olga is a Romanov!' he would say.

He never failed to give the Tsar, his wife, and the children birthday gifts, — usually a vase, perfume, an amber bracelet, or something similar, — but he was not blessed with good taste. The old man never used his position to exercise a 'pull' for anyone. He was often asked to do so, but invariably refused, saying: 'That is n't any of my business. My duty is to serve them their meals and look after their rooms, but not to give them advice as to what they should do.'

Whenever one of the children was punished, Volkov was very indignant and made long, surly objections. When in ill-humor he would also mimic court dignitaries inimitably. He maintained an enigmatic silence as to the illness of Tsarevich Alexei, like one who knows more than he cares to reveal. He would remark at times: 'The poor child suffers for others' faults. There was a sin in the family that must be paid for.'

He escaped the fate that awaited the family and their nearest attendants only because he fell ill and was taken to a hospital shortly before the catastrophe.

Rasputin, when at the palace, conducted himself quietly and always wore a mask of godliness. He was a man sincere even in his two-facedness, — a saint and a devil, — who changed one of his personalities for the other as he would change clothes.

In October 1912, Alexei was taken ill with a hemorrhage that threatened to prove fatal. The best physicians were called to his bedside and one of them, Fedorov, said later that not they but some miracle caused the boy's recovery. The miracle was Rasputin's hypnotism, and this service made the Siberian peasant a sacred person to the Imperial couple. He tolerated no contradiction. 'Believe

in me, and thy son will be well,' he used to say to the Empress.

Again in 1916 Alexei was brought home from the General Headquarters apparently dying: no one was able to stop a nose hemorrhage. During the entire journey Nagorny, a manservant, held the child in his lap, and Fedorov, the physician, kept putting wads of cotton into his nose; but the bleeding would not stop. Twice Alexei was unconscious so long that he was thought dead. When they reached Petrograd, Rasputin again stopped the hemorrhage.

But Olga, the sister of the little Tsarevich, hated Rasputin. Her keen perceptions and her healthy nerves enabled her to see through him. The repulsive Janus could not keep his other face perpetually turned away from the palace. Newspapers, too, sometimes penetrated into the Imperial apartments, telling of the supposed saint's exploits in night-cabarets. Olga lived through a tragic time; Alexandra Feodorovna was deaf and blind to all evidence against Rasputin because of her love for her sick son; and Olga had no way to remedy the situation and relieve the feelings of her father, whom she loved dearly.

Nicholas II had an exceptional affection for his oldest daughter. Dur-

ing the last years of his reign he would sometimes come to 'the children's apartments' late at night, ask Olga to get up, and talk with her about different matters that lay on his mind. In January 1915, when they were living in one of the Kremlin palaces, the sentries often saw the Tsar stride up and down the corridor at night, awaiting important telegrams, and, when these arrived, call Olga. She would come out in her white dressing-gown, her father would read the messages to her, and the two would discuss important matters walking up and down the corridor together.

When the plans of a marriage between Olga and Grand Duke Dmitri fell through, it was first proposed that she marry the Rumanian heir apparent. But after a talk with her father, in the course of which she told him that she loved Russia above everything, and would not leave it, it was thought that Tatiana might be a better bride for the Rumanian prince. Olga was considered so wise, and showed such good judgment on different occasions, that the Tsar began to talk about changing the law of succession decreed by Emperor Paul and making Olga the heiress apparent in case of her brother's death.

OMSK UNDER KOLCHAK. I

BY GEORGES DUBARBIER

[The author, a well-known French publicist and writer, and an authority on China, was an officer serving with the French Mission in Siberia during the Allied intervention of 1918-1919.]

From *La Nouvelle Revue*, March 1

(PARIS REPUBLICAN LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMIMONTHLY)

OMSK lies at the confluence of the Om and the Irtysh. The latter is one of the largest rivers of Siberia. There are houses on both sides of the Om, but no buildings have been erected on the right bank of the Irtysh, which remains virgin steppe. During the long winter months these streams virtually disappear from the landscape, which then presents a very simple picture: a field of snow and ice, from which emerge buildings and certain bizarre constructions. The house eaves are bearded with long icicles that prolong the snowy roofs until they nearly reach the ground.

Omsk houses are divided into two classes: old-fashioned wooden buildings, often quite artistically designed, with walls of painted logs, and modern structures of no definite type of architecture — ugly cubes of reinforced concrete, such as one finds in every city. The log houses are the homes of the older settlers — those who knew Siberia before the railways came — the petty bourgeoisie, civil servants, small tradesmen, and people living on small fixed incomes. The more modern buildings are occupied by government offices, army services, restaurants, and shops. All the residences have felted double windows that are hermetically sealed in the autumn and kept so until it is warm enough in the spring to open them.

The bizarre constructions I just

mentioned are shapeless mounds from which emerge black smokestacks that sometimes look like the craters of weird snow volcanoes. Each mound represents a barge or steamboat that is wintering in the river. The crew has taken down the masts, the rigging, and all the superstructure above the deck. Only the smokestack remains, vomiting forth black smoke against the white plain surrounding it.

The city extends for a great distance, with broad avenues running far out into the country at right angles, like those of a Western prairie town in America. But there is only one business street, parallel with the Irtysh, which is carried across the Om on a bridge that is the resort of fashion at certain hours of the day. In fact, this bridge is the only promenade in the city — a sort of general rendezvous where idlers, traders, soldiers, no matter how rigorous the weather, stroll back and forth from two to three o'clock. Within the space of a mile along this avenue is concentrated everything of interest in the city: the big shops, the little booths of the Jewish fur-dealers, cafés, restaurants, churches, military buildings, and, at the farther end, the theatre and the inevitable bazaar. After an hour's stroll through it one knows all there is to know of the physical aspect of the city.

But the street life never lost interest for us. No matter how cold the day,

fierce warriors, warmly enveloped in hooded fur coats, discussed 'the situation' with excited gestures. They would stroll by in groups talking loudly, advertising to all the world their opinions and prophecies, their spurs clinking, and their huge sabres — such as we see in France only on the opera stage — dragging behind them. At first we took great comfort in their vodka-inspired martial ardor, but we discovered later that this was definitely limited in both time and space — to the hours of digestion and the last houses of the town.

A little farther on groups of ladies, pretty for the most part, wearing capes of white hare fur, stumped along in clumsy footgear. Siberian women generally wear great felt overshoes that make walking a little awkward, but a graceful carriage is a secondary consideration in a climate like this.

Anyway people never step directly into the drawing-room when they make a call. There is always a vestibule where the temperature is moderate — a prudent provision, for the thermometer may be 50° below zero outside, and the living-rooms heated to 75° or 80° above that point. In certain restaurants the vestibule contains a wash-bowl with hot water in addition to a cloakroom, so that the patrons may thaw off the icicles on their beards and moustaches. Occasionally they have still another luxury — a comb attached to the wall by a cord.

We were surprised at first to discover that the sledges, which serve as cabs in winter, were entirely unenclosed. Although the Siberians keep their rooms heated to a high temperature and their windows sealed, they expose themselves to intensely low temperatures in the open without concern; though, to be sure, the passengers in the sledges looked more like carelessly wrapped bundles than human beings.

These vehicles were stationed on

regular stands like our cabs at home. It always interested me to observe a cabman, horse, and sledge waiting on a corner for customers, as motionless as if congealed or cast in bronze. The driver on the box was insensible to the cold in his heavy fur robes that left but a tiny aperture behind which one suspected rather than saw a frost-pinched face. The horses wore long fur blankets tasseled at the bottom with snow and icicles. After a long trip they would stand for hours as stiff as if carved from wood. At night it was often necessary to give the coachman a nudge to attract his attention. Waking up with a start, he would disembarrass himself of some of his robes — for his passenger's benefit — and with a loud shout start his horse at full speed down the half-lighted streets. It was wise for the passenger to notice where he was going, for the driver would often fall asleep again after the sledge had started, and his little horse would gallop on wherever fancy led. Sometimes a sudden spurt would end in disaster. One evening we were all precipitated—horse, driver, sledge, and passengers—into a great ditch. That woke the driver, who became furiously angry with his horse and his fares. He later reminded us most eloquently that our tip was not enough to pay for his repairs.

Omsk has no street cars or bus lines, but I must not forget to mention the 'packing-cases' that carry passengers from the station to the city, in competition with the little narrow-gauge railway. Imagine a great cigar-box shod with two steel hoops and you have a perfect idea of these public conveyances. They were a constant joy to us. When the passengers got out of these windowless wooden cubes they looked like prisoners emerging from a Black Maria.

Every evening the fashionable restaurants, Europa, Apolló, and the

Rossia, were crowded to the doors. Between 7 and 11 P.M. the prices ranged from thirty to fifty rubles an order, although at noon the same dishes cost in the same restaurants only from three to five rubles. The Russians like to retire about three o'clock in the morning and to get up at noon. They take a light collation early in the afternoon, drink tea and eat cakes at 7 P.M., and, having thus killed the day, begin really to live about ten o'clock at night. That was the hour when the tables at the Rossia and Europa were at a premium — the hour of vodka.

We clung to our Western habits, with regular hours for working and eating, and found it rather disagreeable to pay thirty rubles for a cutlet at night that would cost only two rubles at noon. A meal that at midday cost twelve to fifteen rubles would come to a hundred rubles in the evening. The names of the dishes were usually French, but printed in Russian letters. They were well cooked and served, and although vegetables were scarce the excellent dairy dishes helped to compensate for this. But the beverage question was hard to solve. Our only choice lay between miserable beer and tea with a dash of vodka.

The samovar is the first article of furniture to catch the visitor's eye when he enters a Siberian home. It is always ready to supply the hot drink needed to thaw him out. When a lodger takes a room it is specified in the agreement that two or three samovars a day shall be included in the rent — samovar meaning a cup or a glass of tea. The women employed to keep our rooms clean at the French Mission insisted on having a samovar placed in the central passage. From time to time they would stop their work and stroll slowly toward this tea fountain, where a little group of Czech soldiers, who had suddenly acquired a liking for the

same beverage, would also rendezvous. But although the samovar was so successful in promoting this Czech-Siberian reconciliation, it unfortunately proved a less effective harmonizer among the different official missions.

In the middle of the winter, Omsk was visited by a blizzard that raged for twenty-four hours and held us prisoners in our offices, where we lived on canned goods. This storm began with a heavy fall of snow, which was unusual, because Siberian winters are seasons of bright if gelid sunshine. Gradually the flakes grew larger and the wind rose. We were just leaving the restaurant where we usually had luncheon, a little more than half a mile from our offices. We took nearly an hour to cover this distance. The snow was so thick that it formed an opaque curtain which the driving wind twisted and buffeted against our faces. We crawled painfully forward, bending far over to offer less resistance to the wind, which, in spite of everything, hurled us repeatedly against trees and walls. We could not enter a house along the way, for no one would open a door in such a storm. The sledges that served as cabs had vanished from the streets at the first symptoms of the blizzard. Occasionally we heard a shout and caught for a moment the sound of galloping hoofs as one of these belated conveyances charged past, almost brushing us but quite invisible in the snowy murk.

After making a number of blind and aimless detours, we finally found ourselves by some instinct in front of the building occupied by our Mission. In spite of our heavy furs we were nearly frozen, and our hands were so numb that we could scarcely use them. But by night all our people were finally accounted for. One colonel arrived with his head a mass of ice, which clung in a solid cake to his long beard. He was

so exhausted that we had to work over him for an hour in order to revive him.

The next day we learned that thirty people had lost their lives in the city alone, of whom six were women, who had been blown off the bridge across the Om and killed by the fall to the ice beneath. During the blizzard the temperature reached 70° below zero. We were told that such storms are very rare, and some people interpreted this one as evidence of the Almighty's anger with the Bolsheviki.

The only outdoor diversion of the fashionable world was skating on the Om; but we had to defer this until spring, on account of the heavy snow and the intense cold. Eventually, however, we spent many delightful evenings on the ice, under the bright light of the electric arc-lamps.

Then there was the city theatre, the Commersky, where a company played comedies and vaudeville. This was the favorite resort of the bourgeoisie, who attended in family parties. Occasionally dances were given, where we met many of the best people of the city. Whatever the political sympathies of the ladies, they seemed grateful for an emergency that had brought so many French, English, and Italian gentlemen to their remote part of the world.

These gatherings occasionally assumed a more formal character when Kolchak, a Foreign Mission, or the Red Cross gave an entertainment. At such times a rigid ceremonial was observed. The front box on the right was reserved for Kolchak and his suite. The members of the cabinet and the foreign civil and military missions occupied the adjoining boxes. The general staff, administrative officers, and members of the best families in the city occupied the orchestra seats. The balcony and galleries were crowded with government clerks and their

families, speculators, and the people of the town in general.

When Kolchak entered, conversation stopped, everybody rose, and all eyes were focused upon the *Chef suprême*. One was conscious of the spontaneous respect that the old Russian soldiers felt for the man who represented power, the head of the Government—in a word, the successor of the Tsar. The Admiral would step to the front of his box, bareheaded, and make a slight bow. He always wore khaki, without insignia, so that he looked like an American Y. M. C. A. man. His tall wiry figure and smooth-shaven face expressed the energy and will—often carried to the point of obstinacy—that characterized him to the end. After bowing, he seated himself, and the audience did likewise. From that moment his presence was the central fact of the evening. The regular show came second. If Kolchak rose, the whole audience rose; when he sat down, everybody did the same. Between the acts there was absolute silence until the Admiral put people at their ease by retiring to the lobby.

A Czech regimental band always formed the orchestra. Its hundred members included many real artists, and it favored us with several excellent symphony concerts. The director was a vivacious little fellow, perched on a stool, with a great sabre dangling against his legs, and a short baton. After a deep bow to Kolchak that almost bent him double, and another to the audience, he would announce: 'The Hymn of the Army of Siberia.' It was an official song adopted by the Admiral's Government—a sort of deep, slow chant, probably some old air of the steppes. When that was finished the director would announce, with another profound bow, '*Fransouski gymne*,' and the Marseillaise would crash out like a bomb after the Russian chant. Then

we would have in succession, invariably introduced by the same sweeping bow, the English national hymn, the American national hymn, the Japanese national hymn, and the Italian national hymn. Not until this rite had been performed would the regular programme of the evening begin.

One night we were treated to an amusing example of English propaganda. It was a pantomime showing generous Albion coming to the rescue of distressed Russia — in a sort of Kriss Kringle setting. The curtain rose showing a young girl, representing Russia, busy about her housework in an izba. Her father, a wounded soldier, is lying near the fire. Suddenly the door is thrust open, affording a glimpse of heavy snow falling outside; two horrible Bolsheviki rush in and bind the unhappy father. One seizes an ember and sets fire to the izba, while his companion drags the young girl outside. Yes, but England stands watch. A gentleman in khaki, whom some happy chance brings thither, rushes to the rescue of the unfortunates, and with a couple of pistol shots drops the two scoundrels in their footsteps. He quickly cuts the bonds of the old muzhik, and the grateful girl throws her arms around his neck. Curtain!

Next the curtain rose on a change of scene — a barren steppe, a harried, panic-stricken group of Russian men and women watching their burning village from a distance. Sturdy soldiers, armed to the teeth, surround them — the soldiers of chivalrous England. Above them the British flag waves in the wind, proud and symbolical!

This piece was not received so rapturously as the promoters probably hoped, for the audience had become skeptical of national propaganda. There was polite applause, and that was all. I looked around the room. The jolly, smooth-shaven officers in the

box of the English Mission were laughing heartily, as if they had just won a football match. The Russians looked absent-minded. The French were clapping, as good form demanded. The Japanese looked funny — their little twinkling eyes kept shifting back and forth between the stage and the English box, while their faces expressed absolutely no sentiment whatever.

This little stroke of English propaganda brought a riposte from the French Mission, which presented a series of military films taken on the Western Front. The pictures, showing huge shells blasting great craters in the earth, airplane combats, and advancing tanks, were hailed with ejaculations of surprise even from the Russian officers, most of whom knew little of the kind of fighting we had seen in France. Some incredulity was mingled with their admiration when they saw our dauntless little soldiers emerging for the attack from trenches pounded and breached by the enemy's artillery. A charming curly-haired girl next to me murmured: 'Impossible after that bombardment. The men would not be there.'

I seized the opportunity to say, sotto voce, that the only reason we won the war was because those men were there.

The members of our Mission possessed a great social advantage, both in military and civilian circles, because most well-educated Siberians speak our language. Many of them have never been out of their country, but none the less they use French correctly — especially the ladies. We were greatly amused to note how this disconcerted the English. The British officers, most of whom were from the Colonies, had traveled all over the world completely ignoring the local languages because wherever they went English was spoken. Now when they

saw us holding long conversations with Russian officers, and chaffing merrily with the young ladies of the city at parties and dances, their surprise and chagrin were not to be concealed. . . . I still recall how comical the young English officers would look on such occasions. They would sit with their mouths open, their heads stretched forward, stammering a sort of rudimentary French in their efforts to be amiable and polite.

When Kolchak attended any public gathering the strictest precautions were taken for his safety. At the theatre the corridor leading to his box was shut off by a special guard. He had a personal attendant — an odd little chap of uncertain nationality, alert and

lively as a squirrel, who watched over him night and day. This man was always lurking in some corner keeping a sharp eye on everyone who approached his master. When the evening was over, the Admiral's automobile was brought to the porte-cochère. Kolchak, surrounded by a dense group of officers, would plunge into the vehicle, the squirrel would jump on the running-board, and all would depart in a flash, followed by a galloping escort of Cossacks.

We ourselves sometimes drove home in a sledge, but more often we walked through the calm, cloudless Siberian night, whose silence was broken now and then by the distant rifle-shot of some nervous sentry.

THE HAYMAKERS

BY E. ZAGORSKAIA

FROM *Nakanune*, June 8
(BERLIN BOLSHEVIST DAILY)

How often a single word that blooms like a wild blossom upon the gray pattern of everyday life contains more ancient history than you can find in many old, musty volumes.

Khozar. . . . Centuries ago a Mongolian tribe by that name passed this way. The Russians won a bloody victory over them, as is recorded upon a dark bronze tablet on the outer wall of the town cathedral. A meticulous note follows: 'See the *History of the Russian State* by *Gospodin Karamsin*.'

The tribe has vanished, but has left its traces in an age-old contempt for woman, barbarous lynchings, the un-

reliability of the peasant's word, an apathetic distrust of novelty.

Khozar is now the name of a locality of ill-defined limits, which stretches along a rivulet tributary to the Oka and embraces meadows, ravines lost among cultivated fields and groves, and long and winding forest-glades that yield excellent hay. Year after year, when spring comes, five villages and the people of the Mavrinskaia windmill wrangle and fight each other for the possession of this hay. Since the revolution a great meadow, which formerly belonged to a priest, has likewise become peasant property,

to the further complication of the controversy.

When, after some bloodshed and drawing of lots, the meadows are finally divided among the contending villages, each village tackles its job in its own way. The people of Kalitino work in common, cart their hay away as soon as the grass is wilted, and then finish drying it before their houses. Those of Mineevo also work in common, but do not haul the hay home until it is dry and ready to go into the stack or mow. But the villagers of Ekimovo prefer to let each family cut its share: in this way, they claim, they can see that each family does its part of the work, and the women do not fool so much as they do when there is a big crowd.

If the grass is of uneven quality in different spots, each little nook and hollow is divided into shares. In such cases work that otherwise could be done in three days may take a whole month. Instead of gathering the hay right where it lies, the women carry huge armfuls from the hillocks to the hollows, or even wade across the stream so as to mix the good hay with the marsh grass. Each share may be cut in ten minutes; but it may take half an hour to find where it is located. A little meadow may have only one cartload of hay on it; but the meadow is nevertheless divided into forty or fifty tiny plots, and each plot is a part of each family's share of hay. One big armful is often all that a family gets from one particular spot, but to add this portion to the family share the horse and cart must make a detour of two or three versts. The only reward for all this expenditure of time and labor is a scrupulously fair apportioning of the village shares. No family gets so much as a handful of coarse marsh-grass or fine hillock-hay over what every other family receives.

These diminutive plots are usually measured and allotted by the old men of the village. Ancient *ded* — gran'ther — Paramon, wrinkled like an old mushroom and hairy like a bunch of hemp, clad in a long shirt and pants of homespun linen, holds the lots in his dilapidated straw hat. Old Ivan Lariovov carefully measures the plots with a *sazhen*, or seven-foot measuring staff. Soft-spoken Pavel Telok marks the boundaries. Filka Starostin draws the lots out of the straw hat, and with an old pickaxe digs strange cabalistic signs in the moist earth to mark the name of the family to whom the lot is assigned. All kinds of letters and signs are used, but where hay is granted to a Communist party Filka carefully cuts out a sickle and hammer, or a five-pointed star.

When lunchtime comes, each group sits down to rest on the boundary of its village's share of meadow. The heavy rains ceased only three days ago and moist vapors rise from the green fields. Purple bluebells and tall crimson flowers on sticky stems are wilting slowly among the new-mown grass. The heavy fragrance of the *medunitsa* lies over all. The feet and clothing of the villagers are wet with the dew and the rusty water that still lingers between the tussocks. Beyond yonder silvery line of young oats a forest of rakes advances and the sound of women's voices draws nearer and nearer. Stepanida and Matrona, the first singers and the first mischief-makers of the village, walk ahead of the crowd.

Haymaking on the Khozar is made a great festival, when people put on anything new and bright that they possess.

Stepanida and Matrona interrupt their singing at intervals to exchange jokes with the crowd or, waving their kerchiefs and rakes in the air, perform

a few dance-steps as they proceed. Then the crowd of women scatters in a hurricane of color over the green meadows. Young girls flirting with the fellows shriek shrilly, and children and dogs race after one another. Up the road creaks a long line of carts loaded high with hay — the people of Kalitino are hurrying off their half-cured crop. In order to reach the road the carts had to cut across a field of oats belonging to a neighboring village; this will be settled by each family paying one sheaf of oats to the owner of the 'trespassed' field.

Hereupon a survival of the rude, barbarous sports of olden times interrupts this festival of colors: the strange custom of forcibly ducking all the girls and young women, beginning with the youngest and most attractive. The younger fellows have kept apart from the beginning, a group of wily conspirators; and as soon as a young maid accidentally separates herself from the rest they pounce upon her like hawks. In vain she complains of a bad cold; they drag her to the river bank, choose a steep place over deep water, and throw her in. There must be some reminiscence of the nomads' wife-stealing in this. Nothing avails against the custom. A girl would not complain to the authorities even if she should have a rib broken in the scuffle. Usually they do not resist — only the cautious ones try to remove a new bright kerchief or a splendid loud-colored skirt before they are thrown into the water, so as to save their

newest treasures from an unnecessary bath. But even this is often a vain precaution, for all their garments are flung into the water after them; and if a victim emerges not sufficiently soaked she is promptly thrown in again.

When all the young women, wringing wet and shivering as if in fever, have scrambled out of the water, the young men, content with their job, go off to lunch, and the women, somewhere on the outskirts of a grove, take off everything save a single long linen garment, hang the rest of their belongings to dry upon the bushes, and undo their hair, mermaidlike, to comb the marshweeds and silt-grass out of it.

While the young people are still engaged in this semblance of sport, the old women have gathered upon a hillock and taken their lunches out of their bundles. . . . The memory is already fading of the summer two years ago when the very bread the hay-makers had to eat was made of bitter weeds — and many, after eating this famine ration, rolled writhing on the ground with convulsive pains produced by their unwholesome fare.

Such is Khozar — just a tiny wrinkle on the great face of Russia, where, intermingled with people bearing the truly Slavic names of Arkhipov or Matriushin, you meet families with the name of Murzin or Khanumov, where side by side with round-eyed, red-cheeked Akulina you see a sallow-faced, slant-eyed swain whose glance still retains something of the wild slyness of his nomadic ancestors.

IDEALISM VERSUS HISTORY

BY ARTHUR E. E. READE

From the *Labour Magazine*, June
(LONDON COMMUNIST MONTHLY)

Two plays — one by a Fabian, one by a Communist — have recently been produced in London; each is the epic of the struggle of a woman and idealist with the world, and in both her fate is to be dutifully executed by quite polite State officials. But the worlds of Shaw and of Toller are different worlds: the characters in *Saint Joan* are people drawn from the world of mediæval history; in *Masse-Mensch* 'the protagonists, except Sonia,' Toller states, 'are not individual characters' — they are symbols representing the forces that govern the world to-day, the world of the class-struggle in its most brutal reality. Hence Toller has a message for the working class, and that is perhaps why the workers have less opportunity of seeing *Masse-Mensch* than *Saint Joan*. Not that serious consideration can be given to the rash classification of *Saint Joan* as Fascist, on the grounds that Shaw accepts a philosophy of social despair when he seems to depict the shabbiness of the powers that be merely by contrast with the glorious courage and perfect faith of one human being, martyred without malice in her own age, and canonized by humbugs in the next.

Now whether *Saint Joan* be or be not Shaw's greatest work, it certainly is one of the finest historical plays ever written — in the conventional sense that an historical play is a dramatization of a 'true story' from the history books; and *Saint Joan* is nothing more. But in it Shaw's stagecraft has so surpassed itself, and, in the present produc-

tion at the New Theatre, he is so nobly served by the players, that the effect overwhelms powers of criticism. The too subtle critic, failing to discern that the secret of *Saint Joan* is not in any obscurantist evasions but in its Homeric simplicity, seeks some explanation of Shaw's emphasis on the lives and fates of half-legendary personalities, diverting attention from his play's unquestionable historical background of social conflict — on the one side the feudal aristocracy and the internationalist Roman Catholic Church in alliance with a foreign invader, and on the other side a nationalist middle class finding its ideological expression in incipient Protestantism and personified by Joan; and so into the playwright's incidental irony is read a consistency of despair which is not likely to be supported by Shaw's preface in the edition about to be published by Messrs. Constable — if indeed there is any preface, other than the brief historical note that appears on the programme at the New Theatre. *Saint Joan* might well stand without one, because its epilogue, when the ghosts of Joan, her persecutors from hell, and a modern priest assemble to the Dauphin in a dream, supersedes the need for any prefatory argument.

If critics of the Left are to justify the mediocrity of their own understanding — a thing which the critics of the Right never bother to do — and to find the intellectual food of Fascism in *Saint Joan*, how is the almost helpless pessimism of *Masse-Mensch* to be

treated? *Masse-Mensch* is more directly a drama of class-war; the bourgeois critics have not attacked it, for they have not understood it. There is no criterion by which a unique expression of genuine revolutionary art — that is, art created out of conscious experience of the working-class revolution — can be judged by critics timorous of analyzing the meaning of a conflict which the bourgeoisie would prefer were ignored. Happily for the 'Heart-break House' audiences who attend the Stage Society's performances the political significance — the 'propaganda' — of *Masse-Mensch* is obscured by its pessimism, a pessimism natural in the circumstances in which it was written, during October 1919, when the author was in solitary confinement in a cell at the fortress of Niederschoefeld, Bavaria, beginning a term of five years' imprisonment for the part he played as President of the Munich Soviet in March of that year. *Masse-Mensch*, says Toller in his preface, which was written two years later than the play itself in the form of a note to the producer of the *Volksbühne* production at Berlin, 'literally broke out of me and was put on paper in two days and a half.'

Masse-Mensch consists of seven 'pictures,' three of which are called 'dream pictures,' but the whole has the effect of a nightmare by reason of its 'expressionist' form. It is accepted as the masterpiece of expressionism, and, since it cannot be supposed that during those two-and-a-half days Toller occupied himself with experiments in technique, it is evident that that was the form he found most adequate to his inspiration.

The picture opens in a workman's tavern where the general strike for the morrow is being planned. The comrade of the working masses — the woman, Sonia, wife of a State official — is all strength: —

I am ready.

With every breath power grows in me.
How I have longed and waited for this hour.
When heart's blood turns to words
And words to action!

If I to-morrow sound the trumpet of Judgment
And if my conscience surges through the hall —
It is not I who shall proclaim the strike;
Mankind is calling 'Strike!' and Nature 'Strike!'

My knowledge is so strong. The masses
In resurrection, freed
From wordy snares woven by well-fed gentlemen,
Shall grow to be
The armies of humanity;
And with a mighty gesture
Raise up the invisible citadel of peace. . . .
Who bears the flag, the Red Flag,
Flag of beginnings?

WORKMAN. You. They follow you.

Such is the individual at the summit of her strength, and yet, even so, only strong enough to overcome the ties of her own social class, personified by her husband when he comes to dissuade her from damaging his reputation, 'the more that you will harm the State as well as my career.'

The urge you feel to help society
Can find an outlet in our circle.
For instance,
You could found homes for illegitimate children.
That is a reasonable field of action,
A Witness to the gentle nature which you scorn.
Even your so-called comrade-workmen
Despise unmarried mothers.

In the next picture, the Stock Exchange, bankers are bidding for shares in a profitable investment, National Convalescent Home, Ltd.

We call it
Convalescent Home
For strengthening the will to victory!
In fact it is
State-managed brothel.

The curtain falls on a grotesque fox-trot danced by the bankers to raise money for charity.

In the third picture, the Masses, 'from eternity imprisoned in the abyss of towering towns,' are crying, 'Down

with the factories! Down with the machines!' The woman calls the strike, and then the Nameless One comes out of the Masses and calls for arms: —

THE WOMAN. Hear me!
I will not have fresh murder.

THE NAMELESS. Be silent, comrade.
What do *you* know?
I grant you feel our need,
But have you stood ten hours
together in a mine,
Your homeless children herded
in a hovel?
Ten hours in mines, evenings in
hovels,
This, day by day, the fate of
masses.
You are not Masses!
I am Masses!
Masses are fate.

THE MASSES IN THE HALL.
Are fate . . .

THE WOMAN. Only consider,
Masses are helpless,
Masses are weak.

THE NAMELESS. How blind you are!
Masses are master!
Masses are might!

THE MASSES IN THE HALL.
Are might!

THE WOMAN. My feelings urge me darkly —
But yet my conscience cries
out: No!

THE NAMELESS. Be silent, comrade,
For the Cause!
The individual, his feelings and
conscience,
What do they count?
The Masses count!
Consider this
One single bloody battle; then
Forever peace.

THE WOMAN. You — are — the Masses!
You — are — right!

But when the battle is joined, Sonia tries to stop it, and the Masses are crying, 'Treason!' 'Intelligentsia!' 'Let her be shot!' She is only saved from the workmen by the soldiery capturing the hall and all within being taken prisoner.

The husband comes to the condemned cell to congratulate her that

she is at any rate guiltless of murder. 'Guiltlessly guilty,' she replies.

THE HUSBAND. I warned you of the Masses.
Who stirs the Masses, stirs up
Hell.

THE WOMAN. Hell? Who created Hell —
Conceived the tortures of your
golden mills
Which grind, grind out your
profit, day by day?
Who built the prisons? Who
cried 'holy war'?
Who sacrificed a million lives of
men —
Pawns in a lying game of
numbers?
Who thrust the masses into
mouldering kennels,
That they must bear to-day
The filthy burden of your
yesterday?
Who robbed his brothers of
their human face,
Made them mechanic,
Forced and abused them to be
cogs in your machines?
The State! You!

Her indictment weakens into words of love — but he stumbles out.

The Nameless One enters, also to congratulate her; she has no doubt recovered now from her pacifist delusions. They are to escape; two warders have been bribed, and the third, at the gate, shall be struck down. But she refuses to gain her life by this man's death.

THE NAMELESS. The Masses have a right to you.

THE WOMAN. What of the warder's right?
The warder is a man.

THE NAMELESS. As yet there are no men.
On this side men of the Masses;
On that side men of the State.

THE WOMAN. To be a man is plain, is primal.

THE NAMELESS. Only the Masses are holy.

THE WOMAN. The Masses are not holy.
Force made the Masses.
Injustice of possession made
the Masses. . . .

You are not release.
You are not redemption.
I know you, who you are.

You are the bastard child of
war. . . .

Unholy every cause that needs
to kill.

The nameless spokesman of the Masses leaves the cell with the words, 'You live too soon,' thus echoing the last scene in *Saint Joan*, but with this difference: Joan fought with uncompromising and logical enthusiasm for the collective cause in spite of her associates' mean and selfish intrigues; Sonia refused to fight at all because of her private conscience.

The woman is led out and executed, and two women convicts, gossiping over the trinkets in her cell, over the coffin — 'a yellow box' — that is ready for Sonia in the washroom, over the officer's golden uniform, are startled by the sound of the shots into crying, 'Why do we do these things?' And Toller leaves it at that, so that an unscrupulous or stupid London producer can reverse the interpretations of Berlin and Moscow and render *Masse-Mensch* as the sad story of a misguided idealist who suffers for rejecting a kind husband in favor of the Masses whose leader proves a villain. The Nameless is presented as a devil incarnate; there

could be no more unfair perversion of Toller's intention.

Toller explains that in his artistic capacity he questions the validity of the various social forces and relations between human beings whose objective reality he assumes in his political capacity. Yet I do not think the dramatist presenting a problem and the Communist refraining from a solution are conflicting personalities. The failure of idealism, even though directed against the State, to satisfy the historic need of the Masses is a fact to be faced and not a problem to be solved. In recognizing this, Toller has conceived a great tragedy. An artificial solution might dissipate the tragedy of the theme, but it would seal its despair, as can be seen in *The Adding Machine* by Elmer Rice, which the Stage Society produced early this year. This too was an 'expressionist' play, superficially a great deal more cheerful; but while it began with social satire it ended by finding a solution in individual cynicism, and *that* is the way of Fascism.

HONEYMOON

BY VENTURA GARCÍA CALDERÓN

FROM *La Revue de Genève, May*
(SWISS POLITICAL AND LITERARY MONTHLY)

IT is an admirable device for river-crossing, the *huaro* of my native country. Only you must devise some way of putting in the time, must have a sound heart, and must know just when to close your eyes over the abyss thundering beneath. You are shut in a kind of cattle cage, balanced at the mercy of the winds, in which two

people can scarcely find room, even if they stand very close together, without brushing against the bars. The *huaro* runs along a steel cable suspended from two posts, one on each bank, and with an ingenious arrangement of pulleys two oxen fastened to a rope, which is also fastened to the *huaro*, bring it from one side to the other. There is a

single delicate moment when the arc of the cable sinks low above the boiling water and when, as you sink with it, your face is sprinkled with the foam. But it is all great fun — if you happen to be twenty.

The engineer of the hacienda, who was no longer twenty, would have nothing to do with these pleasures, although he himself had built the huario — a very up-to-date one, with high iron towers instead of ordinary posts, and an electric motor to work the cables during the five hundred metres of the aerial journey. From either tower the cable swung over a gulf which, though it was dry for months at a time, was full from bank to bank in summer. Then one of the most appalling concerts that can be heard, even in my country which has so many furious rivers, would rise from the torrent reddened by the clay from the banks. By day nothing passed across except sugar-cane, but when evening came the playful children of the neighborhood would have as much fun with it as elsewhere they might have had with roller coasters — the same sweep downward and the same flutter of the heart. Perched in the top of his tower and working his levers, the engineer was willing enough to humor the youngsters in everything except trying his handiwork himself. 'The thing ought to be used for nothing but cane,' he used to say. 'A man can cross the river on his horse.'

Crossing on horseback is quite another story, and even more complex. Sitting motionless on his mount — which snorts and gasps in the foaming water — and clinging fast with all his might, the rider, shaken by the water, listens to the cries of the *chimbadores*, who are used to the river and who ride along on horseback to warn when a tree trunk comes sweeping straight toward you, or to cry out not to yield to dizzi-

ness. If the thundering rush of water makes you lose your head, there is no hope. That is why you are told to shut your eyes and trust your horse.

That evening when the owner of the hacienda and his wife, Señor and Señora Linares, coming back from their honeymoon, arrived from the neighboring port, the engineer had his best horses ready to carry them across. It was not yet evening, and the river had not risen to its height. Only a few stalks of uprooted sugar-cane, carried slowly down by the current, were floating under the cable of the huario. Señora Linares, a charming young girl from the towns, already frightened by the wild landscape, drew herself up. 'Never in my life!'

Nothing would induce her to cross on horseback. In the first place, she did not want to wet her dress, and then again she could not think of risking herself in a river whose dangers were already famous. In vain the two Negro *chimbadores*, gently smiling and holding their big straw hats in their hands, assured her: 'It is nothing, little mistress. We fasten you into the saddle and you need only close your eyes.' But Señora Linares paled and turned toward the engineer, who led the couple to the huario, but asked permission for himself to cross on horse.

Two young married people on the top of the iron tower, watching the setting sun and waving their handkerchiefs to him — they made a pretty picture above the fields of sugar-cane, fragrant of honey and moist earth; and as the little iron cage began to slip along the steel cable a cheer went up from below. This huario went swiftly, not like the ordinary kind that moves only when someone goads the lagging oxen.

Suddenly in the middle of the river, where it swung a scant two metres above the water, the huario stopped,

and they could see the engineer gesticulating in the void. The motor, no doubt, was stalled. Swinging above the water, Señor and Señora Linares listened to the torrent with amused surprise. The sun had sunk, but it left in the sky great gaps of glowing brass. It was one of those Peruvian sunsets, long-drawn and dramatic, when the heavens become a second twilight, motionless there above, broken below by floating clouds which adorn themselves with wisps of colored foam. On the water, already reddened by the clay, the fiery clouds were dazzling.

They could see the engineer come hurrying down the ladder of the tower and call the Negro, whom he sent hurrying to the hacienda for a spare part. The chimbador climbed on his horse, a wild little brute with a swinging gait, which struggled with all its might against the furious current.

The river, rising suddenly, began to reach their feet. Birds skimmed just above the foaming river with cries that sounded like the scratch of a fingernail over a flashing mirror. Crouching in the little cage, Señora Linares was already trembling with the cold and badly frightened. Her husband took off his poncho to cover her with it. He laughed nervously and, putting his trust in his huaro with all its modern machinery, tried to persuade her that the accident was of no importance. Only the Negro must get back quickly, for night was falling, sudden and sullen, covering the estuary with great dark spots, over which bits of gold floated and slowly disappeared. The cage began to swing like a pendulum above the black waters, which were growing heavy, like a marsh at evening.

The river whistled, bellowed, thundered, all in a moment, and its organ tones grew clearer and clearer in the cage, as the water kept rising and rising. Señor and Señora Linares could no

longer hear the voices of their servants or of the engineer, who were shouting from the bank to reassure them.

Suddenly something little fell into the cage, and they gathered it up. It was a dove, exhausted in its flight, which had come from a great distance — from some field of maize, no doubt, beyond the mountains, for it still carried in its beak a bit of pilfered grain. It struggled in the hands of Señora Linares, who began to cry, as much in pity for herself as for the dove. The faint creaking of the cage as it swung in the wind became unendurable. Now they had to talk in loud voices because of the noise. In the darkness below the foam was still visible, like the snow caps on the mountains. Immense trees, uprooted by the force of the water, hurried past so close that they almost struck the cage. Shivering against one another, the couple looked in silent agony toward the tiny light at the top of the iron tower, from which their safety must come. How slow, how very slow the workmen were!

It was Señora Linares who shrieked wildly when the first icy water touched their feet. She screamed and tried to climb away from it, but she fell back. The cage, pushed by the current, no longer moved. They thought now that they were lost, for the ring above the cage hung by an iron hook, and if it swung far enough this might give way entirely. At the thought of sinking, a madness seized them and they tried in vain to clutch the hook and hold it with their bloody hands. They began to exchange reproaches, unjust and desperate words whose syllables the wind swept from their lips.

Around the cage, as if it were a rock, the river began to whirl. The icy foam began to splash in their faces. At last Señor Linares, unable to endure his

wife's shrieks, which rang above even the sound of the water and the sinister creaking of the pulleys on the cable above the abyss, disengaged the hand that clung to him, no doubt to drag him down, climbed over the edge of the cage, up the four supporting chains, and then over, on the steel cable. Slowly, through a whole hour, through two hours, he worked his way along the cable, stretched out at full length like an acrobat, toward the tower, and safety.

In the centre of the river, clinging

with both arms to the bars of the cage, sunk in water to her chin, his wife stood screaming until morning, and when light came and one could see clearly a little Negro boy worked his way out over the cable, to readjust the pulley that was blocked. Then at last the engine pulled Señora Linares back to the bank whence she had started, and she fled — half mad, wishing never again to see the man who had chosen her for life, but who refused to be her companion at midnight above the river of death.

HOW VICTOR HUGO WORKED

BY GUSTAVE SIMON

From *Le Temps*, May 31
(SEMIOFFICIAL OPPORTUNIST DAILY)

AT the age of seventy-three, some ten years before his death, Victor Hugo wrote the literary testament which he published in *Actes et paroles*. Was it possible to carry out the provisions of this will precisely as he conceived them? It was, had we been content to fulfill merely the letter, but it was not if we hoped to carry out his wishes in the fullness of the spirit.

Victor Hugo desired that all the writings he left should be handed over to the public. No task could have been simpler in appearance, none more complex in reality, for upon his death Hugo's literary executors found themselves confronted with thousands upon thousands of pages and scraps of paper — notes, sketches, fragments, and manuscripts, in verse and prose, some classified, others quite without arrangement. Hugo had himself sent to the

Bibliothèque Nationale some of his published manuscripts, while others remained in his little hotel in the Avenue d'Eylau, and still others — these by no means the least numerous — remained on the island of Guernsey.

About 1893 I remember having seen at the home of Paul Meurice, who was then living in the rue Fortuny, a big trunk made of painted iron. The trunk interested me exceedingly, since it evidently could not be intended for travel and must clearly shelter precious objects of some kind or other. Nor did it take me long to discover that it was stuffed with Victor Hugo's manuscripts, which Meurice had brought back from Guernsey and stored in his bedroom. In this same bedroom was a big, old-fashioned cupboard whose four shelves were likewise occupied by Hugo's manuscripts. On the second

floor was another cupboard and still more manuscripts. Some were published, others were unpublished, and they all badly needed to be classified and to be set in order. It was a laborious task which might have discouraged even a Benedictine monk, but Paul Meurice had a guide—none other than Victor Hugo himself, who had laid down three categories for such of his writings as he destined for publication: first, finished works; second, partly finished works; third, notes, sketches, and fragments.

He had designated three of his friends as executors: Paul Meurice, Auguste Vacquerie, Ernest Lefèvre, but this triumvirate was speedily transformed into a duumvirate consisting of Paul Maurice and Auguste Vacquerie. Vacquerie seemed to be so deeply absorbed in journalism that he relied largely upon the energy of Meurice. Moreover, the publication of works which were finished or partly finished, though it involved a fairly considerable amount of labor, was the least complex part of the task, for here the road had been mapped out in advance. The unpublished manuscripts were innumerable, and so also were those of the third category—the notes, fragments, and sketches.

Victor Hugo's desires were explicit. These were to be published—a delicate and strenuous task, for these fragments were not, as has been sometimes irreverently said, mere 'desk rubbish,' but often important manuscripts. Victor Hugo had suggested a method when he wrote: 'I return to the sea all that I have received from it.' Had not the sea been his companion and his collaborator? He resolved, therefore, to collect all his notes, sketches, and fragments under the title *Océan*.

But would they not thus have been submerged and drowned? Imagine the

philosophic preface to *Les misérables* or the *Nouveaux châtimens*, or the unpublished act of *Marie Tudor*, all lumped together in two, three, or four volumes under such a title as *Océan*. They would have been robbed of all their value and all their character. No doubt the task would have been singularly simplified, but how uneven, confused, and incoherent it would have been.

The existing editions of Hugo's works, though numerous, were similar in text, differing only in their format. Not until the last years of Hugo's life, about 1880, did Hetzel's *ne varietur* edition appear, which ordinary minds regarded as a definitive edition never to be changed.

What do we find in this edition? *Rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. That is, there were a few unpublished notes scattered through an immense work, while there still remained an ocean of unpublished manuscripts. Anyone else would have been discouraged, but being a man of resource Meurice translated *ne varietur* into *ut varietur*, an 'edition not to be changed' into an 'edition to be changed.' He reasoned thus: 'After all, this edition contains only a few scraps of the unpublished writings. Why not make a new edition which shall really be definitive this time? All the unpublished material relating to works that have already appeared would find its logical place in it, and that which has no relation to any particular work previously published could be grouped together later under the title *Océan* which Hugo chose.'

It was not until 1902 that Paul Meurice arranged for the publication of the edition of the *Imprimerie Nationale*. He was at that time eighty years old. I had known him in 1869, when with Hugo's son and Auguste Vacquerie he founded *Le Rappel*, and

now I found him to be still what he then was — active, devoted, eager to conquer difficulties, carrying on alone, with a tenacity and patience unknown to present generations, the task that three men had begun. He was glad to forget the date of his birth. When that date has become very distant, one no longer recalls it, so much has one acquired the habit of living, especially when one has escaped the onslaughts of senility. Even at this time he was still making great projects and hoping to publish a book which was to be called *Labor*. I used to see him frequently and hear him talk. Then he was also planning the great edition of Hugo's works.

'This edition of the *Imprimerie Nationale* will include forty-two or forty-three volumes,' he would say. 'I shall certainly not see the end of it, and you must continue it.' But at the bottom of his heart he thoroughly believed that he would himself bring out a certain number of the volumes. The first — *Notre Dame de Paris* — appeared in April 1904. Two others followed, the *Contemplations* and a volume of plays. A fourth, *Le Rhin*, was ready when, in 1905, Paul Meurice suddenly died. I had seen him the day before in the best of health and should never, in spite of his age, have suspected his end would be so sudden, for he retained all his activity to his last moment.

In the early part of the year 1906, when I was called on to succeed Paul Meurice, I said to myself: 'The only thing to do, obviously, is to follow the beaten track — that is to say, write the history of every work, make a study of every manuscript, group the unpublished pieces, and make critical, bibliographical, and iconographic reviews.'

It was not quite so simple, however, for from 1903 to 1906 only four vol-

umes had been published, and the whole number was to reach forty-two or forty-three — thirty-nine volumes yet to be printed. I admit that I was somewhat disturbed, and I was still more disturbed later when I found what in reality I had to face. I confined myself to making a few calculations — thirty-nine volumes! That meant that we must publish three or four a year. It is always easy to lay down such a plan, but calculations are always upset by the event. Never shall I forget the day when I was placed in possession of Victor Hugo's manuscripts, laid out together in the home of Paul Meurice. It was a moment of emotion. We looked at one another without daring to touch them. The first thing to do was to find a place for the safe-keeping of these treasures. A strong-box was the natural place, but it would take a good many strong-boxes to house these mountains of paper. This was the first problem, and there was no time to lose, for we must set to work at once.

In order to draw up the historical sketches and study the manuscripts, the progress of Hugo's own work, and to class the various relics, it was necessary to undertake numerous researches in Hugo's notebooks, in his correspondence, and in the books of the period. Imagine how it feels to find yourself confronted with several heaps of notes, without any hint as to their origin. There was a veritable pullulation of scraps of paper, some no bigger than a few fingers, and others full-sized sheets. We had to make some kind of classification and work out a place for each of them; but it was an appalling task, for there were no dates, the hand-writings were different, and there were difficult words which had to be deciphered. Later we may reveal the secret of our investigations and our discoveries, and the way in which we

were able to assign dates and names to the manuscripts; but let us first explain some details which are either wholly unknown or at least not generally known, and let us anticipate some of the questions that inevitably arise, especially the question: 'How could any man, after publishing so many books, still contrive to leave so many manuscripts?'

We must understand Victor Hugo's way of living in order to explain the prodigious abundance of his unpublished works. All his life long he had taken notes. We found some scribbled on the backs of letters dated as early as 1820. One of these, dated 1825, yields these two verses which were published thirty-nine years afterward in *La légende des siècles*:—

*Chimène eut sa gorgette
Pleine de fleurs et d'épis.*

These two lines may have come to his mind during his trip to Rheims, where he had gone to attend the coronation of Charles X, in company with Charles Naudier, who had discovered a copy of the *Romancero*.

Whether he was traveling, whether he was perched on the top of a stage-coach or stopping at an inn, Hugo would note down a thought on the first scrap of paper at hand. If a book provided him with a bit of information, it would perhaps later be developed into the subject of a novel or might merely become a chapter. In 1826 he asked Gaspar de Pons, who was in Cologne, to get him some information about the convict prison. Observe the date—1826. It was not until 1862, thirty-six years afterward, that he used these facts in *Les misérables*. In the Academy, in the Chamber of Peers, in the Assembly, he would scribble a word or a title, a name or a line, and often several lines, which he expected to use later on. It was when he was an exile, and most

of all at Guernsey, that scraps of paper, newspaper wrappers, the dates of envelopes, flyleaves of books, letters, fragments of newspapers, even prospectuses, would be covered with lines which ran in every direction and which are sometimes hard to decipher.

We know from his notebooks and from those about him how he organized his life. Rising early—sometimes at four or five o'clock in the morning—he would spend the hours before his *déjeuner* at work. It has been said that in the afternoon or the evening he would rest, but this is a great mistake. His pretended rest was merely apparent. Actually he never stopped working and he could never keep from thinking. His brain was always active. He did take trips afoot, good for his health, but also good for reflection and for observations which he entrusted to his notebook, and often, after his return, to any scraps of paper that came to hand. Memories, philosophic reflections, poems on nature, details of history, judgments on men, the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the island—it was a storehouse, a veritable heap of notes, and an accumulation of little paper bundles perpetually renewed and perpetually going to join the old ones. He reserved the task of classifying them for his spare time, but his spare time never came. When he went to bed he kept pencils and paper—always those bits of paper—within reach of his hand. If he woke in the night he would write down, even without light, the ideas that besieged him. If he was feeling sleepy he would write anyhow. We even have one little book called *Poems Made While Asleep*. What projects he conceived which could never be carried out!

He had an abundant reserve of material. Did he hope to make use of it eventually? Perhaps he did, although

he would often remark with a melancholy air: 'Life is too short for a man to carry out all he has planned.' Everyone who knew him well had heard him remark at some time or other, 'I have some shavings,' by which he meant his scattered notes. He used the word with a hint of disdain. 'Call them heaps of stones if you want to,' he used to add, changing the figure from a cabinetmaker to a mason. He often planned to use some of these 'stones' in erecting a new edifice, and only when he had reached the age of seventy-three and no longer had any hope of finishing his work did he take the trouble to get together all his notes, fragments, and sketches, and the scattered ideas that he did not wish to let fall into oblivion.

One reason why Hugo felt so little bitterness over his exile was his recognition of that fact that the solitude of his island—or rather islands—was an ideal writer's retreat, and he liked Guernsey so well that even after his return to France he used to come back to the island from time to time because he found it a quiet place to write in.

Knowing his methods of working, one is not surprised to find that Hugo left so many notes relating to every period of his life. He himself realized that he was imposing an extremely rigorous task upon whoever was to deal with his manuscripts—indeed, he says as much in his will. It was necessary to read, decipher, even study with a magnifying glass, some notes of his which were nothing but confused tangles of words in various forms. It was like fitting together sticks of unequal length. Dates had to be established; yet dates were rarely given, and sometimes could be fixed only by the postmark if the notes happened to be scribbled on an old envelope or newspaper.

What could we rely on, then, and what means of arrangement had we? First of all there was the handwriting, for Victor Hugo had four distinct hands. The writing of 1820 is very elaborate and ornamental, like arabesques. The writing from 1830 to 1845 is stripped of all ornamentation and is like an Englishman's—sharp and fine. The writing from 1845 to 1858 is a precise backhand and very small. It is the hand he used in the assemblies and in the Academy, for Victor Hugo had acquired at academic séances the habit of taking notes and another habit, which he kept up in his correspondence at the beginning of his exile, of putting a great deal of writing on a very little bit of paper. His handwriting from 1858 to the end of his life is good and big, slanting more and more—the writing which is most familiar and which changed as age advanced, growing larger and larger.

The paper that he used also offers a guide. His *Odes et ballades*, *Les orientales*, and *Les feuilles d'automne* were written on sheets of paper of uneven size. No special shape, no special kind was adopted, though he most often used letter paper. At this period the paper is of no assistance, though this statement does not apply to manuscripts of plays which, before being brought together, were written from end to end on the same kind of paper. With *Les chants du crépuscule*, as success began to come to him, a vague idea of perhaps keeping his manuscripts for posterity seems to have struck Hugo. We see the appearance of small square sheets of light-blue paper, and it was on such paper that most of *Les misérables*, composed from 1842 to 1845, was written. Larger, thicker white paper usually indicates the period from 1845 to 1855. Then comes fine, strong blue paper, longer than it is wide, half of which was re-

served for marginal additions, on which most of the pieces in *La légende des siècles* and the great novels of his exile were written. Inevitably there are exceptions to these rules, which are only outlined here. The dates and rules, it is easy to understand, are necessarily only approximate. Hugo worked with

goose quills and they modified his writing. His hand was larger when he was using a worn-out quill, finer when he had a new one. It is easy to see this when the two writings are mingled on the same sheet of paper, and the writing and paper together offer a very useful guide. . . .

STONES OF PUNIC CARTHAGE

BY LEO PERUTZ

From *Neue Freie Presse*, June 1
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

ON the broad, limitless uplands which bear the name of Carthage, one can still find herds of goats, scattered Arab huts, and hordes of begging children, but no block of stone, no fragment of wall to wake a memory of an ancient mistress of the sea. There is a little village of colonists, half European, that calls itself Salammbô in honor of Flaubert, and there is a way station on the electric railway which cuts its way between the hills that has assumed the haughty name of Hamilcar. The archæologist will find in the theological seminary of St.-Louis a collection of antiquities — Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, old and modern Punic and Roman — arranged in display cases of glass and wood, open on Monday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday from two to half-past five. Somewhere behind the hills, lost in the underbrush, one can find scattered fragments of a late Roman theatre, and that is all time has left of vanished magnificence.

He who would find ancient Carthage with its pillared halls, its inscriptions, the flights of marble steps leading up

to its altars of burnt sacrifice, and the granite blocks of the temples of its Baals — such a man, I was told, must go far back from the coast to Kairwan, the city favored of the gods, and must seek out the mosque of Sidi Akbar. The ancient shrine of Islam lies in the northern end of the city, surrounded by gigantic walls, as if it were a fortress. Hassan Ibn-el-Noman, the conqueror and destroyer of Carthage, who built these walls twelve hundred years ago, had no need to be sparing of limestone ashlar and granite blocks. The upland along the seacoast, the silent desert called Carthage, through which to-day the goatherds wander, gave him all the material he needed in order to build this eternal monument to his god.

Behind the mighty doorway a white-bearded Arab, custodian of the mosque, was waiting for me. He led me into the prayer-room. Here is Carthage.

Here is Carthage. Here is gathered together all that remains of the splendor and the riches of the city's kings. Here they stand, witnesses and survivors of a vanished world. In this

endless twilight stand an army of pillars wrought in onyx, marble, porphyry, and granite. These stone steps may once have led to the temple of Esmun or Astarte. These buttresses stood on the citadel around which raged the last despairing combat, and these flagstones with Punic inscriptions must once have adorned the swarming market-place of Carthage. On these gleaming bluish marble slabs there are still traces of the ruts worn by ancient carts.

Here is all that now remains of the Punic world. Here and here alone — and yet I cannot see Carthage. I see stones and pillars, but I can form no picture of the busy and warlike city. They are changed, torn out of their period, wrenched away from the life that created them. They have forgotten their vanished gods, Baal and Astarte, and they all stand here like renegades without memory, serving the fame of another god who never dies and who knows no shadow of the change of all things. I leave the prayer-room disillusioned. Even here I have sought Carthage in vain. Even here I have found only a museum — a gigantic museum, it is true, and one that dispenses with glass cases and wall exhibits, but for all that only a heap of collected things without soul or life or any trace of greatness. Outside the minaret rises in the bright sunlight. I climb the stone stairs, until a little Arab boy whom the custodian of the mosque has called joins me. At the third landing he stops and points at the wall. 'A fish,' he says.

I had not seen it before. In the wall of the minaret an ancient slab of marble has been set that bears the picture of a muræna in magnificent mosaic work. Two steps more, and my little guide pauses again. This time it is a picture in relief of a girl gathering flowers to which he draws my atten-

tion. The minaret has a hundred and fifty-two steps, and Hassan Ibn-el-Noman who built it, a great campaigner, made use of mosaics, inscribed tablets, glazed tiles, votive stones, capitals, and fragments of statues, for his building material. As he leads me, I look at my little guide, who never wearies of pointing out new bits of artistic work. On the right is the tendril of a vine, on the left Orpheus among the beasts; a step farther one spray of ivy, a dove, fragments of a hunting-scene, a bearded priest's head, and terra-cotta masques. Nothing escapes him.

'A scorpion,' he says, and points to a relief in a little niche, hardly recognizable in the darkness.

So much zeal deserved baksheesh. I took a two-franc piece out of my pocket, but wonder of wonders! the lad did not reach for the money, nor did he even look at it. He reached out his hand and fumbled for mine. And now for the first time his movements betrayed the fact that my little guide was blind.

There are many blind in the city, but this one knew every stone in the old building. The ancient fragments, the half-destroyed reliefs, the fish, the ivy branch, the scorpion are his world. He knows them and can call them by their names, although he has never seen them, and blind though he is, he guided me better than many another whose eyes could see.

And now, as I looked after the boy hurrying away, I knew that I must seek elsewhere after vanished Carthage. The streetcars ply across its site, a smug and dismal villa quarter calls itself Salammbô, a factory chimney smokes not far from the Hamilcar station. I must not seek for Carthage with my eyes. The little Arab boy has taught me that eyes are nothing and the seeing mind everything.

A PAGE OF VERSE

WINTER BIRD

BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

[*Adelphi*]

MY bird, my darling,
Calling through the cold afternoon!
Those round bright notes,
Each one so perfect
Shaken from the other and yet
Hanging together in flashing clusters!
The small soft flowers and the ripe fruit,
All are gathered.
It is the season now of nuts and berries
And round bright flashing drops
On the frozen grass.

THE CHOICE

BY E. S. BARLOW

[*Return and Other Poems*]

THE little lark trilled out in glee
And ecstasy, and ecstasy.
'Oh look, the skies are blue,' he said.
'Why don't you come up too,' he said,
'And play with me?'

The little mole who burrows deep
Began to creep, began to creep.
'The earth is warm and dark,' said he,
'Why emulate the lark?' said he.
'Come down and sleep.'

'Alas, dear lark, I cannot fly.
You soar too high, you soar too high.
My place is underground,' I said,
'And earth shall wrap me round,' I said,
'There where I lie.'

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

BEETHOVEN'S INSTRUMENTS

La Semaine Littéraire, of Geneva, describes the dispersal of Beethoven's pianos and other musical instruments — of which the Beethoven Haus in Bonn has the largest collection — after the composer's death. The string instruments were valued at 78 florins in the inventory drawn up for the heirs, but the brothers Iskit bought them for 200 and sold them to the Royal Library in Berlin, whence they later returned to Bonn.

This inventory mentions only one piano, valued at 100 florins, but sold to Spina for 181. It was presented to Liszt and after his death went to Prince Hohenlohe, who in 1887 presented it to the National Museum in Budapest. The grand piano now in the museum at Bonn was presented to Beethoven by Conrad Graf, the maker, and was returned to the maker after the composer's death. The instrument later became the property of the bookseller Wimmer, who made it part of his daughter's dowry when she married the clergyman Wiedemann, and through their son it eventually reached the Beethoven Haus in Bonn.

The Swiss review does not mention an edifying tale about this piano which the quiet old caretaker in the old Beethoven Haus could tell if he wanted to. Some years ago a young lady visited the house in company with a party of tourists, and before anyone could stop her seated herself quickly at the piano and began to play. When she had finished, she turned to the custodian and said: 'What do you think of my playing on Beethoven's piano?'

'Ach,' said the old fellow, 'you are

not quite like Mr. Paderewski, who was here last week and remarked that he was unworthy to play on it.'

The Beethoven Haus has also a small English *piano à marteaux* dating from the later part of the eighteenth century, but it is not certain whether Beethoven ever played on it.



THE EDUCATION OF ENGLISH GIRLS

THE extraordinary strides which the education of English women has made in the last half-century are pointed out in the *Times* by Miss F. R. Gray, President of the Association of Headmistresses. When the desire for university education began to be widespread among English women in the early seventies, there were only two colleges ready to receive them, Girton and Newnham, then newly founded, and there were many obstacles to be overcome. Only a few of the great schools for girls were at work.

In 1874 Frances Mary Buss collected a group of eight women and founded the present Association of Headmistresses. Their proposals greatly shocked one of the leaders in women's education of the day, Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose generation went back almost to that of Jane Austen and who saw no good in university education for young women because 'there is no greater set of "muffs" and extravagant fellows in life than our college lads.'

The eight headmistresses began the long battle, which is still not quite finished in the English universities, to open all university degrees to women as well as men. More women began to go to universities and more university women began to find their way into the schools as teachers. It was largely due to Miss Buss that girl

students were given essentially the same subjects as their brothers.

At first, partly owing to the inexperience of the teachers and partly to the industry of the students themselves, there was a real danger that they might be overworked. It was Miss Buss who introduced the system of medical examination. The early attitude toward sports was varied. Some of the headmistresses shuddered at the idea of their charges' playing strenuous outdoor games. On the other hand, one of the eight additional members of the Association was encouraging girls to play cricket fifty years ago. Elderly ladies shuddered at this appalling innovation, which they called 'the thin end of the wedge.' Hockey came later, and presently lawn tennis found its way into the schools.



FILMING AND FIGHTING WILD WOLVES

AN extraordinary new film, *Le Miracle des Loups*, has been produced by the *Société Française des Romans Historiques Filmés*, in which wild wolves were employed together with human actors, who ran very considerable risks. The leading man was badly mauled in one encounter and escaped only by killing the wolf in a hand-to-fang struggle. The wolves were collected in England, Italy, Norway, and Poland, since it was impracticable to import them from Russia. Twenty in all were brought to Vincennes. They were so wild that when they were first put together in the same cage terrific battles followed.

After the wolves had grown used to one another and had stopped fighting, they were taken to the Col de Porte, near Grenoble, which is 1400 metres in height and covered with snow. Here a large enclosure of 2000 square metres was prepared, within which the scenes with the wolves were filmed.

The leading woman, Madame Sergyl, is discovered in one scene kneeling and praying in the snow, with the wolves all about her. She was knocked down by the brutes several times and her clothing torn, although she herself seems to have escaped injury. A number of the actors who fought with the wolves were savagely bitten. One was seized by the throat and overthrown, a second was saved only by the timely use of his dagger—and all the time the man at the camera calmly cranked.



WAGNER AND MR. FRANK HARRIS

THERE is a fine to-do in the columns of the London *Sunday Times*, where Ernest Newman—who is, except for Percy Scholes, the best-known musical critic in London—has set himself to correct some of the reminiscences of Wagner which Frank Harris has printed in his latest book. Mr. Newman asserts that either Wagner's memory played him false, or else the lapse of years has affected Mr. Harris's own recollection of what was said to him.

Mr. Newman points out a number of details in which the Harris stories are at variance with contemporary letters or other documents. One of the most intimately personal is the story of Wagner and Fräulein Bertha Goldwag, who did a great deal of sewing for the composer, chiefly of the silk drapery which he loved. Mr. Harris's account is very precise. He asserts that Wagner told him that Fräulein Bertha made him a large number of silk underclothes to enable him to endure a skin rash which was very painful, that he tricked her into waiting for payment, and that he eventually paid her with money given him by King Ludwig. Mr. Harris quotes the composer as saying: 'I paid her threefold.'

Mr. Newman, however, is able to check the Harris account by a series of Wagner's letters to this very dress-maker. He asserts that she did not make underwear for the musician, but luxurious household decorations and dressing-gowns; that there was no need for Wagner to trick her into delaying payment, because his first orders were very slight; that he never paid her threefold, but on the contrary checked her accounts carefully; and that after he was under King Ludwig's protection he paid his dressmaker very slowly and in rather small amounts.

These sartorial and financial details have no great importance in themselves, but the suggestion that Mr. Harris's extremely vivacious account of the composer may be inaccurate — for whatever reason — is at least worth consideration when made by such high authority.



VENTILATION IN THE LABOR GOVERNMENT

FRESH-AIR fanatics will be gratified by a story of the new Labor Government which the *Manchester Guardian* prints: —

Mrs. Sidney Webb has just added to the store of Government office stories. Just after her husband went to the Board of Trade, she recounts, she called one morning to inspect his office and see that all was comfortable for him. Being informed that he was out, she explained who she was and asked permission to go to his room. Her story, she plainly saw, was received with hesitation, but she was allowed to inspect the office in company with an official. 'Ah,' she said, 'I am glad to see you have the windows open.' The official's manner relaxed immediately. Almost the first thing Mr. Webb had said on entering the room, he explained, had been, 'You had better open the windows or you will have my wife after you.' Her remark was taken as proof of identity.

LORD KITCHENER AND THOMAS HARDY

THIS anecdote has behind it the authority of the *Sunday Times* — a weekly newspaper much given to gossip about famous folk.

At a dinner table many years ago the conversation turned on Hardy's poems. Lord Kitchener was among the guests and, listening impatiently for a while, he broke in with, 'Who is this Thomas Hardy you're all talking about?' Softly came the reply, 'Mr. Hardy, Lord Kitchener, is like yourself, a member of the Order of Merit.'



WOODCOCKS AS SURGEONS

SOME years ago Dr. William J. Long, a well-known American student of nature, published an account of a woodcock that he had seen placing a broken leg in a skillfully improvised clay cast. His account of this extraordinary fact was at that time received with some skepticism in scientific circles. *L'Écho de Paris*, however, now publishes a series of similar observations made by various individuals in Sardinia, Thrace, and France, supplementing an earlier article on the surgical capacities of the woodcock.

The writer of the latest article declares that he possesses seven letters describing extraordinary things that these birds have accomplished. Dr. Guido Pabis, at one time attached to the Italian Embassy, tells of having killed two woodcocks in Sardinia and Thrace that had covered their wounds with earth or mud mixed with grass or down. M. G. Carron tells of having killed a woodcock in Doubs that had covered a bullet wound in the foot with 'a kind of plaster made of a mixture of earth, grass, and small feathers, the whole closely adjusted and thoroughly hardened.' Another woodcock, killed in Allier by M. Durance, had a some-

what similar dressing on an old wound that was then perfectly cured.

No scientific man is likely to accept newspaper reports of this sort without careful investigation, but the similarity of these European observations to those independently made in America is at least significant.



NEW DISCOVERIES AT KNOSSOS

ARCHÆOLOGICAL discoveries of unexpected importance are reported in Knossos by Sir Arthur Evans, who has devoted most of the last twenty years to excavations on this traditional site of the palace of Minos. The palace of Knossos has long presented a puzzle to archæologists because it apparently lacked a second entrance worthy of its magnificence. The north gate which had long been known was a mere narrow passageway, and the west porch was little better than a side door. The excavators often conjectured that the main approach was from the south, but later peoples, who had made use of this part of the building as a quarry, had practically destroyed it.

Sir Arthur Evans, carrying his researches farther down the slope, has now discovered a portico with a rising line of supporting pillars which clearly formed the beginning of a state entrance. Opposite this, under an alluvial deposit, he has discovered remains of an ancient viaduct and bridgehead, the most imposing structure that has yet been discovered in Crete. This is believed to be the abutment of the great southern road leading across the island.

Further investigations under the alluvial deposit reveal what is probably the most ancient hotel in history. Travelers are known to have passed back and forth between Crete and Egypt, and this ancient inn was probably devised for their benefit.

There is a delicate frieze of decorative plants and birds in what appears to have been the dining-room, so that the Victorian custom of using pictures of game and fruit for dining-room adornments has the sanction of antiquity. Another room has arrangements for washing the feet, and a passage leads down to what is apparently a little chapel, thereby anticipating the recent innovation of an American hotel. The viaduct is believed to date from the middle bronze age, or about 2000 B.C., contemporary with the XII Egyptian dynasty.



A THEATRE TRUST IN BERLIN

BERLIN'S centralization of theatrical power in a few hands is already beginning to resemble closely the situation long familiar to New York. The passing of the famous Lessing Theater into the hands of the brothers Rotter gives this firm their sixth house and makes them the biggest theatre trust in Europe.

That they should acquire the Lessing Theater is especially significant because of its high artistic traditions, for it is run by Victor Barnowsky after the traditions established by Otto Brahms, the manager under whom Reinhardt studied. The new owners at first proposed to permit Herr Barnowsky to continue as lessee for a quarter of a million gold marks annual rental, but since Herr Barnowsky was unable to pay this sum the brothers Rotter, unwilling to offend public opinion, have compromised by reëngaging most of his actors, so that for the time, at least, one of the most famous artistic theatres of Berlin will continue on the old lines. They are, however, introducing an approximation of the star system — which is not auspicious for the future of dramatic art.

BOOKS ABROAD

Little Mexican, and Other Stories, by Aldous Huxley. London: Chatto and Windus, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[*Observer*]

THE opulence of Mr. Huxley's talent speaks in every page of these short stories, and is only equaled in impressiveness by the confidence with which it is employed. His refusal to hurry effects is a perfectly delightful experience if one comes fresh from contact with more commercialized 'producers.' 'Uncle Spencer,' the longest and most considerable of these pieces, is a model of deliberation: the figures take shape, touch by touch, as the tale meanders along — the expatriated English male old maid, the Flemish sisters, the little Cockney music-hall girl — and not even the supers are scamped. The spirit of 'Uncle Spencer,' and of 'Little Mexican' is essentially comic, and in that vein the author's ingenuity seems able to spend itself at once freely and without waste, even if some of its unconventionalities are scarcely worth while. 'The Portrait' stands, with some slightness, in the same class, as against the other three stories, with their French professional overstrain of *amertume*. An English writer cannot attain in that medium to more than cleverness: if he means to make pain an ingredient of art, he must approach it more gravely. Mr. Huxley is still young enough to enjoy the sensations of sheer experiment. But he would be wasting his time on repetitions of 'Fard' or 'Young Archimedes.'

The Revival of Europe, by Horace G. Alexander. London: Allen & Unwin. 1924, Cloth, 5s.; paper, 3s. 6d.

[*Daily Herald*]

MR. ALEXANDER has done an exceptionally valuable piece of work. He has written an honest book on the League of Nations.

That is a rare, if not a unique, feat. For of most writing, and most speaking, on the League, I can only say that it fills one with contempt for the authors and with despair for the League. Our need is urgent for stark honesty in thinking, for fearless facing of reality. But we have instead from these apologists self-deceit, cowardly evasion, obstinate illusion. That way lies ruin for the League and for Europe. These propagandists of ostrichdom are enemies of society.

Mr. Alexander is of another school. He does not fulminate against the League. He believes in it. And because of his belief he criticizes, not

disguising failure but probing for its causes. His calmly scientific treatment is a fine contrast to the theological hallucinations of the hot-gospelers.

And the conclusion of it all. That 'there is no short cut to peace in a world where separate States care more for power and dominance than for peace.' In other words, you cannot gather pacific grapes from imperialist thorns, nor do leopards change their spots by getting in a herd. The League to-day is impotent to carry out its chief purpose, because it is a League of robber States. It can only function when its member States have changed their nature.

And — to carry the argument a step further — those States can only change their nature by changing their economic basis. Capitalist Imperialism and the League are fundamentally incompatible. And unless we overthrow Capitalism, Capitalism will strangle the League.

But that, being a sober statement of hard fact, is terrible to the gentlemen who want both worlds at once — the fleshpots of Capitalism and the peace of internationalism. And so they shrink hastily back to their comfortable dreams.

Let them be. They are a poor lot. But as to Mr. Alexander, get his book and read it. It will clear your mind of the others' cant.

The Cruise of the Amaryllis, by G. H. P. Muhlhausen. London: John Lane, 1924. 8s. 6d.

[*New Statesman*]

IF the title of this book suggests the summer holiday of an amateur yachtsman instead of a three years' voyage round the world in a small boat, it is in keeping with the modesty of the author, the late Lieutenant Muhlhausen. Other characteristics of his were an intense love of the sea, and a fearlessness and an ability to do without comfort that enabled him, amateur sailor though he was, to endure twenty-six months in a mine-sweeper and eighteen months in Q-ships, and to finish up his war-service in the cramped quarters of an armed trawler. After these experiences it would have been excusable if he had, for the rest of his life, carefully nourished a distaste for the sea, and especially for life in a small boat. Instead of this, however, his appetite was but whetted for further adventures, and he refused to contemplate sleeping quietly in his bed as a plain business-man in Essex. Consequently he bought the Amaryllis, a twenty-eight-ton yawl, and embarked with an inadequate crew on a thirty-one-thousand-mile voyage to the West Indies, through the Panama

Canal to the South Seas, Australia, and New Zealand, and home by the East Indies, Singapore, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean. The *Amaryllis* is the third smallest boat that has gone round the world, and actually the smallest that has sailed on such a voyage from England.

Unfortunately Lieutenant Muhlhausen died within a few weeks of his return. During the voyage he had kept a very full diary on which this book is based. His plain, graphic, sailor-like narrative makes excellent reading; there are many photographs and maps; and a Memoir by Mr. Keble Chatterton and an Introduction by Mr. Claud Worth contribute to the record of a remarkable feat of endurance and seamanship.

East of Prague: Impressions of Czechoslovakia, by C. J. C. Street. London: Geoffrey Bles, 1924. 10s. 6d.

Corsica, the Scented Isle, by Dorothy Archer. London: Methuen, 1924. 10s. 6d.

[Edmund Candler in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

PERSIA is probably better known to travelers, certainly to readers of travel books, than Czechoslovakia. I think Mr. Street's is the first book on the country, at any rate the first book of travel, and, if I were going there, I should certainly take it with me. He is, of course, a Czechophile and a Slovakophile, and believes in the stability of the new Republic. The problem of land reform was a test, and a solution has been arrived at that satisfies the land hunger of the people with the least measure of inconvenience to the proprietors. But politics is merely incidental in the volume. As regards the future, Mr. Street is wisely reticent, though obviously sanguine. His main interest is the spirit of the people. That is all we have to go on at present, and Mr. Street's interpretation of it makes his volume cheerful reading. A reasonably optimistic book about post-war conditions in Central Europe is rare and stimulating.

Miss Archer on Corsica is equally cheerful. Nobody having once dipped into her book could endure a sojourn in the island without it. She tells you exactly where to go, and at what seasons. She does not bore you with politics — conditions in Corsica seem to be happily static — or with history. Not a word about Napoleon, — and that surely is a test, — but a great deal about flowers, the plants that make up the *maquis*, and of which the scent is often smelled far out at sea. One knows the tribal smell of labiates in a Southern country. And in the dog days we are taken up to Vizzavona where there is another and richer flora, and linger there till October, when, 'revived by the welcome rain

after the long summer drought, the moss on the huge boulders in the forest becomes fresh and green again, and everywhere the autumn cyclamen makes patches of pink under the pines, in great clumps on mossy rocks, or round the twisted roots of the beech trees.' The flowers are so many that they have a separate index, longer than the other index. To the flower-lover it is a fragrant and seductive book, and seems to exude the smell of thyme, the *Thymus herba barona* of the Mediterranean.

Letters Written during the Indian Mutiny, by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts. London: Macmillan, 1924. 10s. 6d.

[Chartres Biron in the *London Mercury*]

LORD ROBERTS'S letters are not in the least literary, but make excellent reading. If the matter were not of such serious interest, the word 'jolly' would be an almost irresistible epithet. Probably no thirty letters ever told a more remarkable story. Between May 14, 1857, and April 1858 an unknown subaltern had established a reputation and emerged Major Fred Roberts, V.C.: —

'I have been recommended for the Victoria Cross. The letter says for repeated gallantry in the field, more especially on 2nd June, 1858, when Lieutenant Fred Roberts captured a rebel standard, killing the standard bearer, and on the same day saved the life of an irregular cavalryman by cutting down a sepoy who was attacking him with a musket and bayonet.'

He writes to his father an account of the storming of Delhi. It must have been a near-run thing: 'Up our men went beautifully like a pack of hounds. Our gunners had done their work so well that the breach was perfect and we gained the ramparts with a comparatively slight loss.'

Some of the letters are grim enough, but the innate kindness of the man breaks through: —

'Going a little farther I came upon three women watching the dead bodies of their husbands, none of them sepoy, I believe. It was such a sad sight, however, that I felt quite unhappy and wished most sincerely this horrid war were at an end.'

*

BOOKS MENTIONED

BARLOW, E. S. *Return and Other Poems*. London: Grant Richards, 1924. 3s. 6d.

TOLLER, ERNST. *Masses and Man (Masse-Mensch): A Fragment of the Social Revolution of the Twentieth Century*. Translated from the German by Vera Mendel. London: Nonesuch Press, 1924. 4s. 6d.

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

SCIENCE AND WORLD UNITY

Two events, different externally but similar in ultimate meaning, have just occurred in England: the World Power Conference that opened in London late in June, and the reading, by Senator Marconi, of a paper describing his researches during the past eight years, before the Royal Society of Arts a few days later. The World Power Conference emphasized in a significant way the growing industrial unity of the world. Mr. Marconi's paper foreshadowed a development of communication that promises to promote unity of world thought and opinion.

The Power Conference, following closely upon the heels of the International Shipping Conference, illustrated the new attitude of conscious world-coöperation in production and exchange. The World War has made most countries poorer. A century ago, when Europe faced a similar situation after the unsettlement of the French Revolution and the waste of the Napoleonic Wars, her recovery was immensely facilitated by the discovery and use of steam power, which mul-

tiplied her productive capacity. Today the prompt return of prosperity is conditioned in no small measure by a similar expansion of power applied to industry. No nation realizes this more keenly than the British, whose coal, used by already antiquated methods, is a rapidly wasting and increasingly costly resource. Her water power if fully developed would not move more than one fifth of her existing machinery. Clinging as she does to traditional methods of power-generation, she is obtaining, according to expert figures, less than four per cent of the energy theoretically available from the coal, water, and oil she consumes, while Switzerland, without coal and forced to resort to up-to-date economies, is utilizing profitably more than thirty-six per cent of her power. This striking contrast shows the immediate possibilities of progress not only in Great Britain but in other countries, including our own.

Will this progress tend to bind nations closer together or to separate them? To come close to home, Canada has already developed approximately 3,250,000 horse power — representing

an investment of nearly \$700,000,000 — from her water courses. Projects now under construction will raise this to 4,000,000 horse power, no small fraction of which will be consumed in the United States. Great Britain's other Dominions, notably Australia and New Zealand, are pushing ahead in the same direction with almost equal energy.

Evidently the coal-using countries must be alert or they will soon lose their present industrial hegemony. 'The harnessed power of the Victoria Falls or of the upper waters of the Nile, the rush of the mighty rivers of South America, or the mountain torrents of Norway and Sweden may swing the great centres of production to wholly new places on the map.'

This gives the statesman as well as the engineer food for thought. As a contributor in the *Empire Review* says: 'There is need at the present moment of international coöperation in many things, in science, and engineering, and research, even as much as in finance, in politics, and in power development.'

Major-General Sir Philip Nash, Chairman of the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company, writing in the Conservative and ultra-Nationalist *English Review*, notes the desire for international coöperation that exists among men immediately and consciously responsible for industrial welfare in every country.

While nearly every nation, in Europe especially, has been building up tariff walls and creating a single national language where formerly several were tolerated, desirous of fomenting national industries above all and of closing out foreign competition, the deeper movement towards greater knowledge, scientific and educational as well as economic, has persisted, with interesting results. The industrial institution and the State institution have

shown a greater readiness to coöperate in research, experimental and theoretic, and supply informed opinion regarding State policy in any matter touching on their province; those institutions spread their points of contact farther and farther from the centre, come into touch with similar institutions abroad, and thus eventually pool their knowledge with that possessed by the latter. The idea of an international clearing-house or pool for scientific, educational, and economic knowledge has grown in strength during the last few years, and the first result of such a movement will be the destruction of exactly those barriers which a jealously national spirit has tended to erect in many countries. Coöperation in research, in science, in economic policy, must be the motto of the future.

Hereafter, according to this author, the tendency of industrial development in the newer parts of the world will be 'to make a country capable of absorbing an ever-increasing amount of excess labor from the main countries and so relieve them of some part of the burden of population, to industrialize it — but industrialize on a genuinely progressive scale!'

Senator Marconi's paper described a new development in wireless communication by which radio-telephone messages spoken at the Poldhu Station in Cornwall have been heard with perfect clearness by an official of the Australia Marconi Company in a private house at Sydney, Australia, so plainly that the words 'might have been spoken from the next street.' The same messages were heard in Montreal, and Senator Marconi informed a representative of the London *Daily Telegraph* that 'any fairly and reasonably efficient receiver would have received the message.'

This achievement was not due to directional radio-phoning, to so-called 'beam' communication, but to the employment of shorter wave-lengths. The development of wireless communi-

cation during the past few years has been toward the use of constantly longer wave lengths, long distance transmission using waves of twenty thousand metres and requiring the power of one thousand kilowatts to send them. The new method is to employ a very short wave length, — of no more than one hundred metres, — by which it is possible to communicate for very long distances with a power of about thirty kilowatts. During April, May, and June last year, Senator Marconi's yacht *Elettra* received messages at a distance ranging from eight hundred and twenty to over two thousand miles with short wave lengths, where no more than twelve kilowatts were used. Senator Marconi says: 'By means of this system, economical and efficient low-power stations can be established which will maintain direct, high-speed services with the most distant parts of the globe during a considerable number of fixed hours per day.'

Among the advantages of the short waves are not only distinct transmission with low-power stations over distances hitherto considered impossible, but ability to transmit messages with greater speed, and in definite directions; for the short waves respond to reflector devices better than long waves.

It should be noted, however, that the messages from England to Australia, a distance of twelve thousand two hundred and nineteen nautical miles, which were transmitted successfully on the first trial, were sent without the use of any reflector at either end.

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GREAT BRITAIN AND MEXICO

THE diplomatic incident between Great Britain and Mexico last June, when Mr. Cummins, the British Agent, remained for a time a voluntary prisoner

in the Legation at Mexico City, where he was kept practically under *aquae et ignis interdictionem* by President Obregon, is still echoing — though not very loudly — through the British and Continental press. We need not repeat the details of the episode, which have already been given fully in the dispatches. Premier MacDonald has explained that the Mexican Government objected to the tone of Mr. Cummins's letters to its Foreign Office. Mr. Cummins was endeavoring to protect the rights of Mrs. Evans, a British subject residing in that country. But Dr. Dillon, a veteran British correspondent of high authority, who has written a laudatory book upon President Obregon's administration, has taken up the cudgels for the Mexican Government. He says that the real trouble with Mr. Cummins was not that he performed his duty in protecting British subjects, but that he intrigued — apparently in company with an American attaché who was detected and recalled — to secure the election of Robles Domínguez, a Conservative politician, to the presidency, and when he failed in this, that he worked in favor of the De la Huerta rebellion last spring.

Rodolfo Reyes, the Mexican Minister at Madrid, admits frankly in a letter to *El Sol*, that the nationals of other countries have suffered much in Mexico during the last few years; but protests that the methods adopted by Foreign Powers to right these wrongs are not likely to attain their object. 'Mexico may have sinned much, but in attempting to punish her they will only make her errors a rallying cry for the whole nation, for a people will endure anything rather than a direct threat to its sovereignty.'

César Falcon, the London staff-correspondent of *El Sol*, regrets that this episode has tended to increase the dependence of Mexico upon the United

States. 'Premier MacDonald has taken up the matter with the United States because, as he declared in the House of Commons, England has agreed to work in harmony with the Washington government in Mexico.' But the root of the trouble is in Spanish America itself:—

The smaller nations of America might assert their personality in the world and laugh at the theoretical tutorship of the United States; but to do so they must be conscious of their own dignity and independence, and it is certain that many of them do not possess this sentiment as yet. . . . The best agents of Yankee imperialism in Spanish America are the Spanish Americans. We have an excellent example of that in Honduras to-day.

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GENERAL HERTZOG

A SOUTH-AFRICAN editor, writing in the London *Daily Mail*, describes General Hertzog as quite the reverse of the fire-eating Secessionist commonly pictured in the British press. Indeed, if we are to believe this authority, who has often talked with the Nationalist leader 'in his quaint family home in one of the oldest streets in Bloemfontein,' General Hertzog 'is the mildest man who ever provoked diatribes about secession, rebellion, racialism, and civil war.' He is 'a lean, quiet man, with tanned face and small, iron-gray mustache . . . one of the kindest and most courteous statesmen one could wish to meet. . . . There is no trace of racialism in his conversation, no tinge of bitterness toward the English people.' He is described as mellowed rather than embittered by political abuse. Very much a South African, 'perhaps he sees too much of South Africa and too little of the rest of the world. Possibly he is somewhat fanatical on the subject of "South Africa First". . . . He would rather give his

life than wittingly harm South Africa. If he errs it will be only because dreams cannot always come true in a hard world.'

Speaking of his attitude toward the British Empire, General Hertzog recently said: 'Nationalists do not look upon Secession as a matter of practical politics, and are unlikely to do so until the rest of the people, especially the masses of British feeling, are in favor of it.'

The present Governor-General of the South African Union, the Earl of Athlone, is connected by marriage with the reigning house of Holland through his wife, who is the granddaughter of Queen Victoria and first cousin of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. The Governor-General's family has always maintained close social relations with its Holland relatives, and a touch of political tact may be discerned in the selection of King George's vicar in this restless semi-Dutch Dominion.

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GANDHI AND DAS

AN attempt to work out a programme of harmonious action between the Gandhi Non-Coöperationists and the new Swarajist Party, which believes in a policy of systematic obstruction in the Indian legislative bodies, has fallen through, and the British press heralds with but half-disguised satisfaction what it interprets as a permanent rift between the proponents of activism and the proponents of pacifism in the Indian independence movement. Mr. Das and his Party have the prestige of at least partial success. They have undoubtedly embarrassed the British Government appreciably in its effort to apply the recent constitutional reforms, and they are probably a force that will have to be reckoned with hereafter. The Non-Coöperation

movement is apparently in a more equivocal position. It makes demands upon the faith, the patience, and the endurance of its followers that, we can well imagine, have but a limited appeal to the man in the street.

On the other hand, it will not do to attach too much importance to current reports of dissension among the Indian leaders. Their aims are pretty much the same, and their disputes over methods may possibly be compromised. Mr. Gandhi continues to lay stress on the necessity of individual moral reform as a prerequisite of political independence, and he has made prohibition a leading plank in his new platform. Native Indian papers contain many allusions to the struggle to suppress the drink and the drug traffic, in which the British Government is usually represented as the champion of the rum-sellers. Gandhi would seem likely to have Moslem support for this part of his programme, which seeks to enforce on all Indians a command of the Koran. Nevertheless, Gandhi's organ, *Young India*, reports that he is receiving many letters from Moslems charging him with weakening the Moslem community by preaching coöperation between Hindus and Moslems. He says that some of these letters 'contain unprintable abuse' and traces this hostility to a 'most dangerous' source: 'The thinking portion [of Moslem India] seems to be tired of non-violence.'

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OUR SECRET DISCOVERED

THE sporting editor of *L'Echo de Paris* discourses as follows upon the superiority of the American athletes in the Olympic games. He saw our countrymen win most of the prizes at Athens in 1896, and take the lead at St. Louis, London, Stockholm, and Antwerp. Although many of the brilliant records

just made by our representatives at Paris had not been registered when he wrote, he discounted them by anticipation.

'Whence this superiority?' he asks. Partly it is due to race. Our athletes represent selections from many strains; they are the product of the cross-breeding and transplanting of the most virile European races. The popularity of outdoor sports among our schoolboys and college students is a second reason; and the general well-being of our people doubtless contributes to their physical superiority.

Furthermore our representatives are selected from a much larger population than those of many of the European countries. But the writer finds reasons for considering each of these explanations, or all taken together, inadequate.

They do not explain the great superiority of the Americans to the Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians, for example, most of whose athletes belong to the same social classes and are educated in the same manner as the Americans. No, the real secret of American success is to be found in their training, which I think is unequalled, and particularly in the spirit that characterizes that training. Now this spirit — this secret of the Americans — I believe I discovered the other day when I visited them at the Chateau of Rocquencourt. That secret is the habit of working happily together as a great family. High spirits are characteristic of the Rocquencourt camp. A feminine element is not lacking there, formed of the mothers and sisters of the contestants. There are all kinds of distractions. The table is excellent. On every side you see smiling countenances. . . . We ought to copy this. . . . We are temperamentally qualified to do so for we are by no means a sad nation, but our trainers and sport-directors are often personages who take their rôle too seriously. . . . They are too much given to long and tedious lectures, and eventually the contestants themselves acquire the harassed and *réclamiste* manner of their leaders. Yes, let us insist on the

psychological basis of the Americans' superiority in the Olympic games. They are a happy people. They do not pose. But mark well, this does not keep them from following strictly a voluntary discipline, which is the best possible kind of discipline to have.



MINOR NOTES

RECENTLY Osaka *Mainichi* celebrated with races, balloons, and fireworks the attainment of one million circulation. *Asahi*, also published in that industrial centre, claims more than a million subscribers, and the *Shufu no Tomo*, or 'The Housewife's Friend,' reaches more readers than either of its competitors. The two former papers are keen rivals. They are said to be the only journals in Japan that have used airplanes for gathering news. *Asahi* is a shade the more cautious and conservative, but both papers show a tendency to shift from radicalism to moderation, or even conservatism, as their circle of readers extends.

A SOCIAL survey of the town of Ipswich, England, which has a population of eighty thousand people, indicates that the waterworks supply 8250 gallons of water a year per capita to its citizens, but there are church accommodations for only one person out

CROWDED PARIS



A vagrant, officer! Not at all. I've rented all my rooms to American visitors at the Olympic Games.

— Rire

of three. Despite the housing shortage, the people are better lodged in respect to both the roominess and the quality of tenements than a century or more ago. The number of individuals per dwelling has declined since 1801 from five to four and four tenths.

SUBHI BEY EL EITRIBI, a director of the Ottoman Bank, writes in a contribution to *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*:—

Not a day passes without some new foreign company being established in Egypt. Not long ago a French consortium, headed by the Lebon Brothers of the Gas Company and two former Egyptian ministers, were authorized to form a light, heat, and power corporation, and consolidate the existing franchises. An Italian consortium, with a former Egyptian premier at its head, is about to set up 'an Italian Commercial Bank of Egypt.' A group of French and English promoters is negotiating for the right to develop a hydroelectric enterprise at the Cataracts of the Nile. Another company proposes to supply wireless-telephone service to the Stock Exchange. Still other promoters are negotiating for irrigation rights covering the arid lands in the western part of the Nile Delta.

TROTSKII INSPECTS THE DARDENELLES



A satire upon an apocryphal interview.

— Moscow Pravda

TEN YEARS AGO

[Die Glocke prints the following extracts from the German press as a picture of the development of sentiment in that country during the critical week that saw the outbreak of the World War.]

From *Die Glocke*, June 19
(SOCIALIST CHAUVINIST WEEKLY)

Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung (Krupp's Essen daily), July 24. — The Austro-Hungarian ultimatum is nothing less than an invitation to war, but this time a most dangerous one. Apparently we stand face to face with an Austro-Serbian conflict. It is possible, very possible, that we shall have to extinguish a conflagration in Eastern Europe with our own weapons, either in compliance with a treaty or under compulsion of events. But it is scandalous that the Imperial Government did not insist at Vienna that such an ultimatum should be submitted to it beforehand. To-day there is only one last recourse left: to declare that we are not obligated to fight a war to back up a Hapsburg policy of conquest.

Die Post (Berlin Conservative daily), July 24. — Is this a diplomatic note? No, it is an ultimatum — in fact, an ultimatum in the bluntest form. Austria demands an answer within twenty-four hours. An answer? No, the submissive acceptance, the complete humiliation, of Serbia. Hitherto we have scoffed often enough — and with good ground — at Austria's lack of vigor. Here we have an example of vigor that is terrifying. The note represents the last word that a Government can use, and a word that is not spoken until it has been decided to declare war in any case.

Berliner Tageblatt (Liberal-Progressive daily), July 26. — Last night between

twelve and one o'clock a great mob gathered in front of the Russian Embassy in Berlin. Its members hooted and whistled, and shouted: 'Down with Russia!' 'Long live Austria!' 'Down with Serbia!' The police gradually dispersed the crowd. Such uncalled-for demonstrations by immature and thoughtless young men will be condemned unsparingly by all serious and rational people. We hope that measures will be taken at once to prevent the repetition of such a scandal, and to bring the disturbers of the peace to account, and we regret that such measures have not already been taken.

Leipziger Tageblatt (Moderate pro-Bismarck daily), July 27. — *Paris*, July 26. This morning about one hundred young fellows gathered in front of the Austrian Embassy and began to shout: 'Down with Austria! Death to Austria!' One of the disturbers pulled a black-and-yellow flag out of his pocket, set a match to it, and trod it underfoot. The police immediately intervened, and dispersed the troublemakers. The Austrian Ambassador at once protested at the Quai d'Orsay against this demonstration, and demanded that measures be taken to prevent its repetition. The Director of the Foreign Office expressed his regret at what had happened, and declared that necessary measures would be taken immediately. The rioters marched from the Austrian Embassy to the Russian Embassy, in order to make a demonstration of sympathy for that

country, but were prevented from doing so by the police.

Vossische Zeitung (Berlin Liberal-Jingo daily), July 30. — Alarming rumors are multiplying rapidly during the last few days. Between two and three o'clock yesterday afternoon the *Lokal-Anzeiger* issued an extra containing a report that an order to mobilize the army and navy had already been signed. Upon inquiring of the authorities, we discovered that this report was false. The extra edition was withdrawn from circulation shortly afterward. About three o'clock Wolff's Bureau circulated the following official denial of this alarming report: 'We learn from an authoritative source that the report published in an extra edition of the *Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger*, to the effect that His Majesty the Kaiser has ordered the mobilization of the navy and army, is untrue.' This extra edition accentuated still further the excitement of the Stock Exchange, and also created great concern in the ranks of the general public.

Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger (semiofficial Monarchist daily), July 31. — *Rome*, July 31. It would be literally criminal to doubt the resolute determination of Italy at this moment. Italy will unhesitatingly fulfill the expectations of her allies. These are substantially the words in which an Italian Cabinet officer, who is a personal friend of mine, summarized the situation in my presence to-night.

Deutscher Kurier (Berlin Jingo, steel-industry daily), July 31. — *New York*, July 31. Dispatches from Tokyo indicate that people in the Japanese capital are following events in Europe with intense interest. Long Cabinet meetings are held daily in Tokyo, concerning which absolute secrecy is maintained.

It is considered not improbable here that if Russia becomes involved in a European war Japan will put great difficulties in the way of the Russian Government in order thus to ease over the domestic crisis in Japan.

Berliner Zeitung am Mittag (current-affairs daily), August 2. — At Lichterfelde a grocer insisted that a woman purchasing from him should pay him in gold money. When the woman declared that she had only a hundred-mark bill, he would not consent to take it except on the condition that he be paid ten marks extra. The woman let herself be intimidated and paid ten marks more than her original bill. Her husband immediately reported the incident to the police, who promptly closed the merchant's shop, which an angry mob was already preparing to storm.

Münchener Post (Bavarian Social-Democratic daily), August 1. — Defeat would be tantamount to a complete collapse, to annihilation, to endless misery for all of us. Our whole being revolts against this possibility. Our Party's representatives in the Reichstag have unanimously declared on countless occasions that the Social Democrats would not desert their Fatherland in the moment of peril. If the fateful hour strikes, the workingmen will make good the promise that their delegates in Parliament have given. Our 'unpatriotic' comrades will do their duty in a way that no patriot can improve upon.

Magdeburgische Zeitung (Centrist daily with Conservative leanings), August 2. — *Berlin*, August 1. At several synagogues the rabbis now recite the following prayer at morning service: 'My brethren and sisters. Serious, bitterly serious troubles threaten our land, threaten perhaps the whole world.

However we as individuals may be affected by them, we shall as a body be loyal to our country. We Jews, above all, will show that the ancient blood of heroes still flows in our veins, and that we have learned to some purpose in the course of a thousand years to endure suffering and sacrifice. Up to the present our country has been our shelter and our protection. Now we must be a shelter and protection to our country, upon which it can confidently rely. To this end may the Almighty God vouchsafe us his blessing and his aid. Amen.'

Berliner Zeitung am Mittag, August 4. — *Hamburg, August 4.* Late last night the building of the new Alster Pavilion, which has just been occupied, was completely wrecked. For several days the Alster Pavilion has been the centre of all our patriotic demonstrations. Yesterday a Dane remained seated during the singing of the national hymn, to the intense indignation of the public. Somebody shouted at him: 'Russian, stand up!' At the same moment several rushed upon him and beat him, so that he was assisted out of the place covered with blood. The excitement increased when another young man, who tried to read a telegram, was prevented from doing so by the proprietor of the place. One of the young man's companions suddenly shouted: 'He's been thrown out by the landlord.' Thereupon people began to hoot. One of the men present mounted on a chair and shouted: 'Smash the place to pieces.' In a moment tables and chairs and everything else that was not securely fastened down were seized and broken to fragments. The mob smashed every window. Meanwhile a fire company and a strong detachment of police arrived, cleared the Pavilion, and closed a large part of the Alsterstieg to traffic. Several people received slight wounds. A number of arrests were made.

München-Augsburger Abendzeitung, August 3. — *Berlin, August 2.* During the night of August 1 an enemy airship was observed proceeding from the direction of Kerprich toward Andernach. . . . Enemy airplanes were observed proceeding from Düren to Cologne. A French airplane was shot down at Wesel.

Deutsche Tageszeitung (Reventlow's Ultra-Jingo organ), *August 3.* — *Metz, August 3.* Yesterday a French physician, with the assistance of two disguised French officers, tried to infect the water supply here with cholera bacilli. He was promptly arrested and shot.

This report seems so incredible that it might be taken for the figment of a diseased imagination if it were not confirmed and circulated by an official bureau. We are informed that in other places, in the eastern part of the empire, physicians attempting to perpetrate the same atrocity have been detected, arrested, and shot. Such debased and degenerate criminals, who disgrace the profession of medicine, ought not to be honored with a bullet — they should be hanged!

Berliner Tageblatt, August 4. — The report circulated yesterday afternoon by a semiofficial source, to the effect that the water supply at Metz had been infected with cholera bacilli, proves to be a canard. At 7.45 P.M. last evening the semiofficial bureau in question published the following correction: 'The report to the effect that a French physician was arrested yesterday at Metz, while attempting to infect a water source with cholera bacilli, has been proved false, and similar reports from other cities have so far not been confirmed. Consequently there is no occasion for public concern, but people should continue to be on their guard.'

Germania (Berlin Clerical daily), *August 5*. — A rumor is current in Berlin that Müggel Lake has been infected. This rumor is utterly false. The water has been examined and found free from all contamination.

Frankfurter Zeitung (Liberal daily), *August 3*. — To German Jews: In her hour of extremity the Fatherland summons her sons to her banners. It goes without saying that every German Jew is ready to sacrifice his property and his life on the altar of duty. Fellow Brothers of the Faith, we appeal to you to give freely to your Fatherland, even beyond the demands of duty. Hasten to the colors of your own accord. All of you, men and women alike, place your personal services at the disposal of the country, and dedicate your money, your wealth to her cause. *Signed, Berlin, August 1*. The Union of German Jews, the Central Union of German Citizens of the Jewish Faith.

Kölnische Zeitung (National-Liberal daily), *August 4*. — *Naumburg, August 4*. Several automobiles with lady passengers, and carrying money to Russia, are traveling in the direction of that country. These automobiles are to be stopped and to be delivered immediately to the nearest authorities.

Das Kleine Journal, Berlin, August 5. — *Naumburg, August 5*. The occupants of the automobile that is carrying gold to Russia are reported to have transferred the gold to bicyclists, who are disguised as stonemasons.

Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten (Conservative daily), *August 5*. — *Eibenstock, August 4*. It is officially reported that a large number of enemy automobiles have been observed near Muldenberg. They immediately scattered in all directions as soon as they discovered

that they were being watched. These automobiles are reported to be carrying 25,000,000 francs in gold, but that fact has not yet been fully confirmed.

Berliner Tageblatt, August 6. — *Ofen-Pest*. Upon receiving reports from the authorities at Breslau that French remittances of gold were in transit by automobile through Hungary to Russia, the gendarmes near Gran stopped several speeding automobiles, in which more than 30,000,000 francs in gold, destined for Russia, were discovered. The occupants of the automobiles were turned over to the military authorities.

[*Later*] It is officially ordered that pursuit of alleged enemy automobiles carrying money cease. It is interfering with the automobile service of the army.

Tägliche Rundschau (Berlin Pan-German daily), *August 5*. — When the Kaiser, after yesterday's unforgettable opening of the Reichstag, bade adieu to its members in the White Hall of the Royal Palace, he shook hands last with Deputy von Calker, the Strassburg Professor of Political Law. Herr von Calker was wearing his uniform as Major of the Gardelandwehr, and therefore presented himself to the sovereign in the dual capacity of a member of the Reichstag and of an army officer. This moved the Kaiser to add to his conventional greeting an expression of the feeling which, after the solemn ceremony just completed, — this reconsecration of the holy bond uniting prince and people by a formal pledge of loyalty of the party leaders, — surged in the breast of the war lord. The Kaiser gazed at Herr von Calker a moment, dropped the hand he had just pressed, clenched his fist, made a vigorous gesture like a man delivering a blow and ejaculating, 'Now we shall thrash them,' nodded and withdrew.

BERTHA VON SUTTNER'S SPIRITUAL TESTAMENT

BY SIGMUND MÜNZ

From *Prager Tagblatt*, June 20

(GERMAN-LANGUAGE NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

TEN years will soon have passed since the outbreak of the war, with all its tragic aftermath. A few weeks previously a remarkable woman, whose lifelong appeal for peace had won her the admiration of her contemporaries, closed her eyes for the last time at Vienna. Bertha von Suttner was the first woman to win the Nobel Peace Prize. For decades she had fought incessantly, on the platform and with the pen, for the peace ideal. It was she who persuaded the great Swedish industrialist, Nobel, to whom she was attached by many ties of personal friendship and common sympathy, to devote a large share of his immense fortune to the cause of peace. It was at her suggestion that he established a peace prize, together with his other prizes for science and literature.

A friendship of many years' standing bound me also to this remarkable woman. She twice crossed the Atlantic to deliver addresses upon the peace movement in the United States. There were few European capitals that had not heard her voice from the platform warning them against the consequences of their threatening armaments-race. Indeed, her reputation stood higher abroad than in Austria itself. She had hosts of admirers, especially in the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon countries. She was in every sense of the word a cosmopolitan. Her modest house in Zedlitzgasse, Vienna, to which great men from every civilized country made pilgrimages, was the centre of a movement that touched the first minds and the noblest hearts of her age.

Bertha von Suttner has told the story of her life in her memoirs. These describe her ever-broadening development from the spiritual narrowness of an aristocratic Austrian household to the liberal and enlightened cosmopolitanism of her later years. Hersalon, where distinguished men from all parts of the world were wont to gather, testified to a broad liberality that welcomed representatives of every phase of noble and humanitarian endeavor. Catholic and Protestant, prelate and preacher, met in friendly coöperation under her roof. Only a few months before her death she appealed successfully to the new Archbishop of Vienna, Cardinal Piffl, to exert himself for the success of the great World Peace Congress to be held in that city the coming autumn. She wrote me a few hasty lines from her deathbed, requesting that I see that certain distinguished delegates to the coming Congress were properly received. But the war put an effectual quietus on the Congress itself, and a merciful death closed the eyes of its most devoted promoter before they witnessed the suicidal orgy of organized murder that ensued.

The French physiologist Richet, the German physicist Ostwald, Prince Albert of Monaco, President Thomas Masaryk, Sir Max Waechter, and Guglielmo Ferrero were among Bertha von Suttner's friends. She corresponded with Rudolf Eucken, Bernard Shaw, and Andrew White, whose guest she had been at Ithaca, N.Y., and especially with Andrew Carnegie, whom

she had visited at his Scottish castle. She entrusted to me, shortly before she passed away, the following lines, which might be called her spiritual testament. I now make them public on the tenth anniversary of her death:—

‘Inasmuch as all my life-labor, all my experience and its fruits, are closely associated with a movement that throughout history from the most ancient times has stirred the hearts of a few noble individuals, and has manifested itself in every country within the last few decades as an organized effort known as pacifism; and inasmuch as I have been in close touch with the leading spirits of this movement, with statesmen like Léon Bourgeois, Muraviev, and Gladstone, with writers like Tolstoi and Björnson, I may perhaps be expected to try to trace the cause of pacifism historically, or to fortify it with arguments. But that is not my purpose. I shall not attempt to throw light on the subject from either the historical or the polemical standpoint, but only as it presents itself in my personal philosophy of life, from which my pacifist convictions and activities spring. I shall not discuss the particular problems and phenomena that characterize our age, nor their developments and effects, but I shall try to picture the image of the world that mirrors itself in the souls of my contemporaries, who have occupied themselves with this question.

‘An attitude toward the world—*eine Weltanschauung*—means essentially a philosophy to be developed more easily in two or three volumes than upon two or three sheets of note paper; although the enforced brevity of the writer may indeed be gratifying to the reader. The natural sciences have gradually revealed to us many—but by no means all—of the natural

forces, and have disclosed the law that governs the processes of the universe: the law of evolution. All that exists; suns and stars, and whatever lives upon these stars; our earth with its stones, plants, animals, mankind, and all that proceeds out of the human race; language, industry, ideals, arts, sciences, political institutions—in short, everything that is, has evolved to its present condition and continues to evolve. Everywhere increasing differentiation and new fusion into larger units.

‘That this evolution is forward and upward is a fact that we express by the word “progress.” The concept of progress lies at the foundation of pacifism. That is why most of the opponents of this movement are found in the camp of the Conservatives, of those who resist progress, who preach a return to the good old times, who oppose the theory of evolution and base their entire philosophy upon what has been and what exists to-day. They are either blind to what lies ahead of us, or expect it to be a mere repetition of what has always been. They take note of the future, to be sure, because they are compelled to do so, but approach it like a crab, *à reculons*.

‘The path of evolution leads to the enriching and ennobling, to an ever higher unfolding, of life. Therein lies a guaranty for the victory of the pacifist ideal. The accumulation of machines of slaughter, the perpetuation of mutual hatred, cannot permanently stop our constant straining toward humanity’s goal of greater happiness and richer culture. Even the anti-pacifists see that, but they believe in the iron necessity of what has been, of the old order, and will not lift a hand to change it. They have settled down in things as they are. They and their interests are rooted in existing institutions and practices. They love these

things, and they consider any effort to change them not only folly but crime.

'But whether men so design or not, conditions change. Our social units are constantly growing larger. The interests of peoples are becoming increasingly identified. New ideals, new necessities, new aspirations unceasingly appear ahead of us. Our present military system, with its paroxysm of armaments competition, will be foiled by the very instinct of self-preservation to which it appeals, and which instinctively resists forces that would lead the world to ruin and self-annihilation. We can already see, if only in embryonic form, the beginning of the organisms that the future political existence of nations demands. I have witnessed the beginning of several of these organisms in my own lifetime: the Inter-parliamentary Union — the prophecy of a future world-parliament; the Hague Tribunal — the foreshadowing of a future world-court.

'Men may raise their old cries of scorn: "Utopia, nonsense, impossibilities! Human nature will always remain the same! History tells us that war is her moving force!" — and similar militarist catchwords. But my philosophy of life teaches me the vanity of such doubts. And thus man, the youngest, highest fruit of millions of years of organic evolution on this earth, who himself has taken hundreds of thousands of years to rise from his primitive barbarity to his present stage of civilization — man has at length discovered the natural forces and has made them slaves of his Aladdin's lamp to serve his wishes. Technical and physical miracles have been wrought by his hand, and spiritual, moral, and social miracles will necessarily follow in their wake. Only

vision based on knowledge enabled him to conceive the steam engine and the airplane. Vision based on knowledge will similarly enable him to conceive new forms of social organization.

'Sociology is still in its infancy. As soon as we become familiar with the forces and laws governing social evolution, they too will become slaves to our Aladdin's lamp, and we shall need only to formulate a clear conception of our goal to discover in our hands the means of attaining it.

'This means in its application to pacifism that the establishment of a reign of assured law and order between nations depends only upon knowledge and upon will — the knowledge to devise, the will to carry out; especially on the part of the powerful of the earth, for they already have the instrumentalities at their beck and call. To provide these instrumentalities is the modest but sacred duty of every friend of peace, of a peace movement that is but one chapter in the greater beneficent history of human evolution. Pacifism, therefore, is a doctrine that in spite of all the cruel disillusionments of the past and all the dangerous developments of the present — which are merely transitional phenomena — may well inspire its devotees with exultant confidence in the future.

'(Signed) BERTHA VON SUTTNER'

These were her last written words. I leave it to the reader to decide whether the World War, which her eyes were spared witnessing, has falsified and refuted her prophecy. Or was not this war, perhaps, the transitional phenomenon — the last spasm of an expiring era — that she, with far clearer vision than was granted to so-called statesmen and practical men of affairs, foresaw impending?

MARGARINE AND MUSIC

BY A TRADES-UNIONIST

From the *North China Herald*, June 7
(SHANGHAI BRITISH WEEKLY)

If the figures printed in our Liberal and Labor newspapers on the wages and the costs of living in Germany are correct it is difficult to understand how the workers there manage to exist. And if the stories in the other newspapers of the enormous wages of the Americans are also true it is evident that most of those lucky workers will soon be able to retire and live on the interest of their capital.

Relative statistics on these subjects are easy to get, and it is even more easy to generalize from them. What is lacking is a detailed account of just how the workman lives; what — as the American cinema captions put it — his 'eats' are, and what he pays for housing accommodation, whether he is able to save any considerable proportion of his wages, and what share he has in the more civilized amenities of modern life.

The difference between the general and the particular in dealing with these problems was sharply brought home to us a few days ago through a visit we paid to the home of a skilled artisan who had been out of work for nearly three years. He was one of the million and a half unemployed who are customarily visualized as being the most unhappy section of our populace. He is middle-aged, married, and has two children at school; and his mother, an old woman over seventy, lives with him. On the surface one would think that here was a case of particular hardship, for there are children at school, the unemployment has been prolonged, and the wife has no trade.

Their weekly income consisted of 15*s.* Unemployment Insurance Grant for the man, and a dependants' allowance of 5*s.* for the wife and a shilling each for the children. The grandmother was drawing the Old Age Pension of 10*s.* per week. The man's trade-union paid him 10*s.* per week from a fund maintained by a special levy on his fellow craftsmen in work. Most of the skilled-trades unions pay a grant of this kind. This made the joint income of the family 42*s.* per week. Their house was a six-room one in a working-class suburb and the rent was 11*s.* 3*d.* per week. They sublet one room for 6*s.* 6*d.*, which made their net rent 4*s.* 8*d.*

The wife was very discursive on the standard of living possible with this income. From her we gathered that breakfast consisted of tea and toasted bread and margarine. The midday meal consisted of meat and two vegetables followed by boiled rice. Tea was the same as breakfast with the occasional addition of herrings or kippers when they were cheap, and for supper there was bread and margarine and cocoa. Gas for lighting and cooking cost 1*s.* 3*d.* per week, and coal 3*s.* The housewife's greatest problem was clothes and boots. Her house was clean and neat, but it was evident that all the curtains, tablecloths, and clothes of the family were threadbare and badly worn. She said it was only possible to spare 3*s.* per week for clothes and boots, and that only paid for leather and materials for mending.

It should be noted that, although the

whole of this family's income consisted of grants, none of them was a strictly charitable grant or Poor Law Relief. They were a part of what might now be called the vested interests of a British workman. And in addition to these direct payments there were other benefits. Ten minutes' walk from his house are municipal baths and wash-houses carried on at great loss by the corporation. In these his wife for a few coppers may have the use of every modern power-driven laundry device for doing her week's washing in a few hours and drying and mangling it. This abolishes the dirt and discomfort of the old washing-day in the home. And for 2*d.* it is possible to get the use of a sumptuously appointed private bathroom with unlimited soap and hot water in the same building. Nearer still there are a fine Free Library and reading-rooms. From these the family can obtain the latest and best novels and technical works a few days after publication. By filling in a form any special book will be bought for them to read, subject to the approval of the librarian, which is usually freely given. The living-room of this unemployed man's house contained a shelf exclusively filled with new books lent from this library. Other municipal amenities at his disposal gratis were half-a-dozen art galleries, several beautiful parks and flower gardens, and many courses of free lectures by men of world-famous reputation.

His son and daughter, having shown an intelligent interest in the subjects taught in the early standards of the elementary school, had been drafted into a secondary school. In this the teaching was far superior to that at a good private school. The curriculum included mathematics, French, chemistry, and physics, and the most modern laboratories and the best-equipped workshops were at the service of the

scholars. All books and apparatus were supplied free of charge.

All these luxuries were provided at great expense by the State or the municipality. But the crowning luxury was being supplied by private enterprise. It was 'broadcast.' This unemployed man had built for a few coppers a wireless crystal receiving set, and had acquired for 10*s.* a pair of second-hand phones. The set had an inside aerial impossible of detection and he had no licence. It was only two miles from a broadcasting station and with it he was receiving a seven-hour daily programme consisting of the latest news, the best vocal and instrumental music, and the most interesting lectures and plays.

He said that he got up about 8.30, and after breakfast went to the trade-union 'out-of-work room' to 'sign on' and see if there were any jobs in the papers. Twice a week he had also to go to the Labor Exchange and make a formal application for work at the vacancy counter. There never was any work to be had there, he said, but it was necessary to do this to fulfill the Unemployment Committee's demand that he should prove he was looking for work. His trade-union forbade its members to go round the workshops seeking work as it had a tendency to bring wages down. Applications for men had to be sent to the union offices, which then supplied the employer with a list of the men out of work.

After signing on at the out-of-work room he usually went on to the allotment garden he rented from the municipality at a nominal rent and did a few hours' work. After dinner he did any boot-mending or other casual job that needed doing in the home and then spent the rest of the day reading or 'listening in' on his wireless set.

There are tens of thousands of unemployed in the same position as

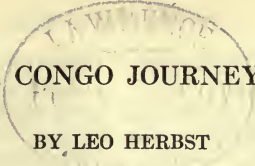
this man and his family. The two circumstances that lift them above the destitute remainder are membership in a good trade-union that has not frittered its reserves away in hopeless disputes, and the luck of being a householder. When all the expensive indirect benefits are added to the direct cash payments which the State and the municipality give these members of the community, the cost of providing them with food and amusement must be enormous. And yet it is almost impossible to put a finger on any specific benefit and say that it should be abolished or reduced, and it would be difficult to argue that some of them should not be increased.

This man is a skilled workman getting on in years and willing to work to the utmost of his capacity. There is a slump in his trade and every time there has been a vacancy the employer or foreman has chosen a younger and more active man. In view of the unpromising prospect of improvement there seems no reason why he should not remain an unwilling parasite on the community for another three years. And by that time he will no doubt be a complete man-about-town philosophically resigned to poor living and high thinking and indisposed to exchange bread and margarine and leisure for eggs and bacon and work. Twenty years ago there would have been a small chance of such a man finding a semi-skilled or unskilled occupation without any difficulty. It would be almost impossible now because every kind of labor is organized and the rules of every trade-union contain a clause forbidding its members to join another society. The only occupation open to him is door-to-door canvassing, for which the chief asset is the ability to excite pity.

Undoubtedly there is something

radically wrong in a state of things that enables a man to have at his command innumerable luxuries without doing anything to earn them. A Labor Government is likely to increase these amenities by an increase in the allowances. No Government would dare to reduce them. Whole-hearted individualists demand the abolition of all these devices to ameliorate unemployment. If this were done, they say, the workers would compete more desperately for work; wages would come down; production would go up; and very soon we should win back our old place on the world's markets. It is a false assumption. The menaced workers would be more likely to combine and lend a more attentive ear to the agitators who tell them that the only solution of their miseries lies in the abolition of the capitalist system.

That the out-of-works should be employed on 'works of national importance' has long been a plank in the Labor programme. It is, however, doubtful if it will ever be a plank they will walk on. To employ inefficient factory-bred workers on out-of-door work at less than the ordinary navy's wages would bring official Labor into disrepute with trades-unionists, and to pay such labor the full rate would provoke opposition from anti-waste enthusiasts. The trade depression has been so prolonged that foremen and employers have now weeded the older and less fit workmen out of their factories and the bulk of the present unemployed are not of the type for heavy out-door work. Labor's policy will be to increase the 'dole,' and to abolish the present gap between payments. This will increase unemployment and the burden on those who remain in work. The solution of the problem seems as far off as ever.



A CONGO JOURNEY

BY LEO HERBST

From *Kölnische Zeitung*, June 7, 11, 14
(CONSERVATIVE DAILY, BRITISH OCCUPIED TERRITORY)

OUR sturdy tramp pushed doggedly through the smooth, dark-blue water, whose lazy swells pulsed with oily heaviness. Ascending to the bridge for a breath of air, I beheld with astonishment the strong contours of a rolling, hilly coast ahead, with stretches of meadowland, valleys, and headlands, dotted here and there with bright spots like farmhouses. Before I could ask the officer of the watch where we were, the illusion vanished, to be replaced by a boundless expanse of seaweed and drifting vegetation, tokens of the great neighboring river. A combination of sunlight, mist, and reflection from the water had produced the mirage. We ploughed an hour longer through masses of floating vegetation, stifled by hot, steamy vapors and stagnant odors, before evening at last added a trace of freshness to the air.

It must have been about midnight. Unable to sleep on account of the heat, I was reading in my cabin when someone called through the port in an excited voice: 'You'd better come out.'

Stepping on deck, I stood transfixed with astonishment. The ship was gliding noiselessly through the water, with only the light throbbing of her engine audible. Despite the black heavens above, the deck and the silent men leaning against the rail were bathed in a weird greenish light. Not a person spoke. The steamer seemed to be slipping over a sea of brilliant quicksilver, whose surface emitted a mysterious radiance. Bending over the rail, I could see that our water line was a band of

greenish-silver fire. A rippling wave of flame stretched backward from the bow. Our wake was like the flaming tail of a comet. The livid, unearthly radiance, the deathly stillness, the pitchy blackness of the starless heaven, the broad, silvery, shimmering surface of the water, combined to make an unforgettable spectacle. Schools of fish darted hither and thither in triangular squadrons, tracing their course on the surface by ribbon festoons of fire. Here and there an individual fish, startled from its repose, darted off like a flash from an explosion. At times the whole sea was crisscrossed with countless thousands of these pale bands of light. When a light breeze sprang up, the molten surface broke into a dazzling mosaic of sparks and flashes. It was as if we were being borne upon a stream of incandescent metal into the abyss of black, boundless night. But even as I gazed the light grew weaker and weaker. The steamer seemed suddenly to submerge herself in darkness, and a moment later only the reflection of her signal lights broke the liquid blackness of the depths below.

A strange introduction to this uncanny continent, as if its very threshold were guarded by unsubstantial visions of fevered fancy! Our old gray-haired captain, who had voyaged in the tropics all his life, and was temperamentally unimaginative and matter-of-fact, stared into the blackness ahead in silent reverie, relighted his stub pipe, and then remarked: 'I've seen many strange sights since I first went to sea, and all

sorts of phosphorescent phenomena, but never anything like this.'

Dawn found us ploughing through brown, muddy water, still foul with floating vegetation. The scrawny, weed-covered branches of drifting trees thrust themselves in the air. Thus for two hundred miles from its mouth does the mighty Congo imprint itself upon the ocean. As the light grew stronger we detected a narrow strip of coast, from which, as we drew nearer, palms emerged. The mouth of the Congo! There is nothing as yet to suggest a river; but our charts tell us we are no longer on the high sea — to the left a little green peninsula with a banana-girdled settlement; to the right open water as far as the horizon.

A big, blond, blue-eyed Scandinavian pilot comes aboard and takes charge of the steamer. Some time later we make out dimly land to the southward — yonder where the little Portuguese harbor of San Antonio lies. Slowly the two lines of land draw nearer, like the shore lines of a mighty gulf. We steer cautiously to avoid the shallows. Even now the true shore is not in sight. We are passing through a group of great islands lying in the river's mouth. Hour after hour we push on against a heavy current, hugging the right bank on the Belgian side. At first the land is perfectly flat, covered with dense mangrove thickets; little by little hills clad with thinner vegetation appear, and grassy islands dot the river's surface. At length the true south shore — which belongs to Portugal — emerges as a pale-blue streak in the distance. The steamer labors onward, the hills become higher and higher, broad swampy meadows with white sandy beaches push themselves between them. We occasionally see an alligator sleeping on a gravelly bar. The current eddies and circles around the vessel. The only groves are in valleys between

the loftier hills. The rest of the bank is covered with coarse grass, from which great baobab trees rise like solitary pillars.

Late in the afternoon we reach Boma, the political capital of the Congo Free State, where we tie up at a long stone quay. Boma was once an important commercial centre, but since the completion of the Congo railway Matadi has become the real metropolis, and the older settlement has retrograded to a sleepy seat of government.

On a gentle slope overlooking the harbor stands the governor's mansion, in the midst of a broad park. Most of the government offices and the residences of the higher officials are in the immediate vicinity. The park shows painful evidences of neglect, and the whole town presents a notable contrast with the scrupulously tidy English colonial capitals. The streets are broad and well laid out, and are shaded by avenues of magnificent palms, eucalypti, and other ornamental trees. The wide lawns, interrupted here and there by beds of luxuriant tropical plants, would be strikingly beautiful with proper care and attention. But the Congo Free State, like most of the world, is suffering from poverty since the war. Trade is prostrate, and there is no money except for what is indispensable.

An *askari* company marches past in quickstep, with a blare of trumpets. The men are excellently trained. The white officers march beside them with drawn swords. Evidently the Belgians keep their colored troops well in hand and maintain stern discipline. But unfortunately only in the army. Old residents complain bitterly that the blacks are fast growing indifferent, indolent, disobedient, and rebellious, and attribute this to the blundering of inexperienced officials, who know nothing either of the country or of the people with whom they have to

deal. But that is general throughout Africa.

It is not pleasant to lie at anchor in the Congo, for its valley is like a steam oven between its high, sun-baked banks, and its waters are positively warm after their three-thousand-mile journey through the heart of Africa. Even with a fan going it is impossible to sleep until just before morning, when there is a brief period of 'chill,' during which the thermometer falls to 80° or 90°.

After several oppressive sleepless nights, tied up at the Boma wharf, we continue our course upstream. A new pilot is on the bridge, for the channel is treacherous and ceaselessly changing. Our pilot is kept informed by wireless of the condition of the river above. The hills on both sides grow higher. Nothing but grassland broken by isolated trees is visible. Little by little the shores draw nearer. Although there is a new view at every bend, the total effect is monotonous. A leaden but majestic silence weighs on the landscape. Signs of habitation are rare; it is lonelier here than at sea. The hills exhibit no hint of life, no grazing flocks, no game. At rare intervals we meet a vessel coming down, but it passes us a hundred yards or more away, moving as noiselessly through the brown water as a phantom ship.

Toward evening we anchor before Noqui, a little Portuguese settlement on the left bank. It is picturesquely situated on successive terraces, and its brightly painted cottages and warehouses produce an unusually cheerful effect after the monotonous and lifeless shores we have seen all day. A once famous caravan route from San Salvador strikes the river at Noqui, which in olden times tapped the rich silver mines of Pembe. There lay the largest and wealthiest Negro kingdom of the Congo Valley, which the Portuguese discovered in 1484, and promptly subdued

and converted. Within a short time a hundred churches and cathedrals sprang from the hot African soil like quick-growing tropical plants, for the native monarch made all his subjects Christians overnight. The Portuguese made the native chieftains dukes and counts, and treated the new provinces in every respect as equal to their European territories.

But this golden age lasted less than two centuries. Then the wild *Giaghi* broke into the country and extinguished in one bloody foray both Christianity and European civilization. The fragile tropical empire collapsed like a house of cards. It was as if a devastating Congo flood had swept over the land, wiping out Christianity, prosperity, and wealth, and leaving only a wreckage of poverty and slavery behind. The mines were neglected and soon after 1668 the blooming capital of San Salvador relapsed into ruins. For more than a century no European was permitted to enter the country. All memory of its former civilization vanished, replaced by bitter hatred of the whites. It was not until 1857 that a German explorer, Bastian, after a laborious and tiresome march, reached the site of San Salvador, and brought back our first modern knowledge of the almost mythical Congo State and its silver mines.

Even to-day Portuguese rule exists only on paper. Native revolts and internecine feuds ravage all the Congo country under her flag, and over vast territories the authorities exercise only nominal control.

Just below Boma, on the Portuguese side of the Congo, is a natural stronghold called Fetich Rock. During the World War a Portuguese askari company garrisoned the place. A little settlement of black and white traders lived under their protection, dealing in the copal gums found in the neighborhood. Suddenly the medicine men pro-

claimed copal taboo, and forbade the natives to deliver it to the whites. This led to a controversy and one night the natives attacked the station in force. The poorly disciplined askari went over to the assailants, and the traders were massacred. Only a single white man, fatally wounded, succeeded in getting to a canoe that drifted with its dying occupant to the Belgian shore. The Portuguese eventually recovered the post at Fetich Rock after a tedious campaign, but the memory of the incident still agitates the native tribes.

Noqui is now a dead town. Recruiting coolies for the plantations has been forbidden, and since this profitable old-time traffic ceased all other trade has languished. Present prices of country produce do not pay for the high cost of carriers, since it is brought for weeks' journeys on the heads of men — and men cost much more than formerly.

At dawn — for the steamers do not run at night — we resume our course up the river. A little above Noqui stand the huge tanks of an American petroleum company, fed by a pipe line running 250 miles into the interior. The enterprise does not pay at present, but the Americans have time. If not to-day, then to-morrow — and possession is nine points of the law.

We reach the last great bend and plunge into the spinning whirlpools of the Devil's Cauldron. Here the water, crowded into a narrow channel by high banks, writhes and twists in every direction. During the rainy season a steamer capable of eleven knots an hour can make no headway against the current. We advance very slowly, until a cluster of houses appears ahead in a river bend; and an hour more brings us to the long iron pier of the principal town in this valley, Matadi, at the head of ocean navigation.

Here all is life and bustle. Locomotives are hissing and freight cars are

rumbling back and forth along the heavy pier, where ocean vessels are moored in a long line. Practically all the commerce of the great Congo empire passes through this point. Above Matadi the rapids begin and continue to Stanley Pool, where navigation by water is resumed.

Matadi consists first of a line of quays and warehouses on the river bank, then a railway yard crowded close under the hills, and beyond, steep streets climbing the abrupt ascent behind. There are very few vehicles. Most of the town lies on a terrace above the harbor and the railway, where the slope is more gradual, halfway up the mountain. Here the administration buildings and the better private residences are clustered.

Matadi is a larger, busier, and more wide-awake place than Boma. It is a meeting-place for trains and passengers from the interior, and ships and passengers from Europe. Its two big hotels and smaller taverns are always crowded. Every evening one witnesses on the terrace of the A. B. C. Hotel glad reunions of old friends who have not met for months or years.

Matadi! What that word means for the white men exiled to lonely stations deep in the virgin forests of the Congo! A European can have no conception of such an experience. There one feels loneliness beyond imagination. The charm of novelty, the marvel of the new and strange environment, has long since vanished. One's head rings constantly with quinine, and leaden weights seem to hang on his limbs and eyelids. Every day is a monotonous repetition of its predecessor. Feverish hallucinations haunt the mind. Even though he has companions, he soon learns every story, every gesture, every little habit of his associates, until they rasp his irritated nerves like files. Is it strange that under such conditions men take to

alcohol for relief — that they fall victims to strange illusions and blood lusts? Macabre visions dance before their eyes. At night the staccato droning of the native dance-drums throbs monotonously through the darkness, and the metallic singing of the mosquitoes never stops.

A boy noiselessly brings a new bottle of whiskey. Three months until the next furlough. Your mind dwells on every little detail of the coming long trip down the river, the chanting of the Negro paddlers and the rhythmic splash of the paddles in the water. How wonderfully attractive each new stopping-place on the outbound journey, with its familiar faces! How exultantly you hear the envious sighs of those who cannot accompany you! How voluble you are in recounting your station experiences to their appreciative ears!

At length you emerge from the silent depths of the overhanging forest to the mighty Congo. There lies the steamer for Kinshassa, the first breath of Europe. What a glorious vessel! You cannot understand why the officers, with their fever-flushed cheeks and eyes, who curse the Congo, the virgin forest, their Negro crews, and even their white passengers, are not as happy as you are.

Kinshassa at last! What life, what elegance! A regular orchestra, ice — it is all incredibly fine! The locomotive whistles, you sit in a real railway-train, radiant with happiness, as talkative as a schoolboy released for vacation. The humming in your head has ceased. You suddenly discover with pride that you are a veteran Afrikaner.

At last Matadi, the dream of so many feverish and wakeful nights, the jumping-off place for Europe! Matadi, where you board the steamer that will take you home. The boys of the A. B. C. are on the railway platform shouting the name of their hotel. Then the great magnificent building, the view

over the harbor, the first feeling of real civilization. Below lies your big white steamer. To-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, you are off to Europe.

The Congo glows like gold in the rays of the setting sun. The orchestra is playing modern airs. What does the world cost? Your letter of credit crackles in your pocket — the price of Europe! Indians and the Levantines in their tiny booths smile ingratiatingly and tender wonderful gifts for you to take home from Africa — made in Germany or Japan.

The morning arrives. On board at last. I never saw such radiant faces elsewhere in my life, such pleasure-greedy eyes, as I have seen on these departing ships. At last the dream comes true — going home!

Then — after four, perhaps eight, weeks in Europe — first restlessness, then dissatisfaction with this and that, visions of the primeval forest constantly intruding themselves into your mental vision, increasing uneasiness. Your descriptions of the beauties of Africa to your friends grow more glowing and enthusiastic: 'Man, you've no conception of how beautiful it is there!' (Moreover, your letter of credit is running out.)

So your Afrikaner is happy again when he finds himself on the steamer sailing southward. He hails old acquaintances. Matadi, a hasty exchange of farewells with fellow passengers and local acquaintances, a quiet railway-journey, weeks of trekking or canoe travel, short pauses at the various stations where he relates with many variations and new details all he has seen in Europe. Then he slips back into his job, into the life of the deep, unfathomable, primitive forest.

'Happiness is always somewhere else.' What European really understands that? What Afrikaner does

not understand it from the bottom of his heart?

The regular passenger-train leaves Matadi at six in the morning. For a time the road hugs the Congo. Blue mists hang over the river; the mountains in the east begin to glow. The heavy waters glide past like molten lead. A Negro, wrapped in a woolen blanket, sleepy and shivering, creeps along the railway embankment toward the town.

A sharp curve and the Congo disappears. We now plunge into a wild, precipitous cañon, by the side of a white, foaming stream that rushes madly forward as if impatient to join the great river below. The road is cut in the face of a precipice which rises abruptly on the right, while the cañon yawns beneath.

We round many curves, cross bridges, thread tunnels, the locomotive puffing and tugging up the steep grade. Every few kilometres we pass a little station. The line is single track, and many sidings are necessary in order that passenger trains may keep their schedules despite the heavy freight-traffic. The locomotive-drivers are without exception Negroes, even on passenger trains; but there are few accidents. To be sure, the trains run only in the daytime, even the freight trains tying up at night.

For hours we continue upgrade, now on the left and now on the right side of the cañon. At intervals we cross a side gulch that affords a glimpse up some tributary valley into tropical forest — a dense entanglement of trees, lianas, and creeping plants. Elsewhere all we see is brownish coarse prairie grass and the solitary baobabs.

At midday the train reaches the high interior plateau, where it is delightfully cool and the air is pure and clear. From there the road runs northeast

through rolling prairie. We occasionally pass a village with cultivated fields, or a group of farm buildings. Few people are to be seen, and little game, although buffalo and several species of antelope are said to abound in this territory. Late in the afternoon a great factory looms up ahead of us, the cement works of Tumba.

After fourteen hours' railway journey, a bright glow of arc lights breaks the darkness ahead: Thysville. The train rattles through a great railway yard and finally halts at a station. Black boys in neat uniforms run along the train, calling the names of different hotels. The station itself is as light as day, and might be in Central Europe. All the trains both ways between Matadi and Stanley Pool stop here overnight. This makes fine business for the tavern-keepers. The A. B. C. Hotel has a big branch here, which is brilliant with electric light; and there are a number of minor establishments with clean rooms and excellent table.

I start on my return trip in the mists of the early morning. The journey down is more interesting even than the journey up, for it affords a succession of wonderful views over the rugged mountainous country ahead. At length I discover a broad silver ribbon in the depths far below, which appears for but a moment and then vanishes behind a range of mountains — the Congo.

After it had become quite dark, a light suddenly flared far above us, where the last twilight still lingered on the loftier peaks. It began with a tiny flicker, which speedily leaped up and ran along the distant declivities in a thin wall of flame. A wild and glorious sight! It wound like a serpent of fire through chasms and across precipices as far as the eye could reach. The natives were burning the prairie to drive the game into their traps. Sometimes the flames died down for a mo-

ment, as if nestling against the slopes and hollows, only to spring up again wilder than ever, grasping eagerly toward spaces still out of reach. A weird and wonderful spectacle!

The building of this road was a great engineering feat. There were unexampled difficulties to overcome, for it is quite a different thing to build a mountain line in Africa from what it is in Europe. Shiploads of coolies were brought from Asia to do the grading. They were not accustomed to the climate and died of fever and other tropical diseases like flies. The familiar saying that a corpse lies under every crosstie has a gruesome element of truth. So numerous were the deaths that the coolies rioted because they thought the corpses would not be carried home to their native country, as was stipulated in their contracts. But at length the work was done, and now we ride in comfort through what was but recently a trackless wilderness.

Our last day in Matadi. A big beau-

tiful Belgian steamer, the Thysville, is moored next to us. Crowds of people going to and coming from furloughs throng its decks. Thirty-six thousand kilos of ivory lie on the wharf. The weight and the owner's mark are painted in black and red upon each huge tusk. This is 'tax ivory' from the inland chiefs. Most of it is already at least ten years old, exhumed from the buried stores that the black kinglets have hidden away in the depths of the forest. Only they and their medicine men know where these treasures lie. These are wonderful tusks — many weigh nearly two hundred pounds.

At dawn we cast loose and turn into the stream. The dour Congo mountains glow red and violet in the first rays of the rising sun. The water gurgles along the vessel's sides. One more hot night in Boma and we are again on the open sea, cutting our way through floating islands of grass, with the last palms of Cape Padrás waving faint farewells from the receding horizon.

OMSK UNDER KOLCHAK. II

BY GEORGES DUBARBIER

From *La Nouvelle Revue*, June 15

(PARIS REPUBLICAN LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMIMONTHLY)

WITH the approach of spring General Janin, the Chief of our Mission, decided to visit Tomsk, in response to an invitation from certain old comrades of his, former professors at the Military Academy in Petrograd; and I was detailed to accompany the General on this trip.

We reached Tomsk after three days' travel, where we found a Russian regi-

ment with its military band drawn up before the station to receive us. I observed at once a little, short-legged, red-faced man in gold-rimmed glasses bustling about in great excitement. When the troops marched past he ran along the column shouting orders, cursing the men, rectifying their alignment with his sabre — returning occasionally to his original position, only to quit it

again a moment later to plunge again into the ranks of passing soldiers. I asked who this irascible adjutant was, and learned that he was the Commander-General of the city.

The snow had been shoveled off the streets, so that our automobiles passed down a white-walled avenue to the Military Club, where the Russians received us with a banquet. We had a delightful evening. The officers from Petrograd were highly pleased to have as their guest an old and popular comrade. They had donned their old uniforms in honor of the occasion, doubtless to remind them of the happy, opulent days before the war, which must have seemed very remote in their present precarious and comparatively indigent situation. White-haired old generals proudly wore insignia and cordons of the imperial régime. They were extremely well-bred, and possessed all the charm of old Russia, with its ancient customs, its peculiar attractiveness, its prejudices of race and caste, its privileges, and its anachronisms. The food was abundant and exquisite, and was served by uniformed waiters, who looked like gastro-nomic aids-de-camp. The procession of viands seemed interminable, and was only interrupted by an equally varied and abundant supply of beverages.

At length the 'hurrah' hour came. The toastmaster rose and addressed a few words to the General, ending with a hurrah. This was repeated by all the others present, and they emptied their glasses at a single draft with the precision of a military movement. This was the signal for one of those evolutions which our *Manual of Tactics* calls 'General Exercises.' From every direction people began to drink each other's health, tossing down glass after glass of vodka with increasingly casual attention to the person in whose honor it was drunk. The gentleman next to

me, an agreeable fellow who seemed to excel at this sport, abruptly asked me, with an air of intense interest: 'In what regiment did you serve during the war?'

'The Nième Regiment.'

'A hurrah for the Nième Regiment, gentlemen!'

Immediately every elbow was lifted in unison, and the now familiar evolution was performed again. This went on until so many people known and unknown, so many concrete things and abstract ideas, had received their christening of vodka that I began to think that if toasts could bring it the millennium would soon be here.

One can imagine how the banquet ended after these gymnastics of the lifted elbow and thrown-back head had continued for an hour or two. An orchestra played in a neighboring room, but the musicians, catching the contagion of the occasion, deserted their instruments so often to refresh themselves that the Marseillaise with which they honored our departure staggered and stumbled as badly as the convivial guests.

Next day was Sunday. We attended the Military Academy chapel, where we stood erect for nearly three hours during an imposing and elaborate Orthodox service, before the officiating archbishop finally withdrew. The responses were chanted alternately by choirs of young soldiers and of young women, whose beautiful voices and perfect training did much to relieve the tedium of this long rite.

A farewell reception was given us on the evening of our departure by the General Staff of the Military Academy. It was both a society and a scientific affair, if I may venture to apply both expressions to a single function — a society event because beautifully gowned ladies attended in great numbers, and scientific because a young

professor of the Academy delivered a highly technical lecture on the manoeuvres at the Battle of the Masuren Lakes. The brilliantly lighted hall, filled with elegantly dressed and bejeweled ladies and brightly uninformed officers with glittering swords and sparkling military orders, made a strange picture for a foreign observer in the Siberia of that day. I overheard little snatches of conversation about Madame X's last tea, the next day's reception — suggesting that the Masuren Lakes were remote indeed from the minds of many of those present.

In fact, at Tomsk we found the same insouciance that reigned in Omsk, Irkutsk, and other places; but here it had a scientific veneer. To be sure, officers were being educated and trained for Kolchak's army. Sometime — as late as possible — they would proceed to their posts at the front. But the army people occupied themselves mainly with sterile criticisms of past manoeuvres. They talked at the Military Academy as incessantly as they talked at Admiral Kolchak's headquarters, and at his Cabinet meetings. It was a government of tireless and sonorous talkers, both civilian and military.

After three days at the intellectual capital of Siberia, we started on our return journey. At Novo-Nikolaevsk we stopped a day to inspect the Polish contingent. From this point on the country suddenly assumed a new aspect. It was as if an invisible sponge had been wiped across a white-chalked blackboard. In place of the immaculate blanket of snow that had concealed the crudeness and roughness of the Siberian landscape, we were now to see this rude land in its naked ugliness.

It saddened us both to watch the beautiful ermine mantle waste away as we approached Omsk. The Siberian landscape of picture and romance was

vanishing. We were now to make the acquaintance of a Siberia as yet unknown and unsuspected.

At Omsk the thaw was at its height. The roofs and walls of the buildings seemed to be liquefying. Everywhere running water was coursing under the pitiless beams of a blazing spring sun. The white that had given the city its deceptive aspect of purity and propriety was suddenly converted into mud. Streets sank to their actual level, and the lamentable ruts and gaps in the pavements and sidewalks were pitilessly bared to view. Hackmen cursed and lashed their horses in a vain effort to get them to drag sledges which would no longer glide, but which persisted in plunging up to the boxes in the mire. Automobiles crept hither and thither, their wheels garlanded with chains. Antediluvian vehicles began to appear. We now saw for the first time the tarantas of the peasants. They are great wickerwork baskets, longer than they are wide, swung on two still longer poles for springs. These four-wheeled conveyances have no seats — one merely lies down in the bottom of the basket. As the spring advanced, Buriats began to come into town in these vehicles drawn by camels, looking for all the world like a new variety of circus clowns as they drove deliberately down the avenues.

But the rivers did not break up immediately. They preserved their midwinter aspect in the midst of the general thaw. The shapeless masses along the banks of the Om little by little took on the guise of steamers and other boats. They were cleaned and prepared for service, but remained frozen fast. Every evening the people went down to the banks of the Irtysh to see the ice go out. That is the great sight of the season here.

Finally one afternoon this great event took place, I say 'great event'

advisedly, for to us who knew Siberia only in its winter livery a river in flood was a marvelous sight. As soon as the news was known, everybody hastened to the banks. For some time we could hear a dull roaring sound, presaging the coming break-up. Just before sundown the huge field of ice suddenly crackled, broke, and began to move. It was the last act of the Siberian winter. The river emerged from a thousand apertures like some mysterious subterranean monster, thrust aside its encumbrances, tossed them hither and thither, spun them round and round, and drew them down into its depths.

Almost overnight we were in the midst of summer. Spring's coy advances are unknown in Siberia. The landscape makes a lightning change from white to green. Suddenly the fields, the hedges, the trees, were garbed in verdure. It was as if a giant had passed a magic paint-brush over the whole country.

The city authorities, not to be outdone by nature, had all the benches along the boulevards and the fences of the public gardens painted green by Austrian and German war prisoners.

The ground dried quickly under the beams of an implacable sun — and soon clouds of impalpable dust rose with every wind from the unpaved roads, penetrated the interior of the houses, and even passed through one's clothing. Some days these dust clouds made a reddish halo over the city, and it was necessary to protect the eyes with close-fitting goggles.

About this time we woke up one morning and discovered the city to all appearances occupied in force by a British army. On every hand we saw soldiers in khaki uniforms and British helmets marching in columns through the streets, or walking in groups along the sidewalks. We learned

before breakfast was over the explanation of this mystery. During the previous night the English Mission had issued new uniforms and equipment to a number of Russian regiments — a clever stroke of propaganda. The people were all talking of generous Albion, as if they had just discovered a fairy godmother. But there was a fly in the ointment, for a few days later the new regiments were sent to the front, and either because they did not want to soil their new clothes or for some other reason they promptly deserted en masse to the Bolsheviks. Trotskii even broadcasted a facetious wireless-message, formally thanking General Knox, the head of the British Mission, as 'General Purveyor to the Troops of the Soviet Republic.'

With the arrival of warm weather Omsk society deserted its smoky drawing-rooms for the open air. The recently crowded premises of the *Ros-sia*, the *Europa*, and the *Apollo* restaurants were deserted. The new rendezvous of the gentlemen of the General's staff and of the young ladies of society was the gardens of the 'Aquarium,' near the centre of the city on the banks of the *Om*. Every evening found this oasis crowded — 'oasis' seems not too flattering a word, for this little park, with its prematurely brown lawn and its scattered, anæmic trees, was at least a refuge from the blinding dust. Tables were set in the open air, and people dined to the sound of music with the same noisy gayety they exhibited during the winter in the overheated restaurants. There were the same servants, the same carefree unconcern, the same *nichevo*, despising trifles like changes of temperature, and the same orchestra alternating waltzes and staccato galops. Once or twice each evening a cornetist would take up his position in a distant thicket, and from his isolated post he would favor

the company with a plaintive solo, to which the remainder of the orchestra would respond with thundering choruses from the bandstand. Such numbers were invariably a success.

The second great attraction of the summer season was the arrival and departure of the steamboats which plied regularly up the large rivers, connecting Omsk with important interior towns virtually isolated during the winter, like Tobolsk in the North and Semipalatinsk in the South. The long river-trips make it necessary for the steamers to furnish many comforts and luxuries for their passengers. Several of these boats are really small editions of ocean-going packets, with luxurious cabins and dining-rooms. During their stay at Omsk they become floating restaurants, where many of the townspeople resort to dine and for evening entertainment. There we escaped from the omnipresent dust, and

were sure to find immaculate linen, impeccable china, and the tidiness of a well-husbanded ship. Somebody would play the piano, and after dinner we would promenade up and down the decks, watching the sunset.

In these altitudes the summer twilight is very long — indeed it continues almost until the first glow of dawn. During this interval the heavens change color like the silken fabric of some huge magic tent, their glow melting into the haze of distant steppe and river in a sparkling mirage of gold, purple, and ruby tints. Toward midnight this riot of rich color subsides into a uniform mauve tint; but almost immediately the sun takes its revenge for its momentary extinction by emerging victoriously from the translucent purple veil of the east, and all the gorgeousness of the scarcely extinguished sunset is repeated in the approaching dawn.

MEN AND BEASTS AT WEMBLEY

BY BROR CENTERWALL

[The author is a theatrical chronicler, whose account of his experience in an aviation accident between Paris and London was published in the Living Age of November 17, 1923. Einar Nerman is a Swedish illustrator who draws the weekly cartoons for the London Tatler.]

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*, June 14
(SWEDISH LIBERAL DAILY)

EXOTICA is a large and rich country. Trips to it are both troublesome and expensive, and only a few can hope to see its wonderlands. But this summer a person can make a little tour of the world and have his fill of exoticism at Wembley.

It is best to start with a lunch in the South African Pullman diner, where

you pull down the curtains to keep out the sun and chat with the lady opposite about how smoothly the train runs. By the time coffee has been served, you have reached your destination.

'Transvaal, twenty minutes' stop.'

An ostrich farm is located close to the station, where the proud birds are strutting around in the sunshine.

Naturally the ladies are interested mainly in the plumes rather than in the birds themselves; for since the Queen ordered an evening wrap of ostrich feathers — in order to encourage South African industry — every feminine visitor to London is dreaming of a similar garment. But the young lady with whom I was talking, after inquiring the price, — and sitting down a moment afterward to recover her breath, — remarked, with a grimace of irritation, — I imagine much the expression the fox wore when he discovered he could not reach the grapes, — 'I don't care about the Transvaal!'

Temple bells are ringing in Burma and an alabaster Buddha is waiting for us in his sanctuary. If he cannot make us forget that we are still in the Western world, a clay-hut village in Nigeria, or an Indian pagoda, stands close by to assist the illusion. For anything is possible in Exotica, and we have the whole world to look at if we like. For example, here is a business street in Hongkong thronged with tourists who, according to a man who has been there, faithfully reproduce the scene when a shipload of newcomers storms the shops of Britain's great China port. We prudently make way for an elephant on his way to drink in the pool before the royal palace of Burma.



The Flapper and the China Lion

Half-suffocated by the heat ourselves, we find it hard to understand the chills of the black Gold Coast natives, who shiver in the hot sunshine despite their thick woolen sweaters. The Newfoundland dogs show their conservative tastes by howling lugubriously at a modern jazz-band. We pause to admire a group of Hindu magicians performing fairy-tale tricks, laugh at the grotesque gestures of a troupe of Tibetan dancers, and move on, for this is Exotica, and we may not tarry long.

Strains of queer music that I cannot describe have called us away from Burma to a place where a dance is about to begin. The musicians have already assembled on a little stage. A drummer sits in a small cage surrounded by about thirty drums. His body sways, his voice quavers, and he pats his drums with loving hands — quite as if enraptured with his music. Next to him squats a serious-looking fellow, surrounded by a complete circle of gongs of various sizes. A pair of wind instruments completes the orchestra. The drums and the gongs set the key and the melody has a primitive appeal — sounding sometimes like the roar of lions and other times like the screech of parrots. A male dancer opens the programme. His name is Mr. Ba Hta, which is supposed to mean 'Handsome Man,' and probably he is considered good-looking in his own country. The names of his female companions would in translation run like this: 'Little Coconut Grove,' 'Million Diamonds,' 'Forest Glade.'

I have never seen more original or strange dancing since I witnessed the famous ballet of the venerable King Sisowath of Cambodia, at its first and only Occidental performance in Paris. The Burmese artists have much in common with the famous temple-dancers of Angkor. Like them they

make much use of arm movements, and gestures play an important part in their performance. But they surely have not had the same lifelong training as the royal dancers of Cambodia, who were turned over to the monarch as small children in order that their arms and hands might be trained while their joints were still pliant and supple. Indeed, the movements of the Cambodian temple-dancers still retained something childish and appealing, presumably from their very early training, which the Burmese artists lack. The latter seem slightly sophisticated — dare I speak of primitive superculture? Ba Hta is as roguish as a rococo mandarin, and the little dancing girls who accompany him are laced in a special costume which makes their chests flat and gives an exaggerated curvature to their hips. Their round faces are powdered white, their thick lips are painted red, and some of them wear modern wrist-watches and rings.

Besides the dancers, there is an expert in the national game called *chinton*, who does astonishing tricks with his bamboo balls. Every afternoon a couple of Burmese boys play this game in front of the Burma pavilion, and I should not be surprised if it became popular in Europe. A full set requires half-a-dozen players to stand in a circle and pass the ball from one to another. It must never touch the ground, nor be touched by the hands, but is batted with the head, knees, or feet. The bamboo balls, which look like diminutive footballs, have had a tremendous sale, and it won't be long before English lads are knocking them about on the Hyde Park lawns.

In India a man can bewitch away his wife, if he gets tired of her, by putting her in a basket and saying something that sounds like 'Poo-wah.' But if he wants her back all he has to do is to spread a silk cloth over the basket,

repeat a mystic formula, and there she is again.

Ship me somewhere east of Suez!

Then there are snake-charmers who play with their wriggling reptiles, and the Tibetan dancers I have mentioned, with their fantastic masks — besides beautiful, dark-skinned women, and all the glitter of the Arabian Nights.



'Beautiful, dark-skinned women'

The Gold Coast is more prosaic. The only decorative things about the mud-hut village are the gigantic warriors in blue uniforms. The king's daughters make clay pottery, and men of noble lineage weave native fabrics or



'The king's daughters make clay pottery'

polish weapons. The encroachments of culture are indicated by the fact that the gentlemen are wearing knickerbockers, half hose, and garters. If one visits them accompanied by a blond Eve, they at once drop their work and begin to make eyes at her. Even reformed cannibals have a taste for delicacies.

In *Exotica* you dine at Hongkong on swallow-nest soup and shark fins. You eat at ebony tables with a mirror inlaid in the top, so that your better half can doll up while she dines. The waiters are Chinese 'boys' wearing silk pyjamas, who glide about in silent felt slippers, while you listen to a Chinese orchestra. Naturally you eat your noodles with chopsticks, even though you handle them as awkwardly as if they were drumsticks. Above all, you must pretend to feel at home, albeit like an English versifier you may long for a square meal and sigh, —

Birds in their little nests agree
With Chinamen but not with me.

The 'boys' light gorgeous Chinese paper lanterns, the moon rises, I imagine I see glowworms in the gathering dusk and feel that *Exotica* is fast making me its own.



AN ARTIST'S CAREER

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

[*M. Émile Herzog, who writes under the pen name of André Maurois, is best known in the United States for his imaginative Life of Shelley, recently translated, which he entitled Ariel. He achieved his first reputation with Les Silences du Colonel Bramble.*]

From *Neue Freie Presse*, June 11
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

PIERRE DOUCHE, the painter, was just finishing a still life — flowers in a measuring glass, apples on a plate — when the novelist, Paul Émile Glaise, entered the atelier.

Glaise looked at his friend, who was still busy with his work, for some moments, and then, in a tone of decision, said, 'No.'

The man whom he addressed raised his head in astonishment. He had just begun to peel an apple and was still preoccupied with the task.

'No!' said Glaise again, still more decisively. 'You will never make a success. You have technique, you have talent, you are honest. But your style is too normal, my dear fellow — you

don't surprise people, you don't disturb them. There is nothing in your work that would make a sleepy visitor pause before your picture in an exhibition of five thousand others. No, Pierre Douche, you will never make a career. Too bad, too bad.'

'Why not?' inquired the honest Pierre Douche with a sigh. 'I reproduce my impressions simply in colors. That is my whole ambition.'

'But you forget one trivial little fact, my dear fellow. You have a wife and a child — no, three children! A litre of milk costs eighteen sous these days and eggs are a franc a piece. Very well! And at this very moment there are more paintings on the market than there are people to buy them, and among the public there are more fools than connoisseurs. What is the moral of that, Pierre Douche? How can a man emerge from the host of the nameless?'

'Through his work.'

'Do be serious. There is only one way, Pierre Douche, to make the fools pay attention to you. You must make a spectacle of yourself. Give out that you are going to the North Pole to paint there. Wear an Egyptian Pharaoh's cloak the next time you go for a walk on the boulevards. Found a school. Scatter high-sounding phrases, talk about earth tones or dynamism, write a manifesto, disavow movement, or eschew rest. Refuse to use white or get along without black. Abandon right angles or give up circles. Found a school of new Homeric painting which uses only red and yellow. Discover cylindrical painting, or eight-surface painting, or four-dimensional painting.'

'How would I ever have the nerve?'

At this moment the fragrance of a peculiar sweet perfume announced the coming of a visitor. It was Madame Kosnevská, a beautiful Polish actress whose loveliness Pierre Douche ad-

mired. The revue in which she appeared swarmed with masterpieces by three-year-old children, so naturally she scarcely knew Douche's name and had little respect for his art. Installing herself upon a divan, she regarded the new canvas, and shook her blond locks as her lips parted in a rather scornful smile.

'Yesterday,' she remarked in her characteristic singsong tones, 'yesterday I was at the exhibition of the latest Negro art, which people are making such a noise about. Oh, what sensitiveness, what modeling, what strength!'

The painter hauled out of one corner a painting of which he was rather proud, and placed it on the easel before his visitor.

'Very nice,' said she condescendingly. And with these words the lovely lady disappeared, together with her fragrance and her singsong tones. Pierre Douche threw his palette on the floor and sank on the divan.

'I'll be a building inspector,' he said, 'or a policeman. Painting is the sorriest trade in the world. A success is managed by apes and achieves nothing but gold. And the critics? Instead of recognizing the masters, they laud the blockheads. I have enough of it — I'm through.'

Paul Émile listened placidly, lighted a cigarette, and meditated.

'Would n't you like to teach the snobs and the fake artists a lesson they deserve? Are you actor enough to persuade the Kosnevská and some of the other æsthetes of the tribe that you have been getting ready an entirely new artistic method in the greatest secrecy for the last ten years?'

'I' replied the honest Douche in amazement.

'Now listen. I will publish two full-fledged articles through which the world shall discover that you have founded the ideo-analytical school of

painting. Until you appeared, the portrait-painters in their ignorance have been studying men's faces. What folly! Art has nothing to do with the visible man. All depends on the ideas that he wakes in us. The portrait of a colonel, for example: a blue-and-gold background surrounded by five gigantic balloons, with a horse in one corner, and medals in another corner. Do you know what you would be for the world, Pierre Douche, and can you provide me with about twenty such ideo-analytical portraits in a month?

The painter laughed bitterly.

'It would take me about an hour, and the worst of it is that —'

'Well, let's make the experiment. And if anybody asks you to explain the new method take your pipe out of your mouth, blow a puff of smoke in his face, and reply: "Have you ever really looked at a river?"'

'What will that mean?'

'Nothing,' replied Glaise; 'but people will like it very much, and when you have been discovered and are fairly launched and are celebrated, then you can make a good story of it and laugh at their stupefaction.'

The varnishing day of the great Douche exhibition two months later was a tremendous success. The beautiful Madame Kosnevska, with her singing and her perfume, no longer avoided the new celebrity.

'Oh, what sensitiveness,' she would gush now, 'what modeling, what strength, what an artistic intellect, what vision! And how, *cher maître*, did you discover this amazing style?'

The painter paused solemnly a little while, blew a tobacco cloud from his pipe, and said: 'But, my dear lady, have you ever really looked at a river?'

The lips of the beautiful Pole wreathed themselves in smiles and made ready for imminent ecstasies in

her gushing singsong. On the other side of the room the brilliant and handsome M. Levycœur, who stood, wearing a Bohemian-looking collar, amid a small group of artists, cried out: 'Very strong, very strong! I always insist that there is nothing weaker than painting from a model. But where, M. Douche, did you find your inspiration? In my articles?'

Pierre Douche paused a while, puffed a triumphant cloud of smoke in his face, and said: 'But really, Monsieur, have you ever looked at a river?'

'Amazing,' said the other, completely flabbergasted, 'amazing!'

At this moment a famous art-dealer, who had been inspecting the atelier, took the painter by the arm and drew him into a corner.

'My dear Douche,' said he, 'my dear fellow, you're mighty sly. These things you've done can really be launched — made fashionable, you know. I beg you to let me have anything you do in the future. Don't — don't change the direction in which you are working without telling me something about it previously. I'll buy fifty paintings a year from you — is it agreed?'

Douche sank into mysterious silence and went on smoking without making an answer.

Slowly the atelier emptied until at last Paul Émile Glaise closed the door behind the last visitor. From the landing below murmurs of admiration still rose, until at length they became inaudible. Left alone with the painter, the novelist stuck his hands in his pockets and broke into fearful laughter. Douche looked at him in amazement.

'Now, my dear chap,' said Glaise, 'do you believe at last that we have made a good beginning? Did you hear what the little man with the pencil said? And did you hear what the beautiful Polish lady said, and the three pretty young girls who went around

sighing all the time: "So new! So new!" Oh, Pierre Douche, I always said the stupidity of man was bottomless, but this is more than even I expected.'

An irresistible fit of laughter overcame him.

The painter wrinkled his brows and, as one burst of laughter followed another, said bluntly: 'Idiot! Idiot!'

'Idiot?' said the indignant novelist. 'This is the funniest story I ever heard.'

The painter cast a glance of pride on the row of twenty ideo-analytical pic-

tures and said with the strength of conviction: 'Yes, Glaise, you are an idiot. There is really a good deal in this kind of painting after all.'

The novelist looked at his friend with amazed astonishment.

'That 's a good one,' he cried. 'For heaven's sake, Douche, remember who put you up to this new manner!'

Pierre Douche was silent for some time. Then he blew a great puff of smoke from his pipe.

'Have you ever really looked at a river?' said he.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE CROSS

BY FLORENTINO GOENAGA

[The following sketch is from the second edition of a volume of this author's miscellanies, published at Bogotá in 1915, under the title, *Papeles Recogidos*.]

OUR cold and stormy spring has carried off a number of estimable and simple villagers, who now sleep their long sleep in our modest cemetery. So, with the arrival of May, more altars of the Cross than usual have been erected, and with them have appeared the customary games of chance and the romping, open-air dances with which our light-hearted countrymen celebrate their escape from the dread reaper's sickle.

The other night two friends and I, moved partly by curiosity and partly by a desire to revive the memory of days long past, set out to see how the people were diverting themselves on this classic occasion. It appears that the grim garnerer of lives has taken such a heavy toll this year in the Barrio Arriba that Calle Ancha and

its vicinity are practically monopolizing the festival. Nowhere else did we see a cross where people had gathered for merrymaking and street dancing. The first we visited had been erected in a building still under construction. The dance here was lively and well attended, for thirty-six officials had contributed to its cost. I shall not violate candor by saying that the dancers were the *crème de la crème* of our provincial society, nor that one could honestly apply to them the words of the poet: —

Whiter than milk and fairer
Than an April meadow filled with flowers;

but I must confess that both the men and the women lived up to the spirit of the occasion, and danced like innocent and naïve bacchantes. I saw an old and dignified contemporary of my own

tripping the light fantastic toe like a boy of twenty, and read in his merry and carefree countenance that the season had brought no losses to his family circle — or, if so, none that was untimely, or more than a mere dying-out of the light when the lamp's oil is exhausted.

From this point we turned our steps toward the left, following the lively notes of an accordion, a drum, and a *guacharaca*, to where several couples were dancing in a circle of brilliant moonlight as if possessed. The musicians were playing a *cumbiamba* melody so lively and so irresistible that it had enticed from the privacy of his home even old white-haired 'Pico de La Horqueta.' We noticed at most places visited this evening that the men were lively young laborers in the full vigor and buoyancy of youth, but the women were faded and prematurely aged, as if by long years of toil as laundresses, cooks, or itinerant vendors.

We strolled on to the lower end of Calle Ancha, to where a cross had been erected in a tiny house. The dance, or *pasillo*, was outside under the broad, sweeping branches of a beautiful ceiba tree. Two well-known local amateurs were playing the accordion, and in our humble opinion better playing of its kind could not be heard in any country. This *Cruz* was an exception in that there were many graceful young girls of fourteen or sixteen among the danc-

ers. Their partners were talkative, agile young lads; and the complexion of all the participants was distinctly darker than at the previous places we had visited.

A bright-eyed girl, who was watching the proceedings with undisguised envy, shouted to a boy as he whirled past: 'Say, you'll see sometime that I'm no saddlebag.'

I imagined that this was an unkind thrust at the young fellow's partner. He turned quickly, just long enough to ask: 'Why don't you dance?'

'I am in mourning — that is to say, the family where I work is in mourning, and I can't.'

We entered the little house to look at the cross, which we were courteously invited to inspect. Heaven forbid that I should repay this kindness by unfriendly criticism, but I must confess that what pleased me most was the fruits heaped in front of the altar: ruby cherries, translucent yellow mangoes, ripe lady's-finger bananas, and coronetted pineapples, whose rich perfume filled the tiny room with a riot of spring fragrance.

As we strolled homeward through the tranquil moonlight, the last sound that reached our ears from the distant merriment was the vibrant, commanding voice of a jovial Negro woman, calling home her lingering spouse:—

'*Mira, Fulano, vamónó a dormí.*'

ALBERT SCHWEITZER—MISSIONARY, MUSICIAN, PHYSICIAN

BY OSKAR PFISTER

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ALBERT SCHWEITZER is like the rainbow, which gleams in every color and yet maintains a magnificently complete unity. No other living man has given significant literary expression to such a variety of talents.

As a theologian, Schweitzer raised a violent storm through his revolutionary work on the life of Jesus and his investigation of the life of Paul. When he attacked the Biblical studies of the moderates and conservatives as unsound, the spirit of David Friedrich Strauss seemed to have returned from the tomb to enter the brain of the young Strassburg professor. Many of his readers stormed against this arch-intellectualist, who seemed to place under a kind of soul-microscope every emotion that hindered his studies, until it vanished like a snowflake in a warm room, and in a moment something lovely and wonderful was gone, leaving nothing behind but a tiny drop of water. There was much respect for the knowledge and ability of the brilliant scholar, but little agreement with his ideas. When, as a philosopher, he turned to the field of Kant and appeared almost to have equaled the master in his uncompromising abstractness, he seemed to have fallen victim to the shackles of an intellectualism far withdrawn from life — seemed so, that is, until two volumes on the

philosophy of suggestion proved the opposite.

If only because of his gifts as a musical historian Schweitzer, who had roused the admiration of musicians with his monumental work on J. S. Bach and his careful edition of Bach's fugues, and who had displayed the most delicate appreciative capacity in his book on French and German organ-making, could scarcely be regarded as a dull intellectualist. His first medical work, entitled *The Psychiatric Judgment of Jesus*, likewise made it apparent that keen critical thought was mingled in the author's soul with sensitive tenderness, and this impression was strengthened by another book which speedily became famous, *Between Water and Forest*, in which the ethnologist, the sociologist, the missionary, and the teacher of the people joined hands to create a work of the spirit.

It is evident that literary production represents only a part of Schweitzer's unique personality. Over and above the scholar and the artist stands the man himself, intensely alive and moved by high ideals. As a young man of thirty — already overwhelmed with scientific and artistic success — he was brought, through the reading of a pamphlet, to a lightning decision to study medicine; sacrificed his brilliant

career in order to undergo the most thorough preparation for medicine; gave up all his artistic collections; and set out as a medical missionary to the black natives of the Ogowe. Here he worked through days of flaming heat, in a corrugated-iron shed which, with playful precision, he had placed directly upon the equator, occupied from morning to night with operations and the other duties of a physician. In the evening he would open the sheet-iron case which protected his beloved organ from the white ants, and refresh himself with music or else would fall to work writing his studies in the history of civilization. He took no payment from the colored people, but pledged each man he cured to bring other sick men to him, and so formed 'a brotherhood of suffering.'

Forced out of his field of labor by the war, he seasoned his long captivity by committing to memory Bach's works for the organ, drumming with agile fingers on a table and with his feet on the floor to heighten the illusion. At the conclusion of the war his lectures on mission work and the organ won him new triumphs, but as soon as he had collected sufficient money he turned back to his African forest. To-day, at forty-nine, he is journeying again to Africa in the hope that for some years to come he will retain the health necessary for his arduous toil. To material possessions he is quite indifferent. His highest hope is that in his old age he may work and die as organist in some little Alsatian community.

The process of such a man's development is a fascinating study. Not merely Schweitzer's friends and personal admirers, but all who take an interest in the development of a high type of manhood, will rejoice in the appearance of a little autobiographical work that issued a few days ago

from the press of the *Evangelische Gesellschaft* and is presently to appear in a Swiss edition under the auspices of Paul Haupt in Bern. It is called *Aus meiner Kindheit und Jugendzeit*, and displays to the full its author's masterly talent as an author. The story of how the book came to be written is quickly summarized. In the summer of 1922, I asked my friend Schweitzer to provide me with biographic material for a juvenile edition of his book, *Between Water and Forest*. In two half-days he told me the story of his life — a magnificent improvisation which stirred so many memories in the narrator that he began to desire this material for a book of his own. In the *Elsass-Lothringisches Familienkalender* for 1924 there appeared a brief extract which the present book completes. On February 11, when he started again for Africa, the author sent to me, as the inspirer of his little work, the first copy.

It is a work of great value that he has given us, plain, simple, and adorned with droll humor, in spite of the deep feeling with which it is written. The first part of his memoirs — in contrast with the concluding portion, which was added later — shows that they were intended for juvenile readers. Schweitzer has kept the child's heart in the best sense. Many of his scenes have a contrasting touch of tragedy — as for example the discomfiture of the good mother who had dressed up her thin, yellowish little child for the benefit of a pastor's wife, although the latter, with the best will in the world, could not stammer out so much as a single compliment, so that the crestfallen mother rushed into her bedroom and burst into bitter tears. There is also the story of an unfortunate pair of breeches which almost caused the little chap to fail in a final examination. The poor boy had to make his appearance before the dreaded board of

examiners in borrowed nether garments which were much too short and elicited such a burst of laughter from his companions that it was heard within the examination room, to the immense indignation of the very strict *Oberschulrat*, who poured out his fury on the supposed jester. The *Oberschulrat* was equally furious at a supposed lack of knowledge: none of the candidates could describe the catalogue of the ships in Homer with sufficient accuracy.

For the most part, a drop of melancholy is mingled with the humor, as for example the little boy's misadventure with a bee which stung him and sent him crying to his mother, who comforted him so tenderly that his tears went on running long after the pain had disappeared. On account of this misfortune, and his mother's coddling of a pain that he did not really feel, the boy was miserable all day long.

From a psychological standpoint it is very interesting to observe how his whole later development was conditioned and anticipated from his earliest childhood. The sympathy with animals, to which Schweitzer gives a large place both in his ethical system and in his life, found expression in a touching experience with a companion who loved to hunt and whom the boy in his loneliness would have been glad to have as a friend. Early one Sunday morning they met in a field where they were to kill song birds with a sling. At the first sound of the church bells, however, he frightened the beloved little creatures away and fled back to his loneliness, the better for having overcome his fear of other men.

His sympathy with human beings was roused by a despised Jew who used to make his way through the village with a donkey cart, tormented by the children, but answering their hoots with a good-natured smile.

'This smile overcame me,' says Schweitzer. 'From that Jew I learned for the first time what it means to accept persecution silently. He became a great teacher to me.' We may also hear how his social conscience awoke. One day in a fight Schweitzer knocked down a bigger and stronger boy; but, as he lay on the ground, the enemy shouted: 'If I had meat soup to eat twice a week like you, I'd be as strong as you!' From that time on meat soup disgusted Schweitzer.

The desire for social service was wakened through memories of an uncle for whom Albert was named, who during the siege of Paris used to bring his slender ration of milk every morning to a poor old woman. Perhaps, too, it is not without significance that this man, whose successor in the Saint Nikolai Church in Strassburg Schweitzer became, made his way to Paris shortly before the siege opened, to procure medicine, and was thus caught in the city. Even as early as this the social radicalism that constantly urged him to greater sacrifices was also showing itself in the boy. A few years later, one New Year's day when he was twenty-five, he gave up forever the habit of smoking, which had become a passion.

The artist in him showed itself even before his schooldays. As a little boy, he played polyphonic chorals out of his own head, for the benefit of his teacher, who could herself do no more than finger out a melody on the harmonium. As a boy of nine he was already an organist, but he was a poor music-student because he never wanted to practise, preferring simply to improvise like his father; and moreover he was afraid to betray his feelings to his teacher, until a radical transformation took place. His early love for organs and their construction follows logically the passionate interest of his grand-

father Schillinger in the study of organ construction.

Proclivities for critical theology put in an appearance at about eight, when the little boy began to wonder why the wise men from the East and the shepherds never came back or paid any further attention to Jesus. The tenderness of his heart was also apparent, for at the story of Joseph and his recognition of his brothers the boy burst into tears. At his confirmation he was so awed that he almost fell ill, only to be rebuked by the minister who, not understanding his feelings, thought he was indifferent. The unique combination of radical theological thought with glowing Christian mysticism may be due to the fact that his father was liberal, whereas his foster father and confirmator was a man of strict orthodoxy. His zeal for missionary work may be ascribed to his father, who in his afternoon service once a month used to describe the life and work of the missionaries.

Much more important than following individual routes of his intellectual development back into early childhood is the testimony of his dominant mental tendencies and the influences that determined their direction. Schweitzer gives us valuable information, though not, it must be admitted, without leaving some gaps. The fact that his earliest memory goes back to a moment of terror, in which the church organist with his bristling beard was mistaken for the Devil in person, leads us to suspect strong repressions. A host of other terrors tormented his childhood. When, then, we find the mature man declaring: 'As far back as I can look into my life, I have always suffered so much from the misery I saw in the world that I have never really felt pure joy in living,' we are enabled to reach certain conclusions with regard to his own unhappiness. Even the fact that

every little thing made the boy laugh and won him the nickname 'Isaac' — that is, in Hebrew, 'the laughter' — suggests the existence of hidden sorrows. Yet Schweitzer had a pleasant childhood with an exceptionally good father and ideal relations with understanding parents.

Whence, then, came the distress that pierced his soul? As a son, it was inevitable that he should feel how much his parents suffered. Poverty and sickness pursued them, and the reserved manner that caused Albert so much pain was an inheritance from a well-meaning mother who had not the gift to express her love in words. A joyless period during which, on account of his father's long illness, the boy dwelt with his great uncle, the rector in Mühlhausen, helped to create those inner repressions which caused his tendency toward unheard-of versatility, expressing itself in the keen scientific investigator, the artist, and the missionary.

It is true that all these hypotheses leave the real secret of personality as a whole untouched. Even if we had far more material than Schweitzer has placed at our disposal, every analysis — even if it could investigate the depths of the unconscious under ideal conditions, and even though it might demonstrate many important relationships — would still be patchwork. In the end it must halt reverently before that creative power which rises from the regions of the eternal Logos, the endless freedom.

Schweitzer's memoirs culminate in his account of a difficult decision which gives the key to his further development and also to the inner significance of his whole life.

His last years in the gymnasium stand in pleasant contrast with what had gone before. His father had regained his health after a whole year

when the worst was feared, and the family's poverty had been relieved. Bright sunshine played again about his father's house: 'My father was my dearest friend.' Then, too, the young man who, with his friendly nature, had hitherto suffered bitterly from loneliness, began to make friends of his own age. His joy in this transformation was continually with him. He began to wonder whether he had any right to so much good fortune, and it grew ever clearer in his mind that he must do a great deal in return for so much that was beautiful in his own life. At Whitsuntide the twenty-one-year-old student made up his mind to study science and music until his thirtieth year and then to devote himself to the direct service of mankind. The plan to become a missionary physician followed a series of other projects.

The unity that Schweitzer has sought and exemplified in his own life is threefold: subjective, objective, and metaphysical. As a scholar, he placed intellect before everything; as an artist he brought emotion to its highest development; and as a missionary, tearing himself away from his homeland and its culture, he showed a will for the highest perfection, through which he attained for the first time the harmony indispensable to so greatly gifted a mind.

To his former unity, however, was joined another, inherent in his own mind, which went far deeper — his love. A love that devoted itself to service became the dominant element in his life. Science and art were alike subordinated to it, both in his own intellectual life and in the external ordering of his existence. Schweitzer sought to serve through his scientific investigation. If he combated the one-sided historic theology, it was only for the purpose of 'basing religion once more upon the spirit,' and restoring

neglected philosophic thought to its rights.

He sought to serve through his studies of the philosophy of civilization. That is why these studies culminated in his ethics of devotion and self-perfection, both uniting in a principle of reverence for life.

His music, likewise, was to serve. It was 'to help our age to attain the intellectual unity and the inner life that it so deeply needs,' and in the same way his mission is a service of love to the most unfortunate of all.

This inner oneness Schweitzer carried over into externals, and just as his various forms of activity had made each other fruitful, so also the various kinds of work he did helped one another onward. Books and concerts earned the money that made his missionary expeditions possible. His medical missions gained the artist — though he scarcely needed it — a public of many thousands and made possible his studies in the philosophy of civilization. . . .

Mediæval piety withdrew into the cloister to devote itself entirely to its ideal. Albert Schweitzer, one of the most modern of modern men, sacrificing all that he had to the same purpose, struck out into the primitive African forest, there to labor with incredible devotion on behalf of his bitterly suffering brethren — not in the spirit of one who flees from the world, but of one who seeks to enlighten the world and to enrich its civilization; not as one who denies life, but rather in the spirit of one who seeks by every effort to help forward Christendom as the kingdom of God.

Is the highest significance of Schweitzer's mission his service to the Blacks in Africa? Has it not rather a far higher significance for our own disturbed civilization, which has gone so dismally astray?

GREEN SOUNDS IN A GREEN SHADE

BY E. V. LUCAS

From the *Sunday Times*, June 8
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RETURNING from Wembley down the Harrow Road I noticed a man mowing a grassy bank with a scythe. Always a rare spectacle now, and particularly so in London, it seemed the more anachronistic after the orgy of modernity which I had just left and which was still making my head dizzy — the Palace of Engineering, with its whirling flywheels and mechanical devices for doing everything without hands; the Palace of Industry, where bread is baked and wrapped up by inhuman machines under your eyes; the aeroplanes buzzing above: the general impression of civilization at the highest pressure.

Watching the mower at his task, with his back swaying like music and his bare brown arms rhythmically controlling the swaths, I thought again of what we lost when the scythe went out and the fussy little lawn-mower came in — lost in sight and lost in sound, even though we gained in every other way. 'But the scythes had to go,' the strident voice of utilitarianism reminds me. 'The scythe is too slow. And also, it does n't cut close enough. What kind of mess would it make of the centre court at Wimbledon?' True. I do not see the scythe dealing faithfully with the tender shoots from the shores of Solway Firth on which the Lenglen leaps to conquer; and yet, even if there was not great lawn-tennis before there were mechanical lawn-mowers, there was as great cricket; greater cricket possibly even than to-day, and it was played on pitches that man had to

prepare without any assistance from Ipswich or other engineers.

I am recording, not framing any indictment. The loss of the steady swish of the scythe, broken now and again while the hone is in use, and then resumed with a new series of long soothing strokes — that loss is a serious one, and the countryside is the poorer for it; but the whirr of the lawn-mower, although never competing in beauty, has an agreeable quality of its own. It is, I maintain, for all its metallic chatter, a delicious noise to wake to. It tells that the morning is fine, for lawns are rarely mown in actual rain; it tells that someone less fortunate than one's self is up and about and busy, a thought that lays emphasis on one's own superior luck; it suggests the pleasure of the games that are to come later, whether lawn-tennis or croquet, golf-croquet or bowls; it gently amuses the mind with speculations as to where the machine now is as the sound recedes or grows in volume, at what point it will stop for the grass to be emptied from the receptacle, how good that grass must smell! And so one lies on in a bliss that is partly stupor, lulled and serene, waiting for the knock that heralds tea.

No one emerging gradually from sleep, with sense after sense, realization after realization, one by one returning from their nightly journey to oblivion and assembling for action, can fail soon to be conscious of the omnipresent rattle of the mowing machine, which has an odd vibrant air-filling penetra-

tion; but the ear will be longer in detecting that comforting rumble, with now and then a squeak in it, which tells that the roller is at work.

I suppose that no one will believe me when I say that I like rolling a lawn; but the statement could not be more veracious were it uttered on oath. I like rolling a lawn. I like the actual conflict with the roller, which is just heavy enough to bring out a certain combativeness; I like to feel the worm castings go down under it with a faintly perceptible crunch; I like the easy progress, steady, irresistible, — thanks to my strength of body and mind, — purposeful, beneficial. It is a task that exercises without fatigue, and cheers its performer with the knowledge that he is doing something of value. He who rolls is earning whatever meal comes next. He who rolls can also be escaping from the others. 'Look at that nice kind Mr. Lucas, rolling,' says the hostess; 'is n't it angelic of him?' and although I am really pleasing myself first and foremost, it is possible to flush with self-esteem, too.

For, I repeat, I like rolling. I like the opportunity it gives both for observation and for contemplation. Spaniels defy you and refuse to move until they are almost under the weight. Birds have almost no fear of the roller, where a lawn-mower would have them in a ferment. They let you get quite close; robins almost sit on the handle. The flowers emit their most delicate fragrance for him who quietly rolls; wafts of sweetbrier come his way.

But if there were absolute silence, I don't think I should like rolling so much, or collect so many thoughts during the operation. I like its sounds: the muttered disagreement that always goes on between the two cylinders and is accentuated by any lump; the occasional squeal.

When I go to Lord's and see a man

perched up on a motor-roller I am sorry for him. That is not rolling; that is mere conducting. None of the pleasures that I know can be his. But when I go to Lord's and see a man perched up on a motor-lawn-mower, I think him fortunate, for I dislike the bustle and scurry and bent attitude involved in pushing a lawn-mower as much as I like the leisureliness and comparative muteness of rolling. I am never angelic enough to mow the lawn, however nice and kind I may be! But to roll it, yes; I would roll it all the way to Rio.

For the rest, the sounds of the garden are chiefly the notes of birds, and it is one of the tragedies of life that so few people can identify them or agree in their identification. What is the bird that, at this very moment as well as at most other moments between dawn and eve, is saying, 'Stick to it'? There is much talk of the recent broadcasting of the nightingale; but the nightingale is easy. By singing at night he makes ornithology child's play. What I want is a gramophone record of all the garden birds, with names, so that I can place them at once. But more than anything do I want to know the name of the bird who insults me by saying, 'Stick to it!' Morning, noon, and afternoon, he thus adjures me — me, who *like* rolling!

And I have said nothing at all about the most exciting garden noise. I have been tiresome about scythes, tedious about lawn-mowers, and conceited about rolling; and all the while there are such sounds going on under the turf as no one would believe — because no one could hear. But look at that thrush over there on the grass with his head on one side. Do you know what he is doing? He is listening in! To what? He is listening for a worm. But — cruel Nature again! — the bitter joke to the worms is that apparently worms can't hear the thrush.

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE BALLAD OF 'STARLIGHT'

BY DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

[Beacon]

As Gillian lay a-dying, she was fey-beautiful,
Her sweet eyes held the glamour of a misty heather pool,

Her little pointed face and her fragile fingers
Were white as the long late snow that lingers

On the northern side of gray stone roofs:
She sat erect to listen the rhythmic beat of hoofs;

'*One — two — three — four!* O my Lover! Say,
Who rides "Starlight" by Withymere Way?

'Someone is trotting her thro' Blackthorn Gate
From where you hear the roar, when the river is in spate!

'Listen! she is cantering up Crowberry Rise,
Where the heron watches and the lapwing cries:

'*One — two — three — four!* Hark! she 's galloping
Way down over Yarna, over gorse and over ling!

'Lover, let me go with you one last grand ride
Where the deer come down to water under Dewbarrow side.

'Race me to the Beacon for a last glimpse of the sea
And you shall never need to grant another wish to me. . . .

'Now the ponies of the twilight are trotting thro' the park,
You can hear their tails a-swishing where the pines are velvet-dark.

'The stallions of the night-wind career around Lye Hill,
They are whinnying and stamping all the length of Easter Ghyll,

'Hoof-music of the Heavens! Listen! *One — two — three and four —*
My gloves and crop, O Lover! "Starlight" waits upon the moor.

'The lure and the magic of the starry pebbled track. . . .
I shall not need a spur to-day! Oh! do not hold me back,

'For the hounds of Time are running, along the shadowy heath,
And way beyond the moonrise sounds the hunting-horn of Death!'

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A TENDER-HEARTED CARICATURIST

EINAR NERMAN, the theatrical artist of the London *Tatler*, is a Swede, and to a fellow countryman, Bror Centerwall, who since a spectacular fall from an aeroplane has remained in England, he has confided his reason for quitting Stockholm and settling in London. It was, in brief, that in the Swedish capital, where he was making a name for himself not only as a caricaturist of the stage but also as a scene-painter, ballet-dancer, and illustrator of children's books, he could not help becoming too well acquainted with the stage folk to draw them with the necessary malice. In London, he thought, the theatrical world would be large enough to permit him to picture the stars as he saw them. The corresponding obstacle to honest literary criticism in small countries where writers and critics meet at the same clubs has already been noted, and some Europeans think that American letters will flourish best so long as the most energetic writers continue to reside in Chicago and the most acid critics in Boston. When both move to New York, they observe, art suffers.

'But Nerman's affirmation that he has settled in London for good need not be taken too seriously,' writes Herr Centerwall in the *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*. 'Already he has become such a good friend of Gladys Cooper and others that he cannot help drawing their pictures with gentle strokes. When Providence has endowed a caricaturist with a tender heart, his entire life becomes a struggle between the cruel crayon and the quivering heart. Nerman knows that conflict, and his heart almost always wins out when he has to sketch beautiful young ladies.

In his studio I was examining a delightful caricature of a prominent actor, Sir Charles Hawtrey, who had recently died, and Nerman told me the gentleman had been seriously offended by it. "The worst of it was that he died two days after it had been published."

"Evidently it killed him," I remarked solemnly.

"Please don't say that," Nerman begged in despair, and on his face I could see that the thought had already caused him sleepless nights.

"For four years I tried to get to London," said Nerman, "and I am glad I at last succeeded. I always set out by the way of Paris and never got any farther. But now I am going to stay, because there are great possibilities here and I get less abuse than I did in Sweden."

'At first he drew for several publications, but now he is attached to the *Tatler* by a two years' contract and is required to draw at least one page in



SIR CHARLES HAWTREY

The *Tatler's* disturbing caricature

black and white and one in colors each week. His start on the *Tatler* he considers wholly due to his luck in meeting an editor who liked his personal style.

'Nerman's start in London is a typical example of his energy. He left his wife in Paris and crossed the Channel alone to look over the situation. For a month he ran around to all the theatres and asked permission to draw the best-known actresses. When he then began to call on the newspaper editors he brought along a young brother-in-law, to act as his private secretary. His purpose was to make a "swell" impression. The "secretary" carried the portfolio and attended to all the negotiations. An artist who appeared with a private secretary and who had made a specialty of pretty actresses was not easily to be turned down, and Nerman was received.'



JAPANESE VERSIONS OF WESTERN NAMES

EUROPEAN and American authors and statesmen do not make a practice of studying the Japanese press — a lucky fact which saves innumerable heart-burnings, for what would the good and great of the Western half of our planet say could they behold the extraordinary schemes to which Japanese writers must resort to render even faint approximations of their famous names. The difficulty rises because the Japanese *Gojiuon* or 'Fifty Sounds' do not include such sounds as *l*, *th*, *v*, *er*, *ir*, and *ur*.

In the Kana or syllabic writing — for of course it is quite impossible to represent any European name in ideograms — a rough system of equivalents for the Roman letters has been worked out. It is not very satisfactory, but it is the best that can be done. A name like Ernest is represented in Kana as Ahnesuto. That would puzzle a European trying to recognize himself in a

native newspaper, but since few Europeans make the attempt, and since not many Japanese have any idea of the originals, the Kana transliterations work well enough. President Wilson was Uiruson. President Coolidge is disguised as Kurizuji — an appellation which would evoke no response in the hills of Vermont. The American Ambassador, who recently resigned, Mr. Woods, became popular as Uuzu in Japan, and the American Consul-General Stewart has been transformed into Suchiwahto. Japanese students of American literature know the author of *The Scarlet Letter* as Hason. The polar explorer Dr. Cook was called Kukku — but no self-respecting person would condescend to pun about it.

The difficulties of transliterating are increased by the fact that the transliterated names are likely to have embarrassing equivalents in Japanese. Ty Cobb becomes Kabu in Japanese, but unfortunately *kabu* means turnip. Mr. H. G. Wells becomes Uerusu, which in Japanese means 'top absent,' or 'lacking in the upper story' — a coincidence which may give satisfaction to Mr. Wells's archenemy, the English dramatist, Henry Arthur Jones, but will certainly offend the numerous Oriental users of Mr. Wells's textbook of zoölogy.



'SPOONERISMS'

THE retirement of the Reverend Doctor W. A. Spooner, the distinguished English historian who has been successively Fellow, Tutor, and Warden of New College, Oxford, has caused an outburst of anecdotes in the British press, for Dr. Spooner's habit of interchanging letters or syllables, with results that were sometimes very amusing, is famous wherever Oxford men are found. Indeed the fame of 'Spoonerisms' eclipsed his very considerable

fame as a scholar, much to the ironic amusement of the victim himself.

There is a good deal of doubt as to the authenticity of many anecdotes told about Dr. Spooner, but at least the noun 'Spoonerism' is enshrined officially in the New English Dictionary:—

Spoonerism [f. the name of the Rev. W. A. Spooner (1844—)]. An accidental transposition of the initial sounds, or other parts, of two or more words, and Oxford slang has known the word joyfully for fifty years.

One of the most famous Spoonerisms is said to have been uttered in a sermon which Dr. Spooner preached at Oxford. 'Ah, brethren!' he said, 'are you never conscious of a half-warmed fish within the breast?' Who would recognize in that extraordinary sentence a 'half-formed wish'? It was Dr. Spooner who, at the conclusion of the Oxford celebration of Queen Victoria's jubilee, called for three cheers for 'our queer old Dean'—an honor which that functionary might well have appreciated in spite of the adjective, but which did little honor to the 'dear old Queen' for whom the celebration was held. It was Dr. Spooner also who in bicycling days is supposed to have dismounted 'to boil his icicle.'

One student of New College insisted to his dying day that the Warden had rebuked him for 'fighting liars' in the quadrangle, and there is a story that he took his history class severely to task for 'hissing all my mystery lectures.' There is also a tale of an unfortunate graduate whose waste of time led to the accusation that he had 'tasted two whole worms.' Dr. Spooner is said on one occasion to have read out the first line of the hymn, 'Conquering kings their titles take,' as 'Kinkering kongs their titles take,' and to have proposed the royal toast, 'Gentlemen, the King,' as 'Kinglemen, the Gent,' to the mild dismay of the assemblage.

Being a kind-hearted and philosophic person, the ex-Warden of New College finds a quiet diversion in the gradual multiplication of anecdotes about him, nine tenths of which, needless to say, are apocryphal, though none the less amusing for that trifling fact.

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THE MAN WHO KILLED PUSHKIN

A. F. ONEGIN, a Russian collector living in Paris, who has formed a remarkable Pushkin museum, granted an interview to the correspondent of the Berlin Russian daily, *Dni*, on the hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the poet's birth. Years ago M. Onegin had a conversation with Dantès, then a very old man, who killed Pushkin in a duel and who became famous in Paris, partly because of that fact and partly because he was one of the most reactionary of Napoleon III's senators.

'I did not intend to kill him,' M. Dantès explained. 'We took a few steps toward one another. Suddenly I looked at him and saw his pistol pointing at me, his terrible face disfigured by a vicious smile, his white teeth gleaming. I fired, aiming at his leg. He fell face down.'

'How could you raise your hand against such a man?' asked M. Onegin.

'I beg your pardon!' exclaimed Dantès in amazement. 'What about myself? I have since reached the dignity of a senator.'

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DRYDEN MODERNIZED

THE appointment of a former miner, Mr. James Brown, as Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland, and His Majesty's personal representative, entitled to all the honors and the pomp of British royalty, has spurred Mr. R. Watson Kerr to satirical verse. Borrowing a title from Dryden, he calls his satire—which is

in the broadest colloquial Scots — *Annus Mirabilis, or the Ascension o' Jimmie Broom*, and himself announces his theme thus: —

T' Ascension o' Jimmie Broom,
Who rose from shaft at fit o' toon
To sit at right hand o' the Lordie,
Representin' guid King Geordie.

Not the least amusing part of the poem is this passage, which deals with five modern poets who ascend on high in company with 'Jimmie Broom' in a celestial elevator (*Anglice*, 'lift'): —

It was the time when poets wrote
Not what they had, but what they'd not,
And clarified their lack o' vision
Wi' extraordinary precision;

Yet, i' the lift, were twa three mavis' —
De la Mare — Hodgson — Davis —
Davis roon his wee bit tree
Chirpin' sweetie songs o' glee,
Watchin' brother birdies flit
And in the mud slim shankies pit;
De la Mare — say what ye can —
A singer and a gentleman.
Hodgson, alas, so very high
Had burst his whistle and had to die;
And Yeats, befogged in fairies he,
Had scunnered himsel' at Innisfree;
And weepin' Thingumay — what's his name?
Drinkwater o' an 'Outline' fame —
Sat empty, needin' a stiffish dram
To sting the vitals of his sham —

But high o'er a' the nomy-pomy,
Scarred and glum towered Abercrombie.

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CHINESE OPPOSITION TO TAGORE

NOT all of his fellow Orientals share Rabindranath Tagore's opinion that Occidental scientific materialism is without value for the East and should be opposed by the peaceful and spiritual ideals of Asia. The Indian philosopher's visit to Peking reveals numerous cross-currents of thought and has evoked some lively criticism. His critics accuse Tagore of upholding worn-out elements of Asiatic culture, teachings which would prevent Asiatics from

sharing the benefits of modern civilization, and of hindering the growth of self-determination among Asiatic nations and the progress of oppressed classes and races.

The motives which lie behind the criticism are various. The association under whose auspices the great Bengali went to China is headed by a political leader whose opponents seek to discredit their rival by discrediting Tagore. His criticism of the material civilization of the West offends some of the returned students who are confirmed apostles of Westernization, and his attack upon science is very understandably offensive to Chinese scientists who have been trained in Europe and America.

No amount of adverse criticism, however, can conceal the enthusiastic response which Tagore has received from many Chinese scholars and students. From China Tagore went on to Japan by way of Shanghai.

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UNPUBLISHED NEWS

THE London *Daily Herald* reminds us that all the news does n't get into the newspapers: —

Aileen Strangeways left her home in Croydon on Friday afternoon at three. She came back in time for supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Bridle had words over the breakfast bacon on Saturday. Coming home late at night, the husband seized a razor and, remarking that it would soon be Sunday morning, shaved.

A man and woman, claiming to be husband and wife, arrived unexpectedly at a seaside hotel yesterday and booked a room for the week-end. Careful investigation has since shown that they had been married a long time.

A lot of things like this have been happening recently, and as you would n't find them in the Sunday papers I have put them in here.

BOOKS ABROAD

The Harleian Miscellany, edited by Henry Savage. London: Cecil Palmer, 1924. 12s. 6d.

[*Irish Statesman*]

The Harleian Miscellany of tracts and pamphlets, selected from the library of Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford, was first published in ten volumes during the years 1744-46. Mr. Savage has made a pleasing selection from these in a single volume, which is well calculated to whet the appetite of those who could wish to have the whole edition of that curious lore, gossip, history, and *chroniques scandaleuses* which the great Robert Harley, Queen Anne's Tory Prime Minister, a genial cynic in a materialistic age, loved to collect. Naturally enough, such hors d'œuvres as these are a little aggravating, for there is no entrée or joint to follow. Nevertheless Mr. Savage's book is a substantial snack, and makes an excellent and bulky tome with which to beguile the last half-hour before going to sleep, or to take away to the seaside.

The taste of our ancestors was robust and jovial, and did not shrink from either seeing or hearing about horrors on the one hand or telling and appreciating coarse jokes on the other. Their nerves were splendid, for they had not yet taken to tea, introspection, and psychoanalysis. They were given also to extraordinary credulity, though not, perhaps, on such a vast scale as the generation which has gone through the Great War. Mr. Savage's selections most skillfully show all these aspects of sixteenth-seventeenth century psychology. Among his thirty-six chapters we get the story of the fascinating French highwayman, Claude Duval, who was the darling of all the ladies, but was brought to Tyburn in his twenty-seventh year. Poor fellow, he found official England, even under the Merry Monarch, very stern and stiff to his kind, and all the ladies of the court could do was to attend in crowds at his execution, where he made a gallant end. Other selections are the story of the prophet Muggleton, founder of a sect now extinct, the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, prototype of Crusoe, the horrors of Red Indian wars in New England; the tale of old Parr who, it was alleged, was born in 1483, and lived a hundred and fifty-two years; the extraordinary Campden case, one of the strangest cases of judicial murder ever recorded, and so on, and so on, to suit all tastes.

Readers whose stomachs are easily turned and who thereby show that they would have been very much out of it in times which loved bear-baiting, got drunk on port or beer every night, and enjoyed public executions, will probably skip

the extraordinary story, which was believed by many at the time, that Oliver Cromwell was actually buried at Naseby, where he won his greatest field, while the body of King Charles was, by the Protector's orders, put into a coffin which, it was given out, contained Oliver's corpse. Hence when the remains of Cromwell were at the Restoration exhumed and hanged at Tyburn, it was really the Royal Martyr's body which was so shamefully misused, and thus did the Great Protector score even in his death! It is a horrible possibility.

Still more will the sensitive reader shrink from the ghastly contemporary description of the prolonged tortures inflicted on Ravaillac, who was executed in 1610 for the murder of Henry the Fourth of France. Even the present reviewer had to skip the most of this.

Der wirtschaftliche Mensch in der Geschichte, by Lujo Brentano. Leipzig: Felix Meiner Verlag, 1923.

[Erich Dombrowski in *Berliner Tageblatt*]

THOUGH he is nearing eighty, the scholar is still unwearied in his perpetual creative activity. In this volume he has brought together a series of addresses and papers which reach almost to the end of his eightieth year and which form a complete whole. They are principally historic and economic discussions which illuminate the beginnings of capitalism from the most varied angles. An abundance of material is here brought together, and an abundance of intellectual vigor gleams through the discussion, which is given a lively, original, and, one can almost say, dramatic presentation. The greatness and sturdy vigor of Brentano's temperament appear repeatedly, especially in his polemic encounters with Max Weber and Sombart.

The work begins with a discussion of the classic national economy, which, from its very nature, could not be applied correctly to the concrete economic relations of the present. Theories based upon it, for example, would be wholly inapplicable to labor problems. In his later essays Brentano leads us back into the canonical economic law of the Middle Ages and breaks away from the ethical bases of economic development as they were at that time laid down by the Church. Step by step he shows how the Church had to adapt these fixed, preconceived ethical theories to the times and to adapt itself to changing relationships. This applies equally to the 'fair price' and living wage of laborers and merchants, as well as to commerce and interest.

From the polemics with Catholic authors which resulted, emerge further dissertations which develop Brentano's theme more completely.

Brentano has ransacked almost all the authoritative ancient literature of the Church in order to confront his opponents with irrefutable proof. When later he busied himself with the beginnings of modern capitalism, he was led through these studies to the investigation of the Fourth Crusade, which was fundamentally a business undertaking pure and simple, as well as to studies of trade, Puritanism, and Judaism in their relation to capitalism.

In this assemblage of small lectures and articles we meet the whole fascinating personality of Brentano. The book deals not with ancient things and antiquated literary theses, but rather with problems that concern us as deeply now as they did fifteen or twenty years ago, and which in this volume have been broadened, enlarged, and modified to meet the results of recent investigation.

Before the Mast — and After, by Sir Walter Runciman. London: T. Fisher Unwin; Boston: Luriat, 1924.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

'TAKE him, John, and make a man of him.'

The owner of the collier brig thus addressed the burly captain on behalf of the trembling, delicate lad of twelve, who at three o'clock that winter's morning had slipped out of his cottage home on the Northumbrian coast, made for the first ship he saw, and almost tearfully implored a job.

This was sixty-five years ago, when ships had sails and sailormen sang chanties, and it was 'Young Walter's' second attempt to obey the call of the sea. For years he had yearned to be a 'powder monkey.' Now opportunity had come his way, and he was content to become a cabin-boy.

It was a hard school — at times a very cruel school. But the delicate, sensitive boy felt his biceps hardening and his chest filling out, and at the age of twenty-two he commanded his own clipper. For twenty-six years he ploughed the Seven Seas, in sailing ships and steamers, and in 1884 was ordered ashore by his doctor. Then he started to collect his own fleet of vessels, to-day known on every trade route as the Moor liners.

To-day 'Young Walter' is still with us. Sir Walter Runciman's autobiography, *Before the Mast — and After*, is a book in which seafarer and landlubber can rejoice. It tells in true sailorly language a life story as fascinating as that of Dick Whittington, of courageous, splendid crews of

old, of half-forgotten customs and songs of the sea, of wrecks and rescues, and of a brutal discipline that is happily no more.

The hard-worked, brow-beaten cabin-boy of 1859, with eyes blackened by an infuriated captain, deserted his ship for another. It was customary, he tells us, to give the name of 'Bully' this or that to all those captains who carried sail hard and were ruthless in their methods of enforcing discipline. One captain Sir Walter sailed under was known as 'Hellfire Jack.'

Augustus Carp, Esq., by himself. London: Heinemann, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[*T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*]

DESCRIBED as 'The Autobiography of a Really Good Man,' this is a deadly satire on a mean and contemptible creature who begins life as a liar and continues it as a knave. The book would be painful but for its scathing irony and its playful exposure of an unctuous hypocrite.

Augustus, detestable in himself, is the worthy son of appropriate parentage. The narrative begins at the beginning, with the birth of the prodigy. Carp, senior, settles on the infant's name: —

'I shall call him Augustus,' he said, 'after myself.'

'Or tin,' suggested my mother's mother.

'What about calling him tin, after the saint?'

'How do you mean — tin?' said my father.

'Augus-tin,' said Mrs. Emily Smith.

But my father shook his head.

'No, it shall be tus,' he said. 'Tus is better than tin.'

The book ends with the arrival of another Carp, also named Augustus, presumably to lead the same divertingly hypocritical life as his smug father and grandfather. The illustrations by 'Robin' are worthy of the text.



BOOKS MENTIONED

MAUROIS, ANDRÉ. *Ariel. The Life of Shelley*. Translated by Ella D'Arcy. New York and London: D. Appleton and Company, 1924. \$2.50.

PFISTER, OSKAR. *Expressionism in Art: Its Psychological and Biological Basis*. New York: E. P. Dutton, 1923. \$3.00.

PFISTER, OSKAR. *The Psychoanalytical Method*. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1913. \$6.00.

SCHWEITZER, ALBERT. *Aus meiner Kindheit und Jugendzeit*. Strassburg: Verlag der Evangelischen Gesellschaft; Bern: Paul Haupt, 1924.

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 322 — AUGUST 9, 1924 — NO. 4179



A WEEK OF THE WORLD

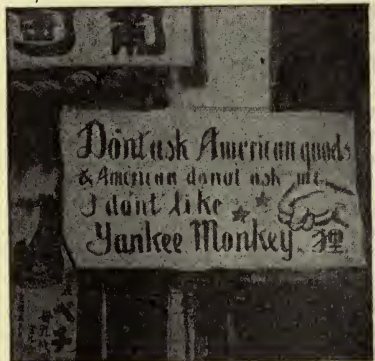
JAPAN'S ANTI-AMERICAN CAMPAIGN

THE agitation, started in Japan under a sense of insult to the nation, against the United States exclusion law, has not subsided. Notwithstanding this, many responsible papers condemned the insult offered to our flag by a Japanese fanatic last month, and evidently momentary concern was felt lest it lead to a serious rupture between the two Governments. There are also cool-headed protests against the attempt to boycott American goods, on the ground that an economic war with the United States is likely to injure Japan more than it does this country. None the less, such signs as we print below, photographed in a store window in Kobe, and similar appeals to boycott the United States, are very common.

Yet there is some evidence that this indignation is more melodramatic than profound. The *Japan Chronicle* has called attention to certain inconsistencies in the literature of the crisis that suggest this. For instance, *Mainichi*, commenting upon the case of suicide in a garden adjoining the American Embassy, to protest against

our immigration bill, said in its English edition: —

The sense of national honour and dignity is above almost everything in the mind of true Japanese, and many a Japanese would gladly die rather than see his country disgraced by an alien Power. This is best



proven by the fact that the present suicide is being mourned by the whole nation, as the death of a national hero worthy of the name. His action, though abnormal, is surely indicative of the deep sentiment of the Japanese nation as a whole. We are desirous to call the attention of our Ameri-

can friends to this undeniable fact — a fact which can easily be acknowledged if they know the national psychology of Japan.

But Japanese posters pasted up within a stone's throw of the *Chronicle's* office had a different story to tell:—

A crisis has befallen Japan. Yet even such an act as that of the man who cut his belly open in Tokyo, to show his indignation at America's action, attracts no more notice than if he were a dog dying at the roadside. The Japanese Spirit (*yamato damashii*) has vanished from the minds of the Japanese of to-day.

This leads the editor of the *Chronicle* to remark:—

There is evidently room for some difference of opinion in regard to the amount of national mourning in evidence on account of this suicide, but perhaps the difference is only that arising from the consideration that the passage first quoted was for the benefit of foreign readers while the second one was for the eyes of Japanese.

Another straw pointing in this direction was the fact that just at the time when the press was making most of the alleged illtreatment of Japanese in America, there was extreme pressure on the part of Japanese residents in the United States, who chanced to be visiting the homeland, to get back to our shores as soon as possible. Between May 25 and June 17, according to statistics made by the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, 5846 Japanese left Kobe and Yokohama for California. This number includes brides of Japanese residents in our country. Steamship schedules were entirely upset, and three extra liners were put on to accommodate the rush.

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ITALY'S STORMY WATERS

WHILE the press despatches record from time to time surface developments in Italy, following the shock of

the Matteotti assassination, it is doubtful if the general public outside of that country, or even in Italy itself, understands whither the recently accelerated current of public opinion is carrying the Government. On June 27, the opposition parties met at Monte Citorio to honor Matteotti's memory. More than a hundred deputies were present. The session opened at four o'clock in the midst of profound silence. The Secretary began to call the roll of the deputies. Forgetting himself in his profound emotion, he called by mistake the name of Matteotti. A powerful voice instantly answered, 'Present.' A thrill passed over the meeting and all the deputies rose by common impulse as a gesture of respect to the name. A few minutes later the presiding officer, the veteran Socialist Turati, began his panegyric of Matteotti with these words: 'We have not come here to commemorate a dead man, or a vanquished man, or even the victim of political assassins. He is here, present and combatant. He is here as an accuser, as a judge, as an avenger.'

The extent to which classical precedents still govern the Italian imagination is illustrated by the action of the majority in the Italian Chamber in inaugurating a parliamentary strike and withdrawing for the summer to Mount Aventine, as the plebs of ancient Rome did in their historical conflict with the patricians.

The attitude of the Vatican toward the crisis seems to be somewhat enigmatical. While the Socialists and the Clericals — who are not *ipso facto* a Vatican Party — agree on many points of their social programme, there are profound issues — for example, regarding school policies — dividing them. Some Fascist leaders and newspapers have had crises of virulent hostility to the Vatican, although the

present Cabinet has consulted its wishes in important matters. The Pope is said still to be philo-Fascist, if, to quote a French correspondent, 'it is permitted to apply this term to the successor of Saint Peter.' The Cardinal Secretary of State has expressed the opinion during the present crisis that Mussolini might remain at the head of the Government for a considerable period; but with a subtlety worthy of the land of Machiavelli, he intimated that Giolitti—who is now eighty-three years old—was his most likely successor.

Fascisti extremists are by no means subdued by the outburst of public reprobation that followed their recent achievement in removing the leading Socialist Deputy. Late in June they beat to death a Socialist tramway-employee in Milan who was wearing mourning for Matteotti. A day or two later the Government tried to confiscate an edition of *Avanti*, the Milan Socialist daily, presumably for its comment on the latter crime. The authorities seized the papers at Rome and several other cities, but the order arrived too late to keep that journal from reaching most of its local subscribers. The *Nation and the Athenæum* thus summarized the general situation at Rome early last month:—

Every day shows more clearly the extent to which the murder of Signor Matteotti has shaken the whole fabric of Fascismo. It is now generally accepted that the crime was no outbreak of irresponsible fanaticism, but was instigated by persons high in the councils of the Fascist movement, and it is freely alleged that its motive was the suppression of evidence obtained by Signor Matteotti as to financial scandals in which these patriots were implicated. Recent arrests include Signor Rossi, former Chief of the Ministerial Press Bureau, and Signor Marinelli, the Administrative Secretary of the Fascist organization, and the results of the inquiries to be held must be

awaited with the gravest apprehension by the leaders of the movement. There is no question as to Signor Mussolini's genuine desire both to bring the criminals to justice and to use the crime as an occasion for 'purifying' the Administration. He has, however, to face a formidable combination of difficulties in the growing popular indignation on the one hand, and the increasing turbulence of the Fascist extremists on the other. The weakest point in his position is that, however much he may disapprove this particular crime, it is the logical result of his own political ideas. Again and again he has advocated the use of violence for political ends. Even in his speech to the Senate last Monday, he emphasized the basis of his Government in revolutionary methods and made it clear that he regarded the return to legal and constitutional procedure as a mere matter of expediency, subject to limitation at the Government's convenience. When a leader enunciates such doctrines, his followers will apply them in their own way and at their own time.

The latest cause of protest against the Fascisti Government is the press decree, issued early in July, which places the newspapers of the country under permanent Government censorship. Signor Rocca, who has been a supporter of moderate Fascism, declares in *La Stampa*:—

After this Mussolini cannot even pretend to pursue a policy of normalization, and the duty of every one is to follow the course dictated by his own conscience. My attitude and that of my friends will be one of unqualified resistance.

Corriere della Sera, the Milan Liberal daily, that stands at the head of the Italian press world and that has suffered much from the Fascisti in the past, protests that the new decree places not only the liberty but the very existence of the Italian press at the mercy of the Cabinet:—

The local Prefects—that is to say, the officials representing the Government of the day in the provinces—are empowered to deal with the press. After they have

given two warnings to a newspaper, they have the right to suppress it. In order to give an idea of what the decree means it is enough to point out that a Prefect will be entitled to suppress a newspaper if it publishes 'false or tendencious news likely to disturb the diplomatic action of the Government in its relations with foreign countries.' . . . When is news tendencious? If an Opposition journal publishes something against the foreign policy of the Government, the Prefect will say that the information of the journal is tendencious, and therefore will warn it twice and then suppress it. Again, the decree says that the Prefect is entitled to act if the newspaper, by comments, headlines, or illustrations, 'favours foreign interests.' Consequently, if a free-trade newspaper advocates, for instance, the abolition of frontier duties, the Prefect will say that it is favouring foreign interests, and will muzzle it.

A London *Daily Herald* dispatch gives the following explanation of the failure of the authorities to discover the corpse of Matteotti, the slain Italian deputy:—

The *Popolo*, which is confirmed by *Avanti*, states that there is good evidence that Matteotti's body has been disposed of as follows:—

The body was so shockingly and disgustingly mutilated that it was unsafe to let it be discovered. It was brought back to Rome in the same motor in which the murder was committed.

It was then taken to the Polyclinic (medical schools) by connivance of the authorities, and included in the bodies for dissection.

It was hastily cut in pieces and then incinerated in the great electric furnace.

OUTSIDE OPINIONS OF GERMAN REACTION

ROBERT DELL, writing from Frankfurt on the Main, believes the Nationalists have lost ground rapidly since the election. The business world is furious with them for their covert or open

hostility to the Dawes plan, which alone can avert a business catastrophe.

A banker in Berlin told me the other day that all the business men of his acquaintance who had voted for the German Nationalists on May 4 said that they would not do it again, and one of the wealthiest business men in the German National Party in south Germany is telling everybody that, if the German Nationalists force a dissolution by preventing the passage of the railway scheme, he will subscribe to the funds of all the parties in favour of acceptance, including the Socialist. Reports from particularly trustworthy sources in various parts of Germany agree that three fourths of the population are now in favour of accepting the Dawes Report. The chances are, in my opinion, that in a General Election on this issue the German Nationalists would lose half their seats, and the Fascists would not do so well as before.

A Berlin correspondent of the *Observer* wrote late in June that the economic crisis in that country was increasing in intensity. Berlin proceedings in bankruptcy recorded an average of forty-five failures a day, and three fourths of the present practice of the lawyers of that city consisted in protesting bills. Unemployment is decreasing, partly because the Government is devoting large sums to public works. While business is in a bad way, public finances seem to be steadily improving. The present prosperity of the Government—

has no more gone hand in hand with an improvement in the general conditions of life in Germany than it has with a corresponding boom in business life. On the contrary, save for the very natural relief after the breathless period when money depreciated overnight, the average existence of the working-man and the middle classes is a hand-to-mouth one. It is a fact worthy of the deepest admiration that, although wages and salaries are still far too low, saving has begun again, although all the old savings have been lost, and prices are still kept high by the universal rings.

The readiness with which the German Government accepted the demand of the Allies for the renewed control of German armaments, though it evoked occasional skepticism in France, decidedly improved the attitude of even the Jingo Paris press. *Le Figaro*, with its Radical traditions, may hardly belong to this class in spite of its ardent championship of Poincaré. Raymond Recouly thus reviews the German armaments situation in its columns on the authority of a Frenchman who has held a high post in Germany for several years:—

Germany is by no means in a position to fight us, even on the defensive. A great majority of her people do not want to fight or to talk of fighting. A fraction of hot-headed Nationalists and chauvinists would like nothing better than to fly at France at the first opportunity, but it is a negligible fraction compared with the nation at large. Nothing pleases these Nationalists more, or serves their propaganda better than the excessive and puerile fear exhibited by some Frenchmen who go about everywhere declaring that there will be a war in six months or a year. That sort of talk tickles the pride of Teuton Nationalists immensely. They argue that if the French are so disturbed by such a possibility it is because they are conscious of their weakness.

Recouly thinks, however, that France will stay upon the Rhine for a long time, whatever Government is in power at Paris. 'But while exercising the greatest vigilance, we should be careful to keep cool.'

Le Temps expresses the gist of its opinion as follows:—

Reactionary associations, whether athletic or political, are not really dangerous except for the Republican Government in Germany. But the day they succeed in overthrowing that Government, we shall see a Government in power that is likely to become very soon a threat to European peace. Under these circumstances it is good statesmanship *obstare principiis*, to

stamp out the first sparks of a possible conflagration.

AFRICAN PROTESTS

THE *Democrat*, a paper published by an Indian at Nairobi, Kenya Colony, East Africa, thus fulminates against Christianity — at least as it conceives that religion to be practiced in Africa:—

For hundreds of years men resorted to the Christian religion, and used it to deceive the other portion of the world, and the rest of mankind. It is the subterfuge of the white man when he wants to deceive you; he tells you about Jesus, he tells you about Heaven, he speaks of the beautiful things of the Christian religion, which he himself does not believe in, and does not practice. He preaches them to you because he believes it is the easiest way to reach your emotion and to appeal to your sentiment, and deprive you of that which he wants. Such a subterfuge the white man has used in Africa, such a subterfuge the white man has endeavoured to use on all the unfortunate peoples of the world. He sends out his priest, his Bishop, and his missionary to foreign lands to pave the way for colonial dominion or exploitation of the native peoples and their lands.

The *Abantu Batho*, a South-African paper edited and published by native Africans, thus voices the same spirit of protest:—

Rome, mistress of the world, ruled supreme, her eagle carried by her well-disciplined and victorious legions; and so remarkable was that peaceful condition that the Romans erected a temple and upon its portals were inscribed in letters of gold the words: 'The temple of Eternal Peace'. Nineteen hundred years have passed, and that temple is now buried among the ruins of ancient Rome, and other temples have been erected for the purpose of preaching peace, the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. Yet there is no peace. The peace which we are now enjoying may be likened to the calm before the storm; the nations of the world are only taking a

breathing space before they once more come to grips in a deadlier and more destructive war. With such a conception of peace, the strong and rich oppressing the weak and the poor, with the canker of racial prejudice eating at its very vitals, how can the white man expect peace in the true sense of the term? Who can think that he can come to my house, put me out, take all I posses, and then talk to me about peace and justice, and after robbing and knocking me down, talk to me about a League of Nations for peace? All the burglars get together, after robbing the black man of his land, and then say—'Let us have peace.' There is not going to be peace until we all believe in the rights of all men.

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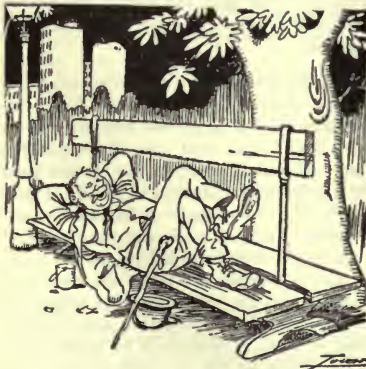
MINOR NOTES

AN 'Old Strassburger' writes to *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* from Alsace protesting against Otto Grautoff's description of the friendly sentiment cherished there toward France, quoted in the *Living Age* of July 26. He accuses Grautoff of 'incredible ignorance' and 'abysmal incomprehension,' and deplores the presumption of a man who 'ventures to describe the sentiments of a nation of nearly two million people,

of whom between ninety and ninety-five per cent are of German blood, on the basis of a hasty traveler's impression.' He concludes by assuring the readers of *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* that 'the Alsatians are not lost to you so long as you do not lose yourselves. . . . We are Alsatians and shall remain Germans at heart. Once before we preserved our German character for almost two hundred years under French rule. We shall do so again.'

THE Upper House of the Norwegian Parliament recently voted by a majority of 8423 to rename the capital, Christiania, Oslo. The town of Oslo, now a suburb of the city, was founded in 1050, and was long the capital of the country. It was burned in the seventeenth century, and the new town was rechristened in 1624, from Christian IV, King of Denmark and Norway. The Lower House will doubtless confirm the action of the Upper Chamber, which was dictated by a wave of nationalist feeling, aroused partly by the controversy with Denmark over Greenland already alluded to in these columns.

SPAIN'S VAGABOND PHILOSOPHERS



How I pity the poor devils who have to pay \$70 or \$80 for a flat!
— *La Voz*



Poor Capitalists! How the customs men do rag them!
— *El Sol*

WHITE AUSTRALIA

BY THE HONORABLE F. W. EGGLESTON, M.L.A.

[*The author is Minister for Railways in the Victorian Cabinet.*]

From the *English Review*, July
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

THE 'White Australia' policy is the formula which the Australian people have framed as the only solution of a number of very complex problems which affect their security and welfare. These problems are of great difficulty. If each were isolated and taken on its own merits, a series of different conclusions might be arrived at, but, where questions affecting the integrity of the Commonwealth are involved, a people has to reconcile these differences and formulate a policy which will lead to the preservation of the fundamental basis of its life. The only way to determine the validity of the White Australia policy is to examine these points one by one and see what solution of the whole complex of problems is possible.

It is not necessary in this post-war age to emphasize the danger of racial conflict. It seems impossible for two different races to live together happily on the same territory and under the same sovereign. Nationality is the obstinate fact of twentieth-century international politics. Its problems cannot be altogether settled by reason. In the peace treaty a sincere attempt was made to redraw the map of Europe according to the principles of nationality. Where a homogeneous people is collected on one area under one sovereign set of institutions there is stability and order. But unfortunately in too many areas this consummation cannot be achieved: a clear cut cannot be made; and, mainly for this reason, Europe to-

day is a seething caldron of conflicting national claims. It is not the backward races only which are afflicted in this way. The two most gifted races in Europe — Anglo-Saxon and Celt — cannot live together in Ireland; and to end conflict a solution has to be adopted which maims Ireland and penalizes all.

The case for obviating similar struggles in the newly settled countries is irresistible. There are, however, certain mitigating factors in the settlement of new territories. European nations are so closely akin that with intermarriage coalescence is only the matter of a couple of generations. If a country is well settled by one vigorous race; if the problem of sovereignty is securely decided; if the language is decisively chosen; if the culture is one which can be shared by all, there is no need to apprehend trouble in a new country from the admixture of Europeans. The immigrant accepts the culture of the new land with pride. He learns its language and looks upon it as his home. But there are limits to the absorptive power of the settled race. The history of the United States shows that where the immigration is too rapid the aliens form enclaves and give all sorts of trouble. The absorptive faculty varies in the geometrical ratio. In a small country, where the original settlers are scanty, a large immigration might easily put the dominant culture in doubt. It might easily raise the question of the allegiance of

the people to its old sovereign and institutions. And when the culture of race is threatened the racial conflict commences. The United States was so populous when the great stream of immigration started that no effective challenge could be made. But this does not apply to a small population like that of Australia, where an immigration of one million Italians or Germans might at once give rise to racial conflict.

Quite other considerations apply to the immigration of non-European races. Non-European immigration is of two kinds. One is of races who have had no experience of civilized institutions — the Negro and the South Sea Islander. The other is of races who have old cultures which vary widely and essentially from European culture. In the first you get striking differences of color which indelibly discriminate the alien. You get an inability to live up to the forms and the institutions of the white race. You get two entirely different conceptions of sex problems and an ineradicable instinct against intermarriage, which renders absorption impossible. Mixed marriage becomes an act of treachery, and the progeny of the marriage are penalized. Economically the colored races become pawns, depressing the standard of life and removing the white race from a healthy contact with manual labor. No system of indentured labor has ever been satisfactory. Recruitment has given rise to all sorts of scandals; the life of the indentured laborer has been unnatural. It was never more than veiled slavery. Nowhere was indentured labor more closely guarded than in Australia; but the death-rate among the South Sea Islanders was always greatly in excess of the whites', even in tropical parts. The return of the indentured worker to his home gave rise to scandals worse than the recruiting.

The case of older civilizations, like the Hindu, Chinese, or Japanese, is like the racial problem in Europe, only more intense. Here you have an old, honorable civilization, a noble culture very tenaciously held, but a low economic ideal. You have the conflict of color and language, but a tenacity of purpose — a racial pride and an intellectual capacity which are absent from the inferior races. In races like the Japanese you have a patriotism which is more intense than our own, which will never accept alien culture or sovereignty.

Lastly, we must recognize that under democracy the chances of racial conflict are intensified, not mitigated. This paradoxical result is due to the fact that democracy is only possible where there is a foundation of mutual trust and confidence. The method of democracy is progress through struggle. There is a constant conflict of ideas and objectives which is not dangerous only because, underlying these difficulties, there is a strong unity of race, institutions, language, and history. We permit the utmost latitude in our Parliamentary struggles, because we know that all are interested in the integrity and value of the State. But if this interest is not shown by all, if there is a large section anxious to install another set of ideas and institutions, the free and tolerant basis of democratic institutions becomes a danger. The very freedom can be used as an instrument to destroy the old culture. And so racial conflict develops almost automatically. The older race feels that its language, its institutions are priceless privileges. They are the condition of its political efficiency. A minority which cannot understand the language and the institutions in which the State is governed cannot be said to enjoy self-government. If it strives for government in its own

language, it threatens the culture of the other race.

Here is an irreconcilable problem. The dominant race will discriminate against and hold back the minority for fear of the threat to its position. In the struggle all the reality of democracy will be lost. In America, where there is a difficult racial problem, racial hatred is intense. In Australia, where the only colored aliens are visitors, there is no racial feeling. The remnant of the old Chinese who were originally hunted down in racial riots are really popular. Japanese scientists and sailors lately had receptions which surprised them by their cordiality. That cordiality would be changed to hatred if the Japanese were settling here and challenging our hold on this continent. Racial conflict is a fact which cannot be ignored. It is not based on depravity, but is the result of national and often virtuous characteristics on both sides. Any wise planning of world settlement would avoid it.

Even if the conclusion of the preceding section of this article be admitted, it by no means follows that the present occupants have a moral right to monopolize the whole of a very large territory. It may be that the result of the argument as to racial conflict will lead to the conclusion that the handful should move and allow a race which can effectively occupy the continent to do so. Such an argument has, however, never been accepted in history. Nations have been displaced by others, but this has been done by the arbitrament of force, and not by any appeal to justice. In the present case, however, we are trying to justify the White Australia policy on ethical grounds, and this aspect of the question must be considered.

The colonization and settlement of Australia are entirely and solely due to

the pioneering genius of the British race. Australia is not a land which could have been quickly occupied by a large population who could have immediately established themselves there. If it were it would have been filled up many centuries ago. It is only a short distance from the most crowded territories of the East, and across a narrow strait from territories filled with millions of islanders. But Australia was severely neglected until the British came. It was occupied by a primitive people who could not find in the resources of the land anything which could assist them to progress out of the most elementary stage of human life. Australia is now a prosperous country, and produces more wealth per head of population than any country in the world. But when the old navigators touched its shores they found it a most unattractive place. It was only when the east coast was discovered that it was thought of as a place for settlement. The narrow strip of land between the mountains and the coast and a couple of hundred miles inside it are well watered and attractive. The southeast corner, including the Murray Valley and the rest of Victoria, an area of not more than 250,000 square miles, is the only part of the continent which can compare with Europe so far as climatic conditions are concerned.

It is obvious, therefore, that the settlement of Australia could not have been achieved by a primitive race or by typical Asiatic races like the Hindu or the Japanese or the Chinese. These races, used to a low standard of life and without any far-reaching economic organization, could not have solved the difficult problems that had to be solved before successful settlement could be effected. As it was, many of the early British settlements long led a precarious existence. Botany Bay was

a prison settlement, and for many years did not succeed in establishing a stable community supported by local production. At times starvation was imminent. Several attempts to colonize the western parts of Australia failed altogether, and the settlers had to be rescued. Yet to-day no economic system is so productive per head as Australia's, but none is so completely artificial. The continent now produces a large proportion of the world's wool and other pastoral products, besides much food, metal, and raw material. But it could only have done this by being treated as a part of the British Empire.

Nothing like this could have been achieved by an Eastern race settling in Australia. Taking advantage of its opportunities, its vast open spaces, its sunny climate, and its great wealth, the British people have set up high standards of life and institutions of the freest type, which secure a high economic product. Therefore, the British people have claims to Australia which are not to be gainsaid by the mere scantiness of population. The Australia of to-day has been created by them. They found it a neglected, apparently desert, continent. They have occupied and turned into profitable account a very large proportion of the territory and established a population there which has reached a high level of social welfare.

The British Empire was founded and extended in defiance of climate. Yet there is a curious insistence by the Englishman that all problems of racial settlement are determined by climatic considerations. This may be so in the long run, or with people who are passive. But an energetic race, equipped with all the resources of science, cannot accept it readily. The human race arose in the tropics—some of the world civilizations were founded in

or near tropical countries, and it cannot be concluded offhand that the white races cannot live healthy lives in the tropics and maintain their physical and mental vigor. There are moist tropics and tropics. There are moist tropics with heavy rainfall and dense vegetation, where germs multiply, and tropics where, though the heat is intense, the climate is dry—there is little water lying about and fever germs do not thrive. It is quite certain that consumption, a disease due to confinement necessary owing to cold conditions, exacts far more victims in England than the heat or tropical disease does in Queensland.

The dangers of life in the tropics do not come so much from the heat itself as from diseases which multiply more quickly under tropical conditions not only of heat but of moisture. If medical science is capable of coping with such diseases, the problems of tropical settlement will take upon themselves quite a different complexion. So far the outlook is hopeful. It is understood now that a great deal of the lassitude found in people inhabiting the tropics is due to two diseases, hookworm and malaria. If these could be abolished the energy of the white races might not be impaired at all by life in hot countries. It is too soon to say whether this hope will be realized. In any case the medical problem of dealing with these diseases is assisted by the fact that we have in Australia an educated population willing to obey hygienic regulations.

The parts of the Australian tropics with a moist climate are very small. A strip of land along the north coast of Queensland about ten to fifty miles wide, a few patches of the northern territory near the coast, and a very narrow strip along the northwest coast of West Australia comprise the total. The rest of tropical Australia possesses

a relatively dry climate, a climate so dry, at any rate, that agriculture is almost impossible. This area can only be devoted to the pastoral industry. Here it is acknowledged that the danger of ill-health from diseases such as malaria, characteristic of tropical countries, is not serious. The energy of the white man is not impaired by this dry heat, however high the thermometer may be. In Australia the Queenslander is regarded as far more energetic than the Tasmanian of the extreme south. The most vigorous and enterprising men I have ever met have been Queenslanders from the back country. So far, then, as the climate problem is concerned, only a very small portion of Australia is really affected. Even in those parts there is every hope that it will be solved satisfactorily.

Because White races can live healthy lives in the tropics it does not follow that people accustomed to a temperate climate will do so willingly. They may be driven thither by economic pressure or they may have to be attracted there by high wages. There has been for the last ten years no economic pressure in the South. The South is short of labor and the wages are high. Therefore labor has had to be attracted to the North by higher wages. The attractiveness of the north coast of Queensland has also had a share in bringing and retaining there a large and increasing population. It will be seen, therefore, that the settlement and economic exploitation of the northern parts of Australia under White Australia conditions, difficult as they are, are not at all hopeless. The problem is the selection of suitable primary industries where White labor can work at reasonable cost. Intense tropical agriculture, where the labor cost is high, is not possible at present. But that does not mean that we cannot select other forms which will be just as profitable. It is quite a fallacy to sug-

gest that exploitation of resources by low-paid labor under an indentured system is a benefit to a country. It may bring a big profit to a few capitalists. It may serve a purpose by breaking up and developing new land. But in general a type of industry which employs more-skilled labor, higher paid, and, if possible, under independent farming conditions, is immensely more profitable to the community.

The sugar industry illustrates how methods can be altered to suit White labor without loss. When it was proposed to prohibit Black labor, it was contended that White labor could not do the work. When this was challenged the advocates of Black labor stated that there was one part of the process which White men would never tackle. This was trashing — that is, cleaning the dead leaves from the lower parts of the cane. The custom was to do this some time before cutting and, as the cane was very dense and the weather very hot, the trasher was for hours in something resembling a hot bath. It was held that he could not stand it. Probably he could not; but, when the Kankana was prohibited, the planters ceased the trashing and found that it was quite an unnecessary operation. They have suffered nothing by its abolition.

So far the sugar industry has proved the salvation of Northern Queensland. Up to the war, sugar of a very high quality was produced at 3*d.* a pound retail. For this the industry was protected. Since then politics have come into play and Labor Governments, by forcing up wages, have thrown burdens on the growers which are crushing. The sugar-growers have been forced to combine, use political pressure, and pass on to the rest of Australia the burdens imposed by their own Labor politicians. But, unsound as all this is, the prices have still not been excessive. In 1920, when the sugar agreement resulted in a

retail price of 6*d.*, the foreign price was considerably more and the Australian retail prices were the lowest in the world. In the interval foreign prices slumped; but now when de-control prevails, and the import duty results in a price of 4*d.*, this is still, I understand, below prices in many other countries.

When an amateur strategist looks at the map of Australia, with its vast empty or thinly settled areas in the tropics, he says to himself, 'The North is the Achilles heel of Australia.' It is rather an inapt allusion. The empty North does, of course, present a big defense-problem for Australia, but it is nothing like the one suggested by a cursory glance at a map. The wealth of Australia is concentrated in the South, and the empty North can only be tributary to the South. Without a well-settled South, the North for economic reasons would not be settled at all. Australia remained unsettled for centuries, although a few days from the crowded population of Asia, because the South had not been discovered and its potentialities were undeveloped.

The key of the situation is the fact that, except along the eastern coast, between the North and the South, is a desert heart uncrossable by any military expedition. The inhabitants of Timbuktu would not feel any excitement at a landing on the Mediterranean coast of Africa, because they know that the Sahara could not be crossed by a conqueror. The situation is not so clear in Australia because the integrity of the whole continent is a consideration of great value to Australian defense. But the idea of the Northern Territory being the Achilles heel of Australia is absurd. Its possession by an enemy would not be a mortal blow. In fact, it is doubtful whether it would be worth taking.

An enemy attack against Australia would almost certainly be directed down the east coast near Brisbane or down the west coast near Geraldton or Perth. Only if the Northern Territory were well settled with a developed economic system in working order would an enemy think it advantageous to go there as a first step.

It is, therefore, quite a feasible suggestion that an empty North is rather advantageous to Australian defense than the reverse. In fact many people consider that to link the South and the North by railway would be a fatal mistake from the strategic point of view. If the North is developed through the pastoral system, with large ranches, it will probably be better than endeavoring to settle it by an agricultural population.

Furthermore, Northern Queensland's settled coast towns are not a factor of any value in defense at all. A hostile fleet could stand off and knock them to pieces in a few hours. The key of the defense of Northern Queensland is the coastal mountain range. All through this range there are extraordinarily fertile table-lands at heights varying from 1500 to 3000 feet above sea level which can be settled by White farmers growing cotton, maize, root crops, and producing butter and dairying products. These table-lands could not be taken except by large military forces, and if they are well settled Queensland is relatively safe.

The real defense of Australia is on the sea. Six million people cannot defend 3,000,000 miles of territory. Even when well settled to the limit of her capacity, Australian settlements will be a narrow ring around the centre, and the North will always be comparatively empty. The distances are so great that landings on lonely points on the coast will be impossible of prevention. A navy strong enough to prevent any

other Power from getting command of the Pacific will always be essential.

A White Australia policy, therefore, does not militate against Australian defense. The admission of Asiatics would indeed make it more difficult. If this immigration reached any size, it would immediately raise very difficult questions of internal defense. If the immigrants were South Sea Islanders, it might not matter; but if we had races like the Chinese, Indian, or Japanese, with a high degree of national feeling, capable of being militarily organized, a great danger would immediately be created, which would be intense while the white population is so small. The defense of Australia can only rest on the shoulders of the Anglo-Saxon holders, and any substantial penetration of unassimilable aliens would render the problem of Australian defense insoluble.

It cannot be denied, of course, that the exclusion of the subjects of powerful Eastern races does cause offense and challenges aggression by them.

They suffer from the evils of overpopulation, and if such problems become acute those nations may be spurred to action against Australia. In the face of such a danger we can only rely on our membership of the British Empire and help from other sections of our race. Such a danger is not averted, but rather intensified, by the admission of other nationals. Besides, the evils of overpopulation can be overcome by other means. Asia as a whole is not overpopulated. Nor is South America, where a very mixed people with little racial feeling is just beginning to develop the land. There are spheres for the expansion of India and Japan in the innumerable islands of the Pacific. Meanwhile, Australia is overcoming her underpopulation as rapidly as possible. Her natural increase is one of the highest in the world. Her total increase over a series of years is over two per cent, which is greater than that of America at the period of its highest immigration.

WHAT JAPAN THINKS OF AMERICA

BY SETSUO UENODA

From the *Japan Advertiser*, June 18
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

Sappukei, literally meaning 'scenery-killing,' is an expression often applied to America by the Japanese who have visited that country, in describing the general impression they received there. To say America is *sappukei* may mean that America is without taste, is ungraceful, unpoetical, vulgar — it may mean all of these for lack of a better

word. This adjective as applied to America may or may not be correct, but the way in which it is spoken is, in most cases, a sort of despairing gasp, uttered out of our countrymen's distressing experiences in trying to live in an American metropolis.

The people in an American city begin the day with an alarm clock and all day

long they bustle and rush about in the din of a frightful drive. Their minds are so keyed up to the mechanical precision of daily routine that the swifter the locomotion the happier they are. Into this world of affairs a business man comes from a land of dreams and poetry and tries to live in the midst of it, to study and investigate the practical subject with which he is concerned. He little understands the language and customs of the country he is visiting. It is, indeed, no small effort for a person like a Japanese, who is extremely proud and sensitive to ridicule, even to live in a large American city, or to travel from place to place.

As he passes along the street he hears constantly the rattling of knives, forks, and plates from quick-lunch restaurants, observes the endless procession of motor-cars tooting along the street, and is deafened by 'L' trains overhead and tramcars on the surface. The pedestrians about him are imposingly taller than he is. As he looks up, he observes huge buildings towering over him with a strength and durability that are awe-inspiring. It is no wonder that his mind is oppressed and outraged by the breathless activity of the American people and the ponderous environment that makes the American city. It is out of his harassing experience that he declares, heaving a sigh, 'America is sappukei.'

During his stay in America, however, he does not fail to observe the marvelous development of American commerce and industry. The whole fabric of the American industrial and commercial system is for him so wonderful in comparison with that of Japan as to inspire a feeling of pity for the latter. He is convinced that Japanese commerce and industry are still in an infantile stage, and that Japan has to learn from America much more

than she has already learned. As a result the admiration he entertains for the marvels America has accomplished along these lines far outweighs his disgust at her sappukei.

When he crosses the Pacific back to Japan and again comes in contact with our ill-adapted foreign mode of living and primitive manner in which our people conduct their business, his memory of his unpleasant experiences in America gradually fades until she becomes in his recollection like a shining land of activity. To his friends and acquaintances he constantly harps on the greatness of American material achievements. It is this everlasting 'boosting' of America, coupled with the outstanding fact of the superiority of American-made goods to practically all similar goods made in Japan, that has done so much to form a romantic conception of America and Americans in the minds of the Japanese people.

The Japanese student who studies in an American high school, college, or university lives in an academic atmosphere. Usually he makes acquaintances among some choice Americans in a narrowly limited community. He is generally regarded as a courteous gentleman, respected by them, and admired for his industriousness in his school work. But his position in this community is that of a guest instead of a member, and he is always treated as such. He is, in most cases, merely a spectator of this limited world in which he has cast his lot. Under such circumstances he forms a very flattering impression of Americans. It becomes his habit to look upon America through the spectacles of his happy school-days.

When the student comes back to Japan after a period of study in America, he remembers and speaks of the wholesome atmosphere of the little

American community in which he lived, and generalizes about all things American from his limited experience. There always lingers in his mind a pleasant and grateful memory of the few generous American friends he made in that community, who were particularly interested in him and never failed to be his comforters and helpers in his crises of loneliness and want.

Government officials, scholars, and scientists conduct various investigations in America and come back with huge piles of documents for future reference. They agree that America is *sappukei*, and attribute it to her material civilization in contrast with the so-called spiritual civilization of the Orient, or to America's lack of traditions, history, and the like. But here again the importance with which they regard their investigations of American institutions, systems, and applied science overshadows all they may pick up about American social life.

Our government officials and scientists envy the material resources, scientific equipment, and enterprise of the American Government and American research institutions, and constantly lament their own lack of equipment, experience, and originality. The liberality with which American institutions in all lines of endeavor are equipped fills them with admiration and respect for America.

They constantly quote European and American scholars and scientists in their speeches and writings. It is almost a fad for them to do so, while few of them care to quote their own scholars and scientists. American books are immediately translated into Japanese and many of them are used as text- and reference-books in educational institutions. Japanese magazines are flooded with stories of Americans and American achievements.

So much for the source of the general information of the Japanese people about Americans. This state of affairs has prevailed in this country in one form or another ever since Japanese began to go to America and bring back from there the fruits of Western civilization. Stories of American achievements, heroes, leaders of various movements and their noble principles have conspired to produce in the minds of the Japanese people the idea that America is a land of romance and miracles. As a result, Japanese tacitly admit that Americans are superior to them — not innately, but through the gift of circumstances. This is one of the reasons why Japanese in general regard Americans with special consideration and respect.

An interesting remark was made at a meeting of an organization formed by American-trained Japanese, of which I am a member, that illustrates this attitude of the Japanese mind toward Americans. One of the members, who is a business man and a graduate of an American college, said that he planned to employ an American, preferably a man who could not speak the Japanese language, and present his business propositions to others through him. In conducting business transactions, he, the principal, would act merely as an interpreter. According to his experience, he said, a business proposition presented by an American commands special attention and consideration, and its proponent is treated with more courtesy than is ordinarily accorded to a Japanese; the same proposition on the same terms would be accepted if presented by an American that would sometimes be ignored if he presented it.

It is this high esteem cherished by the Japanese people toward the American people that makes them protest so violently and bitterly against the action of the American Congress prohib-

iting Japanese immigration. They criticize Americans on the ground of a high moral principle, because they think of them in terms of the Declaration of Independence, of the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and of the noble utterances of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and a host of prominent American statesmen, scholars, and Christian preachers. They do so because they, as a whole, are not informed of, or accustomed to take into consideration, the emotional side of American life, which is older than America's high moral sentiments. It is for this reason that most of the arguments on the subject of the Japanese immigration problem are advanced not on a practical basis but on the basis of moral principles.

Japan has been successful in extending her national influence during the past half-century. Japan is very proud of her achievements, as she has a right to be, and has posed before the eyes of the world as a sort of Number-One boy in the Orient. The Japanese people are by nature proud, sentimental, and sensitive, and, as they lack a sense of philosophic humor, they naturally take the 'first-class nation' phrase very seriously. With this mental attitude and with their misguided notion of America, they take the American affront very much to heart and give vent to their feelings regardless of possible injury to their own national interests.

Such an attitude, however, is conducive neither to a proper understanding of the Japanese grievance nor to intelligent sympathy for it. It is the extremity of folly for the Japanese people to fool themselves into thinking that a Christian nation always conducts itself according to the doctrine of Jesus. It must be remembered that the Christian nations of Europe have just blasted their own continent with the bitterness of curses and hatred, and have visited

upon their fellow men the worst of calamities at the very moment when their hearts should have been gladdened by the happy tidings: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' European nations are capable of doing all this and more, if necessity demands; so the American nation will do the same under the stern law of necessity. Americans may deplore the World War and declare that Europe went mad, that a few monarchs and ministers were guilty of all its evil, but America, in spite of Wilson's saying that 'America is too proud to fight,' did fight when she was confronted by the grim necessity of war. When a great crisis comes no argument, no reasoning, avails. Madness and a misguided few, supported by millions, wage battle unhindered, and soldiers, with murderous weapons in their hands, kill and kill and kill.

It is thus that the anti-Japanese immigration movement gathered headway, and no one was able to prevent it from taking its course. While the Japanese were still hopeful and were comforting themselves by dreaming that the American President, the Secretary of State, and public opinion were on their side, President Coolidge was compelled to sign the anti-Japanese legislation because the policy of the American Congress in shutting out the colored races is thoroughly consistent with and representative of the American sentiment in favor of maintaining a White America. A host of American newspapers are attacking Congress for its action, but merely because of the idiotic method by which it carried out its purpose.

The Japanese Government declared its readiness to revise the Gentlemen's Agreement, asserting that 'the question is not one of expediency but of principle.' It stated that 'the mere fact that a few hundreds or thousands

of her nationals will or will not be admitted into the domains of other countries is immaterial, so long as no question of national susceptibility is involved.' If the American Congress thought the Gentlemen's Agreement was an instrument incapable of controlling Japanese immigration, there was every possibility of making an amicable arrangement through diplomatic channels. Under the circumstances, there was no occasion warranting the American Congress in taking the action which it did at the cost of unnecessarily offending Japan.

There were two ways of settling the immigration problem — one was amicable and the other was insulting. The American Congress deliberately chose the offensive course when there was every opportunity to choose the other. In so doing Congress accomplished its aim on the strength of a mere technicality, taking advantage of the famous 'grave consequences' note, and the absence of certain specific wording in the existing treaty, but substantially violating the spirit of the treaty.

Considerable emphasis has been laid by the thinking classes of both Japan and America on the importance and necessity of coöperation between the two countries in order to ensure the peace of the Pacific and of the world. It is perfectly plain, however, that no coöperation can flourish in a bellicose atmosphere. It goes without saying that it takes two to coöperate, and Japan cannot coöperate alone when America is disposed to offend Japan unnecessarily. It was driven home to Japan

once for all by the action of the American Government that it takes two to fight but that one can start a fight.

Americans may have some grounds for their argument that Japanese immigration in America is an economic problem, as they have always insisted. But all Japanese who pretend to know anything about America have the strong conviction born of their own experiences that the issue is essentially racial. The Japanese masses have now begun to understand and appreciate this view, and the recent conduct of the American Congress is bound to confirm them in this opinion.

When they protest against America's action, intelligent Japanese realize clearly the helpless position in which Japan has been placed. They are now convinced that Japan must seek the support of other Asiatic nations which have similar grievances against the nations of the White race. They look far and wide for friendly allies in Asia and find that Japan is practically the only strong and independent Power in the midst of the vast wilderness of the Orient. They realize that the heart of the Empire has been stricken by an earthquake, causing damage unheard of in the history of their country. They are conscious that the nation is sinking deep into an abyss of financial difficulties and will sink still deeper if all signs are not misleading. In the face of this inexorable reality, they have no way to redeem themselves from humiliation except to give utterance to their thoughts and feelings, and to eat in sorrow the bread of bitterness that is served them.

CAMPAIGNING BY RADIO

BY CAPTAIN H. J. ROUND

[The author, who is one of the most prominent wireless-engineers and inventors in Great Britain, is an officer of the Marconi Company.]

From the *Morning Post*, June 27

(LONDON TORY DAILY)

SINCE the earliest days of democratic government there must have existed among political audiences three types of men: those who are already converted to the speaker's way of thinking; those who are undecided and wish to form an opinion after hearing the speaker; and those who are confirmed supporters of the opposite point of view and are determined that no one else present shall be able to hear the speaker.

Organization of the latter class of elector must result in serious interference with the principles of free speech. Argument and appeal are too often useless, and any means, therefore, which enables speakers to overcome the interruptions and to give their opinions freely to the first two classes of listener is welcomed, especially by those parties whose instincts are against retaliation on the noisy elements by their own methods.

The printed word may be the surest and safest way of getting 'heard,' but it lacks the direct appeal of speech and sight. Accordingly means have been developed, first in America and afterward in this country, for magnifying the speaker's voices to such dimensions that the interruptor is frustrated. Moreover, he may even be converted, as he is forced to listen. The same methods can be applied to those audiences which, owing to their size, are beyond the range of the human voice.

In such cases the loud-speaker is a necessity.

The technical problems involved consist in placing a microphone near the speaker, — the nearer to him the easier the problem, — magnifying the minute currents formed by his voice to very much greater dimensions by means of valves, and then allowing these currents to flow into loud-speakers. The closer the duplication by the loud-speaker of the original voice the better, but at present the engineer has to be satisfied if he can retain intelligibility in all cases with not too great a divergence from a human quality.

Intelligibility is moderately easy to maintain, but on the human quality, no doubt, will depend the full and final effect on audiences.

The easiest way of handling the problem is to shut the speaker up in a box by himself and to let the loud-speakers do the rest. This, of course, is similar to the broadcasting method, where the box becomes an important place called the studio. If this is done in connection with suitable loud-speakers a volume of speech can be produced which, in an open plain, could be heard for many miles, and against which no interruptions would make any headway at all. In this instance, however, the appeal to the sense of sight is lacking. In elections this is undoubtedly an important factor.

An alternative is to amplify the voice

of the speaker while he is actually addressing part of his audience, and to provide loud-speakers for overflow meetings outside the hall or in other halls. There are limitations in this case. Interruptions in the hall will naturally be reproduced in the loud-speakers outside. If these are not too violent they will add, no doubt, to the interest of the speech. On the other hand there is the danger that the loud-speakers outside will be audible in the hall through the windows and doors, and this sound, of course, is faithfully picked up by the microphone and re-amplified: A distortion of the sound results, which, unless the magnification is limited, becomes unbearable.

The fact that this distortion can occur limits the volume of effective sound which can be produced by the loud-speakers.

There are two more cases where the distortion trouble is still more accentuated. The first is when the speaker and his microphone are in the open close to the loud-speakers. This was the case when the King made his opening speech at Wembley. On that occasion, however, certain technical precautions were taken which would not always be possible owing to limitations of space or situation. The second case, which is the worst of all, is when the loud-speakers are actually in the same hall as the speaker.

The difficulties in these cases where the magnified voice can get back to the microphone are not nearly so great if the speaker can speak directly into an ordinary post-office telephone, because the volume of sound that can be produced by the loud-speakers is inversely as the distance of the microphone from the speaker's mouth. It is, however, obviously a serious disadvantage to an orator to ask him to speak to a direct audience, and at the same time into a microphone which he holds in his hand.

Sometimes he will forget the one and sometimes the other, and rhetorical gesture will be limited. But hand microphones have the advantage of considerably reducing the capital cost and operating costs, and for this reason will be used to some extent. In the present state of the art the ideal apparatus requires expert attention, but increasing experience will no doubt simplify the problem.

I had the pleasure recently of watching the effect on an outdoor audience of some large loud-speakers.

The speaker in the hall addressed a picked audience, and very little interruption occurred, but outside, where an overflow meeting had been arranged, a large and chiefly antagonistic crowd had gathered. A section of this crowd was being harangued by an opposition speaker before the meeting inside the hall had started.

Suddenly the signal was given to switch on. For the moment only the noises of the audience in the hall reached the microphone as the speeches had not commenced; but it was no small torrent of sound that emerged from the loud-speakers. I shall never forget the look of amazement and indignation on the face of the opposition orator. He paused, tried to continue, and then abandoned the attempt.

Thoroughly angry, he moved his wagon-platform down the street to what he thought would be a better position. Soon after the speeches inside the hall began he was driven from this position also. Even at some distance from the hall the loud-speakers predominated.

Later on attempts were made with large rattles and organized singing to drown the sound from the loud-speakers, but a few yards away from this opposition noise the loud-speakers still predominated. It seemed, however, to cause great satisfaction to the interrupt-

ers with the rattles, as, of course, they could prevent themselves at least from hearing the loud-speakers.

The possibilities of competition between loud-speakers belonging to different parties are many. If each of the three parties were to provide itself with a three-ton lorry, batteries, or a small power-plant of two or three horsepower, and a battery of horns on the roof of the lorry, one more terror would be added to the streets. There is no limit to the strength that can be produced, under favorable circumstances.

One cannot forecast the feelings of the electorate if politics become a competition of noise. Can the engineer go further? Television may be a dream of the future, but there is no difficulty in reflecting an image of the speaker on to a screen in an adjoining hall. Combine

that with the loud-speakers and magnify the figure on the screen to suit the proportions of the giant voice, and surely no necessity remains for the speaker to be visible in person.

I am sure, too, that it would appeal to the vanity of many a speaker to know that a colored, moving, and Brobdingnagian representation of himself was forcing itself and his view on a hostile audience by means of a ten-horsepower 'bank' of loud-speakers. This missile-proof giant would be controlled by a bespectacled engineer who with a touch of his switches could limit the power-output to suit the fluctuating temper of an alternately docile or angry audience.

Perhaps the engineer would enjoy it even more than the politician. His would be the real power.

ACROSS AUSTRALIA BY MOTOR-CAR

BY MICHAEL TERRY

[The young Englishman of twenty-five — with a flavor of Ireland in his name and manner — who wrote this article and his companion were the first persons to cross the Australian continent by motor-car.]

From the *Morning Post*, June 28
(TORY DAILY)

DURING the latter part of 1922 I found myself in the tiny railhead-town of Winton in northwestern Queensland. I was there with the intention of jumping off into the interior as soon as ways and means would permit, but the dryness of the season was the main difficulty. My ambition was to make an overland trip right across to the western Australian coast. I reasoned, however, that if the ground was too dry for

long-distance horse-traveling it would be all the better for vehicular traffic.

Then gradually there came to me, first the idea, and afterward the resolve, to undertake the toughest motor-journey ever attempted in Australia — that is to say, to cross the Continent. Information of likely obstacles was very meagre, but I gained the general impression that there would be rough bush tracks for a few hundred miles at

each end of the journey, which would give way to mere cattle-pads, and after that in the heart of the interior there would be naught but open country to be crossed by compass-bearing.

Such a proposition could be tackled only by optimists and I was lucky to find a kindred spirit who threw his all into my foolhardy proposition. His name was Richard Yockney, an Englishman, to whom I shall always be indebted for his loyalty and hard work, which made the realization of my great dream possible. Incidentally, he saved my life through his capacity to 'stick,' as Kipling says, 'till there is naught in you save the will. . . .'

People who heard of our project promptly christened us 'Mutt and Jeff, the Explorers,' and it was not long before ridicule and sarcastic advice made us regret the publicity that came our way.

Finances were not strong, so we decided to buy an old Ford car and to equip and rebuild it specially for the undertaking. For this steed we paid the huge sum of £50, and, as a new one was then worth about £250, it can be imagined that the tires were the most valuable part we bought! So long as the material was there, however, it could be trued up again and made workable; but it took us two months' hard work to get ready to set out. Supplies were hard to get, and much bargaining gave us a bad name, but careful purchasing of our heterogeneous 'plant' was only too necessary, for when we started out we had only £8 2s. 3d. left between us.

We were dismayed to find that we could not dispense with less than a ton load, although every unnecessary pound's weight was rigorously avoided. As a 'Lizzie' cannot be expected to handle so much weight, we had to build a light two-wheeled trailer for hauling behind, which carried twelve hundred-

weight of the load. Our varied 'plant' included petrol, tires, tubes, oil, spare parts, repair tools, road-making tools, blankets, food, medicines, guns and ammunition, cameras and films, and a host of minor accessories. We even carried a light portable winch and forty feet of wire rope for hauling the car over impossible gullies, which more than proved its value when we were crossing some ranges of mountains far in the interior.

The first few hundred-miles of our traveling took us as many months, for as we journeyed we became itinerant mechanics, repairing cars and engineering appliances at the various homesteads we passed. To get money was our most urgent need, for had any appreciable setback occurred at the outset it would have spelled 'finish,' for £8 does not go far where supplies have to be transported 1000 miles from the warehouse. So we took every job we could get, from erecting a windmill to repairing cars, or even simple blacksmith-work. The bush mechanic has to be versatile, but we made good at the game, and at the finish we were earning £4 a day between us as we became known as reputed 'gun' mechanics. The word 'gun' is used in the Far West to qualify anyone exceptionally skilled at his trade.

Eventually, in the middle of June, 1923, we set out from our railhead, Cloncurry, financially sound, fully supplied. Our spirits were high, though no one encouraged us with a cheery send-off. On the contrary, the people thought it was only a matter of time before they heard of a disaster to us.

Some days later we crossed into the Northern Territory, near the last tiny settlement of about fifty people, called Camooweal. Ahead we had nearly 1500 miles of open country to the next outpost, Halls Creek, in Western Australia. It is only very slightly known

and unmapped. It has been roughly traversed, but never surveyed. Maps, purporting to give reliable information, have the geographical features mostly sketched in according to report and popular opinion, so it was not surprising to find a river running from south to north instead of north to south as the map showed.

At a point known as Anthony's Lagoon we had to leave all semblance of a track, and start on a stretch of about 800 miles of 'compass' country, on which we only encountered three lonely cattle-stations! At two of them our luck proved phenomenal, as we found that they had a small supply of petrol, which they let us supplement with kerosene to solve our fuel problems. Not knowing this good fortune was awaiting us, we intended to get as far as possible with existing supplies, and then to borrow horses and spend many valuable weeks packing our fresh supplies from depots hundreds of miles away. It was a foolhardy way to strike out from civilization, no doubt, but what else could we do with no organization to back us, nor official recognition to smooth the way? All that we had was the desire to do the job, together, perhaps, with the luck of fools!

At one stage we had to set out knowing we had n't enough fuel to get through. We therefore got careful directions for locating our objective, a station homestead, for we were still in open trackless country, where mountains, rivers, and the compass are the 'traffic cops.' We started out and got well and truly 'bushed,' because our director had not been through the country for ten years, and his memory was vague. The result was that we were four and one half days without food and two days without water, walking always. Precious water was 'fluked' in the nick of time, or a quarter of a mile later all would have been up with us.

There were three solutions to the tangle, and, after sampling two, I had to give up and sit down by the water, while my admirable companion set out on his own on a forlorn hope. Two days later I was rescued, for, by endurance I cannot even imagine, he got close to the homestead before collapsing. Friendly Blacks found him, and soon White men brought him round with food and stimulants. 'My mate' were his first words. Then the hustle began. Horses were rounded up, a buckboard loaded, and then away. I had a gun with me, and they feared I might have used it. Naturally the temptation came to me, for I went off my head a bit. However, all's well that ends well.

Once we were trapped in country with bush fires all around us, and such was our plight that we had to find a likely gap in the face of the surrounding fire and get through at all cost. Speed, and luck, stood by us, but just as we got to the critical spot a gust of flame-laden smoke swept across our path. We thought this was the finish, but again with the luck of fools we won through. Incidents like this sound melodramatic, but they are literally true.

I will always remember a certain spell of fourteen days. During that long time by dint of long hours of toil from sunup till sundown we covered only eighty miles. Felling trees, bumping over stones and limestone ridges, creeping through grass as high as the car, sliding down treacherous banks into dry river-beds, and trials never before undergone by motorists were our daily lot. At one homestead the Blacks all disappeared into the bush, so scared were they at the first appearance of a horseless cart. Dingoes, the wild dogs of Australia, used to howl round us while we were sleeping on the bare ground, tentless of course, and screaming 'clouds' of cockatoos were our guide for water. A hurried glance along

the sights of a rifle would often have to decide the extent of our evening meal.

On two occasions my companion had lucky escapes from snakes, but generally we were n't troubled with them, because we did most of our traveling during the cool dry period extending from May till September.

The upshot of many adventures and amusing experiences was that on October 4, 1923, we arrived on the west coast at a pearling town, called

Broome. Having satisfied incredulous bushmen that our feat was not imagination, we were well entertained. We contrived to sell the car for £100, so were able to settle the financial situation satisfactorily. We only had £12 left between us at the completion of our journey of 2700 miles, so this was a lucky sale. We returned to Sydney by coastal boat and the Transcontinental Railway, and not many weeks later our friends welcomed us as men from the dead!

ECKERMANN'S DIARY

BY PROFESSOR H. H. HOUBEN

From *Frankfurter Zeitung*, June 29

(LIBERAL DAILY)

ECKERMANN'S diaries were supposed to have vanished, and literary historians had no precise knowledge of the manuscript sources he used in writing his *Conversations with Goethe*. Some imagine that Eckermann constantly followed his master about with a pencil and pad in hand, jotting down everything that fell from the divine lips. Others have disputed the fidelity of his narrative, on the ground of his own testimony that he reconstructed some of the most important conversations from memory. The student who regards the *Conversations* merely as a chronicle of Goethe's daily life, without considering the creative quality that gives that book its enduring value, will discover in it errors of detail. But these do not detract materially from the unique significance of Eckermann's contribution to the great writer's history.

I have recently come upon a hitherto

unknown collection of Eckermann's papers containing copious original notes prepared for use in writing the *Conversations*. I shall employ them extensively in a biography of Eckermann, shortly to appear, which will throw much light on hitherto obscure passages in his life. Therefore I shall not attempt here to describe these papers in full, but shall merely give a specimen that illustrates in a measure Eckermann's method of work. He was accustomed to jot down notable personal experiences in a diary. When they involved conversations with Goethe, he evidently made these records while the subject was still fresh in his mind. His reports of such fragments of conversations are therefore very authoritative. It was not until later, when he slowly matured the materials for his book, that substantial editorial modifications began to creep

in. This process of editing can be clearly traced. The original diary is written in ink, and shows all the corrections and expansions that such a hastily scribbled original version obviously demanded. But when Eckermann quotes Goethe verbatim, he follows the original draft scrupulously. He was so familiar with Goethe's manner of speaking, with the rhythm of his periods, that he seems to have recorded them with almost automatic precision. Here and there he corrects a proper name, or smooths out an abrupt transition, as the emendations show. His revisions were entered with a lead pencil, and whatever he lined out or added with his lead pencil is omitted or included in the printed *Conversations*.

An incident that occurred on the twenty-second of June, 1827, upset Eckermann seriously, and he recorded it at length in his diary. It was a highly characteristic argument with August von Goethe, in which what would have been an unconscious assumption of Olympian superiority on the part of the father degenerated into arrogance and rudeness in the son. August, who was the chamberlain of the Crown Prince and wore a sword at his side, bullied the helpless Eckermann with Mephistophelian capriciousness almost under the eyes of Goethe, who was sitting in the next room conversing with Chancellor von Müller. Part of the conversation — that relating to Count Sternberg, Byron, and Zelter — was given in Eckermann's book, but it is recorded more fully in his original notes. The fact that the incident shows August von Goethe extolling Schiller openly above his own father makes this odd scene in Goethe's household extremely interesting.

WEIMAR, June 22, 1827. — A misfortune has befallen me which may have for me further consequences of a

serious character. For this reason, and inasmuch as I have no friend to whom I can open my heart, I will confide the facts to paper, and thus perhaps relieve my feelings.

Day before yesterday, June 20, I was so fortunate as to dine again with Goethe. I came from Mr. Skinner, who is engaged in translating *Iphigenie*, and whom I have been doing my best to help. He has made a fair copy of the second act, which he handed me a few days ago in order that I might compare the English verses with the German original and note down my observations and suggestions. As I was deeply interested in the matter, I took the task very seriously, and spent several hours in a careful study and criticism of the two first speeches alone. I gave my notes to Mr. Skinner; he appreciated them highly, and was much gratified to feel that they enabled him to improve his translation materially. We had just finished the revision of the first two speeches that day. I put the fair copy of the translation in my pocket to continue with the rest of the critical comparison at my home. It was thus that I arrived at Goethe's. The family table was set for five people. The rooms were empty and cool, which was very pleasant indeed, for it was excessively warm and a thunderstorm was gathering. I entered the large room opening into the dining-room, where the embroidered-carpet and the colossal bust of Juno are. I had been there walking up and down but a moment when Goethe entered from his study, and greeted me in his usual magnificent but kindly manner. I was delighted to see him so well and so happy.

'Now, my good fellow,' said Goethe jovially and vigorously, 'how are you getting along? What are you Englishmen doing? With what have you been busying yourselves?'

When he asked me this I half-in-

voluntarily pulled the sheets of the *Iphigenie* manuscript out of my pocket and shook them in the air by the white ribbon with which they were loosely held together at one corner. 'Here, your Excellency,' I said, 'are the posters of the second act of *Iphigenie*.'

'Oho,' said Goethe: 'Let 's see them. You are industrious fellows and deserve praise.'

Handing the papers to Goethe I said: 'These sheets are not really intended for your Excellency. The writing is not legible. We are just now engaged in carefully comparing the translation with the original, and revising it. Mr. Skinner will be very much gratified if you will permit him to call upon you once more before he leaves and to read to you some passages from his translation, as you have suggested.'

'Yes,' answered Goethe, 'I 'd like to hear how it sounds in English, and, as you say, he must come again some evening. I 'll talk that over with you another time and make a definite appointment.' Laying the papers on a table and seating himself in a chair near the window Goethe continued: 'Draw up a chair and sit here by me. We 'll chat a bit before the others come. I am very glad that you have become acquainted with Count Sternberg here. He has left and I am again quite alone.'

'The Count seems to me a man of very great ability,' I said, 'and of equally great learning. Wherever the conversation turned he was on familiar ground, and whatever he discussed he discussed with knowledge and judgment, and at the same time with great facility and ease.'

'Yes,' Goethe said, 'he is a very able man. His influence and his connections in Germany are extensive. He is known all over Europe as a botanist through his *Flora Subterranea*. He is also a mineralogist of ability. Do you know his history?'

'No,' I said, 'but I 'd like to learn something concerning him. I could see that he was a Count, a man of the world, and also a many-sided and profound scholar. How he could be all these things at once is a problem that I 'd like to solve.'

'Good,' said Goethe. 'I 'll tell you the story of his life.' Goethe then related to me how it was designed to make the Count a priest when he was a young man, how he began his studies at Rome, how later, when Austria had withdrawn certain favors, he had gone to Naples. Continuing from that point Goethe sketched the outstanding facts of an interesting, important, and remarkable life, a biography that would be a credit to his *Wanderjahre*, but that I am not clever enough to repeat here. I enjoyed listening to him immensely, and thanked him most warmly and heartily when he finished. Our conversation then turned to the Bähmisch Schools and their great advantages, especially in the matter of imparting thorough æsthetic culture.

We sat down to dinner. Mr. von Goethe, Mrs. von Goethe, and Miss von Pogwisch had also come in. We talked in high spirits about every conceivable topic. The Pietists of the German Free Cities kept coming up in our conversation. Somebody said that these Pietist sectarians had set whole families by the ears. I was able to relate a specific incident where I almost lost an excellent friend because he had not been able to convert me to his belief. I said: 'This man was completely obsessed by the doctrine that merit and good works count for nothing, and that man can be saved only by the grace of Christ.'

Mrs. von Goethe remarked: 'A friend said something of the same sort to me, but I don't know yet what it is really all about.'

'Like all the other things,' said

Goethe, 'that are fashionable and are talked about in the world to-day, it is merely a mixture and no one knows whence it comes. The doctrine of good works — that a man by goodness, kindness, and generous deeds can expiate his sins and win the favor of God — is Catholic. The Reformers in a spirit of opposition rejected this doctrine and set up in its place the teaching that each individual must strive to understand the nature of Christ, and to participate in His grace, which will without further effort cause him to do good works. But to-day these doctrines are all in confusion and interchanged, and no one knows where he stands.'

I thought to myself, without saying it aloud, that differences of opinion in regard to religious matters had from the very beginning of time sowed dissension among men, and made them enemies: that the first murder had been caused by a dispute over honoring God. But I merely observed that I had just read Byron's *Cain*, and had admired it greatly, especially the third act and the motivation of the murder.

'Is n't that so?' said Goethe. 'It is remarkably motivated. Its unique beauty could not be duplicated.'

'Congratulate yourself,' said Mr. von Goethe to his wife, 'that your Byron is being praised so.'

'*Cain*,' I said, 'was none the less forbidden for a time in England, but now everybody reads it, and most young English tourists carry a complete edition of Byron around with them.'

'That was folly,' interjected Goethe. 'There is nothing in *Cain* that the Bishops themselves do not teach. It is just because Lord Byron loathed this doctrine, drilled into him from his boyhood, that he wrote *Cain*.'

I was about to remark that it seemed to me that the old Bible tradition took Cain's part in making the angel say

that no one should harm Cain, and that whoever killed him would pay the penalty for murder seven times over; but just then the Chancellor was announced. He entered and sat down at the table. At the same time Walter and Wolf, the grandchildren, ran in. Wolf snuggled up against the Chancellor. Goethe said: 'Get your album for the Chancellor, and show him your Princess and what Count Sternberg wrote for you.' Wolf ran away and returned with the book. The Chancellor looked at the picture of Princess Maria Louise Alexandrine of Saxe-Weimar, with the verses Goethe had written to accompany it. He then turned over several pages and discovered Zelter's autograph and read: 'Learn to obey.'

'That's the only sensible thing in the whole book,' said Goethe laughing. 'Zelter is always fine and virtuous. I'm just going over his letters to Riemer. They contain some invaluable things. The letters that he wrote me during his travels are splendid. Since he was both a competent architect and a good musician, he had the advantage of never lacking subjects upon which to express his judgment. As soon as he entered a city the buildings there at once reported to him what they had to show him that was excellent and what inferior. The musical societies hastened to invite him to their meetings, and no talent escaped his keen observation. If a stenographer had taken down his talks to his music pupils, we should possess to-day a unique piece of literature upon that art. In such matters Zelter is talented and competent, and always hits the nail on the head.'

While Goethe was talking, Wolf's album was passed from hand to hand, and examined by the different people at the table. Mr. von Goethe rose to go.

'Don't go yet,' said Goethe jokingly. 'You must first do penance for your sins,

as I warned you, and see what I have got for you in the next room. You can't get away until you have done that.'

'I wonder what you've got in your head,' said Mr. von Goethe, and went into the room to the right of the dining-room, where the majolica vases stand. Meanwhile, the conversation turned to Berlin, and the Chancellor took a letter from the painter Kolbe out of his pocket and began to read it to Goethe. While he was doing so Mr. von Goethe returned.

'Well now,' said Goethe, 'what have you to say?'

'I have nothing more to say,' his son answered jokingly, 'except that I was not guilty of the offense. It was the Ladies' Society.'

'A fine way to wriggle out of it,' said Goethe laughing. 'Go in there, Eckermann, and you go with him and show it to the Doctor, and we shall see what he has to say.'

The Chancellor stayed behind to read Kolbe's letter to Goethe. I accompanied Mr. von Goethe into the next room, arm in arm and joking as was natural with good friends who had been fond of each other for years.

'I had to hunt around before I could find the miracle,' said Mr. von Goethe. 'Now you must do your own hunting, my Doctor. Is it here? Look around, Doctor!'

'No,' I said. 'I see nothing here that I have n't seen before.'

We went into another room. 'Perhaps it will be here,' said Mr. von Goethe. He led me to an alcove and drew back the curtains. Some of the charts and instruments that Goethe used for his color-theory experiments were there.

'That is n't it,' I said.

'Good,' said Mr. von Goethe, and we entered the third and last room. 'It must be here then. I myself thought it might be in that chest, but it was n't

there. Still, it's here.' With these words he led me to two paintings leaning against the wall. [We have not been able to discover what paintings these were. H.H.H.] The utter inanity and worthlessness of the subjects was obvious at a glance, although it could not be denied that the artist had handled them with skill. We discussed the pictures jokingly and returned, first stopping for a minute in the room next to the dining-room, chaffing as we are wont to do.

'I am now a big man, Doctor,' said Mr. von Goethe, 'and defy the whole world. I wear this sword constantly by my side, and if anyone offends me, let him beware!'

'No exceptions?' I asked.

'What!' cried Mr. von Goethe. 'I spare none.'

'None?' I repeated.

'Of course, my father,' answered Mr. von Goethe, 'for there filial respect comes into play, and that is a sentiment too holy to be offended.'

I complimented him, and was about to open the door.

'Not yet,' said Mr. von Goethe. 'Think over first what you're going to say to my father about the pictures when you go in. Is n't it so — my remark about the Ladies' Society was apt?'

'Very apt,' I replied. 'Now that I have seen the pictures I understand what you meant, and they fit the case exactly.'

'Hurry, Doctor, and think of something to say.'

'I can't think of anything to say. I'll say nothing, or else whatever pops into my mouth.' I opened the door and entered the dining-room.

'Well,' asked Goethe, 'what did you think of the pictures? Are you like my son, who was n't so horribly pained by them?'

'They will do,' I said. 'Of course, the subjects are awfully trivial, but I did n't suffer intense pain from looking at them.'

'You can't pin these people down. Now we 'll hear what the Chancellor has to say. My dear Chancellor, go and look at the pictures yourself.'

I took the Chancellor to see the pictures. He gave them a glance and expressed practically the same opinion of them that we had. Next to these pictures were two little portraits, one of Count Sternberg and the other of Haman. The latter was a pencil copy of an original, and had a dedication to Goethe on the back. The Chancellor read this, and we passed the pictures back and forth between us.

'This Haman,' said the Chancellor, 'considers Goethe the greatest man of the century. He puts him above even Kant. Have you read his writings?'

'No,' I said, 'but I have a great desire to do so.'

We went back. Miss Ulrike was putting on her straw hat and preparing to go down to the garden after her sister, Madame von Goethe. The Chancellor again seated himself at the table with Goethe, who had a portfolio of drawings in front of him. I was anxious to stay and hear what he had to say, but young Goethe beckoned to me.

'Come with me, Doctor. I 'll show you something.'

I followed him reluctantly into the Blue Room, where, by turning around, we could see the Chancellor and Goethe sitting at the table and hear them talking, although we could not understand all they said.

'I want to show you something,' said Mr. von Goethe, 'that you would n't get a chance to see so easily and that you will thank me for showing you. Some excellent landscapes that the Countess Julie (von Egloffstein) drew from nature. They are all in this

book. Make yourself comfortable; take a chair and sit at this table.'

I was delighted, opened the book, and was pleasantly surprised at the excellence of the drawings. Grasping Mr. von Goethe's hand, I said: 'I am exceedingly thankful to you for this treat.'

'You see, Doctor, I am very fond of you,' he said, seizing my left arm and twisting it until I exclaimed: 'Look out! You 'll break my arm!'

My friend desisted laughingly, saying: 'It would be a joke, Doctor, for me to break your arm, would n't it?'

'Your high spirits make you do crazy things,' I said.

'But now, Doctor, do me a favor. Just lie for once; just disgrace yourself for once and say, when Countess Julie speaks to you, that you were delighted at her sketches, but saw them secretly behind my father's back, without his knowledge. Don't tell her I showed them to you.'

'Lie?' I exclaimed. 'I will not. I 'll tell the Countess how delighted I was with her drawings, but I shall add that I owe the pleasure to you.'

'Very well, as you like,' Mr. von Goethe said. 'I consent.'

We continued looking over the drawings, and were both of us delighted by the extraordinary talent the Countess showed. I said: 'We are getting compensation for the pictures that your father tried in vain to punish us with. I can well imagine, though, that such silly things pain him worse than they do us, who are accustomed to seeing trash at the theatre and everywhere else every day of our lives without noticing it. He, whose mind is in constant communion with the great and beautiful and who has devoted an entire lifetime to elevating art, must suffer when he sees pictures like those we have just looked at painted in the nineteenth century.'

'You are right, but there is no remedy for stupidity. "With folly even gods combat in vain,"' he recited impressively, as he moved toward the door to leave.

'That's a fine quotation,' I said, turning in my chair. 'Whose is it?'

'Schiller's,' answered Mr. von Goethe 'in the *Jungfrau*.'

'It might be Shakespeare.'

'Why not Schiller? Don't you think he's capable of that?'

'Capable, yes. But it is not in the spirit of his *Jungfrau* — it's more in Shakespeare's manner.'

'Talbot says it in the death scene. Don't you think that Schiller was great enough to speak in the manner of Talbot?'

These words hit the nail on the head, and I admitted my defeat.

'See, Doctor, you are a great man and I like you, but I could kill you for not giving his due to Schiller.'

'It would be a shame,' I said jokingly, 'for me to die on Schiller's account, for I still have things I'd like to do in this world. So I hereby pay him my homage.'

'No, you don't.'

'How is that? What makes you think that?'

'You don't talk about him. You ignore him.'

'I don't disparage him.'

'But you don't quote him.'

'Because I don't often find him quotable.'

'Every word in Schiller can be quoted, and he can be applied to every emergency of life. But you don't pay him due respect.'

'Oh, how you talk! I know Schiller as well as anyone. There was a period in my life when I read him and admired him deeply, because I had nothing better. But that is past. I have

learned something greater and I cannot return to it.'

'Say rather, my friend, that you are incapable of appreciating him. There are men who, in regard to certain things, remain caterpillars as long as they live. You are like that with Schiller. You are imprisoned in a chrysalis.' As he said this Mr. von Goethe stepped up to me and touched a point on my forehead with his fingers: 'Here's the visible proof that you have certain limitations, and can never comprehend and appreciate Schiller.'

That made me indignant, and I felt my blood rising, but I controlled myself out of respect for the place where I was. 'Go along with your Schiller,' I said. 'I know his excellencies and his defects as well as anybody. Schiller is a superior dramatist and at his best upon the stage. Outside of that we can get little from him in the higher reaches of human culture. His first pieces were crude, and in his later pieces he not infrequently offends against nature and the proprieties of a situation.'

'You are thinking of *The Robbers*,' said Mr. von Goethe, 'and I grant it is true there; but his later pieces are the pride of German literature. There are also many defects in my father's first writings.'

'Possibly offenses against art,' I said, 'but never against nature. Your father was born sound and whole, but Schiller only became what he was through cultivation.'

'In order to become anything,' said Mr. von Goethe, 'a man must first be something. He was a rough diamond that became a polished jewel, but he must have been a diamond from the first in order to emit such rays as he does now.'

I was struck by the metaphor and confessed that it applied.

OMSK UNDER KOLCHAK. III

BY GEORGES DUBARBIER

From *La Nouvelle Revue*, March 15

(PARIS REPUBLICAN LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMIMONTHLY)

KOLCHAK was personally an honest man and a brave soldier. When at the time of the Revolution he was summoned to surrender his sword by the crew of the naval vessel he commanded in the Black Sea, he threw it overboard rather than submit to the indignity. During his retreat to Irkutsk, after the complete collapse of his army, when every military and naval associate deserted him, he remained in his private car and refused to flee in a proffered disguise, because he considered that unworthy of a soldier. He was scrupulously honest, perhaps the only honest man in public life at Omsk. When he heard that his wife, who had remained at Sebastopol, was in financial straits, he sent her two thousand rubles, with a message that it was all he had. That was literally true, for he lived entirely upon his moderate salary.

Kolchak's ministers were without exception young men, with all the faults and errors of youth. For the most part they combined ignorance of practical business with utter lack of a sense of responsibility. The Minister of Foreign Affairs often visited the French Mission, where he would descant at length upon the profound subjects that occupied the minds of the Cabinet. One evening at dinner he observed to General Janin: 'I did n't see you at Madame X's dance last night. Everyone was dancing. It was a great success.' The General answered dryly that he was very busy the night before. Any other person

would have understood and changed the subject, but the young Cabinet officer could not get the details of that dance out of his head, and rattled on about it the whole evening.

On another occasion the same gentleman entertained us during dinner with a great plan he had in mind for mobilizing the whole civilian population. Every man was to be drafted into public service. Our party stared open-mouthed at the apprentice minister. My table companion murmured: 'The poor fool! They have not been able to raise any army yet, and now they talk about mobilizing civilians.'

Another great project that temporarily monopolized the attention of the Cabinet was daylight-saving. Hearing that the Allies had accomplished notable economies by this, Kolchak's Ministers were filled by an ambition to do likewise. To appreciate the absurdity one should know that at Omsk it is broad daylight in the summertime until eleven o'clock at night, and darkness does not last more than three hours and a half. The only result of the reform was to get people up a little earlier for their morning vodka.

Unhappily all the activities of Kolchak's associates were not as innocent as these. Their two chief and enduring aims were to enrich themselves as soon as possible and to suppress — in the most literal and brutal sense of the word — their personal enemies.

Merchants and speculators were worried mainly over the scarcity and insecurity of transportation. A man

who could get a carload of goods through from Vladivostok or Harbin to Omsk, and from there to the military front, was fairly sure to make a small fortune from the enterprise. At a time when our military operations were seriously hampered by lack of rolling stock and munitions, and when Russian and Czech soldiers were literally fighting each other for possession of trains, the officials of Omsk were issuing orders giving speculators possession of cars and free haulage for their goods. Of course the recipients paid huge sums for these privileges. Then they would post off to Harbin, which was an immense reservoir of provisions, textiles, arms, opium, and luxuries of every kind, load their cars, pass the customs without inspection, and return to Moscow virtually millionaires. I knew one Cabinet officer who engaged directly in this trade, not even sharing his profits with an underling. If these goods had really benefited the people and the army it would not have been so bad, but they were mostly useless luxuries. The 'protected' cars were laden with great packing-cases of ladies' lingerie, Paris perfumeries, silk stockings, and costly wines. Meanwhile, the military supplies which the Allied Missions accumulated at Omsk with infinite difficulty seldom reached the fighting front. They would leave Omsk, to be sure, but would mysteriously drop out of sight en route. It was impossible to trace them, for the men who diverted them for private profit had powerful protectors in the Government.

At first Kolchak's dictatorship was well received by the Siberians. For a time they looked upon him as the savior of the country, the man who would restore law and order. In city and country alike people were thoroughly tired of the Bolsheviki, whose rule was the negation of liberty — and

liberty had been more of a reality in Siberia under the old Government than anywhere else in Russia. The peasants here knew little of the oppression of Tsarism. Consequently the short ascendancy of the Bolsheviki, and their attempt to apply their doctrines roughshod, turned all classes against them. Even the illiterate peasant detected at once that the new régime meant oppression instead of liberty, and preferred the status quo to that kind of progress.

Consequently popular disappointment and resentment were only the greater when people discovered that Kolchak's Government, which had come to restore order, was even worse than its predecessors. They had expected a dictatorship, but a competent and energetic one, and as soon as they found they were deceived they again listened with ready ears to the wily Moscow propagandists. The result was that the villagers marched forth to meet the advancing Bolsheviki with their priests at their head, and chanting hymns of praise around their icons.

Kolchak's worst enemies were not across the Urals but behind him. Had his ministers been honest and efficient money would have flowed abundantly into his coffers and soldiers would have flocked to his banners. But his corrupt entourage speedily transformed the Admiral in the eyes of the people from an ardent patriot into a shifty adventurer.

I recall an incident that illustrated strikingly how the peasants and the working people felt while they still believed in the Dictator. Perm had just been captured; the Admiral's troops were in Europe. Siberia had been completely purged of the Bolsheviki. The Archbishop of Perm had presented the Admiral with an icon, which the Commander had brought

back with him to Omsk. It was decided that this should be transferred one Sunday from the Admiral's residence to the cathedral. On the day set an unbroken cordon of troops was drawn up along the avenue down which the procession was to pass. The column advanced majestically, led by a military band and a detachment of officers. Priests in their ceremonial robes surrounded the high dignitary who carried the sacred image. Closely packed behind the cordon of troops stood practically the whole population of the city, bareheaded, chanting the old canticles of the Church. That throng was remembering the old days — the old days when they sang and prayed for God and the Tsar. They saw in the icon a symbol of the return of law, order, and tranquillity. On that day Kolchak was in their eyes God's instrument to save Siberia.

Five months later the same naïve and mystical crowd would have slaughtered those who had deceived their hopes. If the Siberian peasant had been left to nurse his disappointment alone, Kolchak's fall might have been delayed. But the Bolsheviki are shrewd propagandists, and the Government made their work only too easy. Moscow's emissaries filtered through our lines, and organized little groups of partisans behind the front and all along the Transsiberian. Tracts were distributed among our recruits; a methodical agitation was started throughout the villages; every settlement had its group of conspirators, whom it was impossible to watch or to ferret out. These Bolshevik nuclei were most numerous and active in the Maritime Provinces, along the Amur, and in the wooded region between Tomsk and Novo-Nikolaievsk called the Taiga. Soon they were capturing and burning railway stations, derailing trains, and seizing munitions convoys,

all the way from Vladivostok to the outskirts of Kolchak's capital.

These revolutionary groups of credulous peasants, army deserters, and black sheep from the Polish and Czech regiments, were led by harebrained and conceited young Russian intellectuals, mostly misfits in practical life who had become captivated by abstract and sterile social theories. Though visionaries by birth and education, they became realists with a vengeance when they discovered the possibilities of personal profit in their lawless career. The apostles of the new era converted no one, but the canaille converted them.

I should not omit to mention the chief stimulator of the barbarities and atrocities that characterized this guerilla warfare. It was alcohol. The world knows that as soon as war was declared the Tsar forbade the sale of vodka. This was a wise and prudent measure, as everyone realizes who saw the ravages drunkenness made in both the civilian population and the army. One must have witnessed a native drinking-bout, he must have seen a party of Russians put under the table, to know just what I mean. Vodka — clear alcohol — was drunk like water at every meal. It was served in great goblets, which the Russians emptied repeatedly at a single draught from the time the hors-d'œuvres were served. Kolchak's doughty warriors would watch us contemptuously as we sipped several mouthfuls from a single glass. We knew they were asking themselves: 'How could such molly-coddles win the war?' They tossed down their alcohol by the tumblerful, with chest thrown out and head flung far back. So a dinner often ended with all the guests present, but on the floor.

The Bolsheviki took the bull by the horns and enforced the prohibition ukase they inherited from the Tsar

even more vigorously than his own officials had done before them. They inflicted the death penalty unsparingly on anyone caught distilling or selling vodka, or anyone who drank it to excess. They knew by experience the perils of dealing with drunken mobs. Kolchak made a timid attempt to follow their example. Officers were forbidden to drink vodka. But his orders remained a dead letter. The sale of liquor was practically free, and I often saw at Omsk long queues of customers waiting before a bar for their turn to be served.

Kolchak's Government acted with more blindness than address in trying to suppress the Bolsheviki. Those discovered were shot offhand or drowned in the Irtysh. Some officials found this an excellent opportunity to disembarass themselves of personal enemies. Old partisans of the Directory, unpopular Czechs, any man who knew too much of the private speculations of a powerful official was easily accused of being a Bolshevik. How many times I heard that charge! There was a veritable carnival of denunciations, with all its abuses and baseness. We saw Bolshevik suspects hauled through the streets of Omsk, crowded in winter in sledges, in summer in carts, surrounded by horsemen with whips and by soldiers with fixed bayonets. It recalled the pictures of our Revolution. But this was the progressive twentieth century and not the eighteenth.

Meanwhile, on the other side, the Reds were doing the same — shooting, drowning, and hanging. Poor humanity! We should be proud of our age!

A permanent court-martial was set up at Omsk to deal with prisoners accused of Bolshevism. The prisoners passed in front of their judges as if through a turnstile, and were automatically condemned to death. Every night the silence was broken by volleys, recalling our thoughts to the poor devils we had seen hauled through the streets a few hours before.

Besides the rebellious masses, and a few big speculators, — who got along very well indeed, — there was at Omsk what we should call a lower middle class. Its members exhibited indifference mingled with fatalism. They furnished the feminine contingent for most of our social events. They had music and talked art and literature in their family circles, but never discussed politics. Allied officers, especially the English and the French, were always welcomed at their homes, partly because they were anxious to have influential friends who might secure them transportation to Harbin or Vladivostok in case of a sudden evacuation. For a long time the young men of these circles managed to escape military service. When recruiting became more active they contracted an illness that required a sojourn on the shores of the Pacific, or slipped off quietly to Harbin, Japan, or Shanghai.

GOOD WITS JUMP

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

[Miss Kaye-Smith is doubtless well known to all our readers for her brilliantly written novels of Sussex. Not all of them may know, however, that her engagement to Reverend T. Penrose Fry, curate of St. George's, St. Leonards on Sea, has just been announced. Her title is a reference to the English proverb that 'Good wits jump together.']

From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*, June 21
(LONDON POPULAR JOURNAL)

ROSIE PONT had been chicken-girl at Wait's Farm for a little over five years, which meant, as anyone who saw her round, sweet, childish face would know, that she had started her career at an early age. Mrs. Pont was a believer in early beginnings — a wise and practical belief in the mother of eleven children. All the little Ponts had been sent early to school to be out of her way in her mornings of cooking and scrubbing and washing; they had been taken away from school at the earliest possible moment so that they might look after still younger Ponts, and then had gone early to work to take their share of the burden which had grown too heavy for their parents' backs.

Rosie had not liked going to school. She had not liked leaving school when she was thirteen and looking after her little brother Leslie, and she had not liked, when Leslie grew old enough to go to school himself, being packed off by her mother to Wait's Farm to clean the fowl-houses, collect eggs, mix chicken food, scrub the dairy floor, and make herself generally useful for five shillings a week.

'You don't know your own luck, Rosie,' her friend Emma Brown had said to her just as she was starting. 'Now you might be having to go away into the Shires, just as I am. That's hard. I'd give anything to be stopping

here among them all, but there is n't much work in these parts, and you're lucky to get it.'

Emma Brown was quite four years older than Rosie. She had been a pupil-teacher at Rosie's school in the days when Rosie was still on the safe side of twelve. Then things had gone wrong with Emma. Her father and mother had died within a few weeks of each other, no money had been left, and she had been obliged to give up her ambitions in the way of education and turn to farm work like other girls in Oxhurst village. She had worked for some time at the Loose Farm, a mile from Wait's but they had had bad luck at the Loose, and had turned away several hands, and now Emma could not get work in the neighborhood, so had been obliged to take a post as dairy-girl on a big farm in Shropshire.

Rosie was very sorry that she should have to go, for she was fond of Emma. But she could not feel that her friend was so unlucky as she made out, for it was possible that away in the big world of the Shires Emma might come to glories beyond the reach of chicken-girls in Sussex.

They wrote to each other for nearly a year. Emma did not like Shropshire ways, and she found her work hard and perplexing owing to unaccustomed methods of farming. Botvyle, the farm

in Shropshire, could have swallowed up two or three Wait'ses and Looses in its acres. 'And all the work there is to do, and the ways they have of doing it you 'd never guess, Rosie.'

Rosie wrote in her turn and gave news of Oxhurst and the Ponts, and the Orpingtons and Wyandottes at Wait's, but naturally letter-writing did not fulfill the same need for her as it did for the exiled Emma, nor had she Emma's pen of a ready pupil teacher. Letters were a 'tar'ble gurt trouble,' as she told her mother, and after a time hers grew farther and farther apart, till there would be two of Emma's between two of hers.

Then when summer came with the long evenings, Tom Boorner, the ploughman's son, asked her to go out with him into the twilight fields and lanes. They would go down the Bostal Lane, to where the gate looks over the fields toward Udiam and the Rother marshes, full of the cold mists of the twilight east, with the stars hanging dim and still above them, and there they would stand for half an hour perhaps. They had not much to say to each other, but somehow it used to fill their evenings and, what was more, it filled Rosie's thoughts, so that at last she seemed to forget all about Emma Brown. Emma grew tired of writing and getting no answer, and after a time the letters ceased.

Two months after she received the last, when the summer was gone and the gold corn-stubble had been ploughed out of the autumn fields, it was known at Wait's and through Oxhurst that Tom Boorner and Rosie Pont would marry as soon as they were old enough and had the money. This did not plunge the neighborhood into any very great excitement, for it was not expected that the marriage would take place for five or six years at least. The couple were extremely young and

their prospects were not very bright. Besides, a courtship which did not run into years was not considered 'seemly' in the country round Oxhurst.

'Now don't you go thinking above yourself, Rosie,' said her mother. 'You 'll have to work harder than ever with a marriage ahead of you. Tom 's a good boy, but he ain't making more than fifteen shillings a week, and your father and me can't do nothing for you, so you 'll have to put by a bit every week for buying your clothes and sheets and things, and then maybe, by the time Tom 's ready to marry, you 'll have enough money to set up housekeeping.'

Rosie took her mother's words to heart. Under her rather stolid exterior was a very lively desire for the little home that Tom had promised, and she was anxious that it should materialize as quickly as possible. Not only did she do her usual work with more than usual thoroughness, but she occasionally helped Mrs. Bream, of Wait's, in the house when she was short of girls, and on Saturday afternoons, which were supposed to be holidays, she occasionally put in half a day's charing at the Vicarage or at the week-end cottage the artist people had taken in Bostal Lane. These extra shillings were carefully put away in a wooden money-box, bought by her father for that very purpose at Battle Fair.

Thus it happened that at the end of five years Rosie had saved nearly fifteen pounds. She was now nineteen and Tom was twenty-two. His fifteen shillings a week had been made a pound, and there was no reason why they should not be married in the spring. Tom was very proud of her; he said she had been a good girl to have worked so hard and saved so much, and that it spoke well for her success as housewife in the little cottage which on his marriage would be added to his wages from Tileman's Farm.

Rosie was proud of herself and inclined to boast a bit. She would be married in a white dress made by the dressmaker at Battle. She would have a coat and skirt in her favorite Saxe blue, a felt hat with a quill in it, and a bit of fur to go round her neck. She had already begun to buy one or two little things — bargains that were brought to her notice by other girls or friends of her mother. She had a silk blouse and a pair of artificial-silk stockings and a belt with a silver buckle.

Then one day a peddler came to Wait's Farm with lace collars and hat-ribbons and jeweled combs for the hair. He said that he had been told down in the village that one of the young ladies up at Wait's was going to be married, and he promised her that she would find nothing better or cheaper than what he carried on his tray.

'I've been all over England, miss,' he said to her in the queer 'furrin' voice which she and the other girls sometimes found difficult to understand; 'I've been in Scotland, where the lasses never wear shoes to their feet — no good me taking my fine silk stockings there! I've been in Ireland, where the girls wear shawls over their heads — no use have they for my fine hat-ribbons. And I've been in Norfolk and Suffolk and Yorkshire and Cheshire and Shropshire and every shire, but,' said he, with a roving brown eye for all the young faces crowded in the doorway, 'I like Sussex girls the best!'

Rosie stood silent, fingering a lace-edged handkerchief. 'Did you say you'd been in Shropshire?' she asked after a bit.

'Shropshire? Why, yes, my lady. I've been to Salop and Ludlow and Stretton and Bridgnorth — a fine place, Shropshire, with the Wrekin and the Welsh hills that you see from the river, and the big jail in Salop where a murderer was hung three months ago.'

'Did you ever meet anyone called Emma Brown?' asked Rosie. 'She went to live in Shropshire at a farm called Botvyle.'

'That'll be near Stretton, won't it?' said the peddler.

'Church Stretton, Shropshire, is the address, though it's four years since I got a letter from her. But maybe you've met her, knowing those parts?'

The peddler looked reflective. 'Now I come to think of it,' he said, 'I did run across a young lady of the name of Emma Brown. But she was in the hospital in Salop where I went to see a cousin of mine who had been taken ill with rheumatic fever. Yes, I remember it was Emma Brown from Botvyle in the bed next to hers. That's queer now, ain't it, miss? It's what they call a coincidence! Was this Emma Brown a friend of yours?'

'Reckon she was, but I have n't heard from her these four years.'

'Well, poor girl, she must have fallen on bad times. There she lay in bed and could scarce speak to my cousin Polly. Now I remember, Poll told me she was down on her luck — all she'd saved gone on paying for being ill, which is a poor way of spending. Now, miss, which will you have? The lace border or the embroidery?'

'I don't think I'll have neither, thank you,' said Rosie in a crushed voice.

'What, neither? But you'll never be married without a lace handkerchief!'

'I don't like to go spending my money when poor Emma Brown's in want.'

'Now, don't you be silly, Rosie,' said one of the girls. 'Your spending or not spending won't make no difference to Emma Brown.'

'You can't keep the gentleman all this while talking and then buy nothing,' said another girl.

They all wanted to see Rosie spend

her money — it gave them a thrill of extravagance.

Rosie gave way and bought the embroidered handkerchief, which was sixpence cheaper than the lace one. Then she went indoors quietly and rather sadly.

The peddler's visit had been a shock to her: it had made her think; it had made her a little ashamed of herself. How wicked she had been to forget poor Emma — poor Emma who had not liked going away from home! She had forgotten her because she had been happy with Tom, and now she was going to be married and would never have thought of Emma at all if it had not been for the peddler. And poor Emma was ill — she had not been happy, her journey to foreign parts had not been a success. It did n't seem fair.

That night at home she was very thoughtful, and as soon as supper was over she went upstairs to the bedroom where she slept with two little sisters. They were already asleep, for their mother had put them to bed early to get them out of the way. They did not hear Rosie go to her chest of drawers and take out her money box. She counted the money that was inside — twelve pounds. She had saved fifteen pounds in five years. Probably Emma had done as well as that, for Emma was a hard-working girl, a better worker than Rosie.

But now all Emma's savings had been swallowed up in a long illness, so the peddler said, while Rosie was spending hers on clothes and linen for her marriage — as if marrying Tom was not good enough in itself, without the extra pleasures of silk and lace! Emma had spent her money on doctors and physic and all the hardships of a sick-bed — as if illness was n't bad enough in itself without having to spend one's savings on it. It did n't seem fair.

The tears ran down Rosie's cheeks. She felt that she had treated Emma badly, and now she could n't bear to think of spending all this money on herself. She must send it to Emma — it would help her if she was out of work because of her illness, or if she was still poorly it would allow her to go away for a change to the seaside perhaps. She would not let herself think of all she must give up in the way of a white wedding-dress and the Saxe-blue coat and skirt and the hat with the quill.

Her marriage would be a poor affair indeed. Still, the chief thing about the marriage was Tom. She would have him whatever happened, while poor Emma had nobody. They said she had been sweet on young Reg Vidler before she left Oxhurst, but it had come to nothing — perhaps because she had had to go away. Poor Emma!

The next morning Rosie asked her mistress for an hour off at dinner-time. Thinking she wanted to run down and see the peddler, who was still in the village, Mrs. Bream agreed, and Rosie went off. She carried her purse, not in her pocket, but in the front of her dress, inside her stays, for her purse this morning held more money than it had ever held in its overlong life.

'I want a postal order for twelve pounds, please,' said Rosie to the postmistress. Her face was very pale and a little drawn.

'You can't get a postal order for all that,' replied Miss Smith; 'it 'll have to be a money order.'

She wanted to ask the girl some questions, but she took her office seriously and maintained a professional aloofness.

'Then give me a money order, please,' said Rosie.

The postmistress produced one. 'Sign your name here,' she directed.

'But I don't want her to know who it 's from.'

'Then you can't send a money order.' Rosie's face fell. 'What am I to do?' she said. 'Reckon I don't want the person it's for to know it's from me.'

'If you like I will change your money for notes, and you can send them by registered post.'

'Then I'll do that. But I don't want to post it here.'

'You can take the envelope and post it anywhere you like,' said Miss Smith. 'But remember, Rosie,' she added gravely, 'it's a lot of money. I hope you're not doing anything rash, my dear.'

'No,' replied Rosie; 'it's something that must be done, I reckon. But don't tell anyone about it, Miss Smith.'

'No. I won't tell. You've always been a sensible girl and I trust you not to do anything silly.'

Rosie escaped with the registered envelope in her hand. She had not guessed that the matter would involve such difficulties, but she hoped they were now nearly over. She went next to the George Inn, where she found the peddler just setting out for the next county.

'I want you to post this letter for me,' she said, 'from some big town away from here. It's to Emma Brown, but I don't want her to know it's from me. She'd think I should n't ought to send it — or maybe she'd be angry and send it back, seeing the way I've treated her. I've done the address in printing, and if you post it from a place like Lewes or Horsham she'll never know who sent it.'

The peddler smiled. 'I'll post it from Lewes,' he said.

Of course Rosie Pont was a little fool, and deserved to lose her money after entrusting it to an unknown peddler to post at his discretion, but as a matter of fact her folly was quite successful. The peddler was honest, and in due course

the letter arrived at Botvyle Farm in Shropshire.

"'Miss Emma Brown, care of Mr. and Mrs. Tudor.'" That'll be for me,' said the farmer's wife. 'Who is sending me a registered letter, I wonder?'

She tore it open and in surprise counted twelve treasury notes for one pound each.

'Good gracious! Now who in the name of wonder can have sent me that?'

'Someone who does n't know you're Emma Tudor,' said her husband.

'Well, it's not six months since I was Emma Brown, and this comes right away from Lewes. Maybe someone from the old place has sent it to me, thinking I'm still poor as I used to be. There was old Mr. Prescott, the vicar, he was a kind old man, and I think ud have done more for me when I left if he'd been able, but he was in a poor way himself. Maybe he's luckier now and thinks to do me a good turn.'

'But don't the folk down there know you're married? Why did n't you write and tell 'em?' asked her husband with reproachful fondness.

'Why should I? They'd all forgotten about me. Rosie Pont, who was the last one to keep up with me, had n't written for over three years, so why should I remember who had forgotten me?'

'Well, someone's remembered you, as you see. Can't you think who it is?'

'No, I can't — unless it's Mr. Prescott. I don't know anyone round there who'd be worth twelve pounds. Stay, it might be Mrs. Gain of the Loose. She was sorry enough to turn me away, and said she'd do something for me if ever she found she could.'

'Well, no matter who sent it, here it is! And you can't send it back, seeing there's no address. We'll take it as a piece of luck and go into Salop to buy you a gown.'

'I don't like to do that,' said Mrs. Tudor. 'I've got everything I want. I've been a lucky woman. I've had my ups and downs, but I've come through safe and happy at last. It is n't everyone who's had such luck. I'd like to give it to some girl who has n't done so well. Now there's that girl Rosie Pont at home — I was middling fond of her once, and I don't suppose she's

done much for herself, poor child. One of a family of eleven children, and a silly little thing. I'll tell you, Owen! I've a mind to put that money straight into an envelope and send it to her. You can post it at Ludlow Market, and she'll never know where it comes from. I reckon she'll find it useful, for these are hard times for those that have n't had my luck.'

ON BEING SHOCKED

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

From the *Spectator*, May 31
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

THE young, on the whole, are considerate, and let their elders down easily. They select with reasonable care the pieces at the theatre to which they wish to take their mothers, their fathers, their aunts, or their uncles. It is a question whether a mother is considered to be, on the average, more or less shockable than a father, but no doubt in practice the personal equation of each individual parent is recognized, classified, and allowed for by the arbiters of what the elder generation shall be permitted to know.

In the dim early periods, of which some memory lingers from before the war, an uncle was presumed to be lenient: the word connoted, or carried with it, the suggestion of a certain humorous indulgence. An aunt, especially a maiden aunt, was of all created things the least shock-absorbing. To-day your maiden aunt is either a doctor or a sanitary inspector, and in nine cases out of ten was a window-smashing suffragette: harder stuff than the uncle.

Probably also the mother is, as a rule, the parent who has to act as a buffer and protect the sensibilities of the elder male. She, in her vocation, has had naturally a closer contact with the source of shocks; for — need one really say it? — it is the daughter to-day who does the administering of them.

The whole male sex is still aghast and staggered by the spectacle of woman ranging loose; and they are not pleased about it. Men liked to regulate the dose for themselves. They enjoyed being shocked, have always enjoyed it since the time of Aristophanes — for that matter, in all probability from the first syllable of unrecorded time; and they have always been shocked about women, though by what precise trait in woman's conduct varied with the latitude, the longitude, and the lapse of centuries. Essentially, however, men settled what should shock. The shocking was what shocked men. Women took the cue and were, as was expected of them, more shocked than their

masters. It would have been shocking had they not been.

Nowadays woman settles all that for herself; and perhaps for the first time in human history man is more shocked than he likes to be. He is forced to think seriously, and no one likes to think under compulsion. When a severe damsel, whose intact austerity no human being can fail to recognize, mentions that she has been reading this or that perversely indecent novel, the male elder can only suppress a gasp and realize in a spasm that the world has changed. These things occur just as indisputably as latchkeys. There is no use in saying that a young woman should not have a latchkey. She has it. This is a fact of life, and once a thing is that, it is imbecile to be shocked at it, though, indeed, many are actually and frequently shocked at life. The shocked male has to begin to ask himself, not whether it is shocking that a young woman should read, say, Paul Morand, but whether it is shocking that he himself should do so. He must either contract greatly the limits of his shockability or give them an extension which it will be inconvenient, if not impossible, to maintain.

What, after all, is the shocking? Certainly not the immoral. There was nothing immoral in articulating some of the many excellent Anglo-Saxon words, mostly monosyllables, which usage discouraged or prohibited. 'Leg' was on the border-line, but certainly many were shocked, or felt it right to be, by the sudden explosion of this sound — at least with its human reference — in mixed company. 'Flea' was risky to name, 'bug' frankly indelicate. Reasons might be given for their avoidance, but why admit 'cow' and exclude the feminine of 'dog'? *Vache*, by the way, begins to be shocking in France.

This particular phase of sensibility, this swaddled delicacy of the ear, in our

youth afforded a resource to literature, and there was no strong writer but made great play with 'guts.' Henley, perhaps, began it. Even still the elegantly nurtured female can startle with that noun, but she is reaching out after adjectives which had been exclusively a masculine prerogative — treading on the heels, in short, of the cultured male who came back from the trenches with a mouthful of words and oaths, not exactly strange, but unfamiliar in their new atmosphere.

The desire to shock must be one of the ultimate constituents in human nature. Everybody, in all classes, is disposed at certain moments to *épater les bourgeois*. Nobody is so refined, so genteel, so nice in thought and language, as to escape the temptation. Our mothers — the mothers of us old fogies — used to be willfully horrifying; and a Victorian lady by speaking of a 'row' could achieve just as exquisite unfitness as her pretty granddaughter attains when she puts Mr. Shaw's Mrs. Campbell's Galatea's adjective after the article and before the noun; for of course, like all literary affectations, the shocking in speech soon exhausts its virtue of novelty, and the note must be continually forced.

However, the elder generation has to recognize that its young women, having achieved their emancipation, do like to try their tongues on strange vocabularies, exactly as young men did, and with just as much or as little moral damage. As a rule, too, it is only by accident that the older generation hears or overhears. The young of both sexes, comrades now at the University and elsewhere, are fully occupied in trying to shock one another: it is a game, and refusal to be shocked is part of the game. One clever youth the other day, after running through all the extravagances he could lay his tongue to in a tête-à-tête, looked the young woman

suddenly in the eyes and said, 'I wonder what' — let us not be precise on the next two words — 'you are thinking of me.' 'I am thinking how exactly like you are to everyone else,' was the answer; and a very excellent answer too. It is only encouraging indelicacy to bridle and be disgusted. Woman is in charge now, and she, not man, will decide what is proper, what improper to be spoken, or spoken of.

And, in all seriousness, we have made headway. A girl of to-day will discuss with her father what mother and daughter would have been shy to talk over even a generation ago; and there is a helpfulness between opposite sexes which cannot be lent from man to man or woman to woman. It should not be available only in relations where the sex barrier is down. Even in ordinary friendship the young woman will now talk to the older man, as the young man sometimes, to his very great advantage, has in all periods talked to the older woman; and for this novelty the world has probably reason to be thankful.

Nobody is likely to deny that things need readjustment, or that balance has been shaken. France saw with amazement the way in which England let its young women go abroad from the home — and foresaw with accuracy consequences which French mankind were quite simply not prepared to risk for their womenfolk. The change in these islands has been greater, the unloosening of restraints by far more revolutionary. We shall know better what to be shocked at in another ten or twenty years. For the moment all reactions of sensibility are impaired, the delicate springs bruised and fatigued.

There are facts by far more shocking than any of the irregularities or indiscretions or even indecencies about which the word is oftenest used, and to

which its use is far too closely limited; and we went through a time in which really nobody except the poets retained their sense of outraged human decency. It has been so before; and the greater the poet, the surer his reaction of disgust. Southey was shocked by the imagined memory of Blenheim, and he put his reaction into Old Kaspar's mouth. But Byron, not too nicely squeamish in other matters, spoke out his revolt against Waterloo; no nimbus of glory dazzled him from seeing the essential squalor of that 'crowning carnage,' when 'the recording angel threw his pen down in divine disgust, the page was all so smeared with blood and dust.' No poet of Byron's calibre saw the Somme; but poets enough saw it, and they told the world what it was really like. They alone, it would seem, felt how many sanctities were shattered.

War, which abrogates the sanctions of certain primary sanctities, shakes, if it does not remove, so many others that we have no right to be surprised if there is a general lessening of that fastidiousness which is to morality what the sense of honor is to principle. Allowances have to be made, and not for the young only, but for a whole generation; they should include, at least in retrospect, even ourselves. There is no use in being shocked at the things we have done, said, thought, felt — or failed to feel. But it is well not to forget that a society or a person no longer able to be shocked has lost in this fastidiousness a quality which is akin to honor — which is indeed honor in another aspect; not noisy, not querulous, nor quarrelsome — for those in whom disgust strikes deepest at a gross word or ugly action keep least cry about their sensibility — but an instinct guiding conduct and judgment to avoidance, just as surely as honor prompts to do.

HATS AND MEN

BY A. B. WALKLEY

From the *Times*, June 4
(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

It was in a critical scene of *La dame* — someone asks me, why do I say *La dame*? Partly because that is the abbreviation familiar in theatrical circles, but partly also to evade the difficulty of choosing between *aux camélias* and *aux camellias*. The proper spelling, as we all know, both in French and in English, is *camélias*. The shrub *Camellia japonica* was so named after the Jesuit and botanist Camelli (says Littré, but Murray says Kamel), who introduced it from Japan into Europe. Dumas fils wrote *camélias*, and when taxed with the error replied that George Sand spelled it so, and he preferred to be wrong with Madame Sand than right with the rest of the world.

To resume, it was in a critical scene of *La dame* last week. Duval père made his solemn entry to lecture Marguerite on her scandalous conduct with his son, and carefully kept his hat on. For his hat in this scene is more than a hat, more than a covering for the head; it is a symbol, it marks his contempt for the woman he is addressing, it indicates that he considers her unworthy of the common courtesy due to the rest of her sex. So there was the hat duly perched on the top of M. Ravet's head for us all to contemplate: a Victorian monument, a tribute to orthodox morality, a warning to sinners. Unfortunately the hat was a misfit; it looked like a hat borrowed from a smaller man — as hats are occasionally borrowed in the Commons at moments when the rules of the House require one to be worn.

Why the spectacle of a large man in a

small hat should be irresistibly comic I cannot say, but so it is. Perhaps I should say a large face in a small hat, remembering the typical case of Mr. George Robey. The fact remains that at what should have been the most solemn moment in *La dame* we could not choose but laugh because the actor's hat was a size too small for him. The impressive dignity of the elder Duval was turned to burlesque. He was merely a man in somebody else's hat.

If the play had been dressed after the fashions of its date, as it should have been, — '*La scène se passe vers 1848*,' says the author, — the accident would have been even more noticeable. For men's 'toppers' were then enormous. To our modern eyes they were far too big for the wearers. They must have been very uncomfortable, but, it is a general rule, the more uncomfortable the fashion, the more rigidly it is adhered to. Every man, in every rank of society, wore his monumental topper on all occasions, possible and impossible — even on the river and in the cricket-field. I have a caricature of Grandville's of about the same date as *La dame*. 'The brokers are in' a miserable garret, making an inventory of the few sticks of furniture. They are seated at their work; there is a woman in the room, but the broker's man, unkempt, unshaved, dirty, religiously wears his hat. It is about two feet high, and nearly fills the attic. I regard the hat as a part of the caricature, but evidently it was not so intended by the

artist, whose humor is directed elsewhere.

These were the hats, remember, of Balzac's people, and Dickens's, and Thackeray's. I turn over my first edition of *The Newcomes* (1855), with illustrations by Richard Doyle, and I declare you might think the book to be all hats. Mr. Barnes Newcome and Sir Thomas de Boots and Mr. Charles Heavyside are at the window of their Club, all in enormous hats. A man may still wear his hat in his Club, there is no rule against it, but, as a matter of fact, for ease and comfort he prefers to take it off. It is impossible to associate ease and comfort with Mr. Barnes Newcome and Sir Thomas de Boots.

Mr. Frederick Bayham is discoursing affably with a nursemaid attending to her charges in the Park — 'the children of my good friend Colonel Huckaback of the Bombay Marines.' His hat strikes you as almost of reasonable size, but then you read in the text that 'his costume, *though eccentric*, was comfortable,' and so forth. The italics are mine. Evidently the moderate-sized hat was one of F. B.'s eccentricities; and, to make up for it, two gentlemen in the background — of whom one must be Mr. Pendennis — wear the usual monstrous headgear. The astonishing thing is, they look so blithe under it! You have to bear in mind the marvelous capacity of the human body for accommodating itself to circumstances. How did men put up with the weight of full armor? How did ladies perk their pretty chins in ruffs? You can only explain these things by the law of adaptivity. And there is a race to whom that law is second nature. Look at the Hebraic gentlemen gathered together at the sale of Colonel Newcome's effects. Their hats are the highest in the room.

Le demi-monde was being played when *The Newcomes* was published.

I looked eagerly for the hats there. Olivier de Jalin, you may be sure, would have worn a most formidable topper, something not merely of enormous proportions, but with a moral and monitory suggestion. He did wear a sky-blue cravat, which was a joy, particularly to one who remembered the sky-blue cravat Mr. Ruskin used to wear in Oxford a score or so of years later — *La cravate bleue, ou vingt ans après*, would be the title of that play. But neither Olivier nor his companions ventured to put their hats on. I felt it was a regular sell, and could almost have cried out 'Cowards!'

As I walk down St. James's Street, and pass a well-known hatter's window, I look with reverence upon the ancient hats exhibited there. Men, I reflect, were men in those days. The hats shown are mainly military, of the Waterloo period, I fancy. Fighting, with all that weight on your head, must have been a more exacting business than ever. Even now the tallest headgear survives in the Army. The bearskins of the Guards require men to match. Some of the smaller officers are almost extinguished by them. In the civilian world, as everybody knows, the tall hat — and that only tall in name — has almost disappeared since the war. You notice at weddings and other ceremonial occasions tall hats that look more like museum specimens; they are taken down, dusted, worn as shamefacedly as though they were fancy-dress, and then carefully put away again for the next occasion. I suppose in the House of Commons there are still a few to be seen in habitual use, perhaps for the purpose of keeping rabbits. Strange to say, in the home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, just the place where you would expect to find old hats, there are none at all. The Oxford undergraduate, bless him, goes bareheaded.

A PAGE OF VERSE

[Mr. Wilfrid Gibson's poem, 'The Fowler,' has been awarded the fifty-guinea prize offered by the London Bookman in its Lyric Contest. The poems were all submitted anonymously, and eight other well-known English poets, whose names the editors tactfully withhold, were among the contestants. Mr. Gibson is best known for 'Daily Bread' and his war poems, most of which differ decidedly in mood from 'The Fowler.' The other poems whose authors' pseudonyms alone are given, are also prize-winners in the Bookman's contest.]

THE FOWLER

BY WILFRID GIBSON

A WILD bird filled the morning air
With dewy-hearted song;
I took it in a golden snare
Of meshes close and strong.

But where is now the song I heard?
For all my cunning art,
I who would house a singing bird
Have caged a broken heart.

THE POET

BY 'GWALIA'

WHEN I went down past Charing Cross,
A plain and simple man was I;
I might have been no more than air,
Unseen by any mortal eye.

But, Lord in Heaven, had I the power
To show my inward spirit there,
Then what a pack of human hounds
Had hunted me, to strip me bare.

A human pack, ten thousand strong,
All in full cry to bring me down;
All greedy for my magic robe,
All crazy for my priceless crown.

ONE

BY 'REGENT'

I SHOULD not miss you if you died,
Or cry, or promise to be true,
Throwing an empty world aside;
I should not long remember you.

For when you die I too am dead,
With your going I am gone;
You are a shadow in the shade,
And I a shadow in the sun.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE HISTORICAL ANNIE LAURIE

Most people who lyrically express their entire willingness to lay them down and die for Annie Laurie imagine that lady to be a mere fiction of the poet's fancy. Their mistake is set right in an article by Mr. Davidson Cook in the last number of the *London Bookman*. Annie Laurie was a real girl — so real, in fact, that *Burke's Peerage* finds room for her. She was the youngest daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton, and was born December 16, 1682, at Maxwelton House, where a portrait of her is still preserved.

One of Annie Laurie's suitors was William Douglas of Fingland, who wrote the first version of the famous song. Douglas was a soldier of fortune, famous as a duelist, who is supposed to have written the words about 1700, when Annie Laurie was eighteen and he himself had just returned from the Continental wars. Something happened to part the lovers, but the poet did not fulfill his promise to 'lay down his head and die.' Indeed, he was so easily consolable that six years later he married another girl. Annie Laurie herself was married two years earlier to Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch. Her death notice was printed in the *Scots Magazine* for April 1764 as follows: —

May 5. — At Carse, Dumfriesshire, Mrs. Annie Laurie, relict of Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch, Esq., and daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxweltoun.

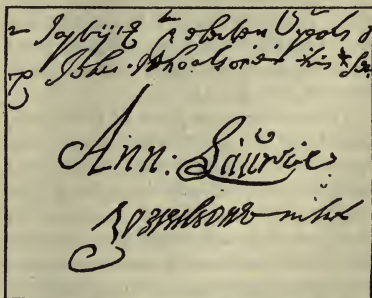
The famous song, though generally regarded as an old ballad, does not appear in any eighteenth-century song-books and seems to have been handed about in manuscript. It was first printed in 1824, when Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who had learned it from a rela-

tive, included it in a 'ballad book' which is now so rare that even the British Museum has no original. This version runs as follows: —

Maxwelton banks are bonnie,
Whare early fa's the dew;
Whare me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay down my head and die.

She's backit like a peacock,
She's breastit like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weill may span;
Her waist you weill may span,
And she has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay down my head and die.

The music was composed by Lady Alicia Anne Spottiswood, later Lady John Scott, who found the verses in Allan Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*. She added a third stanza and altered some of the others. She had originally composed the music for another old ballad, but adapted it without difficulty to Annie Laurie. The music was printed by a firm of Edinburgh publishers with-



ANNIE LAURIE'S SIGNATURE
As it appears in her will

out the composer's authority in 1838, and one of her descendants explains that 'Lady John always thought the air and words had been stolen when she sent her music book to be rebound.' The first authorized version was issued during the Crimean War.



TRICKING THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

M. LÉON BOURGEOIS has played a merry if somewhat hackneyed joke on the reading committee of the Comédie Française by submitting *Agésilas*, a little-known play by Corneille, as his own work. The play was read and returned to the supposed author with a delicate hint that it did not come up to the standards of the Comédie Française. M. Bourgeois promptly let the Paris press in on the joke — there are no newspapers in the world that love a joke more dearly — and the unfortunate official now demands that legal steps be taken against the too jovial author.

The trick recalls one which Anatole France, who was no more reverent at twenty than he is to-day, played upon a Paris literary periodical. He pretended to have found ten lines, which he attributed to André Chénier, written on the margin of an old copy of Vergil. The literary paper published the poem and initiated a learned discussion as to whether or not the lines were by Chénier. Years afterward it became known that Anatole France had adapted them from the last eight lines of the Fourth Book of the *Æneid*.

The trouble with jokes of this sort is that they are a little too easy. Any reasonably skillful parodist can turn out work that might easily have been done by a great man in an off moment. Indeed one of *Punch's* most famous parodists once produced a parody so good that the imitated author himself admitted: 'I could almost swear I wrote it myself when drunk.'

One cannot help sympathizing a little with the irate manuscript-reader of the Comédie Française.



TWO NEW GERMAN MUSEUMS

THE innumerable museums of Germany have lately been increased by two new ones. The most important is the Eastern Asiatic Hall in the Kunstgewerbe Museum in Berlin. A writer in the *Vossische Zeitung*, perhaps forgetting the Musée Guimet in Paris, says that, except for the East Asiatic Museum in Cologne, 'all Europe has nothing like it to show.'

The new collection has been made by Dr. Otto Kummel. It was begun before hostilities. Progress on it was halted during the war, and resumed at its close. The collection consists principally of Chinese and Japanese art.

In Hanover, under the direction of Doctor Alexander Dorner, the various collections scattered about the city have been united in a single new museum worthy of the name. Before this step was taken, the city's collections were so widely spread as to be almost inaccessible.



THE SHADY SIDE OF PALL MALL

AN anonymous writer in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* — probably the imitable T. P. O'Connor himself — indulges in amusing and agreeable reminiscences of the history of the famous Athenæum Club of London. Each year the Athenæum permits the election of nine members for 'eminence in science, literature, or the arts, or in public service.' The 1300 present members, therefore, represent the flower of intellectual Britain.

It was in its library that Macaulay did much of his writing, and the same library was afterward used by Lord Acton, Matthew Arnold, Hallam, Sir

Henry Maine, Mark Pattison, and John Morley. It was in the Athenæum that Anthony Trollope happened to hear one clergyman say to another that he was tired of Mrs. Proudie, the Bishop's wife of Barchester. The novelist at once announced: 'I'll go home and kill her,' and fulfilled his promise to the letter. Dickens wrote *Edwin Drood* at the Athenæum, and Thackeray dictated much of *Henry Esmond* at the same table where in later years Andrew Lang wrote and where Sir Richard Burton translated the *Arabian Nights*. Herbert Spencer played many of his famous games in the Club's billiards room.

John Wilson Croker was also a member, and he is responsible for the copy of the Parthenon frieze which now adorns the building. The decoration was added somewhat to the dissatisfaction of many members who preferred that the money should be spent on an ice house. The incident led to the following epigram on Croker by one of the members:—

I'm John Wilson Croker,
I do as I please;
They asked me for an ice house,
I'll give them a frieze.



TELEPHONES IN ASIA

A WRITER in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* describes the spread of telephones in Asia. The telephone was long ago introduced into Japan as the Westernization of the country proceeded, and to-day is in ordinary everyday use and mechanically satisfactory. In China also the telephone is spreading, although the vast size of the country and the conservative character of the people make its spread somewhat slower. The writer describes especially the telephone system of Tientsin, the port of Peking and of North China as a whole, where the telephone lines were taken over by the Government in 1913

and have since been officially administered. Native girls are used as operators and carefully trained in the use of Arabic numerals. In 1919 the exchange grew so large that it had to be moved to a new building where one hundred and thirty operators and officials were employed. When the Government took over the system in 1913, there were 1890 subscribers and 3880 calls, while last year there were 3880 subscribers and 135,690 calls.

The use of the telephone in India presents peculiar difficulties because of the large numbers of languages in everyday use. Finding it impossible to teach their operators to speak one hundred and fifty different dialects, electrical engineers have taken refuge in an automatic system wherever possible, thus doing away with the necessity of operators.



MONOSYLLABIC TITLES

K. K. — the terrible initials mean nothing in Great Britain — of the *Evening Standard* has amused himself by making a collection of one-word titles, mainly novels, that have appeared within the last few years. Not only has he discovered eighteen titles, but of these eighteen half consist of but a single syllable. Wells, Conrad, and our own Mr. Norris have all contributed to the list, which is as follows:—

<i>Gold</i>	<i>Dust</i>	<i>Race</i>
<i>Brass</i>	<i>Danger</i>	<i>Silk</i>
<i>Bread</i>	<i>Intrusion</i>	<i>Danger</i>
<i>Salt</i>	<i>Confusion</i>	<i>Hazard</i>
<i>Victory</i>	<i>Waste</i>	<i>Servitude</i>
<i>Defeat</i>	<i>Surplus</i>	<i>Bliss</i>

K. K. admits that the one-word title is now falling out of favor, but explains this on the ground that 'all the good words must have been taken,' which is hardly fair to the multiple resources of the English language. K. K. has one suggestion to offer: 'There is still "mud"'

for anyone brave enough to use it. Possibly Mr. Maurice Baring will start a new fashion with his novel, *C*; but there are only twenty-five other letters in the alphabet.'



A MODERN KING INCOGNITO

THE London *Sunday Times*, which still retains a wholesome Conservative respect for royalty, prints this anecdote apropos of King Victor Emmanuel's recent state visit to London: —

Many stories are told of the democratic ways of the King of Italy and his fondness for mixing incognito with his people. One day, when out hunting, he asked a peasant boy, who had no idea of his identity, to do him some small service, and in return offered him a share of his lunch, which consisted of a small loaf of black bread and an onion. 'No, thanks,' declared the boy, with a sniff, 'none of that for me. I thought you were a gentleman, but I see you are only a poor fellow like myself.'



VILLAGES FOR FRENCH ARTISTS

THE housing-problem in Paris, which bears especially heavily upon the artists, is being somewhat relieved by the inauguration of a garden-village to be named after Sarah Bernhardt and to be occupied exclusively by writers, painters, sculptors, and musicians. The further condition to residence is attached that each must have at least three children and an income under twenty thousand francs a year. The village stands at Plessy-Robinson, a beautiful wood outside Paris, which formerly belonged to the Hachette family and is now the property of the Department of the Seine. The government has given nearly four million francs to help the work.

There are a hundred homes and some

studios. The rents are to be very low, and subscriptions are being solicited to make the completion of the project possible. The architect is a grandson of Victorien Sardou.



A LETTER FROM MARTIN LUTHER

AN autograph letter addressed by Martin Luther to the Elector Friedrich of Saxony and dated 1523 has just been sold at auction in Berlin for 9000 gold marks. The letter consists of two and a half folio sheets written in German, and shows that Luther urged his sovereign to take a conciliatory attitude toward the Pope. It warns the Elector that war will follow if he protests further against the papal coronation of the Emperor Charles.



CLEANING OUT THE PARIS STREET-PEDDLERS

TOURISTS and prospective tourists will greet with whoops of joy the news that the French Government — at long last — now intends to do away with the beggars and street-peddlers who waylay foreigners and try to sell them obscene postal cards or books of doubtful character. Two bills have for years been lying in the archives of the Senate, dealing with these very questions. It is now proposed to bring them back to light and ask the Chamber of Deputies to pass them. One of these bills, introduced in 1895, deals severely with 'outrages against public morals.' This provides for convictions for two years and, in case of second offenders, for penal servitude. Sellers of obscene postal cards and books can be fined as much as three thousand francs under the proposed bill. At present only nominal fines are imposed, if any.

BOOKS ABROAD

- The House of Prophecy, by Gilbert Cannan. London: Butterworth, 1924. 7s. 6d.
- The Counterplot, by Hope Mirrlees. London: Collins, 1924. 7s. 6d.
- A Passage to India, by E. M. Forster. London: Arnold, 1924. 7s. 6d.
- A Man in the Zoo, by David Garnett. London: Chatto and Windus; New York: Knopf, 1924. \$1.75
- Mariposa, by Henry Baerlein, 1924. London: Parsons, 7s. 6d.
- A Messalina of the Suburbs, by E. M. Delafield, 1924. London: Hutchinson, 1924. 7s. 6d.
- Triple Fugue, by Osbert Sitwell. London: Grant Richards, 1924. 7s. 6d.
- Little Mexican, by Aldous Huxley, 1924. London: Chatto and Windus, 1924. 7s. 6d.
- After Harvest, by Fielding Marsh. London: Allen and Unwin, 1924. 7s. 6d.
- God's Step-Children, by Sarah G. Millin. London: Constable, 1924. 7s. 6d.
- The Passing of the Pengwerns, by Margaret M. Leigh. London: Heinemann, 1924. 6s.
- Tony, by Stephen Hudson. London: Constable, 1924. 6s.
- The Dream, by H. G. Wells. London: Cape; New York: Macmillan, 1924. \$2.50.
- Woodsmoke, by F. Brett Young. London: Collins, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[H. C. HARWOOD in the *Spectator*]

CLARISSA. Are there any new novels worth reading? Any later than Christmas, I mean?

FRANK. If you are fond of novels, I can give you the names of about fifty. If you are n't, I might be able, if I thought hard, to give you the names of two.

CLARISSA. Oh! I read them on occasions. On holiday, when I am ill, and sometimes — in short, when I have nothing better to do. But I am a fool to ask you about them. You review them. Whether you are an intelligent or a stupid reviewer, I forget, but if you are stupid you praise a novel if it is like all other novels and the author does not split her infinitives, and if you are intelligent you praise it if it is unlike any other novel and author puts a full stop where any one else would put a verb. What I want is a good bloody rattling yarn of pirates.

FRANK. If you mean that seriously, there are heaps. American, mostly. The States are taking up pirates; rather. There is, now —

CLARISSA. I mean nothing seriously. Next Friday that ever is I start my holidays. Not pirates, really. I am getting too old for glass chewing. But something that will —

FRANK. Something that will take an exasperated dentist out of herself? Or something that will be a pleasant alternative to knitting?

CLARISSA. Taken out of myself? It sounds like a major operation. And knitting! I may be too old for glass-chewing, but I am not old enough for that. Bless the man! Can't he answer a straight question? I want something to keep me awake when I'm not bathing or playing tennis.

FRANK (*moodily*). A pin would do that. What I am getting at is this. Do you want to be interested or amused?

CLARISSA. Both.

FRANK. That 's silly, for you can't be. Fiction, I have been thinking, is only a development of history and observes the same rules. In history you have to begin with Thucydides and Herodotus. If you want to know how the Peloponnesian or any war started, how it was carried out, read Thucydides. If you don't want to know about the Persian invasion, but if you want tales of wonder, a patriotic thrill, a good holiday book, read Herodotus. One strain, interest or amusement, must predominate. It depends, I suppose, on how really tired you are.

CLARISSA. Take it I am very tired, very tired indeed, but not an absolute ass. And what do you recommend? Herodotus, I suppose? Tell me about Thucydides.

FRANK. Thucydides. Um! There's *The House of Prophecy*. If you have not read Cannan's last three you may be rather handicapped. But —

CLARISSA. I detest Gilbert Cannan.

FRANK. Do you? I wonder whether it is because you come from the Midlands, from Thrigsby, or whether after your arduous labours on people's mouths you have no mind left? Well, put down *The House of Prophecy*. Call it, if you like, a holiday task. Call it my fee. But read it, as a study of post-war England, as sociology, as a first-class romantic novel, as a skit, no matter what you read it for, but read it, and if your mind is not as sunburnt as your cheeks at the end, I will eat every page of it.

CLARISSA. I wanted to avoid tanning. Anything else Thucydidean?

FRANK. Yes, there is Hope Mirrlees' *Counterplot*. A feminine work in the worst as in the best sense of the word. Fundamentally about getting married, and personal relations. But interesting for its wonderful contrast of a cosmopolitan daughter with a Spanish mother, and cunning in its use of the new psychology. A good, a rather amazing book, Herodoteans should like it, too.

CLARISSA. Highbrow?

FRANK. I hardly know that word's meaning. Admirers of Dell may not fall for it. No reason why — say — Dickensians should not.

CLARISSA. But is she a coterie pet? That is what I mean by 'highbrow.' The sort of author John Brown tells you is wonderful because of his daring lampoon on Bill Jones. I do dislike these coterie pets. Reading them is like being nudged by somebody you don't know.

FRANK. Anybody may become a coterie pet. But Hope Mirrlees has a breeze about her, is not merely esoteric. Let me advise, too, E. M. Forster's *Passage to India*. I have not made up my mind whether that book is better as a simple novel, or as a representation of the clash of cultures. But it is marvellous stuff. Read it, Clarissa, do!

CLARISSA. Another holiday task?

FRANK. Another holiday, Clarissa. But you want something Herodotean? Detective stories, perhaps?

CLARISSA. I have read all those, I expect. Really, I don't count detective stories as fiction, any more than I count acrostics as poetry. Leave them out.

FRANK. You have read Willis Crofts' and Freeman's latest? And —

CLARISSA. Yes, yes. I have standing orders for them. What else?

FRANK. Garnett, of course. By the way, what a compliment it is to Garnett that one should say so naturally, 'of course,' and he with only two very slim volumes to his credit. You will like *The Man in the Zoo*. And as you are intelligent — you see I give you the benefit of the doubt, though I personally never refer my teeth to your scrutiny — as you are intelligent you will — what was I going to say?

CLARISSA. Never mind. *A Man in the Zoo* is amusing, is it? What else?

FRANK. Henry Baerlein's *Mariposa* is the product of a wise, sophisticated intelligence. More jokes than story to it, and some of the jokes not very good, but a most urbane, insinuating book. Just the book for a deck chair at a not too popular seaside resort. Not Margate — take Wodehouse there. But — Littlehampton, is it?

CLARISSA. It is not.

FRANK. Or Ilfracombe? Baerlein is almost too good for Ilfracombe.

CLARISSA. One has, anyhow, one's Ilfracombe moods.

FRANK. Then take for one of them E. M. Delafield's *Messalina of the Suburbs*. For Scarborough take Osbert Sitwell's *Triple Fugue*, if only because of the excellent picture of Scarborough.

CLARISSA. Another daring lampoon on Bill Jones?

FRANK. It does tend that way. But — no matter — it is amusing. And as we have come to short stories —

CLARISSA. I never do.

FRANK. That is a pity, because *Triple Fugue* is short stories. So is Huxley's *Little Mexican*. And so —

CLARISSA. What are little Mexicans?

FRANK. Hats.

CLARISSA. Silly, are n't they?

FRANK. I am no judge of hats. As to the stories, well, I did not like them much. Clever and boyish, but rather belatedly boyish, you know. As if he were starting again from the wrong end.

CLARISSA. Anything more solid?

FRANK. There is Fielding Marsh's *After Harvest*, which suggests so much more than it says that I perhaps ought to call it interesting. The country — Norfolk, to be precise — wide, sunset-stained vistas, and slow strong passions. And there's Mrs. Millin's intelligent African *God's Step-Children*; painful, but swift, like one of your own extractions. And, if you want, something romantic *The Passing of the Penguerns*, by Margeret Leigh.

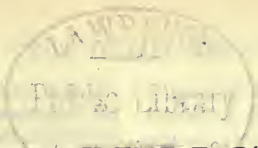
CLARISSA. Romantic! Does that mean Heredity, and the last of the What-you-call-thems and lonely figures driving through the waste, and that?

FRANK. Yes, it does tend to. But if you are reacting against romance, try *Tony*, by Stephen Hudson. 'With all his faults we love him still,' someone — the *Pink 'Un*, I think — said. You will not love, but you may wonder at this solid, squalid adventurer. Learn something. Learn — who knows? — understanding of a theoretically objectionable type.

CLARISSA. You do, my poor Frank, want to do me good, don't you? We were talking of amusing books. Anything else? Anything Dickensian?

FRANK. Aye, bless you. Wells's *Dream* is pun- gently, unmitigatingly, deplorably Dickensian, with Wellsian trimmings. Wells, I would diagnose, deliberately doing the things that amuse his readers in preference to the thing that will interest him. But you should read it, as you should read everything he writes, because he is the last of the prophets, and may be vulgar, but cannot be mean. For the rest — If you are not already a fervent admirer of Brett Young, his *Woodsmoke* will please you, and if you are you will at least be amused by the setting of one of his not-best tales. And, Clarissa! — was it Ilfracombe really? Because my own holidays — I was not certain — Is it Ilfracombe?

CLARISSA. —



THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 322 — AUGUST 16, 1924 — NO. 4180



A WEEK OF THE WORLD

POUND OR DOLLAR?

GREAT BRITAIN'S currency debate became more lively than ever last month when Dr. Walter Leaf, Chairman of the Westminster Bank, published in a review issued by that institution an article recommending radical and immediate deflation. He would use a high bank-rate to restore the pound sterling to its pre-war parity with gold.

Three parties are contending for the control of Great Britain's currency policy: deflationists, inflationists, and stabilizers. The inflationists, though of unknown strength numerically, and always more or less a danger on the verge of the political horizon, have little hearing in responsible business circles. The Labor Party does not give ear to them, although it probably would resent the radical deflation policy recommended by Dr. Leaf. Indeed the Laborist *Daily Herald* comes out strongly for stabilization:—

The social consequences of deflation are as bad as, though different from, those of inflation. Deflation brings falling prices, coupled with slack trade and acute unemployment. Creditors gain at the expense of

debtors. The burden of national debt increases.

Inflation — unwisely proposed as a means of financing the Wheatley building scheme — brings, on the other hand, a stimulus to trade. But with that stimulus comes a rise in prices bearing heavily on the workers. Inflation is a particularly inequitable form of indirect taxation.

The real need — we have urged the point a hundred times — is for a stable currency. Artificially to alter the value of your monetary unit, whether upward or downward, is a process always attended by ill results. But to alter it upward at the present time would be to court disaster.

This opinion is shared by many Liberals — and indeed by most of the weekly press, while the important daily papers outside of the Labor group are inclined to favor deflation. Mr. Keynes, who is an ardent advocate of stabilization at about the present level, protests in *The Nation and the Athenæum* that deflation — assuming that it could be brought about by Dr. Leaf's device — would add ten per cent to the real burden of the national debt, which would be equivalent to increasing the budget nearly \$200,000,000; that it would force a reduction of money

wages, which, though not depressing real wages, would disturb industrial peace; that it would probably raise the cost of Great Britain's staple exports — coal, textiles, iron, and steel — to foreign purchasers until a new adjustment of price levels was brought about; and that it would inaugurate a period of falling prices which would cause domestic producers to curtail output, and would thereby aggravate unemployment. Mr. Keynes would reserve the bank rate as a brake to check the descent of the pound sterling if it shows a tendency to depreciate, instead of using it to force up artificially the exchange value of the pound as compared with the dollar.

A clever anonymous contributor to the *Outlook* interprets the issue as between a gold standard and a 'managed currency' based on index prices. He thinks that the latter is theoretically ideal. It promises a stability of prices, which is the goal of every company director, and a stability of employment, which is equally the goal of every worker. But he doubts the wisdom of resorting to such a device, because it would put the value of money at the mercy of political manipulators.

On the one hand is the gold standard — imperfect, no doubt, in a number of ways, but semiautomatic in its working, and with a known record of a hundred years' fairly smooth running of the economic system in its favor. On the other is the 'managed' currency — of dubious practicability, unknown and complex, demanding always conscious direction by appointed persons. Can there be any doubt which is preferable? The currency is the most important thing in the economic system. Can we afford to expose it to even the chance of political interference? Is not the whole dismal experience of the last ten years proof positive against such a proposal? There are probably less than a thousand people in the country who understand the complete operations necessary to control a currency.

Would it not be utter folly to place it even one step nearer the sphere of the spoofs, the stunts, the deceptions of the obsolete methods by which we conduct our day-to-day politics?

Professor Gustav Cassel, the Swedish economist whose pronouncements upon monetary problems have won much authority since the war, believes that England should restore her money to gold parity at once, even at the cost of some domestic discomfort at home, as a matter of international policy. Other European countries must place their currency on a stable basis, and both tradition and convenience lead them to prefer the pound sterling rather than the American dollar as the measuring stick by which to do it. But they cannot act so long as the pound sterling is a measuring stick like the mercury in a thermometer, that changes its length with every change of political or commercial temperature.

With a few exceptions, the European currencies are so much deteriorated that their restoration to a gold basis will have to take place at a new and lower parity. It is easy to understand that no country in such a position is willing to bind its currency to the pound sterling with the prospect of having to go through the same process of deflation which will be necessary in order to bring the pound back to the gold standard. If a new parity has to be chosen for a currency, it is, of course, very desirable that after such 'devaluation' everything should be settled. Under such circumstances it is, therefore, quite natural that a country should defer the definite step until the pound sterling is restored to its old gold parity.

Therefore if England were to restore the pound sterling to gold parity, other countries would be greatly encouraged in their effort to stabilize their own money. If she does not do so, and if the Dawes Report is adopted in its present form, Great Britain may suffer a sad loss of financial prestige:

With Germany back on an effective gold basis, backed by American capital, Great Britain would have to face the development of a German-American gold standard to the leading currency in the world's trade — which is doubtless against British interests. Great Britain has, therefore, hardly any other choice than an immediate restoration of the British gold standard which would secure for this currency its old leading position.

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MONARCHISM IN MUFTI

WHEN the former Crown Prince attended as a 'private personage' a dinner party given in his honor by the Dutch Ambassador and his wife at Berlin last month, not only society and the official world, but the whole German people, were set aflutter. The Hohenzollern guest has been spending more time at Potsdam of late than on his country estate at Oels in Silesia, and apparently is following the tactics of Rupprecht of Bavaria — to keep in the public eye, but in a strictly private capacity; to let others review military and patriotic parades, while modestly accepting the cheers of the populace as an unassuming citizen.

Not only friends of the old régime, but Baron von Maltzham, a Secretary of State under the present Republic, were among the guests at the dinner party. The Ambassador of the Netherlands holds a peculiarly prominent position in Berlin, because he is dean of the diplomatic corps, and because for a long time it has been recognized that if the German monarchists hatch out a successful plot against the Republic it will be done on the other side of the Dutch frontier. To be sure, the people of Holland would have little sympathy with such an enterprise, nor would their Queen so far as is known, but a small party of conservative aristocrats in that country might welcome a Hohenzollern restoration on account of

their political sympathies and in anticipation of personal favors from the new government.

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DISTRUSTING AMERICA

GEORGE BERNHARD, editor of *Vossische Zeitung*, deplors the fact that the German people know very little about the actual terms of the Dawes Report. That Report, he says, 'is in no respect a humanitarian document designed to help Germany; it is merely an attempt of American financiers interested in the solvency of France to secure Reparations for that country, and to create harmony between the English and the French.'

Germany has no reason to concern herself over the way the Report is applied, and ought to keep entirely clear of controversies concerning this. If she does interfere, she will merely be a whipping boy upon whom the Allied disputants will vent their wrath. She need not even agitate herself over the evacuation of the Ruhr, for if the Report is adopted France will have to pay the cost of occupation henceforth out of her own pocket, and her taxpayers will soon tire of the useless outgo.

Trotsky, in a political address delivered to the Fifth Conference of Medical, Sanitary, and Veterinary Workers in Moscow, took pains to impress upon his hearers that the Dawes Report is designed 'to organize complicated machinery for enslaving the laboring masses of Europe.' We Americans, having grown 'fabulously rich,' are now the logical defenders of world capitalism. 'The Social Democrats of Germany play the American hand. They threaten the German working people with the wrath of America if they do not obey her behests.' The Soviet army leader then proceeded to picture an eventual contest for world

supremacy between Capitalism, with its centre and stronghold in the United States, and Communism, with its centre and stronghold in Russia. 'When you have reached the height of your power and have created a Soviet Federation of Free States, you will have united the two mightiest continents [Asia and Europe], with their unbounded natural resources, and their devoted and enthusiastic revolutionary masses.' Ergo, Russia must perfect her Red Army as a nucleus for the coming struggle.



A BULGARIAN MATTEOTTI

THE Bulgarian Sobranje has voted an amnesty for several categories of political crimes, which will benefit most of the members of the Cabinet that was in power in 1915 when Bulgaria joined Germany against the Allies. The two exceptions are MM. Radoslavoff and Tontcheff, who are considered chiefly responsible for the turn Bulgarian policy took at that time. The former Premier and his colleague are residing abroad in order to avoid sentences of imprisonment imposed upon them at the time of their trial after the Armistice.

Bulgaria is agitated over a political murder very similar to that of Matteotti in Italy. The victim is M. Petkov, a prominent peasant deputy, who has carried on in his paper, the *People's Defense*, a bold and bitter fight against the reigning 'White Terror.' Two months ago the Minister of the Interior read in the Chamber a declaration signed by peasants accusing Petkov of conspiracy. Petkov rose and produced the bloodstained shirt of a peasant who had been beaten to death for refusing to sign the charge in question. This dramatic action, which deeply stirred the public, was the prelude to his assassination.

FRENCH ANALYSES OF ENGLISH CHARACTER

A CLEVER and penetrating analysis of England and her people has just been published by M. André Siegfried, under the auspices of the Association France-Grande-Bretagne.

Many of the misunderstandings that Frenchmen cherish regarding their trans-Channel neighbors are due, the author naïvely suggests, to 'the fact that one too easily forgets that the English are the English.' The selfishness of the Englishman 'is due to a lack of imagination.'

What is external to himself interests him very little. He is, in the main, much more ingenuous than perfidious. To treat him as a Machiavelli is to confer upon him praise or blame which are equally undeserved. Very slow at taking in complicated arguments, he chiefly makes up his mind by instinct, without analyzing the mental process, and above all without being able to express it. Being bound by no system or logic, he does not persist obstinately in following blind alleys, and turns back without hesitation, with astonishing rapidity. It is we Frenchmen, who have the reputation of being changeable, who do not know how to get away from a line when we have once adopted it.

To a man of French mentality the Englishman is ingenuous and unsuspecting — deceptively so, let the American business man and diplomat bear in mind. His moral code is that of sport and fair play; 'but you fail regularly with him if you try to trick him or if you expect him to defend your interests in your place.'

Finally this lack of devious methods and malice gives him — and this is a surprise for those who have come into intimate contact with him — the grace of those who are quite young. He is never blasé. The so-called frivolous Frenchman feels old and wise in the presence of these people who seem all their lives like big boys, the friends

and near relatives of Nature, of children, and even of the animals which they adore.

M. Siegfried does not credit the pacifist principles of British Labor so much to the internationalism preached by the Socialists as to English Protestant idealism:—

In its attitude toward Europe, the English people is all impregnated with this Protestant spirit, with its doctrinal idealism, its habit of treating all questions from a moral angle, its inclination to preach sermons and to consider that English Protestants are the salt of the earth, and, finally, its unconscious Pharisaism, which persuades it that it is performing a duty when it is really only consulting its own interests. The atmosphere of the Continent is no help toward understanding this state of mind, but unless one does so the fundamental inspiration of English policy must remain a closed book.

M. Herriot, discussing England—primarily in relation to foreign policies—in the course of an interview with M. Jules Sauerwein of *Matin*, dropped the following obiter dictum on the same general theme:—

Look at England! I have studied that country carefully. We want the English to think the way we do. That is impossible. The English and the French are different, and in a way complementary to each other. We are both free peoples and strong peoples, and ought to be united, but we have reached liberty by different routes: the French by principles and proclamations, the English by the gradual extension of the rights of the individual—which is, after a fashion, the way their people express in public life their love of comfort.

Commenting upon this statement, the editor of the London *Spectator* says:—

This is a new reading of English history, under which Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights become simply the public expression of the Englishman's dislike of discomfort and inconvenience—not by any means an unattractive reading!

MINOR NOTES

A DANISH firm, the Rohrbachs Metal Airplane Company, has developed a new type of hydroplane, built entirely of the extremely light and strong duralumin alloy, the same metal that has been used for the framework of the mammoth airship just completed in Germany for the United States Government. The plane measures nearly one hundred feet from wing tip to wing tip, it is propelled by two Rolls-Royce motors of three hundred and sixty horsepower each, and can carry a load of approximately three tons, at a rate of one hundred and twenty miles an hour. In other words, it can fly from Copenhagen to London in six hours, and in a trial ascent has reached an altitude of over twelve thousand feet. It has water-tight compartments, double steering gear, and complete wireless telegraph and telephone apparatus. Six of these planes have been ordered by the Japanese Government for use in the Postal Service.

WHEN France resumed diplomatic relations with the Vatican, in 1920, Switzerland also, after an interruption of forty-seven years, again received a papal representative accredited to her Government. At that time the leaders of the Swiss Reformed Church offered no protest. Subsequently, however, opposition developed, which now threatens to divide the Republic by a bitter religious controversy. The last visit of the Nuncio to Saint Gallen, which the Protestant press violently criticized and the Catholic press ardently defended, brought the issue to a head. A contributor to *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* deplores the present situation as a threat to religious peace, which should be the first concern of a country like Switzerland, where members of the two confessions are about equal in number.

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO, who was relegated to a barren island of the Canary group by the Spanish Directory on account of a letter that was published in our issue of April 12, has been pardoned by the Government. Just before this occurred, however, he had been rescued from his unpleasant place of exile by a party organized and led by M. Dumay, a French Radical journalist, the founder and editor of *Quotidien*. It was during the voyage back to French Morocco, from which the expedition had proceeded, that news of the pardon reached the rescuing party. Professor Unamuno will hereafter reside in Paris.

A COMMISSION for the Readjustment of Finance has just made a gloomy report upon the condition and prospects of the Chinese treasury. The Peking Government derives its revenue principally from five sources: a tariff on imports, an interior tariff, the salt monopoly, wine and tobacco taxes,

and a stamp tax. The income from these sources is about \$100,000,000 gold — \$209,000,000 silver. But various previous charges against these revenues, some of which are pledged to pay foreign and domestic loans, leave a balance of only \$7,000,000 to meet the Government's administrative expenses, which amount to \$130,000,000. Among the measures recommended to meet the deficit are an increase of two and one half per cent in the customs duties, a reduction of administrative and military expenses, — the latter now eat up seven tenths of the entire expenditure of the Government, — and, of course, a new foreign loan.

THE Women's International Housing Congress, which met in London last month, passed a resolution demanding that the Housing Bill now under discussion shall limit the number of houses built with a government subsidy to twelve per acre in city districts and eight per acre in rural districts.



The Peace of Versailles.
— *De Notenkraker*



The Jungfrau's Ideal.
— *Der Fliegende Holländer*



The 'Nepman,' or New
Russian Profiteer.
— *Izvestia*

LUDENDORFF AT TANNENBERG

BY A MILITARY EXPERT

[The military reputation of Ludendorff and Hindenburg rests so largely upon the German victory at Tannenberg that the following expert criticism of the operations, despite its somewhat technical character, is of sufficient historical importance to interest many lay readers. It is based upon an exhaustive study of both Russian and German official material relating to the battle and the strategic movements that preceded it.]

From *La France Militaire*, June 18, 21, 26

(FRENCH ARMY DAILY)

IN his defense at the Munich trial General Ludendorff declared that his victory at Tannenberg made him a national hero, and entitled him to a place in Valhalla. 'I am,' he declared, 'the hero of Tannenberg.'

Russia's invasion of East Prussia was designed to withdraw as many German troops as possible from the French front. The battle of Gumbinnen, where the Germans were defeated, had so thoroughly frightened General von Pritwitz, the commander of the Eighth German Army, that he decided to evacuate all East Prussia. But General von Moltke objected, and ordered him to remain beyond the Vistula. At the same time he sent him two army corps from the French front, and replaced him by General Hindenburg, with Ludendorff as Chief of Staff.

The Ludendorff myth, built up after Hindenburg's victory over the army of General Samsonov, is an example of military and political faking unprecedented in history. First the name of the battle is incorrect. Tannenberg is a little place near the region where the fighting actually occurred, but it does not lie in that district itself. It happens, however, to be the place where the Slavs, headed by the Poles, in 1410 A.D. completely defeated the

Teutonic Knights, and thereby emancipated themselves from the latter's yoke. So it was necessary to wash out this stain on Germany's banners five hundred years later by creating a new battle of Tannenberg. Although not a drop of Russian or German blood was shed at that point, Ludendorff demanded of the Kaiser authority to call the series of battles between the German troops and Samsonov's army the battle of Tannenberg. That was the first device to boost Ludendorff's name. The second was another legend elaborated in his *Memoirs*, a book in which he modestly shares his failures with Hindenburg, but keeps all the successes for himself.

According to this legend, the battles with Samsonov's troops were fought as follows: Ludendorff, with an inspiration of genius, boldly concentrated the whole Eighth German Army against Samsonov, withdrawing it from under the very nose of the neighboring Russian general, Rennenkampf. Then he enticed Samsonov to attack his centre, and prepared to encircle his enemy with his right and left wings. To achieve this he did not shrink from weakening his centre and even inviting a temporary setback there. In a word, he repeated the strategy that Hannibal used at the battle of Cannæ, that

eternal model of military art. As a result of this bold and inspired strategy, Samsonov was encircled and surrendered.

So much for the legend; now for the reality.

From August 13 to 17 the Russian troops held their ground against German forces twice as strong as they were. As a consequence of this inferiority, the remnants of two and a half Russian army-corps, which were in the centre of their line, were cut off by a German army-corps of the right wing. Part of these isolated troops succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy. The remainder were taken prisoners in separate detachments.

Germany's general plan of operations against Samsonov was not based on the idea of Cannæ, that is, of enveloping the enemy, but on striking a decisive blow against the right flank of the Russian army, which was marching upon Allenstein. This was a plan that the German General Staff had worked out carefully and had even practised in a *Kriegspiel* several years before the war. So it was not Ludendorff's idea at all. It was suggested on August 8, the day after the battle of Gumbinnen, by General Scholtz, commander of the Twentieth German Army-Corps, and accepted by General Pritwitz, commanding the Eighth German Army. General von Moltke, Chief of the German General Staff, insisted that it be tried. In conformity with this plan General Pritwitz sent the First German Army-Corps, under General François, directly from the battlefield of Gumbinnen to reënforce his right wing under General Scholtz.

Up to this point Ludendorff had no part in the affair, for it was not until August 9 that he was summoned to Grand Headquarters and given his new post. In preparing his case, however, Ludendorff writes in his *Memoirs* that

he dispatched orders from Koblenz, where the Grand Headquarters were then stationed, to change the detrainment point of the First Army-Corps under General François. But the latter General, in his book, *Marneschlacht und Tannenberg*, proves that this statement by General Ludendorff is false. Likewise General von Moltke and not Ludendorff is to be credited with ordering the attack by the First German Reserve Corps and the Seventeenth Corps upon Samsonov's army. He sent telephone orders to this effect to General Pritwitz on August 8, and it was because that General hesitated to carry them out that General von Moltke insisted that the Kaiser replace him by Hindenburg. We therefore see that Ludendorff's share in determining the preliminary strategic movements prior to the final clash between the Eighth German Army and Samsonov's army was practically nil. By the time Ludendorff appeared upon the scene, the troops were already in position or their movements had been provided for and ordered.

The decisive battle began on August 13, when the German left wing, consisting of the First Reserve Corps, the Seventeenth Corps, and the Sixth Landwehr Brigade, defeated with enormously superior forces the Sixth Russian Corps at Bischofsburg. But it is interesting to observe that the liaison between the German-left wing and the headquarters of the Eighth German Army was very poor during the whole operation, and the officers in immediate command of the troops fought largely on their own initiative. It was quite otherwise that day on the right wing. There the commanding officers were close at hand, and conducted operations directly. General François asked Hindenburg to permit him to defer his attack from the thirteenth until the fourteenth of August, because only

half of his artillery had been detained. General Ludendorff, however, insisted that the attack be made on the thirteenth as planned, and as a result the German assault was checked without reaching its objectives.

While the First Army Corps under General François was thus engaged, the whole Twentieth Corps, which rested on its flank, was confronted by the Second Russian Division, which was stretched out over a front of ten versts. The latter was defeated and driven back, and consequently by the evening of August 13 the roads were open for the Germans to Neidenburg, an important centre of communication behind the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Russian Corps, which formed the centre of the opposing army. At this point there was a breach twenty versts long in the Russian lines, only inadequately protected by the remnants of the Second Russian Infantry Division and one cavalry brigade.

But Ludendorff, the great strategist, neither detected nor suspected this vital fact, for in his army order for the fourteenth of August, dated at 9 P.M. August 13, he declared that nearly two Russian army-corps were concentrated exactly where this breach really was. It is precisely this breach that he ordered his officers to envelop. August 14 comes, and all day long Ludendorff remains oblivious to the true situation. In every art genius reveals itself as intuition, and yet seldom do we find so conspicuous an example of utter absence of intuition as Ludendorff showed that day.

The vigorous operations of the Fifteenth Russian Corps, which was fighting on the centre during August 14, made Ludendorff forget completely all about Hannibal and Cannæ, which he so conveniently recalled later when writing his *Memoirs*. Not only did he make no effort to entrap the

Russians into the depths of his own centre by allowing them a transitory and deceptive triumph, but quite the reverse. He was so worried about his centre that he stopped the Twentieth German Corps, which was headed directly for the dangerous breach in the Russian lines, and brought it back. Placing one of its divisions behind the centre as an additional reserve, he rested the second upon the centre. Thus on August 14 our modern Hannibal did everything in his power not to envelop the Russians, but to let them get away.

During all of August 15 he continued to facilitate the Russian retirement. Under the impression produced by the heroic fighting of the Fifteenth Russian Corps, he continued to crowd his right wing closer to the centre, thus diminishing the depth of a possible enveloping movement. In his panic he sent two orders — at 9.10 A.M. and 12.25 P.M. — to General François, who commanded the First German Corps, directing him to carry out the necessary movements to accomplish this object. But he forgets to mention this in his *Memoirs*.

Unfortunately for the Russians, General François did not obey the orders given him by General Ludendorff. Of his own initiative he centred his principal attack not on Lana as instructed, but on Neidenburg, and thereby succeeded in cutting off, just at the critical moment, the Russian road of retreat, by occupying the Neidenburg-Villenberghighway.

Even more interesting are the strategic orders given by Ludendorff to the left wing, which consisted of the First Reserve Corps and the Seventeenth Corps. In a general order to the army dated 5.30 P.M. on August 15, these two corps are directed to retreat. The Seventeenth Corps, under General Mackenzen, was to retire to Gustadt,

thirty versts behind the point where it was then stationed. But General Mackenzen, like General François, did not execute Ludendorff's orders. Instead, he obstinately persisted in advancing in the direction of Villenberg so as to outflank the Russian centre.

So there was a Cannæ, but Ludendorff did everything in his power to prevent it. Tannenberg was a triumph for German military science, and for splendidly trained field officers stationed at points remote from each other. The commanders of two corps, isolated on opposite wings, happened to settle their problem for themselves in accordance with the same general plan, and in defiance of the orders of the great strategist, Ludendorff. Generals François and Mackenzen succeeded in enveloping Samsonov's army, and thus ending successfully a battle that had been unequal from the outset.

From that moment Ludendorff forgot all about his order of 5.30 P.M., August 15, directing Mackenzen to withdraw the left wing to a point thirty versts behind its former position. Still, his *Memoirs* give a clue to the reason why he issued it. He was very much afraid of Rennenkampf, whose army was stationed north of that of Samsonov, though a hundred versts away from the field of battle. He writes: 'I could not take unalloyed pleasure in this great victory. The concern that General Rennenkampf caused me weighed too seriously on my nerves.' He refers to this fear several times, and credits Rennenkampf with having twenty-four divisions.

Now in the first place, a hundred versts without a single railway ought to prevent such a rapid military movement as Ludendorff feared. In the second place, when the General wrote his *Memoirs* after the war, he had full data as to the exact strength of all the

forces engaged; yet he did not hesitate to exaggerate beyond all measure the number of divisions under Rennenkampf's command. During the battle of Gumbinnen, on August 7, General Rennenkampf's army consisted of six and one half divisions of infantry. On August 15 it was reënforced by only the Eleventh Army Corps consisting of one division and a half. Therefore the total strength at his command was never more than eight divisions, instead of twenty-four. We should add to this, that the actual bayonet strength of a Russian division at the beginning of the war was only one half of that of a German division.

But self-advertising calls for lurid colors. The posters must show feeble German forces resisting not merely ordinary armies but an avalanche of troops pouring down from Russia. The battle of Gumbinnen had been lost. The situation inherited from General Pritwitz was hopeless. Only the genius of Ludendorff saved the situation. It is to prove such claims as these that he records in his *Memoirs* the twenty-four divisions of General Rennenkampf.

But exaggeration does not stop there. Ludendorff reports that ninety thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the Germans at Tannenberg. Statistics indicate that the actual number captured by the Germans on the Russian centre, exclusive of wounded men, who are not ordinarily enumerated, did not exceed twenty-five thousand men, including all the prisoners captured in several battles beginning on August 13, around Lake Kovnatken; on August 14 and 15, near Hohenstein; on August 16, in the neighborhood of Grünfluss; and finally during the several attempts of the Russians to break through the German encircling lines between August 16 and 18. The total of ninety thousand is made up as follows: first, real prisoners of war — that is, un-

wounded Russian soldiers of the centre numbering some twenty-five thousand, and prisoners captured on the wings, who numbered about ten thousand, making a total of thirty-five thousand; second, wounded men, of whom twenty or thirty thousand were left in the hospitals, in the ambulances, and on the field of battle; third, about an equal number of men in the transport service, including people of the neighborhood who had been pressed into service with their horses and carts.

Ludendorff's purpose in building up the Tannenberg myth was twofold. He wished to undermine the confidence of the Allies in Russia and her army, and to pour the poison of doubt and terror into the veins of the Russians themselves, while reviving the courage of the badly defeated Austrians. But he was working first and foremost for his own glory. He dreamed of a rapid and victorious invasion of Russia, of separating that country from the Allies and subduing it. He believed that the safety of Germany consisted in transferring the war's centre of gravity from the Western front in France to her Eastern frontier.

German history, when it passes its final verdict upon Ludendorff, will not rank him among her great captains, but among those who have brought her disaster by a policy of deception.

Ludendorff could be vindictive and petty at times. During the battle just

described, General Martos, commander of the Fifteenth Russian Army-Corps, had a horse shot under him and was captured while defending himself in a hand-to-hand fight after he fell. He owed his life to the fact that his aid-de-camp had time to shout at the German soldier about to kill him: 'It's a general.' Chivalry demanded that courtesy be shown to such an enemy. And Hindenburg did show him that courtesy. But Ludendorff immediately began to ask the captured officer sarcastically what sort of strategy the Russians were practising anyway in this battle. He could not understand it and would like to have it explained to him. But he did not stop with sarcasm. General Martos had witnessed certain things that it would be very disagreeable for Ludendorff to have known. He might tell what he knew, and it would be more convenient to have him put out of the way.

Therefore a charge of pillage was concocted against General Martos, that might cause him to be shot. The accusation was so revolting and improbable that honest German citizens of the district where the alleged pillaging was said to have occurred voluntarily protested against it. Eventually the Russian Government was forced to notify Germany that if General Martos was executed, the German officers captured by the Russians would suffer the same fate.

THE CITY OF UNBOUNDED CRISES

BY X. Y. Z.

From *Pester Lloyd*, June 24
(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

WE can at last speak of taking flight to Vienna in the literal sense of the word, for both airplanes and hydroplanes now maintain regular services between Budapest and that metropolis. Any man possessing a sufficient number of Swiss francs can drop down into the City of Unbounded Crises at will. Indeed, if he is less amply endowed with wealth or of a thrifty disposition, he can at last journey thither with considerable comfort even on the railway; for all roads, atmospheric and terrestrial, lead to Vienna.

Never did the former capital of the Hapsburgs better repay a visit. To be sure, one notes crises on the right, crises on the left, crises ahead, and crises behind. But since no true Viennese was ever so false to his birth and breeding as to dwell upon the shadowy side of life, nowhere else do crises glide past with such delightful nonchalance, nowhere are they borne with such cheery unconcern.

The mother of all crises is at the Stock Exchange. Even good citizens of unquestioned respectability, who ordinarily never glance at a market report, are aware that the good ladies and gentlemen of Vienna speculated heavily in French money at the time of its recent depreciation — mostly to their sorrow. They expected to bring France to her knees, but even their doughtiest champions withdrew from the contest with bruised bodies and broken heads. Since the Viennese, from their princes — who, by virtue of a Republican ordinance, can now use their titles only in

parentheses — down to their corner loafers, have taken to gilding the humdrum surface of life with speculation in foreign currencies, the money-changer's offices are besieged by people who buy anything from English pounds to Portuguese reis, from Rumanian lei to Japanese yen, money of any kind and country, providing it is good and dear. Peddlers go from house to house and door to door dickering in foreign currency. Vienna's heavy loss in francs still rests on their conscience — if they have one. They are the condiment boys in the sumptuous restaurant of banking; they are the skirmish line of the business world; they are the serpents who tempt trusting Eves — and Adams — with forbidden fruit.

To be sure, the small investor lost little in the recent debacle, for he who has no money cannot lose. The newly rich were the chief sufferers. Many a multimillionaire, many a Cresus, many a nabob, went bankrupt overnight. Astonished spectators suddenly discovered that men at whom they had marveled as great financial geniuses were most ordinary fellows after all. Everything they touched for a time turned to gold as if by a Midas gift, until suddenly their great hoards melted away overnight like the unsubstantial treasure-trove of a dream.

The bold adventurers of olden times were characterized with six words: 'Iron head, iron chest, iron crown.' In those good old days there were still iron royal orders, and sudden rises in the world were not uncommon. Under the

Austrian Republic, bold brigands of the Bourse may rise even more quickly, but their fall is correspondingly precipitate. Now that the police and law courts have taken things resolutely in hand, their careers may be characterized with six other words: 'Iron law, iron fist, iron fetters.'

This is a fate that the gentlemen who migrated to Vienna from obscure parts right after the war hardly contemplated, when they arrived there in beggarly tags and tatters. They now leave the city of their desires in the same dilapidated attire, although during the interim they have lived prodigally in noble palaces.

One of these, an extremely youthful, active young fellow, bobbed up suddenly in the Stock Exchange cafés. The head waiters at these establishments have learned by experience to be suspicious, and for a time he had much difficulty in getting credit for enough food to keep body and soul together. But he made progress, first in the curb market, where profiteers close their shady deals in doorways and sheltered corners; then on the steps of the Bourse Palace in Schottenring, where hangers-on of the big operators inside ply their petty trade. Eventually he gained admission to the palatial hall of the Exchange itself, where he grew taller from hour to hour until at last he towered above all his rivals, a young Napoleon of finance. It was the most remarkable case of a sudden rise on record. No one knew whence he came, though he was obviously a foreigner, and no one knows whither he has vanished now — to the keen regret of his creditors and the police.

Three brothers from Poland were likewise interesting figures. To those indiscreet enough to ask their name and origin they always answered with Lohengrin: '*Nie sollst du mich befragen, woher ich kam der Fahrt!*' This three-

leaved clover of finance was distinguished by the fact that all its members mangled the German language horribly. We doubt if history records three more brutal murderers of our mother tongue than these three knights of the ticker. And they were as unorthodox in their business methods as in their orthography. Nevertheless, for a brief period they played a mighty rôle in the financial world. Their venturesome transactions skimmed the very edge of the illegal, and almost before the public was aware of it each brother had a luxurious automobile, a palace — and an ancestral portrait gallery!

Tempi passati! To-day they recline on their laurels — in confined, secluded, and securely barred quarters provided by the State.

The most original character, however, among these gentlemen beggared between dusk and dawn was a bountiful Mæcenas who bought paintings right and left at liberal prices. His favorites were the pictures of the historical painter, Schnorr von Carolsfeld. To-day not even a faded reflection of this colorful magnificence remains. Before the war this richest of the newly rich was a salesman in a bedding store. During the war he made several venturesome speculations, in which he used to excellent advantage his experience in selling blankets. Thereby he accumulated riches, until he kept not only horses and carriages, actresses and opera singers, but also journalists, panegyrists, and a personal press-organ of his own. He seemed to have reached the very pinnacle of opulence. None the less, his fortune collapsed like a house of cards. His fall evoked more sympathy than that of the others, for he was as generous as he was lucky, and gave as bountifully as he received.

The crisis in the Stock Exchange has fathered a whole family of smaller crises. One of these is at the Jockey

Club. Hard times and high taxes upon betting and bookmakers have discouraged the devotees of the turf. Consequently the genro of the Jockey Club wear mourning and sadly discuss the probable necessity of canceling next season's races. When everything else stands still, why not the horses?

Added to the depression at the Jockey Club is the painful scene that occurred a day or two ago at Hotel Sacher. That famous hostelry used to be the rendezvous of Vienna's world of fashion. No guest of lower rank than baron was welcome. The noblest blood of Austria felt at home in the seigniorial rooms of Madame Sacher, to which Grillparzer's verse, '*In deinem Lager isst Oesterreich,*' might well have been applied. To-day, however, Hotel Sacher has become democratic. Parvenus, with parvenu manners, jostle there scions of ancient lineage. Finally the last blow fell, a real blow which a real Graf — in parentheses — struck another real Graf — again, of course, in parentheses. And this in that temple of good form and courtly graces, Hotel Sacher! And almost next door to the Jockey Club!

In comparison with such crises as these the crisis in the business world shrinks to diminutive dimensions. The latter is made evident to the stranger by the joyful welcome he receives when, instead of merely pausing to stare through its show windows and note the cut prices marked on the goods displayed there, he actually enters the portal of a palace of trade. Hotels and restaurants complain of bad business with equal bitterness. The natives have no occasion for private apartments and, with the present rates of exchange, even less appetite. And foreign tourists keep carefully away. Vienna confidently expected last summer a veritable invasion of Americans and English with well-lined pocket-

books, but so far not a drop of the anticipated rain of gold has fallen. Even the usual migrants en route to and from the great summer-resorts failed to appear. The recent plethora of money that drove people in swarms to Marienbad and its sister resorts, where the guests grew thinner as fast as the hosts grew fatter, seems to have vanished. There is not even the usual crop of Karlsbad invalids, although so many have ruined their digestions in the purlieu of the Stock Exchange. It is hardly necessary to add, therefore, that the hotel and resort business suffers from a crisis.

The jewelry shops, which before the recent break in the market were besieged with buyers, stand lonely and deserted, while their proprietors hum sadly the melancholy air: '*Du hast Diamanten und Perlen.*' Antique-dealers, who but lately were skipping about serving eager patrons with a youthful liveliness unbecoming in their business, again exhibit the signs of the senile decrepitude so appropriate to their vocation. It is true that the Dorotheum, where costly knickknacks of every kind are auctioned off in public, is still crowded; in fact, one sees the same faces there that he saw in May a year ago. But the patrons who were eager bidders then are equally eager sellers now — only to-day fate does not bless them with fools as buyers.

Is it necessary to add that the theatres also have their crisis? If all the world's a stage, the stage is all the world, and on it unbounded crises likewise have their proper place. It is not only that the curtain rises on rows of empty benches, but that these empty benches are filled before the beginning of the second act, showing that the deadheads have besieged the ticket office with success. Managers try to create the illusion that their houses are

sold out, and so distribute unsold tickets with a liberal hand. Of course, they are also making desperate efforts to attract a paying public. No stone is left unturned to lure solvent patrons within their doors. Even the staid old Burgtheater and the reserved and haughty Staatsoper stoop very low to curry public favor. The Burgtheater is presenting Molnar's highly colored *Red Mill* and a blood-and-thunder drama entitled *An Adventure in China*, in which Roland, an actress who stops at nothing to produce exaggerated effects, plays the leading rôle. To see her on the stage of a theatre of such traditions suggests a clash of rowdy jazz in the middle of a solemn chant.

Jazz and its cacaphonic congeners win growing favor amid this collapse of standards. Richard Strauss is bringing out at the Staatsoper a new ballet under the savory title, 'Whipped Cream,' in the vain hope of persuading the public to flock again to that beautiful and distinguished palace of harmony and art; but the poor 'Whipped Cream ballet' has no punch, and makes no converts. The Volkstheater is in an equally bad way. Not even the prize fight in Shaw's new comedy aroused the interest of the public. Reinhardt began his season with a modernized Goldoni and a vanishing chandelier. Goldoni is said to have been given on the first night because one of Reinhardt's wealthy patrons is an Italian. This supposition does not seem plausible, because his next wealthiest patron is a great textile manufacturer, and so we should have logically expected *The Weavers* on the second night's bill.

Among the new improvements for which we must thank Reinhardt's genius is a famous old restaurant that has been connected directly with his theatre, where a person can get excellent food at moderate prices. This culinary-gastronomic attraction is lack-

ing at most of the other playhouses. Consequently they must confine themselves to trading favorite actors and actresses in order to present more attractive bills. Just at present they are drawing heavily upon Berlin.

I recently witnessed one of these Berlin productions, the short Guignol piece, *Galgentoni*, and found mighty little in it to please me. It is like a third serving of a Russian tea. The first was *Hannele*, the second *Liliom*, and the third *Galgentoni*. But while tea gets thinner with each successive service, these new servings get thicker — too thick, it seemed to me, for even the midnight public at Vienna. A stage crowded with wenches, profiteers, sharpers, and a similar precious company, where Saint Peter dances the shimmy, is not tolerable upon the boards even after midnight.

But this crisis has borne most heavily of all upon operetta theatres. Some have taken to serious drama, and play classical pieces on hot afternoons. Those that survive in their original character owe this respite to Hungarian composers and artists. Nothing illustrates the acuteness of this crisis better than the misfortune of one house that advertised a new bill, but was not able to open the first night because the managers could not pay their own bills. Yet this misfortune passed virtually unnoticed, because not a single ticket had been sold. In fact, there are theatres that cannot even give away their seats to deadheads. Perhaps they might attract an audience if they paid deadheads to attend, but that *reductio ad absurdum* of theatre competition has not yet been reached.

We shall end our bulletin of Vienna crises here. The collapse of the franc, the Stock Exchange panic, and the ramifications of disaster that have sprung from them, have nevertheless left Vienna about what she always has

been, and the Viennese the same care-free, happy people they were before. Fundamentally conditions must be sounder than they appear on the surface. One need only observe the luxurious automobiles decorated with narcissuses, roses, carnations, and lilies, carrying sweet young girls to confirmation at Saint Stephen's Church, to see the occupants' happy young faces, to note the evidences of comfort and well-being that surround them, in order to discover that there is another side to Vienna life. Or a man may make a

round of the refreshment bars, *wausg'steekt ist*, or drop in at any tavern patronized by the common people, and he will always find happy customers, merry songs, and good food in abundance. Now and then an echo of the crises can be caught in a dry joke or a more serious side-remark, but in general this has been a cheerful panic. Many men were ruined, but they were mostly alien adventurers. To use a Vienna figure, the foam is blown off the stein. Your true Viennese still sings and drinks and dances as he did of yore.

THE ECONOMICS OF EMPIRE

BY L. S. AMERY

[The last Imperial Conference, the Wembley Exposition, and the Preferential Trade issue, have greatly stimulated British interest in Imperial economic relations. The present article is suggested by the publication of the two voluminous works — twenty-four volumes in all — dealing with this topic that we note under Books Mentioned. Its writer, a former staff editor and foreign correspondent of the London Times, and author of several works directly or indirectly relating to Imperial policies, is a Protectionist, and since 1922 has been First Lord of the Admiralty.]

From the *Spectator*, July 12

(LONDON MODERATE-CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

THE British people is just beginning to discover the British Empire. It can hardly be said to have begun to realize all that this discovery implies. But it is, at any rate, becoming increasingly aware of the fact that this Empire exists and that it is not only a wonderful thing in itself, but the most hopeful thing in a world of political and above all economic difficulties. Dimly it sees in it the saving opportunity which may enable us to refashion our world again after the great breakdown, and to refashion it in accordance with those ideals which the war itself made all the

more vivid and purposeful in contrast with its own wastefulness. There is consequently a widespread eagerness for information about the Empire. That eagerness is a very real thing in the House of Commons, and in all Parties notwithstanding the regrettably parochial attitude of many of those who were responsible for the anti-Imperial vote against Preference the other day. It is very real and growing in the business world, with the general public, and last, but very far from least, in the world of schoolmasters and teachers.

Fortunately the opportunities for

satisfying that desire for knowledge are rapidly multiplying. Wireless and the airship may, indeed, multiply them enormously in the next decade. Meanwhile, to confine ourselves to the present day, we have the Empire assembled and made visible to the masses of our people at Wembley. Whether that Exhibition will prove a financial success or not will, no doubt, depend on that most uncertain of all factors, our English weather. But its success as a tremendous instrument of national education is already assured.

The United States is in extent less than one quarter of the British Empire, and somewhat less than one half of that part of the British Empire which is more especially comparable with it — the area comprised by the self-governing Dominions. With the one exception of mineral oil its total ascertained and potential natural resources are incomparably inferior to those of the Empire. More compact geographically, it has in its development been confined in the main to land transport, as compared with the cheaper ocean transport available for the purposes of Imperial development. For the capital and population required for development it has had to indent upon others — in the main upon this country. There is no inherent reason why the development of the United States during the past century should have been much more rapid or on a much larger scale than that of the British Dominions. What are the actual facts? In that period the United States has built up an additional population of about one hundred millions on a higher average level of prosperity than exists anywhere else in the world. Its railway mileage is nearly as great as that of the rest of the world put together. Its output of coal and oil, of iron and steel, greatly exceeds that of the rest of the world. So does its consumption of elec-

tricity. As for such things as motor cars, the United States turns out, I imagine, many more in a month than the rest of the world turns out in a year.

In the British Empire, over the same period, our white population has grown by only fifty millions, and of that growth, barely fifteen has been outside these islands. There has been a great growth of population in India and Africa, it is true, but not so much as a result of positive economic development as of the removal of negative retarding factors such as civil war or slave raiding. Measured by the other standards of wealth production indicated above — and even allowing for our greater volume of shipping — it would be difficult to claim for the British Empire as a whole an effective economic output of much more than half that of the United States. As for the Dominions, which in population, climate, and character most nearly resemble the United States, they are, frankly, nowhere in comparison. Canada, lying alongside of the United States for the whole width of a continent, has barely added eight millions to her population in a century. Australia, which Froude thought forty years ago would by now have thirty millions, has not yet topped the six-million mark.

How are we to account for this immense disparity between America's economic achievement and our own? The answer lies in the simple fact that America has had a national economic policy of development, and consequently has developed, while the British Empire has had no such policy. A national policy is one which aims at concentrating and intensifying, within the political frontiers of a State, the whole cycle of economic development, to the farthest possible extent which the material and human resources of the State will allow. That cycle begins

with the interaction and mutual stimulation of production and consumption, and widens progressively as the surplus of production over consumption — in the shape of capital, on the one hand, and in the shape of increased population, on the other — increases both producing and consuming power. The process may be intensified, where natural resources are abundant, by encouraging the influx of additional capital and additional population from without. Where capital and population are abundant but natural resources limited, the natural limitations may be overcome by the importation of additional raw materials and foodstuffs. In either case the complementary factors required for rapid development are purchased by the export of part of the surplus of production. But the process may also be slowed down and, in greater or less measure, dislocated, if surplus capital and population leave the territory of the State, or if its consuming power is not used to stimulate its own production, but dissipated in stimulating foreign production.

Now, the policy of the United States has been one which has consistently aimed at meeting the whole needs of American consumption by American production, and at intensifying the process of development by encouraging the influx of capital and — till quite recently — of population.

In this country, on the other hand, there has, for most of the last century at any rate, been no attempt of any kind to see to it that our consumption should stimulate either local or Imperial production, or that capital or population should remain within the confines of the Empire. The unregulated economic activities of our people have consequently been dissipated all over the world, building up the United States, building up the Argentine, building up our industrial competitors

in Europe. Wherever any country has had an economic policy it has made use of our capital, our population, or our market for its own purposes without let or hindrance. Amid the general scramble our Dominions and Colonies have only secured a very trifling share of the life-and growth-giving factors which we squandered at large. Most of the Dominions, it is true, have had a local economic policy, aimed at local development. But the smallness of their population and home market and the competition of more favored starters in the scramble for the capital, settlers, or markets of the Mother Country have imposed very rigid limits upon the success of their several and uncoördinated policies.

If the British Empire is to develop, if its vast latent resources are to be translated into terms of population and human welfare, it must have an Imperial economic policy. Such a policy need not preclude the existence alongside of it of particular local policies, aimed at the special stimulation of local production. The ideal of an Imperial *Zollverein*, with complete internal Free Trade and a single tariff against the outside world, may be attractive, and ultimately, perhaps, not impossible. But it is not practical politics at present, or, indeed, easily compatible with the constitutional position in the Empire. And in any case it is not essential to a policy of Imperial development. All that the latter requires is that the market of each part of the Empire, in so far as it is not supplied by its domestic production, and its capital and population, in so far as they are not usefully absorbed at home, should be primarily devoted to helping forward the development of the rest of the Empire. That result can be attained, in complete consonance with the political and economic autonomy of each part of the Empire, by the policy of Imperial Preference.

EXPLAINING AMERICA TO JAPAN

BY S. SHEBA

[This article is the report of an address by the editor of the Japan Times, to the students of the Aoyama Gakuin in Tokyo. Mr. Sheba, who was for many years the proprietor and editor of a Japanese daily paper in Honolulu, has an unusually intimate knowledge of American affairs. The address, which was originally published in the Japan Times, reaches our editorial office in pamphlet form.]

H. G. WELLS attributes the present confusion of thought throughout the world to the unbalanced ratio of progress between modern science and political and social systems and institutions. The one has so far outstripped the other that imparity is the result.

The progress of modern science, which has given us the telegraph, the telephone, and the airplane, has greatly shortened distance. We are now rubbing elbows with our neighbors across the seas. What may occur in New York City or Washington to-day will be known here to-morrow through the medium of the press, just as yesterday's happenings in Tokyo are known all over America to-day. Thus Japan and America are very close neighbors.

If we look around us we see at once how closely the relations between the two countries are interwoven. The forests of Oregon supply the wood which forms the main structure of our dwellings; American iron mines and steel foundries furnish the braces, supports and nails in our buildings; and over our heads is a roof of corrugated iron from an American producer.

Examine your own person and you will realize that the cotton garments you all wear are made of cotton grown in the Southern States of America; even your time is not your own, for your watches are either Elgins or Walthams. Your fountain-pen, glasses, shoes, books, and innumerable other

things of daily wear and use have their origin in the United States.

American flour is now a staple food in lieu of rice; American corned beef and Alaskan salmon are on everybody's table to-day. Your fashion of hair-dressing is aped from the American screen artist. Your manner of dressing and even your facial expression to some extent are changing in imitation of Americans. We no longer live independently of America, and the relation is getting closer day by day.

Devastated Tokyo is now being rebuilt with American capital; our street-cars, trains, automobiles, telephones, electric-light generators, iron materials and lumber, various machines, and even the materials for our road construction are principally imported from America. American products form the very foundation upon which our daily life is built.

Thus, the separation of the two countries is almost unimaginable considered geographically, commercially, industrially and in economic ways, as well as when considered in the light of past traditions, and of the future in which Japan and America are bound to be united materially and spiritually as partners in the development of the Pacific and in assuring the peace of the Far East.

Notwithstanding these inseparable ties each lacks knowledge of the other. The American people do not under-

stand Japan, and even less do the Japanese understand America. When the two are so closely related in respect to their mutual destiny, and are so apart in mutual knowledge, misunderstandings will crop up between them which will bring unhappiness to both. This lack of mutual knowledge is always an obstacle in the path of good understanding, of which the present immigration question is an excellent example.

There are those in Japan who have been devoting themselves to making Japan known to the American people, but they have neglected to interpret America to the Japanese, which is fully as important.

I have lived in America almost as long as I have in Japan. I have lived on American bread and butter as much as I have on Japanese rice and tea. In the words of a very common expression, I feel that I should divide my loyalty 'fifty-fifty' between America and Japan. Therefore, I feel it my bounden duty to work for the better understanding of both nations.

The political structures of these two nations are fundamentally opposite. Japan is subdivided into provinces and districts under a strong central government, and without much autonomous power; the United States, as its name implies, is a federation of semi-independent states, each of which enjoys states' rights quite incomprehensible to any Japanese unfamiliar with the American system of government.

In Japan the central government is vested with all power to dictate to its subdivided parts; in America the component parts, the states, are independent and self-governing bodies to a certain degree. This makes the American government system rather complex and confusing to the Japanese mind.

Under this peculiar American system of government, the federal power is

often handicapped in its national and international affairs when legislation happens to conflict with the vital interests of an individual sovereign state. Mr. Roosevelt, one of the foremost exponents of a strong centralized government, often experienced difficulties, when President, in legislation which infringed state rights, and his famed 'Big Stick' was often flourished in vain.

National affairs often find themselves in a cul-de-sac from which extrication is impossible, a situation beyond the comprehension of foreigners. When the interests of a state are in conflict with the nation's obligations toward another nation, the Federal Government is always placed in an unenviable position because it must face either international distrust or civil strife. Sometimes the United States appears quite irresponsible in dealing with other Powers, while in reality under its present system of government this is inevitable.

The United States may well be compared with a man, strong and energetic, with healthy limbs, and with the head of an experienced, wise and cautious philosopher. Usually his wisdom is to the fore and keeps the country in check, but occasionally the youth in him gains the upper hand, and he acts impulsively, willfully, and without much forethought. He is a composite of merits and faults; of the wisdom and learning of experience and age, and the follies of young, inexperienced, and irrepressible youth. To outsiders he is sometimes a contradiction, an inconsistency and an anachronism; again he is consistent and logical and his sage advice forces others to heed his wise counsel.

America is a large country and above all a new nation; therefore, it is but natural that she should be entirely different from a small but old and compact country like ours. This must be

kept in mind when dealing with the United States. The American people are a people of self-respect and self-determination. Consequently, they dislike being dictated to by anyone pretending to superiority over them. Even their own Presidents cannot too often assume a dictatorial attitude, however right they may be, without encountering strong opposition from the people.

The late President Wilson met such opposition during the American participation in the Great War when he attempted to rule too arbitrarily; and when he acted somewhat pompously in Europe the American people promptly repudiated his decisions and actions and disapproved the Versailles Treaty, even by the sacrifice of their Chief Executive, a circumstance which, I am convinced, would certainly have caused a Japanese statesman to commit hara-kiri.

This jealous spirit of independence was hopelessly offended by an unfortunate phrase of Ambassador Hanihara. No sooner was the phrase uttered by him than the American Congress gave tit for tat by retaliating with the passage of the Immigration Bill. Even whole-hearted and strenuous efforts on the part of the President were without avail to mend the situation.

Then, let it be remembered by us that before every Presidential election even so grave a matter as an international incident is faced light-heartedly by the Party psychology of the American people, a state of mind entirely beyond the comprehension of a people like ourselves. The controlling influence over the Japanese people, or, in other words, their spirit of patriotism, is based on loyalty to their Imperial House, which is the basis of their social system; with the Americans patriotism is based not so much either on tradition or race or on their past as on their singular purpose to unite in

self-government for the promotion of their common happiness and welfare.

Therefore, anyone who lacks this community spirit of common interest cannot be a good citizen. He is unassimilable and undesirable in America. Japanese unite in time of war; that is perhaps the only time they do unite.

The American people unite in time of peace, as well as in other times, to promote their common interest, to elevate their living conditions, to become happier beings, and they unite in community spirit. If a foreign immigrant enters their community who cares nothing about the spirit that rules that community, he is very much like an adopted son who cares nothing for his new family, but steals all the wealth thereof to enrich his former family.

If he cares nothing about the customs and manner of living of his new home, nothing will prevent his expulsion and exclusion. This point must be considered by our emigrants to America.

A further point to be considered is the fact that behind Japanese emigrants stand the officials of a bureaucratic government who still try to control their actions even though they are abroad. This is a mistake. If emigrants once leave their home and their own shores for foreign lands, why not entrust them to the care of the government to whose territory they have gone? Whether they are happy or otherwise must be left to their own destiny. The officiousness of our government is often considered by the American people as an interference in their own affairs.

Another thing to be kept in mind is the open and frank attitude of the American people. They are straightforward and open-minded, although this characteristic sometimes takes on the appearance of rudeness and of uncouth and awkward diplomacy. Under

misunderstanding they become impatient and apt to act precipitately, but once this misunderstanding is dispelled they are quite ready to forget and extend their hands for forgiveness and conciliation, an attitude which Japanese are rather loath to adopt even when they recognize that they are wrong.

We must not lose sight of the fact that the history of America as a nation is not yet one hundred and fifty years old. As America is a young nation, with dominions covering a vast area, her people are too busy with home affairs to trouble much with international affairs.

Some American Congressmen vaunt, whether falsely or truthfully, their ignorance of world events and conditions and boast that they have never yet found it necessary to go abroad; that they do not have to bother with affairs outside their own country. No wonder then that when the delicate immigration question was handled by men of this kind it was tangled up to the extent it is.

I have always contended that the anti-Japanese agitation in California should have been treated as a local question, and not as a question between the American nation and the Japanese, as it involved but a comparatively small number of immigrants on our part and because it, at first, never extended beyond the boundaries of the State of California. The California question may well be compared to a local disease which appears in a healthy body, such as a small tumor at the tip of a finger which requires but a minor surgical operation. A little effort to influence local business interest of San Francisco, or at the most the prosperity of the State, by trade retaliation, would have silenced the politicians.

'Counter one local interest with an-

other local interest' was the cry I have raised for the past four years, but no, our wise (?) American-Japanese physicians mistook the disease for a deep-rooted one and thought the only cure to be powders and injections at Washington.

Immigration was made an international question between the United States and Japan to the ultimate advantage of neither country. See the result to-day. The local disease upon which the surgical operation was neglected is like an unopened tumor slowly poisoning the entire body. Even the President of the United States can find no remedy.

Many Americans never endorsed the anti-Japanese agitation in California, and if we had resorted to a local action such as trade retaliation, in time many of them would have openly sympathized with us. It is too late now.

Another aspect of American politics we should bear in mind is that America is decidedly a nation of amateurs in foreign policy. Even their diplomats are so-to-speak amateurs recruited from newspapermen, writers, lawyers, and wealthy merchants. Japan trains all her diplomats in the old European school of diplomacy; in hothouses where all kinds of dwarf plants are nurtured. Americans are outspoken and sometimes rough and rude; Japanese are retiring, reticent, concealing their mind, intricate, and too polished and polite. Is there any wonder that they cannot hit it off together!

The Japanese Government has never disputed the American right to restrict immigration. It was quite satisfied with the Gentleman's Agreement or even with a narrower limit which the American Government might have desired to impose before the present Immigration Bill had passed the two Houses of Congress. The dispute therefore has not been over the sub-

stance of the law, but over Japan's desire not to be humiliated. Japan shunned such a rough handling of the question, and wished a more delicate and subtle solution so that her national pride might not suffer.

Disregarding this desire on the part of the Japanese Government and its people, the American Congress passed a law which clearly makes a racial distinction, and is therefore directed not only against the Japanese, but against the entire colored race of the world. This is clearly a folly.

Calmly and dispassionately considered, I cannot help but feel that it is inconsistent with the self-avowed principles of a Christian nation, and any legislation contrary to Christian ideals must in America be a weak law, which cannot long endure. Should it remain a law, the disgrace is not so much ours as it is that of the authors of the law.

I am inclined to believe that the bill passed Congress in a momentary heat of temper, when, as I have remarked, the members' sensitiveness was offended by an unhappy remark. Once they are cooled down better wisdom will prevail. I believe the best disposal of the question is to let it die a natural death, as I have no doubt it will among the sane thinking people who form the backbone of the American Commonwealth.

We must not cease to fight for the principle of racial equality, but as we would not attempt to launch a boat against a rising tide, so we must wait until a more favorable moment arrives. Let us allow the American people to ponder over the matter coolly. Give them an opportunity to return to their natural sense of fair play and justice. The law must be repealed without outside pressure. It will be to my great surprise if this does not occur, for it

would betray America's historical ideals not to do so. Any nation, not to say America, will fall as great Rome fell when its high ideal is lost. We must be patient and self-possessed in the hope that America will bury the bill of her own will.

Let us improve the occasion to reconsider our own social and political status, and particularly our attitude towards our kin of Asia. We must see that there is no room in our hearts for any prejudice against class or race. We must be just to all in like manner as we crave justice for ourselves. If we are unjust towards our kin in Asia; if we look down upon them with scorn; if we ignore their rights; then it would be like waging war without arms or provisions to agitate against any unfair treatment in the American Immigration Bill. There will be no chance of winning the fight.

Perseverance and self-reflection should be our motto. I reiterate that the final solution of the present question rests in our firm determination to be patient until the issue is solved by the sane reflection of the American people themselves, who will ultimately be fair and make the matter right.

There may be several ways to hasten an awakening of this sense of fair play and justice in the American people, but when there are so many among them who neither agree nor sympathize with the spirit of the Immigration Bill, why should we prematurely make the issue a grave international question. The bill is endorsed by but a small section of the American people, not by the whole; therefore no reason exists for enlarging the issue to one between two entire nations. I am of the strong conviction that any agitation at this time will only tend to aggravate the situation and injure the welfare of both America and Japan.

THE STORY OF A FASCIST

BY A ROME CORRESPONDENT

From *Prager Tagblatt*, June 25

(GERMAN-LANGUAGE NATIONALIST LIBERAL DAILY)

MATTEOTTI'S assassination has dragged into reluctant prominence the biographies of several shady gentlemen who had attached themselves to the chariot of Fascism.

Dumini, the head assassin and paid bravo, is interesting from the pathological standpoint. Cesare Rossi, the head of the Government Press Service and the all-powerful wire-puller of the Interior Department, who made the police wax in the hands of the murderers and their instigators, likewise merits careful study. But the most interesting of all is Filipelli, late editor of *Corriere Italiano*. This man's record throws a ray of lurid light upon the history of an Italian paper founded to preach the gospel of Fascism in Rome, that city of cool heads and disillusioned skeptics.

Filipelli, who is fond of calling himself 'Bold Boy,' comes from a humble bourgeois family in northern Italy. When the war broke out, he bethought himself of a slight physical ailment and escaped enlistment. After the fighting was over, he found friends who recommended him to the Committee for Combating Bolshevism. This Committee was founded in 1919, and needed a salaried traveling secretary to drum up recruits and funds. Filipelli applied for the position. He was a fairly educated, good-looking, well-dressed young fellow of the ingratiating Italian type, with a pleasing manner and good address. In a word, he seemed to be just the man for the position. Nor was this expectation to all appearances disappointed. His persuasive tongue enticed

large sums from the pockets of patriotic givers.

Everything seemed to be going well with him until he was called upon to account for his collections. Then came the tragedy. He had spent 180,000 lire for purely personal objects. The Committee after long delay extorted from him the confession that he had never kept a set of books. Crying like a child, he begged his employers on his knees, for the sake of the good name of his family, not to be harsh with him or to call in the police. He would turn over to them all the property he possessed. He handed the members his gold watch, his gold cigarette box and, still kneeling, his pocketbook — which was quite naturally empty. Finally the Committee let him go, and he promptly vanished.

He next appeared upon the scene when the Fascisti were preparing their march on Rome, when he secured a position as an advertising canvasser for *Popolo d'Italia*, Mussolini's militant Milan organ. At that time one of the members of the Committee that had previously had such a sad experience with Filipelli was editing a Fascist paper in that city. One naturally asks why it never occurred to this man to caution Mussolini against Filipelli.

Then came the founding of the *Corriere Italiano*, with two million lire capital, extorted from Milan wholesalers and Genoese shipowners. These gentlemen resisted this demand until Mussolini bluntly told them that they must subscribe if they wished him to

consider them loyal citizens. When the money was raised Filipelli, at the request of Cesare Rossi, was made editor. Again the gentlemen who knew of the 'Bold Boy's' past kept their mouths shut!

With the founding of *Corriere Italiano* the drama hastens to its catastrophe. Filipelli was a mere tool in the hands of Rossi, and Rossi was determined to prevent Fascism from passing from its revolutionary phase into a constitutional phase. He soon gathered around himself a coterie of men who liked to fish in turbid waters. *Corriere Italiano* made a fine showing — large, sumptuously printed, heavy paper, catchy foreign news, illustrations on every page, special correspondents in every land, the best telegraph service at home! Its articles on foreign policy were supposed either to be written by Mussolini's pen or to be inspired by him. Local Fascisti in every part of Italy were exhorted by the Fascisti Press Bureau to circulate this journal. And Filipelli was its presiding genius. He paid several hundred thousand lire to the most popular and notorious story-writer of Italy, Guido da Verona, whose novels are hidden under every shopgirl's pillow, to write a romance for his paper. The heroine of this tale was Mala-Hari, an actress shot for espionage during the war. Readers certainly got what they wanted, for a more libidinous story never appeared in print.

Filipelli was now a great man. He owned four automobiles, but they were not enough. He had the automobiles of the Ministry of the Interior at his disposal whenever he cared to use them. He built a villa at Rome, bought a house for his family at Milan, and whoever was invited to his table could say that he had dined upon the best that Rome provided. What mattered it that the paper swallowed up its two millions of original capital within two months,

and had protested notes for a million and a half more. Filipelli needed only to print a covert threat and more rivers of gold flowed in. Twelve millions were spent within less than ten months. Several hundred thousand lire worth of securities deposited in various banks in Filipelli's name have just been seized by the Government.

The self-infatuated 'Bold Boy' never noticed that he had become a puppet in the hands of the plotting and murderous wire-pullers of the Ministry of the Interior, headed by Rossi, Chief of its Press Division. If he hesitated Rossi had only to scowl to reduce him to instant obedience. He thus became the editorial tool of the most infamous bravo of Fascism. Serious people ceased to read his paper, but *Mala-Hari* had a pull with the mob. Filipelli continued to spend his nights in revelry with his friends, and to appear at Fascist ceremonies covered with forged decorations.

Then came the Matteotti tragedy. To beat a troublesome member of parliament, who apparently knew too much about Fascist secrets, was just in Filipelli's line. But we do not think he was the sort of man who deliberately goes forth to murder. He was directed to provide an automobile for a 'punitive expedition.' Rossi ordered it. When Filipelli discovered he had become a principal in an assassination, he fainted. But he was now committed, and could no more draw back than could the hired cutthroat Dumini. The police were searching for the corpse, and so it must be put in another place. Filipelli was forced to lead the tragic party that did the job. Coming back from that night journey, he sat down and wrote an explanation for his paper, saying that he had no connection with the assassination; but that he naturally would put himself at the disposal of the courts and tell them all he

knew. His business instinct, dominant even here, made him issue this statement as an extra edition of his paper, that soon flooded the streets of the excited metropolis. Eager buyers fairly tore it out of the hands of the newsboys.

But though his hands were stained with blood and practically everyone knew it, he was still hypnotized by Rossi. Filipelli must vanish. The police, controlled by irresolute chiefs who feared the anger of those above them, let him escape. Dodging from place to place, he lost touch with the metropolis. He was not aware that an outraged public had at last torn the coverings from villainy in high places. He let himself be received by provincial pre-

fects and passed on to their neighbors. An order for his arrest was pursuing him by telegraph, and quickly overtook him; but heedless Filipelli, the 'Bold Boy' whom all had feared, had a great hotel in the Riviera, already closed for the season, opened for him. He ventured to show himself on the beach at Nervi. Even now he did not fear the police. Old comrades recognized him there, and pointed him out. Thereupon the police had to take action. Filipelli sought to escape in a boat, with a detachable motor, still possessed of the idea that the authorities were not really hunting for him in earnest. Only when the handcuffs were finally snapped on his wrists did he realize the true situation, and exclaimed: 'I am lost.'

BISMARCK AT HOME: 1885

BY THE ARCHDEACON OF ST. ALBANS

From the *Cornhill Magazine*, July
(LONDON LITERARY MONTHLY)

LATE in the autumn of 1885 Prince Bismarck expressed a wish that my father, who was President of the Bimetallic League, should come and talk to him about bimetalism; so on October 16 he started for Germany, taking my sister and me with him for a month's holiday abroad.

On the way I got my first lesson as to the value of an official *démenti*, for we found in the *Times* for that morning the following notice: 'We are authorized to contradict the report that Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs has had an interview with Prince Bismarck.' This had been inserted without my father's knowledge, and it was just barely in

time to be verbally true! It was probably inserted by the German Embassy, for when my father reached the station at Friedrichsruh he was given a message from Bismarck suggesting that he should come under an assumed name, as there would be another guest at luncheon. The Prince was, I think, the author of the saying that he never believed anything till it had been officially denied!

At Hamburg we found a telegram from Bismarck saying that he had ordered that the eleven-o'clock express should stop at Friedrichsruh next morning; so, leaving my sister at Hamburg, we went by that train and, shin-

ing with the reflected glory of the great man, we were seen into a reserved compartment by many bowing officials. My father expected an interview of about an hour, and I intended to remain at the station till he came back, but when we reached our destination we found Bismarck's son-in-law, Count Ranzau, waiting on the platform, and he kindly pressed me to come up to the house. I refused, thinking that I should be very much in the way, and Ranzau said, 'Ah, I see, you want a proper invitation from the Princess; you are quite right, I will go and get it!'

Accordingly he and my father drove off to the house, which was only about three hundred yards from the station, and very soon he came back with the 'proper invitation' and all was well. He took me straight to the library, and as I went in he announced me as 'the prodigal son.' Bismarck was at the end of a long room, and I can see him now, a tremendous figure, very tall and very large, standing up and laughing at the introduction and holding out his hand, with his two great Danish hounds, one on each side of him.

He was most kind and friendly, and just as I came in he was expatiating to my father on the determination of the French to fight in 1870 with or without reason, and above all to crow!

At twelve o'clock we had a large and long meal, including smoked goose and other delights. My father sat next Princess Bismarck, who was very pleasant but not able to speak much English, and after luncheon, when the cigars were handed round, he asked her whether she minded his smoking, on which Bismarck roared out, 'Why, she smokes herself!' This was in 1885, when it was very unusual for a lady to smoke, so a vigorous effort was made by his daughter to induce him to behave properly; but he took no notice of her repeated and reproachful cries of

'Father! she does n't! Father!' and shouted, 'She does, she does, in her bedroom she does!' It turned out that the poor lady suffered from asthma, and smoked medicated cigarettes to relieve it.

Besides the family there was Herr Lindau from the Foreign Office at Berlin, who was evidently quite at home and possibly held some official position with the Chancellor. He spoke English excellently and told me that he sometimes wrote articles for *Blackwood's*. There was also, as we had been warned, another visitor besides ourselves. We understood that he was the Oberpräsident of a province, and he left before luncheon was over. Bismarck seemed much annoyed with him, and told us that he had insisted on coming, but had really nothing to say which he could not have written on half a sheet of note-paper, and had only come in order to be able to say that he had dined with the Chancellor.

'You will understand,' Bismarck added, 'that in everything but name I am King of Germany, but I have not all the privileges of a King and I cannot simply say I am not disposed to receive so-and-so.' It appeared, however, that even the most pressing visitors sometimes failed to get in, for Bismarck told us the following story:—

'A man called and sent in word that he wanted to see me, and I said that he could n't. He then sent in to say that he must see me, and I said that he should n't; and he sent in a third time to say that if he did not see me he should go and hang himself on one of the trees, and I told the servant to find a rope and lend it to him!'

As we sat down to luncheon I asked Countess Ranzau whether the bread that lay between us was hers or mine, and she said that she never ate bread, and added, with rather embarrassing frankness, 'You see, I am very fat and

you are very thin, and between us we should just about make two ordinary people.'

The Prince was interesting about the estate at Friedrichsruh:—

'It was given me,' he said, 'by the King my master'—that was his constant phrase for the old Emperor William. 'He gave it to me after the Franco-German War, and chose this particular place as his gift because he knew my love for trees. There are 25,000 acres, and as I cannot spend my revenues I am able to keep it all in good condition.'

He offered to take us for a drive in the woods in the afternoon, and when my father said that we ought to be going they pressed us to stay till after dinner, and told us that an express would be passing through the station between nine and ten, and that they would order it to be stopped and take us back to Hamburg.

Then we were taken up to rest for an hour, each in a separate sitting-room, but as soon as their backs were turned I joined my father in his room, as I felt an urgent need to crow to somebody over this entirely unexpected and amazingly interesting experience.

When the time came for our drive, what they called a Pomeranian mist was falling and Bismarck made us each put on one of his light greatcoats; I hope they reached his heels, for on us they trailed and we had to hold them up when we got out, as we did from time to time, to look at one of his favorite trees. There were two carriages; Ranzau and Lindau came in the second with me, and in the first Bismarck and my father had their bimetallie talk, and the latter told me afterward that he was greatly impressed with Bismarck's full and accurate knowledge of this complicated subject in all its bearings.

During luncheon and dinner, and

indeed all through the day, Bismarck talked freely about personages and politics both English and European. Whenever he mentioned the old Emperor, he spoke with respect and, I think, with affection. The Crown Prince and Princess were not mentioned, but we asked what sort of man young Prince William was, and Bismarck said that he was 'a nice young man, a *very* nice young man.' It would seem that he had in 1885 no prevision of the day so very near at hand when the 'very nice young man' would succeed to the throne and soon afterward come to the conclusion that there was not room Unter den Linden for a young Emperor and a very clever old man who could speak of himself as 'in all but name King of Germany.'

Bismarck mentioned Queen Victoria with deference, and he talked of Beaconsfield with admiration and affection. He told us that he had three houses, and that in each of his three libraries he had a picture of Lord Beaconsfield.

He spoke as if he despised and disliked Gladstone, and talked of his 'extraordinary follies' in Sudan and blamed him for the death of General Gordon.

Of Chamberlain he said, 'I do not like your Mr. Chamberlain, and now that my son Herbert has sent me a photograph of him I have formed a worse opinion of him than ever, he looks so impertinent. I wish Dilke had come to the front instead.'

He asked my father what in England thought of his action about the Caroline Islands, and what he called the 'foolish fuss' with Spain, and my father said that it was thought to have been very clever, and Bismarck laughed and said, 'I think it was, especially my asking the Pope to arbitrate, and the more so because his decision is of no importance to me whatever.' There had been an article, I think, in the

Spectator, a week or two before, suggesting that Bismarck had got up the whole trouble in order to give himself the opportunity of making a friendly gesture to the Pope.

He also spoke of the Bulgarian troubles, and I remember how he thumped on the table with his great fist and said, 'I shall not allow these petty tribes to disturb the peace; I want peace, and it is not to be borne that some two million sheep-stealing ruffians should disturb the millions of Europe — it is impertinence.' Probably he was the one man in the world who could have said that tremendous 'I shall not allow' without being guilty of empty boasting.

The frankness or apparent frankness of his talk was surprising, but it was a cynical saying of his that it was just as cheap to tell the truth as to tell lies, and quite as effective, for the truth is never believed in diplomacy. Another saying of his which impressed me, though I do not remember the context, was 'In matters of national policy I never put down my right foot till I know where I am going to put my left; that is a lesson which I learned in my youth in the Pomeranian marshes.'

At dinner we each had, I think, seven wine-glasses and at least one tumbler, and I drank nothing but water! My host noticed and deplored this, and though he courteously tolerated it he could not refrain from a slight outburst against what he called the temperance craze in England, and against the fanatical attacks on moderate drinking. It is recorded of him that at one time he did his moderate drinking in large glasses of champagne and porter mixed, and that once Moltke gave him a sort of punch made of champagne, hot tea, and sherry.

After dinner we all went into the drawing-room, and there everyone shook hands and we wished each other

a blessing on the meal — an old German custom, they told us. Then we sat down, and all the Germans, including the ladies, drank beer. Princess Bismarck brought us some of her husband's big cigars and lighted them for us, and the big man himself smoked a pipe three feet long with a very large china bowl. He spoke with regret of the good time when he used to be able to smoke large cigars all day long, lighting the first as soon as he woke up and before he got out of bed; but the doctor had forbidden cigars, and all smoking, till after dinner, and then allowed only four pipes. 'So,' said Bismarck, 'I sent for the largest pipe I could buy.' 'Yes,' said his daughter, 'and if I don't watch you very closely you have five of them instead of four.'

Bismarck was in great spirits all the evening, laughing and talking and chaffing everybody. He wanted to know whether I was married, and said that as a clergyman of the Church of England I ought to be; both he and the Princess quoted passages from the *Vicar of Wakefield* in support of that view; it was surprising to hear him pouring out the *Vicar of Wakefield* as if he knew the whole book by heart. He told us that it was always the first English book which a German was set to read. My father said that his sons were idle about getting married, and I answered that if only he had forbidden us to marry we should probably have done it long ago; on which Bismarck said, 'Ah! I see it is a case of obstination in the family: your father will have his way with me about bimetallism and you are obstinate with him — father and son!'

'Obstination' was one of the very few mistakes I heard him make, for his command of the English language was remarkable. His accent was not bad and his vocabulary was very good. One other little verbal slip he made when a

dish of mince and eggs was being handed round and he pressed my father to take an egg, on the ground that he would find it 'very convenient' with the mince. Many things might be truly said of a soft poached egg in that position, but 'convenient' is not, I think, one of them.

A reference to *David Copperfield* by Countess Ranzau amused us. She had a little boy sitting on her lap, and I asked her if she had a daughter. 'No,' she said, 'but before this little boy was born I made up my mind that it would be a little girl; but it was a boy, and "Betsey Trotwood" never came!'

Bismarck's two great hounds never left him except when he went to see the Emperor. The elder of the two sat staring at us for some time and then walked solemnly across the room, licked our hands, and walked back to her master. He was much interested and said that he had never known her make friendly advances to a stranger before. They were, he said, inclined to be savage, and no one, not even a member of his own family, dared touch them unless he first gave an order to the dog. They slept in his room, and when his wife and daughter came in to say good-night to him after he was in bed the great dog always got up from its sleeping-place and stood by the bed to protect him. He also told us that he liked to go out at night for a walk in the dark, and that the two dogs were better protection for him than a guard of soldiers.

In the course of the evening he sent for a large English dictionary, and announced that he was going to prove to my father that he did not know his own language. It was lucky that he did not select me for the experiment, for he found a quantity of dictionary words most of which I had never heard, but my father, who had a remarkably

retentive memory, and had been correcting the proofs of the Oxford Dictionary for years, told Bismarck what all the words meant and all about them. At the end of twenty minutes Bismarck shut the book up with a slam and said, 'I give you my word you are the first man I ever met who knew his own language, and I have done this to almost every foreigner who has spent any time in my house.'

He complained very much of the growing habit of printing German books in the Roman alphabet; he said that he could only read them with difficulty, and that when they were printed in the German alphabet he could run his eye over the page and tell at a glance whether he wanted to read it or not, while in the other alphabet he had to read every word to find out whether they were worth reading.

Soon after nine o'clock we left, and Bismarck gave us each a signed photograph and asked us each to send him two photographs, one for him and one for the Princess.

Ranzau and Lindau came to the station to see us off, and the latter told me that latterly Bismarck had refused to receive even Germans if he could possibly avoid it, and that foreigners were as a rule absolutely barred; also that with the exception of Beaconsfield and a few personal friends he had not at any time been willing to receive Englishmen, and that it was almost certain that there were not five living Englishmen to whom he had given his photograph. Lindau was, I think, unfeignedly surprised at the great friendliness with which we had been entertained and at the length of time that Bismarck had kept us with him. Bismarck was, I suppose, at that time the most interesting personality in the world, and we were undeniably fortunate.

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*, July 19

(LONDON POPULAR WEEKLY)

ALL autobiographies are lies. I do not mean unconscious, unintentional lies: I mean deliberate lies. No man is bad enough to tell the truth about himself during his lifetime, involving, as it must, the truth about his family and friends and colleagues. And no man is good enough to tell the truth to posterity in a document which he suppresses until there is nobody left alive to contradict him.

I speak with the more confidence on the subject because I have myself tried the experiment, within certain timid limits, of being candidly autobiographical. But I have produced no permanent impression, because nobody has ever believed me. I once told a brilliant London journalist some facts about my family. It is a very large family, running to about forty first cousins and to innumerable seconds and thirds. Like most large families, it did not consist exclusively of teetotalers; nor did all its members remain until death up to the very moderate legal standard of sanity. One of them discovered an absolutely original method of committing suicide. It was simple to the verge of triteness; yet no human being had ever thought of it before. It was also amusing. But in the act of carrying it out, my relative jammed the mechanism of his heart — possibly in the paroxysm of laughter which the mere narration of his suicidal method has never since failed to provoke — and, if I may be allowed to state the result in my Irish way, he died about a second before he succeeded in killing

himself. The coroner's jury found that he died 'from natural causes'; and the secret of the suicide was kept, not only from the public, but from most of the family.

I revealed that secret in private conversation to the brilliant journalist aforesaid. He shrieked with laughter, and printed the whole story in his next *causeur*. It never for a moment occurred to him that it was true. To this day he regards me as the most reckless liar in London. Meanwhile, the extent to which I stood compromised with my relative's widow and brothers and sisters may be imagined.

If I were to attempt to write genuine autobiography here the same difficulty would arise. I should give mortal offense to the few relatives who would know that I was writing the truth; and not one of the thousands of readers of *T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* would believe me.

I am in the further difficulty that I have not yet ascertained the truth about myself. For instance, am I mad or sane? I really do not know. Doubtless I am clever in certain directions: my talent has enabled me to cut a figure in my profession in London. But a man may, like Don Quixote, be clever enough to cut a figure and yet be stark mad. A critic has described me, with deadly acuteness, as having 'a kindly dislike of my fellow creatures.' Perhaps dread would have been nearer the mark than dislike; for man is the only animal of which I am thoroughly and cravenly afraid. I have never

thought much of the courage of a lion-tamer.

Inside the cage he is at least safe from other men. There is not much harm in a lion. He has no ideals, no religion, no politics, no chivalry, no gentility; in short, no reason for destroying anything that he does not want to eat. In the Spanish-American War the Americans burned the Spanish fleet, and finally had to drag the wounded men out of the hulls which had become furnaces. The effect of this on one of the American commanders was to make him assemble his men and tell them that he wished to declare before them that he believed in God Almighty. No lion would have done that. On reading it, and observing that the newspapers, representing normal public opinion, seemed to consider it a very creditable, natural, and impressively pious incident, I came to the conclusion that I must be mad. At all events, if I am sane, the rest of the world ought not to be at large. We cannot both see things as they really are.

My father was an Irish Protestant gentleman. He had no money, no education, no profession, no manual skill, no qualification of any sort for any definite social function. But he had been brought up to believe that there was an inborn virtue of gentility in all Shaws, since they revolved impeccably in a sort of vague second-cousinship round a baronetcy. He had by some means asserted his family claim on the State with sufficient success to attain a post in the Four Courts (the Irish *Palais de Justice*).

The post was abolished, and he was pensioned off. He sold the pension, and embarked with the proceeds in the corn trade, of which he had not the slightest knowledge; nor did he acquire much, as far as I can judge, to the day of his death. There was a mill a little

way out in the country, which was attached to the business as a matter of ceremony, and which perhaps paid its own rent, since the machinery was generally in motion. But its chief use, I believe, was to amuse me and my boon companions, the sons of my father's partner.

I believe Ireland, as far as the Protestant gentry are concerned, to be the most irreligious country in the world. I was christened by a clerical uncle; and as my godfather was intoxicated and did not turn up, the sexton was ordered to promise and vow in his place, precisely as my uncle might have ordered him to put more coals on the vestry fire. I was never confirmed, and I believe my parents never were, either. The seriousness with which English families take this rite, and the deep impression it makes on many children, was a thing of which I had no conception. Protestantism in Ireland is not a religion: it is a side in political faction, a class prejudice, a conviction that Roman Catholics are socially inferior persons, who will go to Hell when they die, and leave Heaven in the exclusive possession of ladies and gentlemen.

In my childhood I was sent on Sundays to a Sunday school, where genteel little children repeated texts, and were rewarded with little cards inscribed with other texts. After an hour of this we were marched into the adjoining church, to fidget there until our neighbors must have wished the service over as heartily as we did. I suffered this, not for my salvation, but because my father's respectability demanded it. When we went to live in the country, remote from social criticism, I broke with the observance and never resumed it.

What helped to make this church a hotbed of all the social vices was that no working folk ever came to it. In

England the clergy go among the poor, and sometimes do try desperately to get them to come to church. In Ireland the poor are Catholics — 'Papists,' as my Orange grandfather called them. The Protestant Church has nothing to do with them. Its snobbery is quite unmitigated. I cannot say that in Ireland every man is the worse for what he calls his religion. I can only say that all the people I knew were.

One evening I was playing in the street with a schoolfellow of mine when my father came home. He questioned me about this boy, who was the son of a prosperous ironmonger. The feelings of my father, who was not prosperous, and who sold flour by the sack, when he learned that his son had played in the public street with the son of a man who sold nails by the pennyworth in a shop, are not to be described. He impressed on me that my honor, my self-respect, my human dignity all stood upon my determination not to associate with persons engaged in retail trade. Probably this was the worst crime my father ever committed. And yet I do not see what else he could have taught me, short of genuine republicanism, which is the only possible school of good manners.

I remember Stopford Brooke one day telling me that he discerned in my books an intense and contemptuous hatred for society. No wonder! — though, like him, I strongly demur at the usurpation of the word 'society' by an unsocial system of setting class against class and creed against creed.

If I had not suffered from these things in my childhood perhaps I could keep my temper about them. To an outsider there was nothing but comedy in the spectacle of a forlorn set of Protestant merchants in a Catholic country, led by a miniature plutocracy of stockbrokers, doctors, and land agents, and flavored by that section of

the landed gentry who were too heavily mortgaged to escape to London, playing at being a Court and an aristocracy with the assistance of the unfortunate exile who had been persuaded to accept the post of Lord-Lieutenant. To this pretense, involving a prodigious and continual lying as to incomes and the social standing of relatives, were sacrificed citizenship, self-respect, freedom of thought, sincerity of character, and all the realities of life, its votaries gaining in return the hostile estrangement of the great mass of their fellow-countrymen, and in their own class the supercilious snubs of those who had outdone them in pretension and the jealous envy of those whom they had outdone.

And now, what power did I find in Ireland religious enough to redeem me from this abomination of desolation? Quite simply, the power of Art.

My mother, as it happened, had a considerable musical talent. In order to exercise it seriously she had to associate with other people who had musical talent. My first childish doubt as to whether God could really be a good Protestant was suggested by my observation of the deplorable fact that the best voices available for combination with my mother's in the works of the great composers had been unaccountably vouchsafed to Roman Catholics. Even the Divine gentility was presently called in question; for some of these vocalists were undeniably connected with retail trade.

There was no help for it: if my mother was to do anything but sing silly ballads in drawing-rooms, she had to associate herself on an entirely republican footing with people of like artistic gifts, without the smallest reference to creed or class.

Nay, if she wished to take part in the Masses of Haydn and Mozart, which had not then been forgotten, she must

actually permit herself to be approached by Roman Catholic priests, and even, at their invitation, to enter that house of Belial the Roman Catholic Chapel (in Ireland the word church, as applied to a place of worship, denoted the Protestant denomination), and take part in their services. All of which led directly to the discovery, hard to credit at first, that a Roman Catholic priest could be as agreeable and cultivated a person as a Protestant

clergyman was supposed, in defiance of bitter experience, always to be; and, in short, that the notion that the courtly distinctions of Dublin society corresponded to any real human distinctions was as ignorant as it was pernicious. If religion is that which binds men to one another, and irreligion that which sunders, then must I testify that I found the religion of my country in its musical genius, and its irreligion in its churches and drawing-rooms.

THE GOLDEN AGE

BY ARKADII AVERCHENKO

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*, June 12
(SWEDISH LIBERAL DAILY)

As soon as I reached St. Petersburg I went to see my old friend Stremglavoff, the newspaper reporter.

'Stremglavoff,' said I, 'I want to become famous.'

Stremglavoff nodded good-naturedly, drummed on the table with his fingers, puffed at his cigarette, twirled the ash tray about, tapped the floor with one foot — he always did several things at once — and replied, 'Nowadays many want to become famous.'

'I am not "many,"' I replied gently.

'Have you written anything for some time?' asked Stremglavoff.

'What? Written anything?'

'Yes, I mean really composed anything?'

'But you know I don't write.'

'Yes, that is so. That is to say you have another line. You hope to become a second Rubens?'

'My ear is no good,' I confessed honestly.

'Ear?'

'So that I could become a — what-you-call-them — musician.'

'Hold on, my dear friend — slowly, slowly with your high horse. Rubens was not a musician. He was a painter.'

But not being interested in painting, I could not be expected to keep track of all the Russian daubers, and I told Stremglavoff as much, adding, 'But anyhow, I *can* draw monograms for underwear.'

'Won't do. Have you appeared on the stage?'

'Yes. But when I started to declare my love for the heroine my voice sounded as if I had been asking for a tip for moving her piano. The manager did say I'd do better at piano-moving, and drove me away.'

'And still you want to become famous?'

Stremglavoff ran his fingers through the hair on the back of his neck and did

several other things at the same time. He took a match, wrapped it in paper and then threw it into the waste basket, looked at his watch, wound it, and then said: 'Very well. You shall be made famous. In a way, you know, it is not so bad that you mix up Rubens and Robinson Crusoe and carry pianos on your back. It makes you sort of intangible.'

He patted me on the shoulder and promised to do everything in his power.

The next day I saw in the newspaper under the heading of 'Art News' the following strange notice: 'Kandybin is on the road to recovery.'

'Look here, Stremglavoff,' I said when I reached his room. 'Why am I on the road to recovery? I have n't been ill.'

'Yes,' said Stremglavoff, 'you must have been. The first news about you must be something pleasant. The public likes to hear that someone is on the road to recovery.'

'But suppose someone should ask: "What Kandybin is that?"'

'Nobody will ask that. Everyone will only say, "Is that so? I thought he was worse."'

'Stremglavoff, they will all forget about me at once.'

'To be sure! But to-morrow I'll write this: "In the condition of the venerable—" What do you want to be? Author? Artist?'

'Author, perhaps.'

'In the condition of the venerable author, Kandybin, a slight deterioration has taken place. Yesterday he was able to eat only one chop and two soft-boiled eggs and his temperature was 100½."

'Do you need a picture yet?'

'It is too early. Please excuse me; the notice about the chop ought to be sent in at once.'

And, worried, he set off.

With cool curiosity I watched my

new life. I regained my health, slowly but surely. My temperature sank, the number of chops I had consumed increased, and I became strong enough to eat eggs not only soft- but hard-boiled. Finally I not only regained my health, but dared to risk an adventure.

'Yesterday,' said one paper, 'an event took place at a railroad station that may end in a duel. A certain Kandybin became so enraged at a remark by a former Captain C. about the literature of Russia that he boxed his ear. The two antagonists then exchanged cards.'

This event was much discussed in the newspapers. Some editors wrote that I ought to abstain from meeting the captain, because a box on the ear was not a sufficient insult and that society ought to protect young talent in bloom.

One paper said editorially: 'The story of Pushkin is repeated in our own troubled times. Soon Kandybin will probably expose his forehead to Captain C.'s bullet. And we ask, "Is that right? On one side we find Kandybin; on the other—a wholly unknown Captain C."'

'We are convinced,' wrote another, 'that Kandybin's friends will not allow him to fight a duel.'

A great sensation was caused by the announcement that Stremglavoff (a close friend of the writer) had sworn, in case of an unhappy ending, to fight Captain C. himself.

Several reporters came to see me.

'Tell us,' they said, 'why you boxed the Captain's ear.'

'You must have read that yourselves,' I replied. 'He said something cutting about Russian literature. The brazen man said that Aivazovskii was a wretched and untalented author.'

'But Aivazovskii was an artist,' they exclaimed in surprise.

'That makes no difference,' I replied

sternly, 'great names should be held sacred.'

To-day I learned that the Captain had scornfully refused to fight, and that I am to take a trip to Yalta.

When I met Stremglavoff I asked him: 'Are you tired of me, since you have sent me away?'

'It has to be done. The public must get its breath. Next I'll write this way: "Kandybin is on his way to Yalta and there in the glorious atmosphere of the South he hopes to complete the work he has already begun!"'

'And what work have I begun?'

'A drama, "At the Edge of the Grave."'

'Will the managers demand the right to produce it?'

'Of course. Then you must say that when you had finished it you were dissatisfied with it and threw three acts on the fire. That always impresses the public tremendously.'

In a week I learned that I had had an accident in Yalta. While climbing a mountain precipice I fell and sprained an ankle. The old tiresome story about absolute rest, chops, and soft-boiled eggs began all over again.

When I got well I started on a trip to Rome. Why not? My trivial doings lacked all logical continuity.

In Nice I bought a villa, but did not live in it. Instead I went to Brittany to finish a comedy, 'In the Morning Flush of Life.' A fire in my house destroyed the manuscript and consequently, idiotic as it may sound, I

next acquired a piece of land near Nuremberg.

This senseless chasing around the world and aimless waste of money wore me out, so that one day I went to see Stremglavoff and peremptorily spoke my mind: 'I am tired. I want to celebrate my jubilee.'

'What jubilee?'

'My twenty-fifth anniversary as an author.'

'Too much, seeing that you have been in St. Petersburg only three weeks. How about a tenth anniversary?'

'Fine,' I replied; 'Ten years well spent are worth more than twenty-five years of thoughtless drift.'

'You talk like Tolstoi!' exclaimed Stremglavoff with enthusiasm.

'So much the better,' I said, 'I know nothing about Tolstoi, but he'll soon know about me.'

To-day I celebrated the tenth anniversary of the beginning of my career as an author and public lecturer.

During the festive dinner an aged writer (I don't know his name) made a speech.

'You have been greeted,' he said, 'as a champion of the ideals of youth, as a singer of the poverty and sufferings of the fatherland — I'll add only three words of a personal nature, but they are rooted in the depth of my soul: Greetings to you, Kandybin!'

'Fine day, fine day,' I replied heartily, deeply flattered. 'How do you do?' Then they all kissed me.

THE LADIES SINCE THE WAR

BY MARCEL PRÉVOST

[*M. Marcel Prévost, of the French Academy, is famous as a novelist who has devoted himself almost entirely to the analysis of the feminine mind; but he is almost equally famous for his series of Billets à Françoise, in which for years he has discussed almost every phase of French life, and which he continues in this article.*]

From *Le Figaro*, May 14
(FRENCH RADICAL-PARTY DAILY)

THE war, like all great revolutions, produced both saints and fools among our women — more saints than fools, no doubt, but a good many fools, too. Homes without heads, firesides without husbands, children without masters — and all this for five years on end! Even at the conclusion of five years' peace, the moral wreckage is not yet repaired. In earlier letters, my dear Françoise, I have dealt with various examples of just this decay: the crisis in modesty, the crisis in intellect, the crisis in relations between the sexes, the crisis in marriage, the crisis in money. After each detailed inventory we made up our minds that the account resulted in a loss for woman, — sometimes serious, sometimes trifling, — but never in a gain.

To me, the most important loss lay in the fact that woman's progress toward the conquest of her own personality — which had begun in the last years of the nineteenth century and gone victoriously forward during twenty years, having first been mysteriously blocked during the confused years that preceded the great catastrophe — was finally halted by the war and has never since got under way again with full vigor. As a mental phenomenon it was truly extraordinary. At the height of the fighting — between the Marne and Verdun, for example —

it was possible to prophesy that the war would advance woman's social achievement by fifty years. French women rivaled one another in their endeavor to make up for the absence of men by their own courage and endurance. In the factories, in the offices, in stores and municipal services, at the plough, in the stable, at the threshing machine or the wine press, they kept up the labor supply without which the life of our country could not go on, and we have had to admit that, though their strength was less and though they lacked training, they acquitted themselves marvelously.

Might it not have been reasonable to prophesy, then, that at the close of the war they would have claimed for their own these activities for which they had shown themselves so capable, and that, without claiming the right to reserve everything for themselves, they would at least have argued logically from the terrible lack of men that they should be allowed to keep some part of what they had won? Would not the men who had, alas, been slain, naturally leave their places to the living women who had five years' work behind them? Was n't this what was predicted? And would not woman's cause have progressed several decades at a stroke? For you yourself know very well, Françoise, that women have shown

their equality, not with the ballot, but by wielding the implements of labor.

Now what actually did happen?

The war ended, and not only did the men who came back from the front, exhausted and for a while disinclined to effort, meet with no struggle to recover their places, but for a time some positions even went begging because the women were in such haste to give them up at the first salvos of the Armistice. Don't accept the foolish explanation that the public authorities and masculine trades-unions compelled the women to yield up their jobs. For who was there to replace the million and a half men that would never return? The plain and undeniable truth is that, both in the fields and in the cities, the women were ready to give up their places to those who could handle them better. Through patriotism or from necessity they had filled these positions faithfully, but they gave them up with joy.

They gave them up and, as if worn out with the effort, fell back upon their sex with a kind of fury. While the men, returning to power and to their work, went gravely ahead in a political way, producing legislation that was of an increasingly feminist trend, their ungrateful beneficiaries seemed intent on winning credit for being more thoroughly women than they had ever been — in the sense in which 'woman' means the opposite of 'man.' Like schoolboys fresh from school, they burst forth with gambols, laughter, and shouts. I have tried to describe that strange period in the first part of my novel, *Les Don Juanes*. Let me invite you to go back to it. Jazz-bands, shimmies, daring clothing. Oh, it is true, the convinced feminists, stern little group that they were, might continue their meritorious endeavors, their reports and conferences and congresses on the emancipation of women, but the

great feminine mass neither followed nor listened to them — they had chosen their own kind of emancipation and needed no organization to provide it for them.

'But, uncle, what has all this to do with fashions?'

You explained that yourself just now, Françoise. It was you yourself who said: 'Look at our contemporaries! Fashions have never been more bizarre or more costly. There never was a time when their tyranny was felt so thoroughly among all women, rich or poor.' This is quite true. Once more the law of history is being verified: when serious people — I mean those who occupy themselves with a serious part of masculine life, with study, with travel, with industry, with politics — begin to take interest in woman, she renounces fashion without realizing it and endeavors to simplify it, to free it of its absurdities.

When, on the other hand, the intellectual tide turns against woman, when she discovers that men are working for her, she delights to become herself an object of diversion and of luxury and envies them none of their prerogatives of importance and authority which force them to work; and fashion begins to exercise upon her an incredible attraction. She devotes herself passionately to it; and the more fashion contradicts good sense, the more it becomes the foe of well-balanced accounts and — let us venture the words — comic, indecent, and trivial, — in short, the more it is 'fashion,' — the more she loves it. That was the case during the Directoire, that is the case to-day.

At the present moment this is having a curious verification. At the first glance the mode to-day does not pain the eye with such monstrosities as the pannier, the three-story headdresses, the crinolines, bustles, and shackling petticoat. How can we describe the

fashion of the present day so that the readers of this letter twenty years from now — if it has any — will be able to understand it readily?

Have you ever seen our municipal firemen at drill? They have a long canvas tube, down the inside of which the dwellers on the fourth story of a burning building can slide without too much danger. Well, cut up this long canvas tube in lengths of about a woman's height, so that her feet can stick out below and her head and neck above, and you will have the design of the modern gown. Hitherto there has been nothing more absurd in the way of feminine attire. This is the ultimate limit. This inoffensive-appearing tube is really designed to mask the form of a woman's body — not out of modesty,

like the touching costumes of our Sisters of Charity, but in order that the wearer, inscribed between these parallel lines, may not be distinguished in any way from a boy of the same age, as he would appear were he enclosed in such a sheet.

Behold the great discovery of messieurs the modern couturiers! This boyification is completed by the radical fashion of chopping off the hair on a level with the neck, but as no fashion — not even the most simplified in appearance — could do without some kind of absurdity, these boyified women continue to wear Chinese slippers which uncover three quarters of the foot and hunch up the heel on a stilt ten centimetres high with nothing masculine about it.

NAPOLEON'S HANDWRITING

BY OTTO ROBOLSKY

FROM *Vossische Zeitung*, February 29
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

NAPOLEON'S handwriting is one of the most remarkable and interesting that can be imagined, though it presents the greatest puzzles to everyone and especially to the graphologist. This minute, hasty, obscure scrawl, which not infrequently is wholly illegible, seems a complete contradiction of the genius's character. It cannot be explained, at least completely, even by the increasing burden of work that devolved upon him.

When he was at the height of his fame, Napoleon bestowed a pension upon his former writing-master, but — as one of his secretaries later observed — never was pension less deserved. He

was quite right. Even as a young man, Napoleon already wrote a very bad hand. His letters from the military school at Brienne and those he wrote a few years later in Paris — to the composition of which he devoted an incredible amount of pains — are nevertheless written in an obscure and awkward script which contrasts sharply with the striking freedom and clarity of his judgment. In later life Napoleon was well aware that his hand was execrable. He found the exertion of writing disagreeable, for it seemed as though his hand could not keep pace with the swift flight of his thought; and with every

year of his rise, letters in his own handwriting become less and less frequent. He wrote them as a rule only to his wife, or in any case only to his nearest relatives. Other letters he dictated, adding only his signature and occasionally short supplementary notes. For the average collector possession of a holograph letter of Napoleon's belongs to the category of dreams never to be fulfilled. In recent years even those scraps of writing which he merely signed have risen in price in spite of the fact that new ones are continually coming on the market and that more than twenty-five thousand extant letters, documents, and other communications are known to bear his signature. To be sure, not all these signatures are complete, for they too underwent a gradual evolution.

In Napoleon's early letters we find his name written in the original Italian form, 'Buonaparte,' and sometimes, during the lifetime of his father, 'Buonaparte Fils.' Even when he was Chief of the French Army he still retained the Italian form of his name. At this particular time his handwriting is unusually large and legible, and his signature is completed by a vigorous stroke underneath. A close connection between the letters *a* and *p* — which is occasionally found even earlier and which later becomes so characteristic in the name 'Napoleon' — is also very marked. When he became General-in-Chief of the Italian Army, he abandoned the Italian form of the name and definitely adopted the French 'Bonaparte,' not only in his signature, but also in his set headings. He retained this method of signature also as First Consul, and at this time the name is almost always written out complete, although its outline is constantly becoming hastier and more cursory. As Emperor he signed himself 'Napoléon.' Meanwhile, as time went on, the name was becoming

constantly less legible, more compact, and gradually shortening first to 'Napol' and then to 'Nap' and finally to a simple 'N,' though, with all its illegibility, the stroke below is never missing.

This development is closely related to Napoleon's methods of work, in which its explanation lies. One of his secretaries, Baron Fain, says in his memoirs: 'Napoleon wrote very badly. The alertness of his mind could not accommodate itself to the awkwardness of his hand. He set down only incomplete letters and scrawled the end of each word. He cast all the requirements of good writing unscrupulously to the winds, and the irregularity of his hand was so bad that he himself had the greatest trouble to read it. That is why he took to dictating, became accustomed to it, and employed this method of working with the greatest skill. His dictation was very much like an interview in which he would turn to his correspondent as if the latter stood there before him and could answer him by word of mouth. Anyone listening at the door might well have thought that they stood there face to face. Taking dictation was his secretary's chief business. It was rarely necessary to write anything of your own. Napoleon did it all himself, but he dictated so fast that the task was hard, and rare was the pen that could follow him.

'When he first set to work he usually began rather slowly, but as he went on he spoke faster and faster as if his mouth warmed up with talking. Then he would rise and move about the room with great strides, and by the time the clock had marked the passing of an hour the swiftness of his stride would mark the increasing or slackening speed of his thought and almost the movement of his phrases. When at length he reached the dominant idea — and each day had its own — he would overflow. This principal idea would recur after-

ward in all his letters and conversations. Even the words would be retained, so deep and vivid was the impression of his thought in its first form. If one of his chords was struck, it sounded ever after with remarkable exactness in the same tone, and these ready-made phrases were a great aid to the secretary who had to transcribe them. He could see them coming just like the theme of a rondo, and a single sign was enough to mark their place.

'If the Emperor stepped out of his cabinet, his secretary would employ the moment thus left at his disposal to set the papers on the writing-table in order and to collect the answered letters with which the floor was strewn. He was also able to read them over and check most accurately what he had written. In doubtful cases the expression and the circumstances of the petition would show the exact sense of the answer. A secretary was only too glad to be able to set his dictation in order by such means, for it was hard to catch it on the wing. Napoleon, for example, would occasionally confuse technical expressions and proper names so that they were quite unrecognizable. He would often say "Elbe" for "Ebro," "Salamanca" for "Smolensk" and vice versa. I no longer recollect what Polish word in his vocabulary represented Bada-joz, but I do remember that when he spoke of Rysope he meant the stronghold of Osopo.'

There were restful intervals in the work when Napoleon would break off for short periods to take up a book, but the arrival of a notice or a dispatch often brought a stormy interview of which Baron Fain gives a vivid and amusing description:—

'Various secretaries would be called in, pen in hand, and before they had had a chance to find seats the Emperor

would call out: "Write!" They could hardly get down quick enough the ideas that streamed from his lips. Napoleon would go from one to another dictating. Ménével would be writing an answer to a Marshal, Fain an order to a Minister, Monnier the outline of a decree, d'Albe an article to appear in the next morning's *Moniteur*, while his aid-de-camp was writing an order for hasty dispatch. He would have done still more dictating, but revision did not go so fast as dictation, and a larger number of secretaries was impractical. A first letter would be laid before him for signature, he would sign it, call for a courier, fold the letter himself, and perhaps burn his fingers if he tried to seal it in person.'

This was his way of working in Paris, and when possible he kept the same staff with him in the field. The first copy of a report on a battle was always sent to the Empress. He never let a bag for a courier close without putting in a word for his wife, though it was always a great trial to him to write legibly.

Even after his fall he kept up the custom of dictating. Immediately on arriving at St. Helena and before settling in Longwood, while he was still at The Briars, the countryseat of the merchant Balcombe, where he had temporary residence, he began to work on his memoirs. He would dictate them to his chamberlain, LasCases, whose son Emmanuel also served sometimes as secretary. Later at Longwood other gentlemen took his dictation, especially Montholon, to whom on the fifteenth of April, 1821, he dictated his will. One day later, with his own hand he wrote a short codicil. A few days after, his condition began to grow steadily worse. On the thirtieth of April for the first time his mind was confused, and the weary struggle with death began which was to last until the fifth of May.

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE VAGRANT

BY PAULINE SLENDER

[*Sunday Times*]

I WILL leave the dust of the City street and the noise of the busy town
For the windy moor and the high hill and the peat-stream flowing brown;
I will keep my watch by the camp-fires where the white cliffs lean to the sea,
And dawn shall wake me with golden hands and the rain shall walk with me.

I will seek the place where gypsies roam and strange, wild songs are sung;
I will find once more the magic paths I knew when earth was young,
And the stars will give me comradeship and the wind will be my friend,
And I will send you the faëry gold that lies at the rainbow's end.

Stretch not your hands, nor bid me stay, I hear the white road's call,
The sun hath kissed the buds from sleep, and I am one with them all;
But I will send you a golden cloak and a pair of silver shoon,
And a dream that the fairies spin from stars on the other side of the moon.

THE BROKEN TOOL

BY EDWARD CARPENTER

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THE broken tool lies:

In the dust it lies forgotten — but the building goes on without delay.

Who knows what dreams it had — this rusty old shaftless thing?

(Or fancied it had: for what it supposed its own thoughts, were they not the thoughts of the artificer who wielded it? — and *his* thoughts, were they not those of the architect?)

Dreams of the beautiful finished structure, white with its myriad pinnacles,
against the sky;

Dreams of days and years of busy work, and the walls growing beneath it;

Dreams of its own glory — absurd dreams of a temple built with one tool!

Who knows? — and who cares?

In the dust it lies broken now and unnoticed;

But the building goes on without delay.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A COMMUNIST CARTOONIST

GEORGE GROSS, one of the most provocative figures in the modern world of German art, after having fallen foul of the German courts, has of late been expounding his ideas to his fellow-Communists in France, who like all good Communists recognize no national lines — or try not to — and do their best to concentrate their emotions on the lines between the classes.

To the ordinary mind, Gross's drawings correspond with his name, but to his sympathizers he appears rather as an idealist, though the drawings which give visible form to his ideals are acridly harsh and bitter. Gross devotes himself to the more advanced phases of Expressionism and preaches specifically the doctrines of the German branch of the Dada cult. Further explanation must be left to Herr Gross himself, for these doctrines are strictly caviar — or at least fishy — to the general. His explanations are hardly intelligible to the lay mind. That way madness lies for all save Dadaist brains, which may be mad already (unless they are merely inclined to hoaxing, a suspicion from which they are by no means free).

The Communist has occasionally elicited favorable comment even from his bourgeois foes, as for example when he drew the scenery for Georg Kaiser's play, *Folk-Piece*, 1923, presented at the Lustspielhaus in Berlin last December. The vigor of the drawing partly accounts for this success, which was likewise aided by the restraining hand of a stern stage-manager, who contrived to eliminate some of the usual brutality.

A few months ago Gross and his publishers were haled into court on a

charge of 'wounding the moral susceptibilities of normal persons.' (The conventional superiority of European comment upon similar occurrences in our own country rises ironically in the American mind.) Gross had published a collection of a hundred cartoons representing the baser aspects of life in Berlin. A Socialist deputy of the Reichstag aided by another attorney undertook the defense. Max Osborn, the art critic, and Maximilian Harden, editor of *Die Zukunft*, were called as witnesses for the defense. Both were unanimous in their tributes to the artist, but the presiding judge would none of them. This is part of his comment, which has a very familiar ring in American ears:—

'Many deplorable things will always be happening in this world; of that there can be no question. Grown-up people know it very well. But what artistic justification is there for depicting these things with so little conceal-



BOURGEOIS

A Gross Cartoon from *Clarté*

ment? Surely you will admit that the artist must impose a limit upon his own work! If he wishes to create something for himself at home, well and good, let him do so. But if he ventures on publicity, then he should remember that certain limits must be observed. . . . This kind of thing . . . for private purposes, quite all right. But for the public eye, it won't do at all. Besides, we may hope and trust that scenes like those depicted here are of very rare occurrence.'

Gross entered the plea, which is at least as familiar as the judge's solemnly Puritanic observations, that 'such limits do not exist for the artist.' If Mr. Mencken criticized the German arts as he does the American, what would he say to all this?

In an address published in the French Communist weekly *Clarté* — one of the three founders of which was Henri Barbusse, author of *The Squad* — Gross describes the successive stages of his artistic development. The conventional forms of art he early cast aside as quite useless and without significance, partly because he thought they had been pushed to the wall by the advancing technique of mere pictorial reproduction, represented by photography and the motion picture. A hater of the whole human race, he sought to create a fresh technique which would enable him to strike his enemies blows that should cut deep: 'I began to make sketches which were to reflect the hatred that I then felt. I designed, for example, a table occupied by habitués at Siechem's, with men like great masses of flesh, engulfed in abominable gray clothes. To achieve a style that would render harsh grotesqueness and truth and the antipathy I sought to express, I studied immediate manifestations of the artistic instinct. I copied ordinary people's drawings on the walls of public places, for these

seemed to me expressions and condensed interpretations of strong feeling. Children's drawings also inspired me because of their naïve quality, and so, little by little, I came to that trenchant style, cutting as a knife, with which I wished to reproduce the observations made under the influence of the all-embracing hatred of mankind that I then felt. I noted down in little notebooks my observations in the streets, in cafés, in variety shows. I took great care in making these and occasionally analyzed my impressions, sometimes even in writing.'

Then came a world war, and the comradeship of military service somewhat softened the implacable artist-misanthropist. His drawings found favor among some of his fellow soldiers and his hatred was gradually withdrawn from mankind as a whole and directed only against the enemies of the working classes.

'To-day,' says Gross, 'I no longer hate men without distinction. To-day I hate evil institutions and their defenders, and if I have any hope at all, it is to behold the disappearance of these institutions and of the class which protects them. My work is devoted to this hope. Millions of men share it with me, but obviously they are neither art-amateurs, nor Mæcenases, nor art dealers. People who wish to call my work "art" can do so only if they share my opinions, that is, if they know that the future belongs to the working classes.'

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PUGILISTIC OPERA

THE prize ring has at length attained to the dignity of operatic interpretation. No doubt there will be cynics to assert that in rehearsals at least there never has been any great distinction between prize-fighting and grand opera; and some there will be whose memories go

back to the Caruso-Farrar encounter in *Carmen* just after the heroine's moving-picture experience. But let the cynics gibe if they want to. Dr. Vaughan Williams's opera, *Hugh the Drover*, which has already had one English production, is the first opera which definitely and seriously introduces a prize fight on the stage and into the score.

Dr. Williams has tried to reconcile romance and pugilism in the style of the old English bards. The chief novelty of his work is found in the prize-ring scene which is musically dealt with, while the wilder episodes of the ring are more or less veiled from the audience by the chorus who impersonate the supposed spectators at the fight.

Mr. H. E. Wortham, musical critic of the London *Morning Post*, gives the following vivid and amusing description of the scene and its music:—

The actual fisticuffs the audience hardly see — if the directions in the score are faithfully observed — as the protagonists fight in the midst of a crowd of villagers. But the whoop of the Showman, a high baritone, of an octave *portamento* to F sharp, when he asks the pair of fighters in the ring if they are ready, the unaccompanied drum-roll while they spar, the comments of the on-lookers in double chorus, the strings and wood-wind showing their agitation in triplets, while the trumpets (so far as one may guess from a piano score) have a rhythmic common time figure of three notes, and the orchestra's sudden rise of a semitone to the call of 'Time' — all these make a promising first round.

Then Mary, whom they are fighting for — did I not say it was a romantic opera? — intervenes with a little sentiment in the key of C sharp minor, and almost before we know it the strings are off again in the second round, with their triplet figures. We modulate from C minor to A major as Hugh begins to punish the villain John. One chorus applauds Hugh in C major followed by the other cheering John, but less definitely in the major key. John is

beginning to get the worst of it. There is a sudden heightening of feeling as John tries to use his knee and the violins rise to the high C when the Showman, in quick recitative, stops the fight. But Hugh insists on continuing, and, after an agitated double chorus has risen to a climax *fff* John is duly knocked out to a cry *portamento*, beginning on the high F sharp. The Showman counts him out on the F sharp of the octave below, and the spectators' exultation is shown by an upward scale passage on the orchestra through four octaves, ending with a salutation 'Hugh the Drover.'

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DINING WITH PIERRE LOTI

As most of his readers know, Pierre Loti carried his love of the exotic into his own home, dividing his house, room by room, to represent various epochs of architecture, so that one could pass successively from Egyptian and Arab art through the Italian Renaissance and eventually appreciate the severe graces of mediæval France.

In these odd yet picturesque surroundings Loti loved to receive his friends and delighted in devising fantastic entertainments. The *Journal des Débats* prints his invitation to a dinner which was to be served *comme sous le roi Louis XI*:—

'You love times gone past and perhaps will allow yourself to be ever so little entertained by this faithful reproduction of the fifteenth century. There will be some thirty of us. Let us dine by the light of pine torches in a rough-hewn Gothic hall powdered with the dust of centuries. We shall eat the dishes of the period: roast heron and roast hedgehog shall be brought by pages to the sound of the horn and the cornemuse. One of my minstrels will chant, among other things, a villanelle by François Coppée.

'No one may come except in the strict costume of the period. The

guests are begged to dress as provincial noblemen, as chevaliers, or as bourgeois. We shall also receive pilgrims and minstrels. There will be a special table for beggars and ragamuffins if any present themselves.

'The hall will be rather dimly lighted, and guests are requested to choose their costumes in dull colors. They must have an air suitable to people who had been sleeping for the last four hundred years in the clothing that they wear. They are warned that forks had not been invented in the fifteenth century and that they will have to get along without them.



A FRANCO-DANISH WOMAN DRAMATIST

MADAME KAREN BRAMSEN, Danish by birth and Parisian by adoption, is gradually emerging as a dramatist with an embryonic international reputation. Her first international success was *Le Professeur Klenow*, which was produced at the Odéon in Paris last year by Gémier. Now an adaptation of her *Les félines*, under the title *Tiger Cats*, has been staged at the Savoy Theatre in London.

During the war Madame Bramsen was ardently pro-French, and her vigorous support of the cause of the Allies alienated a section of Danish opinion. She has since then made her home in France, and if she achieves a reputation as a dramatist, it will be as a foreign writer who has become more French than the French. She has accepted all the conventions of the French stage, which is certainly the most conventional and conservative stage in the world, if we except the Oriental. She writes the usual *drame passionnel* of the inevitable three-sided geometrical pattern. Love, passion, jealousy, and a monotonous infidelity are her somewhat threadbare stock in trade, and there is the usual revolver

shot to ring down the curtain. (No boulevard playwright will ever understand how the distinguished firm of Æschylus, Sophocles et Cie. made out so well in the days of bows and arrows.)

Though the framework of her plays is quite conventional, Madame Bramsen has gone the French dramatists one better in the quality of her construction and characterization. One French critic says, 'Would that more of our own plays were as remarkable.' Her three best-known plays are *Les félines*, which deals with the familiar theme of jealousy and in which Anglo-Saxon critics find too many incredible characters; *Les yeux qui s'ouvrent*, which is to be produced at the Odéon in a short time and which tells a story of theatrical life — and jealousy; and *Le Professeur Klenow*, a grim story of unsatisfied passion which was described in the *Living Age* when it was first produced at the Odéon.

It will be interesting to see how far Madame Bramsen will go in the future, and especially what appeal she will be able to make to non-French audiences. It is worth remembering that Rostand is the only modern French playwright who has any large following outside his own country, with the possible exception of the prolific Sacha Guitry, and both these dramatists owe their chief fame outside France to plays which give up French stage-geometry. Guitry's *Pasteur* — whether its author meant it to be so or not — was practically a return to one form of the Elizabethan chronicle play, and although the geometrically-minded may trail a triangle to its lair in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, Rostand at least employed a triangle of the most impeccable rectangularity and rectitude. Had either play been cast in the conventional French model, each would probably have been a few weeks' wonder on the foreign stage.

BOOKS ABROAD

The Mongol in Our Midst, by Dr. F. G. Crookshank. London: Kegan Paul, 1924. 2s. 6d.

[‘Librarian’ in the *Saturday Review*]

ANOTHER book of the last week or so worth study is Dr. F. G. Crookshank’s *The Mongol in Our Midst*. There is a type of congenital idiot which has long been recognized as Mongolian, and Mongol characteristics once observed can be traced in our native population. The presence of this strain is not due to any interbreeding within historical times, but is rather due to the infiltration of the Alpine or Mongol stock of humanity among the Nordic and Mediterranean races. If this is the case, there must every now and then be a throwback to the original type, and more often an accentuation in the early life of the individual of racial characteristics afterward lost.

Dr. Crookshank goes on to point out homologies between Mongol defectives and the Orangutan, Negro defectives and the Gorilla, and White defectives and the Chimpanzee. Still more surprisingly, he indicates that there may be a scientific basis of palmistry. The Mongolian imbecile, and indeed the Mongoloid generally, instead of having a distinct line of life and a distinct line of head on his palm, has one transverse line only. It is a very curious subject for a leading man in his profession to write about, and Dr. Crookshank will set a good many people looking out for Mongoloids among their friends and acquaintances. It is a brilliant piece of speculative induction.

The Moon Element: An Introduction to the Wonders of Selenium, by E. E. Fournier d’Albe. London: Fisher Unwin, Ltd., 1924. 10s. 6d.

[*Discovery*]

THE selenium cell is one of those scientific toys which captivate the imagination of inventors, and since Willoughby Smith in 1873 discovered that its resistance to electricity varied according to the intensity of light falling on it a mint of money must have been spent on experiments designed to apply this property to a practical use.

For fifty years selenium has been the recognized bridge between optics and electricity and has intrigued not only scientists but inventors of all kinds, both genuine and charlatans.

Mr. Fournier d’Albe’s book is excellent so far as his descriptive and historical sections are concerned, and he approaches the whole relation

of the undeveloped potentialities of selenium in a stimulating manner. We feel though that there is far too much about his own invention, the Optophone, and the rather unfavorable opinion formed of its value by some authorities in practical association with great institutions for the blind.

The interest in the selenium cell lies for the present in its purely scientific applications in photometry, and in the transmission of speech along light beams. True, the perfection of the latter principle may inflict on us talking films, but let us hope the day is long postponed. Television, a subject now greatly in the air, may on the other hand be of considerable use to humanity. This book gives a valuable popular introduction to all these possible applications of selenium elements and is valuable as bringing together in book form many facts about the application of selenium not readily accessible. A bibliography should have been included.

Policy and Arms, by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles à Court Repington, D.S.O. London: Hutchinson, 1924. 18s.

[*Public Opinion*]

THOSE who know the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles à Court Repington, D.S.O., as a famous military expert and critic, and a political correspondent of strong views when it concerns his favorite subject, will be interested to know that in his new book, *Policy and Arms*, he deals with many matters of general interest. He tells, for example, the hopes and fears of those who are battling for the new St. Lawrence waterway, and when in America he went thoroughly into the question:—

‘The idea that the vast products of the American and Canadian Middle West should be shipped from the many excellent ports of the lakes and be landed at Liverpool without the cost, delays, and damage of transfer is certainly enticing, even if open water cannot at present be counted on for more than seven and a half months of the year. Similarly, there would be no break of bulk on British and other goods sent to the Lake region, which is a great consuming, as well as producing, area. . . .

‘One of the main reasons for the strong demand by America for the new waterway has been the inadequacy of railway transport facilities. The inability of the railways to handle the traffic expeditiously has resulted in great delays and heavy losses. It is declared that the railways must spend fifteen billion dollars in the next ten

years in order to equip themselves to handle the traffic efficiently.

'As there seems little chance of any such expenditure, the need for the new waterway becomes all the more crying. These conditions are not repeated on the Canadian side. In the same way, there are not the same complaints about the railway terminals in Canada that there are in America. But there are greater possibilities of expansion on the Canadian side, while the power plant involved in the plans is almost sure to result in a great growth of manufacturing industries on both sides of the border.'

David of Kings, by E. F. Benson. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[Observer]

THERE is a profound sentimentality — of the breezy kind that has superseded nineteenth-century tearfulness — about this chronicle of the guileless David, whose artlessness does not remind us any too strikingly of the average undergraduate of to-day. Mr. Benson at one moment implies that David is a born writer, gifted with the weapon of apt words; at another, David struggles with the ordinary expression of very ordinary ideas. He is a humorist, more or less, as indeed are most of the characters; yet you find him, in his third year, writing to a friend: 'Oh, Frank, I feel frightfully old. You won't recognize me when you come back, because I've taken to spectacles and have got a long gray beard and gout,' quite in the best style of a schoolgirl of fourteen. David is so merry and clean, so altogether lovable and healthy, that a sense of unworthiness enormously adds to an unregenerate reviewer's exasperation with him. The absurdities in the book are considerably better than the humor. The whole book is a light-hearted 'rag' with a high moral tone underlying it; it is like an elderly man's tender and idealized memories of a delightful youth, rather than a portrait of the youth himself.

Konyetz, by Martin Hussingtree. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[Times Literary Supplement]

THE author of this novel is a Socialist, and he allows his doctrines to dominate the tale. The action begins after the Labor Party has been in power for one year. Its early actions are commended and a number of epigrams are gathered together in unpleasant reference to the habits and actions of aristocrats and capitalists. But the Labor Government neglects proper measures of national defense and ignores the growing threat of Soviet Russia. Ogóne Bobrishev, the hero of the story, warns the people in speeches

delivered whenever the opportunity is given. But he is unable to drive his lesson home. Western Europe is overrun by German Bolsheviki. France falls before the invader. A plague, the Black Death, devastates Great Britain. England is bombed and gassed from the air. Horror is everywhere and Hyde Park is a cemetery. On the last page the earth rushes upward, collapses, and all is over.

[This novel is generally believed in England to be the work of Mr. Oliver Baldwin, the Socialist son of former Prime Minister Baldwin.]

The King of Elfland's Daughter, by Lord Dunsany. London: Putnam's, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[H. C. Harwood in the Outlook]

AT least Lord Dunsany knows what he is about, and has so shrouded and selected the awful furniture of legend that his *King of Elfland's Daughter*, though intended for the drawing-room, would not be out of place in the most carefully guarded nursery. His witch, unaware of the Powers of Evil, sinks comfortably into the position of governess. His trolls are chirpy, chatty creatures who would make good domestic pets. His will-o'-the-wisps are innocent as glowworms. Elfland is a drowsy afternoon, lacking only the distant burr of a lawn-mower and the prospect of iced drinks to attain perfection. We are told concerning some ineffective trees that there was something slow about the magic swaying them, 'as though whoever controlled it were old or weary of magic or interrupted by other things.' That is, generally, one's feeling about the book, though the author diversifies his stumbling narrative with passages of prose lyricism happily recalling in their sweetness and facility the Tennysonian muse.



BOOKS MENTIONED

- The British Empire: a Survey.* London: W. Collins, 1924. 12 vols. 16s. each.
The Resources of the Empire. London: Benn, 1924. 12 vols. £7 7s. the set; 21s. each vol.
 SIEGFRIED, ANDRÉ. *L'Angleterre d'aujourd'hui; son évolution économique et politique.* Paris: G. Cres et Cie, 1924. 7fr. 50.



NEW TRANSLATIONS

- DUCHESNE, MONSIGNOR LOUIS. *The Early History of the Church.* Translated by Claude Jenkins. London: John Murray, 1924. 21s. (The third volume has just been completed.)
 VILLARD, LÉONIE. *Jane Austen; a French Appreciation.* Translated from the French by Veronica Lucas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924.

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

RUMANIA'S NEW ECONOMIC POLICY

It is difficult to determine how far recent pessimistic political reports from Rumania are colored by the medium through which they reach foreign readers. The Bratianu Cabinet and its supporters are personæ non gratae with investing interests abroad. Italo Zingarelli, the Bucharest correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera*, quotes Vintila Bratianu, the brother of the Premier, who reigns supreme in the Department of Finance and is credited with being the dominant member of the family dictatorship, as using for his motto this paraphrase of Cavour's famous saying: 'Rumania proposes to go it alone.' She must do so, he says, because foreign capitalists are plotting to convert the country into a second Congo Free State, in order to exploit it at their discretion.

Last spring the Cabinet introduced a bill regulating companies engaged in exploiting the country's mineral and timber wealth, which called forth a protest from our own Government and was amended under foreign pressure.

As enacted, the law requires that a majority of the stock of all companies hereafter receiving concessions or extensions of existing concessions shall be owned by Rumanians and have a certain percentage of Rumanian officers and employees.

Tancred Constantinescu, the Minister of Commerce, defends the law in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, as follows: —

Statistics show that the new act does not unfairly curtail the opportunities of foreign companies. The proved oil lands in Rumania at the present time cover 26,000 hectares, of which only 3500 hectares are actually producing. Foreign companies have developed 2500 hectares, and local companies 1000 hectares of this area. Practically 21,500 hectares of the remaining 22,500 hectares have already been reserved by foreign corporations, leaving but 1000 hectares for Rumanian companies. In other words, foreign investors have a very extensive reserve of unmeasured wealth with which to operate. Some estimate that Rumania's petroleum fields will ultimately be proved to cover 140,000 hectares. The new law provides that the Government shall prescribe the terms under which these unexplored fields shall be operated. They will not be granted to foreign companies unless

the latter agree beforehand to submit to the nationalization provisions; but the Government cannot prevent any private person from disposing of his own property, and he can place its development in the hands of foreign companies if he so desires.

The balance sheets of the great foreign petroleum-companies show that their operations in Rumania have been very profitable. That is the reason foreign capital has been attracted to the country, and is also why so much domestic capital has been invested in this industry. But it would be unjust for Rumania to permit foreign capitalists to monopolize these rich sources of wealth and to prevent Rumanian capital from enjoying a fair share of the business. A majority of the stock of the largest and wealthiest companies is owned abroad. The shares of many of these companies are not even quoted on the Bucharest Stock Exchange. In a word, Rumanian investors are practically excluded from an industry that owes its prosperity entirely to the natural wealth of their own country.

Only one question remains: will Rumanian capitalists be able to take over the 55 per cent indicated of the capital stock of foreign companies, and in addition provide money to develop the still unexploited Government oil lands? In view of the acute money-crisis in Rumania, this may seem doubtful. Nevertheless, statistics show that between 1919 and 1923 the share of the country's petroleum output produced by Rumanian companies rose from 2 per cent to 44 per cent. This expansion occurred during the critical years immediately following the war, when money was very scarce indeed. Consequently it is reasonable to anticipate that Rumanian capital will be able to take care adequately of the future development of the oil industry in that country, although the rate of that development may at first slow down.

In general, the new law is designed to defend the interests of the country. Foreigners who condemn the Government for so doing overlook the fact that it is the business of every nation to consult primarily the interest of its own people.

The London *Economist* summarizes as follows the results of the general

economic policy that finds partial expression in this legislation:—

While it is true that the financial policies of Mr. Vintila Bratianu have done much to bring about the almost complete stagnation which is at present paralyzing commercial activity throughout Rumania, his policies, nevertheless, in general are based upon sound economics. He has secured an almost complete documentation of external and internal liabilities, and arranged a large part of them so that they have become a definite charge on the country's productive capacity over a long period of years; the State Budget is expected to show a surplus this year of more than 2000 million lei; an 'active' trade balance has been definitely restored; and currency inflation ceased last December.



A DISILLUSIONED ZIONIST

THE assassination at Jerusalem of Professor Jacob de Haan, a Jewish scholar who has been prominent in Jewish controversies in Palestine, calls attention to the difficulties the restorers of Israel encounter in reconciling the Nationalist and the strictly religious aspects of their task. Professor de Haan was a disillusioned Zionist. He went to Palestine an ardent champion of all that the movement stands for, but eventually became one of the bitterest opponents of its political aims. Indeed his enemies charged him with being pro-Arab. The influences that brought about this change will probably never be fully known. Alexander Levy, the Jaffa correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung*, surmises that they sprang from political sympathy with the claim of the Arabs to majority rule in Palestine, and from the idea that Judaism is primarily a spiritual movement likely to be corrupted by the prominence Zionists give to political and economic objects.

In a letter to the *Amsterdam Handelsblad*, written just before his death,

Professor de Haan discussed Sabbath observance in Palestine, which conflicts with the Mohammedan practice of observing Friday and the Christian practice of observing Sunday. When a high official asked a prominent young Jew if he had any objection to working on Saturday, the reply was: 'I have no objection on religious grounds, but I do have on national grounds.' The Zionist Labor Unions use their Saturday holiday, as many Christians use Sunday, for excursions and picnics, although these are against the Sabbath laws of the Jews. Professor de Haan asserted that some of the Palestine schools teach that the Old Testament has no deeper significance for the Jews than the Justinian Code has for the Italians.

A Jewish contributor, writing to *Handelsblad* on the occasion of Professor de Haan's death, said that the members of the *Aghundah Yisroel* or Orthodox Jewish Party, to which the latter belonged, were subject to bitter persecution. 'One day when I was walking with de Haan through the streets of Jerusalem, I noticed that the Jews whom we met spat on the ground when they saw us coming. I said: "They do not do it out of respect for you?" "No," he replied, "they do it out of respect for you. When I am alone, they spit in my face."'



OLYMPIC DISCORDS

COMMENTING upon the unsportsman-like spirit occasionally exhibited at the Olympic Games in Paris, which threatened to cause the withdrawal of Great Britain from future events of this character, the *Times* says editorially:—

Miscellaneous turbulence, shameful disorder, storms of abuse, free fights, and the drowning of the National Anthems of friendly nations by shouting and booing are not conducive to an atmosphere of Olympic

calm. The peace of the world is too precious to justify any risk — however wild the idea may seem — of its being sacrificed on the altar of international sport. The right spirit of such sport was finely shown in the meeting at Stamford Bridge on Saturday between the athletes of the United States and the British Empire. In spite of the severity of their defeat the Empire competitors — and the British spectators — took their beating with perfect good-humor, and the Americans for their part were entirely free from the arrogance of success and were clearly on the most friendly, chivalrous, and sympathetic terms with the losers. But in the Olympic contests, it seems, this human camaraderie is not proof against the loss of self-control to which national partisanship may give rise.

The Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* is inclined to minimize the importance of occasional French demonstrations against foreign players, but thinks that the French passion for bureaucracy influenced the local promoters of the Games to appoint a superabundance of officials. Indeed Dr. Bellin du Coteau, writing in *Écho des Sports*, criticized his countrymen for bringing into the Olympic organization men utterly unqualified to have anything to do with sport:—

They have wormed their way into commissions and committees for merely personal ends. Sport has appealed to them only in so far as it seemed capable of bringing them the Legion of Honor or some other less honorific decoration. As a consequence we have been faced with the spectacle of outsiders possessed of no qualification whatever, never having felt the need in their whole life of any physical exercise, now lordling it over national and international manifestations of athleticism. And as the Legion of Honor does not come along as quickly as they would like, everyone has had to bear the brunt of their bad temper or their utter indifference, which have been a perpetual nuisance. Let us add that the mere fact of wanting the Legion of Honor does not unfortunately confer either intelli-

gence or integrity. . . . The Olympic Games have brought to light many ugly things as well as many fine ones.

The suggestion that England cease to participate in the Games hereafter was not well received by British athletes and sportsmen. R. Salisbury Woods, ex-President of the Cambridge University Athletic Club, wrote to say:—

Those of us who have recently returned from the 'Stadium competitions' in track and field athletics feel strongly that this branch of 'the Games' of 1924 has been conducted in a spirit of friendly rivalry and real sportsmanship not approached in any of the preceding Olympiads. The most cordial relations were fostered between the competitors and officials of all the English-speaking peoples, and the very complete harmony which now exists between our athletes and those of the U. S. A. in particular is, in my humble opinion, more than a sufficient offset to any 'incidents' in other sections, such as boxing and fencing.

Lord Cadogan, Chairman of the Council of the British Olympic Association, criticized vigorously in a letter to the same newspaper its correspondent's account of the friction at Paris as 'un-English and unsportsmanlike.'

A contributor to *The Nation and the Athenæum* also regards these contests with a more favorable eye. Speaking of the football tournament, he says: 'The whole long series of ties was carried through in a spirit of sporting friendship vastly creditable to players, organizers, and officials alike,' and he declares that the track and field events were regarded by the contestants with 'the same enthusiasm, the same genuine international emotion.'

It is clear to anyone who talks to them that the gathering of the teams is the symbol of a world-wide movement that has touched the spirit of the democracies in east and west, in north and south. Whatever they may be, whatever their defects,

the Olympic Games are not a fake; they are intensely sincere and intensely alive.

If all this be true, why should there ever have been hostility in England to the Olympic Games? It is hard to say. The ideal is British; it is, indeed, a typical part of the contribution made by Britons to the civilization of our day. Perhaps the hostility is a relic of the disappearing sentiment which Mr. Shaw puts into the mouth of Master John de Stogumber: 'No Englishman is ever beaten fairly.' A generation ago, no doubt, we all believed that no foreigner could be a sportsman. We are getting over that delusion. Our experience in international sport has taught us to know, to understand, and therefore to respect our foreign opponents. The truth is—why not recognize it?—that there is nothing so effectual as sport in making the mass of people in one country respect the people of another. Who really doubts that nine Englishmen in ten would look with quite other eyes on Uruguay if they realized—what is the fact—that the Uruguayan team played football in the Paris Tournament which in skill, courage, and endurance no English amateurs could hope to rival?

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FURTHER REVERBERATIONS FROM JAPAN

By the middle of July the Big Four of the Japanese cinema world, the Shochiku, Nikkatsu, Teikine, and Makino companies, who are the largest producers and exhibitors in Japan, lifted the boycott they had enforced against American films since the passage of our immigration-restriction law. They did so because they were losing patronage, for the Japanese flocked to the independent theatres that still used American plays. One reason for the failure of this boycott, according to the Tokyo press, was the unwillingness of the Japanese to have their patriotic sentiments exploited by private commercial organizations.

Yamato, an influential and sober-minded journal, ascribes the declining interest in the immigration issue to 'a trait peculiar to the Japanese, whose

irritable and touchy temper soon subsides with the lapse of time.'

The Lower House of the Japanese Parliament has adopted a bill laid before it by the Cabinet that amends the law of nationality so that Japanese born in foreign countries and acquiring citizenship there shall be officially recognized as having ceased to be subjects of Japan. Tokyo *Asahi* welcomes this legislation, even though it is belated, because Japan's insistence upon the principle 'once the Mikado's subject always his subject' goes far to explain, in its opinion, the suspicions cherished against her by America that bore fruit in the exclusion law. Writing before the adoption of the amendment, that journal said:—

Although Japanese are denied the right of naturalization, yet citizenship is granted to those born in the United States, according to a provision of the United States Constitution. But our Government requires their parents to report soon after their birth to a Japanese Consulate located in their vicinity, where the child's name must be registered in the official records as a Japanese subject. For the present Japanese nationality law provides that Japanese born in foreign countries cannot repudiate their Japanese nationality unless they have served in the Imperial army or unless they have passed the age for military service.

Among the amusing proposals that the lively discussion of emigration has brought forth, is one suggested by Count Otani Kozui, formerly abbot of a great Japanese temple, in the popular Tokyo review, *Kokumin*. He classifies emigration under three heads: emigration of capital, emigration of labor, and last of all, under his own proposal, enforced emigration of drones. In other words, he would make more room for thrifty, industrious Japanese in their own country by shipping the idle rich out of it. Among the arguments he advances in favor of this novel suggestion are the following:—

The greatest consumers are the drones. These must be compelled to emigrate. They must be evicted from the country. One consumer neutralizes the results of the efforts of ten producers. The greatest need of the moment is, therefore, the eviction of these drones. The idle rich are not producers. They have no direct control of their property. They invest their money either in the shares of companies or in land, or they deposit it in banks. Wherever they may live, they are entitled to the yield of their investments. By remaining in Japan and doing nothing except consuming goods, they are doing their country ill service, as their presence contributes to the rise in prices. They are nevertheless law-abiding people, and by no means inclined to misdeeds. Indeed, they believe that they form the cream of the population, and even talk of guiding popular ideas along the right path. They can, however, do little toward the professed wise guidance of the popular ideas, except by leaving Japan.

Peers come under the category of the drones of whom I am writing. If they lived abroad, their change of environment might turn them into a sort of producer. At any rate, Japan can profit considerably by getting rid of elements who do nothing but consume goods at home. Being men of some property and some knowledge, there is no fear of their acting abroad in a manner which would gravely reflect upon the honor of their country. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that they would endeavor to enhance the reputation of their country. The Japanese Government must devise means to encourage or compel them to go abroad to live. For these drones China supplies the best place for settling down. Especially adapted is the territory south of the Yangtze. As they are not very rich, places where low prices prevail must be chosen. From this point of view, China is preferable to Europe or the South Seas. The districts south of the Yangtze are fertile and the climate is as moderate as that of Kyushu.

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MINOR NOTES

THE Berlin anti-Bolshevist daily, *Dni*, publishes a report from Manchuria

that illustrates the commercial rivalries underlying the recent negotiations between China and Russia. Formerly Russian steamboats had the right to ply upon the Sungari River, a tributary of the Amur, and the Chinese-Eastern Railway operated until last year a considerable fleet upon that waterway. A number of farming and lumbering communities have sprung up along the river that afforded considerable business for this line. After the Allies withdrew from Siberia, Chinese steamboats tried to compete for this trade, but with little success, because the Railway's boats had an established business and charged lower freights. Finally Chang Tso-lin, the Mukden Tuchun, prohibited the Russian steamers from navigating the river; but the Chinese boats took advantage of this to charge such extortionate rates as to strangle the traffic, and at the time of the recent conference over 150,000 tons of cargo were reported to be piled up on the river landings, which the owners could not or would not ship out of the country under existing conditions.

ACCORDING to Lloyd's new Register, the carrying capacity of the world's merchant fleets decreased nearly 1,143,000 tons last year, in spite of the new ships built during that period. Our own merchant marine is declining rapidly, while those of Germany and Japan are forging ahead relatively faster than their rivals. Though we still rank second in merchant tonnage, thanks to the marvelous expansion of the war period, Germany threatens to oust us from that position. As generally happens in a period of curtailment and reorganization, the decline in carrying capacity is partly compensated by the greater efficiency of the surviving units. The average size of vessels is increasing. More than two thirds of the vessels now at sea employ oil instead of coal for fuel, and motor-driven vessels are multiplying significantly. The change from coal to oil is modifying sea routes, for oil-burners are far less dependent upon intermediate refueling stations than are coal-burning steamships of any type hitherto designed.

TWO VIEWS OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE



It's pleasant for old friends to meet again.

— *Progrès Civique*

MR. HUGHES. Gentlemen, I hope I don't inconvenience you.

— *Izvestia*

ADVERTISEMENTS AND SLOGANS

[The article that follows is composed of two clever sketches on advertising published on the occasion of the International Advertising Conference in London last July. Advertising is a subject in which every consumer, as well as every producer, in these days of parlous propaganda, is directly interested.]

From the *Manchester Guardian Advertising Review*, July 16
(LIBERAL DAILY SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT)

I

How forcible are right words! — JOB: VI, 25.

COPY is the written word. In advertisements copy plays an important part because upon its shoulders, often slender so far as space is concerned, falls the responsibility of turning the curiosity or interest aroused by picture and 'layout' into conviction. Copy is not only the word-part of an advertisement. It is the last word, and its success is determined by its capacity to make converts for the cause of the goods or services or ideas advertised. It may use, and at its best does use, all the devices of the art of writing, but it must employ two of those devices in greater measure than is necessary in any other branch of letters. These two devices are velocity and persuasiveness: velocity, to arrest the passing glance of the reader, and persuasiveness, to establish confidence without which business is difficult or impossible.

These two qualities in their highest degree of excellence are essential whether the copy be long or short, — a slogan of ten words or a column of ten hundred, — for an advertisement is always aimed at a moving target and the shots are costly. Healthy advertising returns are gradual and progressive, but at a time when advertisement costs are constantly increasing, the

graduation must be made steeper and the progress accelerated. In order to keep pace with these conditions, greater and greater demands have been made upon the clinching-power of the copy, with the result that copy-writing, the latest-born child of the literary arts, has already acquired at the hands of the expert much of the nervous energy and temperamental force which are usually associated with the older branches of persuasive and forensic letters.

It is sometimes questioned whether advertisement copy-writing should be permitted a place in the temple of literature. Such an objection is made up in equal parts of quibble and snobbishness. If we understand literature as written expression in its most appropriate form, then copy-writing is entitled to its place in the literary sun. As a matter of fact all that range of indisputable literature associated with special pleading of one kind or another is authentic copy. Every writer who seeks to bend opinion towards his own views, whether he be a theologian or a politician, a moralist or a scientist, employs the arts of the copy-writer. Goods are as necessary to life as ideas and ideals. The advertisement of goods in the best

sense, that is, of the best goods in the most appropriate way, is therefore important to mankind and not unworthy the genius of letters.

Considered from this legitimate angle, good copy may be found, without stretching the bounds of the above definition, in the most exalted books. In fact, the better the book the better the copy. There is no more perfect piece of copy-writing than the advertisement of Wisdom in *Proverbs* iii, 13-18: —

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies: and all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

The apathetic attitude of the public towards Wisdom might have been reduced had this admirable piece of copy been suitably displayed every now and then in the advertisement columns of the press. It is, however, only one of the many excellent examples of copy-writing which may be found in the Scriptures; another is the immortal exposition of Faith, Hope, and Love in I *Corinthians* xiii. Shakespeare may also be trawled with equally good results.

But, as it may be argued that such examples are too remote from the mundane purposes of commercial publicity, a few examples of good copy from less exalted sources may be cited. No better advertisement of tobacco has ever been written than that put into the mouth of Yeo by Charles Kingsley, in *Westward Ho!*: —

When all things were made none was made better than this; to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire, Sir; while for staunching of wounds, purging of rheum, and settling of the stomach there's no herb like unto it under the canopy of heaven.

Here is a good piece of copy for a publisher's announcement of a series of classical reprints. It is from Macaulay's *Essay* on Francis Bacon: —

These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet.

Such copy might move the shyest of the book-shy to form a library and even to read the old masters. In recent years there has been a notable improvement in the copy of furnishing advertisements, but the modern style of copy-writing was long since anticipated by the poet Edgar Allan Poe, and such sentences as these, from his essay on the *Philosophy of Furniture*, might have been taken from the publicity pages of a contemporary journal: —

The soul of the apartment is the carpet. From it are deduced not only the hues but the forms of all objects incumbent. A judge at common law may be an ordinary man; a good judge of a carpet *must* be a genius.

A statuette of a faun, particularly if a replica of a Greek masterpiece, might sell in large numbers if announced with the literary grace of Nathaniel Hawthorne in his novel, *Transformation*: —

Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill — in a word,

a sculptor and a poet too — could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble.

Literature has beaten the copy-writer proper at his own game in seductive descriptions of desirable houses and residential or holiday resorts. A good specimen occurs in a letter of the poet Gray, written in 1764: —

The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past, the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window. The town, clean and well-built, surrounded by its own stone walls. . .

But it is unnecessary to proceed, for the passage, which upholds the charms of Netley, might have appeared with benefit in an estate agent's catalogue. It comes from the letters of the author of *'An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.'*

Most readers know George Borrow's dithyramb on beer and Meredith's on wine in *The Egoist*. Here is a less familiar but equally attractive piece on wine: —

This is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutritieth also, being a glutinous substantial liquor: of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction — that good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven, ergo good wine carrieth a man to heaven.

This is from James Howell's *Familiar Letters*, 1634.

Finally, let us recall a piece of copy in the technical sense, since it is an advertisement put into the mouth of an itinerant vendor of a universal stain-remover by Charles Dickens: —

This is the infallible and invaluable composition for removing all sorts of stain, rust, dirt, mildew, spick, speck, spot or spatter,

from silk, stain, linen, cambric, cloth, crape, stuff, carpet, merino, muslin, bombazeen or woolen stuff. Wine-stains, fruit-stains, beer-stains, water-stains, paint-stains, pitch-stains, any stains, all come out at one rub with the infallible and invaluable composition.

The incomparable gusto of Dickens gives to this piece, caricature though it is, something of the inevitable stuff and quality of all good copy whether literature or mere jargon.

These passages are quoted to prove that good copy and acknowledged literature need not be strangers. Copy-writing is an art differing from belles-lettres only in detail, not in kind. A copy-writer, unlike the more individual of men of letters, does not write to express himself, although good copy always bears the mark of its author's individuality. It possesses idiosyncrasy, character, conceit, personality. But all of this is subservient to an aim, as indeed all writing should be and all good writing is. Theoretically an expert copy-writer should be able to write copy to order on any subject and to be persuasive about any goods, no matter how inferior, or any cause, no matter how ridiculous. But theory and practice are here once more at variance. There is an underlying truth in good writing, and good copy is no exception. The good copy-writer must believe that somebody will benefit by his persuasiveness, otherwise his copy will not succeed in being persuasive.

Copy must be well written and it must achieve its purpose. The two conditions are interdependent. But, while being literature, it must avoid being literary — no words for their own sake, no fine phrases because their author likes them. The management of words so that they shall serve a single clearly defined purpose without looking to the right or the left requires the strictest discipline of the pen.

There is no royal road to this art. It is a gift, like poetry — only there are more tolerable poets than tolerable copy-writers, and great copy-writers and great poets share a common scarcity.

The copy-writer is in fact engaged broadly in the one single operation, that of selling. He is desperately in need of new epithets. He cannot embroider his work with humor or fancy or literary graces except just in so far as thereby he can attract and hold his unseen customer. When the copy-writer with a rich and unusual vocabulary, a feeling for rhythm, a sense of humor, an ingenious indirectness of approach, can subordinate all these qualities to the main purpose in hand — that of putting forward sound selling-arguments — his copy will be, because of its unusualness, of great value in impressing the commodity on the reader. One goes to a public function, hears a half-dozen speakers, comes back with a vague impression of what five dull worthy men have fumbled to say or said badly, but a very distinct impression of what the sixth — a man of brevity, wit, ingenuity of approach — has succeeded in conveying. It is so with the work of the brilliant copy-writer.

We hear brilliant copy-writing sometimes denounced by experts. 'Clever — yes, but does it sell the goods?' This is merely the distrust of the routine expert — the man of formula — for the unusual. If the approach be tactful, the argument pointed, cleverness won't ruin an advertisement. If the matter be brilliant, but brilliantly irrelevant, the copy is not 'too clever,' as the condemning phrase goes, but not clever enough.

The copy-writer is saved from the journalist's temptation to circumlocution, but he is not exempt from the author's weakness of assuming that

people want to go on reading what he has written with such care. They don't. He has, as it were, button-holed them when they would be passing on to something else. At least, no other assumption is safe. And just as it is easier to make a long speech than a short one, — it is in fact one of the marks of a really bad or a tired speaker that he can't sit down, — so it is easier to write, to dictate even, a diffuse advertisement. The conditions of rush under which much copy-writing is actually done are heavily against the polished and pointed brevity of really persuasive and memorable copy. The wonder is that given those conditions the standard should be so high. Unquestionably also the doctrine that truth is more persuasive than fiction has gained wide acceptance. The guile required of the copy-writer is not the guile of misrepresentation but of tact and the able marshaling of arguments.

It is not an easy art. The simple persuasive sentences, briefly and attractively setting forth the virtues of this or that with just the correct gusto, neither underdone nor overdone, glowing with enthusiasm but not consuming itself, beaming with friendly invitation but not undue familiarity, have, as like as not, been sweated out of a chaos of words and thoughts, with that tireless capacity for taking pains which Goethe associated with genius. Some copy may happen, like art according to Whistler. It may come easily and be, as the saying is, dashed off. But this is exceptional. Macaulay admitted in a letter to Macvey Napier that there was not a sentence in his essay on Bacon, one of the most readable and delightful in that famous series, which had not been repeatedly recast. So it is with most good copy. The copy-writer, more even than the essayist because of the prescribed conditions,

must recast and rewrite, reduce and eliminate, until his message has been distilled into its final essence of irreducible words. 'For in truth all art,' as Walter Pater said, 'does but consist in the removal of surplusage, to the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust.' Such blowing away of

the last particle of dust so that nothing inessential to the appeal of the words shall remain, is the final task of the copy-writer, who must enter into the minds of others with the knowledge of a psychologist and the imagination of an actor, and wield a pen with the subtlety of a diplomatist and the skill of a man of letters.

II

THERE have always been slogans. Doubtless primitive man used them, for the word itself, though it is acquiring such a pronounced modern atmosphere, is one of the most ancient in our vocabulary. It derives from two Gaelic words which together mean the outcry of a host; and the original compound word, *sluagh-ghairm*, was the Highland term for a war-cry. But the word has acquired a wider meaning. It is now applied to any short and crisp phrase which may be repeated *ad libitum* as an interjectionary aid to almost anything — war, business, politics, or as current copper coin in the ordinary life of the streets. A slogan, as the root-words suggest, is a rallying point — a shout of attention. It still survives at some of the public schools and universities of England and America.

But from early times the slogan has been seriously applied to affairs, often deriving from the saying of a great man. Such a slogan was the *delenda est Carthago* (Carthage must be destroyed) of Cato the Elder at the conclusion of Rome's struggle with Carthage (146 B.C.). Slogans were also not unknown in the Middle Ages. Speaking of the Peasants' Revolt of 1377-1381 against the landowning classes, Green in his History says, 'Quaint rimes passed through the country and served as summons to the revolt.' Such 'quaint rimes' were es-

entially slogans. Perhaps the most famous was John Ball's 'When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?' It will be remembered that this slogan was effectively revived by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain during his earlier Radical days. When the English calendar was corrected in 1751 by the dropping of eleven days, opposition was aroused by the idea that eleven days' wages were being lost, and 'Give us back our eleven days' became a popular slogan. Nearer our own times, Nelson's signal at Trafalgar, 'England expects every man to do his duty,' affords an instance of a slogan that took a great hold upon popular fancy. 'Scotland forever' and 'Erin go bragh' are two examples of the national slogan. Political slogans are innumerable. The French Revolution produced 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' The Reform Bill of 1832 was responsible for two: 'The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill,' and 'To stop the Duke, go for gold,' an exhortation with which London was placarded with the object of bringing about a run on the banks in order to prevent the Duke of Wellington from forming a government. Other famous examples from quite modern times are Disraeli's 'Peace with Honor' after the Berlin Conference, Mr. Jesse Collings's 'Three acres and a cow,' and the vindictive 'A vote given to the Liberals is a vote given to the Boers,'

at the Khaki General Election of 1900. 'Your food will cost you more,' and 'Ninepence for fourpence' may be recalled from everyone's memory.

The war, again, awakened a whole battery of slogans. 'Your King and Country Need You' and 'Eat Less Bread' will long mark those exciting days. The Salvation Army fights under the sombre words 'Blood and Fire!' and the Boy Scouts manoeuvre under 'Be prepared!'; while 'Safety First!' has given its name to a useful movement in this age of speed.

Thus it is evident that the slogan, with its endless applications, is an ever-recurring note in human life. Nothing in the whole science of publicity comes so aptly or naturally to advertising. In an appeal for a wide popular approval it is necessary to reduce the argument to its lowest common denominator. There is no better way of achieving this desirable end than by the use of a slogan. The appeal or announcement must be 'pemmicanized' into a command, a broad hint or a statement. The group-soul is primitive, and it responds to the primitive. But geniality and good humor are essential. Humor is permissible but too much wit is dangerous. Even a misstatement is allowable so long as it is humorous and not calculated to deceive. 'The Watch that made the Dollar Famous' is an example of this allowable kind of misstatement.

Some advertising slogans which are no more than bald and apparently dull statements of fact have done good service, which proves that mere cleverness is not essential to this art. But when you analyze some of the best of these you will find that their success is due to a sense of psychological values rather than to phraseology. A good example is the famous 'Matchless for the Complexion.' This is a

plain statement, but its proved value lies in the fact that it makes an emphatic claim to produce a thing which most women (and men too!) desire. Hence, and not from any literary cleverness, comes its success as a soap seller.

There is, on the other hand, the slogan of an insecticide, 'Spare the spray and spoil the fruit.' This is a wittily inverted proverb. As such it is something more than a plain statement. Both of these slogans are good of their different kinds, but neither is as good as such familiar brevities as 'Touches the spot,' 'Zog it off' (for a paint-cleaner), 'Best in the long run' (for a motor tire), 'Ask the man who owns one' (for a motor car) and 'That's the spirit' (for a motor fuel).

The slogan, more than any other instrument of advertisement, gathers impetus by repetition. It is the business of a slogan to get itself repeated. Very inferior slogans go on being used presumably because they have acquired goodwill by usage. To describe the ingredients of a slogan we are driven to employ one. Slogans must be 'Brief, bright, and brotherly.'

The perfect slogan is a phrase and not necessarily a sentence. It must be quickly read; the ideal is one phrase of from three to six words; it must carry its message instantly without further argument, and it must impress itself on the memory. All this looks easy — but it is not so easy as it looks. There is no such thing as an art of slogan construction. A good slogan may come upon anyone at any moment. Slogans are born, not made. Many a man has been visited by a good slogan, as by an angel, unawares. Most slogans have to rely upon costly repetition for their upkeep — they are made, not born. A good many of them deserve to be 'born again and born different.'

WORLD PRODUCTION: 1913-1923

BY 'BORIS'

FROM *Die Rote Fahne*, June 26
(BERLIN OFFICIAL COMMUNIST DAILY)

A COMPARISON of the figures of world production in 1913 and 1923 shows both a decided quantitative increase, and a remarkable technical advance during that period. The output of 'white coal,' as we now term hydroelectric power, has risen 500 per cent; that of petroleum, 279 per cent; and that of coal, 104 per cent. Translated into terms of service to society, the increase is much greater than these figures indicate. In the meantime the use of lignite, turf, and other hitherto neglected fuels has grown exceedingly. Still more important is the fact that we now obtain far more energy from a ton of fuel than we did ten years ago. Combustion at high temperatures and under high pressures, the use of powdered coal and gas, and new methods of converting heat into electricity have all contributed to this result. Indeed, the successful utilization of lignite as an energy-producer is largely due to these last improvements; it is also being converted on a practical scale into paraffin oils, quite similar to petroleum. We are getting more energy from petroleum itself than we did ten years ago, because we now convert fifty per cent of it into gasoline, instead of twenty per cent as at the earlier date.

These technical advances explain why world production has been so largely increased with a relatively small addition to fuel-consumption.

During the past decade manufacturing and mining have gained in relative importance at the expense of agriculture. Metallurgical and power-

generating industries have now risen to undisputed supremacy. Moreover, fuel-mining and hydroelectric power generation have grown faster than the output of metals. A shifting has also occurred within the power-generating industries. Before the war, coal was the principal fuel, followed by petroleum. White coal was negligible. The figures we have quoted show that the output of white coal has increased fivefold, that of petroleum has grown less than threefold, and that of coal has little more than doubled. They suggest that petroleum has already won the battle over coal, and hydroelectric power is rapidly asserting its supremacy over petroleum.

Nor has the relative standing of different branches of the metallurgical industry been more stable. Iron and steel have lost ground compared with the group represented by aluminum, copper, zinc, lead, and tin. Within the iron and steel industry, steel has outstripped iron. Before the war the world's output of steel was less than its output of iron; to-day it exceeds the latter by eight million tons. Within the second group aluminum has made the most rapid progress, increasing its output 171 per cent as compared with 115 per cent for copper. Meanwhile the production of zinc, lead, and tin has fallen off slightly.

Remarkable progress has been made in the development of transportation. The number of airplanes has multiplied more than tenfold. The world's merchant-marine has increased 36.5 per

cent. Motor vessels are displacing steam vessels and petroleum has rapidly outstripped coal upon the sea. The number of automobiles is twelve times what it was in 1914. The railway mileage of the world has also grown rapidly. But here a new shifting of transportation methods is already observable; for the automobile is taking traffic away from the railroads. We are at the dawn of an era of air transportation.

The multiplicity of manufactured products makes it impossible to deal with each group in detail; we can only note a general expansion of output in nearly every field. This is particularly true of electrical and chemical works. The German chemical industry, unquestionably the first in the world before the war, must now yield first place to that of the United States.

The world now produces of the six most important grains — wheat, rice, rye, barley, oats, and maize — omitting Russia, more than 426 million tons, as compared with less than 344 million tons before the war. This represents an increase of twenty-seven per cent. Before the war wheat was the most important crop. To-day the rice crop, which has risen during the interval eighty per cent, holds that position. We should note, however, that the consumption of animal foods has increased faster than the consumption of vegetable foods, and that in the latter class grain has yielded ground to other vegetable products. The growing consumption of fruits and nuts and substances extracted from them — coconuts, dates, bananas, sago, sugar, and jam — helps to explain this change in the human dietary. It also accounts for the fact that Europe is losing ground as a food-producer compared with the tropics. The world's sugar-output has risen twenty-five per cent. Before the war, this came mostly from

beets. To-day cane sugar supplies more than half the world's consumption — another instance of the decline of Europe compared with the subtropical and tropical countries. The tea crop has risen 177 per cent. This goes into the scale in favor of Asia. The production of cacao has risen seventy-seven per cent; that of coffee but sixteen per cent. On the whole, it is obvious that the world-wide agrarian crisis is not due to underproduction, but to overproduction.

Turning to textile fabrics, the cotton crop was less in 1923 than in 1913; the world's wool clipped has risen unappreciably. On the other hand, more natural silk is raised than formerly, and the output of artificial silk has risen 470 per cent. The decline in the cotton crop is due to temporary causes; and the world is using far more cotton annually than it did ten years ago.

Yet in a general way, natural and artificial silk are gaining ground at the cost of cotton and wool. This is due to the extension of silk raising in the Orient and the expansion of the artificial-silk industry in the West. In the same way that synthetic dyes have displaced natural dyes, synthetic textile materials promise to displace natural textile fibres. Indeed the fate of flax and linen is sealed. The number of cotton spindles has increased nearly fifteen million during the decade, and much of the new machinery has been installed in Oriental countries. Notwithstanding this, the textile industry has lost ground rapidly relatively to the world's total manufacturing effort.

Two new industries that are largely the children of the past decade deserve to be mentioned: the manufacturing of films and of wireless and radio apparatus.

The changing rank of different branches of production and of different

lines of industry within those branches has been paralleled during this period by equally marked changes in the geography of production. Before the war Western Europe was the centre of world production. To-day that centre has moved to the United States, which produced in 1923 more than half of the most important commodities that the world uses; petroleum, pig iron, steel, copper, zinc, automobiles, corn; and nearly half the world's output of coal, lead, and certain other

commodities. The industrialization of Canada, South Africa, Australia, India, South America, and China, has contributed to this shifting of the earth's economic centre of gravity. More than three fourths of the wealth annually created is produced by the two Anglo-Saxon nations, the United States and Great Britain, with their dependencies. Politically, as well as financially and mechanically, production constantly becomes more highly centralized.

INDUSTRIAL SKETCHES IN GERMANY

BY DOCTOR ERICH WULF

[Several paragraphs in this series of articles have been summarized.]

From *Berliner Tageblatt*, June 21, 25, 28, July 7

(LIBERAL DAILY)

CHEMNITZ, the industrial centre of Saxony, is one of the most important manufacturing cities of Germany, and until the recent crisis its wares were exported to all parts of the globe. The city and the surrounding district employ more than 300,000 operatives, or well toward one third of all those in Saxony. Its principal branches of manufacture are textiles and machinery. The district contains in round numbers 1400 textile mills, and 250 machine shops and engineering works. Clusters of towering factory chimneys rise from every part of the city. Beneath their smoke-crowned summits ordinary buildings cower like shrubbery in a mighty forest. A broad girde of newer factories surrounds the city proper, extending here and there into

the Erzgebirge. I rode for two hours in an automobile through this suburban district, and covered scarcely half of its circumference.

Chemnitz is exclusively a manufacturing town; outside of its industries it possesses practically nothing of cultural significance. Tall warehouses, filled with finished goods and raw materials, greet the newcomer. Hotel lobbies are filled with sample-trunks, and the guests discuss but one theme — business. The city possesses a museum, with a fairly good building but poor collections. The municipal library is about the worst in Germany. There is a theatre that sometimes presents a passable opera. The shops sell only such goods as factory workers buy. Social contrasts are very marked, and

the wealthy are shrewd enough to keep as much as possible out of the public eye. They reside in country houses in the more retired part of the Erzgebirge or at Dresden, and seek the refinements of life chiefly in the Saxon capital.

The present crisis began to make itself felt in Chemnitz about Easter. Those first affected were the home workers, who received no commissions from their employers and were forced to go from factory to factory seeking regular jobs. They had little success, for factory managers already saw the day drawing near when they must either curtail operations or shut down entirely. Few new orders were coming in, and many old orders were being cancelled. Several establishments, including the Chemnitzer Werke with 8000 employees, went on short time the first of July.

Employers feel keenly the scarcity of money and credit. One manufacturer showed me a letter from a customer who, after being dunned several times for a bill of eight hundred marks, remitted 33.50 marks, with the excuse that he could not make collections from his own customers, most of whom were small agriculturists. Many factories that usually collect by correspondence are sending personal representatives to call on their debtors, but where thousands of marks are due they are lucky to get a few hundred. Even the most substantial firms experience great difficulty in procuring ready money to meet their weekly pay rolls.

Urgent need of foreign credit, and hope of obtaining it as soon as the Reparations question is settled, explain the attitude of Saxon industrialists toward the Dawes Report. Some bitter opponents of the Report have been down here agitating against it, but their appeals made no impression. A great majority of the responsible

business men are opposed to an unconditional rejection of the Report, feeling that such action would precipitate Germany into a business crisis the consequences of which can hardly be measured. Manufacturers are ready to make sacrifices; on the other hand, most of them oppose an unqualified acceptance, and wish to ensure conditions that guarantee the survival of their industries. Since Chemnitz is an interior point, freight rates play an important part in its prosperity. Its manufacturers have been able to compete with their rivals elsewhere because the railways have been operated not as private undertakings but as public services — that is, with certain rate-discriminations. If Germany should relinquish the right to regulate her railway rates, Saxony's industries might be strangled.

Unfortunately, in discussing these questions with leading manufacturers, I have seldom met a man with a constructive policy. There is a general disposition to blame the workmen and taxes for all their ills, as if these alone were responsible for the present difficulties. Doubtless the operatives have not been giving full service in return for their wages; but I was assured by impartial, responsible employers that in this respect conditions are far better than they were a year ago. The return to the nine-hour day was made without incident. When we consider that many operatives employed in Chemnitz live far from the city, and have to rise at four o'clock in the morning in order to reach their place of employment at seven o'clock; that they must repeat this long and weary journey by rail and foot again each night; and that their wages are only twenty-five or thirty marks a week, we may well ask if a much larger output can be expected from them. It is excellent evidence of how low

German wages really are, that Switzerland now sends most of her voiles and muslins to Saxony to be finished, and finds that this pays, in spite of the high cost of transportation.

We must admit that taxes are a heavy burden. According to an estimate made by the Weavers' Association of Central and West Saxony, sales taxes on plain cotton plush, which passes through relatively few hands in the process of manufacture, amount to 7.63 per cent of the price of the goods to the wholesaler. In case of many other fabrics they rise to ten per cent. Other taxes bring the total burden under this item up to 14.5 per cent of the selling-price of goods. Before the war this total was only 0.73 per cent.

Formerly the United States was the principal market for Saxony's textiles, but America has now built up, behind her high tariff walls, an industry of her own. The Americans easily provided themselves with machinery, but for a time they lacked the century-old skill and traditions of the Saxon operatives. Yet they soon overcame even this disadvantage. During our inflation period they imported no less than six thousand of our most highly skilled weavers, together with their families and canary birds. Regular offices were established at Chemnitz to secure the pick of our operatives for positions as experts and superintendents in the United States. Since the war other countries, especially Italy, Spain, the Balkan States, and Scandinavia, have bought large quantities of German textile machinery, and there is no doubt that they will soon become our competitors.

Manufacturers in countries that are free to control their own legislation and foreign policy can appeal to their Governments to help them win new markets. German manufacturers no

longer have this recourse. The only way in which they can retain and extend their markets abroad is by improving the quality of their goods. The most promising field is not the production of staple fabrics, but of high-priced specialties.

We have an illustration of this fact in the present condition of the Plauen embroidery and lace industry. Before the war its total annual product varied in value from 120 million to 150 million marks, of which one third was exported. To-day this ancient manufacture is practically extinct, and those formerly engaged in it are making high-priced embroidered garments, especially women's lingerie. To be sure, Plauen has sixteen or twenty important curtain factories, and weaves large quantities of tulle and madras, but its laces and embroideries were what made it famous. How is the decline of so well established a manufacture to be explained? Merely by this: it was not artistically progressive. Of course, there was progress in a purely mechanical sense. Patterns and designs inherited from the painstaking hand-workers of an earlier era were made by wholesale with machinery. The so-called 'real' laces of old times were copied with more or less modification. But when all the libraries and museums and other repositories of ancient art-work had been ransacked and there was nothing more left to copy, the industry languished. And very wisely the present effort to revive it centres chiefly in an effort to encourage an artistic renaissance among designers.

Since the war the United States and Switzerland have made heavy inroads into the world's chemical market, which Germany previously controlled. America has the advantage of unlimited funds for scientific research. Switzerland has become our strongest

rival upon the continent. One of the largest chemical works at Ludwigshafen, which formerly exported seventy per cent of the dyes it manufactured, ships only thirty per cent abroad today. While identical conditions may not prevail in every branch of the chemical industry, this instance is fairly typical. Only the more costly specialties now find an outlet abroad. Prices do not seem to be the determining factor in the export trade. Some chemicals cost more in Germany than abroad; but prices of many commodities are falling, in some cases even below the pre-war level. Nitrogen sells for twenty-five per cent less than anywhere else in the world, or than at any previous period. That is due to the improvements perfected by the Badische Anilin und-Soda Fabrik. Notwithstanding the depression, chemical works are running at approximately full capacity, partly because they cannot curtail production as easily as other industries. They employ about ninety per cent as many operatives as before the war. Managers are reluc-

tant to suspend workers, or to put them on part time, for fear they will be enticed away by competitors in other countries.

Leaders in the chemical industry on the Main, like Saxon textile-mill owners and machine-builders, look forward to the acceptance of the Dawes Report as the only thing that will end the present crisis. They are even more unanimous and emphatic than their Saxon brethren in asserting that the Report must be accepted — of course after securing every possible concession. That opinion is expressed without reserve by large employers who are equally outspoken Nationalists and Conservatives. They consider the burdens imposed upon Germany by the Report almost intolerable, but believe that a period of repose is imperative for our industrial recovery, and that the only way to get it is by doing our utmost to satisfy the Dawes demands. If any conditions thus imposed on us are impossible of fulfillment, let it be proved by hard facts, not by noisy argument.

ALSACE UNDER THE TRICOLOR

BY BAIRD DENNISON

From the *Outlook*, July 12
(LONDON SEMI-RADICAL WEEKLY)

A RECENTLY elected deputy to the French Chamber for one of the two Alsatian Departments has announced his intention of addressing that august body in German, for the simple and cogent reason that he knows no other language. This startling declaration by M. Charles Huber — in Alsace they write his Christian name as Karl and

give the *u* in his surname the benefit of an umlaut — may possibly cause some of those credulous and complacent people in this country who remain persuaded that Alsace is, and always has been, both linguistically and racially, as much a part of France as Northumberland is of England — perhaps, too, a few sanguine French patriots

who have never left their own country — to pause and wonder. If these stout 'Old Believers' in the divine inspiration and equity of the Treaty of Versailles have tenacious enough memories they may recall, further, that President Wilson originally intended Alsace and Lorraine to have, like Schleswig, Upper Silesia, and other doubtful regions, the benefit of a plebiscite to decide their own destiny in accordance with that magniloquent and academically unassailable doctrine of the Self-Determination of Peoples. Perhaps it would be asking too much of human powers of recollection to suggest that anyone should still remember that this, the most important of all the plebiscites invoked by the Peace Treaties, somehow or other never took place. M. Georges Clemenceau was good enough to save the Supreme Council the trouble by announcing that Alsace had already 'had' its plebiscite, and there was an end of the matter. But Alsace, though it is not German, is still less French. It is, like bilingual Luxemburg, a survival of the old Burgundian Middle Kingdom.

There are some wonderful pictures in the Strassburg Museum: a museum subtly designed to give the impression that the siege of 1870 was the only really memorable incident in the history of the old Imperial city. These pictures, the gift of an 'ever-grateful,' and, for allegorical purposes at least, half-nude feminine Republic, to the 'faithful and ever-French' city, depict this plebiscite of the Alsatian heart in scenes of such frenzied rejoicing and riotous carnival as to seem almost too good to be true. The Strassburgers, a chivalrous people, are careful to pay just tribute to the notable part in this *jour de gloire* played by the thousands of disinterestedly patriotic day-trippers who from all parts of France, garlanded with the *tricolore* and vocal with one

continuous Marseillaise, poured into the Cathedral Square to coöperate in the mighty shout of acclaim which enabled the 'Tiger' to make that deathless revindication of the Fourteen Points to the British and American generals at his side. Perhaps M. Huber's first speech to the Chamber may be considered as an answer.

That immortal November twenty-second has provided the new name for the principal shopping street of the city. Here the *Gebrüder* have metamorphosed themselves into *Frères*, the *Aktiengesellschaften* have become euphonious *Sociétés Anonymes*, each *Modegeschäft* or *Damenwarenhaus* an *Au Bon Goût* or an *À La Petit Parisienne*. But it is still easy to decipher the original German signs and titles from the nail marks and window-scorings. Even the letter boxes have neat little enamel plates, bearing the rather superfluous inscription, *Boîte-aux-Lettres*, to cover, fig-leafwise, the obscenity of a cast-iron German eagle. The letter boxes of Alsace are indeed remarkable, in that they are almost the only ones in all France which can be found without the services of a local guide or a house-to-house exploration. Fortunes must have been made in the enameled-plate industry. Each street has had to be provided with its name reduplicated in a French translation, the hundred-and-one things it was forbidden to do in German railway carriages to be replaced by the still more confused and Draconian edicts embodied in the *Règlements de Police* of the new French administration, to give but two instances. Sometimes the results are rather droll, as in a somnolent village lane where above the name *Winkelgasse* can be read, as the appropriate French rendering, *Rue de l'Angle*.

Among the many unnecessary gadgets, fussy notices, and awful warnings

of prohibition conspicuous in German trains in former times was a neat little wooden box with a glass cover placed in the corridor containing an axe and a saw, 'in case of accidents.' The rolling-stock of the Alsace-Lorraine railways is the same as before the war, re-lettered, resanctified, and occasionally repainted for the use of French citizens. In the corridor trains these little German tool-boxes persist. Only now they are empty, and a notice of singular reassurance for nervous passengers apprehensive of imprisonment in a telescoped carriage informs the inquiring that, in cases of actual emergency, axe and saw can be had on application to the guard—at his discretion.

The moustaches of the *agents de ville*, the municipal police, are trained to grow in the spreading French military manner, where once they humbly imitated the truculence of an imperial model, with the aid of a celluloid apparatus, worn at night, known as '*Es ist erreicht!*' and recommended to all male Hohenzollern patriots. Men who once wore the German *Vollbart* and shrink from the clean-shaven state have trimmed their beards to a Gallic point, or even reduced their hirsute pride to the puny compass of an imperial. There was something curious and troubling about the appearance of a restaurant manager who advised me as to the choice of *un tout petit déjeuner*, and was clearly more accustomed to make suggestions for the heaviest of *Mittagessen*. I realized at length that it was only that his iron-gray hair, which for decades had been shaved to the skull, had now been allowed to grow to the luxuriant length enabling it to be brushed back from the forehead like Georges Carpentier. But when I asked him for some dark beer he answered, 'There is no dark beer in Strassburg now — only light.' Dark

beer is apparently as much under a political taboo as German cuisine, which vanished with the *Speisekarte*.

Outside the station is a great square where the tram routes converge — *Tramways de Strasbourg* now, once *Strassenbahnen der Stadt Strassburg i/El* — planted with chestnut trees, dull, pompous, and German, but pleasantly shady. It is said that M. Alapetite, High Commissioner for the Republic in the *Pays Libérés*, when first he beheld it, announced that the trees must forthwith be cut down, so that, in consonance with the best Centralist tradition, this provincial Place de la Gare should be made as close an imitation as possible of the Place de la Concorde in Paris. Indeed, it seems the necessary orders were duly given, but, owing to ingenious forms of inconspicuous obstruction, in which the Alsatians ever excelled, have never been carried out. In compensation some beautiful trees flanking a stately eighteenth-century building in the Place du Broglie, now used as an officers' club, have been ruthlessly truncated. It was necessary that Messieurs les Officiers should be able to contemplate *les petites femmes qui passent* from the ground-floor windows. Stendhal noted what he termed the French national hatred of trees nearly a century ago, but he would probably have regarded this excuse as a perfectly valid one.

The gendarmerie, recruited from the interior of France, is everywhere in evidence, as though to supplement and stiffen the imperfectly acquired insouciance of the municipal police, who seem a trifle self-conscious, in their kepis and a not yet quite familiar uniform. In Saverne, the little town in the Vosges, once notorious for the Zabern affair, the quota of the local German police was raised to eleven in the latter stages of the war, owing

to the notorious disaffection and tenaciously pro-French sentiments of its two thousand inhabitants. As a fitting tribute to its martyrdom under the German yoke it now enjoys the services of thirty-seven stalwarts of the *Gen-darmerie Nationale*, and, till recently, the number was considerably greater. The *bleu d'horizon* uniform in the street is in pleasant contrast to the *Pickelhauben* and *flache Mützen* of what the Alsatians guardedly refer to as the old days. The French troops, many of whom it is curious to hear speaking German, or at least a dialect of it, as their native language, are very smart, courteous, and well-behaved. So great is their number that even the plethora of German barracks does not suffice to contain them, and new ones are being built. French students in their sloppy velvet caps pass, coming from the now 'redeemed' university where once Goethe studied. Ten years ago I remember seeing German students pass the same way with their rather bloated but honorably lacerated faces and all the grotesque heavy-dragon trappings of the *Korps-Verbindungen*. The improvement, in externals at least, is enormous and undeniable. And, curiously enough, it is most conspicuous in the matter of headdress. Officers, police, postmen, and tram-conductors are all humanized by the kepi. The rakish, dark-blue *Chasseur-Alpin*, Pyrenean-shepherd cap has ousted the hard, round, semi-military disk for the schoolboys. Among the women, though the picturesque Alsatian headgear survives, the hat of the German *Hausfrau*, that reproach among women and inexhaustible gold-mine of the caricaturist, has vanished utterly. Berlin no longer delivers the goods.

Over the Kehl Bridge, which leads across the Rhine to Baden, crows a

golden and ultrabellicose little Gallic cock, surfeited with pride at having overcome the Prussian feathered Goliath.

On most of the public buildings the French have succeeded in carving out the Imperial eagle and carving in the soberer emblem of the Republic. But the Prefecture, the old *Regierungsgebäude*, defies all efforts at Gallicization. Nothing but high explosive could tame the German exuberance of this 1880 nightmare in sandstone. Eagles, crowns, coats-of-arms, and again more eagles, other crowns, and yet more shields, drip from its ponderous cornice and cavernous tympanum like cream poured over a fantastic blancmange. But from the porch flutters the tricolor, vivid and out of place as a mannequin in a sumptuously funereal Sunday School.

There are times when one can hardly believe that Alsace is really in France again after all. Whole hours go by with nothing to make one aware of the change. But then there is always the *Douane* as a gentle reminder to day-dreamers that *La France reste la France*, and that Alsace, the long-lost daughter, has been gathered back to the superb bosom of the *Mère Patrie*. Crossing into Switzerland with only a handbag, I opened it for the inspection of a melancholy young French official. While yet the chalk of absolute hovered in mid-air in one hand he turned over a sheaf of regulations with the other. Then, even as he motioned me to pass as one definitely cleared from suspicion of being a smuggler, he asked, tonelessly as a sullen child repeating a copybook maxim by rote: 'You have no aromatic plants to declare?'

No, the war is not just a disordered dream, the new maps do not lie; Alsace is in France.

ANIMAL NEIGHBORS IN AFRICA. I

BY RUDOLF REQUADT

[The author, a young German ethnologist, has been studying the wild tribes of Swaziland since the war by living in their midst, much as Vilhjalmur Stefansson has among the Eskimos. The following sketches are a by-product of this experience.]

From *Kölnische Zeitung*, July 5, 8, 10, 12
(CONSERVATIVE DAILY, BRITISH OCCUPIED TERRITORY)

I SPENT much time creeping through serpent-infested thickets in my efforts to watch the bush-dwelling natives unobserved. Every now and then I found myself face to face with one of these unpleasant neighbors — a brown adder, coiled upon the ground, apparently passive but intensely alert, or a green tree serpent, half obscured in the foliage, and in either case merging more or less completely with its environing colors. They were never more than three or four feet long, or thicker than a child's arm, but they could dart their poison fangs like lightning, or spit venom with unerring aim from a metre's distance into a person's eyes. The first meant death; the second probable blindness.

But though I had many meetings of this kind, I never found these snakes disposed to attack me so long as I gave them any chance to escape. The green tree serpents would ascend quickly to the highest branches until they were completely hidden by the denser foliage, and the brownish land snakes would vanish into one of the numerous holes that dotted the entire country. Only when I surprised them — so close that they felt threatened — did they draw back their heads to strike before attempting flight. On such occasions a single indiscreet movement would have brought lightning retaliation. I invariably stood rigid and

motionless, as if cast from bronze, and never, no matter how close our encounter was, did the serpent fail eventually to lower its head reassured, and slip silently away. Although I often had to exercise tremendous self-command in such emergencies, it was the only thing to do, and I have no doubt that I owe my life to this procedure.

Once or twice my escape was very narrow. One evening when I was rising from a crouching posture, I placed my left hand on a neighboring branch, and instantly felt the sharp prick of a serpent's fang in the ball of my thumb. I shook the thing off with a shriek of terror, but saw as it darted away that it was a particularly venomous tree serpent. Fortunately I was prepared for such an emergency. Snatching out my knife, I instantly cut away the flesh from around the bite, and put a tourniquet around my arm. Then I drank all the spirits in my field flask. Thanks to these prompt measures, the consequences, though disagreeable, were not serious. A second experience very similar to this occurred when I was walking incautiously through the woods, and noticed just too late that I was about to step upon the smooth, shiny body of a snake. A broad head darted out of the grass and struck me furiously in the calf. With a quick blow of my cane I stunned my assail-

ant, and as my foot crushed its head, I saw that it was a puff adder. These are especially dangerous because they move too indolently to avoid being trodden upon.

I wore glasses to protect my eyes from these serpents; and fortunately enough as it proved, for the very first time I ventured into a thick piece of undergrowth a snake shot its venom against them. It was a yellowish, viscous substance, so powerful that a tiny droplet that chanced to strike the vicinity of my eyes as I hastily removed the glasses caused a violent inflammation. I had an even worse experience on another occasion. As I was entering my tent after a little excursion, without my glasses, I heard a familiar hiss, and as I sprang back, saw that a serpent was coiled around the rear post of the tent. Seizing a long bamboo pole, I thrust it through the front flap of the tent and tried to strike the intruder on the head. At the same moment, however, it spat its venom, and again a minute particle actually reached my eyes. I recoiled with a scream of pain that brought my black boy instantly to the spot. He hastily got a bag of water and it was only after an hour's constant bathing that I began to feel reassured that my sight might not be permanently impaired.

My most thrilling experience, however, occurred one day when I was creeping rather carelessly through a dense thicket. A gray serpent's head suddenly lifted itself directly under my nose. I felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to jump back, but true to my practice, remained rigidly motionless. The snake slowly thrust its head closer to my face. I felt my strength deserting me, and it took the utmost command of will to keep from shrinking back or trembling. Finally the snake paused only two or three handsbreadths from my face. I felt that I was about to

faint, and summoned my last reserves of resolution to stare back steadily at the malicious, sparkling eyes of my horrible vis-à-vis. We both remained motionless in this position, eye to eye, for quite a time, while I steadfastly resisted an almost irrepressible impulse to strike the serpent on the head. Eventually the snake turned and glided sinuously away through the thicket. The moment it was gone I relaxed, weak from exhaustion, and lay flat for a long period before I recovered strength enough to rise.

Several times I saw serpents capture their prey. Once I lay stretched out along the broad limb of a great fig tree, under whose leafy canopy a flock of birds was twittering. I watched their brilliant plumage and graceful, unconscious movements with intense pleasure. A blue tomtit sat for some time chirping upon a branch immediately below me. Suddenly a green snake's head rose from beneath the branch. As soon as the little bird saw it, its wings sank limply by its side, and it disappeared in the snake's distended jaws without making any effort to escape. Another time I was crouching at the corner of a little clearing when I heard a rustling in the neighboring thicket, and a rat sprang out running on three legs and dragging a puff adder a yard long on the fourth. The puff adder had swallowed the leg up to the hip, but the rat was still strong enough to drag its captor after it, although the serpent twisted and coiled violently. The doomed animal struggled across the clearing, but just as it was about to enter the thicket beyond, it was seized with a death chill. Obviously the adder's venom was having its effect. Giving a little screech of terror, the rat sank down motionless. The snake strengthened its hold, partially winding itself around a clump of grass. For a moment or two

the rat's limbs quivered violently, until with a final shudder they were still. Thereupon the serpent crept leisurely backward, dragging the rat with it, and disappeared in the thicket from which they had emerged.

On another occasion, as I was creeping along the ground, I came from behind upon a brown-and-gold patterned adder swallowing a white frog, one of the kind that lives on certain white-stemmed shrubbery. Apparently it had seized the frog from behind, for as the latter disappeared the front paws, which were the last to vanish into the engulfing jaws, waved like two tiny, appealing, human hands.

I often saw a number of snakes together — once a whole cluster of little adders wound up into a ball and moving slowly through a thicket, their tiny tongue-darting heads emerging from the mass the while. On another occasion I saw two big green adders playing upon a thick limb, now darting with feigned fury at each other, now approaching with a queer, caressing movement. At another time I saw two serpents twisting furiously along through the woods, holding a rat by either end in their wide-spread jaws, and lashing the ground wildly while each attempted to tear the prey from the other.

I witnessed an unusual snake mobilization one evening at a place where I had just burned over a thicket which I knew was infested with them. It was bright moonlight, and as I stood at the edge of the burned-over area I could see that it contained a multitude of holes. Almost immediately the whole place was alive. A snake raised its head out of this hole, another out of that one, only to draw it quickly back as soon as it discovered that the familiar thicket had disappeared. Little by little, however, the tenants of the holes reappeared, raising their heads

higher and surveying the surrounding ashes with obvious astonishment and distrust. Finally one by one they ventured forth, wriggled confusedly in different directions, as if trying to locate the terrain, and every now and then ran into each other. Finally they seemed to reconcile themselves to the sudden change in the landscape, and dispersed into the neighboring shrubbery on their nightly search for prey.

One noon as I was sauntering along a trail a serpent suddenly darted out of the shrubbery on one side, and glided rapidly down the path ahead of me to a clearing where the grass was very short. Apparently greatly terrified, it tried to hide in one hole, then in another, but each time quickly withdrew its head and hastened on. I saw it was a brown earth-adder of remarkable size. Usually these snakes are not more than a yard long; this one was to all appearances quite twice that length, and was clearly too large for an ordinary hole. Finally, however, it succeeded in its quest and, arching high, vanished into the earth. When I reached the point where it disappeared, I discovered that it had taken refuge in a deserted ant hill that was a perfect network of holes and tunnels.

Upon returning to the village, I asked the blacks if they had ever seen a poison adder of such length. They said no with loud exclamations of astonishment. One of them, with a high opinion of his sharpness, surmised I had been dreaming, but another — a fellow of exceptional experience and authority — declared: 'It may have been just an unusually big one, for now and then you meet a poison snake almost as large as a little python.'

Upon cross-questioning this man, I discovered that he was unusually well informed about snakes. To my inquiry regarding pythons he replied: 'They are found a day's journey from here in the

mountains, and usually have their dens on the sunny side of steep declivities. Most of them average once and a half to twice the length of a man, and have a brilliant yellow, green, and gray patterned skin. They feed on small game. Deeper in the mountains there are still larger pythons, easily fifteen or twenty feet long. They eat only large game, and will sometimes attack adult men. They can swallow the largest man with their fearful jaws.'

A week later I visited these mountains in company with this black man, to whom I had promised a reward if he would show me pythons in their native haunts. We had climbed around the declivities for a whole afternoon without finding more than a couple of faint trails, and were stalking along discouraged through the forest toward a little marshy basin in the hills, that was covered with tall grass, when the black stopped abruptly with an excited gesture. Examining the ground closely, he pointed toward a few crushed stalks of grass. 'A python did that,' he said. He continued his minute inspection of the trail, closely examined the neighboring shrubbery, and finally turning to me added: 'There was a fight between a python and a buck over there.'

Thereupon he interpreted the signs for me, explaining each act of the forest tragedy in its proper order: 'At sunrise a buck came here. Perhaps the python saw him from that cliff; perhaps he was lying in ambush here in the trees. In any case, he darted out of that thicket and wound himself like lightning around the animal's hind quarters. But he did not make a good tackle. He did not crush the animal's ribs. So the buck was able to make several springs—to that bush there, past this tree, but could not shake off the serpent. The latter

wound itself partly around the tree and checked the buck so suddenly that he fell. He still struggled violently, but the python cast two more coils around him and crushed him to death.' By this time we were standing where the struggle occurred, and could see clearly in the grass where the thrashing legs of the buck had torn the ground.

The black scanned the neighboring thicket closely, and after a moment's reflection, pointed to the ground and said: 'The snake swallowed the buck here, and then went toward that cliff to digest it in a sunny place. It is easy to catch them when they are digesting their prey.'

Thereupon he preceded me through the bushes, keeping his eye intently on the ground, and following, to my astonishment, a trail that I should never in the world have detected. At the foot of the cliff he left me, stole away silently among the boulders, and soon returned, his face beaming with joy.

I may now follow him with my gun ready to fire, while he cautioned me earnestly not to make the slightest noise. At length he motioned me to look cautiously around a bush, and there lay the snake in a compact coil as big as a wagon wheel. I could not trace the coils clearly enough to tell which end was the head and which the tail, though it was easy enough to discern a shapeless, thick swelling, apparently the tomb of the swallowed buck.

After a time I imagined I could make out the head, and silently raising my gun, fired. Just then, however, the real head shot up from quite a different place, while the coils seethed in great arches beneath its angry, yawning jaws. But I was ready for a second shot, and just as the huge serpent caught sight of us behind the bush and lowered its broad, hissing head

with a sort of undercut swing for attack, I let him have a charge of heavy buckshot directly into the open throat. The head, blown to fragments, fell backwards, the arching coils sank limply to the ground, and a slight un-

dulating quiver passed through the whole body. I had the black man skin the python for me, and during the process we uncovered its morning prey, which was a full-grown springbok about the size of an average deer.

CHUTANAYTA

BY FAUSTO BURGOS

[The Puna is the native word for the Andean highlands of Bolivia and Peru, and also for the soroche, or distressing mountain-sickness that often seizes strangers in these lofty altitudes.]

From *Nosotros, May*

(BUENOS AIRES LITERARY AND POLITICAL REVIEW)

I SPREAD my saddle blankets on the yellow sand of a dry river-bed, made a pillow of my saddle, and lay down to rest. It was late afternoon. A sharp wind was blowing from the Puna. Before closing my eyes I stared at the trail, the long, rugged trail that zig-zagged and undulated from one height to another in a continuous succession of steep ascents and descents. I had traveled such trails many times on a mountain mule, but had always met upon them muleteers and shepherds, and women on foot, spinning as they walked. The honey-like fragrance of the blossoms of the mountain *chigua* was wafted to me as I fell asleep and began to dream of my borax mines.

'A ton of borax costs me forty pesos at Abra-Pampa. Carriage to Buenos Aires does not exceed forty-five pesos. I shall sell it at 180 a ton. I shall buy trucks to haul it; a burro carries fifty kilos, a llama only twenty-five. Within a year I shall have made 15,000 pesos. . . .'

An inner voice, perhaps the still,

small voice of conscience, whispered timidly, as if not to awaken me: 'Carlos, you are enriching yourself by the labor of the poor. Not long ago Sajama froze to death. Do you remember? You were going early, very early, in the morning to count the number of sacks of borax that the miners had filled the day before. On the trail you stumbled over a mound covered with snow. What did you think? Poor Sajama! You recognized him when you rolled him over with your foot. Sajama still held his miner's drill clutched in his hand.'

I was conscious of answering slowly: 'It is true,' and I seemed to see again Sajama's livid face and his brown, calloused, rigid hands. I seemed to see him stretched on the white snow, his mouth half open, his glassy eyes half closed.

'You pay them a peso a day. Only a peso! The poor fellows toil all day long with the pick, the sledge, the drill, sometimes in the snow with the mercury twenty degrees below zero, while you doze comfortably, wrapped in your

blankets. They go hungry. You have abundant fare. They huddle around a smoky fire, munching their coarse and scanty rations, and chew coca to fight their fatigue and keep out the biting chill. Do you remember Chutanayta, the llama-driver?’

I tried to wake up at the vision of Chutanayta’s bloody face.

‘You beat Chutanayta, and then set fire to the rush-thatch of his hut.’

I was conscious of answering again: ‘It’s true.’

‘Chutanayta was unwilling to pack borax from your mines with his llamas because you paid him only twelve pesos a ton, and instead of money gave him store chits — to carry a ton of borax clear to Abra-Pampa, Chutanayta and his forty black llamas!’

Again Chutanayta’s bloody face rose before my eyes.

‘You beat him — was he a slave? — seeing that he made no move to pick up a stone to load his shepherd’s sling; and, blind with wrath, you set fire to the roof of his hut. La Collaguaima, his wife, and her children fled up the mountain.’

I repeated mechanically: ‘It’s true.’

‘And later you met him when you least expected it, on a narrow and treacherous trail that climbed higher and higher. You saw him coming behind his pack of llamas. When he passed and recognized you he lowered his eyes, he looked at the ground, he did not stare you in the face, and the black llamas of his pack turned their heads away.’

I was silent. Or was it perhaps the still, small voice of conscience? I was vaguely aware of approaching sounds. I roused myself. What was it? Who was approaching my rough traveler’s couch? A warm breath touched my cheek. What! The proud, black llamas of Chutanayta, with the red-woolen tassels in their ears, stared at me curi-

ously as they passed. The sun was just sinking behind the jagged summits of Orus-Mayu as the llamas passed out of sight behind the clumps of dry reeds that bordered the now arid river-bed. I saw the long procession wind away and recalled poor Chutanayta — Chutanayta the llamero, who was not willing to freight the borax from my mines.

Weary, cold, and hungry, I made my way toward a rude stone hut built in a gloomy nook of the yellow mountain. Dismounting I tied my horse to a stunted *quenua*, and knocked at the door. No one answered. Standing in the middle of the yard I gazed up at the purple, snow-capped summits of the encircling peaks. Dusk was gathering when Collaguaima, the shepherdess, appeared coming down the shrub-bordered trail. The moment she saw me she turned to run back up the mountain.

‘Collaguaima, come here,’ I called. ‘I’m hungry and cold and tired.’

Did she answer: Die then in this desert, where there is nothing to eat but thistles, where the eagles will sweep down, pick out your eyes, and rend your corpse?

‘Collaguaima, come here, come here!’

I heard the cry of her baby that she was carrying on her hip. She paused a moment. ‘Don’t you know me, Collaguaima? I’m Don Carlos, Chutanayta’s old *patrón*.’

La Collaguaima muttered something between her teeth.

‘I’m tired out; I’m cold and hungry. It’s two days since I left Orus-Mayu. I mistook the road and am lost. I don’t know how I found your cabin. Don’t you remember Don Carlos de Castro?’

‘Don Carlos. Yes, sir.’

‘Ah, you remember! I am the man who set fire to your cabin.’

She looked at me sadly, so sadly —

she, the poor shepherd woman. Here I was begging shelter of her in a remote valley near the peak of Ari-tucum.

'Collaguaima, I'm hungry and cold.'

'There 's nothing but a little coca, sir.'

'And spirits?'

'One finger in the bottom of the flask.'

'No provisions?'

'None, sir.'

'How 's that? Is n't Chutanayta working? Aren't you weaving any *barracán* and *picote*?'

'We work, sir, but corn is dear and our young llamas don't bring anything.'

'We plant much corn down in Huma-huaca, enough to fill eight houses as big as yours with ears — all well filled out.'

'That 's a lot.' Collaguaima's eyes grew big. She had never seen a real field of corn. When they sow corn up in the Puna, the cold kills the plants before they ear out.

'Yes, it 's a lot. We fill twenty granaries with it every season.'

She dropped her eyes, meditated a moment, then taking a handful of coca from her *chuspita*, put it in my hand.

'Are you all alone?'

'Chutanayta 's coming.'

'Soon?'

'He 'll travel all night.'

'Did he go to Cketa?'

'To Abra-Pampa.'

'I shall have to stay here to-night at your house. Have you an extra bed?'

'No, sir.' She pointed to the adobe bench where they slept. 'You can spread your saddlecloths there, sir.'

'And you and the children?'

'We 'll sit up for Chutanayta. He 'll be traveling all night.'

I lay down. The *puna* [mountain sickness] seemed to clutch my heart. As soon as I closed my eyes the vision of Chutanayta's bleeding face again rose before me.

By the side of a big jar in the corner sat Kererinka, the rum-seller, Chutanayta, the llamero, and Kolke, Tarky, and Cachisumpi next to a tub of reddish, muddy *chica*. Chutanayta had already sold the skins of his young llamas, Kolke his load of salt, Tarky his rolls of llama wool, and Cachisumpi, the Cokanis, his two nets of little peaches from Tojo.

'Come, brother, a litre to wet our throats.'

Kererinka brought a litre of *chica*.

'You don't know where the Commissioner went?'

Kolke looked frightened. Tarky said, 'I come from a long ways from here.'

'But you have sheep, have n't you?'

'I have.'

'Many?'

'A few.'

'They 'll take them away from you.'

Cachisumpi, the Cokanis, looked down at his mustache and muttered to himself: 'I 'll hurry on to La Quiaca and cross the border.'

'He came on the train yesterday with a sergeant and two soldiers. What did he come for?'

Chutanayta answered: 'To take what we 've got.'

'What sort of a chap is he, comrade? A lowlander?'

'A lowlander. He 's a blond — a white, fat fellow.'

'I 'll hustle my llamas off to Susques.'

'That 's a long ways.'

'I shan't let that fellow get them.'

'They say he comes to make us pay the rent.'

Tarky broke in: 'I paid my rent to Don José, and I gave him a third of my llamas, and I worked twenty days for him without pay.'

Chutanayta said, 'He 'll deny it to your face.'

The friends started down the sandy street of Abra-Pampa and stumbled

upon the Commissioner in a provision store.

'Hello, how are you boys? Where did you come from? I want to talk with you a minute. I 'm Don Roberto Jámez, the Commissioner. Did you know I came in on yesterday's train? You knew it, eh? And that 's why you came to talk with me — to tell me how things are going with you, and to arrange to pay your rent. . . .'

The poor fellows did n't know what to say, and hung their heads.

Don Roberto continued: 'Are you afraid of me?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, let's talk like friends. I shan't let you get around me. The fellow who owns five hundred sheep must tell me that he owns five hundred.'

'We are poor, sir,' replied Chutanayta.

'Poor! I wish I had the sheep and the llamas you have.'

'I have only forty pack-llamas.'

'And I fifty little sheep,' added Tarky.

'Little sheep? You mean sheep, don't you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How many kilos of wool a year from each sheep?'

'They give a kilo and a half here, sir,' said Chutanayta.

'A kilo and a half! Incredible! Down in my country a fleece gives six kilos. Why don't you buy good stock?'

Chutanayta explained: 'Here in the Puna the lowland sheep starve to death, sir.'

'And the pastures?'

'The *colchar* has dried up.'

'Yes?'

'The *peludilla*, too, has dried up.'

'And is n't there anything else?'

'The *esporal* has frozen and the *chilagua* was frost-bitten, sir.'

'And there is nothing else?'

'The *iro* is too hard for lowland

sheep, sir. Our little native sheep of the Puna eat everything: *yareta cieneguera*, *tola*, and *canglia*.'

'And stones, too?' asked Don Roberto sarcastically.

'*Quién sabe, señor?*' replied Chutanayta placidly. 'I never saw them eat stones.'

'Your horses are the same. I never see anything but scrubs up here.'

'Lowland horses die, sir.'

'Starve?'

'Because of the puna, sir. No one can raise colts here, the puna kills them.'

'And the burros — does the puna affect them?'

'No, sir.'

'And you?'

'No, not a bit.'

'That 's evident. You chew coca all day and drink ninety-five per cent alcohol. What I can't understand is why you are so lazy. Why don't you plant corn?'

'Corn won't grow at this altitude,' said Chutanayta. 'It won't head out; the wind and cold prevent it. The only thing that grows here is *quínoa*, and we plant that.'

'How much rent do you pay?'

'I pay one hundred and fifty pesos a year,' said Tarky, 'and give a third of my llamas.'

'How much land do you rent?'

'A tract four squares wide and two leagues long.'

'And you are discontented?'

'They 're trying to make him pay two hundred pesos now,' explained Chutanayta, 'and to give half of his llamas and pay a grass fee.'

'Grass fee?'

'If the llamas get into the next pastures he must pay for what they eat. Young llamas won't stay in a pasture like sheep. They range widely when they are hungry. Why don't they put up barbed-wire fences?'

'Any owner can do so if he wants to,' explained Don Roberto.

'My friends here don't want to pay the grass tax.'

'I don't know, I don't know.'

'And they force us to work for them twenty days a year without paying us a centavo.'

'But slavery 's been abolished.'

'That may be, sir.'

'Yes, it has been abolished. You ought not to work unless you 're paid for it.'

'They force us to by flogging us. Aye, aye! Don Isidoro has a heavy lash and he lays it on hard to fellows who won't work for nothing.'

'Have n't you got fists?'

'He 's got a revolver and two rifles,' said Chutanayta. 'I 've had bosses who beat me, but now I 've driven my llamas up into the mountains. Now I 've got no boss.'

'No?'

'No, sir.'

'How do you make out?'

'I live away up in the mountains. I 've built a little stone house with a straw-thatched roof there, and don't pay rent.'

'You have to pay it.'

'No one owns the mountains up there, sir.'

'All that is government property. You 'll have to pay rent.'

'We 've got nothing to pay with, sir. If you don't let us stay there, we 'll go farther up, farther up, clear up into the clouds.'

Cachisumpi, the Cokanis, set out for La Quiaca with his two empty nets at his saddlebow; Kolke took himself off again to the salt wells of Casabindo; Tarky, the shepherd, stayed at Abra-Pampa. Chutanayta selected a narrow llama-trail to return home by. Like his

friends, he went on foot. The sun was already high when he left, but he kept on without stopping until he reached a little water hole at the foot of a high cliff. There he drank his fill and started on again. When night came he stopped by the side of the precipitous trail and immediately fell asleep. In his sleep he saw his tiny stone hut with its reed thatch, his pack of llamas, his rude, handmade loom, and Collaguaima with his little ones waiting for him as she spun and spun; from time to time she gazed up the mountain with her big, black, pensive eyes, as if looking for him. Chutanayta said to himself: 'When I get there and tell her that we 've got to go up still higher, clear up to where the clouds lie, she 'll lose her appetite and stop sleeping nights, and wander about all day behind the llamas spinning and talking to herself.'

I saw him, and the fear of death seized me. Would he drop a stone into his shepherd's sling and finish me once for all? I tried to raise myself so as to sit up on the adobe bench, but I could not do so. I lay helpless, flat on my back with the puna.

'Don Carlos is sick,' said Collaguaima.

He did not ask how I had come there. I stammered: 'Chutanayta, I am Don Carlos. I treated you badly. I beat you because I was a brute. Now you find me here in your house, stretched on your bed, unable to move. It will be quite right if you throw me out, and leave me there on the mountain for the eagles to sweep down and pick out my eyes and to rend my corpse.'

Chutanayta seated himself by my side. A moment later I felt the soothing warmth of his brown hand on my cold brow.

FINLAND'S LAST RUNE-SINGER

BY C. T. H.

[The author is a Swedish journalist who made a tour of Finland last spring. The Kalevala, the Finnish epic, is a collection of more than three hundred thousand legends and proverbs, which were collected and published in 1835 by Professor Elias Lönnrot. The characteristic metre was chosen by Longfellow for his 'Song of Hiawatha.']

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*, June 21
(SWEDISH LIBERAL DAILY)

It was in the city of Sordavala on the banks of Lake Ladoga that the pleasant Professor T. Lehtinen told me about the old Karelian rune-singers, who until the last decade kept the heathen poetry of their country alive on their lips. Now only one of them remains, Onoila, who is ninety-two years old.

'You ought to see him,' said Lehtinen, stroking his goatee thoughtfully. 'He is the last of the real ones. In the distant villages there may be a few hidden who still remember what they learned from their elders in their youth, but since the death of Peedri She-meikka, Onoila is the only singer left who is of any importance. If you want to hear a Kalevala song as it sounded far back in the dim and misty past, this is your last chance. Onoila is old and feeble. His voice will soon be extinguished.'

All this made me eager to see Onoila and the amiable Professor noticed it.

'Alone you could not find him!' he said with a distressed expression. 'He lives 'way up in the Suistamo parish. But I'll make the trip with you. We shall start to-morrow and I'll prepare for our arrival by telephone. We'll have to take the day by the beak. The train for Matkaselka starts at five. *Hyvä asti!*'

The next morning was bright and cold as I crossed the long narrow

wooden bridge which leads to Sordavala station. On the slopes toward the Ladoga the hyacinths were drinking in the cold sunlight, small and frail, but lovely to see. The northern air was clear and transparent. In the gray shades of the roadway and houses were mixed the cool lights of the early morning.

Nowadays the railroad cuts through parishes and neighborhoods that formerly were completely isolated. This means a hastening of the extinction of the old Karelian culture. There is not much left, to be sure, for the old forest divinities fear the locomotive, and yet the country is as primæval as you could wish. The farther north you go, the more meagre does the landscape become.

At Matkaselka we had to change trains. In the station, which seemed connected with nothing in particular, we found boiled eggs and buttered sour rye-bread with cold boiled pork. Hungry from our morning ride, we fell upon these things, and a couple of glasses of hot tea gave us a fine glow. Everything tasted strange and foreign. There were big grains of salt in the salt shaker. A few Fennia cigarettes seemed natural after such a breakfast. We felt really fine.

My good friend Lehtinen had been one of the land appraisers for the new

railways, some of which, like the line upon which we were about to continue our journey, owed their construction to German initiative during the war and to their strategic importance; and he had also traveled in this country as a hunter and in other ways, so that he could speak with the authority of four years' acquaintance.

He told me the story of the rune-singer, Peedri Shemeikka, now deceased. Like so many of the Greek-Catholic Karelians of the frontier, he was a very tall man, even taller than Onoila. More sensitive to the change from his wild, wooded home-surroundings, he could not, like Onoila, make trips to the cities. Shemeikka, Onoila, and Lösönen, an equally famous *kantele* singer, had all been invited to come to Helsingfors to have their songs recorded by eager enthusiasts of folklore. I believe they went several times, but Shemeikka, who felt ill at ease amid so much attention, fell sick and died.

One evening shortly before, he had been invited to a private house and, being asked to sing his songs to the accompaniment of the *kantele*, took up the instrument and made an unsuccessful attempt. He hung up the instrument and in the impressive tones of the Kalevala bards said: '*Kalman kintahat jo kässissä* (Death's skin-mittens are already on).'

Presently he tried again and, as his stiff hands grasped the strings which would not respond, he exclaimed:—

'*Sovintoon saamatta kielet jäivät* (To harmony I could no longer set the strings).'

Onoila, on the contrary, endured both travel and the city life and now after these experiences he lives in peace with a daughter in the still unaltered parish of Suistamo. After our change of trains we now approach this region. The railroad runs eastward and the

forested sandy moors have made construction easy. A few cultivated patches and a few peasant huts, gray as the forest moss, break now and then the monotony of the wilderness. It is a country which even the Finlander of the West finds strange, distant, and wild. In the railroad coaches there are queer people, and when the train stops, as it frequently does, an odd *ramse* song sounds from the cars — a melody without beginning and without end, words and music from another world.

Here is the Suistamo station, simple but adequate, with plenty of room for sunshine and switchyards. The trip has taken four hours and we are glad to be here at last. The air is the intoxicating air of the mountains. In a few minutes the old man Onoila appears.

The inn has its 'bathhouse,' like all other homesteads, and is itself surrounded by birches in a pleasant manner. Without loss of time we enter the guestroom — a living-room with a typical Karelian interior of a late type. In the corners and between the windows are potted plants, in the centre of the room hardly anything, but here and there a few factory-made chairs painted red-mahogany and put cornerwise, and on the walls embroidered mottoes and colored pages from the Christmas magazines. On the floor carpets, chiefly homemade.

In such surroundings I was introduced to Onoila. His hands were very cold. He had prinked up a bit for the trip, but the room did not fit him, even though the walls showed the bare logs with moss stuffed between them. Lehtinen talked with Onoila in his native Finnish. I suppose he gave him a hint of what kind of *Ruotsi* man it was who had come to disturb his feeble days. He was like those *Helsinki* (Helsingfors) people who wrote and were inquisitive and who wanted Onoila to sit as a model.

He was still tall, this Onoila. One could see what strength he had once possessed, but now his height had shrunk with his ninety-two years and he was no longer the man he had been. In his eyes was a dull blind light. His pupils looked into another world.



ONOILA

Then he sat down and began to sing his runes, without fuss and without caring much about the surroundings.

He was an apparition from the heathen times. The venerable voice had in it something of a tone and color that made me shiver. Nothing more touching could a Northerner hear than this rhythm which monotonously rose to a wealth of feeling, this strong, clear touch of originality in every syllable, this language which swept forward from the mist of antiquity and ran past with all the original sounds and calls and peculiar intonations, reëchoing a vivid, dizzily distant past. All this merged into a continuous shiver — a physical sensation.

Onoila was singing a variation of the Kalevala motif. There are many such variations, gathered in different districts. These differences are the nat-

ural consequences of the verbal transmissions of the original poetry from fathers and mothers to sons and daughters, during the day's work or before the evening fire. In recent times and yet far back, this beautiful heathen poetry has had its texture still further softened and still more highly colored through the admixture of Greek-Catholic myths and motifs across the Russian border. As a literary composition the Kalevala has not suffered.

But of all that Onoila knows less than I, sitting there so ignorant and attentive. He keeps on a long, long time and does not appear to tire. Then he stops abruptly, wipes his mouth, and says something in an everyday tone to Lehtinen.

It sounded queer, that break, a drop down into reality with the speaker sitting under the banal, embroidered Scripture-motto on the wall. Through the Professor, who was master of ceremonies, I asked old Onoila to sing about the birth of Wäinämöinen, which he did.

Old and faithful Wäinämöinen
Wanders in his mother's bosom,
Lingers there for thirty summers,
During winters just as many;
On the Ocean's peaceful waters,
On its fog-enveloped billows,
Meditates and reconsiders
How it used to seem to dwell there
In that dark and gloomy burrow. . . .

Where Onoila began and where he ended I do not know. Then his strength failed him. He was an old, old man, undoubtedly the last to carry Wäinämöinen in his soul, even if indistinctly, like a fairy island in Lake Ladoga, swept by the fogs from the distant tundras.

For two hours the old rune-singer gave us his remarkable company. Then we went away, never to see him again.

REMINISCENCES OF SARDOU

BY ROBERT DE FLERS

[M. Robert de Flers is a distinguished French dramatist and journalist who holds the office of president of the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques. He is a member of the Academy and literary editor of Figaro. Two years ago, after a violent quarrel on the staff, M. de Flers left this newspaper to join Le Gaulois, but the difficulties were soon adjusted and the critic-dramatist returned to his original paper.]

From *Figaro*, May 31
(FRENCH RADICAL-PARTY DAILY)

THOUGH he had known so many people and seen so many things, though he had lived through so much, and though he had written ninety plays of which half at least are famous, Victorien Sardou displayed no trace of haughtiness, no skepticism, no fatigue, and no hint of the blasé. He worked and thought and talked cheerfully — indeed, he talked most of the time.

No conversational powers were quite so dazzling, quite so prodigious as Sardou's, for, knowing himself peerless in this art, he gave himself freely to it. One had to be careful not to interrupt him, for the venturesome soul who dared do so was sure to receive instantly a terrible glance full in the face. Nothing hindered Sardou's verve. When he was at table he could talk and eat at the same time, and only one difficulty troubled him: what could he do to keep some inconsiderate person or other from breaking into the conversation when he stopped to take a drink? To escape this peril, Sardou invented a little plan of his own: while with one hand he lifted the glass to his lips, he kept the conversation going with his wildly stretched forth right hand, so that, having slaked his thirst, he could calmly take up the story at the point where he had left it.

As a conversationalist, Sardou had

one very curious quality: he required no starting. His wit kindled itself, so to speak, without need of any other person to provide flint for his steel. I remember having myself, upon one occasion, presented to him an extremely agreeable chap, a distinguished businessman who, although quite ignorant of literature and the theatre, wished to make the dramatist's acquaintance. Sardou asked what his business was. The visitor replied that he managed a silk factory. Instantly Sardou launched forth upon a discourse, marvelously documented, on silkworms and the proper way to raise them. From that he passed to fashions, then to gowns, then to the crinoline, which gave him a perfect transition to the Second Empire as a new topic. At the end of an hour he graciously bade farewell to my unfortunate friend, who had not so much as opened his mouth and who feared he had produced a very bad impression. Nothing of the sort. Sardou soon remarked to me in his quiet way: 'Well, I've met your friend and like him very much. He's a charming talker.'

Yet in all this there was no pride, no pompousness. It was not for himself Sardou asked — and, if necessary, demanded — attention. He asked it for the person about whom he happened to be talking. Sardou was, or he became,

that person, and it was this gift of incarnating himself in others, of living through their feelings, their thoughts, actions, and emotions, that made him so successful as a dramatic author.

Suppose you mentioned Louis XI to him. Without the least thought of being theatrical, he hunched up his body, dropped his chin into the palm of his hand, and pulled his cap down over his eyes. He might have been waiting for Oliver the Barber. If the conversation turned upon Napoleon III he would assume instinctively the slow and absent-minded walk of the Emperor. He became whatever he wished to become, and would instantly discover the characteristic gesture, the one particular attitude that brought back to life the person mentioned. Time did not exist for him. He had the gift of bringing himself close to people and to things. Everything he read, everything that he studied passed before his eyes as he read and studied; and he loved or hated kings and princes and great writers dead for centuries, as people love or hate their closest friends and bitterest enemies. He would bubble over with summary judgments of them, which were usually fair and accurate in spite of their downright bluntness.

His two great favorites were Louis XIV and Napoleon, with neither of whom he ever had the heart to find fault, since they realized to the full his own twin dreams of magnificence and authority. Even in their blunders they expressed their epochs too perfectly not to deserve Sardou's good-will, and after all, great masters of stage effect owe these little courtesies to one another. Charles X he declared was nothing but 'a filthy louse' and Catherine de Medici was 'a first-class shrew.' Henry IV amused him, but the anecdote about every Frenchman's having a fowl in his pot on Sunday infuriated him and he would cry: —

'Even in those early days that story has a flavor of universal suffrage about it. Thanks to such sentences and such stories people finally hit on the absurd idea of having deputies. All this fuss and feathers to be able to say that you are one of the electors!'

Molière was the great love and the great admiration of his life. He used to say: 'He is the only man of genius who had good sense.'

He delighted in Molière's life, at once disturbed and sorrowful. 'He knew how to suffer without bothering other people,' Sardou used to say, and he would weep as he spoke of Molière's death. He had a keen taste for Montaigne, whom he called 'Montagne.' As for Boileau, he declared, 'He is so tiresome that he is funny,' and he used to call him 'the man who stopped the round dance.' Jean Jacques Rousseau was one of his favorite aversions. Sardou called him 'a kind of rural poseur who pretended to enjoy himself in the country when he really wanted to bore the people in Paris.' And he used to add: 'Sapristi! When you are a Swiss, the only thing to do is to stay Swiss.'

Robespierre was a nightmare to him. Woe to the man who spoke calmly of 'The Incorruptible' in Sardou's hearing, though there was a single occasion when this was done without releasing his wrath. It is true that this was a long time ago, that it was a woman who did it, and finally that the woman was the widow of Lebas, the member of the Convention, whom Sardou met when he was fifteen years old in a small playground for little boys and girls, run by Madame de Boismont in the rue d'Enfer.

'I arrived late,' Sardou used to say as he told the story, 'there was no little girl to dance with, and just one more partner was needed to make a quadrille. Over on a bench I saw a lady dressed in black, rather old but with a

youthful look about her, and, greatly daring, I ran to ask her to dance. "Oh," said she smiling, "I have n't danced for a long time!" I insisted. The mistress of the house came over: "Yes, yes, please do, just among ourselves you know, these poor children!" And the lady ended by consenting on condition that I should teach her the figures. After the dance, while she was asking kindly questions about my study and my teachers and my school, I asked Madame de Boismont who this good lady might be. "She is the mother of Philippe Lebas of the Institute, the widow of the member of the Convention." At that time I was deep in Thiers's book on the Revolution, and I cried out: "The one who killed himself!" Madame de Boismont repeated the exclamation to Madame Lebas, who beckoned me to come and sit beside her. I went, delighted at the thought that I had taught dance steps to this widow of the month of Thermidor. Of course Madame Lebas talked to me about Thiers, the Revolution, and Robespierre, and when she saw that I was at best lukewarm toward her hero she did not fail to observe that he was "much slandered by his enemies." I can repeat her words exactly. I still hear them: "Oh, of course, you would have loved him. He was so good and so fond of children." Just then someone came up, broke the conversation, and I have never seen my old dancing partner since.

Sardou used to describe these confidences with much interest and a great deal of bottled-up wrath, but soon after telling this anecdote he would take his revenge by drawing a portrait of Robespierre which was remarkable for its vividness and vigor.

'Which Robespierre did Madame Lebas know?' he would cry. 'She knew Robespierre at home — paternal, happy to be adulated and flattered, al-

most tender toward Eleonore and his sisters, sober, austere, chaste, speaking only in fine sentences and proverbs. She knew the man who on winter evenings would recite scenes from Racine or hum the romance that Buonarotti had been playing on the clavecin. She knew the man who would toss sous to little Savoyards in the Champs Élysées on summer evenings or take his dog Brount to bathe in the Seine, or who on picnics at Saint-Ouen or Montmorency would pick cherries in the orchards for his little friends or gather cornflowers in the fields. With the passage of time the picture of the great man had been idolized in the mind of good Madame Lebas to the point where she saw him as a fine character. His cat's head with its bulging, pock-marked cheeks, his bilious complexion, his green, red-encircled eyes behind the blue spectacles, his harsh voice, his dry way of speaking, pedantic, bullying, crushing, his carriage of the head, his convulsive gestures — all this had vanished and been melted down and transformed into the gentle figure of an apostle, a martyr to his faith in the salvation of man. Ah, how right Taine was in saying that Robespierre was still making dupes a hundred years after his death!'

Sardou was always cordiality itself to young people who came to ask advice or counsel. He knew how to put them at their ease with a charming grace. How many manuscripts he had read and edited! But he also felt that the thing he chiefly owed to his colleagues was frankness, and he never spared them that.

A new writer, famous to-day, once sent him an historical play in three acts asking him to look it over. 'Surely!' said Sardou. 'Come for it day after tomorrow.' For not only was he willing to help, but he was willing to help speedily, almost on the instant. The author came at the appointed time.

'Here is your manuscript,' said Sardou. 'I have penciled in my observations. You can look them over at home.'

Much interested and very anxious, the visitor did not prolong the interview. As soon as he was outside, he fumbled over the pages of his first act, and with consternation read on the margin such observations as these: 'Obscure. Useless. I don't understand. What good does this do? Too long. Muddy. Said before.' And suddenly, at the top of one sheet he beheld the inscription: 'This is the point at which the last spectator will decamp if he has not already done so.'

Sardou, to be sure, did not like to give pain, but just as his goodness was never slow to appear in his most terrible anger, so his sincerity often interfered with the adroit courtesy which his good-will inspired. It is a kind of miracle that so much finesse should be combined with so much spontaneity.

Least of all did Sardou take questions of the stage lightly. To understand how great a man of the theatre he was, one must have seen him hustle his interpreters, flatter and bully them, electrify them with his own ardor and mettle, one must have seen him urging on the crowd which shrieks before the tribune of Theodora in the circus or watched him send the two parties of Guelphs and Ghibellines crashing against one another, or unchain a mob of the people to stop a cart on its way to the guillotine and snatch away its victims. He was here, there, and everywhere, bounding about, putting fire into the dullest inertia — and yet all this was far more than a mere play to him. It was not a question of success, of producing an effect. No, all this was something real, reality itself, and it seemed as if his very life were bound up in dragging down Justinian or making himself master of Sienna. Woe to the man who, when Sardou was at his

highest pitch, fairly trembling with the reality of his writings, happened to remind him that it was nothing but fiction after all.

Legend — for legends live in the theatre, where nothing seems to be either wholly true or wholly false — legend has it that one day, when he was rehearsing *Le Roi Carotte* at La Gaité, a pantomime for which Offenbach had written music, a luckless individual coming to apply for seats lost his way and appeared unexpectedly on the stage in the midst of the rehearsal. Sardou was at that very moment arranging the ballet of carrots and turnips and was with extraordinary vigor selecting dancers to impersonate the two kinds of vegetables. The intruder found himself caught up in the throng and fell, startled and dismayed, into the hands of Sardou himself, who demanded: 'Now, then, are you a carrot or a turnip?'

'Mais, Monsieur —'

'Don't "Mais Monsieur" me! Which are you: carrot or turnip?'

'Permit me, sir —'

'I don't permit you! Are you a carrot?'

'No!'

'Then are you a turnip?'

'Certainly not!'

'Sacredieu, you must be either a carrot or a turnip! You have to be one or the other!'

'But you are mistaken —'

'Mistaken!' howled Sardou. 'I mistaken! Get out! Get out! Get out of here!'

And the unfortunate man was colored by the supers, tumbled across the stage, and pushed out of the door — the story adds that he went crazy. But there is no compulsion about believing this, for theatrical people have a way of their own of attaching very considerable consequences to very trifling incidents.

In spite of the ardor and the vigor which he devoted to his plays, Victorien Sardou never let the theatre absorb all his activities or all his ambition. It is remarkable that he, who was perhaps the most fruitful and varied literary talent of the nineteenth century, was able to free himself so completely from habitual faults of dramatic writing. It is almost possible to say, without paradox, that his dramatic work, considerable though it was, had only a relatively small place in his life. It seems to me that this is very fine and very noble, the mark of a superior nature to whom the chief thing in the past as in the present was life itself.

Life! To give life to all that one says and all that one thinks, all that one writes! This was the peculiar genius of Victorien Sardou.

Before I close this *causerie*, I should like to give a charming and touching proof of this marvelous gift. Sardou's

children, who were then quite young, used to go with him on his walks. They had always heard their father talk about Louis XIV as if he were some distinguished neighbor, and had heard him say, 'Louis XIV thought this,' or 'Louis XIV did that.' One day the little people were walking in the forest of Marly with Sardou and Philippe Gille, who had come as a visitor. 'There were some beautiful elms here,' said Sardou suddenly to Gille, 'which were cut down when Louis XIV died.'

Twilight fell and the wanderers returned. As they were sitting down to dinner, the children failed to appear. Someone was sent to find them, but they declared with sobs that they did not want any dinner. Asked why they were crying, they replied: 'Because Louis XIV is dead.'

This delightful incident, it seems to me, is perhaps the greatest dramatic success that Victorien Sardou ever had.

COLLECTING FACES

BY HERMINE CLOETER

FROM *Neue Freie Presse*, May 13

(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

In August 1804, the waters of the Danube bore a remarkable consignment on the long journey from Ulm to the imperial city of Vienna: twenty-seven carefully locked chests, weighing in all no less than three and a half tons and containing the life work of one of the most remarkable and most famous men of the eighteenth century. It was the so-called 'physiognomic cabinet' of Johann Kaspar Lavater.

In *Dichtung und Wahrheit* Goethe has

given us a vivid comprehension of the force and vigor emanating from this man's personality, and he has also — though with less sympathetic insight — expressed the problematic element in his nature when he introduces him into the Walpurgisnacht in the first part of *Faust* as the crane who tries to fish in both clear and troubled waters. In the interval between the salty proverbs that Goethe places in his mouth and the calm estimate of his worth which he

gives to the friends of his youth in his story of his life, there are also numerous hasty impressions of the 'prophet' in his correspondence with Charlotte von Stein, who had an enthusiasm — characteristically youthful in its lack of restraint — for the honored man which eventually ended in a complete break between them. At any rate Lavater, who wielded so much influence over human hearts, led Goethe during one of the decisive decades of his life into an enterprise from which they mutually profited. Here was a man who wished to make a science of that study of the human soul to which the poet felt himself irresistibly led, a man who believed that through the countenances of men he could penetrate to their innermost souls.

Lavater, who was an Evangelical priest in Zurich, was, by virtue of his calling, a searcher of souls. The task, which his priesthood demanded, of looking deep into the hearts of men, became a genuine passion for which remarkable innate gifts fitted him in an extraordinary degree, so that it was only natural that he should fall into the blunder of trying to make a science out of his great talent for studying faces. In his younger years as a priest he was often under the necessity of gathering in a special collection box at the hands of the faithful, money for the church and for the poor. He soon developed a special interest in the close observation of people's hands and the way they held them as they let their gold-pieces drop into the collection box, and he tried to picture each time the whole personality of the giver without looking at him, from the mere observation of the hand and the way it was held — what Goethe so truly and beautifully calls its 'mien.'

His hobby eventually led him to take the external appearances of men as the mirror of their inward lives and to

study them as such. Although in the beginning he tried to read character only in the living faces of men, he soon felt a desire to estimate characters by the more or less artistic reproduction of nature in portraits. He had men who seemed to him significant, either for their own personalities or for what they had accomplished, drawn in pictures, sketches, color, or even in simple silhouette, for the purpose of his study of physiognomy. After he reached his seventieth year, Lavater pushed his collection on and on, calling the whole world to his aid. One after another, artists of every kind were commissioned to send him portraits of people who seemed to them worthy of note in any way — reproductions of the outer man. Lavater would then in every case add a spiritual portrait, a portrait of the soul, usually in hexameter, writing whatever he thought he had discovered from the features of the subject. As time passed, he accumulated a voluminous collection in twenty-eight portfolios, which represented twenty thousand specimens, audible portraits, speaking character pictures, soul studies of great men known and unknown.

When the literary part of his notebooks appeared as *Physiognomische Fragmente*, it threw the intellectual world into turmoil, creating passionate supporters and correspondingly bitter opponents. At his death Lavater's portfolio was full of portraits and constituted the sole asset worth mentioning for his heirs, to counterbalance debts amounting to thirty thousand gulden.

When he died in the beginning of the year 1801, after a long illness, as the result of a bullet wound inflicted by a drunken French soldier when the French evacuated Zurich, his family found themselves compelled to offer his portrait collection, the so-called *physiognomisches Kabinett*, for sale. Friends

and relatives of the Lavaters drew the attention of Moritz, Reichsgraf von Fries — the collector and art-patron, who, as a banker and great merchant, was well supplied with the means — to this opportunity of making a good purchase. A short time before, when on his wedding journey, he had visited the wonderful Zuricher in his home, had inspected the collection, and had shown the liveliest interest, so that he now readily consented, and acquired the collection for the twenty-five thousand gulden which the family asked. By such means the collection came to Vienna, but it did not long remain in the possession of the von Fries family.

After the startling failure of the von Fries banking house in 1826, the Lavater portfolios, together with all the art treasures of the family, were put up at auction. They were broken up into twenty-six sections with a net price of four hundred gulden for auction purposes, since no one ventured to hope that there would be purchasers for it as a whole. Nevertheless such a purchaser was found — none other than the Emperor himself.

Kaiser Franz, — among all the contradictory characters in the Hapsburg line one of the most contradictory and most perplexing, — who suppressed intellectuals and displayed bitter hostility to culture, was nevertheless privately a devoted book-lover. The catalogue of his personal library, which was left in trust to the Imperial family, shows that clearly, and it is not remarkable that the Lavater collection should have aroused his special interest. Indeed it is very easy to understand. Must not the idea of physiognomic science, the thought that it was possible to determine the character of men through their outer appearance, have been especially attractive and of great importance to a ruler? It was not in vain that the Duchess Anna Amalie

von Weimar once wrote to Goethe's friend, Merck, with regard to Lavater: 'If I were a great queen, Lavater should be my Prime Minister.' The mighty ones of this earth always have the desire, and very often have possessed the gift, of looking into the inner life of men. Their power itself rests definitely on their capacity to see through other people, and here was an attempt to make a system of this art. What wonder then that the Kaiser was enthusiastic over the purchase of Lavater's collection? He commissioned his librarian and private secretary, Hofrat Young, to make the purchase.

The collection, which is to-day one of the valuable portions of the trust library of the Imperial family, fell in the course of years into confusion, and to-day it is, as a whole, in wild disorder, but the skillful hand of Dr. Rudolf Payer has made a selection from it which is now being published in two portfolios of ideal reproductions by the Amalthea-Verlag.

Dr. Eduard Castle has undertaken the literary and historical introduction. The first portfolio, which appeared last year, introduces us with word and picture to Lavater and his circle, while the second portfolio is devoted to Goethe and his circle. Although these two portfolios represent naturally only a small part of the entire collection, the originals are superbly reproduced, and they give such a valuable insight and outlook that everyone will be exceedingly loath to close them if he has once taken the trouble to examine the introductory text with its numerous suggestive hints. The editor also emphasizes in his introduction the fact that our own time, with its strong interest in meta- and para-psychological appearances, is far closer to Lavater's world of ideas than the century which has closed.

A peep into his physiognomic col-

lection will enable us to see and understand better the man who devoted his life to it, and who in doing so gave, unawares, the most striking expression to his own personality. Throughout his life he strove with might and main to depict human personality, and yet there were times when he was wholly baffled and when through his action or behavior he frequently injured others, and still, when called to account, he always affected a reconciliation through his mere personality. His *Physiognomische Fragmente* created a fine stir in fashionable salons and at æsthetic tea-parties, when they first came out. The idle and high-flown prattle of the snobs of the period must have done more to amuse and exasperate the cooler intelligences than the work itself, which could boast of an introduction written with the coöperation of Goethe. It is well known that this is the reason for the mockery of Lichtenberg, who heaped bitter ridicule upon the author in several journals.

Lavater, who was on good terms with Heinrich Merck, the boyhood friend of Goethe, seems to have complained to him over this rough criticism, for in a letter dated May 17, 1778, the latter seeks to excuse Lavater's assailant: 'I know Lichtenberg personally. He is more than a wit. He has a very keen mind. The twaddle about your book that Zimmermann has spread among the Hanoverian nobility is what has got him up in arms. . . . The trouble with Lichtenberg is that he does n't know you personally. I am perfectly sure that in that case he would never indulge in a single line of this bitter but amusing kind of wit.'

Goethe also says something of the same sort about Lavater: 'People who don't like him at a distance become his friends when they come near him.' . . .

Most of the pictures that he had

made for himself or that were presented to him satisfied Lavater as little as did his ideas of his subjects satisfy them. We can readily understand how he felt. The art of drawing and portrait-painting in Germany at that time — at least so far as we find it represented in Lavater's collection — stood on a plane none too high. To give us a picture of the inner man demands, indeed, the very greatest art, whereas in the artists who worked for Lavater we can see only more or less skillful journeymen, while even able portrait-painters would have had difficulty enough in satisfying Lavater's demands. By virtue of his own peculiar gifts, he sought to read in the faces of men, literally, the last secrets of their souls. 'His insight into individual men really went beyond all comprehension. People were amazed to hear how accurately he could describe this person or that. It was a terrible thing to live near a man to whom every wall within which Nature had striven to enclose one's individuality was transparent.'

If Goethe himself was so powerfully affected by the strange clairvoyant gift of Lavater, how much it must have disturbed other lesser men; and how can one expect to set the drawings or paintings that young painters or silhouette-artists made for Lavater beside the pictures of men that he drew from men themselves. Even in the artistic representations of his own countenance he often finds flaws and blunders — with perfect right, one must admit. A man who in life had such a powerful effect on others as Lavater must indeed have had more greatness in him than shows in his own pictures.

One can hardly think otherwise when, beside a mediocre drawing that shows him *en face*, he has written the words: 'Something of Lavater, but not all of him — I hope!'

A PAGE OF VERSE

LONDON BRIDGE

BY ERIC CHILMAN

[*Sunday Times*]

THE folk that live in London,
They cross, with little heed,
The bridge their fathers builded
To carry them at need.

The folk that come to London,
Hotfoot from everywhere,
They loiter by the arches,
And lift their eyes and stare.

And, London-born or strangers,
Men cross before they die
The famous bridge of London,
Beneath the London sky.

AN ENGINE ARRIVING AT KING'S CROSS DURING A SNOWSTORM

BY D. M. HOBBS

[*London Poetry*]

Room for the Fire King! Room!
He heaves his smoking shoulders through the gloom,
Moving slow,
With the snow
On his breast, breathing heavily and low.
Give him room!

Way for the Giant! Way!
His sides are scratched and reeking from the fray,
From the blow
Of his foe;
The steam god has met the god of snow.
Give him way!

Hold! Touch him not. Stand apart!
While the hot sighs rise from his heart,
Hoarse and deep;
And the fire dies down in his breast,
And his heavy axles rest.
Let him sleep.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A MODERN CATHEDRAL

A YOUNG man of twenty-one was the designer, and the same young man at forty-four is the builder, of Liverpool's new cathedral, which was dedicated in its half-finished state by King George and Queen Mary last month. Years ago King Edward laid the corner stone. The new cathedral, when completed, will be inferior in size to only two cathedrals in Europe: Saint Peter's in Rome and the Cathedral of Seville.

In 1901, when the competition for designs was opened, Mr. Giles Gilbert Scott was a youthful draftsman working in the office of an architectural firm in London. All the famous architects of Great Britain entered the competition. Even the firm by which the future winner was employed decided to enter designs; but young Scott, confiding in no one, worked out his own plans in spare time which he made for himself by rising early in the morning. He won the competition — the comments of his employers when they found their draftsman had beaten them are not recorded — and now, as an architect with an established reputation, though still young, twenty-three years after he first resolved to compete, he has the satisfaction of seeing his dream beginning to rise in solid stone.

The choir, the transepts, the chapter house, choir aisles, vestries and Lady chapel are wholly finished as well as a portion of the great central space above which the tower is to be erected. Mr. Scott's cathedral is original where originality might well have been thought to be exhausted. It is Gothic, but it copies no special national style. It is an original adaptation of the pure Gothic to the special needs and spirit

of our century. When finished, it will accommodate a congregation of eight thousand upon ceremonial occasions. The choir and the transepts, which now stand ready for worshipers, will seat twelve hundred and the Lady chapel, the first portion of the building erected, has been in regular use for worship for some time. The builders are endeavoring to finish each portion of the building entirely with all its equipment, furnishings, decorations, and carving. They are not attempting to push on with the outside walls at the expense of everything else, as was done when the Westminster Cathedral was built.

Mr. Scott himself has written for the London *Morning Post* a short article about his cathedral, in which he says:—

A cathedral is a great opportunity for an architect to express an abstract idea in architectural form. The practical requirements are simple and few. The chief requirement is to produce a solemn and



SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT

A Caricature by 'Quiz' in the *Saturday Review*

devotional effect. Here the architect has an opportunity of competing on more or less equal terms with musicians, painters, and other creative artists; but, unlike them, he cannot destroy his work if dissatisfied. Once built, he may see many faults that he could remedy, but he is condemned to view these with a feeling of exasperated impotence.

The aim being to produce a religious atmosphere, it is natural that he should examine existing buildings where this characteristic is to be found, and endeavor to learn how it has been achieved, and to attempt, if possible, to do even better. I feel bound to confess (though with diffidence, be it said) that English cathedrals, as they stand, do not sufficiently produce this religious atmosphere. The restorer's hand is laid heavily upon them, and incongruous fittings and alterations break up the harmony and tend to destroy breadth and serenity. This is more noticeable when one possesses the faculty of viewing a building as a thing in itself, and of dissociating the impressions undoubtedly produced upon the mind by age and historical association. In visiting old cathedrals I have found in a few Continental examples a suggestion of what should be aimed at; and, curiously enough, my enthusiasm on discovering these inspiring instances was tempered by a feeling of exasperation that the atmosphere I sought had already been produced, and produced with more success than I felt I myself could achieve—I wanted to find it, and yet when I did I felt almost resentful! . . .

Liverpool Cathedral is an endeavor to produce an effect which will inspire, and the architecture is subsidiary to this purpose, though the ideal aimed at, like all ideals, is elusive. I hope Liverpool will be more than a denominational cathedral, and will make an appeal even to those professing allegiance to no orthodox church, but who, nevertheless, feel that there is a Great Mystery behind Creation, of which they are vaguely conscious, but of which they can form no adequate conception.

A quarter-century ago the site of the cathedral was chosen, a ridge run-

ning parallel to the river with cliffs rising vertically to a height of seventy or eighty feet on one side and a gentler slope covered with grass and bushes on the other. It is about a mile from the centre of the city, and the cliffs are partly due to the fact that there was once an old quarry on the hillside. The cathedral will tower above the horizon and it will be one of the first things that incoming ships will see. It is separated from the great blocks of offices and other commercial buildings which cluster about the Liverpool piers, and is far enough away from the business section of the town to escape danger of being swamped for at least a hundred years, though it is difficult to prophesy about the growth of cities.



HIS MAJESTY BUYS MOTORS

KING GEORGE V has decided that it will not do for a man in his position to go on using a last year's car any longer. Indeed, His Majesty has for some time been much worse off than a man with a last year's car, for the one he ordinarily uses was built for him in 1910. All is not lost, however. A specially commissioned British motor-firm has now completed five new royal cars, of which it recently held a 'press view.'

Four of the chassis are much larger than those of the average high-power car. The wheel base is 13½ feet, but as the coach-makers have used special care to maintain relative proportions, the cars do not seem bulky and, indeed, look rather low. All the machines have been specially fitted, and the limousines are especially adapted for state occasions. They are built with unusually high head-room to permit His Majesty to wear his Field Marshal's uniform without damage to the towering plumes that flutter from the royal helmet. All the windows are made larger than usual, so that the

loyal Britisher, as he stands cheering by the roadside, may have a clear view of his sovereign. The cars are painted in royal claret, picked out with vermilion. The royal arms are emblazoned on the doors and back panels. The exterior mountings are bronze, the upholstery is blue morocco, and all the interior fittings are silver.

His Majesty's cars have no registered number-plates, but instead are adorned with a badge consisting of a royal standard on a shield. At night they are distinguished by a special blue signal-light that enables the London bobbies to recognize the royal car and give it precedence in traffic. One of the limousines is to be displayed side by side with His Majesty's 1910 car and the last car that King Edward used.



OUR UNEXPLORED PLANET

IN spite of the popular superstition that the whole surface of the globe has yielded to the surveyor, enterprising explorers still continue to find parts of it with all the lure of the unknown. Within recent months the mysterious oasis of Jabrin, in the great Arabian desert, the remoter regions of Tibet, and the Ituri country of Central Africa have all been forced to yield up a few more secrets.

Captain R. E. Cheesman, an Englishman, has been able to locate definitely the oasis of Jabrin, whose exact position has long been in doubt among geographers. For six days his little expedition marched over arid desert, relying on such water-supplies as they could carry in skins. Throughout the journey he verified his position by astronomical observations and was thereby able to correct such maps of the region as already exist. He found a savage tribe of Arabs, scarcely to be regarded as Moslem, but harking back

to the pagan days before Mohammed began his teaching, and possibly survivors of the earlier native population that is supposed to have preceded the Arabs in the peninsula. These people are still practically living in the Stone Age.

Captain Cheesman was able to locate ruins believed to be those of Jerra, the ancient Phœnician port on the Persian Gulf, as its position corresponds with that given by Ptolemy about the middle of the second century; and he also made a collection of geological specimens, together with desert fauna and flora, many of which proved to be new to science.

Two other British explorers, Captain F. Kingdon Ward and Mr. R. Cowdur, have penetrated to Tsetang, near Lhasa, in Tibet, studying the botany, anthropology, and geology of the country. The most interesting part of the report which they have sent back runs as follows:—

After crossing the Karo-la (16,200 feet), we left the Lhasa road and marched along the southern shores of the Yamdrok Tso, almost due east. From these breezy uplands at an average height of 15,000 feet we had fine views of the lake, sapphire water, and honey-colored mountains locked together like a jig-saw puzzle. We crossed several dry arms of the lake—mud plains abandoned by the retreating water—and found 'jongs' like mediæval castles perched up on lofty rocks, whence the Tibetan barons look down on the villages at their feet. All this high country is, however, very sparsely populated, and the southern shore of the great lake is scarcely known to Europeans.

At this height it was still winter in mid-April, and we saw no blade of green. Nevertheless, huge flocks of sheep and goats and herds of yaks grazed over the meagre brown herbage, and we saw plenty of wild animals, hundreds of hares on the stony hills, partridges in the grassy valleys, gazelles on the gravel plains, and on the lake itself geese and ducks by the thousand.

From the southeast corner of the lake we followed a new route over lofty, unexplored mountain-regions direct to Tsetang. During this part of the journey we encountered heavy snowstorms, but after crossing a 16,000-foot pass between the Yamdok basin and the Tsang Po valley, we descended into warmer and more fertile regions.

We now began to see trees for the first time since leaving the Chumbi valley — poplar, willow, and elm, with peach blossom here and there and a fragrant buddleia. But trees are precious in these parts and are walled in or grown in the monastery churchyard. Cumps of dwarf iris were in flower by the roadside, and people were at work in the fields ploughing with yaks. On every bluff and stream was perched a monastery.

Having returned from his travels, Dr. Cuthbert Christy gives a fascinating glimpse into the life of the pygmies of the Ituri country in Central Africa. Though some of the pygmy tribes are well enough known, these little people are still so securely hidden in their fastnesses that they have largely escaped scientific attention. They are very small, the women even smaller than the men, and the babies, according to the explorer, 'the tiniest of tiny mites.' They are not so dark as other Africans, their color inclining to reddish. Dr. Christy writes:—

Like sensitive wild animals trapped, the pygmies are extremely shy and nervous when holding intercourse with strangers, but when sure of their surroundings they are quick-witted, cunning, and can be very fierce.

Monkey is their favorite food, which they usually eat raw or merely toasted. Their only idea of adornment is to daub their faces with red, blue, or black paint, and to wear small sticks or pieces of straw through a hole in the sides of the nose. They inhabit little leafy beehive-huts.

Their skill with the bow and arrow is really wonderful.

They can be shot with the most deadly force behind them. While in the forest

I collected the skin of a full-grown leopard which I saw brought in triumph to a pygmy camp, having been shot clean through the heart and killed with one arrow.

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RUDYARD KIPLING'S PROOF SHEETS

A SET of proof sheets corrected by Rudyard Kipling was recently put up for sale by Messrs. Hodgson in London. The most interesting and important are those of 'Egypt of the Egyptians' set up in three galleys for *Nash's Magazine*. One passage ridicules the P. & O. liners which ply between the British Isles and India, and the cautious publisher feared legal difficulties. Against his inquiry stands a note initialed 'R. K.' in which he says that he regards the paragraph as 'fair comment on a matter of public interest.' At the head of the article three verses are printed which were omitted in serial publication. One line has an amusing alteration which is evidently a concession to British taste: the original 'Damn well finished' has become 'Done and finished.'

These proofs do not show quite such excessive care in revision as Kipling frequently gave his work. The late Robert Barr in showing a friend a Kipling manuscript according to the *Manchester Guardian*, once observed:—

This story has been written over five times. Some parts, as you see, are written in black ink, some in red. The red portions will be rearranged by the author. Then the whole thing will be typewritten, and Kipling will go over the typewritten copy, improving, amending, adding, and cutting out. We give him a first proof, which he will fall upon and mutilate in a way that will make the printer tired when the proof gets back to him. How many proofs he will consume before the story is published nobody knows, but I am afraid the whole printing establishment will take to drink before he gets through with it.

BOOKS ABROAD

The Conservative Mind, by A Gentleman with a Duster (Harold Begbie). London: Mills and Boon, 1924. 5s.

[*Public Opinion*]

'A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER' has written a new book called *The Conservative Mind*, which Mills and Boon will publish next week at 5s.

Like the famous *Mirrors of Downing Street*, *The Conservative Mind* is a book of political portraiture and presents the reader with intimate and fearless studies of men who represent the various aspects of the Conservative mentality, such as Mr. Baldwin, Sir Robert Horne, Mr. Edward Wood, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Duke of Northumberland, Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, Sir Douglas Hogg, Captain Algernon FitzRoy, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, and Mr. Oliver Stanley.

The author believes that there is a gravitation of serious and responsible opinion towards Conservatism, and he sets himself to discover whether the Conservative Party in its leadership and organization is adequate to the very considerable task of fighting a masked and secret revolution. In his conclusion, he deals with the unpublished tactics of the Labor Party, exposes the peril of Communism, and invites the nation to realize that a sane and intelligent Conservatism is the only sure defense against great economic distress and very serious social disorder.

The Week-End Book. London: Nonesuch Press, 1924. 6s.

[*Spectator*]

HERE is another care for those who are off on a holiday — for a week-end or a year: they must never forget to pack up *The Week-End Book* to take with them. If they are wise they will put it in the valise, or the coat-pocket, as soon as they even think of going away, and so make sure from the beginning that the time will be happily spent. Miss Vera Mendel, Mr. Francis Meynell and Mr. John Gosse between them have edited the cleverest help to holiday-making that was ever composed or compiled. They have included in a quite portable volume an excellent anthology — *Great*, *Hate*, and *State Poems*, and a *Zoo* — songs, games, first aid, and blank pages for additions. One thing only I could suggest to make it better. Anthologizing is the most thankless of labors; the best of poems can make the best of critics blue with anger, and anyone

who does more than inform us quietly what we may possibly find agreeable to read calls down on himself reproaches and indignations. If only the book could have been printed on loose leaves, so that we could equally well add our private treasures and omit our private horrors, it would have been perfect.

There is n't a word to say against the anthology, of course; it is a marvelously good anthology. It is never intrusive; there are none of the World's Best Poems in it, those torturingly familiar poems that simply *must* be put in anthologies. Nearly all the inclusions are of that quickening type, poems with which we are just acquainted and with which we long to be intimate. But here is the nuisance — if anyone has an utter aversion for Francis Thompson, or Shelley, or Shakespeare (and I could name admirable people with each of these aversions), well, he won't be able to find peace unless he tears pages out of the book, and it would take a commentator on the classics to do that with a book published by the Nonesuch Press.

This one complaint for imperfection off my mind, I can proceed to detail perfections. It was a pure intuitive knowledge of our needs which dictated to the editors their policy of selection. They have given more space to seventeenth-century verse than any ordinary person would have dared to give; and in that period more poems were composed of a light, free, and companionable grace than ever else. There was Milton, of course, to solidify its achievement; but he, reverend and colossal, is never allowed one word in this gay company. There is tragedy and pain here for those who can bear it lightly, but no trumpets and groans. The section of *Hate Poems*, a pleasant admission, should afford a prophylactic against disappointment and a relief in trouble. There is that masterpiece of brevity, Mr. W. N. Ewer's poem, 'The Chosen People': —

How odd
That God
Should choose
The Jews.

Surely a hundred readers will remedy on the appropriate pages one important omission and quote at length from the most declamatory, savage and mannerless poem in English, Charles Churchill on Hogarth — or at least so much of it as this: —

With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
With age and sickness pinch'd and worn away.

Pale quivering lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring
tongue,
The Spirits out of tune, the Mind unstrung,
Thy Body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams
shrunken
The body's weight unable to sustain,
The stream of life scarce trembling through
the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honest truths which
fell,
Thro' thy own fault, from men who wish'd
thee well,
Can'st thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to
vengeance give,
And, dead to all things else, to Malice live?
Hence, dotard, to thy closet, shut thee in,
From deep repentance wash away thy sin,
From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly.
And, on the verge of dying, learn to die.

One of the most powerful exercises in Black
Magic ever brought to an issue: within a year
Hogarth was dead.

The Plastic Age, by Percy Marks. London:
Selwyn and Blount; New York: Century
Co., 1924. \$2.00.

[*Outlook*]

The Plastic Age is said to have sold furiously
in the United States, but is not likely to sell
much better here than Mr. Arnold Lunn's
exposure of Harrow sold in America. It ap-
pears that in American colleges the students
are tempted to be unchaste, to drink strong
liquors, and to smoke cigarettes. To the
English reader these vices seem quite variously
detrimental, but Mr. Marks does not dis-
tinguish. Whether cigarette-smoking leads to
the introduction of painted ladies into your
fraternity house, or vice versa, remains to the
end obscure. The real horror in Professor
Marks's picture resides in none of these vices,
bad though they be. Rather does it lie in
something worse than a vice, in a disease,
which Professor Marks with all his (see adver-
tisement) daring has been unable freely to
discuss, namely, in the hard spirit. Whether
they are cheering at a football match, or sus-
taining an examination, or illegitimately in-
dulging in an orgy of hooch or tobacco, these
young men have always their eyes on their
neighbors. 'If Father says Turn, we all
Turn. If Father says Cheer, we all Cheer.'
And when the wicked Professor exclaims
(Chapter X): 'I enjoy the game myself, but
why weep over it? I don't think I ever saw
anything more absurd than these boys singing

with the tears running into their mouths,
the virtuous Professor has only to reply
'What you say, Jones, is quite right. But, do
you know, I pity you,' to have the author's
and perhaps the reader's sympathy with him.
By this book the typical American college
made to look like the lower forms of an English
Public School. But — let us reflect — the
higher the civilization, the longer the adoles-
cence.

My Nestorian Adventure in China, by Frits
Hohn. London: Hutchinson, 1924. 18s.

[*Sunday Times*]

THIS book is the interesting record of a very re-
markable feat. For centuries past it has been
known in Europe that in the Chinese province
of Shensi, over a thousand miles inland, stood
a remarkable monument, a stela bearing an in-
scription proving that the Christian religion had
been preached and practised in China as long
ago as the year 635 of our era, when it was intro-
duced by Nestorian missionaries, probably hail-
ing from Syria, and protected by several suc-
cessive emperors. Conquered by Buddhism
Christianity languished and perhaps died out al-
together, until, six hundred years later, Bishop
John of Monteconino inspired and led a second
mission. It speaks strongly for the tolerance of
the native priests and populace that the stone
and its inscription — an extremely lengthy one
— still stand uninjured by any hand save that
of time, which has touched it but lightly.

The Chinese are notoriously jealous of their
ancient monuments, and the attempt to add the
actual stone to the archaeological treasures of
European museums, as was done with the Rosetta
and Moabite stones, would not have been per-
mitted. But the authorities made no difficulty
about the production of a replica. Mr. Hohn's
task was a heavy one, and called for much tact
and infinite patience, but its chief difficulties
were the raising of the necessary funds and the
transport to the coast and afterwards to New
York of a mass of stone weighing over two tons.
The replica has found a permanent resting-place
in the Lateran, and Pope Benedict rewarded
Mr. Hohn's long and strenuous efforts by
creating him a Commander in the Order of St.
Sylvester.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

CHRISTY, DR. CUTHBERT. *Big Game and Pys-
mies*. London: Macmillan Company, 1924.
LAVATER, JOHANN KASPAR. *Physiognomic
Portfolios*. Edited by Dr. Rudolf Peyer.
Vienna: Amalthea-Verlag, 1924.

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE AMERICAN BAR ABROAD

THE members of the American Bar Association, who, with their Canadian brethren, recently visited England, — the first great world-gathering in history of English-speaking lawyers from all parts of the earth, — were much impressed with the dignity and ceremonial of judicial procedure in the motherland of the Common Law. Robert Lee Saner, a former president of the American Bar Association, is quoted by the London *Daily News* as saying: —

The wonderful dignity and ceremonial, the gorgeous robes and uniforms, the ancient buildings in which British legal institutions are shrouded, have made a profound impression on us. We get on very well without them: but you get on very well with them. No lawyer would treat these things lightly, however useless they might seem to some people, because we lawyers realize that behind each of them is an historical reason which has proved its worth.

Referring to his visit to London courts, he said: —

I was struck by the thoroughness and the humanity of the legal processes. I saw a

little girl witness treated with such patience and kindness as I have never seen before, and could not hope to see surpassed. I saw how glib and perhaps unreliable witnesses came under the influence of the legal atmosphere and took up the general attitude of respect for the judge as the representative of the law. The calm demeanor of all concerned, the respect shown to the judge and by counsel to each other, the habit of understatement rather than overstatement, could not help but impress one coming from a country where our different mentality and circumstances lead us sometimes into rhetoric and sometimes into exaggeration, and also sometimes into an acidity of which I have seen no trace this week.

Naturally a meeting like this one suggests a review of the status and functions of the Common Law. Sir Frederick Pollock estimates that there are in existence some 25,000 volumes of reported authorities on the Common Law, so that we can speak of it as 'abundantly alive,' despite its venerable antiquity. More than half of these volumes are American, and only about one fourth are British, while the remainder report decisions in Canada, Australia, and other overseas Dominions. The London *Times* said in discussing this theme: —

It is unnecessary to regard the Common Law as sacrosanct in its administration either here or overseas, or to suppose that perfection has overtaken the ministers of that law. Were the law perfect, its functions would be near their end, a dead law for dying peoples. None can foreshadow the future of the Common Law of England; but this can be said — that in America; that in Australia, which has deliberately adopted in its universities the tradition of Bologna, Paris, Oxford, and Cambridge; that in South Africa, where the Common Law seems to be, here and there, amalgamated with Roman Law, the processes of growth are still in rapid progress.

Some laymen may be interested to discover — what every lawyer knows — that all these sources of the Common Law are equally binding throughout practically the whole English-speaking world.

It is, and long has been, the practice for the House of Lords to receive as of great weight the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, of the Supreme Court of the United States and other leading American Courts, of the Irish and of the Scottish Courts. Indeed, there have been precedents which regard certain decisions as binding in view of the eminence of the judges giving those decisions. In the riot of legal growth there is need of a central authority that can speak *ex cathedra* to the whole dominion of 'Our Lady of the Common Law.'

✦

AN ABORTIVE TREATY

GREAT BRITAIN, like the United States, Russia, Germany, and Holland, has rejected the proposed Treaty of Mutual Assistance sponsored by the League of Nations. This is the treaty drafted and agreed upon by a Temporary Mixed Commission, subsequently modified by various expert bodies, and approved by the League Assembly. It is not to be confused with the Draft Treaty of Disarmament and Security prepared by a voluntary committee of Americans,

and submitted by the League Council to the Governments of the nations represented upon it.

Ramsay MacDonald's letter to the Secretary-General of the League of Nations, rejecting the treaty, declared that the guaranties it provided were not sufficient to justify a State in reducing its armaments, and that the obligations it imposed were not such as a responsible nation could engage to fulfill. Two leading British opinions on the Left take diametrically opposite views of this decision. To the *New Statesman* Mr. MacDonald's objections seem 'absolutely valid.' It believes the Premier is rendering the League the greatest possible service by saving it from its friends and declares that a reduction of armaments in itself will 'have no direct effect — and very little indirect effect — in preventing war.'

If all the armed forces of the world were cut down by a half, or by three quarters, the nations could and would pursue their quarrels just as effectively and viciously, provided that their relative strength remained unaltered. And nobody has any suggestion for altering that. It has been said a thousand times, and forgotten a thousand times, that armaments follow policy. The function of the League is to help in the slow process of changing policies. It may work in various ways, laboriously and patiently, and on occasion, perhaps, heroically. But there is nothing helpful — and only a dash of mock-heroic — in the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance; it implies no change of policy. The proper organ for settling disputes is in existence, in the shape of the Permanent Court of International Justice. . . . We hope that when Mr. MacDonald develops his plan for the prevention of war, its central machinery will be the Permanent Court of Justice instead of the Council dressed up as a super-General Staff.

The Nation and the Athenæum summarizes the chief points in Mr. MacDonald's letter of rejection as follows: —

It points to the difficulty of determining by a unanimous vote of the League's Council within four days of the outbreak of hostilities which combatant is the aggressor. It dwells on the delay which must occur in mobilizing the forces at the disposal of the League. It asserts that the obligations created by the treaty would necessitate an increase in British armaments. It objects to the proposed 'complementary agreements' both on the familiar ground that they would revive the old system of competing alliances, and as likely to cause conflict between the League and individual Governments. Finally, it does not consider that the Council of the League is a suitable body to be entrusted with the control of military forces.

While the editor does not dispute that there is much weight in some of these considerations, he does not believe they justify the rejection of the scheme in toto, and concludes by interpreting the Cabinet's action as an unnecessary rebuff to the League:—

What has happened is, of course, clear enough. There is an ultra-pacifist element in the Cabinet resolved to defeat the treaty at all costs. Reinforced by the professional militarists, who have no use for arrangements for the reduction of armaments, and the departmentalists who regard the League as a nuisance because it impinges on their particular administrative sphere, they have rushed into a decision which undoes the whole of four years' work for disarmament at Geneva, sweeps the only constructive plan yet devised out of the field, convinces France that the security issue which she considers vital is a matter of indifference to this country, and effectively discounts all the Labor Government's protestations of faith in the League of Nations. 'By the irony of fate,' says the *Morning Post*, 'it has been reserved for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to put the League of Nations in its place.'

The *Spectator*, like the *New Statesman*, endorses the attitude of the Government. Among the reasons cited by the British Premier for refusing to ac-

cept the proposed treaty was the objection of Canada. Lord Balfour pointed out in Parliament that the League's plan of mutual assistance seemed to invite nations to group themselves by continents, but that such continental groupings were contrary to the interests of the British Empire, whose territories lie on every continent. 'We cannot make the Empire function in that manner.'

Weighty Liberal opinion is in favor of committing Great Britain to far-reaching mutual guaranties of peace. Mr. Asquith, in an important debate on foreign policy, declared in the House of Commons:—

The opinion of this country is coming increasingly to believe that the British Empire—not only this country, but our Dominions—should undertake to guarantee both to France and Germany to use all its powers against either State which pressed a quarrel against the Allies without calling into use the machinery of the League. It ought not to be a question of guaranteeing territories or the status quo. It ought not to apply to France or to Germany alone. It ought to be collective, general, and, indeed, universal to all parties represented on the League of Nations, and against any Power resorting to force in breach of the Covenants of the League.

Commenting upon this statement, the *Spectator* says editorially:—

Whether these words can really be taken to mean that the British Empire should become the policeman of the world we leave it for our readers to decide; but at any rate they make one extremely useful concrete suggestion. The vital objection to this country giving a guaranty to France and Germany that she will support with all her powers either country if it is attacked by the other, is, of course, the impossibility of deciding who, in fact, is the aggressor in modern war. This country would be given the invidious and impossible task, to which even the historian is unequal, of fixing the responsibility for aggression. Mr. Asquith evidently realizes this and has found a

formula which seems to indicate that our guaranty would be to declare war on any Power 'resorting to force in breach of the Covenants of the League.' Here, at any rate, is something more definite and practical, something which can be determined by legal experts.

France has been a champion of the treaty, and *Le Temps* takes umbrage at the fact that Germany's rejection is not only subsequent in time to those of England and Russia, but is supported by the same reasons.

Germany has been shrewd enough to let the English precede her. But suppose the German answer was suggested by England. What would be the effect? That England, after getting Germany's fleet and colonies into her hands and receiving her portion of German payments, and while presiding at a Conference to which the Germans are not yet invited, has managed to improve her relations with Germany until she exercises an influence over important political decisions of the Reich. Have English diplomats succeeded in accomplishing what other diplomats have not been able to accomplish, or even to venture? We do not reproach England for reaping the fruits of her skill. That would be ridiculous and would not help France. Let us rather try to do equally well.



A DEBATE BETWEEN PRESIDENTS

Journal des Débats discovers that President Coolidge and President Painlevé of the French Chamber of Deputies have unintentionally debated classical education. The *Revue de Paris* printed in full an address that President Coolidge delivered at the University of Pennsylvania, in which he argued for the study of the humanities, and shortly afterward M. Painlevé, in addressing L'École Turgot, discussed the same theme from the opposite angle as a partisan of the sciences and the modern tongues. The former French Premier is himself a distinguished scientist as well as a politician, a member of

several learned societies in France and elsewhere, and the author of works upon such popular subjects as the integration of equations and differential analysis. Special point is given to the subject in France by a controversy over higher school courses that played a part in the last parliamentary campaign.

Both Presidents, *Journal des Débats* tells us, 'are equally interested in modern society, the growth of material civilization, the grand progress of science, the need of giving democracies the widest possible path of opportunity and guaranteeing freedom of the intellect.' But they reach different conclusions. M. Painlevé does not believe in the supreme educational value of the classics, while President Coolidge looks upon the humanities as the eternal guardians of the sentiments and ideals that exalt nations and make the world fit to live in.

The Paris editor criticizes the President of the Chamber for speaking 'as if it were impossible (in France) for a man who had not studied Greek and Latin to be anyone or to become anyone.' It is true that in nearly all professions those who reach the highest distinction enjoy the advantage of classical training. But this is not due to conditions for which there is a political remedy, nor, as Painlevé suggested, to the survival of prejudices from an ancient and outlived régime. It is proof, to the contrary, that President Coolidge, who is the head of a great democratic nation and uninfluenced by the class traditions of Europe, 'while recognizing the importance and the value of professional and technical training, nevertheless believes that culture par excellence comes from a knowledge of the classics.'

If we understand M. Painlevé aright, this is not enough for him. He demands that there shall be two equal cultures possessing the same virtue: a classical and a modern culture. He believes that the spirit

of contemporary civilization has an educational message different from but not inferior to that of which the spirit of ancient culture is the bearer. He argues that we should not only be able to choose between Homer and Shakespeare — which anyone can do already — but that the choice made should not influence a man's career. Now no political or literary school, no teacher or official, neither M. Painlevé nor ourselves, has or can have anything to say about that. We can conceive an excellent culture without the classics. But we must acknowledge that at present the culture that produces the fairest fruits is that which includes a knowledge of ancient thought and letters.

That is exactly what President Coolidge asserts with great fairness and respect for facts. He says that we are living in an age of science and engineering, which is perfectly true, but he adds, with a mixture of realism and idealism that lends special and spicy interest to his words, that the present world of thought, the foundations of our civilization, the guiding principles of our mental processes and conduct, are in fact derived from principles tested and formulated in the ancient world. These constitute that disinterested culture that we owe to the classics, a culture that society cannot sacrifice without spiritual loss.



RUSSIA RECOVERING DIPLOMATIC STATUS

A REPRESENTATIVE of the *Agence Économique et Financière* has interviewed the Russian delegates who negotiated the agreement just signed between the British and the Soviet Governments at London. He received the impression that these gentlemen were 'very clever, well aware of the difficulties with which they had to contend, and eager to overcome them, but by giving as little as possible.' Hitherto the attitude adopted by successive French Governments has barred direct negotiation with Moscow; with the result, as delegates pointed out, that French holders of Russian bonds have been completely deprived of their income from them.

The following summary of this portion of the interview is published in the London *Economic Review of the Foreign Press*.

The Soviet Government is quite ready to consider the possibility of according partial satisfaction to the holders of Russian bonds, but this question must be separated from banking debts and the debts due from one Government to the other. The Russian delegates can no more go back home and tell the Russian nation that, after the partition of land, nationalization of works, and the introduction of Socialist *étatisme*, they have agreed to an absolute recognition of debts contracted by the Imperial Governments, than could M. Herriot tell the French electors that he had agreed to the absolute cancellation of loans issued in France. It is therefore obviously a case for compromise, the suggested terms of which are reduction of the debt, abolition of the covenant to pay interest in gold, and deferment of interest for a lengthy period. The Soviet Government contemplates, simultaneously with the settlement of debts, a financial transaction which will enable them under certain guaranties to contract fresh loans for the purpose of financing their commercial and industrial operations. With regard to French property confiscated in Russia, the Russians take their stand on the Act of Nationalization, and are opposed to absolute restoration, but suggest it in the form of a long-term lease giving to the Russian Government participation in the profits of the undertaking owning the property to be restored in this form.

Shortly before it was announced that Japan and Russia had reached an agreement by which North Sakhalin is to be restored to Russian jurisdiction, the Japanese correspondent of the London *Morning Post* summarized the considerations actuating both countries in the controversy as follows: —

Japan must evacuate Sakhalin or break her word to the Allies, and she does not desire to do so without a *quid pro quo*, which, in this case, means oil concessions.

Not that Japan is in such sore need of oil, as some would suggest, for she has plenty of oil nearer home, but she desires to eliminate the possibility of concessions there to Western Powers, and so maintain her policy of a Monroe Doctrine for Eastern Asia. . . . The Soviet feels that to concede any tangible interests in Russian territory to Japan would be tantamount to giving her a lien on such territory, which would ultimately mean possession, as is practically the case in China. Japan already possesses the southern half of the island; and it is natural that she should desire to have the whole, as originally the island was hers and was acquired by Russia only through deceiving Japan into accepting the worthless Kuriles.

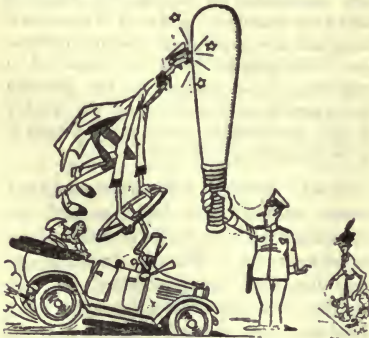
If Japan does not wish to share Sakhalin with Russia much less does she desire to share it with any other country. The island has valuable coal mines, timber limits, and furs. . . . The concessions for petroleum prospecting, granted to the American Sinclair Company, before Russia began negotiating with Japan, are a violation of Japan's policy of preventing further concessions to Western nations in Eastern Asia. This the Soviet has been hesitating to accept, since it is in the presence of the American company that Russia finds a sense of security. . . . Since America has

gravely offended the Japanese mind by the recent discriminatory legislation on immigration there is a tendency to curry favor with Russia.

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MINOR NOTES

A SOFIA paper publishes the following announcement: 'Certain Christians, contrary to the provisions of the ecclesiastical statute and the circulars of the Holy Synod, are using paraffin candles at religious services, and particularly at church weddings. In view of the fact that the use of candles made of impure materials in the House of God is a sin, the Holy Metropolitan has taken strict measures to prevent the use of paraffin candles at any future religious service. Christians must buy their candles in the church itself; for these candles are made of pure beeswax under the direct supervision of the ecclesiastical authorities, are cheaper, do not smoke, do not bend, and do not break.'



The Spanish Chauffeur's Nightmare
— *La Voz*, Madrid



INDIAN ORATOR. Swaraj my thought, Swaraj my dream, Swaraj my food!
INDIAN AUDITOR. Good God!
— *Illustrated Sisir*, Calcutta

THE CONFLICT IN THE PACIFIC

BY A EUROPEAN

From *La Revue de Genève*, July

(SWISS POLITICAL AND LITERARY MONTHLY)

WHILE we Europeans, with self-centred naïveté, are absorbed in our own difficulties and those of our immediate neighbors, a formidable storm is gathering over the distant ocean ironically named 'the Pacific.' The League of Nations is trying to put our continent — that old, blown-out, and almost extinct volcano — into a semblance of order; but meanwhile the still untamed and primitive forces of nature are straining at their bonds to shatter those remoter lands that are the classic home of grand cataclysms. In any case, however, the League is helpless. We can do little; and yet the globe is too small for us to avert our eyes from prospects that foreshadow more trouble for ourselves than we imagine.

Asiatic immigration into the United States is neither old nor large in volume. It was not until 1885 that the first Japanese settlers landed in California. The Tokyo Government is entirely right when it argues in its note of protest to the United States that sufficient time has not elapsed to draw final conclusions as to the adaptability and assimilability of these immigrants.

Neither do the Japanese appear to present a great danger to the vigorous American race in respect to numbers. In 1910 only 100,000 were dispersed throughout the territories of the Union, of which about 55,000 were in California. There has been no immigrant flood from Japan since that date, for the Gentlemen's Agreement of March 4, 1907, limited the issue of passports to Japanese not belonging to the work-

ing class, and to Japanese workers going to America to resume a residence previously established there, or to rejoin relatives residing in the United States, or to operate farms they had previously acquired. The Alien Land Law of 1913, which was made more rigid in 1920, prohibited Japanese from buying or leasing land in California, and thus limited still further the number entitled to enter the country under the Gentlemen's Agreement.

So it seems hardly plausible to a European, even assuming that some Japanese were illegally smuggled into America, that under this Draconian régime they represent a serious economic danger.

But that is not the real issue. The Americans, as we all know, are extremely sensitive in respect to the color question. At Sacramento, the capital of California, a farmer received an ovation when he declared: 'Up at Elk Grove, where I work, a Japanese with a white wife runs the farm next to mine. She is going around with a baby in her arms. What is that baby? It is not white; it is not Japanese. I'll tell you what it is — it's the beginning of the biggest problem that faces America.'

All logic pauses when confronted by a sentiment like this. That is why President Coolidge, who must have the votes of the West to be reelected, did not dare last May to veto a bill that prohibits absolutely Japanese immigration into the territories of the United States.

We can well imagine how a proud and sensitive nation like Japan took this affront. *Nichi Nichi* of Tokyo declared: 'It is an insult such as Japan has never before received in her history, and even those of our statesmen who are most Americanized cannot accept it passively. The hour has come for the Japanese to decide their policy toward the United States. And the foundation of that policy must be a firm determination not to submit to injustice or to insult. This misfortune has befallen us because hitherto we have shown ourselves either too feeble or too cowardly.' And the fact that in the modernized Japan of to-day, where such things are not common, a man committed *hara-kiri* before the gates of the American Embassy as a protest against the law, bears witness to the extraordinary agitation of the public mind.

Japan has felt especially outraged, as we can easily understand, because this law was enacted two years after the Washington Conference, and only a few months after the earthquake. *Hochi*, which is now the mouthpiece of the new Government, exclaims: 'After having persuaded us to reduce our naval armaments without following suit, after showing us sympathy in the midst of our misfortune in order to pave the way for making us a scandalously usurious loan, the United States now gives us the *coup de grâce*.'

As usually happens in moments of great popular excitement, many foolish acts have been committed. Some advocate expelling the American missionaries, although these are Japan's best champions in the United States. Others agitate in favor of boycotting American merchandise, forgetting that while the United States supplies Japan with thirty per cent of her imports, it buys from her fully forty-five per cent of her exports; so a boycott would prove a two-edged sword.

That is why the Cabinet of Count Kiyoura sought to divert the popular protest into diplomatic channels. In a note addressed to Washington, his Government declared that distinctions in the treatment of nations, no matter what their reason, are contrary to the principles of justice and equality upon which all friendly intercourse between Governments ultimately rests. The Cabinet then recalled its Ambassador from Washington, while the American Ambassador at Tokyo resigned to express his disapproval of the policy of his own Government. As a result, diplomatic relations between the two countries are practically severed. Last of all, Japan seems to be taking precautionary measures of a military character, including the establishment of a new aeronautical base in Formosa and extensive naval manœuvres in the Pacific this coming autumn.

Since the crisis began there has been a change of Government in Japan. The recent elections, following a violent campaign, returned a majority for the Democratic Parties, and constitute a repudiation of the old aristocratic traditions of parliamentarism. It is significant that the portfolio of foreign affairs in the new Cabinet has been entrusted to a former Japanese Ambassador at Washington, Mr. Shidehara, a gentleman whom the American press has savagely attacked. It is not unlikely that the new Government, which is more responsive to public opinion than its predecessor, will resent even more forcibly the insult that the nation has received.

Does this mean immediate war? Not just now. Japan may fight some day; but not before she has made careful preparations. These preparations must cover a wide field — financial, military, and diplomatic — and will take time.

Some Americans pretend to fear

Japan's present military superiority. They say that her naval armaments have only apparently been reduced to the maximum permitted by the Washington Treaty; for battleships are not everything, and the United States is decidedly inferior in reserves and trained naval personnel. Admiral Fiske wrote not long ago that if Japan should seize the Philippines, and force the American Government into war, the latter would find itself in a deplorable situation, on account of the remoteness of its naval bases from the scene of hostility and its lack of trained men and equipment. No doubt this is the interested pessimism of an officer who wants to see his country have a strong navy. Just now Japan's army is in the midst of a reorganization. Her air force is in its infancy; her navy has been reduced; and her military appropriations have been cut radically to provide money for reconstruction after the recent earthquake.

Indeed, there is little danger that Japan will plunge into war right after an unexampled catastrophe that has forced her to borrow heavily abroad; especially into a war that would certainly be protracted and costly. She would soon suffer a setback in such a risky enterprise, and eventually succumb to the economic superiority of her adversary.

That inferiority can be overcome in only one way — by careful diplomatic preparations. Many forces in South America and in the Far East, both of which feel threatened by the unconscious imperialism and commercial prosperity of the United States, are working in her favor. Japan seems designed by nature to become the centre around which all these malcontents shall rally. Probably no one to-day can measure the depths of fathomless blundering that made the Americans themselves set up a leader

for the coalition that is slowly but surely forming against them.

The first result of their shortsighted policy promises to be to unite the yellow races. Leaving aside for the moment the vigorous effort Japan is making to cultivate closer relations with Indo-China, — although this is a symptom of a broader policy, — the rapprochement of China and Japan, unexpected and paradoxical as it may seem, is surely making headway. Every intelligent observer in the Far East agrees that public sentiment in China is strongly behind Japan on the immigration question, and regards the American law as an insult to the whole yellow race. A movement even started at Canton to boycott American goods. In fact, the feeling of solidarity between China and Japan has already become strong enough to enable Li Yuan-Hung, former President of the Chinese Republic, to predict at Osaka 'an economic alliance between the two guardian nations of the Pacific.'

But there are perspectives still more vast. Japan has been courting for some time, albeit coyly, the Soviet Government. These negotiations are difficult and affect immense interests. Japan has never resigned herself to the loss of Sakhalin, which was part of her territory for almost two thousand years, and only half of which was restored to her by the Portsmouth Treaty. In 1920 a massacre of Japanese at Nikolaevsk gave the Tokyo Government a pretext for occupying 'provisionally' the northern half of this island, which is reported to contain valuable oil deposits.

The Russians have never admitted the legality of this occupation and, insisting on their legal title to this territory, in 1923 granted important oil-rights there to the powerful Sinclair Company of New York. But when the American prospectors landed

at Sakhalin they were promptly and summarily expelled by the Japanese military authorities. All know of the important part petroleum plays in the international politics of to-day. Sakhalin may well become a new apple of discord between Japan and the United States. [Since this was written Japan is reported to have relinquished North Sakhalin to Russia. EDITOR] There are reasons to believe that the Soviet Government would readily sell its rights in the island for a liberal sum — the figure mentioned is 200,000,000 yen, which is exorbitant.

However this may be, a rapprochement between Japan and Russia, though it will encounter many obstacles, is not impossible. The recent shifting toward the Left at Tokyo is likely to facilitate such an outcome, and it is significant that the representatives of Japan and Russia at Peking have just been given large authority by their Governments to negotiate with each other.

Simultaneously Japanese diplomacy has been active of late in Spanish America, and particularly in Mexico. Latin Americans, who grow indignant whenever they hear the United States called 'America,' resent keenly the imperialist designs that they imagine are hidden under the Monroe Doctrine. They would prefer less protection against imaginary enemies and more protection against their dangerous patron. This feeling is very strong all along the South American coast of the Pacific, and we may be sure that Japan is not ignorant of that fact — or neglecting it.

But Japan cannot count upon friends everywhere, and knows it. We may feel certain that Australia, New Zealand, and Canada approve and applaud the policy of California. The white race is conscious of its solidarity the moment it faces the yellow Orient.

Australia would not insist upon a powerful naval base at Singapore if she did not anticipate hostility from farther north. Canada, which has a compact with Japan resembling the Gentlemen's Agreement, is manoeuvring to strengthen it. She is also emphasizing her diplomatic independence of Great Britain, evidently envisaging the possibility of some future conflict of policies with the mother country.

Thus premonitions of tragedy lurk in the air. Although England has denounced her alliance with Japan, a powerful section of British opinion would sympathize with that country were she to become involved in a war with the United States. On the other hand, most of the Dominions would give their moral, and possibly their material, support to America. What would happen then to the British Empire?

But it is not the British Empire alone that would be threatened by such an event. What would happen to the League of Nations? Racial equality was the great barrier at the Peace Conference — the greatest single obstacle in the way of realizing Wilson's ideal. The League of Nations was able to evade this thorny question only because the United States did not join its councils. Were the United States a member of the League, Japan would undoubtedly bring the immigration issue before that body. That is perhaps one of the reasons — and not the least — why the United States has kept out of the League. Immigration may be treated as a question of purely national jurisdiction, but none the less, were the issue once brought before the League of Nations, the world would find itself face to face with a redoubtable moral problem.

That problem Europe will have to solve in one form or another. Though the United States has not joined the

League, Canada, Australia, New Zealand on the one side, and India, China, and Japan on the other are already members of that body. How can we imagine that they will not sometime, in some form, submit this controversy to its jurisdiction? Rumors are already current that Canada, fearing that the flood of Japanese immigrants diverted from California will turn northward, contemplates raising the existing barriers against her transpacific neighbors.

How will the League handle that? No controversy is without the purview of the League; that is what constitutes its strength. That is also what makes us responsible. Among all the grave preoccupations of Europe, there is one, it might seem, that might be spared her — the race question. But it is vain to hope for that good fortune. The clouds we now see gathering over the Far East are breeding a tempest that will reach us all.

WHERE RACE LINES END

BY C. F. ANDREWS

From the *Modern Review*, May

(CALCUTTA LITERARY AND CURRENT-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

THE greatest initial advance in the moral history of mankind, raising human life once and for all to a new spiritual level, from which it has never wholly receded, was when Gautama, the Buddha, brought home for the first time to the hearts and consciences of men, with living power and conviction, the supreme truth, that evil cannot be overcome by evil, but only by good.

Let a man overcome anger by kindness:
 Let him conquer evil by good.
 Let a man overcome greed by generosity:
 Let him conquer falsehood by truth.

When human kindness was thus made absolute — parallel to truth itself — the human standard of life began, which has not yet been worked out in its completeness even to-day. The animal nature in man, which retaliates, was left behind; the spiritual nature in man, which forgives, was entered upon, as a new stage in the

progress of the race. The law of retributive justice was put in the background; the law of compassion began to take its place.

It is true that sayings may be found in the Hebrew, Zoroastrian, and Confucian Scriptures enunciating the same great principle. But it is equally true that Gautama the Buddha gave to this one aspect of life the entire content of his unbounded personality. He thus made it current coin for all mankind. He made it live. He created a new birth of this principle as living truth in the consciences of millions of the human race, till it became a part of human nature, distinguishing man from the beast. Thus this word of 'compassion' that the Buddha spoke became spirit and life to struggling men and women all over the East. There had been nothing like it in human history before; for there is an essential difference between the life lived in India after the

Buddha came and the life lived in all those imposing but futile kingdoms, founded upon power and upheld by brute force, which flourished and decayed before his coming.

The records of the reign of the Emperor Asoka in the middle of the third century before Christ, engraven on the rocks throughout his dominions, show how deep the message had gone in Southern Asia, within two hundred and fifty years of the Buddha's life and preaching. While the Roman Republic in the West was building up the first beginnings of a dominion of blood and iron, ruthless and pitiless; while Alexander's conquests of the sword in the Near East were perishing by the sword, across the plains of India, teeming with population, a royal kingdom of truth had already been established in human history where the sword had no longer any part to play. The slaughter even of animal life for the sake of food was becoming more and more condemned. Over a vast area the social conduct of men was based on love and not on force. The moral equivalent of war had been discovered, and men had become humane.

I have seen in quiet solitude at Boro-Budur, in the Island of Java, the long galleries of sculpture, which extend for three miles around the Buddhist stupa on the top of a hill, still preserved for the most part from the corroding effects of the rain and weather, and in many places almost as clear-cut as when they passed from under the sculptors' hands. They have been carved, patiently and slowly, generation after generation, by the loving hands of disciples more than twelve hundred years after the Buddha's decease. The universal theme, running through these endless galleries, written in stone, is that of a sacrifice for others and a human compassion, which know no boundary or limit.

The face of the Buddha, seated in meditation, which meets one in these galleries at every turn and corner, reveals everywhere the same aspect of supreme and perfect calm. No tide of anger or passion could any longer sweep over that patient form, which had won the victory of the spirit. No act of injury to man or beast could mar the harmony of perfect love attained.

This Buddhist Movement did not stop at the confines of India and the South of Asia. It went northward through the Himalayan passes and found in China a congenial soil already prepared by Confucian ethics. The fact that even to-day, after nearly two thousand years and in spite of perpetual provocation, the simple Chinese peasants, along with those of India, remain still the most peace-loving in the world, has been due chiefly to the spirit of the Buddha working in the hearts of men and women, who had been touched by the humane ideal found in their own Scriptures, but not fully enkindled into flame until his personality appeared among men. We find, it is true, in India, in the earlier Upanishads, a preparation for the Buddhist Movement; we find also in China the way for Buddhism made ready by the ethics of Confucius and Lao-tse. But the divine motive power which quickened into new life the spirit of man came from the supreme personality of the Buddha himself. Okakura's division of humanity is correct when he calls India, China, and Japan the 'Buddha Land.'

There has been a strange undervaluing, in all European historical writings, of this amazing dynamic epoch in human existence, for all critical work in the West has hitherto been Europe-centred. Yet it must never be forgotten, when making our estimates, that the fertile plains of Eastern and Southern Asia contained two thousand years ago, and still contain to-day,

more than one half the population of the globe. Nowhere is the mass of human life so dense. Nowhere has its spiritual history been so continuous and ancient and deep-seated.

If each individual in this mass of humanity has in his keeping, as we are led by all our Scriptures to believe, an immortal spirit, then it has been no slight gain to human progress that over such a prolonged period and in such a crowded area the spirit of man has breathed, generation after generation, the higher air of divine compassion and mutual forgiveness rather than the lower ground-mists of the primitive, barbaric code which man has shared with the beasts—the code whose chief precept runs, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'

There are many historical problems which are yet unsolved with reference to this profound uprising of the spirit of man in Asia which we name the 'Buddhist Movement.' How and by what paths, in addition to its journeying Eastward, the teaching of the great Master and Saint filtered through, along the highways opened out by Alexander's conquests, to the Mediterranean West, is a question still under discussion among scholars. There is a gap in our historical knowledge, which has yet to be filled up. But this may now be said with some confidence, that every day we are being confronted with fresh facts, all of which go to show the vast range of the enthusiasm of the disciples of the Buddha in every civilized part of Asia and along the islands of the Southern Sea.

The one strange feature in the story, which may possibly some day be cleared up, is this, that although we know for certain how from earliest times there was constant coasting-traffic along the shores of East Africa from India, and although we have records which prove that even the interior of Africa had been

explored by Hindus, yet there is not to be found the slightest trace of Buddhist journeys in that continent in any of the Jataka stories, nor are there any signs of an ancient Buddhist civilization, such as we find in places so distant as Celebes and Borneo. At the same time, the researches of French scholars have revealed a possible contact with the Island of Madagascar which may actually go back to the great Buddhist age.

A whole new field of discovery has recently been laid bare by the researches of Sir Aurel Stein, the great archæologist, which prove by records, still preserved intact under heaps of dust and desert sand, the penetration of the Buddhist Movement into Central Asia, the meeting-place and clearing-house of all the religions of the ancient world.

It may well happen that future historical research will reveal in Western Asia a directly traceable connection between the Buddhist teaching, carried everywhere by the itinerant bhikkus, or Buddhist monks, and the later tenets of Judaism, in the century before the birth of Christ. Nazareth, where Jesus spent his early youth and manhood, was close to one of the main highways between East and West in the Roman world, and it requires no stretch of imagination to picture such a contact. But whether the message which Christ preached in Palestine sprang originally from his own inner consciousness, illuminated by the ancient Jewish Scriptures, or was in some measure assimilated from contact with the Buddhist ideals of the East, there can be no doubt whatever concerning the unity and harmony of the one message. That which the Buddha preached long ago in the Deer Park, at Benares, concerning divine compassion, Christ preached with a new and startling emphasis to his first disciples upon the

hillsides of Galilee. Once more upon the earth the spiritual dynamic, which could move the hearts of millions, had come in the supreme personality of Christ. The tide of man's spirit again surged forward in full flood. This time its course was Westward, until every part of the world had been reached by its high tidal wave.

In order to make clear the moral unity of the message, it will be well to quote in full the words of Christ recorded in the Sermon on the Mount as follows:—

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:

But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also.

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?

And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

In the last lines of this beautiful passage, concerning the Heavenly Father, Who makes the sun to shine and the rain to fall upon the evil and the

good, we have a new imagery which goes beyond the earlier Buddhist teaching, but the ethical substance is essentially the same.

This moral unity of the two supreme movements in history, in the East and in the West, appears to me to be the central fact in the spiritual history of men. For if the message of Christ, which the West received, had been alien and antagonistic to the message of the East, the unification of the moral life in man would still await its achievement instead of being already fundamentally achieved.

For we are finding out more and more, as we draw closer together and learn to understand one another, that the moral unity of the human race has been with us deep down in our hearts all the while, because human nature is one, and the human race is one. The genius of the Buddha and the Christ lay in discovering the depths of human personality — not by any miraculous intervention from without, but from within. The harmony exists. It is not for us to create it, or to rediscover it, but rather to play its infinitely varied music over and over again, according to our spiritual power.

I am aware that it may be said that I have simplified too much; for I have not entered upon vast fields which lie partly outside these two world-unifying movements, of the Buddha and the Christ. I know that provision must be made in the scheme of things for all that happened in China before the Buddhist Movement reached its shores. I know also full well the need of further research into the early history of Islam in order to find out the secret of Islam's peculiar spiritual greatness. But even the slender knowledge I possess seems to point to a contribution to the world's moral unity from China that will be found to be truly in harmony with all that I have written

concerning the Buddha and the Christ; and I find the spiritual meaning of Islam more clearly portrayed in the story of the prophet with Abu-Bekr in the cave, and in the enduring martyrdom of those early years of desolation and failure, than in those later years of amazing outward success. I find again the true meaning of Islam in the Maharam Passion Story — the crucifying thirst and martyr's death at Kerbela.

These ineffaceable records have come out ever more and more clearly from age

to age. They represent the undying truth of Islam. They approach by another mystical path the fundamental doctrine of divine suffering love in the heart of man that ultimately redeems mankind. And there is one frail worn figure still living among us in our own age, here in India, to whom it has been given to play over again that divine music of suffering love, and he has found its response, not only in his own Hindu faith, but also in Christianity and Islam.

THREE DAYS IN VERHNEUDINSK

BY SVEN HEDIN

[The following article is from Sven Hedin's new book, *Von Peking nach Moskau*, of which we give data under *Books Mentioned*.]

From *Neue Freie Presse*, July 13
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

THE little one-story house before whose courtyard gate my long auto-trip ended belonged to the city architect of Verhneudinsk, Afanasii Sergeevich Kotov, a brother of Larssen's representative in Urga.

While Andriushka and Sasha took my things, I walked around to the kitchen door, — the only one that was regularly used in the winter, — where I was received cordially and hospitably by the lady of the house, Evdokia Semionovna Kotova, a tall, pure-blooded Russian woman of pleasing but somewhat masculine appearance; she was a lady who evidently ruled her little kingdom with a rod of iron, but with a kindly and cheerful heart.

Evdokia Semionovna was somewhat surprised at first to see three strange

men come into her kitchen. Yet she could at least observe that we were no bandits, but travelers from a distance. This was confirmed as soon as she read the letter I handed her from her brother-in-law in Urga. She bade me cordial welcome and asked me to make myself at home as her guest, the longer the better. Hospitality in Russia is traditional and as genuine as it is universal, and I felt at once that I was welcome.

The next morning my host came personally to awaken me. Afanasii Sergeevich was about fifty years old, an agreeable-looking gentleman whose hair was sprinkled with gray, wearing a moustache and eye glasses. He was blessed with exuberant spirits and so talkative that I was never able to catch up with him.

'Welcome, *gospodin doktor*, have you slept well? Get up now and we'll have tea together.'

I did as I was bidden. After breakfast my host showed me over his house. The comfortable sleeping-room lay wall to wall with the kitchen so as to receive warmth from the kitchen fire. The master's room was furnished with tidy bookshelves, a desk filled with papers, and a drawing-table covered with drawings and sketches of new houses. Beyond the dining-room and the living-room was a glass verandah from which steps led to the main gate in the high board fence that surrounded the property. This was the principal entrance, but was closed during the winter. In the summertime the verandah was adorned with a regular garden of potted shrubbery and flowers. In order to prevent the plants being frostbitten, they were removed for the winter to the dining-room, a long apartment half of which served as a conservatory and the remainder for serving meals. The sun shone upon the dark-green leaves, and one could see that the plants received careful attention, for there was not a withered blossom or a dead twig among them.

'What does a house of this kind cost?' I asked.

'A thousand gold rubles, and that is cheap. But the taxes are a hundred and fifty rubles a year.'

'Is it hard for you to make both ends meet just now?'

'No. My salary is sufficient for myself and my family, but there is nothing left over. These are hard times. Money is scarce everywhere; but it will soon be better. It's better this year than last year. You must see our town and the people while you are here. I'm sorry that I cannot guide you around Verhneudinsk personally, but I'm very busy. Kostia will take you. You can tell me afterward how many beggars you meet

and how many drunken men. Our town is no mere village. We have twenty thousand population.'

As a matter of fact, I met only a couple of beggars, old men with long beards, and one little old woman who seemed to have her stand on every corner in the town. As to drunkenness, I did not see a single intoxicated man during my whole trip from Kiakhta to Krasny Ostrov on the Finnish frontier. Naturally there are some very poor people; but after tramping over Verhneudinsk in every direction for three days I could not see that the inhabitants were suffering from want or hunger. Practically all were simply, yes, shabbily clad. They had thick furs, but the furs were worn and torn. I saw some landowners in very valuable furs, both Russians and Buriats. No one insulted them, as in the first days of the Revolution, with the hated epithet *bourzhooy*. A man can get intoxicants, if he wants them and has the money. Andriushka was fond of a glass of vodka, but he was very moderate. Quite possibly there are drunkards, but they stay at home; I did not see a single one.

Afanasii Sergeevich loved his city. For him Verhneudinsk, with its little, simple, whitewashed brick cottages and its gayly painted timber houses, with its broad, straight, roomy streets and its public squares, was an earthly paradise. He would not trade it for any other town in the world. He liked to go to Urga now and then to visit his brother, but was always homesick to get back.

'Don't you miss the theatres, the music?' I asked.

'No, not a bit. We have a first-class movie-show; and if you care for that sort of thing I will take you to hear a balalaika concert tomorrow evening. More than that, when the high water comes in the spring we hear the roaring of the Selenga. We have beautiful bri-

dle paths through the forests by which we ride out to visit friends in the outlying villages. We make excursions on the river up to Ust-Kiakhta and down as far as Lake Baikal. You cannot imagine how beautiful this country is when the young green verdure comes in the spring, or the gorgeousness of the flowers in the summertime! They make it a constant delight to be alive. Later comes the autumn when the river gets low and the foliage turns yellow. The country looks quite different then, but that is also very beautiful in its way. We measure the height of the river as a guide to navigation and for fishing. I never tire of feeling the pulse of the Selenga. Then comes the time when the leaves fall and the temperature sinks, and we have our first snow. It is cold enough now. At seven o'clock this morning it was thirty below zero; but it will be colder than that before January is over. Have you ever seen anything finer than our hills in their white mantle and the pine trees with the branches hanging low with their snow burden? You ought to feel at home here, if what I have heard is true—that this country resembles Sweden.'

Afanasii Sergeevich was a lyric soul and often quoted from Pushkin, Gogol, and the Russian poets. He was also fond of reading poems aloud. In fact he was himself something of a poet as well as a philosopher, engineer, architect, and artist, all in one. He had drawn the design for a high obelisk, which was to be erected soon in one of the public squares to commemorate the Revolution.

He never mentioned directly the great change that the establishment of the Soviet Republic had made in the life and customs of himself and his fellow citizens, but he had a blind faith in the brilliant future and the imminent marvelous growth of East Siberia. He grew enthusiastic over the construction

of new railways to improve communications and to promote the development of the country. Some years before he had drawn elaborate plans for a railway to connect Kiakhta and Urga. He gave me a printed pamphlet describing this project. Though trade was prostrate now and everybody was poor, he believed this was merely a passing condition, inevitable after such a tremendous overturn.

'Naturally there are many defects in our present system,' he said, 'but they will be remedied with time. One thing is sure: the individual counts for more than he did formerly. A peasant, a mechanic, a laborer now knows that he is a person whose opinions cannot be entirely disregarded. When we once get back to peaceful conditions, and things begin to run normally, no one will want the old government back again.'

Perhaps it was easier for Afanasii Sergeevich to be an optimist and to see the future in glowing colors than it was for an average man. He had a government job and a regular salary. Probably there are many who had a hard time to make ends meet. On the train somebody told me that dilatory taxpayers are likely to have their property, even their household furniture, distrained and sold at public auction.

My first visit was to the Government Building, with Kostia as my guide. Our way took us through country-like lanes and across a big open square where the memorial for the revolution will stand, and finally to the streets leading to the heart of the city. Naturally there are no pavements in a Siberian provincial town. You don't miss them; but you do pity the draft animals whose duty it is to drag heavy carts and sledges through the sand. Verhneudinsk is situated on a rolling sandy declivity leading down to the river, and the soil is so light that vehicles sink deeply into it.

We dropped into a telegraph office as

we passed, because I wanted to notify my family that I had reached Verhneudinsk safely. Let me merely say as a matter of information that my telegram cost twenty-four gold kopecks — about twelve and a half cents American currency — a word, and that two days later I received an answer from Stockholm. Pretty good service considering the circumstances!

At the bank I changed three hundred gold rubles into thirty *chervontsy*, and received in addition fifteen rubles and sixty-six kopecks in silver small change. One *chervonet* is nominally worth ten gold rubles. The extra silver apparently represented a slight depreciation in the *chervonets*, although the latter is supposed to be very stable. I got for a *chervonets* note, on the thirtieth of November, 14,300 paper rubles, *sovetskii znak* 1923, which means of the 1923 issue. I should have received for this note 14,300,000,000 paper rubles of the issue of 1921! Two days later I received 15,070 rubles in Soviet bills for one *chervonet*. In other words, the Soviet bills had fallen about a thousand rubles for ten gold rubles. The silver fractional currency in circulation in this part of East Siberia bore the design and the crowned eagle of the Tsar's Government, and yet seemed recently minted. At least all the coins that I saw were bright and clean. As soon as I crossed the border into Western Siberia nobody would accept them.

A person from America, China, or Mongolia, where money has a fixed value, is bewildered for a time by the four different kinds of money in Siberia: gold, silver fractional currency, *chervontsy*, and Soviet paper rubles, whose relative value is constantly changing and is different in different places.

Out of mere curiosity I stepped into a billiard saloon we passed on our way to the Government Offices. All four tables were occupied by young men in Soviet

garb — that means wearing no collars, but with their Russian blouses buttoned up to the neck. Others were watching the players or sitting in groups and conversing. I asked Kostia how they happened to have time to idle thus in the middle of the day. She replied that they were government employees who took off an hour at noon. They were not playing for money.

I presume that scarcely one of my readers ever heard of the Government under which I now found myself, and I am frank to admit that I never heard of it before I reached Peking; and yet its territories have an area twice as large as South Germany. The population, however, is only 465,000. Nor is it surprising that we had not heard of this Government before, for it was only founded on August 1, 1923. Probably it is the youngest government in the world.

In contrast with Peru, China, Sweden, and other lands blessed with short, convenient names, the new Republic between Lake Baikal and Dalnii Vostok rejoices in the following appellation: *Buriatsko-Mongolskaia Sovetskaiia Sotsialisticheskaia Avtonomnaia Respublika* — 'Buriat-Mongol Soviet Socialist Autonomous Republic.' In ordinary conversation this is abbreviated to 'Buriatsko-Mongolskaia Respublika.'

The capital is Verhneudinsk, and the motor that drives its political machinery is situated in the Government Building. We went thither, ascended to the second story, and called upon the First Commissar, a Buriat named Erbanov, Chairman of the *Burukhan*, or *Buriatskii Revoliutsionnyi Komitet*. He was an excellent man and whatever he said was clear and plain. First of all he welcomed me to the young country whose first official he was. If he had known the day I was to arrive, he would have sent a delegation to meet me. He

hoped I would at least deliver a lecture, and would stay until the third of December. On that day the Republic would be proclaimed in the presence of the delegates of all the country Soviets. He believed I would not regret remaining to witness this historical ceremony. Congress would be in session two weeks. The number of delegates is a hundred and fifty. The territory of the Republic is divided into nine *adjmak* or provinces and sixty-one districts, *choshun*. Each district sends two or three representatives to the Congress. The population consists of sixty per cent Buriats and forty per cent Russians, together with a small number of Ukrainians, Jews, and members of other nationalities.

Commissar Erbanov pointed out to me on a large, excellently executed map where the boundaries lie. The

Republic borders on Lake Baikal on the west, Mongolia on the south, the Far Eastern district of Dalnii Vostok on the east, and Siberia proper on the north. These boundaries had been determined a short time before my visit at a meeting in Chita, in the presence of the President of the *Tsentralnyi Ispolnitelnyi Komitet Soiuz Sovetskikh Sotsialisticheskikh Respublik*, — that is, of the Central Executive Committee of the Federation of Soviet Socialist Republics, — under the direction of Comrade Serafimovich. The Government of the Buriat-Mongolian Republic consists of Buriats and Russians, presumably in the same proportion as the population — that is, sixty per cent to forty per cent. In a general way the State is a member of that Federation of Republics whose central capital is Moscow and which takes orders from the Kremlin.

ECHOES OF ANCIENT CONTROVERSIES

BY DOCTOR ADOLF DEISSMANN

[*Doctor Deissmann is Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the University of Berlin. He describes in the following article a remarkable collection of papyri just published in facsimile and translation by Mr. H. Idris Bell, a distinguished papyrologist of the British Museum. We give bibliographical data regarding this work under Books Mentioned.*]

From *Vossische Zeitung*, June 27
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

THIS imposing collection of new papyri owes its historical unity to the fact that it contains only documents relating to Roman Egypt, and particularly to Alexandria. These portray the national passions and religious fanaticism that made the pogrom during that period an almost normal social institution. In the background of the letter of Claudius, for instance, we see

pagans and Jews dwelling in deadly enmity at Alexandria during the lifetime of Philo and the Apostle Paul. Three centuries later we see the Orthodox Christians and Meletian heretics involved in equally bitter feuds.

The Claudius letter, dated 41 A. D., will prove a sensation to the world of scholars. It is, in my opinion, an unique contribution to the history of Egyptian

Cæsar-worship, and throws a flood of new light upon the conditions of that day. Let me indicate merely one point. It has always been a puzzle why a man as conscious of his evangelical calling as was Paul never visited Egypt. I always attributed this to the fact that during the early years of Paul's preaching, when he planned his life work, Egypt was in such turmoil on account of the Jewish disorders under Caligula that it was useless to go there. Now we learn that Caligula's successor, Claudius, in a letter that was incidentally addressed to the Alexandrian Jews, warned them explicitly against any migration of Syrian Jews to Alexandria. Consequently there was a serious political obstacle in the way of Paul's journey thither.

The Meletian documents contain ten papyri of various lengths in the Greek and the Coptic languages. Practically all of them are letters, mostly addressed to a certain Apa Paieous, a convert from the Great Persecution. We possess in a previously published Verona codex a few letters from the beginning of this schism. The London papyri are peculiarly valuable because they are originals — that is, survivals from the period to which they relate — and because they represent the Meletian side of the controversy. Our previous knowledge comes mostly from the Athanasian camp. I can only sketch their contents. First is an important chronological correction. The Synod of Cæsarea, which was supposed to have been held in 333 A. D., is now shown to have been held on the nineteenth of March, 334 A. D. The letter that specifies this states that the purpose of the Synod was 'to take steps to purify the holy Christian community.' The Greek word employed for 'Church' in this document is *Plethos*.

The jewel of this collection is

Papyrus No. 1914 — a long letter written by the Meletian monk, or cleric, Kallistus, presumably in May or June, 335 A. D. A person who reads this poignant communication with a little imagination feels as if he were actually present in the ancient Christian world. Unhappily it is by no means a pleasant world, although the Meletians, with their heroic fervor of martyrdom, produce upon the whole an admirable impression. The Meletian Isaac, Bishop of Letopolis, pays a visit to the Meletian leader in Alexandria, 'Pope Heraiskus, and dines with him in 'the camp.' Adherents of Athanasius, angered at the presence of the heretical Bishop in their city, invade the camp with drunken soldiers, in order to seize their opponent. Bishop Isaac and Pope Heraiskus are rescued by 'God-fearing' soldiers in the camp, whereupon the wrath of the invading soldiery is vented upon four other Meletians, who are brutally beaten. The mob then hastens to 'The Sun Gate,' as the inn where the Meletians had spent the night was called, where its members threaten the proprietor, arouse his guests, and carry several of them off to prison. Thereupon the *Præpositus*, or commanding officer, begins to think the matter has gone too far. He sends the Bishop the following message: 'Last night when I was drunk I committed a sin and mistreated the brethren.' The letter then adds: 'and to purge himself of the sin he took Holy Communion, although he was a Hellene' — that is, a pagan.

The dramatic background of this glimpse into the realities of that ancient day is afforded by the great shadow of Athanasius that lurks behind everything. The writer of the letters makes him personally responsible for whatever happens. He cites a whole series of acts of violence committed by this priest of the Church against the

Meletians. As seen by the eyes of Kallistus, Athanasius was by no means the inflexible man of granite that he is usually represented. Quite the contrary; he was uneasy, nervous, timid. His own position was uncertain. The reports concerning Church politics that came from Emperor Constantine were most discouraging. On one occasion Athanasius's luggage was already aboard a vessel in the harbor, preparatory to flight, but the wavering prelate eventually had it brought back to the city. To fly or not to fly? Athanasius was helpless and irresolute. Kallistus certainly did not invent all that.

The Paphnutius collection contains seven letters, all addressed to that person. This Paphnutius — or, as it is sometimes spelled, Papnutius — happens to be an old friend of mine. Many years ago I published in my *Septuaginta-Papyri* a letter written by a certain Justinus to Papnutius, taken from a collection of papyri in the University Library at Heidelberg. The collection of letters at London belonged originally to the same lot as the Heidelberg documents, among the papers of a Christian anchorite of Athanasius's time. Paphnutius must have had an extensive religious correspondence, for his prayers were reputed to be remarkably effective, and many unfortunates appealed to him to intercede for them with the Divinity. These letters, therefore, are an exceptionally valuable contribution to the history of true Christian piety in the days of the great doctrinal controversy, and throw much light upon this controversy itself. They are in a class by themselves, and no less valuable than the second collection published in this volume, even though the editor's conjecture regarding the latter at first sight seems incredible.

Mr. Bell suggests — at the same time noting the grounds for his uncer-

tainty — the possibility that Papyrus No. 1929, which is an original letter, was written by Saint Athanasius in his own hand. A person catches his breath at the mere suggestion, and I feel sure that it will be widely questioned. None the less, the fact that this experienced investigator, after carefully comparing the language, the contents, and the form with material from other letters of the period, and writings and letters of the Church Father, makes this surprising suggestion, gives the supposition great weight. The Meletian papers come from sources so close to the great man that the possibility of recovering a letter written by Athanasius's own hand is not, a priori, incredible.

The letter is a request by Athanasius to Papnutius to pray for him at a time when serious illness afflicted his family. It is a real letter, therefore, no mere literary epistle relating to doctrinal controversies. We know that Athanasius cultivated close relations with the monks. It is by no means inconceivable that the great leader of the Church at times felt the need of the intercession of a pious anchorite. I will not venture to express a personal opinion until I have had an opportunity to verify certain details, but I propose to present here a version of the letter for what it is, at all events, unquestionably worth. It is a remarkable paper, merely as a document of Egyptian Christianity dating from the lifetime of the great protagonist of Orthodoxy.

The letter bears on the reverse this address: 'To the Dear and Beloved Father, Papnutius. Athanasius, in our Lord God.'

The text, which is mutilated in places, reads: —

'To the Dear and Beloved Father Papnutius, Athanasius, in Our Lord God, (sends) Greeting.

'May Almighty God and His Christ grant that thy Piety may long remain with us, and may remember us in thy prayers. For so long as thy Holiness bides with us, all will be well with us in every way. To-day I beg of thee to hold us with especial fervor in thy thoughts. For prayers coming from thee are heard, on account of thy holy love, and as thou entrest in holy prayer . . . our own. I am justified in my conviction that thou hast us constantly on thy mind. I know that thou lovest us. I am in deep concern over Didyma and Mother, for Didyma . . . and my mother is ill, so I am in great distress,

inasmuch as I am ill likewise . . . and I feel greatly cast down. But I have faith in Him Who is the salvation of us all. In the midst of our sorrow and illness we have taken joy in the fact that thou hast bethought thyself of us, and hast sent us Horion, the good son.

'Theodosius . . . Antiochus, Didyma, Mother, all the members of our household, send thee their manifold respects, and greet thee, dearest beloved Father.

'May Divine Providence guard thee for a long, long time, and keep us ever in thy mind, beloved and most dear one.'

VILLAGE LIFE UNDER THE SOVIETS

From *Krestianskaia Rossia*, 1923 and 1924

(PRAGUE NON-BOLSHEVIST POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC JOURNAL)

FORCED to flee from Moscow to the country in the spring of 1919, in order to escape from incessant requisitions, arrest, and possible imprisonment, I spent more than three years in the village where I had taken refuge, most of the time as a school-teacher. I think I may say that I know very well indeed the life and feelings of that particular village and its immediate neighborhood. Its people are typical Great Russians, most of them able to read and write, and many of them Old Believers. They are fairly well-to-do, and the land question is not acute. For generations they have lived much in the same way as they live to-day. I witnessed the attempts of the Soviet Government to destroy the ancient pattern of their village life — attempts that proved futile and ridiculous.

What a difference between city and

country! In the cities the old ways of life have utterly disappeared except for some pitiful remnants to which a few scattered survivors of the old days cling; but here in the village the same church festivals are held as of old, with beer and rough fighting; there are informal evening parties with accordion music; there are local fairs that even at the best never brought together much merchandise; and there is still the same local justice — each peasant defends his half-inch of land or his stray chicken with a cart shaft in his hands. Ivan Nikolaev was a wealthy meat-dealer and he has grown steadily wealthier under the Bolshevik régime; Anna Romanova was a poor widow in a half-ruined hut and remains so to-day.

True, there was a moment when our village was run by its Committee of

Poverty. Its members tried 'to make mischief' as the villagers called it, but were promptly stopped. Now these members are again hired hands in the homes of the more well-to-do, but on harsher terms than ever. Our village rowdy, Kuzka, rose to the rank of a commissar, but his honor was short-lived, for his fellow-commissars intrigued against him and speedily thrust him out of his position. He is now the same rowdy that he used to be and gets a good beating every now and then from some indignant fellow-villager. A host of former waiters and janitors came back from the city to their ancestral village soon after the Revolution; but they could not stand the strenuous labor of the fields and the dullness and roughness of village life and soon betook themselves to parts unknown. Mechanics such as tailors, shoemakers, and locksmiths, who formerly spent a considerable share of their time as journeymen in the towns, also returned to the village. They have been able to earn a fairly good living there, and yet they form a sort of country proletariat beside the landed peasants who constitute the village bourgeoisie.

I cannot say that no changes occurred since the Revolution. The village has grown wealthier, but this applies only to those who were well off before; the poor people, on the other hand, are for the most part poorer than ever. Quite a little gold is hoarded in the village secretly, and there is enough paper money for all normal needs. The peasant standard of living has not changed materially. To be sure, the richest marriageable girl, who would have had three golden bracelets perhaps in the old times, now wears a necklace made of bracelets. The meat-dealer's son wears his watch on three gold chains. A few young village bloods have trousers made of bright-green cloth obviously stripped from billiard tables.

The girls produced a furor at the church festivals by appearing in heavy skirts made of costly window draperies. A neighboring village is clothed all in one color, having procured a large quantity of upholstering material from a hungry landowner in return for provisions.

But all this magnificence has now begun to fade. Our gramophones screech hoarsely, our hens are laying eggs inside of grand pianos, our magnificent mirrors are opaque with fly-specks. The bright-green trousers of our youthful gallants are patched with dull homespun cloth, and the net underwear which our village young men of fashion liked to wear over their vests has become so dilapidated that it cannot be mended at all. The saddest part of this change, however, is that not only are gramophones and billiard cloth becoming scarce, but also salt, sugar, kerosene, and cotton sheeting.

The peasant's opinion of his new Government, I imagine, may be estimated by striking a balance between what he has received from the Revolution and what he has been called upon to sacrifice for the Revolution. Unquestionably the peasants received a good deal of land; but we must not forget that, according to the peasants' thinking, all land has always belonged to them, that their actually coming into possession of it was simply a restitution of what belonged to them and not a generous gift of the Bolsheviki.

In return, what have the villagers been asked to give to the new Government? We cannot state this in exact figures, for the rate of taxes changes frequently. The peasant must deliver to the Government a specified quantity of grain per dessiatine — or its equivalent, in an emergency, in flaxseed or wild cranberries. He must pay a potato and vegetable tax in kind. He must pay similar taxes in hay, straw, berries, mushrooms, butter, homespun cloth,

bags, and other commodities that he produces. Furthermore he must pay a money tax on his cattle, and a tax of meat, hides, and wool in kind upon those he slaughters. There is a flax tax, there is a tax of a specified number of eggs per dessiatine — yes, eggs per dessiatine! Still another tax must be paid on every cartload of firewood hauled from the forest, though the forest has been proclaimed village property. Last of all, there is a poll tax, which must be paid in money. Then there are numerous other requirements, special taxes in kind levied upon shoemakers and felt-makers, and requisitions, such as the obligation to furnish so many carts for Government work, to clear the roads of snow, to cut timber, to repair the roads, to drag logs to the mills, and others of the same sort.

It would be hard to say whether the actual burden of these taxes or the irritation caused by the stupidity of the tax-collectors is the greater grievance; not infrequently the taxes in kind mould and rot after they have been stored by the Government, the firewood freezes fast into the rivers, and 'moonshine' is distilled from grain collected by the tax-gatherers although some families in their jurisdiction may be without bread. Requisitions of labor are made without any regard to the convenience of the villagers. A peasant will be ordered to report in person, with his cart and horse and food for his horse and himself, to work for the Government right in the busiest days of the crop season. A tax in straw will be levied and forcibly collected in the early spring from a family whose only cow is too weak to stand and must be supported by cloth strips from the stable roof.

Naturally the villagers know nothing of the theoretical ideas of the new Government. I do not remember having heard a single lecture on Karl

Marx, the 'Bloody Entente,' triumphant imperialism, and the like, during all my stay in this village. The slogans of the Bolsheviki are in evidence only upon the posters and newspapers in the town. To the villagers the new Government always means some concrete act — for example, that Ivan Kuzmin's cow must be requisitioned.

But if the peasants hate the Bolsheviki and their Soviets, which are invariably composed of people who know nothing of the peasants and their interests, what would they like in the way of a government? That is a question I am asked whenever I discuss my village experiences. I do not know that I can give a reliable answer. My feeling is that the peasants do not form definite opinions on this subject, that they have no idea of the kind of government they would like. They merely know the things they would like to have a government do for them. First of all, it should confirm all they have gained in the Revolution. Next, it should lighten taxes and see that the villages secure the necessities they now lack. Have they a preference for any particular form of government? I do not think so. It is a matter of indifference to them whether their ruler be a Tsar, a President, or a Directory. When they say the country needs a *khoziain* — a master — they speak figuratively. Neither does the fact that some cottages have portraits of Nicholas II signify anything. My impression is that the villagers would regard a return to Tsarism with apprehension, because they remember the kind of officials the Tsar used to have.

It is easy to guess their conception of the State itself. Their attitude toward it is that of the defenders of a fortress who are periodically called upon to resist the State or to make terms with it, generally using bribery as their most powerful weapon.

Meanwhile the peasants have become increasingly self-sufficient. My neighbors tan their leather themselves — in great secrecy, to escape the notice of Government agents; they weave linen cloth and lighter fabrics; they make felt and they dye goods very well with a preparation from marsh weeds; they light their houses with the ancient *luchina* — lightwood torch; they make rope out of hemp and have learned to get along without nails and metals. Indeed when the 'station proletariats,' as they call the Government agents, who have their headquarters mostly in the railway stations, make them unusually angry, they even swear that they will get along without the railroads, which bring nothing but trouble.

My school was usually kept in the izba of Ilia Kucherenok. In the old days the owner got twenty-five rubles rent a year for his house and felt duty-bound to keep it in reasonable repair. Now he receives no rent and, considering that he is a benefactor anyway, he uses the big stove that occupies one third of the interior to cook his food and to dry his clothes and his grain during school hours.

No official curriculum was prescribed for my school. I knew that I ought to teach the children to read and write, the elements of arithmetic and a little nature-study, modeling, singing, and dancing. There were no school supplies. At first they used to send us one pencil and two pens a year, but this munificence soon ceased. I unearched in my old country-house several books and began to teach my pupils to read and write the new orthography from texts that were printed in the old one. I also taught them a little geography and nature-study from pictures in the old weekly, *Niva*. The peasants maintained a perfectly passive attitude toward the school. Their common-

sense told them that the pupils could not learn much without pencils and school supplies, but they revolted at the modeling and dancing. The idea of teaching their children to make little things of clay simply infuriated them, and they positively forbade me to take clay into the classroom. They realized the advantage of education; they offered to support the school themselves if they could have the kind of school they wanted — that is, with religious instruction and reading and writing and no modeling and dancing. The local Soviets rejected this proffer and as a result a full score of schools in our own district closed for lack of support.

I remember vividly the tragic time we had when the Bolsheviki placarded the cities with their famous motto: 'No more illiteracy!' It was enforced in my village by driving a crowd of women forty and fifty years old to the school. I was promised twenty pounds of kerosene if I would teach them to read and write. The classes were held evenings, just when every mother of a family milked her cow and 'tidied up.' There was a great wailing and weeping and gnashing of teeth when the order was enforced, and the business naturally came to an end in a week or so.

We had a teachers' association with a high-sounding title — 'Professional Union of Workers in the Art of Enlightenment and Political Culture.' We were a useless, voiceless, helpless body, for naturally we could not question, far less dispute, the dictates of the authorities from the city if we hoped to keep our jobs. None the less we were compelled to go to town once a month to listen to the reading of papers, reports, and decrees, though we knew only too well that without books, pencils, or paper we could make no practical use of all the reforms promulgated. I recall that one decree required the children of our village to gather pine

cones and to send them to the proletariat of the neighboring town for fuel.

Another meeting remains especially fresh in my memory. In April the villages of our district are virtually isolated from the rest of the world, for the roads are impassable for either sleighs or carts. But we had to obey orders, and so we trudged to town, ten or fifteen miles away, through deep icy mud in our dilapidated shoes or soaking-wet felt boots. We were faint and hungry, for there was no more grain left in April. At the railway station they gave each of us a glass of tea without sugar and then our superintendent began to read circulars, and one of them directed us to begin immediately to teach the children of our villages Esperanto! We did not know whether to laugh or to cry, and so we did a little of both — laughed at the boundless stupidity of man and cried at our own sorrow and misery and helplessness.

Meanwhile, however, the peasant is slowly — very slowly — making mental progress, though within the rigid moulds of his century-old tradition. To understand the nature and the trend of this progress would require living his life for years. I do not venture to generalize; I shall merely cite a few examples. Among my many friends were two local Communists, the Rybkin brothers. They were considered radicals even before the Revolution, owned a little private library, and were eager for knowledge. When the October revolution came, they immediately joined the Bolsheviki. The elder went to the city, plunged into the maelstrom of Bolshevism, served in the Cheka, saw the Party from the inside, and left it, declaring that only thus could he be a true Communist. It looks as if he would eventually end his days by the bullets of his less idealist but more powerful former party-comrades. The

other brother preferred to remain a peasant and stayed in the village. This settled his destiny. He left the Party and has become just like the other villagers.

My village life taught me how kind and tender and even thoughtful these people could be to a former *barynia* — lady. I learned how unjust was the general opinion that the villagers had invariably been cruel and brutal to the former estate-owners. True, one or two murders that looked like cases of personal vengeance did occur, and two or three manor-houses belonging to families who had trouble with their peasants were plundered and burned, but all of us who remained patiently and inconspicuously upon the little tract of land left us, — and this was often a farm of respectable size, — residing in our own houses, which in our district were never palatial, were generally allowed to keep even our personal belongings and furniture. We had a miserable time of it, but were far better off than members of our own social class in the cities.

When, half crazed and half starved, I fled from Moscow to the country with my daughter, our old peasant friends brought us bread, cheese, cakes, and milk, to supply our immediate needs. They gave us seed to plant, and helped us to get in our hay, oats, and rye, refusing the meagre remuneration we offered them. Their kindness was still more noticeable after I became the village school-teacher. They gave me much useful advice to guide me in my relations with the authorities — the fruit of wisdom acquired by their own bitter experience. They often invited me to their family gatherings and brought me better food when I was sick. Even Mishka, a village rowdy, invariably presented me with the first onions and first beets from his garden.

It is true, these same villagers could

be brutal when defending their rights or what they believed to be their rights. In 1920, when every head of grain was precious, it was regarded as a crime to touch even the scattered ears along the roadside near the edge of the field. A man from the neighboring village was seen gathering these ears and warned to stop. When he repeated the offense, he was given no second warning, but was found murdered on the road next morning. Not one of my kindly neighbors had a word of condemnation for the murder. On the other hand, one cold spring morning, when my daughter and I sat wondering what we would do for dinner, steps were heard outside,

and a heavy bundle was deposited at the door. The unknown visitor hastened away. We opened the door and found a full measure of potatoes, at that time a very valuable article indeed.

I never shall forget the gratitude they showed me for every kind word, for every little scrap of garment I had given them in my better days, for every piece of candy I had given to Mishka at the time when that meant no sacrifice to me. They repaid me bountifully when I was helpless and dependent on their mercy.

Such is the village where I have lived, and which I have tried faithfully to describe.

ANIMAL NEIGHBORS IN AFRICA. II

BY RUDOLF REQUADT

From *Kölnische Zeitung*, July 5, 8, 10, 12, 17

(CONSERVATIVE DAILY, BRITISH OCCUPIED TERRITORY)

Nor far from the village flowed a broad river that harbored between its green, reedy banks numerous crocodiles; and when I wearied of my researches among the black men I would ensconce myself behind a cane cluster as high as my shoulders, and watch these mighty reptiles. One day as I was thus employed, in company with a black fellow from the village who had attached himself to me for the afternoon, three very large crocodiles rose to sun themselves upon a narrow sand-bank in the middle of the stream. Their yawning, serrated jaws and roughly embossed bodies were like a picture from an antediluvian age.

As we crouched watching them, the black boy nudged me with excitement.

'Here comes another,' he said, and stooping close to the ground pointed through the cane stalks to a silent movement in the water close to our shore. A moment later a great snout appeared and its owner clambered up the bank like a long, broad gangplank mysteriously thrust out of the muddy stream. It was evidently a female and, as the rough, knobby hide showed, rather old. After cautiously examining the vicinity with her head tilted up at an acute angle, she took several quick steps along the bank, and half disappeared in the sedgy vegetation.

'What does she want there?' I asked the black boy.

He did not answer at once, but watched with sparkling eyes the ani-

mal's tail, which moved back and forth with a curious, caressing motion. 'Perhaps she has young ones there,' he whispered.

'Let 's see,' I signaled silently.

He checked me with a gesture of caution and added: 'Perhaps there are eggs, too.' Then, as the animal began to crunch her teeth amid the reeds, he continued: 'They must be just coming out.'

I stared intently at the crocodile and asked: 'Why do you think that?'

Equally absorbed in what was occurring he answered in a whisper: 'When the eggs are ready to hatch, the mother bites the ends, so that the little ones can come out easier.'

Astounded at this information, I watched more intently than ever, saying to myself: 'What luck!'

A moment later the black boy resumed: 'Perhaps, though, the little ones are already out. The old one may be chewing up fish for them.'

Whatever her purpose, the crocodile kept steadily at her work. We could hear her jaws crunching softly in the reeds, while her tail still swept the sand caressingly. Suddenly she drew back cautiously from the reed brake, made a short turn toward the river, and sank silently in the eddying water.

We sprang up eagerly, scaring the crocodiles on the sand-bar, who plunged into the river with a single splash. The black boy shouted: 'We forgot them.'

'No matter now,' I said, as we made our way cautiously through the reeds, keeping our eyes fixed on the point where the mother crocodile had been. 'Can't the little ones get away?'

My companion shook his head doubtfully and answered: 'They might crawl off.'

At that moment we emerged from the reeds on a narrow strip of sand at the edge of the river. 'There 's where the old one came out,' said the black

boy, pointing to a parallel row of tracks leading from the water through the moist sand.

'Can you see the little fellows?' I asked with excitement, for his eyes lighted up as he caught sight of the end of the tracks, where a few scattered reeds stood in a glow of hot sunshine.

'There they are, all together,' he half whispered.

Looking more sharply at the point he indicated, I could make out several little green objects among the reeds, nestling in helpless contentment in the warm sand. They were perhaps half again as long as my hand.

'How old are they?' I asked.

'No longer just out of the egg,' he answered. 'I 'll get them.'

Detaining the black boy with my hand, I pulled off my jacket and folded it into a sack, intending to catch the little creatures myself, but he protested. 'I can get them better,' and I let him undertake the task. The young crocodiles, as if conscious of approaching danger, gathered in a little knot, heads outward, and snapped viciously in the air.

'They have scented us,' whispered the black boy, as he crept along the sand upon his knees with me immediately behind him.

When we were an arm's length from the little things, they flattened themselves against the sand with frightened eyes and extended their tails straight out as if about to bolt. 'Grab them quickly,' I said. The black boy pushed his right hand slowly and cautiously forward under the sand, and when it was close to the tail of the nearest one, snatched it with lightning-like grasp, lifted it between his fingers, and dropped it quickly into my jacket. The others were off in an instant. I saw two of them slip into the water and another dart away between the reeds as agilely as a rat.

We walked along the bank with our booty until we came to an immense fig-tree, whose sturdy horizontal branches stretched far over the river, along which one could climb some distance from the shore. I had used their dense foliage as a blind before this, in order to get a shot at a crocodile, and decided to have another try to-day.

So I told the black boy to hide in the canebrake, and crawled along a thick limb until I was completely concealed in a dense cluster of leaves and branches a few feet above the yellow, eddying water. Not a sign of a crocodile could I detect in any direction. Presumably they had taken alarm when we were catching the little one. Thinking that they would soon come back, I settled down for a patient wait. As I watched the reedy banks the memory of a previous experience in this very place rose vividly before me.

I was waiting for a shot on the same limb where I was at present seated. It was a clear evening, and the light of the rising moon glittered on the water. Now and then the snout and jaws of a crocodile would rise to the surface, as their owner glided swiftly but silently along, catching fish, and a sharp snap of his teeth was audible as he swallowed his prey. Suddenly I heard a crackling in the canebrake and a troop of springbok emerged at the edge of the water. Drinking hastily, as if in fear of the crocodiles, they turned quickly and stormed off into the thicket. But a young one remained behind. In its heedless eagerness to quench its thirst, it had not followed the troop promptly, and now ran up and down the shore bleating and turning its trembling little head in all directions in search of its mother.

A presentiment that the tiny animal was doomed seized me, and I raised my gun ready to frighten away by a shot

any crocodile that approached it. Just then there was a slight movement in the water near the middle of the river. A pair of glassy eyes emerged and instantly sank again. 'Get ready,' I thought, and waited tensely for the next move. Two or three breathless moments ensued. The little beast turned and came back closer to the water, bleating louder than ever. 'Why does n't he run away?' I muttered anxiously to myself. Just then a great pair of jaws shot up the bank, there was a crunching sound, and the young springbok disappeared like a flash in the water. It was done as quick as thought. I fired into the semidarkness, but my bullet merely raised a puff of dust in the sand. A few bubbles rose to the surface, and the river rolled on as smooth and silent as ever.

I shuddered at this recollection and, scanning the banks sharply, discovered several crocodiles on a distant sand-bar. 'They'll be here soon,' I thought, as I watched the stream intently. But I was compelled to withdraw my eyes at intervals from the blinding reflection of the sunlight on the stream, and rested them by watching the shaded water directly beneath, where I could see fish of many varieties darting hither and thither in sport or in pursuit of prey. Once a great crocodile glided indolently downstream, just under the surface. Catching sight of me on the branch above, he shot off with a mighty sweep of his tail that made the placid water fairly boil.

I was beginning to tire of my perch in the branches, when I discovered a stone's throw downstream two dark spots on the surface of the river that I easily recognized as the eyes of a crocodile. The beast was perfectly motionless. Apparently it was studying a narrow, exposed sand-bar that extended in the form of an bow from

the nearer shore. The monster seemed to be vaguely suspicious, and I dared hardly breathe lest I alarm him. Gradually the snout rose, and he lay there with only a part of his head exposed for a full quarter of an hour. I imagined I could detect in his deep-set eyes his eagerness for a sun bath on shore. But how prudent he was before risking that indulgence! Finally he made a decision and, without rising farther from the water, moved slowly landward. Just before he reached the water's edge he raised his head high, and then crawled with unmistakable satisfaction upon the bar, nosing his way to its sunniest and driest part. There he settled down with a quiver of contentment upon the hot sand, snapped his jaws together a few times toward the sun, and absorbed with lazily twinkling eyes the warm rays that beat upon him.

It was a male crocodile of more than usual length. Eager to have his knobby head as a trophy, I did not aim as usual at the skull, but decided to venture a shot at the breast. 'He will lie still enough,' I said confidently to myself. At the crack of my gun he snapped his jaws, a shudder ran down his back, and his tail lashed out as if he were about to plunge into the water.

'Get that crocodile,' I called to the black boy, and climbed back toward the shore as fast as I could. The fellow sprang out of the reeds with a wild war-cry, and shouting, 'I 'll get him,' cleared the sand-bar in three or four bounds, and drove his spear furiously into the wound, thus heading the beast off from the water. For an instant the crocodile seemed about to charge its aggressor, but collapsed helplessly, so that we easily rolled the dying monster upon its back.

'My spear finished him,' the black boy boasted proudly.

I praised him for his skill and courage

as I walked alongside the crocodile, and watched its last quiver.

'Let 's skin him at once,' I added. But just then a violent spasm shot through the animal, and as the black boy and I sprang aside in alarm, with a mighty beat of his tail he twisted over upon his legs, paused quivering a moment hardly an arm's reach from us as we stood paralyzed with terror, and with another sweep of his tail shot into the lagoon inside the bar. Meanwhile, recovering our wits, we ran head over heels for the bank. As soon as we reached a point of security we stopped and watched with still shaking knees the seething and boiling in the shallow backwater.

'So he was n't dead, after all,' I said, blaming myself for trying to kill an animal so tenacious of life by a breast shot.

'He 'll come up in a minute,' said the black boy. 'A wounded crocodile won't stay in the water, because all kinds of bloodsuckers and water worms get into the wound. See there,' he continued, as the boiling in the water became more violent, 'my spear 's still in the crocodile.'

'Let 's hide again, then,' I said.

The black boy vanished in the cane-brake, and I hastened back to my fig-tree perch. The disturbance of the water continued as violent as ever. Apparently the crocodile found the spear very painful and was trying to remove it by whipping himself with his tail. I sat waiting tensely with my gun ready to fire. The water became more agitated. Now and then the animal's tail would shoot high in the air, and occasionally the broken spear-shaft would emerge. Then a moment's quiet would ensue, as if the animal were temporarily exhausted. Finally he emerged and crept partly up on the bar — just far enough to get the wound out of the water. Apparently the warm sun relieved his pain. An instant

later I fired and put a bullet through his skull. This quieted him forever, except for one mighty snap of his jaws. But I did not feel quite safe again until he was skinned. He had abnormal, great lumps of fat, and we found in his stomach an odd collection of pebbles and the arm bone of a child.

We returned triumphantly with our booty, the black boy carrying the big crocodile's skin and I the little crocodile in my jacket. As we drew near the village the blacks hurried to meet us from all directions, shouting: '*Molunge* has caught a little crocodile.'

When I reached my tent all wanted to see the tiny captive and, anxious to examine it myself, I made the crowd stand back and shook out the little animal upon the ground. His appearance was greeted with an immense shout, at which the tiny beast faced his surrounding enemies and snapped his jaws as savagely as if he were twenty feet long. When I touched his tail with the muzzle of my gun he turned like lightning, snapped at it, and then started to dart away. As I blocked his path with my gun, and he twisted this way and that in his effort to escape, biting at everything in his path, I noted that he invariably headed toward

the river, although it was more than a kilometre distant.

While I was verifying with growing astonishment this marvelous instinct, my bull terrier, who had been watching proceedings as an interested but passive spectator, suddenly decided to come to my assistance. He jumped back and forth over the little animal with short, sharp, nagging yelps, which the tiny beast answered with vicious snaps. But while he was in the midst of his amusement, the little crocodile, with an incredibly quick turn, sank its teeth in the terrier's ear. The latter rolled over and over with a diabolical howl, but the crocodile hung on like grim death. After a wild minute of spinning and somersaulting, the dog got the tail end of the crocodile in its mouth and, before I could stop it, bit the little creature in two.

This was high comedy intensely appreciated by the blacks, and when it was over a party of them started off for the river in festal mood, to bring back the body of the crocodile I had shot. A gray-haired old Negro explained to me: 'If we leave the body there, the crocodiles will eat us; but to-night we shall eat that fellow and have a big dance.'

CORSICA IN SPRING

BY H. W. MASSINGHAM

From the *Spectator*, July 19
(CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

'*À l'odeur seule je devinerais la Corse les yeux fermés*' was a famous saying of Napoleon at St. Helena. The lovely island retains her scented breath, but it is only one of her distinguishing charms. All of them can be assembled in the expressive, the enigmatic word — beauty. Corsica has rivals, but they do not compare with her. Provence has its rather hard and melancholy grace, while the French Riviera flaunts its pretty, coquettish outline and towny glitter. But Corsica is a masterpiece, which, though man has wrought on it, softening its harshness, and patterning out its rich valleys and shaggy slopes into a fine tracery of orchards and terraced vines and little green garden-farms, remains the purest, most entire, and least spoiled design of Nature I have ever seen.

The design is of a perpetual variety. It is a gradation of highland and lowland scenery, rising from alluvial plain and still, blue lagoon, or from flower-strewn lawns threaded with streamlets, and bright as the fields of Enna, into the wonderful hill-country with its silver olive-groves and its changing but evergreen dress of cistus and myrtle and heather and arbutus. This is the *maquis*, or Mediterranean scrub, on which the Corsican climate, the Corsican agriculture, the Corsican beauty, all depend, and it reaches up from the open, park-like suburbs of towns like Ajaccio to the bare shoulders of the greater hills. Higher still is the forest land of ilex and pine and finally of chestnut, and highest of all the mighty

peaks and snow-covered *arêtes* of the great central chain.

This scheme of loveliness is so laid out that one thinks, not of Nature's prodigal hand, but of the careful brain of some magnified non-natural Scottish gardener. Again and again the melody is set; again and again the composer rebuilds his fugue and combines it with some new variation of form and color. As for the lower fields, they are spring gardens of silver-gray asphodels, set in beds of dog violets and star anemones, or blue lupines, or yellow irises, or amid the feathery clusters of the wild asparagus or the fresh green of the young bracken, or glowing with purple orchises and the gay blooms of the wild cyclamen. Yet again the champaign becomes a land of rose-like white cistus, relieved here and there with the bolder coloring of the large purple variety. Later on comes the narcissus, and later still the myrtles break into starry flower. Then the gay procession ends, and autumn, and the southern sun which has made all this beauty possible, conquer it, and with the cessation of the rains the green tempers down into the brown of Provence.

That is one Corsica. You may see it all as your car rushes down the mountain side from the Chapel of San Bastiano to the plain of the Liamone and the sapphire sea, its white beaches fretted into a hundred pretty curves, that fills the Bay of Sagone. Little of wild beauty here. Just a patch of yellow gorse to deepen the white bloom

in the cherry trees, or a group of poplars to overhang the new vine-tufts, or a grove of olive trees, heavenly bright on the side they turn to the sun that lights the sea a thousand feet below. But travel higher up, through miles of white cistus, past the old Greek town of Cargèse to Piana, the pleasant foreground of the tremendous panorama of the Calanches. The Calanches are a little like the Dolomites, just as parts of the maquis are a little like a wilder and more various Dartmoor. But these tremendous bastions, whose walls of red granite fall from an immense height sheer into the Gulf of Porto, impress the mind like no rock scenery I have ever looked on.

The mark of man's early handiwork was that it caricatured Nature. Here Nature seems to have tried her hand at caricaturing man. His face and figure, his art, his temples, and the forms and gestures of animals, appearing in a hundred mocking and distorted shapes, blend into an unintelligible picture of violent overthrow and piled-up ruin. And the knowledge that all this is fantasy, and that, if Nature designed anything, her aim appears not in these grinning parodies of the life of man but in his smiling conquests in the valleys below, has not an instantly reassuring effect on one's spirits. They rise again as one quits this Corsican Brocken and, winding swiftly down the gorge as it narrows precipitately, to plunge into some stream of Acheron beneath, lands amid the cherry blossoms and chestnut trees of Evisa.

Except for these wild episodes, the 'note' of Corsican scenery is not of a stern, far less a forbidding, type. In his *Studies in Corsica* Mr. J. W. Barry shows that, in describing the ascent to Paradise, Milton painted an unconscious, but none the less exact, picture of the Corsican bush with its

Champaign head

Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead there grew
Insuperable height of lofty shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A silvan scene, and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

And if there be also 'flowers worthy of Paradise,' and trees of 'odorous gums and balm,' and 'mantling vines,' and 'fringed banks with myrtle crowned,' not these delights alone, but the mightier offerings of forest and mountain, make the Miltonic and the Corsican Eden.

The same mixture of charm and austerity constitutes, unless the witnesses speak false, the Corsican character too. If the vendetta is not yet a joke, banditry, even in the romantic person of Mr. Romanetti, — who stands, by general consent, at the head of his profession, — is tolerably near one. For Mr. Romanetti, like a more famous Frenchman, *donne dans la bergerie*, and it is whispered that his profits as a leading figure in the lamb and kid trade eclipse those of his more spectacular enterprise.

As for the average Corsican, I should not be disposed to give him high marks in the valet class. He is a little too much of an islander and a freeman for that. But he seems to have a genuine liking for a tolerably courteous and interested stranger. If the town Corsican is reproached with surliness, I did not observe it; on the contrary, our small company was most hospitably and kindly entertained. And save for the tiny brown donkeys, staggering and almost invisible under their stalwart or buxom riders, or the following load of fagots or household goods, — the Corsican seems to be continually in a state of 'removing' somewhere, — the sights on the road — the swineherd enticing his charges

to follow him by scattering chestnuts in their path, the flocks of pretty, long-haired sheep or goats, the women in broad straw hats or the graceful *mandile*, knitting as they walk, and often beautiful with the grave Italian beauty, the children with a smile and a greeting for the stranger — are all cheerful, and suggest the happy middle lot of mankind, cast between riches and dearth.

Is a touch of the unusual, so dear to the modern traveler's heart, required? You may find it in some swarthy shepherd, stepping out from the roadside maquis in brown velveteens and with a double-barreled rifle over his shoulder; or in a strolling pair of armed gendarmes, professionally equipped for an encounter which never — or is it hardly ever? — comes off; or, should you chance to be in Sartène on Good Friday, in a procession of penitents in black hooded cloaks, the chief penitent barefooted, dragging a heavy chain riveted to his leg, and

bowed beneath the weight of a huge cross. For old custom lingers in a country where the people are few, though they seem to rear enormous families, and the means of communication, though easy and pleasant enough for visitors, hardly yet reach the mountain villages of the interior.

There is one disappointment. With all the effort you make to evoke the figure of the young Napoleon, it does not quite detach itself from the memoirs which Ajaccio rather pressingly commends to your eye and mind. In this garden, no doubt, the young dreamer once walked; in that bare little chamber he wrote his wild books and plotted his schemes of fame and power. But somehow he never seems quite real. Charles Bonaparte and Madame Mère, and the weird sisters, are all intelligible enough. Napoleon remains a vision, elusive and mysterious as the enchanted island herself, when you catch your last glimpse of her headlands from the darkening sea.

ALFREDO PANZINI — PACIFIST, PESSIMIST, HUMORIST

BY MAURICE MURET

From *Le Journal des Débats*, July 4

(QUASI-OFFICIAL CONSERVATIVE LITERARY AND POLITICAL DAILY)

THE Italian novels of Signor Alfredo Panzini are not merely written in excellent language with infinite wit and spirit, but they have the added merit of being as amusing as can be. No one could expect to find anything funnier in the bookstore than *Hunting a Wife* or *Il padrono sono me*, but there is nothing new in the observation that gay authors

are often very sad men at bottom. Figaro hastened to laugh at things in order that he might not weep, and this is the state of mind of many, many humorists.

It is the state of mind of Signor Alfredo Panzini. One might have doubts of this philosophy as it is revealed in stories which appear so comic;

but I discern a striking confirmation of it in his war journal, recently published under the title, *Diario sentimentale*, which covers the period of Italian neutrality, the phase extending from the month of July, 1914, to the month of May, 1915. It was not very comforting reading when it came out, and the second volume, which has just appeared, is still more discouraging. It is less a journal of the emotions than a journal of catastrophe.

If hypocrisy were not already in the world — altogether too much in the world — Panzini would have invented it. He asserts in his preface that the first volume of his memoirs met with little success from the public. I am not surprised at that and I should be very much astonished if his fellow countrymen found his second volume any more pleasing. Imagine the little shiver of joy with which they must have looked through the bookseller's window at a 'new Panzini,' how each went in, bought it, and hurried home, his spleen already vanishing at the mere thought of the bursts of laughter that awaited him. And then they all found Signor Panzini dragging them after him on a lugubrious excursion through the valley of the shadow of death! Having been deceived themselves, of course they warned other readers of their favorite author's treason, and so the remaining copies of the book dried and shriveled in the bookseller's window. Ah, Signor Panzini, it will not do to play tricks with your readers and throw them off the track! Your public greeted you as a creator of joy. It holds against you now the pain you have given. Subtle and facetious humorist, tell us a gay story quickly in order that we may forgive you!

Does this mean that Signor Panzini's sadder moods are without merit? Far from it. For my part I have read with the liveliest interest these reflections of

an Italian set down in a characteristic fashion day by day through the tragic years of the great upheaval. Not once does the name of Gabriele d'Annunzio appear under the pen of Signor Panzini, and this silence — the same device for ensuring prudence that Valentin Conrart hit upon to his delight — is full of eloquence. If Signor Panzini does not speak of d'Annunzio, it is no doubt because he knows that he could only find fault if he named him at all. Nothing could be further from the heroic frenzies to which the poet of the *Laudi* sacrificed himself during the war than the spirit of desolate resignation which appears in every line of the *Diario sentimentale*.

Signor Alfredo Panzini was in favor of neutrality before May 1915. He was still in favor of it after that date and up to the end. It was not permissible to manifest such feelings during the war — indeed it is novelty enough to find any traces of such feeling in so exquisite a literary man.

Signor Panzini was not in 1915 a Germanophile, but he could not forget that Italy was an ally of Germany and Austro-Hungary. He saw nothing heroic in going over to the other camp, though he personally had always striven against the superstitious cult of which Germany and the Germans had become the object in Italy, and on account of that fact had even been sneered at and reviled. He could not help asking how Italians, who the day before had been all admiration for Germanism, could now be dreaming of nothing but the restoration of the Latin ideal in all its ancient splendor. Most of all Signor Panzini was saddened when he saw the war catch Italy too in its bloody embrace, — Italy, which had at first kept out, — for it was war in and of itself which he detested. He did not want to believe in it, and when he saw it burst out he received a shock from

which, it is easy to see, he will never wholly recover. 'Our amazement is very great. If, after I die, I should really find myself in the valley of Josaphat [the spot traditionally designated as the scene of the Last Judgment], I should feel no less amazed. Ah! Thou dost not believe in the valley of Josaphat.'

Signor Panzini delights in contemplation and meditation, he has a soul which is naturally good, and the war, which brought to the front the bestial side of human nature, filled him with terror and disgust. 'To-day I am discovering the complete animality of the human being, which is like that of the ant, like that of any insect. Yes, that is what we are — big insects that talk.' He remained convinced, however, that the Italian is less warlike than the people who surround him, and in this he was right. The big confectioner at the corner, who made strawberry ices and who was terrified by the airplane raids, said to him: '*El noster pover Milan tant pacifel!*' And it is true that the Milanese, like the other inhabitants of the peninsula, are a peaceful lot. Woe to those who have made them warlike!

Everyone remembers what the word 'defeatist' meant during the war. Signor Panzini practised out and out defeatism. He shrugged his shoulders at the declarations of the Allies, swearing that they would never lay down their arms till victory. He was fed up on the verbal orgy. Victory was impossible. If anyone was to emerge victorious from the war, it would be Germany. 'Our democracies,' he said, 'have produced neither a great warrior nor a great politician. In Germany, on the contrary, there exists an aristocracy which knows, which feels, which commands, and a people who obey. The war god has done the rest.'

Democratic principles do not enjoy

the favor of literary men to-day, but Signor Panzini pursued them with especial animosity. He hunted down their origins to curse them. The spectacle of a beautiful palazzo with the charming inscription, *Deus nobis hœc otia fecit*, inspired in him this violent outburst: 'Oh, pleasant epoch of the *Settecento*, when people enjoyed their comedies and feasts in this palace! What a strange sensation! After the French Revolution the world began its tragedy.'

Poor French Revolution! People blame so much on it — so much that one is almost tempted to defend it against its systematic detractors. I still retain a lively memory of a conversation with Jules Lemaître at a time when he still professed free thought of a very audacious kind: 'Every evil thing took its rise at the time of the Reformation. Catholicism was about to become a beautiful religion, very human, very practicable, when along came Luther, Calvin, and the rest of them to spoil everything. They made Loyola and the Jesuits a necessity. We owe to them the religious antagonisms of the modern world as well as the strength of Christian ideas. We could have gotten along very well without that.'

Who was it, then, that caused this misfortune? To whom do we owe 'the tragedy'? Is it to the Reformation? Or do we perhaps owe it rather to something simpler — to human nature? No doubt it was not part of human destiny that man should live happily, but we shall never succeed in getting this dismal truth into our heads. That is why we blame sometimes the Reformation, like Jules Lemaître, sometimes the Revolution, like Signor Panzini.

It is easy to imagine Signor Panzini's surprise when the whole thing ended in an Allied victory. That was his awakening at the bottom of the valley of Josaphat. Signor Panzini could not

believe his eyes. This stubborn pessimist, however, seemed quite incapable of feeling a joy which he had been unwilling to hope for. The Russian Revolution, to his entire satisfaction, ruined everything in which he might feel content. He writes: 'The Russian Revolution exercised a kind of paralysis over me. No matter how European civilization can cure its wounds,

the Russian Revolution obsesses my mind as the most amazing fact of the war.' One admires Signor Panzini's haste to discover the sadness of things, and is struck once more by the way in which the writer — just as he does in his stories — discovers the comic side of life. Merry when he is inventing, sad when he is observing — such he appears in his works, taken as a whole

OYSTERS OF SAINT DAMIAN

BY ALFREDO PANZINI

[*Alfredo Panzini is a distinguished Italian scholar and writer whose novel, Il padrone sono me, attracted much favorable comment among critics a year or two ago and was called by Pirandello 'one of the masterpieces in the Italian language.' He was born at Sinigaglia in 1864, studied under Carducci at the University of Bologna, and became a teacher of philology at the Milan University and others. His earliest works were humorous sketches and personal reflections and memories. Only after many preliminaries of this kind did he begin to write novels. After the war he gave up scholarship, and is devoting himself entirely to literature.*]

From *La Revue Bleue*, June 7

(NATIONALIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL BIMONTHLY)

I HAD been spending the morning struggling to explain the poetry of Romeo di Provenza, and I really felt the need of a little refreshment. At that moment I happened to pass one of the finest and most fashionable restaurants in the city.

'Well, well. Yes,' I said to myself, 'yes, I'll go in here. Just for once in a way it won't do any harm. How much extra shall I spend? A lira or two, and have n't I just drawn my salary? *Nonne meruimus hodie stipendium?*' And thinking thus, without further reflection and giving myself no time to change my decision, I swung the glass door back jauntily and strode into a beautiful room where long tables were spread with fine linen of dazzling

whiteness and where huge padded divans, upholstered in velvet, tempted you to sit down. I had chosen the restaurant solely because of its culinary reputation, and I was not disturbed in the least at the prospect of enjoying it alone. To tell the truth, I should have gone there before if I had not felt a certain aversion for these head-waiters with their smooth-shaven faces who look haughtily down on you over the tops of their high stiff collars, lead you to your table, place themselves straight in front of you, and seem to read the history of your life as if they would say: 'What are you doing here? You are no millionaire, no nobleman, no debauchee, no impresario of operatic stars — no, not even a business man.

You look like an honest fellow struggling with the world. For shame! What has brought you into a place like this which you are not used to? Hurry up and get out of here.' And they don't so much as thank you even if you tip them heavily.

Such was the train of my thoughts — but human judgment is subject to errors as you shall presently see.

Scarcely had I stepped inside when the owner — for it was evidently he who sat enthroned above the great marble counter — rose and came toward me, making me a very agreeable and highly deferential bow. He was a fine young fellow, slender, elegantly dressed, so cool and ruddy that he might have been a sherbet, and with such a flourishing air that he really did honor to the house.

'If the quail and the snipe in your restaurant,' I thought to myself, 'are as tender as you look, your place deserves its reputation. But watch out, my young friend. Never go off on any voyage of exploration into unknown countries, for if, by misfortune, you should fall among the anthropophagi, your return would be highly improbable.' Such was the harangue that I delivered within my mind even while I was replying to his smile and bow with a politeness equal to his own. Still smiling, he made cabalistic signs to a head-waiter so smart and so correct that in any other place I should have taken him indifferently for an honorable deputy, a fashionable lecturer, or some handsome æsthete. Yet he was nothing but an ordinary waiter.

He approached me, took off my overcoat, accepted my hat and stick, and led me to a retired table occupied by two silent Englishmen, who were eating with so much grace that they might have been absorbing pills in a drug store. From time to time one would murmur 'Yes,' while I, for my

part, reflected that though their countrymen might eat with the extremes of delicacy and restraint, they made up for it by the voracity with which they gobbled up nations and peoples. No sooner was I seated than my waiter standing straight before me with one hand lightly resting on the table asked: —

'Would you like to begin with a paté with truffles? It's just out of the oven, and very good.'

First rate! Let us begin with the paté. I accepted.

'What wine would you like? We have some bottled Barolo, which is exquisite.'

'I do not doubt it, but I think I shall content myself with vin ordinaire.'

'Very good.'

An instant later he placed before me a gleaming metal porte-fiasco containing a bottle of Tuscan wine with the label, 'Chianti. Extra old.'

'This is too much,' said I. 'This must be a very expensive wine.'

'No, sir,' said the waiter, 'you will only drink what you want of it.'

With the tenderest care, I slowly poured the delicious drink into an elegant crystal tumbler, which I sipped with delight, thinking, as I did so, of the line in Redi's poem: 'Montepulciano, king of all the wines.'

As for the paté, it was of the rarest quality, though perhaps a little too highly spiced for my taste. As I was cutting the crust, I reflected that a cook who could prepare such a delicacy was really worthy of the gratitude of mankind. Presently the waiter reappeared and with an engaging smile suggested: —

'Now I should advise some *cappellati* from Bologna. They are fresh this morning and very fine.'

It would have been rude to refuse such disinterested advice. I accepted the *cappellati*, which were quite as perfect as the paté with truffles.

'Now I shall bring Signor a quail basted with mushrooms.'

I had already had enough, for my usual simple fare rarely went beyond a soup and a single course, but that *paté* had amazingly enlarged my capacity, and then it seemed a little stingy to top with that. 'Still,' I said to myself, a quail with mushrooms would certainly reach a fantastic price which I could hardly afford.'

No doubt the waiter read my dismay on my face, for he hastened to add: 'A specialty of the house!'

How could I refuse? I did justice to the quail, which was in every way worthy of its high reputation. Its only fault was that it helped to bring down the level of the wine in the flask, which somewhat confused my thoughts.

'Now that is enough, my friend,' said I to the waiter, when he had taken away the miserable remainder of the quail, — there is nothing more dismal than such fragments! — but without paying any attention and with an air of authority he set before me a plate covered with a fine napkin beneath which, in their large, pearly shells, reposed six perfectly enormous succulent oysters.

'But I did not order these,' I cried, rather indignant.

'That is true,' said the waiter with the grace of a man of the world, 'but the oysters,' he added in a low voice, 'are extra. To-day,' he explained still lower, 'is Saint Damian's day.'

'What? I never heard that oysters had him for a patron!'

'No, no, sir, oh no! Not the oysters, but the son of the proprietor is called Damian, and as to-day is his name-day it is his custom to offer on this occasion an extra dish to those clients who honor us with their presence on this day of rejoicing in his family.'

What could I say? I might have doubted him had I not happened to lift my eyes to the counter where I

beheld the elegant young man with the agreeable name of Damian, smiling at me as if to say: 'Go ahead, it's perfectly true, the waiter is telling the truth. Eat them without any fear of owing us anything.' What more could I ask? Delicately lifting one of these precious mollusks, with all the perfume of seaweeds and sea breezes in it, I made a mouthful of it. I admit that the memory of that moment is 'still precious to my heart,' as the divine poet writes, though unfortunately I could not quote the entire passage because of my excessive libations. One by one the five other precious oysters suffered the same fate.

'A glutton,' I thought to myself, 'is very clever in making the earth and the air and the sea minister to his tastes. The vice of gluttony may be deplorable and unworthy of humanity, yet certainly the weakness of our nature makes us succumb to it more often than we should.' By an association of ideas, the empty shells made me remember the beautiful line of Zanella in his poem 'On a Fossil Shell': —

When thou didst wander with the nautilus
Ere man disturbed thy course . . .

The oysters disposed of, the waiter placed before me a basket of fruit: mandarin oranges, dates, and other products of that holy land which is the mother of all things fine and good. Impossible to say: 'No fruit!' After such a meal it would hardly have appeared correct. Suddenly my happiness was troubled by a cruel thought: 'Why does n't a professor's salary permit him to have such a meal every day?' As a matter of fact, every single course was costing more than the 5.80 lire which I have allowed myself through twelve years' service as a master-teacher. And to get rid of the feeling of regret, which served no good purpose save to disturb the digestion, I called the waiter.

'What do you desire, sir?'

'The bill.'

He drew forth a black-leather notebook, brandished a terrifying pencil, and the crisp new notes which I had just drawn from the Finance Ministry wavered before my eyes.

'There you are, sir. Luncheon at our regular price, lire 2.50,' — he glanced at the flask, — 'fifty centesimi for wine. Total, three lire.'

I breathed again. Nothing could be more reasonable. I was on the point of crying: 'I'll come every day!'

'It's a system of the house,' said this noble waiter modestly.

'Bring me a cup of coffee.'

'Would you like a little glass of cognac?'

'Why not? *Semel in anno* —'

When he returned with them, he murmured in my ear: 'Would you like a contraband cigar? I have some excellent Havanas.'

'Oh, that's not honest!' I cried.

'Don't mind that. The inspector-general of customs dines here frequently, and he never smokes anything but my Havanas. He even has an extra supply laid by.'

'Oh, well, if that is the case — *Regis ad exemplum totus informabitur orbis* —'

And the excellent waiter offered me a marvelous Havana whose light and azure smoke, mingling with the fog of the wine and the liqueur, melted me into a sensation of infinite well-being. 'The world is fair, the future is superb,' I repeated with the great poet. Yes, certainly the world was fair, and I never even heard the sounds of the dining-room, which was gradually filling with the fashionable world. Suddenly I heard the door of the *comptoir* move gently, and as I slowly opened my eyes I beheld young Damian seating himself timidly before me. 'What can he want?' I asked with my eyes wide open this time. A placating,

almost affectionate smile illuminated his beaming face. Then this distressing remark stopped all my digestive processes short: —

'I see that you do not recognize me, Professor, but I know you very well.'

'Alas,' I sighed within my heart, 'my poor incognito so suddenly lost!'

'It is true, sir, that I have not the honor —' I stammered, while he continued to smile.

'I was your pupil ten years ago. You do not remember me any more, but I know you very well, Professor.'

I sighed deeply, and with a feeling of excessive delicacy I found myself a little vexed to be caught by a pupil in flagrant gluttony.

'Nevertheless,' I replied, 'I appreciate your remembering me. I am ever extremely touched, but I teach so many young people that it is a little difficult to remember every one.'

'But you ought to remember me, Professor,' he insisted, still keeping up that unvarying smile.

'No, really,' I said.

'My name is Damian Saltori. That name ought to remind you of an incident.' He waited a few moments before uttering that terrible reproach. 'It was you, Professor, who inexorably refused to pass me in my examination. You even said: "Flunked." Now see what a good memory I have!'

'What story is this he is telling me, I thought with dismay. Farewell my peaceful digestion! I do not know exactly what I replied, probably something like: 'Oh, forgive me, I did not do it purposely. If that is the case, I am very, very sorry.'

'But I owe everything to you, Professor,' exclaimed the enthusiastic young man. 'I owe my happiness and my fortune to you! How many times I wanted to stop you in the street to express my gratitude, and I never had the courage. To-day, when you came

into my restaurant, I permitted myself —

'I don't understand,' I replied, very ill at ease and somewhat fearful that my former pupil still remembered that figure of speech called irony.

'Why, it's clear, clear as daylight! Don't you remember what you said to me?'

'Good heavens, no, no!'

'You said to me: "You're a fine fellow, but for classical studies certain talents are necessary of which you have not a trace. One must have a bit of the artist, and you have n't any. You're an oyster, an oyster!" Now see whether I remember well or not!'

The memory of those oysters, so exquisite and so savory but a moment or two before, made me blush, for my palate still retained their delicate flavor.

'No, really,' said I, extremely embarrassed.

'Yes, yes,' said young Damian. 'You even uttered another truth still more evident, which my parents were unwilling to admit. They wanted me to take my degree at any price to distinguish the family name with a Doctor's title, and they even thought about having me given private lessons at home, but I never could go Latin, and Italian exercises were a pure horror. So in firing me you did me the greatest favor.'

'But I don't remember —'

'Don't you remember a scene that took place between my father and you, Professor? Or that deputy, the family lawyer, who demanded my examination book from the chief of the examination committee in order to carry it up to the

Minister of Education and demand a revision?'

'Oh yes, now I do remember. It was the Honorable Signor — Perhaps I had better not mention his name?'

'That fine deputy,' continued the sympathetic Damian, 'insisted that two and two should make six at any price. The chairman of the examination committee insisted on the same thing, and when you obstinately refused to admit it my father shrieked — I still laugh when I think of it: "What? I give my customers credit for hundreds of lire, and you, for a single point —"'

'What did you expect, Signor?'

'You did quite right, Professor. After the failure my parents understood. They sent me to Switzerland, as I always wanted them to, and I learned business and languages. I wanted to make my father's business grow, while my father, on the other hand, wanted to get rid of it. To-day I am a very happy man. You see,' he concluded, 'Cornelius Nepos was never meant for me.'

'Of course, of course!'

My former pupil insisted on helping me into my overcoat, himself held out my hat and stick, and begged me to return often to do honor to his house.

'I shall never forget the feast of Saint Damian,' said I.

'You are only too kind, Professor,' he said, opening the door for me. And I marched out of the restaurant, as if I had been a banker or a fat businessman who never counts the cost of his luncheon, with a magnificent Havana between my lips.

A PAGE OF VERSE

CHARTERHOUSE-SQUARE

BY A. R.

[*Morning Post*]

PAUL's bell rang eight
Over the square,
And Beauty walked
The evening there.

Paul's Dome lifted
O'er greening trees —
A benediction
Of rest and peace.

Paul's Dome keeping
His London town;
The half moon looking
From heaven down.

From a dim heaven
Of pearl and blue
Her misted silver
Glimmering through.

And, praising God
That the world was fair,
A blackbird fluted
Across the Square.

THE SWORD-BLADES

BY GEORGE BUCHANAN

[*Irish Statesman*]

I HAD a dream of sword-blades
in war at a river-bend,
a winter sun on the war-men,
who shouted and made an end;
wrinkled and weird their faces,
they brandished, cried out, and
fought,
singled a foe and slew him,
with a wild exulting thought.

I had a dream, when the sword-blades
were finished and gone by,
of a strange lonely silence
over the trees and sky.

THE QUARRY

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

[*Adelphi*]

As the windhover
Drops on the shrew,
Love, O young lover,
Swoops down on you,
Bears your heart heavenward,
Tears it in two —

Swift with his capture
Soars through the light —
Yours the fierce rapture
Of agonized flight,
Talon-torn, terror-winged,
Into blind night.

THE MONUMENT

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Beacon*]

I DON'T know what
the Monument
was meant by its builders
to represent.
'The fire of London!'
But did they intend
to show they were glad
it came to an end?
Or was the memorial
erected in pity,
because they foresaw
the rebirth of the City?

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE STONE OF SCONE

EVERY visitor to Westminster Abbey who pays the requisite thruppence is solemnly shown the Stone of Scone reposing beneath the coronation chair of the Kings of England. But visitors may not see it much longer. A bill introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. David Kirkwood, Labor member for Dumbarton Burghs, provides for the removal of the stone from Westminster Abbey to Holyrood Palace at Edinburgh.

The parliamentary report of Mr. Kirkwood's speech is worth quoting:—

Mr. Kirkwood asked for leave to bring in a bill to provide for the removal of the Scottish Stone of Destiny from Westminster Abbey to Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh. He said that according to tradition this was the stone that Jacob had for a pillow at Bethel, when he was flying before his brother Esau, as the result of his having stolen Esau's birthright. It was taken by Jacob's family (*laughter*) into Egypt, or, according to the Bible at that time, into the land of Goshen, and it was in the possession of the Kings of Egypt for a considerable time. It was taken from Egypt to Ireland (*laughter*); it was on Tara's Hill 700 years B.C. That was according to tradition; he did not know whether it was true or not. What he did know was that the stone was Scottish sandstone. (*Laughter*) It lay at Scone for about 500 years, until there was a quarrel between Bruce and Baliol, and Edward I, called 'the Hammer of Scotland,' was brought in to arbitrate between the two. Edward went to Scotland as arbiter and called in all the evidence, searched all the archives of Scotland, and took all these with him to England along with the stone, according to Professor Innes's *Ancient Inhabitants of Scotland*, which it would do a number of members a good deal of good to read. (*Laughter*)

He asked members who claimed to be

Englishmen who put honor first, to weigh well his statement — which was not his (*laughter*), but taken from Professor Tytler's works on the history of Scotland (and this was why Scotsmen were so anxious to get the stone back to Scotland) — that Edward I considered that when he took the stone to Westminster he had taken Scottish independence with him. The stone was a symbol of Scottish nationhood. It was a venerable relic and Scotland had tried time and time again to get that venerable stone returned to Scottish soil. Edward thought in 1296 that he had completely conquered Scotland, that he had hammered the nationhood out of that country, which he never did (*laughter and cheers*), because he (Mr. Kirkwood) stood there to-day representing an unconquered race. (*Laughter and cheers*) When a year had elapsed the great Scottish national hero Wallace arrived on the scene (*laughter*), and practically chased the English out of the land.

After the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314, when Robert Bruce completely defeated the English, they sued for peace. By the Treaty of Northampton in 1328 — and this was where their honor would come in — the stone and other relics should have been restored to Scotland. The reason given for the stone's not being returned was that the sentiment of London was against it. His friends and he were accused of being materialists. (*Cries of 'No!'*) The charge was false. (*Laughter*) While they sought bread and shelter for their people they also demanded roses. They cherished the great spiritual, historical, and sentimental bonds that bound the race together, for the mere material things of life were alone but as bread that turned to dust and ashes in the mouth. Those were the materialists who jeered and sneered at the demand of a nation for the ownership and custody of the symbol of its nationhood. (*Cheers*)

Lord Apsley, a Tory member who represents Southampton, promptly rose

and made a speech in favor of retaining the stone in England, in exactly Mr. Kirkwood's vein, which was greeted with almost the same howls of laughter from the hilarious members as Mr. Kirkwood had himself elicited. His Lordship explained that when Edward I took the stone, the Scots had just finished several devastating raids into England. As there was no Reparations Commission or League of Nations in operation at the time, the English King just took the stone along with him as security for reparations. The speaker reminded the Scottish members that Scotland still owed England a ransom for the Scottish King James I, who was captured about 1406, and that England could hardly return the stone until this intra-imperial debt had been settled. Furthermore his Lordship opposed England's giving up the stone on the ground of an ancient prophecy:—

Unless the fates are faithless found and vision
merely dream,
Where'er this stone be on the ground the Scots
shall reign supreme.

He declared that he could not think of giving up the Stone of Scone and depriving the Empire of the services of the Scottish Ministers and heads of Government Departments who now reign supreme in London. For this reason alone he opposed the bill!

*

A DRAMATIST OUT OF JAIL

As Ernst Toller, the author of *Masse-Mensch*, the *Machine-Wreckers*, and many another labor play, stepped from the train in Vienna, out of the clutches of the two Bavarian policemen who accompanied him and into freedom after five years' confinement in the fortress of Niederschönenfeld, he was met by an interviewer from the *Neue Freie Presse*. Toller emerges from captivity very much like the hero in Henley's poem, with his head, figura-

tively, 'bloody but unbowed.' He told the interviewer of his own life in prison and the difficulties of his comrades in the Bavarian Bolshevik rising in which he was condemned, who are still in prison. Toller demands an amnesty for them all, on the ground that their imprisonment is getting a bit old-fashioned, and anyhow 'in every other country amnesty has been granted.'

'And how did you yourself stand imprisonment?' asked the interviewer.

'I hardly care to talk about that,' replied the dramatist, 'and it does not matter very much, anyhow. As an example of what it was like, I can say only that the day before yesterday I wanted to invite my comrades—who are honorable men—to a farewell dinner, but permission was refused. I was not even allowed to see the English translation of my *Schwalbenbuch* because it was in a foreign language! On the same grounds I was refused the criticisms of my plays produced outside Germany. Why, the swallows themselves, which meant so much to us prisoners, were driven away, their nests having been destroyed. But all these things are trifles so far as I am concerned. I have n't any definite literary plans or at least anything particular in my head.'

The dramatist and his interviewer had been sitting all this time on a bench at the station. Toller now rose and started off into the city—free after five years.

Toller emerges from prison no less a stormy petrel than when he was first sentenced, and grimly intent on furthering an amnesty for his comrades still in prison. He appeared at the Residenztheater in Berlin, where his *Hinkemann* is still being performed in spite of the uproar which first greeted it, and—though naturally interested in the performance of his play, since he was imprisoned before success as a

dramatist came to him — was not too deeply concerned with things dramatic to make a semipolitical speech. Having offered the conventional thanks to the audience, he pleaded the cause of his fellows still in prison at Niederschönenfeld, and begged all his true friends to work for their release by the Bavarian Government.

In one of the Reichstag committees, a Socialist deputy demanded suspension of proceedings so that Toller might narrate his prison experiences, and though he was unsuccessful in this, sympathizers contrived a meeting elsewhere at which the dramatist addressed such deputies as cared to listen to him. The logical next step for this very eager young reformer would be the Chautauqua platform. But alas for German uplift — the Reich knows no such institution!

*

THE SITE OF THE RESURRECTION

THE discovery of an inscribed stone near the entrance to the Garden Tomb which stands outside the Damascus gate of Jerusalem adds a bit of important but not conclusive evidence in favor of the theory that this, and not the traditional site, is the location of the tomb of Christ. It is well known that the Emperor Hadrian, in a deliberate effort to desecrate a spot hallowed in the eyes of his Christian subjects, erected a temple of Venus upon it. The recently discovered stone first attracted the attention of Miss Hussey, who is in charge of the tomb and who had it cleaned and examined by Professor Brandenburg, a high authority on rock architecture of the Mediterranean. He identified it positively as 'a shrine of the goddess Cybele or Aphrodite (Venus) with the column and tree of Adonis or Atys beside it,' and declared that such shrines were found in temples sacred to Venus.

After he had expressed this opinion, the stone was more carefully cleaned and more carving was found which supported his first impression. Outside the Garden Tomb there are obvious remains of a large building, but definite proof of what the building was has been lacking until the recent discovery. As the Reverend C. C. Dawson writes in the *Times*, —

If the identification of this stone as a shrine of Venus be finally established, it will naturally provide very strong additional evidence for this conclusion. It would, of course, follow that the definite identification of the remains of a Temple of Venus over a large Jewish tomb of the period, which otherwise bears out all descriptions of the Tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa, must naturally carry with it a strong presumption that that tomb may indeed be no other than that of the Resurrection itself. This stone may thus be found to be another and important link in the chain of identification.

Attention was first called to the tomb by the late General Gordon, who had become convinced that the so-called Skull Hill on which it stands was the Biblical Golgotha and who, in consequence, searched for the sacred tomb somewhere upon its slopes. After its discovery the land about the tomb was purchased by an English Committee, who felt that whether or not the Holy Sepulchre had actually been found, here was, at any rate, an example of the kind of Jewish tomb in use at the time of Christ. This view was inevitably challenged by those who believed in the traditional site of the Holy Sepulchre in the middle of Jerusalem.

*

G. K. C.'S BIRTHDAY

MR. GILBERT K. CHESTERTON having attained the discreet age of fifty, the staff humorist of the London *Daily Herald* offers the following suggestions for the solemnization of that event:—

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is fifty years old to-day, and I understand the little village of Beaconsfield, where he resides, is en fête. Fountains of ale are running for all residents. Hot cocoa is in readiness for visiting Liberal journalists. Two fat oxen are being roasted whole in the village street, one for Mr. Chesterton, one for his guests. The local Council are putting a few additional turns in the road to the station to honor their great man.

The publicans of Sussex, introduced by Mr. Belloc, will present an address of congratulation and wet their mugs to toast the joint patron saint of their beneficent industry. A large number of tempting birthday presents, including a fine set of paradoxes from Mr. Philip Guedalla, will be on view. But keep your hands from picking and stealing, for a little Roman Catholic priest will be stationed in the neighborhood. His name is Brown.

*

A BEAR PLAGUE

THOSE who still think Russia a country where wolves and bears run the streets will find full confirmation of their belief in a dispatch from Petrograd, printed in *Izvestia* of July 17:—

In Karelia there is an unusual number of game birds, especially swamp birds. In the north of the Karelian Republic the population suffers much from bears and wolves. In the neighboring Zyrian Republic bears are hunted down just outside the capital of the province, Ustysolsk. This abundance of game is explained by the extreme cold weather in the far north, from which animals have fled southward.

*

PERUVIAN ENGLISH

THE *Lima West Coast Leader* has a correspondent—real or imaginary—

whose Peruvian English rivals the Nipponese English of the Japanese Schoolboy. A recent issue contains the following local notes from this contributor:—

Under the hospices of Mister Pop Haye a house-heating for the Mister and Misses Jonnie Angove was gave. Everyone sustain up well except the Victorolla which develop a hot-box before the finish of the performance.

Mister Burgess has have a birthday which has last two nights. Music was furnished by the piano.

Everywhere one beholds paint. No speaking of ladies Mister Gallygar. House are painting theirselves and each one insides is being coloured various tince.

Mister and Misses Angove reside in the sinister rooms upon entering to the hotel which are freshly painted gold and blue especially for this tw.

The Club Casapalca has now acquire an amplificador for her fonograf. The guests at the dances talk always strongly in English, American, Peruvian, Escotch, Castilian, Espanich, Italian and Piemonteso so nobody cant hear no music. Now this new amplificador holla like jell so one can dance in despite of the raquet produce by social conversation.

The Misses of Doctor Jaris has augmented to her Parque Zoologico with one mouse.

The Master of Station, Mister Castro and his wife gave a feast in celebrating the saint-day of the misses. All persons dance and compliment the hair of the misses which are the most late succumbent to the epidemic of barbarism.

Lots some people ask to me who is these Soroche. Other people they say who is these dam soroche. So I think it be necessary I tell you that Soroche he is a bunch similar to grapes and if you murder one person with perforation by revolver it shall not estop these menace.

BOOKS ABROAD

Letters of Anne Thackeray Ritchie: with forty-two additional letters from her father, William Makepeace Thackeray. Selected and edited by her daughter, Esther Ritchie. London: John Murray; New York: Harpers, 1924. \$5.00.

[Charles Whitcombe in *The Dickensian*]

HERE comes a book that will be a delight to every lover of Dickens. The references to that novelist may not be numerous, but they are of real interest, and the book is necessary to a comprehensive Dickens library, and in any case to every lover of literature it will be a genuine joy. There is a sweet fragrance in every one of the late Lady Ritchie's letters here preserved, and her every reference to her father seems to me to breathe the spirit of beauty, if I may so put it. What is impressed upon me once again, by the letters of both father and daughter, is the innate sweetness of the man — that gracious, melancholy tenderness that seems to shine around his personality in whatsoever setting it is presented. His temperament was very different from Dickens's, but beneath its every manifestation there are the same fundamental qualities of sheer manliness, of divine tenderness and equally divine humor, of abiding sympathy and love. So Thackeray always seems to me, and away with the shallow folk who repeat that parrot cry about his cynicism and small jealousies. His letters here reveal him as a man — a man of sorrows, truly, but a man of infinite capacity to love. He has several references to Dickens and his works. *Master Humphrey's Clock* was dull, but it gave 'a very pleasant impression of the man; a noble tender-hearted creature who sympathizes with all the human race.'

From America in 1853 he wrote: 'What could Dickens mean by writing that book of *American Notes*? No man should write about the country under five years of experience, and as many of previous reading. A visit to the Tombs, to Laura Bridgman, and the Blind Asylum, a description of Broadway — O Lord, is that describing America? It's a mole or a pimple on a great Republican body, or a hair of his awful beard and no more.' In March 1856, he wrote from Cairo, St. Louis, a description of the Eden of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It is too long to quote here, but it is of great interest. It confirms Dickens's description absolutely. There is reproduced a sketch of the place which he drew on his letter.

Lady Ritchie was always an enthusiastic Dickensian. She wrote in 1876: 'They have sent me Charles Dickens from the library. I can't

tell you how curiously people's different atmospheres strike me. I find all my childhood in Dickens, and then Macaulay is my young ladyhood. . . .' In a much later letter — June 1900 — she has a quaint fancy: —

'I have been going to sleep over George Sand, and trying to think of *literature* as music, or rather to hear the music of literature. I really and actually came upon bits of Beethoven in George Sand. George Eliot is to me only Mendelssohn — *Romola* is Kalkbrenner's exercises. My father — yes, and Dickens too — seems to me at times to belong to Mozart. My father, when he is moved, and Dickens when he is irresistible. Micawber and the Kenwigs are Mozart, and that scene out of somewhere — *The Old Curiosity Shop*? — where Kit takes his mother to the play.'

Rimbaud: *The Boy and the Poet*, by Edgell Rickword. London: Heinemann, 1924. 12s. 6d.

[J. C. Squire in the *Observer*]

MR. RICKWORD'S book is, so far as I know, the first on the subject in English. There have been articles by Mr. Gosse, Mr. Symons, Mr. Moore, and others, and there have been translations, including many of the altogether too notorious sonnet on 'The Vowels,' which Rimbaud himself did not take seriously; but there has been no book. Mr. Rickword fills the gap very well. Since he has done so much, it is a pity that he did not tell the story of Rimbaud's life in Africa as thoroughly as it might have been told. It is a rich and fascinating story; he was mixed up in international politics, and wielded great influence at the court of Abyssinia; I have even heard it stated, I do not know on what authority, that he and Lord Kitchener once met and conferred in some remote Sudanese hinterland. Kitchener and Verlaine: what a juxtaposition! Rickword, however, does not allow himself to be so interested in Rimbaud's later life as he is in his earlier; it is the spiritual struggles which were expressed in art that interest him; and this later period is avowedly scamped.

The critic must be allowed his preferences, but there is one regard in which the book might be improved without any argument. Mr. Rickword has been so preoccupied with his matter that he has allowed a large number of ugly and ungrammatical sentences to escape his pen; and so preoccupied, again, when reading his proofs, that he has failed to correct them. These are the only serious blots on a very good book which gives a conscientious account of the subject, and is full

of hard, tight criticism of ideas and art. Rather greater detachment would have been welcome to many — some effort to relate Rimbaud to the author's conception of the temporal and the eternal. Mr. Rickword has chosen to present Rimbaud, without much intrusion, as he presumably saw himself, and to leave him to be judged at that. Is one right in detecting underneath it all a kind of sneaking feeling that, after all, Rimbaud may have been right in his abnegation of civilization, morals, and accepted art, that after all nihilism is bound to be the end of a man who faces things squarely, and that Rimbaud's adult life was merely a postscript after a problem had been solved which left zero as the result?

Les origines de la victoire, by G. M. Bourget.
Paris: La Renaissance du Livre, 1924.

[*Journal des Débats*]

THERE is no shortage of works dealing with the war. Memoirs, critical essays, novels, written for polemic or technical purposes, form an abundant collection among which history may take its choice; but no one seems yet to have given the public a work so complete, so clear, so well documented, so sure and precise as that which M. G. M. Bourget has written under the title, *Les origines de la victoire*.

In this newspaper at least there is no need to speak of the author. He is known and appreciated. Every fortnight for the last five years our readers have found above his signature an authoritative military chronicle. The judgments which he has expressed in our columns on the organization of the new army, on the legislative proposals of the day, or on various aspects of the Ruhr occupation, have always had a quality of their own which combines the rare merits of competence and good sense. They have often been quoted and commented on in Parliament to sustain a thesis or strengthen a criticism. In short, M. G. M. Bourget has won an authoritative place in the world of journalism. But we are not writing to-day of the work he has done for this newspaper. The book which he has published is not a collection of newspaper articles — it is a work complete in itself, possessing a special value and importance, a *histoire raisonnée* of the World War. . . .

After having known, observed, and learned a great deal, after having methodically studied a quantity of documents, whether they came from our own sources or from our former enemies, the author of *Les origines de la victoire* has written an intelligent book. As Lieutenant-Colonel Herschel has said, the rôle of the true historian is neither to defend individuals nor to attack them. It is better and more noble to judge events from above,

neglecting personal questions. That is what Bourget has tried to do, and he has succeeded. His narrative thus gains in demonstrative value and the criticisms he makes acquire the force of proof.

The Roman Occupation of Britain, by Francis Haverfield. Revised by George Macdonald.
London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1924. 18s.

[*Discovery*]

FRANCIS HAVERFIELD is a name of power. For a quarter of a century it has been a recognized hallmark of authority on all matters connected with the Roman world. This book, a posthumous production, is part tribute and biography of the author, but far more the work of the author himself. It is the kind of book that brings home to one what is meant by the passing of a great man in any particular field of study. Here is a sense of great knowledge and skilled judgment gone from us.

Out of the vast mass of Professor Haverfield's writings on the Romans in Britain there is nothing which so well summarizes the knowledge he had accumulated as these six lectures, which in themselves cover the whole field from pre-Roman Britain down to the dark and cloudy period of the rebirth of historical record in Saxon England. It is a book for the layman and casual student as well as for the professed antiquary or historian, for in its pages, chapter by chapter, the whole contemporary life of Roman Britain is portrayed.

There is no undue insistence on detail, and indeed the pictures he builds for us are drawn with sure, broad, vigorous strokes, always stressing the basic differences between civil Britain within the pale and the life of the military posts in the frontier zones. The breadth of vision is remarkable and the book will long stand as a milestone, a standard work of Roman Britain as enduring as Roman majesty itself.



BOOKS MENTIONED

HEDIN, SVEN. *Von Peking nach Moskau*. Leipzig: Brockhaus Verlag, 1924.

PANZINI, ALFREDO. *Diario sentimentale*. Rome and Milan: Mondadori, 1924.



NEW TRANSLATIONS

LALOU, RENÉ. *Contemporary French Literature (1870-1924)*. Translated from the French by William Aspenwall Bradley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1924. \$3.50.

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

OUR MONTHLY ISSUE

THIS week the *Living Age* undertakes a new service for its subscribers. Our regular weekly issues, prepared in the press of keeping pace with current world-affairs as recorded in two hundred or more foreign publications, afford less opportunity than we should like to give our readers larger and more leisurely surveys of art and thought abroad. Therefore we plan to expand one number each month to receive longer articles of the type that justify keeping a magazine on the table after the immediate topics of the day are exhausted.

✦

FRANCE AND THE DAWES REPORT

THE Paris correspondent of *Journal de Genève* reports that France is divided into three camps with regard to the Dawes Report. One party, which is preoccupied primarily with domestic policies and approves everything the present Cabinet does with its eyes shut, is inclined to treat any criticism of Herriot's proposal as blasphemy. The principal Paris press organs of this

party are *L'Ère Nouvelle*, *Quotidien*, and *Paris-Soir*.

The group at the opposite extreme, whose principal spokesmen are Pertainax—M. Géraud—in *L'Écho de Paris*, M. Jacques Bainville in *L'Action Française* and *La Liberté*, and M. Buré in *L'Éclair*, takes the position that Poincaré accepted the Report provisionally when he was in power, and more or less under duress, but always with the assumption that this committal did not limit the French Government in prescribing the way the terms of the Report should be applied. Between these extremes stands the great body of French citizens, who believe that the Dawes Report affords the only chance there is of obtaining anything for Reparations, that an agreement must be reached in general conformity with that plan, and that the country is deluding itself if it expects to obtain any real advantage from remaining in the Ruhr. Many of Poincaré's former supporters now hold this view.

Jean Herbette, foreign editor of *Le Temps*, and 'probably the most quoted journalist in the world,' says

in an article in the *London Sunday Times*:—

Briefly put, by the end of 1922 the mass of the French public had become convinced that, in order to secure Reparations and ensure peace, it was necessary to teach Germany a serious lesson. The occupation of the Ruhr was that lesson.

But most French people, knowing full well that a foreign country could not be occupied indefinitely, regarded the occupation of the Ruhr as a means and not as an end. In their view it was a method of altering the situation as it appeared at the end of 1922 — the quasi-isolation of France, and the nonpayment of Reparations — to a better situation, where the Allies would be found agreed to obtain contributions from a Germany at length resigned to the necessity for paying.

In fact the situation was thus altered in the way France desired, with the result that

the experts were called in and their labors have given birth to the Dawes plan — that is to say, a system destined to recover Reparations by the common action of the creditors, thanks to the assistance of the United States, and with the free consent of Germany.

This is precisely the change that most Frenchmen desired. It is not that they regard the Dawes plan as an eighth wonder of the world. It will not, for example, provide France with the expenses of restoring the devastated regions. Neither does it settle the vexed question of Interallied debts. It contains expedients the value of which has yet to be demonstrated, that is, those concerning the transfers. Yet it represents the best scheme that has yet been formulated.

Quite consistently with this, *Le Temps* says in reply to the *Times's* criticism of the French attitude at the London Conference:—

It seems to us that French opinion, except that of a minority that is endeavoring to exploit the nonrecovery of Reparations for its own benefit, is not especially con-

cerned in the matter of sanctions against Germany, whether separate or collective. An immense majority of the French merely want reasonable assurance that the Report of the Experts will be applied in its entirety — that is to say, that its execution will not be arrested until the sums that it specifies are actually paid. Recourse to sanctions is merely an emergency measure. When people are not sure of collecting their money then they cling to sanctions as a shipwrecked sailor clings to a spar.



LABOR IN ITALY

OUR readers will recall that Mussolini began his public career as a Socialist agitator and editor, and that he has organized the workingmen who flocked to the Fascist fold into Fascisti unions. The evolution of Mussolini's social theories seems to have been from the ideal of a class struggle to that of class collaboration, as a means of securing more abundant production and more perfect social equilibrium.

The new régime has brought Italy an era of comparative social peace. Strikes, formerly almost chronic, have become very rare; wages have been reduced; the hours of labor have been extended. Production has increased both in agriculture and in industry, though not so much as was anticipated.

But these positive achievements are not wholly satisfactory to Fascisti workingmen. They have grown restless and protest that the new policy is enriching employers at the expense of those they employ, who now work harder than they did before and get less in return for their labor. The Executive Committee of the Federation of Fascist Trades-Unions that met at Rome last summer drew up a list of grievances and demands which they presented to their chief. Among other things, the workers wish the unions to be given recognized standing at law, the appointment of arbitration com-

mittees to decide disputes over the labor contract, and a fairer division of the proceeds of agriculture and industry between the two classes that cooperate in production.

Mussolini has endorsed a somewhat attenuated programme along this line. He would give the trades-unions more legal recognition than they enjoy at present, improve the social welfare of the working classes, and encourage a system of profit-sharing.

The first two suggestions are too vague to have much appeal even for workmen within the Fascist fold, and evoke only skeptical smiles from those outside it. Profit-sharing presents many thorny difficulties as soon as an attempt is made to apply it as a universal system. Are its benefits to go only to members of Fascisti unions? Will the quasi-official unions proposed gain real advantages for the working people through their immunized agitation? A majority of the organizers and officers of Fascisti unions are former walking delegates and secretaries of Socialist and Communist unions. They are said to be losing their hold on the rank and file of their followers and perhaps to long secretly for the more exciting tactics of the past.



CHARACTERIZING THE FRENCH

MR. PHILIP CARR replies in the *Observer* to the criticisms of France in the article by St. John Ervine which we print elsewhere in this issue. Among other things he says:—

With two of Mr. Ervine's general conclusions I am entirely in agreement — that the peasant is France and that the dominating character of the peasant is his extreme and industrious thriftiness. The French vice is meanness about money. In spite of his social ease and communicative nature, he is not hospitable. In France there are no spare bedrooms, and there is no dropping

in to meals. The rare invitation to dinner is a ceremony.

On the other hand, I cannot agree either that the French are in danger of an excess of formalism or that they are losing their gayety. I am surprised that Mr. Ervine should be among the many who were deceived on the latter point by the fact that French soldiers during the war did not sing on their way to the line nor play football or the piano behind it. They knew more of the bitterness of war than we, and they were fighting around the ruins of their own farms; but the calm cheerfulness of their philosophy was expressed again and again in that shrug of the shoulders and that classic phrase: '*Que voulez-vous, c'est la guerre.*'

On another point Mr. Carr is in qualified agreement with his friend:—

Mr. Ervine is right in saying that the French care more for equality and the British for liberty. He might have added that the Russians care most of all for the third virtue in the revolutionary motto — for fraternity. It is a question of national character, which is not new. It is as old as 1789, if not older. I can see no sign that the French are changing. You can find all the peasant's miserly thriftiness in Balzac. The Frenchman has always loved a brave show, but it is hard to say whether his military tradition is born of desire or necessity. Though he has many officials he hates officialdom, and though he is elaborately policed he hates submitting to discipline. He has certainly none of the German's love for an official uniform or an official title. His hatred of discipline is the reason for the defective organization of many of his public ceremonials, in which the crowd is always insisting upon going where it is told not to go, in a way which would be impossible to the order-loving and placid Englishman; but if such official organization sometimes breaks down, there is no one like the Frenchman for performing any formal or social act with the maximum of easy grace and absence of awkwardness.

Mr. Carr also endorses in a measure Mr. Ervine's assertion that the French are not catholic in their artistic tastes;

but he doubts whether the English are much better.

France, as I have often said, is intellectually without doubt the most insular country in Europe. However, she grew enthusiastic over the Russian ballet and the *Chauve-Souris* before London heard of them, and perhaps there is a little artistic snobbishness in that enthusiasm with which London society crowds to hear plays in a language which it can only imperfectly understand. I know that although I have lived in Paris for years, am married to a French wife, and speak French better than most Englishmen here, there is still much in the theatre that I miss. Perhaps if Mr. Ervine could easily understand rapidly spoken and colloquial French he would not be so hard, not only on the French theatre in general, but on cabaret shows in particular — I admit that I took him to a bad one. Verbal subtleties and topical allusions are the essence of such entertainments, and indeed the spoken word, treated either rhetorically or wittily, is far more important in the French conception of drama than the visual aspect — even though pantomime is a form which still lives in Paris.

Last of all, with regard to a question that is perhaps the hardest of all to settle and the least likely to be decided with good humor, Mr. Carr says: —

As for the two statements that American women dress more tastefully than French and that English working girls have more style than French, I think a Frenchman would confidently submit the first to the judgment of any group of women from a third country, while, although I should like to believe the second, — I certainly agree that the English girls are prettier, — I can hardly bring myself to do so.

✱

WHEAT PRICES

The Nation and the Athenæum considers the world-wide rise in the price of wheat, which brought up the price of flour in Great Britain about 22 per

cent, an event transcending in importance 'Dawes Reports, Housing Bills, Revolutions in Mexico, and Presidential Elections.' It recognizes that wheat, and to a lesser extent some other agricultural products, have been lower as compared with manufactured articles than before the war, to the distress of the British farmer as well as his brothers across the seas. But the readjustment, if this proves to be one, will be an economic event of the first magnitude.

As regards Great Britain, the effects are likely to be of opposed kinds. On the one hand, the cost of our imported supplies will be immensely enhanced, as can be easily calculated from the figure of 29 million quarters as the approximate total of our necessary imports. On the other hand, the transfer of purchasing power into the hands of the farming communities of the world may have far-reaching effects in the stimulation of markets for certain types of goods. The change, moreover, opens out for British agriculture a prospect of relief from the depression which has long lain over it.

✱

EGYPT UNDER THE EGYPTIANS

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Times* paints a gloomy — and perhaps not entirely unbiased — picture of Egypt's retrogression under the native régime. He says the irrigation service has already deteriorated. One big landowner averred that in thirty years under British administration he had never once suffered for want of water. Within a month of the replacement of the British engineer by an Egyptian under the new Government, and at the very beginning of the cotton season, he could get no water to irrigate his fields. When he did secure relief, it was due to the fact that two villages on the same canal had raised a purse of \$600 to bribe the engineer.

Formerly every train ran on time

and there was little overcrowding. Two years of Egyptian management have resulted in a sad lapse from this high standard. Locomotive breakdowns are frequent, the roadbeds are in such disrepair that the speed of trains has been reduced, broken windows and burned-out lights are common, and the tourist can safely reckon on three or four hours' delay on an ordinary journey. While Alexandria keeps up appearances because the local government is largely in the hands of the leading merchants, Cairo is sinking back to Oriental sloth and neglect. Its streets, which used to be remarkably clean and well-kept, are now covered with the shavings and litter of the native workingmen who have set up their shops on the public footpaths, and the janitor 'as likely as not keeps a sheep in the hallway of a fine modern block of flats.'



A BUDWEISER ITEM

THE old Bohemian city of Budweis has recently been afflicted with a new phase of Katzenjammer. Its authorities have put to death 980 feline companions of single blessedness — the newspapers speak of 2000 — under suspicion of hydrophobia. Coal gas from the city gas works was employed as the lethal agent. Immediately the local humane society was up in arms. A mass meeting was held to protest, not against the death of the cats, which was recognized as necessary, but at the 'barbarous' method used to kill them. The meeting proved to be a lively one, for two issues were speedily agitating the audience: whether the discussion should be in both Czech and German, or exclusively in Czech, and whether the draconic measures taken by the authorities were necessary. Local newspaper accounts say that each row of benches had at least one orator, and all addressed the meeting simultaneously, though not on

the same subject. Rights of nationality, rights of animals, medical lore, and legal technicalities were elucidated at the same time; but the first topic seemed to have the loudest and most excited champions.



A NOTE OR TWO FOR TRAVELERS

THE relatively quiet autumnal period, between big summer events like the Wembley Exposition and the Olympic Games and the opening of the opera season and winter exhibitions, offers a traveler in Europe occasional ready-made opportunities to peep into the industrial life of the country he is visiting.

During twenty days in October, the Annual Automobile Salon will be open in Paris. Between the second and the twelfth there will be a display of touring vehicles and accessories at the Grand Palais, and from the twenty-second to the thirty-first industrial cars, motors, and garage outfits will be exhibited at the same place.

Those who linger at Geneva or in the vicinity after the adjournment of the League of Nations Assembly will have an opportunity to attend an historical exposition of the Swiss watch industry, to be held in that city from the second to the thirtieth of October.

Travelers to the Far East who plan to visit the French Colonies in Asia, should bear in mind the Hanoi Fair, which will be open from November 30 to December 14. Like the Leipzig and the Lyon Fairs, this is an annual event, and its primary purpose is to bring manufacturers and merchants together for the purchase and sale of merchandise. But it also offers an excellent occasion to get a bird's-eye view of the peoples and products of southeastern Asia. Among the countries invited to

participate are the Straits Settlements, the Netherlands Indies, Siam, China, Japan, and Korea. The Fair occurs during the dry cool season most favorable for travel and sightseeing in the Eastern tropics. Hanoi is the centre of highways, railways, and water routes that enable the tourist to visit points of interest in the interior. The city consists of three distinct towns—the French quarter, with wide avenues and imposing public buildings; the native quarter, with the innumerable winding streets and booths characteristic of Oriental cities; and a citadel, containing among other things a famous Buddhist temple.



MINOR NOTES

ALTHOUGH French aviators are among the best in the world, and France stands in the forefront of aeronautic development, the French people do not patronize this way of traveling. Is this due to caution, conservatism, or thrift? The Government Department

of Aeronautics publishes the following figures showing the nationality of the travelers who embarked in airplanes in France during last June: Americans, 40 per cent; English, 34 per cent; Dutch, 7 per cent; French, 6 per cent; various nationalities, 13 per cent. This is the more remarkable because some of the French lines operate entirely within French territory. Commenting upon this, *L'Écho de Paris* says: 'Evidently up to the present the Anglo-Saxons are the only ones who patronize air travel freely; this accords with their more sporting and adventurous temperament.'

THE Government of Peru has included in its estimates for the coming year 45,000 Peruvian pounds, or nearly \$200,000, for a monument to the Spanish soldiers who lost their lives during the War of Independence and are buried in Peruvian soil. The competition for the design of the monument is limited to Spanish and Peruvian artists.

1914-1924

JN-MEMORIAM.
JEAN JAURÈS.



JEAN JAURÈS, French Socialist and Pacifist leader, was shot by a chauvinist assassin on the eve of the war. — *Vorwärts*



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER (to the militarists and politicians). Hypocrites! Let me lie in peace — *Het Volk*

HOW THE WAR CAME TO VIENNA

From *Arbeiter Zeitung*, July 27
(VIENNA CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST DAILY)

[VIENNA *Arbeiter Zeitung* reprinted as an anniversary article the following extracts from its Conservative-Clerical contemporary, the *Reichspost*, describing the state of public sentiment in Vienna immediately before the outbreak of the World War.]

July 25, 1914. — As early as four o'clock people eager for news began to assemble in front of the *Reichspost* Building. The impatient crowd rapidly grew larger. Among them were serving men and poor women who hoped to make a little Sunday money by selling the extra editions. Soon hundreds and hundreds were staring at our building. One could read on every face the question: 'Will Serbia's criminal plotting against the Monarchy be ended once for all, or will she yield again?' Many men in the crowd might have to march against the enemy tomorrow if the answer should be war, but even they were ready to welcome jubilantly the news that stern measures were resolved upon at last. Whenever a member of our editorial staff appeared at a window the people would shout up to him: —

'War or peace? Not even yet?'

Finally, at a quarter of eight, one of us could call back from the window: 'War!'

For a second the throng was perfectly silent. It was as if people could not convince themselves that Austria, who had dallied and hesitated so long, at last meant business. But this moment of silence was followed by an un-

exampled, indescribable outburst of thundering cheers. '*Hoch der Kaiser! Hoch Oesterreich! Hoch Graf Berchtold! Hoch Graf Tisza! Down with the Serbian plum-peddlers!*' Then the crowd struck up in unison the solemn air of 'God Save' the old Empire on the Danube. Men sang it with uncovered heads, trembling voices, and eyes filled with tears of joy. Next they sang, as if by a common inspiration, the old cavalry song: 'Prince Eugene, the noble knight, again will capture for the Kaiser the town and fortress of Belgrade.'

With one impulse men threw their hats in the air, handkerchiefs were waved by thousands of hands, and if the Savoy Prince had ridden past from the Burgplatz the throng would have quickly shown him that Austrians still think and feel as they did in the days when he led them from victory to victory.

Patriotic demonstrations continued in front of the *Reichspost* Building until late at night.

July 26. — Immense throngs gathered in the Ringstrasse as soon as it was known officially that diplomatic relations with Serbia had been severed and a settlement by arms with that perpetually plotting neighbor was certain. Jubilant faces everywhere showed what a weight had been lifted from men's hearts. Every word and gesture, every posture and song, expressed the universal satisfaction felt at our Government's action. Officers and soldiers

who chanced to pass received an ovation. Enthusiastic speeches were made at Schwarzenberg Monument, in front of the War Office, and before the Rathaus. Orchestras in the cafés played military music to the accompaniment of the cheering of the guests. The people manifested in every way consciousness of their glorious past and determination to defend their country's honor as nobly and firmly as did their fathers and grandfathers before them.

At 9.35 P.M. an immense procession of enthusiastic patriots, preceded by an automobile containing Members of Parliament, debouched from Kartnerstrasse, past the Royal Opera House. In front of the Opera House, the column paused long enough to sing the national hymn with bared heads and immense enthusiasm. *Hoch Oesterreich! Hoch der Kaiser!* resounded from thousands of throats. Then the dense throng continued its march down the Ring, singing patriotic songs. Newsboys wormed their way through the dense mass of humanity that packed both sidewalks, shouting extras. A great crowd also gathered in the Graben and in Stephansplatz, singing *Die Wacht am Rhein*. Cheers for our loyal ally, Germany, echoed back from the walls of the old cathedral. Hats and canes were swung in the air; banners were waved. It was as if we were living over again the days of Father Radetzky.

July 27. — The impudent disturbers of our peace are to be taught a lesson. It is the people's will. It is the will of the people of the Monarchy that we crush the head of the venomous viper that has crept into our camp. Patriotic demonstrations in every part of the Empire proclaim this to the world. The people have risen and have rallied with flaming enthusiasm to our venerable battle-flag of black and gold, realizing that the storm we have seen

threatening so long is at length upon us. It has been a Sunday of patriotic demonstrations — a Sunday when we reconsecrated Austria's sentiment of solidarity, and saw a rebirth of the ideals and aspirations of the days of Prince Eugene, Archduke Karl, and Radetzky. It needed only proof that our rulers have at length decided to act, to take the resolute and manly step that the dignity of the Monarchy demands, to arouse the old Austrian spirit from the fatal spell that has lain upon it. Reports pour in from every corner of the Monarchy telling of enthusiastic patriotic demonstrations. Vienna was the scene of such demonstrations all day Sunday until late at night. . . .

Among the great patriotic manifestations yesterday was one of especial importance in front of the Italian Embassy. It showed the great value Vienna attaches to the noble principle of the *Dreibund* — the alliance with Italy. As soon as the vast throng learned from the newspapers and from the mouth of the Burgomaster in front of the Rathaus that Italy intended at this critical juncture loyally to fulfill her duty as an ally of Austria-Hungary, it was decided to organize a manifestation before her Embassy to testify to the nation's affection and gratitude. After midnight a procession of several thousand, waving flags and singing patriotic songs, gathered in front of the War Office. It marched from this place, headed by a band that played in succession Italian, Austrian, and German national airs, through Kaiser Wilhelmring to the Schwarzenberg Monument, and from there through the Rennweg to No. 27, where the Italian Embassy is housed. Policemen, mounted and on foot, formed a cordon four deep in front of the Russian Embassy, to prevent the demonstrators from entering that building. As the

procession passed it hooted Russia and Serbia, but continued without further incident and in perfect order to the palace of the Duke of Avarna, where thundering cheers were given for Italy, her Ambassador, and her army. The demonstration in front of the palace lasted almost half an hour.

Another demonstration for Italy occurred at Volksgarten Restaurant last evening. While the orchestra was playing the Italian national hymn, the great audience rose and cheered enthusiastically for our ally. . . .

During these days of patriotic enthusiasm the people of Vienna naturally turn to the Rathaus as the centre and fortress of their civic spirit. At ten o'clock Saturday night two thousand citizens marched to the building, headed by a black-and-yellow flag. Alderman Rummelhardt thanked them for their exhibition of patriotic sentiment. Vienna's Burgomaster would certainly take this demonstration as a mandate to report at the steps of the Throne that the people of Vienna were ready to pledge their property and their blood for the Kaiser. This announcement was received with tremendous applause.

Sunday evening at ten o'clock a similar demonstration on a still larger scale occurred in front of the Rathaus. A procession of some thirty thousand citizens of all ranks of society marched to that point. . . . Dr. Mataja, in addressing the head of the city government, declared amid thunderous applause: 'The loyal people of Vienna beg you to lay on the steps of the All Highest Throne the assurance that the citizens of this city, above all at this critical moment, pledge again their loyalty to their imperial house, and to their dearly beloved Kaiser, and that they will defend the honor and prestige of Austria against all enemies.'

The Burgomaster, Dr. Weiskirchner,

replied: 'Did this have to be? Yes, it had to be! (*Stormy applause with cries of 'Yes, yes!'*) The measure was full to overflowing, and Austria's patience was exhausted. Europe's destiny for decades must be decided now. My beloved citizens of Vienna, you are living in a great age. May God protect and bless our glorious army! (*Wild applause*) We pledge our unending loyalty to our beloved old Kaiser. (*Thunderous applause*) To-day the Italian Ambassador called upon our Premier and assured him solemnly that Italy would stand loyally shoulder to shoulder with Austria. (*Wild applause*) Therefore I call for cheers for the monarchs of the Dreibund — long live the three monarchs!' . . .

A beautiful incident occurred Saturday night at the Royal Palace. About ten o'clock a crowd of some three thousand people marched through the Burgring. A cordon of police had been stationed at the entrance of the Hofburg to keep people from entering the courtyard, but was unable to resist the pressure of the throng. The marching column crowded through the outer entrance into the interior court, where they drew up face to face with the Palace Guard. Thousands of voices began to sing 'God save,' in chorus. The Palace Guard presented arms and dipped its flag. This kindly tolerance of a demonstration in the very courtyard of the Palace, where such events are strictly forbidden, caused indescribable enthusiasm.

July 28. — By early evening great throngs surged through the Ringstrasse and gathered in a dense mass in front of the War Office. . . . An unidentified member of the crowd climbed up the pedestal of the Radetzky Monument and addressed the enthusiastic multitude. Among other things he said: 'To-morrow is a day of destiny for the

people of Austria-Hungary, for tomorrow is the first day of mobilization. (*Enthusiastic applause*) Come what will, we Austrians and Hungarians fear no one! (*Wild assent*) If a great and powerful neighbor dares to attack our Fatherland, we do not fear him. (*Renewed and prolonged cheering*) Here on this monument stands written above the double eagle: *In deinem Lager ist Oesterreich* — "Austria is in thy camp." An impudent crow has dared to peck at that double eagle's eyes. The double eagle, conscious of his power, has been patient and long-suffering, but now he will tear the crow to pieces with his powerful talons. (*Wild applause*) There will be no turning back. (*Stormy applause*) The command is "Forward!" (*Great applause*) Forward to the southeast, and if need be, also in another direction. ('Quite right!') There was enthusiastic cheering for our valiant army, for the Dreibund, for Kaiser Wilhelm II, for King Victor Emmanuel, alternating with the singing of the national hymn, of the 'Prince Eugene' and the 'Andreas Hofer' song, and of *Die Wacht am Rhein*. With indescribable enthusiasm the crowd shouted in unison: 'Long live the war!' 'Down with Serbia!' 'Down with king-murderers!' . . .

It is naturally impossible to give a comprehensive report of all the patriotic demonstrations that have occurred in different parts of the city. We can only say with a word that all Vienna is ablaze with glowing patriotic enthusiasm.

It is typical of the provocative conduct of Serbian and Russian foreigners that some of these fellows ventured at both the midday and the evening guard-mount to interrupt these great demonstrations by cheering for Serbia. The offenders were immediately given physical evidence of the fact that the long-suffering patience of

the loyal Austrian people is at length at an end.

July 29. — Shortly before eleven o'clock the Archdukes Eugene and Karl Albrecht were recognized while walking down the Ring. By the time they had reached Kaiser Wilhelmring several hundred people were following them with a continuous ovation. Just as they were entering the Stubenring an automobile with the two daughters of Archduke Friedrich approached from the direction of the Operaring. The two archduchesses ordered their automobile to stop and accompanied the archdukes on foot through the Stubenring to the War Office. Several hundred people had already gathered at that point. When the crowd following the imperial pedestrians joined them, cheers for the Kaiser and the members of the imperial family thundered from thousands of throats followed by wild imprecations upon Serbia and the Serbian King. A great crowd continued to follow the royal party during the remainder of their walk, singing national airs, the 'Prince Eugene' song, and *Die Wacht am Rhein*.

An extra edition of the official *Wiener Zeitung*, issued at four o'clock announced that the Austrian Government had declared war upon Serbia. Extra editions of the other papers immediately followed, spreading the news among the people. It was received — especially after the report from England — with extraordinary satisfaction, and was made the occasion for tremendous demonstrations that cast those of the previous four days completely in the shade. . . .

The people of Vienna have been shocked to-day by a sudden, unprecedented rise in the price of provisions. Flour and vegetables rose suddenly and abnormally, potatoes fastest of

all. Day before yesterday they could be bought for from 1.40 to 1.80 crowns a kilogramme. To-day dealers are demanding as high as five crowns. It is easy to understand that this unjustified and abrupt increase in the cost of important articles of food has caused bitter indignation in the buying public. At Rudolfsheim market a stand was wrecked and at Nasch market a dealer who demanded six crowns for his potatoes was beaten and his potatoes were scattered on the ground.

The rapid rise in the price of potatoes is entirely unjustified and due to scandalous profiteering. The interruption in the supply will last only for a few days during mobilization. Furthermore, Vienna can procure for the time being vegetables enough for its indispensable needs from the immediate vicinity.

Conditions are a little different in respect to flour. Bakers and flour-dealers have not been able to lay in large reserves. The result is that they have been taken by surprise and have only a limited stock from which to supply their clamorous patrons, especially since the receipts of flour are very unsatisfactory. But there is no reason for the public to be alarmed. . . .

July 30. — This evening thousands upon thousands of people again surged through the main streets of the city singing patriotic songs. The principal centre of this enthusiastic demonstration was again the War Office, where numerous speeches were delivered. Similar gatherings assembled at the Schwarzenberg and the Deutschmeister Monuments. They show that this war is unquestionably a people's war.

ANGMAGSALIK

BY HERR HEDEGAARD

From *Berlingske Tidende*, July 13
(COPENHAGEN CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

[ANGMAGSALIK, the northernmost Danish colony on the eastern coast of Greenland, was selected as the first goal of our globe-circling aviators after leaving Iceland. The 'Gertrud Rask,' which left Copenhagen July 20, carried oil, fuel, and reserve parts for our airplanes. The author, who gave this article as an interview just before returning to Angmagsalik from Denmark, was a passenger on that vessel. The 'Teddy' was a Danish exploring ship that was crushed in the ice last year, whose crew managed to reach Angmagsalik.]

FROM the hilltops behind Angmagsalik more longing and impatient eyes than usual have searched the sea this mid-summer. That is the time when the only vessel bringing news from the outside world reaches the remote colony; and this time it will take home twenty-one of the colony's involuntary guests, the crew of the wrecked 'Teddy'. The native seal-hunter, posted by the flag-staff 600 feet above the sea, is almost as impatient as his homesick companions; for as soon as he espies the topmasts of the 'Gertrud Rask,' and can with good

conscience hoist aloft the *Dannebrog*, he is entitled to collect two kroner at the office of the Government Agent. Moreover, the moment that the Danish flag reaches the masthead to signal the arrival of the Government boat inaugurates the most festal occasion of the year — unless it be when the bell in the little church peals out its Christmas tidings.

Is the vessel's arrival ever reported prematurely? No. Imagine the disappointment that would follow! The colonists of East Greenland are too honest to deceive and too cautious to make mistakes. The seal-hunter who inaccurately reported the vessel in sight would forfeit forever afterward his social standing. No, if he is not sure he will go to the Agent's house and say: 'There is a dark spot over there. Lend me your telescope.' And not until he has verified his hopes beyond the possibility of mistake will he raise the flag that brings to the remote little settlement a joy that conventional people here cannot conceive.

The interval between sighting the 'Gertrud Rask' and her actual arrival may be exciting enough, especially as nothing can be done by the colonists to assist her if she is caught in the ice. Nor is it possible to predict conditions, for they may change entirely within ten minutes; but once inside the harbor, she is comparatively safe.

Next comes the absorbing question: 'What is the news?' For this is the only time in the year when Angmagsalik is in touch with the outside world. The first night after the vessel's arrival no one sleeps. Every European, at least, is absorbed in his package of letters and newspapers. The coffeepot simmers over the fire, and we read and read. The newspapers, of course, make a tremendous pile. Some of the colonists follow the rule of reading one issue every day precisely a year after its date

of publication. Personally, I run through the whole lot hastily, so as to get a general idea of what has happened, and later read them carefully one by one. You may be sure that no items, no matter how trivial and obscure, are missed in Angmagsalik.

Our friends from the 'Teddy' have not suffered for the necessities of life since they reached the settlement, for there was plenty of food in reserve — and medicine too, if needed. None the less, the unexpected arrival of twenty-one men in so small a community must have had its effect on supplies, and now that there is to be a radio-station at this point, the usual provision must be considerably increased. But we can be sure that the crew of the 'Teddy' have not suffered.

Their lodgings have probably been in 'The Castle,' the first permanent house erected at Angmagsalik. Originally it was occupied jointly by the Government Agent and the local pastor, but now separate residences have been built for both. The Castle is really a fine building for its locality. It contains three rooms, a kitchen, and an attic, and has been used of late as a guest house for official and other visitors.

Daily life in Angmagsalik is agreeable. I find it pleasant in Denmark, but often long to be back in Greenland. We have excellent people there, a peaceful and intelligent race of natives with whom it is a pleasure to associate. At present there are about seven hundred inhabitants in all East Greenland, distributed among twenty-four villages. Some of these places are very small — they average but one or two houses each. Cape Dan, which has six or seven houses and perhaps a hundred inhabitants, ranks next to Angmagsalik in size. A native village varies in population at different seasons of the year, for the people are seminomadic.

Angmagsalik itself has only one hundred and fifty permanent residents. The other residents are scattered along the coast from Scoresby Sound to Lindlov Fjord, over about the same distance as from Copenhagen to Rome. But in midsummer many Eskimos make a marketing trip to Angmagsalik, and during this period four or five hundred of them may be gathered there at one time. They live, during their sojourn at the metropolis, in skin tents or under their 'women boats' — which are not the same as their covered kayaks — turned over on the shore.

The purpose of these visits is not solely business. Besides selling their furs, the visitors take advantage of the opportunity to have certain religious rites performed, such as weddings, christenings, and communion. Indeed the church bell is ringing almost continually during the nearly nightless midsummer days.

The population of the Angmagsalik district is not declining, as often happens with native races, but is increasing rapidly. When the settlement was established in 1894, there were but four hundred people in the district. They now number, as I have said, about seven hundred. Few races have a higher birth-rate. The natives are progressive, eager to learn, and easy to teach. Their physical and mental stamina is surprising, when we consider that intermarriages are very common.

I have lived in Angmagsalik nine years, and the opinion that I have formed of the natives is a high one. The only official of Danish blood is the Government Agent; all others are Eskimos. No heathens now remain —

the last were baptized when Greenland celebrated its two-hundredth anniversary; but in the more distant villages the old pagan rites have not been entirely abandoned, especially in the winter.

We can easily understand this if we pause to recall what an important rôle ancient legends play in our own religious lore.

During the winter the weather is, of course, severe at times. The mercury occasionally descends to 32 degrees below zero centigrade; and this low temperature is often accompanied by a high wind.

The Eskimos' principal source of income is from the capture of fur-bearing animals, principally the seal, the white bear, and the walrus. Probably three fourths of the bearskins exported from Greenland come from Angmagsalik. While a general spirit of mutual helpfulness prevails, hunters' luck may account for great disparities in family incomes, and the big hunter who has thirty or forty pelts to dispose of at the annual market enjoys considerably more prestige than the poor fellow who has only shot a single seal. Fishing is a new industry, unknown when I first arrived in the country. At that time the only fish the natives knew how to catch were the *angmagssaette*, a small species of salmon which had given the colony its name. These run up the rivers in such heavy schools that they can be dipped out almost as easily as the water itself.

Altogether I consider Eastern Greenland a fine country. My wife and my children, as well as I, are eager to get back there.

BLACKSTONE AND AMERICA

BY A LEGAL CONTRIBUTOR

From the *Saturday Review*, July 26
(ENGLISH TORY WEEKLY)

How time and understanding can obliterate old feuds and reconcile and transcend divergent ideals could receive no more striking illustration than the historic act of the members of the American Bar Association in presenting the memorial, unveiled in the Law Courts this week, to Sir William Blackstone, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and author of the classic *Commentaries on the Laws of England*. For Blackstone, in his serene and complacent Whiggery, was the embodiment of that political outlook that drove a wedge between the two great sections of the British race and lost for this country the allegiance of the American Colonies. Blackstone's theory of colonial dependence was an explicit assertion of the principle that the Americans combated in their successful rebellion: a doctrine which serenely dismissed these transplanted Englishmen from the privileges of the common law, while holding them subject to all the possible arbitrariness of a Westminster Parliament.

'In conquered or ceded countries which have already laws of their own,' wrote the jurist, 'the King may indeed alter and change those laws; but till he does actually change them the ancient laws of the country remain, unless such as are against the law of God, as in the case of an infidel country. Our American plantations are principally of this . . . sort, being obtained in the last century either by right of conquest and

driving out the natives . . . or by treaties. And therefore the common law of England, as such, has no allowance or authority there; they being no part of the Mother Country, but distinct though dependent, dominions. They are subject, however, to the control of the Parliament, though not bound by any Act of Parliament, unless particularly named.' Herein is clearly expressed the claim of Great Britain to legislate for the Colonies and, inherently, the right to impose taxation without the consent of the colonists. The doctrine was one that had to be killed before the British Empire could come into being, and the American Rebellion made that Empire possible.

The issue, of course, did not turn merely on a refinement of legalism. In such case it might well have been argued that, whatever was the state of the law, neither Blackstone nor the American settlers were right in the facts that underlay their legal arguments. The colonization of the New World was, in truth, too vast a proposition to be fitted into the bounds of any legal formula. The contention of the Americans that their title to their country was founded on the discovery and occupation of desert and uncultivated lands — on which theory Blackstone would have admitted their right to 'all the English laws then in being which are the birthright of every subject' — was obviously as far from the

truth as the jurist's theory of acquisition by conquest.

The real difference between that public opinion to which Blackstone gave the precision of legal theory and the views of the colonists was the difference between the mind that looks backward and the mind that looks forward to a future whose possibilities are still ungauged and whose work is only just beginning. The cleavage came in the order of nature. Blackstone, contemplating with pride and wonder the superb edifice of the English law, and finding in a constitution 'so wisely contrived, so strongly raised, and so highly finished' a perfection that was incompatible with any idea of incompleteness, saw less than half the truth. Stagnating contentedly, like the rest of his age, in a contemplation of the greatness of the past, his eyes were closed to the possibilities of the future. That was a vision reserved for the exiles whom his narrow legalism drove out to separate nationhood.

Yet the immortal *Commentaries* went with the exiles into their new State. There was no fundamental quarrel. The difference between the two parties was mainly that one regarded as an end what the other felt convinced was but a beginning. The author regarded his work as the coping-stone of the great edifice. The Americans adopted it as their foundation. One might say that the quarrel was over once the colonists had won their case. From that moment their relations fell into order and due proportion. The passing of more than a century of peace between the two nations has enabled both countries to look at Blackstone, their common heritage, in some sense *sub specie aeternitatis*. And, so viewed, his claims to the honor of both parties are indisputable. For whatever mistakes, narrowness, or elasticity lurk in odd corners of his great gift to posterity, the

spirit, of which his work is the finest logical and literary expression, is the one great joint possession of the two countries, the property that has kept them at heart one nation, however the distinctions of frontiers may have kept them apart.

Blackstone's *Commentaries*, carried to America by the citizens of the new United States, with whose birth their publication was contemporaneous, may be compared with the live embers that Greek colonists carried overseas from the municipal hearth of their mother-city. For us in England a summary of principles of law, long hallowed and established by the unwritten custom to which they appeal, to the lawyers of the United States they assume the form rather of a great code or compendium of principles from which the bases of the country's organized life are derived. Alike here and there they uphold and exemplify the inspiring principles of that liberty — 'the best birth-right and the noblest inheritance of mankind' — which has become a commonplace in the lives of English-speaking peoples, wherever domiciled, and is guaranteed by the safeguards of representative institutions, trial by jury, and the supremacy of the law.

This deserved ascendancy achieved by Blackstone over the two branches of the English race is due not only to his great learning in the law. His preëminence, even in his own technical sphere, is largely owing to the fact that he is a great master of literature. His unique position in this regard stands declared by a comparison of his work with that of all the great English lawyers whose textbooks preceded him. Beside the Latin, Norman-French, and crabbed mediæval English of such writers as Bracton, Lyttelton, and Coke, the *Commentaries* stand out as the one authoritative work on the English law which is written in classical English.

In the sonorous rhetoric of its dignified and eloquent periods was reflected not a little of the golden speech that other men of the same century in England — Gibbon, Fielding, and Goldsmith — distilled into other departments of English letters. Blackstone is the only English lawyer who has produced a work which is at once both law and literature. The fact gives him a unique position among legal authorities. He is the one great lawyer with a voice for

laymen and, as such, he becomes the common possession not only of the legal professions but of the whole population of the English-speaking world.

Probably no other figure could be chosen so expressive of the essential unity of the English and American spirits, and in the thought of no other writer do the essential bases of the life of the two nations find such complete and succinct expression.

ANIMAL NEIGHBORS IN AFRICA. III

BY RUDOLF REQUADT

From *Kölnische Zeitung*, July 5, 8, 10, 12, 17
(CONSERVATIVE DAILY, BRITISH OCCUPIED TERRITORY)

ONE night as I lay restlessly on my field bed unable to sleep, listening to the obscure noises of the forest and looking through the open tent-front toward the village at the foot of the little hill on whose slope I had made my camp, I saw the tent wall move and my ear caught a snarling snort outside, almost at my elbow. This made me give a sudden start that jarred the tent pole. The next instant an animal, which had evidently bounded high in the air, struck the ground with a heavy thud and a snarling growl that made me gasp with terror; for I realized in a flash that this nocturnal visitor was a leopard.

Before I could reach for my gun he started to run diagonally past the front of the tent, but catching sight of me stopped and stood motionless. He looked like a big dog in the moonlight. His head was turned intently toward me, his tail was stretched out rigidly in

the grass, and one foot was half lifted as if he were undecided whether or not to spring. I sat motionless, equally uncertain whether to reach for my weapon. The leopard's fiery eyes glared straight at me, and his ears were pointed forward like those of a cat watching a mouse. Although I had a vague impression that the beast was more startled than angry, I could feel my hair rise on my head, and had a violent desire to end the situation no matter how. In a moment the leopard lowered his head, gave a low snarl, covered the breadth of the clearing in two light springs, and vanished into the shrubbery.

I had hardly time to catch my breath when he appeared from a nother direction, still glaring at me fixedly and looking more threatening than ever. In fact, he walked deliberately a step or two toward my tent, but then turned reluctantly into the thicket and

a minute later I heard him dash wildly up the hill.

As I lay on the bed, weak with shock and excitement, my thoughts recurred involuntarily to my first night in the forest, when I had what seemed to me an even closer escape. Upon reaching Africa, I went directly from my landing port to a solitary bush-farm. My host opened several bottles in honor of my arrival, and we sat together talking and drinking until late at night. At length the farmer fell asleep over his glass, and I stepped out of the house to get a breath of cool evening air. I sauntered slowly around the building, which was closely encircled on every side by forest. Finally I stopped a moment near a group of thick shrubbery. The tepid, languid air clung to me like a garment, and only a faint glow of starlight suffused the dense, misty darkness. All at once I became aware of a great catlike animal close to the clump of shrubbery. I could make out lines of black spots patterned against its light shimmering hide. Just as I sprang back in terror, the animal made a leap and landed only a few paces away, glaring at me with fiery eyes and half-opened mouth. I uttered a loud yell, and for a moment imagined the animal actually had me. Instead of that, however, it turned around in a crouching, humiliated way, and vanished with a bound into the forest. Shaking like a leaf, I hurried back into the house.

The next morning when I related the experience to my host, he turned pale and shouted: 'That was the leopard! He comes past here every night.'

'Why don't you shoot him?' I said indignantly, for I was still excited over my narrow escape.

'Not only I but others have tried to,' was the answer. 'The beast is too sly. We have sat up for him in vain.'

All the following day I felt intervals

of faintness from the previous night's fright and, angered with myself, resolved when nightfall came to sit up for the animal. The farmer agreed to share my vigil. Toward midnight we heard dogs barking in the distance.

'That 's the way he announces himself,' said the farmer. Other dogs began to bark a little closer, and so on down the line from hut to hut, the sound constantly growing louder.

'He must be about here,' surmised the farmer. Just then our own dog in the next room began to whimper and, approaching the window with a growl, broke into a wild baying. I caught a mere glimpse of the beast slinking like a shadow through the neighboring bushes.

'That 's the way he does every night,' laughed the farmer. 'He keeps going; he does n't stop.'

Later we heard dogs barking farther and farther away, until the sound became inaudible in the distance.

A few nights after the leopard visited my tent, I was awakened by a snuffling sound just outside. Jumping up with my revolver in my hand, I opened a flap and saw several leopards standing in a group in the moonlight, and staring curiously at me. Half in anger and half in fright, I fired my revolver at them, whereupon they sprang high in the air and with one bound regained the forest and fled wildly up the hill.

Decidedly disturbed by the situation, I related my experience next morning in the village. The black boys grinned knowingly: 'Leopards? Oha, oha! They often come.' A tall fellow with a deeply scarred face, rolling his eyes in mimic terror, related the following experience: —

'A leopard did this to me. I was coming home from a jollification at another village late one night, tired and weary, and lay down to sleep under the trees near the trail. All at once I

felt something like a blow of a fist in my face, and looking up found myself staring into a big mouth that blew hot breath upon me between its long fangs. I don't know just what I did. Anyway, I howled and struck out so violently that the leopard was scared and with a yowl ran off into the forest.'

'But where do these leopards live?' I asked.

Several fellows tried to answer at once. Listening patiently until I could untangle their story, I learned that these animals were found chiefly in certain mountains half a day's march from the village, close to a little pond.

A few days later I visited the place, guided by two black boys. I wanted to kill a leopard, and my companions promised me that I should find them near the pond. We pitched my tent in a hidden spot among the trees, from which, however, I could get a view of the whole extent of the tiny sheet of water and a considerable tract of forest around us. When darkness came we took up our watch at the tent door.

'Why are you so sure that the leopards will come?' I asked.

'Because the game drinks here. Here's where they get their prey.'

'But why does n't the game drink elsewhere?'

'The pond is the only drinking-hole in this vicinity.'

Watching intently, I saw first small animals come down to the margin of the lake to drink, and later a few larger animals. All drank hurriedly, and then vanished into the thickets from which they came.

'But where are the leopards?' I finally asked. Thereupon the blacks began to make decoy calls, imitating the bleating of koodoos, the snorting of antelope bucks, and the bellowing of buffalo. Toward midnight we imagined we saw a catlike shadow slink along the shore of the pond, but it

vanished in a moment. Finally all the game had departed. The shores were silent; the black boys fell asleep. I continued my vigil, nevertheless, more alert than ever. Often I could hear the sound of a stealthy footstep in the neighboring thickets, and once I saw a startled wild hog trot hastily past. Finally there was a distant sound as if a puff of wind had swept through the forest, and I saw a long-legged antelope break out of the bushes across the pond and dart down the shore in a series of tremendous springs. Right at his heels was a leopard, leaping lightly behind his quarry, and apparently playing, catlike, with the prey it knew was already in its power. The black boys awoke with a start. Just then the antelope, having cleared the length of the unobstructed shore, vanished into the forest simultaneously with the leopard, now only a few inches from his quivering flanks.

'The antelope's done for,' said the blacks. 'But a leopard is a cruel beast and does n't kill with one bite. He lacerates his prey little by little with his claws, and only springs at its throat when it is already dying from fear and loss of blood.'

As I sat listening to the retreating sound, the blacks relapsed into slumber, and a little later I also was asleep beside them. While we were eating breakfast next morning, a strange black came to the tent and after some preliminary conversation told us he lived in the vicinity, and knew where there was a den of young leopards up in the mountains. If I would pay him, he would take me to a place where I could look at them without much danger. I welcomed the chance and made a quick bargain with the fellow. We set out along the shore of the pond, at first following a faint trail and then plunging into a pathless mountain wilderness cut by numerous rivulets.

We had to push through dense thickets and jump over boulders for some distance before we finally reached a place where we could see a peak ahead of us, which the black pointed out as the goal of our journey.

When we reached its base, I found myself facing a cliff. The black explained that from the top of this we could look into the leopard's den. Warning me to make no noise, he led the way up the steep ascent, while I cautiously clambered after him, supporting myself by the tough broom-plants. When we reached the upper edge of the cliff, the black motioned me to wait, and crept forward on all fours until he came to a big boulder. Sheltered by this, he looked cautiously over into what seemed to be a depression just beyond. Turning with a gratified gesture, he beckoned to me to come ahead quietly. I crept forward on my hands and feet until I reached him. Then I rose and, following his directions, looked cautiously around the stone to where he pointed.

A deep, narrow gully lay ahead of us, the bottom of which was strewn with boulders and broken by isolated clumps of bushes. After searching for some time, my eyes caught sight of what looked like a farmer's spring house surrounded by a hedge of thick shrubbery, beside which on big flat stones lay several spotted animals, whose light hides glistened in the sun. They were a mother leopard with three half-grown cubs. The leopardess was stretched lazily upon a stone higher than the rest, surveying with purring contentment her young, who lay dozing side by side in the hot midday sun. I gazed at them for some time with intense interest, until the leopardess, apparently feeling that she was being watched, rose alertly with a low growl that made her cubs instantly prick up their ears. The black warned me in a whisper to

look out. Just then the leopardess saw us, sprang over the shrubbery with a bound, and, followed by her startled cubs, disappeared into the green jungle beyond.

When I returned to our camp I found the black boys busy making a pit, as I had directed them. I planned to catch a leopard the next night; at least I intended to try to trap one. Just before sundown we tied a kid, which I had bought from my black guide of the morning for this purpose, between two tree trunks directly over the pit, which we had previously covered with slender boughs and a thin layer of earth. This done, we left the kid to its fate, and hid ourselves near the entrance of my tent.

By this time it was already dark. The kid's bleating could be heard far and wide. The game that came down to drink was evidently disturbed by the sound, and hastened away even quicker than the night before. In fact, some animals turned back without drinking. In this way the time passed until midnight. Suddenly the kid gave a wilder and more terrified bleat than ever, and four leopards appeared in front of the pit — one large one and three half-grown ones. To all appearances they were the same family that I had watched the previous day.

For a moment it looked as if all the leopards would spring on the kid together, but the leopardess was too wary. Admonished by her caution, the three smaller ones stopped also, lashing their tails greedily and pricking their ears forward toward the prey. For several seconds the four thus stood as if transfixed, glaring at their victim. But the alarm of the leopardess increased. She made a high bound backward, as if to frighten her young ones, but they were too preoccupied to take notice — in fact they were just on the point of springing at their quarry. The worried leopardess rushed back to

prevent this, but one of her cubs, apparently thinking this was to encourage him, leaped at the kid and seized it with a crushing bite in its jaws. Just as he did so, however, he sank backward into the pit. For an instant the two others seemed about to follow their brother, but the mother leopardess, beside herself with anxiety, sprang at them with a growl, drove them forcibly back, and all three dashed away into the darkness.

Meanwhile a maniacal yowling and snarling came from the pit, while the kid, evidently expiring from the young leopard's savage bite, still bleated faintly. I started to rush forward, but one of the blacks detained me with a quick gesture, and pointed into the obscurity to where a slinking shadow moved stealthily among the shrubbery. Obviously it was the leopardess. Soon a powerful, slender body could be distinguished creeping, with ears pointed sharply forward, toward the pit. By this time the bleating of the kid had ceased, but the imprisoned cub was making more noise than ever. He not only screeched and snarled, but kept trying to spring out of his prison, tumbling back each time with a crash upon the reeds and branches that had descended with him when he fell. The mother crept cautiously nearer until we could see her plainly. All at once she ran quickly, with her body close to the ground, across a small clearing directly away from the pit, but with her eyes still fixed on it.

I got my gun ready to shoot. A moment later we saw the leopardess slink across another clear spot. To my surprise she was taking a course that would bring her directly behind our tent. The black boys, badly frightened, began to pray to their tribal spirits. We were all listening intently for the slightest sound, when the beast came into sight again, not as we expected behind us, but on the bank across the

pond, at a point where there was a slight elevation. Only her head was visible outside the surrounding bushes. She watched the pit in a tense, listening attitude, as rigid as if she were chiseled from marble, and entirely oblivious to us. I lifted my gun and took careful aim at her fine head. Just as a beam of moonlight glistened on her big eyes I fired. She sprang free of the bushes with a wild screech, and fell with her forelegs crumpling under her upon the white, moonlit shore. Howling fearfully, she rolled over and over, disappearing with a succession of twists and somersaults into the undergrowth. The young leopard in the pit answered his mother's agonized cries with a whining howl. After the leopardess was out of sight in the shrubbery I could still follow her course by the movement of the branches until it was lost in the darkness.

Since it was long past midnight, we now tried to get a little sleep. The black boys succeeded excellently, but I was too excited for slumber. Whenever I did doze off for a moment, a more savage snarl than usual from the leopard in the pit would rouse me. Therefore I welcomed the arrival of dawn with much relief. As soon as it was light, I carefully inspected my gun, and proceeded to the pit, accompanied by the blacks. We pulled away more of the covering, and saw the young leopard crouching motionless at the bottom. A shot in the head killed him, and the blacks climbed down and pulled him out.

We next went to the other side of the pond, where we easily picked up the trail of the leopardess. It was easy to follow, partly on account of the blood, and partly because she had dragged her body along the ground. Yet we were not sure that she was completely disabled, and advanced with great caution.

Suddenly we came upon her lying limp in a thicket, covered with blood and litter, but glaring at us so fiercely that the black boys jumped behind me, and I shot as quickly as I ever did in my life. A yawning sigh was the only answer, for the bullet passed through her brain. We then examined the previous wound. My first shot had hit

her in the shoulder, breaking both forelegs.

The blacks carried the leopardess back to my tent and laid her beside her young one. I could not entirely repress a pang of remorse as I gazed at the two helpless, mutilated forms, and recalled the picture of savage, fear-inspiring beauty they had been the day before.

THE GREAT THREAT

BY GEORGE MANNING-SANDERS

From the *Dublin Magazine*, June
(IRISH LITERARY MONTHLY)

Two elderly men were riding in a pony cart at early morning. The man driving was dressed as a laborer, his passenger wore a curious green bowler-hat and a quaintly cut suit which he had worn on his wedding day, twenty years before. He was staring moodily at the pony's flank, and turning occasionally to keep an eye on a small tin trunk that rattled in the back of the cart.

'It's funny you setting off so early, Simon,' said the driver, breaking a long silence.

'It would be funnier if I did bide longer, for what I've put up with this last twenty year would be wrong for human lip to tell.'

'Oh, so it's that way, is it? I did hear a bit of talk over along in the village, but I could n't make much of it. Some reckoned your missis had turned you to doors, and others were for saying you'd been that nasty toward her you had a fear of the law.'

'It's dark lies they tell,' said the passenger, energetically. 'I've never so much as raised eyebrow against her;

it's she that makes me life a thing of shivers and starts. You deny everything they say, Bob; you tell 'em straight that I'm the most wronged man in the parish.'

'When I've heard more, I'll exercise me mind upon it, but not afore, for right's right,' said the driver with judicial severity. 'Though this I will say afore you begin, that it's a great wrong, or a great something, that takes a man gallivanting across the globe at your time of life.'

'It's this way,' said the passenger reflectively. 'My missis is stupidly contrary, and you know the kind of man I be.'

'Moody and short-tempered, I'm told,' said the driver sympathetically.

'I'm not, but if I was, whose fault would it be? Why, hers — she was born to aggravate me, and she has always done so, from my first falling-in with her in the lane when she was a servant at the big house. Yes, for five years she would n't say aye or nay to me, and there was I like a pea on a hot

shovel. I was forty-two years of age when I married her, and I wish now I'd waited till I was a hundred and two.'

'But I've heard tell, over along in the village, that what's hard won is well won,' said the driver.

'It's a deal I have to tell; if you keep on interrupting so, I'll not get it done,' said the passenger irritably.

The driver apologized.

'And now,' said the passenger, 'what I'm thankfullest for is that, she having money of her own, I'm free to leave with all that's mine and put her to no want.'

'Very proper, because if it were n't so you'd have regrets; and regrets, I've heard, is most like a adder biting at your kipes,' said the driver, holding out the lash of his whip in illustration.

'Where was I?' said the aggrieved passenger. 'Well, now, we had n't been married long afore I began to take notice of her aggravating ways. She spraddles over the fire so that there's no room for a man to get his share of comfort, and she'll read a newspaper with a crinkling and a rattling that's enough to keep a man from snoozing beside his hearth, same as he belongs to — and I, being a unmarried man for so much of me life, I'd collected a few habits about me.'

'Ah, now what might they be?' said the driver, winking at the hedge.

'Why, many a thing — a hot bottle in bed, winter and summer, and me bedroom door open as well as the window, and to go to rest early and uprise early, and have no one speak to me when I'm reading the paper, because then I lose the sense of the printed word, and if there's silence it encourages a man to read out a titbit aloud. But there, boy, if I was to try to tell you all I'd got habited to, 't would take me hours.'

'I've heard that a man of character

is more full of whims than sense,' said the driver.

'That's it, boy — you've hit it. I'm a man of character, I always have been, and she, being dull-witted, did n't understand me. As I was saying, it was in the second, or maybe the third, year we were together that I spent a sleepless night and made the great threat.'

'Eh, what threat?' said the driver, almost pulling up the pony in his interest.

'This threat I'm carrying out now — to go abroad and never come back no more.'

The driver stopped his pony. 'Do you mean for to say that you're crossing the sea, never to come back to the land that reared you?'

'I mean that.'

'But they'll bury you out there; not even your clay will come back to where it belongs.'

'I know all about that,' said the passenger, as fumbling in his pocket he produced a folded piece of paper with very frayed edges. 'There you are — that cost me pounds — that's me ticket.'

The driver took the paper respectfully. 'But,' said he, 'it's dated ten years back; you'll not be able to use this.'

'There's a bit of a history about that. How's the time going, boy?'

'Much as ever catch the train,' said the driver, encouraging his pony into a trot.

'Perhaps there's another train would suit me just as well; or, for that matter, I could take lodging in the town and go on to-morrow. Did you notice anything at all uncommon about my missis when you come for mē this morning?'

'I can't say I did, because I was n't taking any particular notice. What did you mean now?'

'I was wondering if you did think she

looked anyways cast down at having driven me to doors.'

'I've heard it said that plump women hide their fancies and their worries,' said the driver; 'but what about that ticket?'

'Well, some years ago, that woman of mine got so outright nasty I threatened I'd leave her, and, sure enough, it quieted her for a time. But by and by she got like a thing used to it, so one day I lost me temper, and away to go to a shipping agent in the town, and bought this ticket to Canada — it cost a brave lot of money, but it was the best investment ever I made, for she paled at the sight of it, and so she did for years. I had it in full view on the mantelpiece to remind her like. Then come by and by she took no notice of it till I'd put it in me pocket, and put on me hat as if I was for going there and then. But lately she'd hardly take any notice of it, whether I had it in me hand or no.'

'I've heard that the mind of a woman is slow to get at a trick, but that once —'

The aggrieved husband spoke quickly. 'Trick — it was n't no trick. I meant to go if she was n't careful; I've been meaning to go all these years, and here I am setting off now with all that I value of me clouts, and a few things beside, packed tight in the box that's behind; and when it comes to windy nights and short days she'll think of me, and she'll be sorry, but it will be too late when I'm over yonder, sitting by camp fires, singing 'em songs of the old country.'

'It's almost a pity, too — breaking up a home,' said the driver.

'She should have thought of that afore, Bob. She had her chance a fortnight ago to-day, when I had a mind to drink tea and she had a fancy to drink cocoa. I drank the cocoa because I'm a peace-loving man, but after

I'd done so I took down this ticket from the mantelpiece and says I: "Ann, this is the end of it; as soon as I can get packed, I'm off," I says, and she yawned, and then, losing me temper, I put the ticket in me pocket and lighted a candle and went up over stairs and began for to pack, and since that night I've gone forward steady in me preparations, as you do know.'

'You've ordered me to be at your gate at half-past seven in the morning for every day in the past week, and always at evening would come a message from you to say the next day would suit better.'

'It's a very important thing for a man to leave house and home and wife, Bob — you're not a married man, it's no use talking to you, but there's times when I could have wished she would have behaved different, so that I could offer to give her another chance. Why, I was on me way down to you yester evening to put you off for another day, but when I got to the garden gate she called to say I was to take the door key because she was going out, and that finished me. I went back and began to strap me box, and here I am started, for she knows that I hate to come back to a empty house and let myself in with a key. Yes, that finished it, boy, so here I am with money and gear and everything but a good heart.'

The pony cart drew up at the station; the two men got out and lifted down the little tin trunk that had been Simon's from the time when he first went into service.

'What about your ticket? Best haste to get it,' said the driver.

'What time is next train for Liverpool?' asked Simon of a porter.

'Ten minutes,' said he.

'You'll just have time,' said the driver.

'Much as ever, boy,' said Simon,

standing awkwardly in the rush of those who came and went to the train.

'Come on, give me the money, I'll get it,' cried the driver, and at that Simon moved uncertainly toward the booking office.

He made his request in a voice so feeble that the booking clerk repeated sharply: 'Liverpool?'

Simon nodded, and the driver congratulated himself upon having such first-hand knowledge of the drama.

'It cost me pounds,' said the old man, looking at the tiny ticket held in his shaking fingers.

'Yes, but it will carry you nigh five hundred miles,' said the driver, looking at the extended ticket; 'and you best come on quick now, or the train will be off without you.'

There was some difficulty in persuading a porter to put the battered tin box in the carriage, till Simon drew a shilling piece from his pocket. There was still a little time to wait; the two old men talked at the carriage door, one dully, speaking of everything in the past as though he were condemned to execution; the other briskly, having in his mind the sensation he would cause when he discussed this thing with his cronies in the public house.

A porter slammed the carriage door, the guard moved impatiently, his green flag suspended.

'Good-bye and good luck to you out there in furrin parts,' shouted the driver, putting out his hand.

Simon threw open the carriage door and, ignoring a loud-voiced porter and the enraged guard, he pitched his tin box to the platform and sat on it triumphantly, as the train moved gradually from the station.

'What's that for?' said the driver, with the injured tone of a man who had been cheated of his sensation.

Simon was mopping his head. 'Another jiff and it would have been too

late, boy,' said he; 'I never paid you for carting me in.'

'No more you did, but it's no odds; I'd give you that and welcome for a bit of a send-off like,' said the driver hastening to inquire when the next train left for Liverpool.

He came back looking disappointed. 'There's no other this forenoon, but a good one goes in the evening, what they do call a through train. I spoke to the headmaster and told him all about you, and he said you could leave your box in his office; he was proper interested, and he wanted to know if you had your ticket for the sea voyage, and I said no.'

'Let him mind his own business,' said Simon darkly.

'Well, I must be off now, Simon,' said the driver, going toward his patient pony.

'What's the haste, boy? I'll tell you what, it's not every day that a man steps out from his native country for good and all; let's make a spree of it; let me and you go up to "The Seven Stars" and have a little jollification till my time comes.'

The driver refused but, being pressed, he succumbed to temptation, and Simon, since he would again be driven to the station when his time came, insisted that his box should be put in the back of the trap. The pony was stabled; the two men went into the bar, and the hours passed pleasantly with them, and their speech became irregular, and they spoke each what was in his mind to the other.

'If I'd a been your missis I'd have turned you out seventy years ago,' said the driver, squinting horribly at Simon; 'for I've a heard tell that there's none so tiresome as he that have mated with a young wife.'

'She's ten years younger than me to a day, and that's proper, because it gives 'em respect,' said Simon, spilling his beer in an attempt to look manly.

'A nice one to respect,' sneered the driver; 'a man that takes a fortnight to pack a few shirts! Seems so to me that you don't mean to go, and that you're making a fool of her, and of me and everybody. I've heard tell of your kind, a snake with his eye on his own tail trying to journey forth.'

After this their metaphors became so mixed that the landlord remonstrated with them, and they sat sulkily till it was time to set out for the station again.

They were just turning into the station yard when Simon threw his arms about his scandalized companion's neck. 'It's no good; I can't do it, boy,' said he thickly; 'you've unmanned me by your kind talk, and I begin to see things a bit more clearly — I've a mind to give her another chance.'

The driver tried to pull his passenger from the trap, and failed, for Simon was a heavy man. 'You've made a proper stupid of me,' said he, climbing into his seat again; 'and if our weights was equal I'd scruff you into the train for sure.'

They drove the five miles back without speech to one another, though the driver kept up a running commentary

to his pony of things he had heard in the village to the detriment of elderly husbands. He intended to drop his passenger and his box at the gate, but, seeing a light shining strongly from the kitchen, he forgot his hostility in the interest he felt. The door of the cottage was opened; Simon was silhouetted against warm light, and a woman's cheerful voice rang out: —

'I've been expecting you these hours, Simon; how come you to be so late?'

'I missed the train, Ann, but I've a got me ticket to Liverpool all right, and all being well I'll use him to-morrow.'

The woman's voice was raised. 'Ticket — I'm not going to have any more ticket games.'

The door was shut. Twenty seconds passed; then the ticket fluttered from Simon's hand. 'I've heaved it away, Ann,' he said feebly.

The door was opened; the old man and his box disappeared into the light; and the driver searched in the garden for the useless ticket.

'It'll be a curio,' said he, 'for I've heard tell that a bit of evidence do make a story go the better.'

He drove away to tell the tale while it was fresh in his memory.



THE COMPLEAT PICKNICKER

BY R. D. PECK

From the *Manchester Guardian*, May 22
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

My earliest picnic, late schoolday period, is a memory of intense organization, mostly by aunts, involving the postcarding of the different branches of the family and the hasty alteration of these postcards by bicycle-scout messages which never joined up in time. Over all was the standard injunction not to bring too much, which always resulted in a shameful oversupply of something stodgy or sticky and an acute shortage of tea or milk. Or there were either seven kettles or only one, small and nickel-plated, brought by an aunt of brevet or local rank 'in case.' Then there always seemed to be an oversupply of uncles round the fire and quite short words between those of the same blood before the kettle boiled, if it ever did.

I am not sure that anyone loved these picnics except in anticipation or retrospect. Overorganization is a bad fault either in battles or picnics. Many of the best of both have been based on a detailed plan which was scrapped on the night before the show, which floated to glory on the luck of a good day.

Later on in life came the bicycle picnics which pervaded the age of painful shaving and the three-inch collar. They were rather intense, and I am not sure that the modern road-hog has anything on us when I think of the distances we covered in mud or dust in order to outdo the last cousinly record. And there was always, at least for me, a shortage of the right kind of girl or a

surplus of the wrong kind of man, who was usually from London, where he had got over his shaving troubles, wore a new kind of knickerbocker, and sailed off up the hills with the desirable young woman of the day in tow by his belt in virtue of a new gadget on his bicycle which made light of hills and girls.

Our luck, for I had companions in sentiment, was usually a bunch of earnest, good, or clever young women whose saddles slipped, chains came off, and tires punctured remorselessly, while far ahead in the moonlight glinted the white blouse and sailor straw-hat of the desired one with her two-speed cavalier. They would wait for us on bridges or at the top of steep hills, and converse with us rear-guards at long range while holding hands over the handlebars of her machine. Then, as we drew nigh, puffy and grunting, they would mount and sail off, leaving someone — usually me — busy with Margaret's chain, while Margaret got her breath back and readjusted her not quite invisible hairnet.

Shortly after that I took to fishing, and accordingly looked on all picnickers much as the plus-four man looks on a duffers' three-ball match on a busy Sunday morning; but I am not sure that I did not touch the high mark of the true picnic in these days. Good trout water, all strictly preserved, was plentiful within fifty miles of where I lived, and it was a joy to lie back in the heather with the sun on one's face and

two of the smallest grizzling at one's feet on a heather-root fire, knowing well that the keeper was on the other side of the hill with the shooting party.

Many different kinds of picnic came my way during the next ten years; I have even been at a French family picnic — an affair of state and ceremony, involving drinking of endless healths and dancing on the greensward with Madame, ample beyond words, to the music of a flageolet played by one of the youngest of her many sons in white socks. Madame smiled and gyrated steadily, but never moved her axis, while I revolved furiously round and round her, trying to make a little ground toward the dishes, where I might tread on something and create a diversion. But it was a great success for the pre-war entente cordiale.

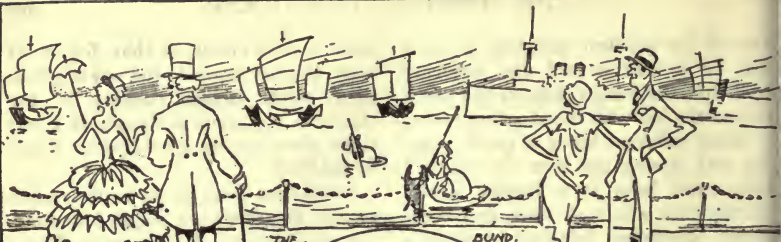
Then I remember picnics in America. Perhaps it was the climate or perhaps the smiles of young female America for the war-worn Britisher who 'had been at Mons' — which he had n't — or perhaps it was the boundless and expensive hospitality of the American in general when he sets out to give anyone a good time, but I shall never have others quite like them. Someone's father, kindly rich and unobtrusive, provided saddle horses whereon to ride to a maple-fringed river in the heart of a primæval and strictly private forest. He also provided canoes wherein to paddle and flirt, and he, or someone else, thoughtfully provided me with a bathing-suit wherein to watch and envy flashing, boylike sylphs dive and swim in the dangerous pools with a freedom only to be gained in a part of America where the sun always shines and where the water is never cold. The same unseen host provided several cars full of attentive Negro servants and varied food and bottles. Also an aunt, who mixed drinks of a kind one

used to read about, so that, for me at least, the ride home in the warm moonlight, with fireflies flashing in the shadows, was as near danger as I had come since saying good-bye to Ypres Town Hall.

Nowadays I am down to the motor picnic. But I have at length found out the true essence of the picnic. There are those who say it has to do with fresh air and eating one's food in the open, with dispensing with tablecloths and plates. But the essence of the picnic lies in the fire, the fire of small sticks, crackling and efficient, so that the tea or the soup or sausages or whatever the groundlings think may constitute a picnic be hot and scalding.

There are fools who cannot light a fire without setting a forest or a common ablaze or boil a kettle without raising enough smoke to call all the wardens of the county. And when they have learned the beginnings of this business of fires they may go on to the law and find out where the Englishman stands in the matter of fires and the commons and the highways and the strip of green betwixt the road and the hedge, so that they may outface a justice of the peace or present a rich stockbroking landowner with a card, tell him not to talk nonsense, and so hear no more of it.

But my great joy is to climb with my car up the grassy slopes of the green downs to one of those age-old earth forts which dot the green roads of England, and there to choose by divination and my bundle of dry ash twigs where the hearth lay of old, to cut a turf or two for the kettle to sit on, to light but one match, and then, if the day is kind, to lie back on the green turf above the relics of our forefathers with my face to the blue sky and let these twin gods, Fire and Sun, fight it out. I am for whichever wins!



THE BUND.

1864.

1924.



RANK AND FASHION



THE WARRIOR 1864 THE BANDIT 1924



THE STUDENT



MEXICAN DOLLAR - 1864



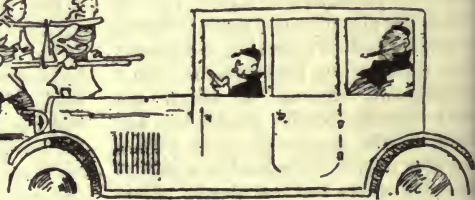
DIPLOMACY - OLD AND NEW -



CHINESE DOLLAR - 1924



OUR COMPRADORES



Sapajin

SHANGHAI YESTERDAY AND TODAY

EARLY WRITINGS OF LEWIS CARROLL

BY HIS HONOR JUDGE PARRY

From the *Cornhill Magazine*, April
(LONDON LITERARY MONTHLY)

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON, better known to the world as Lewis Carroll, was born on January 27, 1832, at Daresbury, near Warrington, of which parish his father was then incumbent. As a young man, while he was still at Rugby, he amused himself and his family by bringing out local magazines of a topical and domestic character, the pictures and writing of which were almost entirely his own. Mr. Collingwood, his biographer, gives some amusing extracts from *The Rectory Umbrella* (1849). Later on there was another periodical called *Misch-Masch*, but both these were purely private and family affairs.

It is said by his biographer that his first literary work published to the world was contributed to the *Comic Times*. The first number of the *Comic Times* was dated Saturday, August 11, 1855 — not, as Mr. Collingwood has it, 1853. At this date Lewis Carroll, who was resident in Oxford, was twenty-three years old. He had recently taken his degree and had been appointed Sub-librarian at Christ Church. In June of this year he had visited London, and an extract from his Journal shows that he had visited the Princess's Theatre and seen Mrs. Kean as Queen Catherine in *Henry VIII*. We are told that it was through Frank Smedley that Lewis Carroll became a contributor to the *Comic Times*, and it would be exceedingly interesting to know how young Dodgson, who had spent his life at

Rugby, Oxford, and in family country rectories, and was looking forward to ordination, should find himself one of a band of clever, if somewhat Bohemian, literary men in London and a welcome contributor to their journals.

The *Comic Times*, a copy of which I have unfortunately been unable to discover, was a venture of Mr. Ingram, the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*. In 1855 Edmund Yates, who was then about four-and-twenty and had contributed light verse to the *Illustrated London News*, was sent for by Mr. Ingram, who was at warfare with Bradbury and Evans, and commissioned to start the *Comic Times*, which was to be issued at a penny, and was intended to be a thorn in the side of *Punch*.

Yates started off with youthful enthusiasm, and Bohemia met him with open arms. Frank Scudamore, W. P. Hale ('Billy' Hale, immortalized in Thackeray's quip: 'Good Billy Hale, take him for half-and-half, We ne'er shall look upon his like again'), John Oxenford, George Augustus Sala, the brothers Brough (William Brough and Robert Brough — 'Bill' and 'Bob' in the taverns of Bohemia, or, when their backs were turned, 'Clean Brough' and 'Clever Brough') — these were the writers, and the artists were Charles H. Bennett and William McConnell. It seems doubtful whether Frank Smedley was ever a contributor — probably not — and Edmund Yates in his reminis-

cences does not mention Dodgson as one of his contributors to the *Comic Times*.

Smedley, however, was an intimate friend of Edmund Yates. Poor Frank Smedley, whose 'Frank Fairlegh' and 'Lewis Arundel' delighted the boys of more than one generation, was a permanent invalid imprisoned in a wheeled chair in his rooms at Jermyn Street. His physical malady made society impossible to him, but those few who knew him speak of him as a fine, manly character and a man of pure heart in whom was no guile. He and Yates were firm friends. They wrote a little volume together, *Mirth and Metre by Two Merry Men*, with some parodies of Tennyson and Longfellow in it, funnily illustrated by William McConnell. This little book was mighty popular, and it may be that it attracted Lewis Carroll to Smedley; but how the young don of Christ Church became friendly with the invalid of Jermyn Street there is, as far as I know, no record, though one can well see that they would be kindred spirits.

For the rest I cannot say that it is easy to picture Lewis Carroll in the land of Bohemia — 'a land of chambers, billiard-rooms, and oyster suppers; a land of song; a land where soda water flows freely in the morning; a land of tin dish-covers and foaming porter' seen through a haze of much tobacco. One can believe that Lewis Carroll would greatly admire Robert Brough's *Cracker Bon Bon* and quote its puns and rejoice in its parody and nonsense verse — perhaps some of the best in the language. But one cannot believe that he ever sat up of nights with 'Clever Brough,' already nearing his tragic end, who wrote this bitter autobiography to a friend: —

I'm twenty-nine. I'm twenty-nine!
I've drunk too much of beer and wine,
I've had too much of love and strife,

I've given a kiss to Johnson's wife
And sent a lying note to mine —
I'm twenty-nine! I'm twenty-nine!

This was no companion for Lewis Carroll.

Indeed, but for Mr. Collingwood's statement — 'It was through Frank Smedley that Mr. Dodgson became one of the contributors' to the *Comic Times*, and that several of his poems had appeared in it which met with the editor's approval — I should have supposed that Dodgson first wrote for *The Train*. For Edmund Yates in his memoirs only mentions him as a contributor to that magazine, saying: 'In number three [of *The Train*] I published a poem by "Lewis Carroll," under which pseudonym, then first adopted, the author has since won vast popularity.'

Edmund Yates describes all his contributors with much detail and good humor, but says nothing more about Dodgson, so that I am inclined to think their communications were epistolary and not personal, and that the young Oxford don was not in any sense a comrade of the very Bohemian staff of *The Train*. No doubt he was in sympathy with their written work and well content to be allowed to hang his early work in their gallery, signed by a name that would not be recognized within the respectable curtilage of Christ Church.

The *Comic Times* came to a sudden end. Ingram tired of it, and after sixteen numbers he wound it up, leaving editor and contributors out of a job. But the youthful band was not to be balked of its opportunity, and bravely started a monthly magazine of their own on a coöperative basis — a subscription of £10 each, £120 in all being the capital subscribed. 'The staff was the same as the staff of the *Comic Times*, with the addition of Frank Smedley,' says Edmund Yates, 'who joined us at once at my suggestion.' No one was to be paid for contribu-

tions, but profits were ultimately to be divided. Alas! there were none to divide.

On January 1, 1856, *The Train* appeared in a green cover with a vignette of an express coming out of a tunnel and the motto, *Vires acquirit eundo*, printed under the little picture. It was a plucky prophecy, and one could have wished that it had been fulfilled, and that the proprietors had seen their magazine 'gain new strength and vigor as it goes.' But after two years and a half it died bankrupt, owing Edmund Yates over nine hundred pounds.

But lovers of *Alice in Wonderland* will for all time make a pilgrimage to its pages that they may read the earliest text of some of Lewis Carroll's work and see with reverent eyes the first page that contains the famous *nom de guerre*. The history of the name is interesting. After Smedley had introduced Dodgson to Yates they corresponded and, whether or not Dodgson contributed to the *Comic Times*, he certainly contributed to *The Train*, and the editor preferred that he should sign his contributions.

Lewis Carroll thereupon set down for Yates two anagrams and two portman-teau-words, as he would call them, founded on his real Christian names — Charles Lutwidge. The anagrams were Edgar Cuthwellis and Edgar U. C. Westhall; the other suggestions, Louis Carroll and Lewis Carroll, being founded thus: Lewis = Ludovicus = Lutwidge, and Carroll = Carolus = Charles. With sure editorial instinct, Edmund Yates chose Lewis Carroll.

It was in March 1856, according to Edmund, that the pseudonym was first used. Lewis Carroll's biographer places the date in May. It is a small matter, but Edmund Yates is correct. The full list of Lewis Carroll's contributions to *The Train* is set out at length: —

1856. Vol. I, p. 154. 'Solitude,' by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by W. McConnell.

1856. Vol. I, p. 191. 'Ye Carpette Knyghte' (unsigned), printed, as in 'Rhyme? and Reason?' in old English letters. With the exception of spelling, the three verses are the same.

1856. Vol. I, p. 286. 'The Path of Roses,' by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by C. H. Bennett.

1856. Vol. II, p. 249. 'Novelty and Romancement: A Broken Spell.' By Lewis Carroll, illustrated by W. McConnell.

1856. Vol. II, p. 255. 'Upon the Lonely Moor' (unsigned).

1856. Vol. II, p. 278. 'The Three Voices,' by Lewis Carroll. A somewhat different version of the present poem in 'Rhyme? and Reason?'

1856. Vol. III, p. 231. 'The Sailor's Wife,' by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by C. H. Bennett.

1857. Vol. IV, p. 332. 'Hiawatha's Photographing,' by Lewis Carroll.

In Vol. V, the last volume of *The Train*, there is no contribution from Lewis Carroll.

'Solitude,' 'The Path of Roses,' and 'The Sailor's Wife' are serious poems and may be found reprinted in *Phantasmagoria and Other Poems* (1869) and *Three Sunsets* (1898).

'Solitude' is dated by Lewis Carroll March 16, 1853, and was therefore written when he was only one-and-twenty. It is a pretty poem, and the last two verses are prophetic in their appeal: —

Ye golden hours of life's young spring,
Of innocence, of love and truth!
Bright beyond all imagining,
Thou fairy dream of youth!

I'd give all wealth that toil hath piled,
The bitter fruit of life's decay,
To be once more a little child
For one short sunny day.

But the great interest in these contributions to *The Train* centres in 'Upon the Lonely Moor,' which all lovers of the 'Alice' books will be interested to

read at length, exactly as it was first published in *The Train* of 1856.

UPON THE LONELY MOOR

It is always interesting to ascertain the sources from which our great poets obtained their ideas: this motive has dictated the publication of the following: painful as its appearance must be to the admirers of Wordsworth and his poem of 'Resolution and Independence':—

I met an aged, aged man
Upon the lonely moor:
I knew I was a gentleman,
And he was but a boor.
So I stopped and roughly questioned him,
'Come, tell me how you live!'
But his word impressed my ear no more
Than if it were a sieve.

He said, 'I look for soap-bubbles,
That lie among the wheat,
And bake them into mutton-pies,
And sell them in the street.
I sell them unto men,' he said,
'Who sail on stormy seas;
And that's the way I get my bread —
A trifle, if you please.'

But I was thinking of a way
To multiply by ten,
And always, in the answer, get
The question back again.
I did not hear a word he said,
But kicked that old man calm,
And said, 'Come, tell me how you live!'
And pinched him in the arm.

His accents mild took up the tale:
He said, 'I go my ways,
And when I find a mountain-rill,
I set it in a blaze.
And thence they make a stuff they call
Rowland's Macassar Oil;
But fourpence-halfpenny is all
They give me for my toil.'

But I was thinking of a plan
To paint one's gaiters green,
So much the color of the grass
That they could ne'er be seen.
I gave his ear a sudden box,
And questioned him again,
And tweaked his gray and reverend locks,
And put him into pain.

He said, 'I hunt for haddocks' eyes
Among the heather bright,

And work them into waistcoat-buttons
In the silent night,
And these I do not sell for gold,
Or coin from silver-mine,
But for a copper halfpenny,
And that will purchase nine.

'I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
Or set limed twigs for crabs;
I sometimes search the flowery knolls
For wheels of hansom cabs.
And that's the way' (he gave a wink)
'I get my living here,
And very gladly will I drink
Your Honor's health in beer.'

I heard him then, for I had just
Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.
I duly thanked him, ere I went,
For all his stories queer,
But chiefly for his kind intent
To drink my health in beer.

And now if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe;
Or if a statement I aver
Of which I am not sure,
I think of that strange wanderer
Upon the lonely moor.

One interest of the above version of 'The Aged Man' is that Lewis Carroll in his salad days, writing for his friend Edmund Yates, made no bones about asserting that his poem was a parody on Wordsworth's 'Resolution and Independence.'

I find in some marginalia in my copy of Wordsworth, penciled many years ago, I noticed the parallel, but I had wholly forgotten the matter, and certainly had not seen how close the parody was in spirit, if not in rhythm. The Poet and Traveler has quite a touch of the White Knight about him. When he meets the old leech-gatherer on 'the margin of some moorish flood,' he immediately tells us:—

Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray
hairs.

And after impressing us with the agedness of the old man, the Traveler proceeds to inquire: —

What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you.

The aged one, true to type, replies with words that 'came feebly, from a feeble chest,' that

to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor:
Employment hazardous and wearisome.

He explained at quite unnecessary length that in 'this way he gained an honest maintenance,' but the Traveler was deep in other thoughts.

The old man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide.

Suddenly awaking, however, to the fact that the ancient leech-gatherer is burbling about the worries of the leech business, the Traveler's 'former thoughts returned,' and so: —

Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew:
'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?'

Lewis Carroll, with his keen instinct for the ludicrous and love of parody, saw a subject to his hand and caught the comic spirit of the thing in a flash. When, in 1856, he wrote it for *The Train* he had no objection to avowing that it was a parody of Wordsworth's poem, but in 1871, when he used the piece again in *Through the Looking-Glass*, he seems to have preferred to leave his indebtedness to Wordsworth more obscure.

One cannot help thinking that there are some lines in the first version in *The Train* that might have been spared and retained in the White Knight's version in *Through the Looking-Glass*.

In the second verse the making of soap-bubbles into mutton pies is better than the use of butterflies, which are obviously dragged in for the rhyme.

Personally, I prefer the idea of dyeing 'gaiters' as less farcical than 'whiskers' — which always smack of the Victorian music-hall — and the exercise of multiplication by ten to get the resultant of the question asked is what an old friend of mine used to call 'an exact Carrollary.'

In the same number of *The Train* in which 'Upon the Lonely Moor' appears, there is a prose humorous story entitled 'Novelty and Romancement,' also by Lewis Carroll. The fun of this is centred in a grotesque pun which leads the author, whose soul yearns for poetry, to seek the meaning of the signboard, 'Simon Lubkin Dealer in Romancement.' It appears at the end of an amusing interview with the bewildered Simon that what he really dealt in was Roman cement, but the sign-writer had run the two words together, as Lewis Carroll did so cleverly in after life with his wonderful port-manteau-words. It is curious he did not reprint this piece, as his mock confessions of his early efforts at poetry with which he introduces his jesting story are characteristic, and certainly 'Romancement' is a very pretty word.

'My thirst and passion from boyhood,' he says, 'predominating over the love of taws and running neck and neck with my appetite for toffy, has been for poetry — for poetry in its widest and wildest sense — for poetry untrammelled by the laws of sense, rhyme, or rhythm, soaring through the universe, and echoing the music of the spheres! From my youth, nay, from my very cradle I have yearned for poetry, for beauty, for novelty, for romancement. . . .'

' . . . The verses which I wrote at an early period of life were eminently distinguished by a perfect freedom from conventionalism and were thus unsuited to the present exactions of literature: in a future age they will be read

and admired, "when Milton," as my venerable uncle has frequently exclaimed, "when Milton and such like is forgot!" Had it not been for this sympathetic relative, I firmly believe that the poetry of my nature would never have come out; I can still recall the feelings which thrilled me when he offered me sixpence for a rhyme to "despotism." I never succeeded, it is true, in finding the rhyme, but it was on the very next Wednesday that I penned my well-known "Sonnet on a Dead Kitten," and in the course of a fortnight had commenced three epics the titles of which I have unfortunately now forgotten.

'Seven volumes of poetry have I given to an ungrateful world during my life; they have all shared the fate of true genius — obscurity and contempt. Not that any fault could be found with their contents; whatever their deficiencies may have been, *no reviewer has yet dared to criticize them.* This is a great fact. The only composition of mine which has yet made any noise in the world was a sonnet I addressed to one of the Corporation of Muggleton-cum-Swillside on the occasion of his being selected mayor of that town. It was largely circulated through private hands, and much talked of at that time; and though the subject of it, with characteristic vulgarity of mind, failed to appreciate the delicate compliments it involved, and indeed spoke of it rather disrespectfully than otherwise, I am inclined to think that it possesses all the elements of greatness. The concluding couplet was added at the suggestion of a friend, who assured me it was necessary to complete the sense, and in this point I deferred to his maturer judgment: —

When Desolation snatched her tearful prey
From the lorn empire of despairing day;
When all the light, by gemless fancy thrown,
Served but to animate the putrid stone;

When monarchs, lessening on the wildered sight,
Crumblingly vanished into utter night;
When murder stalked with thirstier strides
abroad,

And redly flashed the never-sated sword;
In such an hour thy greatness had been seen —
That is, if such an hour had ever been —
In such an hour thy praises shall be sung
If not by mine, by many a worthier tongue;
And then be gazed upon by wondering men
When such an hour arrives, but not till then!

In the fourth volume of *The Train* we find the original verses of 'Hiawatha's Photographing.' Lewis Carroll was an ardent photographer from the earliest times, and in this 1857 edition of 'Hiawatha' he describes his technical methods, which in later years he probably thought would be out of date and therefore not comprehensible to modern readers. Thus at the line 'mystic awful was the process' he continues: —

First a piece of glass he coated
With collodion, and plunged it
In a bath of lunar caustic
Carefully dissolved in water —
There he left it certain minutes.

Secondly my Hiawatha
Made with cunning hand a mixture
Of the acid pyrogallic
And of glacial acetic,
And of alcohol and water —
This developed all the picture.

Finally he fixed each picture
With a saturate solution
Which was made of hyposulphite
Which, again, was made of soda
(Very difficult the name is
For a metre like the present,
But periphrasis has done it).

Lewis Carroll appears to have been the first editor and moving spirit of *College Rhymes*, a little magazine of verse contributed by members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The first number appeared in 1861. Many of the poems that Lewis Carroll afterward acknowledged and printed in *Phantasmagoria* (1869) and *Rhyme? and Reason?* (1883) made their first appearance in *College Rhymes*. It is not

easy to say which contributions are by Lewis Carroll. It is quite possible that, as editor, he often came to the rescue of an anæmic number by some impromptu verse of his own of a hearty and jovial character. He once uses the pseudonym Lewis Carroll at length. His serious verse he acknowledges by his real initials, C. L. D. For other verses that he afterward reprinted he uses the initials B. B., or R. W. G., or K., or, on occasion, he prints verses without signature or initial.

The two following pieces — 'The Ode to Damon' (1862) and 'The Majesty of Justice' (1863), signed B. B. and R. W. G. respectively — are certainly by Lewis Carroll. It seems curious that he did not reprint them himself, for they are quite as entertaining as some of the humorous verse in *Phantasmagoria*.

ODE TO DAMON

FROM CHLOË WHO UNDERSTANDS HIS
MEANING

Oh, do not forget the day when we met
At the fruiterer's shop in the city:
When you *said* I was plain and *excessively* vain,
But I knew that you *meant* I was pretty.

Recollect too the hour when I purchased the
flour
(For the dumplings, you know) and the suet;
Whilst the apples I told my dear Damon to hold,
(Just to see if you knew how to do it).

Then recall to your mind how you left *me* behind,
And went off in a bus with the pippins;
When you *said* you'd forgot, but I knew you had
not;
(It was merely to save the odd threepence!)

Don't forget your delight in the dumplings that
night,
Though you *said* they were tasteless and
doughy:
But you winked as you spoke, and I saw that the
joke
(*If it was one*) was meant for your Chloë!

Then remember the day when Joe offered to pay
For us all at the Great Exhibition;

You proposed a short cut, and we found the thing
shut,
(We were two hours too late for admission).

Your 'short cut' dear we found took us *seven*
miles round
(And Joe said exactly what we did);
Well, I helped you out then — it was just like
you men —
Not an atom of sense when it 's needed!

You said, 'What's to be done?' and I thought
you in fun,
(Never *dreaming* you were such a ninny);
'Home directly!' said I, and you paid for the fly,
(And I *think* that you gave him a guinea).

Well, *that* notion, you said, had not entered your
head:
You proposed, 'The best thing, as we're come,
is
(Since it opens again in the morning at ten)
To wait' — *Oh, you prince of all dummies!*

And when Joe asked you, 'Why, if a man were to
die,
Just as you ran a sword through his middle,
You'd be hung for the crime?' and you said,
'Give me time!
And brought to your Chloë the riddle.

Why, remember, you dunce, how I solved it at
once —
(The question which Joe had referred to you),
Why, I told you the cause was 'the force of the
laws,'
And you said, '*It had never occurred to you.*'

This instance will show that your brain is too
slow,
And (though your exterior is showy)
Yet so arrant a goose can be no sort of use
To society — *come to your Chloë!*

You'll find *no one* like me, who can manage to see
Your meaning, you talk so obscurely:
Why, if once I were gone, how *would* you get on?
Come, you know what I mean, Damon, surely.
B. B.

CH. CH., OXFORD

THE MAJESTY OF JUSTICE

AN OXFORD IDYLL

They passed beneath the College gate;
And down the High went slowly on;
Then spake the Undergraduate
To that benign and portly Don:
'They say that Justice is a Queen —
A Queen of awful Majesty —

Yet in the papers I have seen
Some things that puzzle me.

'A Court obscure, so rumor states,
There is, called "Vice-Cancellarii,"
Which keeps on Undergraduates,
Who do not pay their bills, a wary eye.
A case I'm told was lately brought
Into that tiniest of places,
And justice in that case was sought —
As in most other cases.

'Well! Justice, as I hold, dear friend,
Is Justice, neither more than less:
I never dreamed it could depend
On ceremonial or dress.
I thought that her imperial sway
In Oxford surely would appear,
But all the papers seem to say
She's not majestic *here*.'

The portly Don he made reply,
With the most roguish of his glances,
'Perhaps she drops her Majesty
Under peculiar circumstances.'
'But that's the point!' the young man cried,
'The puzzle that I wish to pen you in —
How are the public to decide
Which article is genuine?

'Is't only when the Court is large
That we for "Majesty" need hunt?
Would what is Justice in a barge
Be something different in a punt?'
'Nay, Nay!' the Don replied, amused,
'You're talking nonsense, sir! You know it!
Such arguments were never used
By any friend of Jowett.'

'Then is it in the men who trudge
(Beef-eaters I believe they call them)
Before each wigged and ermined judge,
For fear some mischief should befall them?
If I should recognize in one
(Through all disguise) my own domestic,
I fear 't would shed a gleam of fun
Even on the "Majestic"!''

The portly Don replied, 'Ahem!
They can't exactly be its *essence*:
I scarcely think the want of them
The "Majesty of Justice" lessens.
Besides, they always march awry;
Their gorgeous garments never fit:

Processions don't make Majesty —
I'm quite convinced of it.'

'Then is it in the *wig* it lies,
Whose countless rows of rigid curls
Are gazed at with admiring eyes
By country lads and servant girls?'
Out laughed that bland and courteous Don:
'Dear sir, I do not mean to flatter —
But surely you have hit upon
The essence of the matter.

'They will not own the Majesty
Of Justice, making Monarchs bow,
Unless as evidence they see
The horsehair wig about her brow.
Yes, Yes! *That* makes the silliest men
Seem wise; the meanest men look big:
The Majesty of Justice, then,
Is seated in the wig.'

R. W. G.

OXFORD, *March* 1863

There are certainly other verses by Lewis Carrol in these little volumes, and anyone who loves his work might easily guess their authorship; but I have not found anything of outstanding merit, and the two poems here given are signed by accredited initials, and their authorship is not a matter of guesswork.

I have hunted for a copy of the *Comic Times*, but without success. In some way it seems to have escaped the catholic immortality of the British Museum shelves. There may, perhaps, be work of Lewis Carroll in its pages if, as his biographer asserts, Dodgson was a contributor to this periodical.

These fragments from *The Train* and *College Rhymes* seem to a lover of Lewis Carroll's verses worthy of reproduction, and to read the original version of the 'White Knight's' poem may perhaps enable the oldest of us

To be once more a little child
For one short sunny day.

MEMORIES OF FASHODA

BY GENERAL BARATIER

From *Le Correspondant*, June 25
(LIBERAL CATHOLIC SEMIMONTHLY)

[THE Marchand expedition — in which the author of this article, and General Mangin, then junior officers, were both serving — set out from the French Congo, crossed Africa, and confronted General Kitchener — then Sirdar of Egypt — at Fashoda when he arrived on the White Nile after his victory over the Sudanese dervishes at Omdurman in 1898. The expedition was dispatched by the French Government to extend French influence on the Upper Nile. The presence of this small force of French troops was designed to support the contention of French diplomats that the region, having been evacuated by Egypt in 1883-4, was now *une terre vacante*, open to the first colonizing Power that occupied it. The British, on the contrary, claimed it by virtue of Kitchener's victory and also by virtue of the former Egyptian occupation. The military situation was complicated by the fact that the fanatical Sudanese dervishes of the Mahdi Abdullah — who had proclaimed a new Caliphate — asserted Sudanese independence, and until their defeat by Kitchener were equally ready to fight either English or French or both. The same territory is to-day in dispute between Egypt and Great Britain.]

General Baratier begins his present account at the time when the first attack of the dervishes on the little French force had been beaten off, and before the arrival of Kitchener's Anglo-Egyptian army. After that event the

peace of the world hung in the balance until at length France yielded all her claims.]

NEWS began to go about from mouth to mouth that the dervishes were coming, but as that was all we heard we were not very much worried, in spite of the disturbance among the population. We knew that when the Mahdists really did decide to come they would not send us word in advance. We knew too that they could not surprise us. For calm and confident though we were, our guard was never relaxed day or night. The very slightest suggestion of an enemy was reported with a care that was almost exaggerated.

In any event it was hardly reasonable to suppose that anyone could attack us at that season, for the roads were so impassable that they could hardly be said to exist at all, and the dervishes had not enough steamers to send troops up the Nile to deal with us. The greater part of their expedition would have to follow the roads overland, and that would be impossible for the next two months.

I was giving voice to this very opinion one day after lunch, while shuffling the cards for our usual game of whist, when a breathless Chilluk rushed in. The dervishes were advancing with two steamers and six barges, while a strong column was approaching on foot along the river! Presently messenger after messenger came hurrying in. At first

there were only two steamboats and no barges, then there were two steamboats and three barges. By two o'clock there were certainly sixteen boats and more than twenty barges, and these latter figures, as well as the news of the troops advancing along the right bank through the Dinka villages, — which they burned as the inhabitants fled in terror before them, — seemed reliable.



We should have a force of at least seven thousand men to deal with, although we ourselves were only a hundred and sixty strong, including all our men. We might hold out for a week, but after that —

The Chilluks looked at us with an air of pity, just as they had when the dervishes attacked the first time. 'You are brave men, no doubt,' their eyes said clearly, 'but they are too many for you. There will be none of you left to-morrow night.' They really liked us, but it was no use counting on help from them in spite of the protestations of the Grand Mek, who swore to perish at our side. Scarcely had the sun set when the night was filled with furtive sounds. It was the people of the near-by villages making for the woods with their cattle and possessions. Fleeing, poor friends? No matter. You would be only a handi-

cap in battle. A single squad of riflemen would be worth a thousand of you.

Two of our usual intelligence-agents, in the full costume of native spies, — in other words, without a stitch, — their clubs and lances in hand, brought in some extraordinary news. Two soldiers, former Chilluks who had not been seen for fifteen years, had landed with a letter for Major Marchand. They were spending the night in the near-by village and would come to the fort at dawn.

'Look out,' added the prudent Abu-Gomun, 'they say they are not dervishes, but it is not true. Keep your eyes open — the dervishes have more than one trick up their sleeves.' Had the Caliphate then returned to the old practice of the Mahdists, who always sent out a demand for surrender before fighting? At four o'clock in the morning our defenses were manned. At six o'clock a band of Chilluks, among whom we could make out two Negroes in European uniforms, fully armed and wearing magnificent cylindrical military caps with red plumes, emerged from the neighboring village and made for our north bastion. When they reached us, the red-plumed pair came to a regulation port-arms, and one of them held out to Marchand an envelope addressed to the 'Chief of the European Expedition at Fashoda.'

It was a letter from Kitchener, the Sirdar, Commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army and the British forces in the Sudan. Marchand read it aloud: —

BANUL, September 18, 1898

SIR: —

I have the honor to inform you that on the second of September I attacked the Caliphate at Omdurman and, having destroyed its army, have re-occupied the country. Shortly afterward I left Omdurman with a flotilla of five gunboats and a considerable force

of English and Egyptian troops, en route for Fashoda.

On my way I encountered dervishes at Renkh, attacked them, and after a short combat captured their camp and their boat and made the chief emir, Said Sagheir, my prisoner. He has informed me that, complying with the orders of the Caliphate, he was recently at Fashoda in quest of wheat, and that a combat took place there between his troops and certain Europeans. Finally he returned to Renkh, from which he was sent to secure reënforcements from Omdurman for the purpose of driving the Europeans from Fashoda; and while he was awaiting the arrival of these reënforcements, we attacked him.

Considering the presence of Europeans at Fashoda very probable, I have thought it my duty to write you this letter in order to advise you of the events which have recently taken place, and to inform you of my early arrival at Fashoda.

I have the honor to sign myself, with the expression of my most distinguished sentiments,

(Signed) HERBERT KITCHENER,

SIRDAR

The Anglo-Egyptian army, then, was soon to make its — let us say junction with the French Mission on the Nile, the Mission whose nationality the Sirdar pretended not to know and whom he described with a truly British politeness as ‘certain Europeans.’ We did not feel under any obligation to be irritated and never dreamed of being offended by that ‘certain.’ While our riflemen were curiously eying the two emissaries of the Sirdar, Marchand immediately wrote the following reply to the English General.

FASHODA, September 19, 1898

MON GÉNÉRAL: —

I have the honor to acknowledge

receipt of your honored communication dated Banui, September 18, 1898. I have learned with the keenest pleasure of the occupation of Omdurman by the Egyptian army, the destruction of the bands of the Caliphate, and the definite disappearance of the Mahdists in the valley of the Nile. I shall, no doubt, be the first to present my sincere congratulations as a Frenchman to General Kitchener, whose name has for so many years incarnated the struggle of victorious modern civilization against the savage fanaticism of the Mahdists. Permit me therefore, General, to present my respectful congratulations to yourself first of all, and to the gallant army which you command.

This agreeable duty concluded, I regard it as my duty to inform you that by order of my Government I have occupied the Bahr el Ghazal as far as Mechra er Rek and the confluence of the Bahr el Djebel, besides the Chilluk country on the left bank of the White Nile as far as Fashoda, which I entered on the tenth of last July.

On the twenty-fifth of August I was attacked at Fashoda by a dervish expedition composed of two steamers which, I believe, were the ‘Chebeen’ and the ‘Kaoka,’ manned by 1200 men with artillery. The combat, which began at 6.40 A.M., ended at five o’clock in the evening with the flight of the two steamboats, which were saved by the current with what remained of their crews. Most of the large barges which they towed were upset, and the ‘Chebeen’ was badly damaged. As a result of this affair, the first consequence of which was the liberation of the Chilluk country, I have signed with Sultan Kour-Abdel-Fadil, the Grand Mek, on the third of September, a treaty placing the Chilluk country on the left bank of the White Nile under a French protectorate, subject to ratification by my Government. I have sent

two expeditions to take the treaty to Europe, one by way of the Sobat and Abyssinia, the other by way of the Bahr el Ghazal and Mechra er Rek, where my steamer, the 'Faidherbe,' has been sent with orders to bring me the reënforcements which I regarded as necessary to defend Fashoda against a second attack of the dervishes, stronger than the first, which I expected about the twenty-fifth of this month.

Your arrival has prevented this.

I present my best wishes and welcome you to the Upper Nile. I have noted your intention to come to Fashoda, where I shall be happy to receive you in the name of France.

Accept, General, the expression of my most profound respect.

MARCHAND

The Sirdar had sent his letter to us by native noncommissioned officers. Marchand sent his back by two sergeants, Moriba Keita and Segá Moriba, who took their places with the two Egyptian soldiers in a whaleboat manned by sixteen Yakomas dressed for the occasion in superb red tights. The little boat sped swiftly away with the tricolor fluttering at its stern. The Sirdar would be able to make out at a good distance the nationality of those 'certain Europeans' whom he expected to find at Fashoda.

All this was at half-past seven in the morning. An hour later the whole garrison — in the dress uniforms that had been carefully saved for two years with these great days in view — was under arms to await the arrival of the steamers. At ten o'clock the English flotilla entered the channel of the fort. The 'Sultan' was leading with her guns in battery, the crews at their combat posts. Behind the 'Sultan' came four gunboats towing a dozen enormous double-decked barges carrying the English staff and fifty officers together

with a battalion of Highlanders and the Tenth and Eleventh Sudanese battalions — in all about two thousand men. All the gunboats and dahabeahs flew the Turkish flag except the barge carrying the Highlanders, from which floated the Union Jack. One after another the steamers came to anchor beside the 'Sultan,' facing the fort. On the parapet was drawn up our company of Sudanese riflemen.

We had sent an invitation to the Sirdar to come to Fashoda, and he had accepted it by arriving with his entire squadron just under the walls of our fort, his gun ports open, flags flying, artillery ready. All this display made no great impression on our riflemen. Sergeant Moriba had let the Sirdar know as much. As a matter of fact, after looking over Marchand's report brought in the whaleboat, Kitchener had questioned Moriba who, he thought, must be thunderstruck by the display of his forces: —

'Are there many of you at Fashoda?'

Our brave soldier replied: 'A good many.'

'But,' Kitchener went on, 'how many?'

'At least a hundred and fifty,' said Moriba as proudly as if there had been a hundred thousand men.

'But,' said Kitchener, 'you'll die of hunger up here. You have n't any supplies.'

With his big eyes staring straight at him, our Moriba fired back without hesitation: 'We have supplies for ten years.'

The English manœuvre was completed, the boats were moored gunwale to gunwale, artillery bristled in every direction, Highlanders and Egyptians jostled one another at the bulwarks to stare at those 'certain Europeans' who had so far forgotten themselves as to arrive before the British. A small boat put off from the 'Sultan.' Two English

officers, khaki clad, helmeted, with their revolvers at their hips and swords at their sides, had taken their place in it and were rowing to the bank. Marchand received them in a little cabin that served us as a mess hall. One of the two officers acted as spokesman and introduced the other.

'Sir, I have the honor to present Commander Keppel, commanding the flotilla. I am Major Cecil [he was the son of Lord Cecil]. The Sirdar desires you to visit him on board his vessel in order that he may get in touch with the French representative.'

'Monsieur le Major,' replied Marchand, 'be so good as to say to the Sirdar that, as I owe him the first visit, I shall be with him instantly.'

The two officers withdrew and Marchand, accompanied by Germain, followed hard upon them to the Sirdar's steamer. On the long rear deck Kitchener was standing — a big dry-looking man with a red face, pale-blue eyes, vague and rather dull. He seemed nervous and agitated. Beside him stood Colonel Wingate, Chief of the Intelligence Department, a little man with developing embonpoint, polite but of a glacial stiffness. Marchand introduced himself and presented Germain. The Sirdar shook hands and complimented them on the trip we had made across Africa. He presented Wingate and the conversation began. The great man was very much embarrassed and found it hard to express himself, for though he talked very good French the subject of the conversation was not exactly easy. He finally wound up with a sufficiently unfortunate sentence in the interrogative: —

'You understand, Commandant, the significance of your presence at Fashoda?'

'I understand it, mon Général.'

'Do you occupy Fashoda by order of the French Government?'

'Yes, mon Général, it is by order of my Government that Fashoda is to-day a French post.'

'You know that this land belongs to his Highness the Khedive and that your presence here might lead to — to — war between — our two countries?'

Marchand confined himself to a deep inclination of his head.

'Well, then it is my duty to protest in the name of the Sublime Porte and His Highness the Khedive, whom I represent, against your presence in Fashoda.'

A new inclination of the head.

'As you see, Commandant, I have numerous forces behind me. It is, no doubt, your intention to maintain the occupation of Fashoda.'

'It is certain, mon Général, that I cannot pretend to compare our forces with yours, but you will admit that, having taken possession of Fashoda by order of my Government, I can withdraw only when the order is reversed. I shall therefore remain here until I receive such an order, and I may add that, if necessary, we shall die on the spot rather than —'

The Sirdar stopped Marchand.

'Oh, Commandant, there is no occasion for pushing things so far. I understand that you must execute the orders of your Government and I have no intention of opposing you. But you must understand that I too must execute the orders of His Highness the Khedive, and his orders are to display the Egyptian flag at Fashoda. I hope that the two of us can reach an understanding which will enable us to fulfill this *formality*. After this we may leave things *as they are* until our two Governments reach their decision.'

The word 'English' was not once pronounced. It was in the name of the Khedive that the Sirdar wished to place the Turkish flag at Fashoda. If that desire was courteously expressed, it was brutally supported. Marchand

felt a terrific desire to refuse. But was it to our interest to push things to the extreme? Then, had not French diplomacy always supported Turkish rights, which had never been abolished in the Nile Valley so far as Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan were concerned? It would be preferable to accept the Egyptian flag beside our own — but outside the mudirieh of Fashoda. On that point we would not yield.

'Oh, well,' said Kitchener, 'Colonel Wingate and Captain Germain can go and look. The two of them can find some little place. I'm not exacting.'

So Wingate and Germain landed, and we took the English Colonel on a tour around Fashoda. We took him all around. Several times he mopped his forehead and it was obvious that he was little inclined to walking and that if there had been no river and no boats to bring him to Fashoda he would still have been far away. He was not communicative. He did not talk much, but he was definite in what he said. Germain carried the burden of the conversation. When they reached the south bastion, I heard Wingate say to himself: 'Very comfortable, very comfortable.' Evidently that was what pleased him most. I quite understood, but did he suppose that we should allow him to install himself on the south bastion? Why not give him our beds?

Meantime, while we were perambulating with the Chief of Staff, the Sirdar was chatting with Marchand.

'Now, Commandant, we can talk freely and intimately. Will you accept some cognac, whiskey, or champagne? I greatly admire your remarkable journey — truly, very remarkable. You know, the report has got about that you were massacred?'

'I know, mon Général, that newspaper men are always thirsty for sensational news.'

'Oh, you are being much discussed in

France and England, and throughout Europe your name is very well known, very well known.'

'In the newspapers, mon Général, always in the newspapers. In France and England, but most of all in France, the newspaper men are great chatterers, and it is their perpetual need of gossip that makes a man celebrated.'

'But really, really, Commandant, our meeting at Fashoda will make a great stir, and your journey is really very fine. You must have suffered a good deal during that long march which began —'

'About three years ago, mon Général. I admit that the journey has sometimes been painful, but none of us has really been sick in spite of the inevitable little privations.'

'But you have no comforts here — you have nothing.'

'Oh no, mon Général, I have a year's European rations in the fort and six months' native rations. I have three hundred thousand cartridges, and behind these fortifications I am not afraid of the dervishes.'

'Oh, but you have no comforts, and I trust that you and your forces will soon be on your way home via Cairo, where I hope to take you with my flotilla — when our Governments have come to an understanding.'

Marchand changed the subject abruptly.

'Did you find all the old fanaticism in the partisans of the Caliphate when you took Omdurman? For that is what is really interesting.'

'All the old fanaticism, Commandant — much more than I expected. They were like madmen — they almost let themselves be cut down on the spot. The Caliph escaped with some few faithful followers. We counted ten thousand five hundred dead and fifteen thousand wounded and we made five thousand prisoners.'

Arranging the glasses and plates which were on the table the Sirdar made a plan of the battle: the attacking force of dervishes on the morning of September 2; the Mahdists coming on to the number of thirty thousand, and falling rank by rank two hundred and fifty paces from the Anglo-Egyptian lines; the English cavalry holding the extreme right, yielding under attack; the Sirdar supporting it with the gunboat and advancing his left; and the change of front which took place in the two armies, that of the Sirdar changing lines to the west, and finally the end of the battle, which was a mere butchery; the Caliphate turning the English left to get into Omdurman; the bombardment and destruction of the Mahdi's tomb by the mortar batteries on the right bank of the river; finally the flight of the Caliph, almost alone upon a donkey; the capture of the village and the surrender of the dervishes without a struggle. In one part of the story the Sirdar told how a German prisoner had been rescued at Omdurman and how happy the unfortunate man was. 'I don't like the Germans, Commandant, I'm for the French. I was in Chanzy's army in 1870.'

It was quite true. Kitchener was in the army of the Loire and after the campaign he almost tried to stay in our army. How glad he must have been that he finally chose the English service! Would he ever have risen to be Sirdar with us? . . .

At this moment Colonel Wingate and Germain came back. The first sketched a rough map of the mudirieh in his notebook and said that he had chosen the drill ground of the south bastion on which to raise the Egyptian flag.

'No, mon Général,' said Marchand simply, 'not there.' And taking the notebook from Wingate's hands he pointed out the extremity of the old wall built in 1844 by the Egyptians —

the bastion, or rather the cavalier battery, outside the village of Abu Merissa. 'Your flag will go very well here, outside my lines, and the men who guard it can find quarters in the village itself.'

After a short discussion and with no particular enthusiasm the Sirdar decided to accept Marchand's proposition. He saw that it was no use insisting. Wingate especially seemed furious at being unable to plant the flag of the Khedive on the ruins of the old mudirieh. Marchand offered to take Colonel Wingate himself to see the proposed place. Just as they were starting out the Sirdar, taking his hand for the last time, gave him this odd invitation: —

'We are going to hoist the Egyptian flag ceremonially. It will be saluted by the troops. Can't you be present, Commandant?'

Really! Why not ask Marchand to run up the flag in person? General Kitchener never stopped at anything. Colonel Wingate having seen the place where he was to be allowed to install himself, Marchand bade him farewell.

'Permit me to say, Colonel, that I am very happy to have met the famous Chief of the Intelligence Department.'

'And I, Commandant, to have met the Commandant Marchand. I thank you.'

Scarcely had Marchand returned to the fort when the cannon thundered. There was a flourish of trumpets and the bagpipes of the Highlanders sounded. The Egyptian flag was going up over there, outside the mudirieh on which it floated twenty years ago and on which to-day the tricolor was waving.

At three o'clock Major Cecil informed Marchand that the Sirdar was coming to return his call. I was sent to receive the General at the south gate of the citadel. A section in full uniform rendered military honors. The trumpets sounded 'Aux champs.'

The Sirdar was accompanied by Major Cecil, by Wingate, and by two other officers. Except for the Chief of the Intelligence Department, they were all tall men who had to stoop very low in order to be able to get into our little mess hall. Kitchener caught his spurs, stumbled, and nearly fell. Marchand apologized for the modesty of our reception hall. After the introductions champagne was brought and conversation became general. Cecil described some details of the Spanish-American War and the fight at Santiago, which was a butchery.

'Oh, it was n't a fight at all, a very unfortunate affair. The Spaniards did not even have enough powder. That kind of thing is not fighting. Thanks to the intervention of France, Spain lost nothing but Cuba and the Philippines.'

Mangin and Fouque talked with the other officers. Bismarck was dead, the Bonchamps expedition had failed, as we knew already. Wingate asked Marchand to tell him about the Sobat, Bahr el Ghazal and Bahr el Djebel, and conversation came back to our own mission. Then the Sirdar, who had said very little so far, said:—

'Yes, you have done a very fine thing here. It's a very fine thing, but France cannot back you up.'

Marchand made a sharp movement. He almost rose, but Kitchener went on, his words falling cold and cutting, his glassy eyes looking out into space while all our eyes were fixed on him. 'Yes, France has something else to think about now — the Dreyfus affair.' And the implacable Kitchener went on: 'The innocence of Dreyfus has been recognized and the Minister of War has committed suicide.'

But Major Cecil interrupted him: 'No, not the Minister. It was Colonel Henry.'

'Oh yes, Colonel Henry. Well, the Ministry has fallen and now M. Brisson

is President of the Council. In Foreign Affairs it is M. Delacroix.'

'No, Delafosse,' said Wingate.

Delacroix or Delafosse, no matter which — the words that we really heard were these: 'France cannot back you up, France has something else to think about now.' And Kitchener, who knew what was passing in our minds, said as he rose to go:—

'Well, I must send you some newspapers.'

For the last time he drank to the health of the Mission of the Nile and its great journey, and then went out followed by his officers. The trumpets sounded, the guard of honor presented arms, Marchand asked the Sirdar to do the riflemen the honor of inspecting them.

'They are Senegalese, Commandant?'

'No, mon Général, Sudanese of the Upper Niger. These are the soldiers with which we conquered the Western Sudan.'

'Oh, yes, the Sudanese! I have heard of them. Good soldiers, are n't they?'

'The best soldiers in the world, mon Général. Dying is nothing to them.'

The officers seemed generally to admire these men, whose bearing and equipment astonished them. Our splendid tirailleurs, so brave in our wars and our missions, well did they merit the honor they received that evening! Just as he was going aboard his boat, the Sirdar gave an exclamation of surprise at a mass of multi-colored zinnias growing in the middle of the garden.

'Oh, flowers! Flowers at Fashoda! Ah, you Frenchmen!'

Landeroin bent down and rapidly picked a bouquet which he offered to the General. The peas, kidney beans, cabbages, and all our vegetables drew cries of astonishment from these Eng-

lishmen — so fond of comfort, but so incapable of creating it if separated from the usual resources of civilization. Comfort! It was the only word in their mouths. Our comfort was having been the first to plant the French flag on the Nile. That was enough for us, and more too, but since these English were so fond of vegetables we gave them some, and added a well-filled basket to the Sirdar's bouquet. Marchand accompanied Kitchener to the gangplank of the steamer.

'I'm going down as far as the juncture of the Sobat and the Nile, and then I shall go straight on to Khartum. I have n't yet been able to send word to England. You understand, I have a good deal to say to England.'

Then he made a sign to Colonel Wingate, who pulled from the pocket of his military tunic a sealed letter:—

'Here is the official protest about which I spoke to you during our conversation this morning.'

All very well, but why did he hand us the protest so late in the day, instead of giving it to us when he arrived in our camp, thereby granting us an opportunity to acknowledge it? A queer business.

'Au revoir, Commandant.'

'Au revoir, mon Général.'

And Kitchener's vessel, which had had steam up for a quarter of an hour, moved off down the channel to enter the river. It was just five o'clock. Two other steamers followed it at once, taking the same route. Half an hour later that of the Highlanders started in the same direction. Nothing was left at Fashoda but the fifth steamer and a battalion of the Eleventh Sudanese composed mainly of Chilluks. The flotilla had landed four howitzers. The Egyptian flag was going to be well guarded.

Once back in his quarters, Marchand opened the sealed envelope that Win-

gate had handed him, and as he read the official protest he understood instantly why the Sirdar did not want to give him time to reply. He held out the letter and I read:—

FASHODA, *September 19, 1898*

MONSIEUR LE COMMANDANT:—

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter dated Fashoda, 19 inst., in which you inform me that by order of the French Government you have occupied the Bahr el Ghazal as far as Mechra er Rek and to the confluence of the Bahr el Djebel, as well as the Chilluk country on the left bank of the Nile as far as Fashoda, which you entered on the tenth of last July. In confirmation of the procès-verbal which I addressed to you when I had the honor of receiving you today, it is my duty on behalf of the Egyptian and the English Governments to enter formal objection to all occupation by France of the country of the valley of the Nile, which is a violation of the rights of the said Governments. I have the honor to advise you by the order of my Government that I cannot recognize any occupation by France, no matter in what part of the Nile Valley.

Moreover, I must advise you that, having raised the Egyptian flag at Fashoda, the government of the country has been formally taken over by Egypt and I have named Kaimakam Jackson Bey, Commandant at Fashoda beginning this date.

Accept, sir, the assurance of my high consideration.

(Signed) HERBERT KITCHENER,

SIRDAR

The terms of the protest surprised us. In stating that the government had been formally taken over by Egypt, Kitchener was violating his promise of the morning: 'I'm going to

put my flag beside yours and then we shall leave things as they are until our Governments reach a decision.' To leave things as they were was to leave France in the exercise of her protectorate over the Chilluks, complying with the treaty that had been signed with the Sultan and the Chilluk states, a treaty which the Sirdar knew about.

Well, this was a beginning. We had not finished yet. When the Sirdar should pass Fashoda again, we would send him a protest in our own terms, though that was a rather platonic kind of satisfaction. For our consolation we had the newspapers which Kitchener had left. No doubt he had chosen them himself.

Marchand could not hand his letter to the Sirdar in person, but he could entrust it to one of his officers. One of the gunboats, following those which Kitchener had taken, came into the little arm of the Nile and stopped opposite the redoubt. An English officer descended, came toward us, and handed Marchand a new letter from his general. In exchange, he received our counter-protest, observing, as he did so, that it could not be sent on to the Sirdar until three days later. In two hours the young officer was back, appearing highly embarrassed.

'Monsieur le Commandant, I am very sorry, but it is impossible to send your letter to the Sirdar. There is no boat going to Khartum. I beg you to take back your letter.'

'Monsieur,' replied Marchand, 'a steamboat left for Khartum an hour ago, after stopping here. I understand that you have not forwarded my letter on it. No matter, it will arrive late. You can send it at the next opportunity.'

The confusion of the young Englishman redoubled. He was very red. No

doubt he had been harshly reprimanded for having received this letter at all and had been ordered to return it at any cost. Marchand was amused to see his growing anxiety, which now bordered on despair. Suddenly, losing control of himself, the unfortunate fellow slipped his letter into the fingers of the French commander and dashed away without saluting one of us. We burst into laughter. It was really too funny.

The English letter ran:—

FASHODA, *September 21, 1898*

MONSIEUR LE COMMANDANT:—

I have the honor to inform you that stations of this Government have been established on the Sobat with the necessary garrisons and our gunboats will come up without delay to establish other posts. During our conversation of yesterday I informed you that by order of His Highness the Khedive the whole country has been placed under martial law. In consequence I have made the following regulation: all transport of munitions of war on the Nile is absolutely forbidden and I have given orders to the commanders of the gunboats to take necessary measures for the execution of this regulation.

I request you therefore, Monsieur le Commandant, to take note of this and give requisite orders to your officers on this subject.

Accept, Monsieur le Commandant, the expression of my distinguished consideration.

(Signed) HERBERT KITCHENER,
SIRDAR

Observe that phrase: 'During our conversation of yesterday I informed you.' The Sirdar knew very well that he had said nothing of the sort in that conversation, but he also knew, from Marchand's letter of September 19,

that we had only one steamboat, the 'Faidherbe,' and that that steamer had been sent to Mechra er Rek to get reinforcements and munitions in case of a second attack by dervishes. And to-day he warned us that all transportation of munitions was prohibited on the Nile, that he had given orders to the commanders of his gunboats. To keep us from exercising our protectorate he had left a battalion, five guns, and an armored gunboat with ten rapid-firing guns to stop the 'Faidherbe.' He had left at Sobat another battalion, artillery, and another gunboat — a no less formidable array. We could not complain that the English did not take our forces seriously. For form's sake Marchand protested once again. I took his letter an hour later to Kaimakam Jackson Bey.

Jackson Bey received me in his tent. He showed me how the rain of the night before had soaked it through and through. An ugly dog with muddy feet was stretched out on his bed. The major apologized, but he was such a remarkable hunting dog! Amiable, even affable and conciliatory, the Kaimakam spoke very little French. He reassured me immediately as to the fate of the 'Faidherbe.' The Sirdar had given strict orders that no difficulty should be raised and that the steamer should be allowed to pass on its first voyage with its full cargo no matter what it was. As to the letter addressed to Kitchener, he refused to accept it. He had the air of being extremely disturbed and repeated in a lamentable tone: 'I cannot, I cannot.'

'Well, then,' said I, 'give me a formal written statement that you refuse.'

'But I don't know how to write French.'

'No matter, write English.'

And he willingly wrote it out.

Once this affair was over, Jackson inquired about the climate and fever, which seemed to worry him a good deal, and especially about the length of the winter, which he wanted to see ended. I took a wicked pleasure in giving him something to worry about. Fever! There was no place in the world except Mechra where there was so much fever as at Fashoda. It was the fever capital. Moreover, from 1870 to 1884 even the Egyptians had used Fashoda as a kind of penal colony. Here was where they sent their criminals. Fashoda was a convict colony — that is, a colony of people whom it was desirable to get rid of. If we Frenchmen were not sick it was only because we were all old hands in the Sudan and therefore immune. Knowing what we were getting into, Marchand had chosen us among a thousand. Moreover, the worst season had n't yet come. We should have to wait until the end of the winter, two months later. Then the sun would begin to dry up the soaking soil, and all the miasmas now kept down by the water would begin to spread, terrible and deadly.

If I exaggerated a little bit, I did not say anything that was not pretty nearly true.

When I went back to report, I returned the refused letter to Marchand together with the certificate of refusal. Thereafter we had nothing to do but wait for word from our Government. How would it act? In what direction would it move?

FRANCIS OF CARDONA: A CHEERFUL ASCETIC

BY JAMES J. DALY

From the *Month*, July
(ANGLO-CATHOLIC REVIEW)

It will be remembered that when Alexander the Great asked Diogenes what he could do for him the philosopher requested that the king might be pleased to step aside out of his light. This story has always made me feel kindly toward Alexander. Renunciation ceases to be admirable when it plants itself on the heights of self-conscious superiority. Just so, I cannot enter into Emerson's enthusiasm over the famous reply of his friend Thoreau, who, when asked what was his favorite dish, answered, 'The nearest.' He scorned the rest of us poor dogs. Crates, and all cynical philosophers of ancient and modern times, run as true to paganism as any Epicurean. There is an orgy of pride as well as of the senses; the former is probably the more deadly of the two. '*Aude, hospes, contemnere opes,*' Evander exhorted Æneas; and the reward promised for greatly daring to despise wealth was association with the gods, in Olympian aloofness from mere human herds.

It is not hard or heroic to flout Fortune if thereby we nourish our self-esteem. As long as we think we are fine porcelain in a world of clay, what matters it whether we live in a tub or a kennel or a shanty by Walden pond or a marble palace. Marcus Aurelius and his successors kept assiduous diaries, and drew isothermic maps of their mental state every day, and compiled weather reports out of them for the guidance of the less wise. Each thought

his observatory the holiest temple in the universe and cut a gallant figure before admirers by flinging a scornful glove in the face of Fortune. They were rough to her when they thought anyone was looking. We now suspect that they courted her in secret.

When pride completes the circle of humility the two extremes meet on a common ground of asceticism. This juxtaposition in one and the same setting has deceived many. It is a strange fact that sanctity and sin should at times in their supreme human forms issue in contempt for the lower pleasures. Experts have the hardest work sometimes to determine which is which. One cannot always judge infallibly even in his own case. It is sometimes beyond all but the highest capacity to disentangle the threads of a proud self-respect from the purely Christian texture in the complex web of motives which make up one's spiritual life. A clever person might be expected to be able to detect the considerable difference between God and himself. But it is precisely the clever persons who are always getting themselves confused about two objects which clearly ought to be far more distinguishable apart than a hawk from a handsaw.

I do not pretend to the power of laying down rules in the matter. If I were to hazard an opinion it would be that the true asceticism of noble spirits is never armored either with prickly eccentricities or starched coats of re-

spectability or forbidding displays of individualism and temperament. It rather believes in and practises disarmament, and exposes itself, after a manner resembling a merry invitation, to every approach, whether friendly or hostile. It calls for the exercise of coldest nerve, most deliberate courage, unquailing endurance, and judgment balanced to the nicety of a hair. None of the brave valors of war, adventure, or love, makes so many demands upon ingenuity and swift decision. Listen to the story of Francis de Cardona and judge whether I speak the truth.

Francis was the son of a Spanish duke. I have taken the incidents in his life, which I am about to relate, from Louis de Ponte's classic biography of Balthasar Alvarez. The son of the Duke of Cardona was Rector of the University of Salamanca when he took it into his head to spurn the rich pledges of fortune by entering a Jesuit novitiate. One of his first charges was the care of the community refectory. Do not entertain the picture of a *maitre d'hôtel* in evening clothes, by a glance maintaining order in the scurrying lines of communication between the kitchen and the trenchermen. It was the business of Francis to scrub floors and to wash dishes with as little damage as possible. His distinguished friend, Dr. Oiedo, found him so employed and was shocked and scandalized. The ex-Rector of the University was genuinely bewildered at the good doctor's strange point of view. He declared that he was having the time of his life and would not exchange his job for that of the Pope himself, and sent his visitor away thinking so furiously that he too plunged into the same adventure and followed Francis into the novitiate.

It was not long before Cardona made the interesting discovery that life, no matter how we arrange it, is sure to have its puzzles and perplexities. 'The

thread of life, like other threads or skeins of silk, is full of snarls and incumbrances.' Francis had made a bonfire of his riches and honors, and had set out without impediments upon a spiritual quest. He thought he had succeeded in simplifying life, and was astonished to find he had only made its complexities more subtle and insidious. When Fortune ceases to be pursued she becomes the pursuer; she refuses to be ignored. Francis had failed to understand that menial services in the scullery assume the character of brilliant performances when a Spanish grandee and ex-Rector of a University undertakes them. He found himself moving in an aura of admiration. Superiors and brethren were highly edified by his humility. Horrors! Canonization is necessarily a post-mortem affair; else it is a menace and an infernal nuisance.

Francis found himself in a painful dilemma. He sat down to ponder on the curious fact that there is a limit beyond which one may not go in flouting Fortune, without falling into the opposite extreme of the most ingratiating courtship of her; as Cicero's philosophers became famous by writing books in contempt of fame.

A less resourceful character than Francis would have crawled back into his shell and followed a policy of caution which would have robbed the world of much exquisite delight. He yearned for the mad excitement of trailing Fortune's banners in the mire: at the same time, he must above all things elude the applause of sharp-eyed and discerning associates. This was the task which Francis de Cardona set himself: his life henceforth resolved itself largely into a series of brave and amusingly clever attempts to accomplish it. 'What I shall say may be unhesitatingly believed,' writes de Ponte in introducing his account of Francis, citing as his authority Francis's con-

temporary and friend, Father Oiedo, 'whose virtues are a guaranty of his sincerity.' Three centuries have done nothing to blur the picture which still preserves the freshness of life, a delicious mixture of quizzical humor, high spirits, stern and unfaltering purpose, and spiritual exaltation sweetly and humanly attractive.

In every large establishment there are two places where the exercise of patience, unsupported by any approving recognition, is in special demand; the kitchen and the stable. Francis was not long in a Jesuit house before he fixed his attention upon these two precincts as very promising fields for the plying of his little private business. He prepared the way by confidential disclosures of certain weaknesses of his to everyone in the house: 'You know, I have always had an intense interest in the cuisine and the stud. I take the liberty of considering myself an accomplished amateur in both departments. You should see some of my dishes! It is a crying shame that idle gourmets should enjoy all the good things for themselves. Are the servants of God never to be refreshed according to their due when they are worn out by study and prayer and the labors of the ministry? Ah, if I could only tinker and potter about at large in the kitchen and watch my favorite pudding swell into a brown miracle! Trust me to do pigeon to a turn. And as for horses, carissime, I dote on horses. How they must miss me! Carissime, if I were not a Jesuit, I think I should be either a cook or a gitano.'

In such guileful wise did Francis proceed. Now Jesuits, who figure in the world's legends as crafty beings, can furnish, as Francis observed, an astonishing amount of simplicity to practise upon. While there is evidence of vague doubts and films of incredulity, owing perhaps to the jealousy of the

regular cook and the established stablehands, and perhaps also to some rather glaring failures of Francis in his chosen employments, still the rank and file of the community could not come to a conclusion. After all, noblemen, we know, cultivate surprising eccentricities. This is an amiable weakness of Francis, our brother, a survival of his masterful past. Let him indulge it if he enjoys it.

'The care of animals,' says de Ponte, 'was a task he sought after, and in which he said he was very skillful. The Superior did not believe it, of course; but he willingly gave him this commission to please him. This gave rise to a very edifying incident.' Before we proceed to narrate this incident let us pause to salute that Superior. Francis thought he was having all the fun. But Father Superior was not so simple as he looked when he gave this Spanish grandee head in his mad career through the china-shops of convention, not altogether hopeless of getting some amusement, and inconvenience perhaps, out of the thing himself. Father Superior was a shrewder man than his Father Minister, as we shall see.

One day a Father from a remote province arrived at the Jesuit house in Salamanca, mounted on a sorry nag in the last stages of emaciation and exhaustion. The poor beast was covered with sores and could scarcely maintain an upright position. A little group had formed around the animal in the courtyard, trying to interpret, as charitably as might be, the visitor's choice of a mount. Francis happened along at the time and with the swift intuition of a genius recognized a golden opportunity. 'Father Minister,' he said, 'I think I can save that horse, which seems to be in a bad way.' It would look as if Father Minister, who is the one that manages details of the house, had reason to suspect the expert qualifications

of Francis. But, according to the account of Father de Ponte, Francis urged his point with so much eloquence that, after hemming and hawing and many a dubious regard, Father Minister finally yielded a reluctant consent. It is hard to see why the good Father hesitated over the simple request unless he had some mysterious premonition of what was to follow.

Now began a very saturnalia, so to speak, of humiliation. The situation, as it unfolded, developed rich possibilities. It turned out to be even a more excellent opportunity than Francis anticipated, and I think we shall all agree that he rose to it perfectly. He first dressed all the equine sores and then applied bandages of brilliant and varied colors. It was observed — for Father Minister was reconnoitring uneasily on the outskirts — it was observed that after everything was ready for the trip to the pasture at the other end of Salamanca, Francis wasted some time in an absorbing study of the position of the sun in the heavens. 'What nonsense,' growled Father Minister under his breath, 'as if the conjunction of planets could cure a horse!'

At last the right astrological moment seemed to arrive, and Francis started off down the main avenue of the city. It took him by the principal entrance of the University, then in the heyday of its prosperity, not dreaming of its sad spoliation in the Napoleonic wars. Francis had studied the position of the sun to a nicety. He reached the gates of the University just as the students were swarming out by hundreds. Delectable sight! Ex-Rector and Spanish nobleman, with a cast-off cap on his head and a stableman's cloak slung about him, leading by a halter down the most crowded thoroughfare of Salamanca the gorgeously bandaged and limping remains of an ancient steed in the last stages of dissolution! A mob

of jeering and appreciative urchins furnished the complement of the quaint parade.

History stops to note that there was 'something of an air of triumph in his countenance.' Of course! How sudden and splendid opportunity can be! That morning, when the clamorous bell had tumbled him out of his narrow cot in the dormitory, the opening eye of day was dull and sleepy, without the remotest hint of what was coming. And now here he was wallowing, so to speak, in the heartiest repudiation of the nice respectabilities and punctilios of Fortune. He had her bound hand and foot, and was dragging her at his chariot wheels, or rather at the heels of his borrowed and wobbling Rosinante down all the gutters of Salamanca. 'Something of an air of triumph on his countenance,' quotha!

We are told that after the first flurry of sensation had swept over the gaping crowds 'some praised, some blamed, and many just laughed at it.' Among those who blamed were certain sensitive young Jesuits who were among the throngs pouring out of the lecture-rooms in time to behold the spectacle which their brother Francis had staged. They were chagrined beyond measure that the Jesuits should thus be exposed to the mockery of the city by the ill-regulated piety of a silly novice. They could scarcely get home in time to report the matter to the Superior. They burst in on him precipitately and stated their grievance. He entered into their point of view, sympathized with them in this common disgrace, and dismissed them with the assurance that the thing would be looked into. After they had gone the Superior, we may suppose, enjoyed a quiet little chuckle.

That evening he called Francis upon the carpet. Could not Francis humiliate himself without humiliating the

whole house? It was an act of charity and lowliness to befriend the crippled beast, but why had he not made a detour through a side-street to the suburb where the paddock lay? Must he choose the most frequented street and busiest hour for the performance of a menial service, to the great pain and confusion of his brethren? Francis expressed concern and repentance for causing his brothers pain and laid the blame on his incorrigible indolence, which was always choosing the shortest and easiest road. When the door had closed on this interview, we may again suppose that Father Superior enjoyed his second chuckle that day. All the same, he summoned Father Minister and warned that poor distracted man to be wary with his permissions to carissimus Francis.

The query naturally suggests itself whether Francis may not have been an unbalanced and eager pietist to whom any extravagance was likely to recommend itself as a logical expression of spiritual convictions. That he was the son of a Duke is a circumstance which throws no light on the matter. It is harder to reconcile such a supposition with the fact that as a young man he had been chosen to fill the office of Rector in Spain's principal university. Francis would have welcomed with ravishment any general impression that he was below mediocrity in strong-mindedness and intelligence. It grieved him that the large outstanding fact of his former Rectorship would effectually prevent the wide currency of such a belief. Here was another nut to be cracked. How our past haunts us! We cannot outlive even our honors. We have to confess that, in devising a plan to destroy his domestic reputation for scholarship and sound sense, Francis did not play up quite to his usual standard of ingenuity. Still, it has to be admitted, he raked in larger results

than one might expect from a somewhat clumsy experiment.

One day he was delivering, as is the custom, a sermon in the refectory while the community was eating dinner. It is an excellent exercise, in homiletics for the novice-preacher, in other things for the community. It was the panegyric of a saint, and in discussing a controverted point in the saint's biography Francis made the following remarkable statement: 'I have consulted two editions of the *Flos Sanctorum* and I find they do not agree; but, if I must give my opinion, I adopt that given in the Augsburg edition, because the type is clearer and easier to read.' A shout of laughter went up from the tables, to the annoyance of Father Minister, while Francis waited in a composure of mournful gravity for the hilarity to simmer down. He knew he had been clumsy. But, unskillfully as he had cast his net, it was not wholly empty when he drew it home. Listen to the words of de Ponte, in which humor and piety struggle for ascendancy.

'One of them,' he says, 'actually believed that Francis was serious, through the permission of Divine Providence, in order to carry out the humble intention of His servant.' The biographer felt that Providence had to be introduced, like a *Deus ex machina*, before his readers would believe that one member of the community could be deceived by such a transparent artifice. De Ponte tells us more about this slow-witted person. 'Persuaded that the holy man was a simpleton, he not only laughed at this incident, but continued to make game of him on all occasions, and even in his presence.' Francis was overjoyed. He fastened himself to this novice, sought his company, performed friendly offices for him, showered him with attentions, chose him for partner in their daily walks. And all the time the goose of a novice was treating

Francis as an idiot, ordering him about and ridiculing him to such an extent that he became known as the 'persecutor' of Francis.

That Francis was not drawing him on for the foolery of the thing is clear from the upshot. One of the minor officials of the house — not Father Superior, we may be sure — called Francis to explain his constant attendance on this misguided novice. Particular friendships and coteries can break up the best-regulated families and states, and are to be guarded against in religious communities. Francis tried evasions; but his inquisitor was ruthless. He was driven into a corner and pinned down. 'Your reverence and my brethren,' explained Francis at last in much disgust, 'treat me honorably, as if I were somebody, which is no advantage to me. This man alone knows me, and does me justice by laughing at me and turning to ridicule whatever I do and say. Since this good Brother labors thus for my interest, is it not natural that I should prefer his company to that of others?'

When Aquinas was asked how to become a saint he is reported to have said: 'Will it.' Now, while we do not like to differ from a saint on the subject of sanctity, we respectfully urge the experience of Francis de Cardona in support of the theory that it is not merely a question of good will. Unless, of course, sanctity presupposes intelligence of such a high order that native resourcefulness reduces every difficulty to a bagatelle. If the worst befalls, and the saint is caught, as we say, red-handed, he knows how to brazen it out. Sanctity, like murder, will out. The vices and virtues probably run equal chances of discovery. In either case disclosure is embarrassing. The direful contingency does not act as a check on the hardened criminal. The same seems to be true of the hard-

ened saint. Francis did much plunging and wriggling and dodging before allowing himself to be caught; but, when the game was up, he laughed and started a new one.

We do not hear much of Francis during his years of study, teaching, and active work in the ministry, except that he was everywhere popular. It is related that he made a compact with one of his associates to meet at certain stated times when each would inform the other of faults he had noted in him. Francis, we may be sure, picked out a stern-eyed argus. After they had come together several times, and Francis had been liberally supplied with criticisms without contributing a single return in kind, the other man objected to the one-sided business. Francis could only reply that he was kept so busy with his own large and unruly family of faults that he really had no time to watch other people's. A magnanimous man, indeed!

At the end of a Jesuit's course of formation there is a third year of probation, called tertianship, resembling the first two years of novitiate, and occupied exclusively with the spiritual life. What with the breathless succession of lectures and 'circles' during his studies, and the dignity which a teacher and preacher must preserve in the colleges and churches, Francis often looked forward to this year as to a paradise wherein he might riot with the respectabilities as in the good old days at Salamanca. The famous Father Alvarez was tertian-master, himself a gay trifler with the solemn usages of what Carlyle used to style gig-philosophy, a man after Francis's own heart. We come now to the last episode in the life of Francis, son of the Duke of Cardona and former Rector of the University of Salamanca. Everyone will agree that in his exit he acted up to his usual form.

A neighboring market-town, the site of country fairs, afforded a fine field to the 'tertians' for getting rid of their self-respect. On fair-days the drovers and cattle-dealers could enjoy or curse, as the humors and the turn of the market dictated, the presence, among the swarming beggars, of young Jesuits, the finished products of the schools, going about hat in hand soliciting alms. This was a splendid opening for Francis, who had nothing to do but find new ways of snubbing the world, the flesh, and the Devil. He heard that the lay brother in charge of the farmyard contemplated buying some hogs at the fair. Forthwith he recalled that he was a connoisseur of hogs, and accordingly presented himself in that rôle before Father Alvarez, expressing great concern lest the simple Brother, left to his own devices, should be swindled in the transaction. He humbly sought permission to accompany the Brother as an expert. Father Alvarez assented with mock gravity and doubtless with wondering surmises regarding the event.

That was a gala day for Francis; as was fitting, since it was his last adventure. The fair-day crowds had the thrilling and unlooked-for pleasure of seeing a Spanish grandee serving as a swineherd with tremendous earnestness. On the way home one of the little pigs went lame; and, in the words of our chronicler, 'Father Francis took it up by the feet and put it on his shoulders

in the position given to the sheep carried by the Good Shepherd.' Grandeeism groaned that day in Spain, as this curious cortège moved across the landscape in a cloud of dust.

When they reached home late in the evening, the Brother suddenly became aware that, with culpable improvidence, he had forgotten to prepare lodging for these new additions to his live stock. There was nothing for Francis to do but to start in, late as was the hour and wearied by the unusual exertions of the day, to help the Brother build a pigpen. Francis rode nature a little too hard on that red-letter day. Fever seized him in grim earnest, and carried him off in eleven days. When the last moment came and he was kicking the old earth from under, with its dukedoms and lord-rectorships and mincing respectabilities, it is probable, though history conveys no tidings here, that he heaved a sigh of relief over the near prospect of a place where the spirit could pursue happiness in simplified conditions, undistracted by the powerful and sinister cross-currents of time.

Thus went out forever an intense little flame among those bright and daring spirits who, each in his own generation, shine like sparks in the reeds. I have said nothing of the ultimate motive behind all this prodigality of valor. That is a story by itself. Everyone can see that, whatever the motive, it must have been stronger than life or death.

THE FORMALITY OF FRANCE

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

From the *Observer*, June 22, 29
(LONDON MODERATE SUNDAY PAPER)

Most people have an easily contracted habit of generalizing about men and institutions. It is a habit which I have as much as any man, and I must learn to control it, but not before I have finished these articles. I shall say, therefore, that a difference between an Englishman and a Frenchman is that the latter loves to get into a uniform, but the former loves to get out of one.

The Englishman has a gift for pageantry, but he has a strong dislike of making an exhibition of himself. His capacity for organized ceremony becomes apparent on State occasions. Even when he shares a formula with other nations, the details of the ritual in which it is expressed are better done by him than by other people.

I went to the High Mass in Brussels Cathedral on Easter Sunday, because I had been told that it was a magnificent service. I have seen a Low Mass celebrated in a suburban church in London with far greater solemnity and religious style. The singing was poor, the priests and acolytes were destitute of dignity, and the congregation was a rabble. When I want to see a High Mass fittingly celebrated I will go to Westminster Cathedral, where the English sense of ceremonial is nobly displayed. Both in the Madeleine in Paris and the Cathedral in Brussels the love of uniforms was plainly manifested. You enter the Madeleine to say your prayers, and your eyes alight on a magnificent man clothed in an astounding uni-

form, and wearing a cocked hat which he keeps on his head even when he passes before the Host. This, you say to yourself, must be the President letting the proletariat see that the Government disassociates itself from Clericalism. But he is the beadle.

In Brussels the priests and acolytes were conducted to the altar by two beadles, elaborately arrayed, who wore swords at their sides and had halberds in their hands. One's attention was diverted from the important matter to the factotums, and I was not astonished to find, when the evening service in the Madeleine was ended, that the tall janitor became impatient with the loiterers on their knees, and banged his tipstaff heavily on the floor as a signal to them to get out. He clearly was the most important person there.

The French, because they are formal, have more religious style than the Belgians, but considerably less than the English. There is too much thrusting of money-boxes under one's nose in Brussels, and I was terribly disturbed by hearing the jingling of coins almost at the moment of Elevation. In France there is still style in the Faith. The money-boxes are there, too, and must of necessity be there, for the churches have no endowments, but the collecting is more decently done, although I could wish that the collectors would not give sibilant thanks to each person who contributes. When a man surrenders himself to the Mysteries, he dislikes to hear

a persistent hissing, *Merci bien*, making a monotonous chorus to his prayers.

One must be on his guard against the habit of assuming that a thing is wrong because it is unusual or different from what he is accustomed to, and I acknowledge freely that I find the French on easier and, I think, happier terms with their faith than the English are with theirs. Behavior which would seem irreverent in St. Paul's or in Westminster Cathedral is perfectly respectful in Notre Dame or the Madeleine, because the Frenchman, oddly enough, is more individual in his religious expression than the Englishman. We are very individual about the foundations of faith, but very conventional and corporate about the ritual of it. In a Devonshire village well known to me there are four different sects flourishing among a population of just over a thousand people, ranging from the Established Church to the Plymouth Brethren. There's individuality for you, and refusal to submit to priestly domination! But inside that great and indubitable individualism there is an equally indubitable convention that the services, however dissimilar they may be from each other, shall resemble in this, that they shall be done with seemliness and in a corporate manner. The love of religious ritualism is increasing in this island. The Nonconformists are steadily becoming more ceremonial, and even in Scotland, where fierce and almost bloody battles once raged over the instrumental music in church services, there is now a custom of ceremony in the service which would make some of my forbears, if they could observe it, cry out that Popery is upon us.

The Frenchman cares less for this ritualism and organized devotion than we do. He makes his private profession of thanks to the Almighty in complete disregard of any general service that may be proceeding when he enters the

church. He has no sense of horror at being 'late for church.' No one ever hears in a French home the dreadful exclamation, 'There, the bell's stopped!' No Frenchman ever turned away from the church door or crept into an obscure seat because the equivalent of 'I will arise and go to my Father' had begun before he could reach his accustomed place. For him, the service begins precisely at the moment when he enters the church and ends precisely at the moment when he leaves it. His business is with God, not with the community. He offers us the most astounding of all paradoxes, the Catholic who is profoundly a Protestant. It is somewhat disconcerting to those who have been brought up in the English tradition of churchgoing to observe French men and women drifting in and out of church during a service, but the imagination, when it is used, quickly informs us that there is devotion in these apparent drifters, and that their business with God is not carelessly conducted. One is told that France is atheistic and faithless, but I doubt if there are many complaints there, such as we hear in England, of empty churches.

Outside the faith, then, the French are formal and deeply in love with uniforms and conventions, and yet, unlike the English, not expert in organizing their ceremonies. Once, when I was billeted in a French house, my host had to pay a visit on a matter of business to an official in the Mairie. Had he been an Englishman, he would have gone to the official as he was, in his working clothes, but M. Lenéru was a Frenchman, and so, although the business was trifling and quickly executed, he solemnly arrayed himself in his best clothes and, gripping his umbrella firmly in his hand, paid his visit to the Mairie.

Does anyone in England 'dress up' when he goes to pay the rates? Do we bow or raise the hat to an income-tax

collector? Do we abase ourselves before policemen and acknowledge our inferiority to second-division clerks in the Civil Service? We do not. We never will. How resolutely the Englishman refuses to wear any garments which will identify him with a class-distinction or a trade. It is only in American films, which are not distinguished by fidelity to fact, that English agricultural laborers still wear smocks. Once only in my life have I seen a man in a smock, an old shepherd in Gloucestershire, who was so aged that he probably imagined that William the Fourth was still on the throne. When a workman wears 'jeans' or an overall, he does so, not as a trademark, but as a protection from the defilement of his trade. He will not let himself be catalogued. The Class War will not break out in England, because no one here, least of all a workman, will admit that he is in a class.

The Englishman, in short, is obstinately individual in habits and thought. Like the Major in Mr. Milne's play, he is 'an Englishman — take it or leave it!' and he is amazed if you leave it. I astonished an American ambassador once in the Athenæum Club by telling him that if his country had been mainly inhabited by Scotsmen, instead of Englishmen, at the time of the Revolution, it would still be part of the British Empire. Canada remains within the Commonwealth because it was pioneered by comfort-hating clannish Scots. Had it been pioneered by Englishmen, by Washingtons and Penns, it would now be part of the United States, for Englishmen are so individual that the tyranny they are least willing to bear is the tyranny of their own kind. Have we not read in our histories that the English who settled in Ireland were more trouble to those who remained in England than the 'mere Irish'? Was it not an Englishman, the late Goldwin Smith, who actually advocated the se-

cession of Canada from the Commonwealth to the United States?

But the Frenchman's pride is to officialize himself. He loves ribbons in his buttonhole and to hear his medals jingling on his breast. He makes a routine through sheer love of it. Whenever he can, he goes on deputations. If he is employed to sweep the street — and he sweeps it splendidly — he does so as if he wore the tricolor round his middle and had a chain of office hanging about his neck. I like this spirit. I should like to see an employee of the Westminster City Council swelling with pride because of his official position, even if that position were only the scavenger's. But I have little hope of seeing such a sight, and I remember with pain the jeers that were thrown by a London crowd at a youth, possessed of an itch to nationalize things, when he referred to the L. C. C. trams as 'our trams.' Here are contradictions which defeat the generalizer: the Catholic asserting his right to private communications with the Almighty, the Protestant insisting on fine ceremonial and yet rejecting the idea of individual uniform.

The formality of France has made Paris a very compact city. Its beauties are not concealed nor are they huddled inconspicuously into corners nor placed at difficult distance from each other. The Louvre and the Place de l'Opéra and Notre Dame and the Tuileries and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and the Luxembourg and the Rodin Musée and the Arc de Triomphe are all within reasonable reach of each other. If, when I have listened to High Mass at Notre Dame, or tried and failed to discern the pictures in the Madeleine because the interior is so dark, I have resolved to visit the Rodin Musée and speculate on the strange blindness which afflicted that great sculptor when he made his portrait bust of Mr. Bernard Shaw, I can do so without greatly putting my-

self out and at a trifling cost if I choose to take taxicabs. But if I, sitting in Kew Gardens when the rhododendrons are in bloom, suddenly resolve to go and see the Hogarths in the Sir John Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields or should decide that at last I will go to the Tower of London — in which I have never yet set foot — I must traverse miles and miles to do it and incur appalling charges for taxicabs.

The danger of a formalized community, as I see it, is a hardening of the arteries. Frenchmen notoriously travel less than other people. I realize that the educative advantages of foreign travel are greatly overestimated, and that a man with a suburban mind will get a suburban view of the world, even if he continues to wander round it for the best part of his life. But it can hardly be denied that a nation which habitually keeps itself to itself is in serious danger of becoming one-eyed and lop-minded.

Fewer foreign plays are performed in Paris than in any capital city in Europe. I doubt whether English books are read in France to the extent to which French books are read in England. I should say that for every Frenchman who reads Shakespeare there are ten Englishmen who read Balzac. M. Anatole France, who acknowledged recently that he had never read a book by Mr. Hardy, is completely translated into English, but how many English authors of his, or greater, eminence, are completely translated into French? When a Frenchman sets out to collect pictures it is fairly certain that his collection will be exclusively national. I heard the other day of a distinguished Frenchwoman who declined to visit an exhibition of pictures because they were not by French artists. She is not eccentric in France. When I reflect on that singular behavior I remember with pride that

Mr. Staats Forbes collected seventy Corots, and that Queen Victoria almost bought one!

Paris remains the only city in Europe which is impervious to the whole modern movement in theatrical production, and plays are put on the stage there in a way which would be considered disgraceful in a penny gaff in England. At the Vieux-Colombier, where one expects to find traces of modernity, the productions are about on the level of a suburban Hippodrome. It is hardly necessary for me to say in this paper that I do not attach an excessive amount of importance to scenery, but there is a difference between being excessive about it and being stingy about it, and I suspect that much of the French indifference to the decent mounting of a play is due to sheer reluctance to spend money.

The danger of a formalized community, a community which keeps itself to itself, is more apparent in the theatre than elsewhere in France. How extraordinarily boring the average French play is! Or, rather, how extraordinarily boring the *only* French play is! The bracing wind which blew out of Norway more than a generation ago failed to blow the cobwebs off the French stage, and to-day the French dramatists are still driveling about adultery as if there were no other theme for a play. When a young author lately tried to enlarge the range of the French drama by a play about the war, the shocked audience nearly raised a riot: it wanted a repetition of the dear old piece it has loved so long. When the art of a nation becomes stereotyped, the nation is in danger of death. When a nation insists on keeping itself to itself, there comes a time when it has nothing to keep. When the arts go, sooner or later all goes.

And when I think of France, I think of it as a nation which has allowed the

peasant's stocking to grow too long. The terrible, fierce, unending industry of the peasant has been of incalculable service to France, but it has brought the peasant himself to a state slightly removed from the animal. An ugly greed, ugly because it is devoted to nothing better than mere acquisitiveness, governs the mind of the peasant. His preoccupation with himself and his family and his food is the source from which France draws her preoccupation with France. The indifference of the distinguished Frenchwoman to any but French pictures is merely the peasant's distrust of anything strange and unknown and outside the commune.

There is a greed that is nearly a virtue, although it is hard for any greed to be virtuous — the greed which makes a man or a woman sacrifice himself and his friends for a cause. I know a woman who would starve herself and anybody else with whom she had dealings so that an institution which is her life should flourish. I have known men to deny themselves and their children the elementary necessities of life so that a work for the community might be completed. This is a sort of miserliness, a noble penury which, though I hope I shall never have it, I can understand and even admire. But the greed of the French peasant is not that sort of greed. His immense industry, which takes him into the fields before dawn and keeps him there until after dark, has no other purpose than the accumulation and hoarding of francs in stockings. I am astounded when I watch French farmers at work to observe how much of their work is done by hand, how little labor outside their families they employ; and I wonder to myself whether there is as much virtue in this laboring as there seems to be, whether there is not in this patriarchal system little more than an incorrigible hatred of pending money and a rigid determina-

tion that whatever money is spent shall not pass far beyond the family bounds.

One cannot help observing, the nearer one comes to the peasant tradition in France, that the stranger is not honestly served. It is hopeless to assume in Normandy that a foreigner will get fair dealing, that he will be asked an honest price for goods, or that the money he is given in change will be good money. Frenchmen, when I have spoken to them of this, invariably tell me that the Normandy people are notoriously dishonest, and they quite fairly retort on me that I ought not to judge France by them any more than Frenchmen ought to judge the people of Great Britain by some of the inhabitants of Wales.

But I think we may more fairly do so than Frenchmen will allow, because the peasant spirit is more widely spread through France than it is through Great Britain. It is not possible to avoid the conclusion that the love of money for no other reason than the possession of it has got an ugly hold on the French mind; and that this love has steadily grown stronger since the peasant authority over France began to develop and to assert itself. It is depressing to read in French newspapers accounts of murders, generally committed in a very brutal manner, for the sake of a mean sum of money. Here is an old man who has accumulated some miserable francs in the course of a hard and very nearly joyless life. His head is horribly battered in so that some greedier peasant may steal his savings. There is an old woman who bent herself nearly double working in the fields so that she might possess a stockingful of dingy coins and dirty notes — and she is horribly murdered for the sake of her small accumulation. All nations have their horrible people, but there are few nations in which murder cannot be attributed to other causes than the meanest, which is the greed of small

money. I do not think I have said anything here of which imaginative Frenchmen are not aware. Indeed, I think it deeply disturbs many of them.

Will this peasant view of life spread so completely over the surface of French civilization that everything in the community will be subordinated to acquisitiveness? That is the problem which is agitating their minds, and it is a problem whose solution is of high importance to Europe. This great nation has enriched the world beyond all calculation. In letters and drama, and music and painting, and in thought, all of us who are not French are in the debt of France. If there is to be payment for these things, then all that we have done for France in the way of fighting is only part of the debt we owe to her. But it is a frightful thought that the world's gratitude to France is in danger of not being increased because France is lapsing from her high degree of civilization to the peasant's suspicious society in which nothing matters but a pot full of food and a little hoard of hidden money.

France is becoming more determinedly austere. Her people are becoming dingier. I said to an English friend, who is married to a French woman, that it seemed to me now that Paris was drabber than when I last was here. The working girls in England, I said, were always prettier than the working girls in France, but now they have, what they never had before, more style than the French girls. He would not agree to this latter assertion, but his wife declared that I was in the right. There is more black worn in France, and not for purposes of mourning, than there is in England. The women are less well-dressed than they were. The number of dowdy women to be seen in Paris is astonishing — and they are nearly all French women. The legend that French women dress supremely well was always, I think, a little roman-

tic, but to-day it is pure nonsense, and I assert with assurance that there are more dowds to be seen in the Place de l'Opéra and the Rue St. Honoré than there are to be seen in London.

The worst and most tastelessly dressed woman I have ever known was a French woman, but I thought that she was unique among her countrywomen. She may have been then: she is not now. I suppose that the best and most tastefully dressed women in the world are the Americans — beautiful women with style and vivacity; but when I am in London or even in the provinces of England, and I see the hundreds of young girls of limited means who contrive to dress themselves very charmingly, I feel some pride in the fact that many of our countrywomen are holding their own in this difficult business of taste.

Do not deceive yourself into the belief that this discussion of dress is a trivial one. A dowdy dress is the sign of a dowdy mind, and we may conclude when we find the women of France ceasing to display the style which tradition associates with them, that they have ceased to own stylish thoughts. I remember, once in Switzerland, complaining to a Swiss who had traveled much that one rarely saw an ordinarily pretty girl in his country. Some few one saw in the towns, but rarely any in the villages. He said that it was considered a misfortune in Switzerland for a girl to be born pretty, and a girl so unfortunate as that, if she wished to marry or even to earn a living, had to emigrate. What the Swiss farmers prized in a wife were strength and endurance and industry; and if she were as ugly as the mind can imagine, and had these virtues, he would prefer her before Helen of Troy. Helen of Troy was, of course, hardly an asset to an husband, but I prefer the men who die for her to the men who would have liked her to have the utilities of a cow.

This is part of the peasant plan for the peopling of the earth, that there shall be no more beautiful women, but only domestic servants of an uncomplaining sort. This is part of the peasant plan for the governing of nations, that there shall be no more beautiful things deliberately created because they are beautiful. This is part of the peasant plan for human society, that man shall return to the level of the inarticulate and patient beasts, that there shall be no more adventure or romance, that men shall not be wayward any more, that there shall be silence and subordination and incessant labor, and that no one shall leave the place where he was born unless he is driven from it by necessity or persecution. And now in France we see this peasant plan spreading itself. Look in, not out, says the peasant. Be useful, not ornamental, says the peasant. Do nothing that is not immediately profitable, says the peasant. Dig, dig, dig, and hoard, hoard, hoard, says the peasant!

Sometimes, in my imagination, I see this peasant-governed world relapsing steadily into the worst of all the tyrannies — the tyranny of the uneducated and the uncouth. There will come a day when the organized community will forbid a man to wander where he will. Here you were born, you will be told, and here, while there is need of you, you must stay. No one will be allowed to go to another country without permission, and the most of traveling will be done by government officials. For observe, wherever you go, how the peasant hates and is afraid of travel, and how reluctant he is to admit the stranger to his community. 'Go to your own place,' is his most common remark to the foreigner. Was it not only the other day that the Irish Free State, in which the peasant has got the better of the gentleman, was forbidding men to leave Ireland? Is it not still

refusing to compensate those whose houses were destroyed unless they return to Ireland? One is alarmed by these manifestations of peasant authority wherever they are seen, but one is made abjectly afraid when they are observed in the very citadel of civilization, which is France.

I suppose that seven out of ten shops in Paris have to do with eating and drinking, which is the peasant's philosophy of life. And that, increasingly, is what Paris is coming to, unless the peasant can raise himself above the soil. We may yet see the streets of that lovely city filled with dingy, drab, mud-colored drudges whose husbands sit in restaurants and grow paunchier and more paunchy with the great quantities of food and drink that they consume. A Frenchman said to a friend of mine, 'What do Englishmen do when they retire from business?' My friend replied, 'Some of them travel, some of them go in for sport or politics — all sorts of things!' And then he asked, 'What does a Frenchman do?' The Frenchman's face loosened itself into a big, fat, greedy smile as he replied, 'He lays down a cellar!'

A suspicion crosses my mind that perhaps I may seem to be making little of good cooking and good food. But absorption in food, a reduction of life to terms of cooking, a suspension of all activities in the interests of fatness and more fatness — no, no, ladies and gentlemen, we must have none of that. That's peasant stuff!

Well, there it is! One can hardly know France and not love France, but one also can hardly know her now and not be afraid of her. And yet, who knows? There still remains in our memory the recollection of the young girl in the orchard of Lorraine who dreamed dreams and made them come true. And perhaps that young girl will be born again!

A STEED IN THE SENATE

BY LEONID ANDREEV

From *Izvestia*, April 12
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[THIS hitherto unpublished satire is based upon an actual incident. The Emperor Caligula bestowed the honors of priesthood and the consulship upon his favorite race-horse, Incitatus.]

The Roman Senate convenes. The stage setting is on a grandiose scale; everything is imposing save the people. Slowly and majestically, trailing their feet with the burden of their own importance, the Senators gather for the day's session. The older and most important are surrounded by crowds of satellites, freedmen and slaves. An army of flatterers circulates through the throng. Modest-looking, sharp-featured 'Semi-Senators,' — or informers, — dressed in unobtrusive gray, keep a keen though seemingly unobserving eye on everything, listen to every word, try to be everywhere. The sun shines, the weather is fine. An old and pompous patrician greets another, as old and pompous as himself.

FIRST PATRICIAN. I greet thee, most worthy Publius!

SECOND PATRICIAN. I greet thee, Scipio, greatest of Roman citizens, ornament of the Senate!

(They bow and part with stiff dignity.)

FIRST FLATTERER *(whispering in the FIRST PATRICIAN'S ear)*. For such a thief and cheat to have such a following!

SECOND FLATTERER *(whispering to the SECOND PATRICIAN)*. To think that such an embezzler, adulterer, and scoundrel has such a following!

(Both Senators, each in his seat, shake their heads sadly, with an expression of deep civic concern. A few younger Senators greet each other, standing in a circle.)

FIRST SENATOR. Good day, Claudius.

SECOND SENATOR. Good day, Marcus.

THIRD SENATOR. What is the matter with you, Marcus? Your face was n't half as bloated yesterday as it is to-day.

MARCUS. They had a devil of a time waking me this morning. *(He clears his throat hoarsely.)* What nonsense is it that they summon us for? My head 's a-bursting.

FOURTH SENATOR. Sh-sh-sh!

SECOND SENATOR. Some very important matter. So the messenger told me. Cæsar —

FOURTH SENATOR. Sh-sh-sh! You, what do you want here?

SEMI-SENATOR. I? Why, nothing at all. It 's strange that you should ask that. I just happen to be here.

MARCUS *(threatening)*. Just happen, eh?

SEMI-SENATOR. What a colonnade! What a portico! It is n't a portico —

FOURTH SENATOR. Are you through looking at it?

SEMI-SENATOR *(hastily)*. Thank you, yes. *(Walks away.)* What remarkable architecture!

MARCUS *(hoarsely)*. Vile trade! Wait till I catch him some day near the Capitol.

FIFTH SENATOR *(greets them excitedly)*. Have you heard?

ALL (*at once*). No. What is it? What? Speak, Agrippa.

AGRIPPA. I simply can't see what we're headed for. To Pluto with it all! They plan to shorten our togas.

FOURTH SENATOR. It cannot be! To shorten —

AGRIPPA. To shorten them by a cubit or two — to have them end above the knee. Do you grasp it? No, you cannot. What kind of Romans should we be after that? (*All are amazed.*)

SECOND SENATOR. Nobody dares touch the Roman Senate!

AGRIPPA. And if they cut, let them cut off our togas and feet together. If my ancestor, Mucius Scævola, knew how to sacrifice his hand, I —

(*They relapse into gloomy silence. Two prominent Senators, surrounded by crowds of clients, meet and greet each other.*)

MARCUS (*to first prominent Senator*). Greetings to you, great Titus! Have you heard about the new command of our divine, our —

TITUS. I have. Good day to you all. I went to see Cæsar last night. What a mind! What an illuminated mind!

ALL. Oh yes, his mind!

SECOND PROMINENT SENATOR (*enviously*). I also went to see Cæsar. He had invited me. What wines! Five slaves carried me out, I was so heavy after supper.

TITUS. Six slaves had to carry me — but I don't see anything remarkable in that. (*To MARCUS*) When you are heavy with liquor, how many slaves carry you home?

MARCUS. Twelve. But tell me, Titus, have you heard anything to the effect that our great Cæsar, august Caligula, has expressed the wish to see our togas shortened?

TITUS. Our togas?

SECOND PROMINENT SENATOR. Shortened!

(*The two laugh condescendingly.*)

TITUS. What does he care about our togas?

SECOND PROMINENT SENATOR. What nonsense!

AGRIPPA. Then why this solemn session? I am told that messengers were even sent to those living out of town, in their villas at Albanum. Note how many are coming in. We really felt quite upset.

TITUS. Nonsense! Cæsar is planning unusually splendid festivities.

(*Joyous ripple and exclamations.*)

TITUS. Yes. And, you understand, he needs money. (*He grins and rubs his bony fingers.*) A little money!

AGRIPPA. Credits? (*Overjoyed*) Oh well, that's a different matter.

ALL. That's a different matter.

MARCUS. All he wants! Just so our feet —

FOURTH SENATOR. History has recognized that *panis et circenses* — And, generally speaking, this principle — To put it briefly — (*He loses his thread.*) I don't even understand what it's all about. Sh-sh-sh!

SECOND SEMI-SENATOR. No, no, don't be disturbed. I'm all right. I'm nothing. I thought you were just relating a merry anecdote, and so I fancied — You know I like that kind, he, he, he!

TITUS. Ah, that's you. Well, well, good day, rascal, good day. Why don't you drop in to see me sometime? We might have a chat.

SEMI-SENATOR. I am so busy, my great benefactor, I never have any time left. So many worries, upon my honor, that my head whirls.

(*The rest have stepped back and listen respectfully.*)

TITUS. Well, drop in sometime.

SEMI-SENATOR. I'll consider it a duty, my benefactor. I have some little news that — (*He stoops over to the Senator's ear.*) You have n't heard any-

thing about it, have you? I 've suspected this Agrippa for a long time.

TITUS. You 're a fool, my dear fellow. What would they say in my presence? Let 's go. Well, so Cæsar asked me yesterday . . . (*They walk away. The others advance again.*)

MARCUS. So they frightened us for no reason. You 're a busybody, Agrippa.

SECOND SENATOR. I like that idea of festivities. The mob has been getting restive lately. Yesterday my slaves had to clear the way for me with their staffs.

AGRIPPA. Don't say a word. I 'm glad myself. Sh-sh-sh! Marcellus is coming.

VOICES. Aha! They have called in Marcellus himself! It must be important.

MARCUS. I 'm afraid of him. What if he comes to me and says: 'Marcus, you 're a scoundrel' — what can I answer? He 'll be right!

AGRIPPA. There are n't many such as he left!

(*Everybody greets MARCELLUS with deep respect. He stops.*)

MARCELLUS. I greet you, friends! Do you know why they called us together to-day? All Rome is agog over this solemn session. Is it another war with Gaul?

AGRIPPA. Where you won such glory, O great Marcellus! But no. They say that extraordinary festivities are contemplated and that large sums of money are needed for them.

MARCELLUS. Ah!

A DEAF AND HALF-BLIND SENATOR. And I always vote 'yes.' Ah? What? Oh yes. How could I vote 'no' if I 'm deaf? Oh yes, yes. What are you saying? You may say what you wish, it does n't make any difference — I 'm deaf. Is n't that you, Marcellus? I don't see very well. We used to be in Gaul together. I 'm Anthony — you remember me, don't you?

MARCELLUS. I 'm Marcellus, but you are not Anthony any longer (*Exit.*)

THE DEAF SENATOR. What did he say? Oh, I don't want to talk to him either. Say what you will — I 'm deaf anyway. I 'll go now and talk to someone else.

(*He stumbles away amid general merriment, and interrupts another group of talkers. The Senators are now all present and stand in little knots talking. SENATOR MENENIUS, round as a ball, excited beyond all limits, approaches our particular group. He cannot speak because he is out of breath, and merely waves his arms.*)

AGRIPPA. What 's the matter with you, Menenius?

MARCUS. What 's the matter with him? Eh, you, you 'd better come to!

MENENIUS. Oh, oh, oh! Oh! — Oh!

FOURTH SENATOR. Now speak, will you?

MENENIUS. The red — red — red — Senator — (*More Senators draw near.*)

VOICES. What 's that? Listen, listen! Will you speak, Menenius? Who 's dead? Nobody!

MENENIUS. Cæsar — the august Cæsar — oh — Cæsar has — appointed his red — his red — oh — a Senator —

MARCUS. What red Senator? Oh, you 're drunk, that 's what you are.

MENENIUS. No.

MARCUS. Then what are you weeping about? Speak!

AGRIPPA. What red Senator? Why is he so excited? We have all kinds of Senators here —

THIRD SENATOR. Who is red-haired here? Scipio, is n't it?

SECOND SENATOR. Camillus is another, and Helvidius a third.

MENENIUS. No, no! (*He waves his arms.*) A horse!

ALL. What horse? What is he talking about?

MENENIUS. Cæsar has appointed his red steed — you know the one —

VOICES. Yes, we do. Yes, we know. And what then?

MENENIUS (*tragically*). Cæsar has appointed his red steed a Senator.

(*A silence. Then uproarious laughter. New listeners join the group and learning the news also laugh. MENENIUS waves his arms, but no one pays attention to him.*)

VOICES. The red steed — a Senator. Ha, ha, ha! Who said so? Ha, ha, ha! (*Finally there is a lull.*)

MENENIUS (*shouting*). You asses! You fools! You idiots! What are you laughing about? I'm telling you the truth. He's appointed and to-day he will be led into the Senate House.

(*More laughter*)

MENENIUS. Yes, they'll lead him into the Senate House, and here is the speech I'm supposed to make to him. (*He shows the parchment in his hands and weeps.*) Here come the Consuls. They know all about it. Ask them, idiots. (*There is a puzzled silence, broken by a chuckle here and there, but most look earnest. Two Consuls approach. They are elegantly dressed, look important, but affect a gracious manner.*)

FIRST CONSUL. How pleasant it looks here! How very nice! And what a wonderful day, is n't it?

SECOND CONSUL. Wonderful! And the little birds singing. Praise be to Jupiter, our divine Cæsar feels better to-day and ordered prayers of thanksgiving. Well, I think we may begin.

AGRIPPA (*stammering*). And — and is it true?

BOTH CONSULS (*very pleasantly*). What, dear colleague?

MARCUS (*sighing*). About the red horse. Menenius has been talking here —

(*The Consuls try to convey by their expression both their sympathetic commiseration with the Senators and their submissive approval of the Emperor's act.*)

FIRST CONSUL. Oh! So you've already heard about it. Yes, yes, I con-

gratulate you all. A great joy, gentlemen. The great Cæsar has had the benevolence to appoint to our body a new — so to speak — member, whom we greet to-day —

SEMI-SENATOR (*thrusting his head in among the group*). A Senator!

CONSUL. Oh, yes, of course — a new Senator. I thank you. Of course it's a most honorable appointment — I may say a most honorable — er — er —

SECOND CONSUL. Animal!

FIRST CONSUL. Yes, animal, gentlemen. Are we not all of us animals? All are animals. And if some of us have two feet, there are some who only have one foot; and so why may not still others have four?

SECOND CONSUL. The Constitution does not specify the number of feet a Senator shall have. So that if the above-mentioned st —

MARCUS. Steed, steed! You might as well say it. Jupiter, Jupiter!

FIRST CONSUL. We all know his brilliant past. Only last year he — or it — received the first prize in the races — I mean we all should be proud and welcome with joy —

SECOND CONSUL. The only doubtful point, as far as the Constitution is concerned, is his age. Our new esteemed colleague is only six years old —

FIRST CONSUL. Here I permit myself to disagree with you, dear colleague. Four-footed animals measure their age by different standards. Four-footed animals reach full mental maturity at the age of —

AGRIPPA. I object! (*A general roar of indignation and protest*)

VOICES. We object! We object!

AGRIPPA. There has been no precedent for this since Rome was founded!

VOICES. There never was! There never was! Down with the steed! Down with the red steed!

AGRIPPA (*inspired*). All kinds of scoundrels have been appointed to

our ranks; yet we were silent. We never objected. But at least they had two feet and not four.

VOICES. Right! We want no four-footed colleagues.

AGRIPPA. Thieves and Cæsar's lovers have been appointed —

MARCUS (*grasping him by the hand*). You 're crazy! (*The uproar stops instantly. There is a silence.*)

FIRST CONSUL (*obligingly*). Have you spoken, Agrippa?

SEMI-SENATOR (*whispers*). He said 'and Cæsar's lovers'!

FIRST CONSUL. Such, nevertheless, is the will of our divine Cæsar. If you don't like it, Agrippa, you are free to say so. Cæsar comes himself in a few minutes. And at the same time there will be — er — led in — er —

SEMI-SENATOR. Invited in!

FIRST CONSUL. Thank you! Our new colleague will be invited in. I should add that Cæsar has expressed a special wish that our new colleague be welcomed warmly. Cæsar feels confident that your customary reserve, *Patres Patriæ*, will not on this occasion prevent your expressing adequately your enthusiasm and gratitude to your divine and august Cæsar for his great act of benevolence. After the speech of welcome which Menenius has volunteered to make —

MENENIUS. Oh —

FIRST CONSUL. Oh, here is Marcellus. I'm so glad to see you.

MARCELLUS. So am I. Will you lead in the steed yourself?

FIRST CONSUL (*sarcastically*). No, but you will make the second speech of welcome. Such is the will of the divine Cæsar. He looks forward with delight to hearing your eloquent eulogium.

MARCELLUS (*turning pale*). I'm a poor speaker. I'm a soldier.

FIRST CONSUL. I am only the messenger of Caligula's wishes.

MARCELLUS. Tell Cæsar —

FIRST CONSUL (*lifting both hands in protest*). No, no! None of that, most worthy warrior. I dare carry no refusal to Cæsar. (*Smiling ingratiatingly*) I can only repeat that he is enthusiastic in advance over your coming speech. And so — permit me to congratulate you, gentlemen! (*Both Consuls walk away, accompanied by lictors and followed by clients and flatterers. A vacant space forms around MARCELLUS. Very pale, he walks slowly away. There is a silence, then confused cries are heard.*)

VOICES. Unheard-of! Unprecedented! The mob will jeer at us. Put out that horse! Down with that steed! Down with Incitatus!

A SINGLE VOICE. Down with Caligula! (*Sudden silence. People turn their heads and look around. MARCUS drags out a scared Semi-Senator by the collar. Laughter.*)

MARCUS. Here he is. What were you shouting, eh? Whom do you want to down, eh?

SEMI-SENATOR. I? — Jupiter! Do you think I'm a —

ALL. Out with him! (*The SEMI-SENATOR is kicked out. Other Semi-Senators, badly scared, follow him. However, they try to listen in from a distance, with a baffled look in their eyes. Those present quiet down somewhat.*)

THIRD SENATOR. We must not assent. For Jupiter's sake, what will that look like! 'The Senate and the Roman People' is written over every city gate — and suddenly — a horse! A red stallion!

ANOTHER. This will be a stable, not a Senate House!

ANOTHER. A stall!

FOURTH SENATOR. Quiet, quiet, Senators! We must deliberate. There goes Titus — let's ask him. Is it possible that he, too — Titus! Honorable Titus!

(TITUS squeezes through the crowd. He looks a good deal less important than when he first entered.)

TITUS. I've been away — I did n't hear — There's so much noise, my friends — What happened? They're talking about some horse.

MARCUS. It is n't 'some horse,' but the Emperor's favorite steed. The red stallion — don't you know?

TITUS. Yes, I do. What then?

MARCUS. 'Then, then!' Then he is appointed Senator. He'll sit next to you. (General merriment and noisy chatter. TITUS falls down unconscious.)

VOICES. Tickle his nose! His nose, his nose! Pour water on him! (TITUS is revived.)

TITUS (weakly). And that is true! O Jupiter!

VOICES. What shall we do, Titus?

AGRIPPA. I told you that we must appeal to the people and the legionaries!

TITUS (waving his hands). Sh-sh-sh! What are you talking about! In no case! Wait. Let me think. (He thinks. The rest stand about staring at him with open mouths.)

TITUS. And so —

VOICES. Listen, listen!

TITUS. As the eldest in this exalted assembly, I say we must not submit. (Shouts of approval) The divine Augustus has evidently been made the victim of some misunderstanding. How is it possible to appoint a horse Senator? What, then — am I a horse too, perchance? (With bitter irony) A red stallion? Evidently somebody carried some wild tale to Cæsar, and His August Majesty, in his perpetual solicitude for the welfare of his people, simply did not consider —

VOICES. Ah — did not stop to consider how many feet Incitatus has?

TITUS. Why — yes — the number of feet, and generally speaking — But I don't think the number of feet is the important point here. I am of the opin-

ion that the question is deeper than this. And we must simply present Caligula a petition, asking him to recall his erroneous — or rather inexcusable — or rather inconsiderate choice.

SEMI-SENATOR (thrusting his head among them). And thou, Titus?

TITUS. Get hence, to Pluto. Yes, I, Titus. What about it? Get out of here.

(The SEMI-SENATOR disappears, followed by shouts: 'Down! Out!')

TITUS. And above all else we must point out to Augustus our own services, our loyalty which, so to say, makes it entirely unnecessary to introduce in our midst —

VOICES. Animals.

TITUS. Why — yes — animals. Have n't we tolerated everything? We never protested when Cæsar, so to say, robbed the people of their last pennies and threw the gold away on his night festivities and orgies. We never protested when he dissolved pearls in vinegar and drank this expensive but only moderately wholesome beverage. We were silent when he threw Roman citizens to wild beasts in the Circus, taking his word for it that such food was the least expensive. I remember having investigated the matter personally and come to the conclusion that, as a matter of fact, such food was really cheapest considering the dearth of provisions —

VOICES. Cut it short! We know all about that!

TITUS. We were silent when, having set out to make war on Brittany, he sent us lying bulletins of victories, while he was really strolling on the Gallic beaches and gathering sea shells. We were silent when he proclaimed himself a god and ordered the statues of the other gods decapitated and his head substituted. And all for what? I am an old man, I am a Pater Patriæ. I cannot consent to any old red plug — (He weeps.)

MENENIUS (*weeping*). A red st—
st—stallion!

TITUS (*sobbing*). Robed in a toga! A toga! (*Controlling himself with an effort*) Defiling the seat next to mine in the Senate House! What for, I ask you! What have we done? What crime have we committed? Have n't we been silent when —

VOICES. Enough! Enough! Petition! Petition! We have committed no offense! Down with the d—d horse!

AGRIPPA. I object! Roman Senators, remember who you are!

DEAF SENATOR (*raising a toothless wail*). I vote 'yes'! I vote 'yes'!

AGRIPPA. We must not ask — we must demand, Roman Senators. If we are guilty of offense, let them judge us and punish us. But to act like this, all of a sudden — and this horse! What are things coming to? Many of our colleagues have made much of its being a red horse. I think the color does not matter. The thing to do is to get up and leave the Senate.

VOICES. Let 's go! Let 's leave the Senate!

AGRIPPA (*delighting in his own eloquence*). And when we all, covering our heads with our togas, with a bearing of gloomy despair and proud defiance —

(*There is noise at the entrance. The Consuls and the Prætorian Guards of the Emperor appear. Lictors shout: 'To your seats! To your seats! Make way for the Emperor!' All the Senators surrounding Agrippa scurry to their seats.*)

AGRIPPA (*not noticing the commotion*). Who, then, will remain in the Senate House? Who will sit? The horse alone. On the venerable spot where great Brutus —

PRÆTORIANS (*pushing him aside*). Give way!

(AGRIPPA *suddenly comes to himself and runs to his seat. Much noise and bustle; aged Senators lose their places,*

take other people's seats, and quarrel. Scribes pass by. From every nook and corner protrude curious heads of Semi-Senators, looking for matter to include in their secret reports of the session. Prætorian guards occupy the entrances. CALIGULA appears, surrounded by pampered favorites, prefects, and high military dignitaries. He is drunk and two friends, Priscus and Dio, support him on either side. A wreath of golden laurel crowns his head. His small, swollen eyes look drowsy and ugly. From sheer insolence, Cæsar drags one foot and traces fancy circles with it. Then he laughs, shakes off his attendants, and ascends with a fairly steady step to the Imperial loggia. The members of his retinue take their positions around him. As soon as Caligula has reached his seat, the whole Senate rises and greets him with a prolonged ovation, which was at that time called a 'triumph.' They shout: 'Vivat Cæsar, vivat!' CALIGULA, without responding in any way, curiously scans the cheering Senators and then waves his head with an expression of satiety. The noise subsides. The Senators sit down. The FIRST CONSUL opens the session.)

FIRST CONSUL. Roman Senators! In his constant solicitude for the welfare of the Roman people and the glory of the Republic, the divine Cæsar is pleased to appoint a new Senator. Shirking no sacrifice, no matter how heavy for his generous heart, Caligula condescends to renounce, for the needs of the State, his favorite st — er — hor — er —

SECOND CONSUL. Mount!

FIRST CONSUL. His favorite mount. And so to-day the latter will honor our assembly with his presence already as Senator and Pater Patriæ. And we are happy —

CALIGULA (*in a loud voice*). What is he babbling about? Make him stop, Priscus. Tell him I 'm going to ride Incitatus just as I did before. Look at what that fool has thought up!

PRISCUS (*indolently*). Say, listen, what 's-your-name —

FIRST CONSUL. Yes, yes, I know. And Cæsar's benignity is such that even hereafter he will not cease to bestow his high notice upon the new Senator and he will — er — how should I say? — he will — er — practise —

SECOND CONSUL. According to the Constitution each Senator is permitted, during the time he is disengaged from State duties, to employ — how should I say? — to be employed — er — or to be used —

CALIGULA (*loudly and angrily*). Tell him — any time I wish!

FIRST CONSUL (*hastily*). Bearing in mind that to serve Cæsar is the most important business of State, and our foremost and most sacred duty, the new Senator will be ready for such — exercise at any time. Whereupon I am happy to transmit to the Senate the Emperor's appreciation for the fact that all the Senators, conscious of their duty, have hastened to the present session in such highly satisfactory numbers. Now I shall ask you to bring in — er — to lead in —

SECOND CONSUL. To invite.

FIRST CONSUL. To invite the most worthy Incit— Senator — (*Everyone looks on with excited interest. Several stable-boys lead in a tall red stallion whose hoofs strike the marble floor with a loud metallic echo. The beautiful animal, somewhat excited, rolls his proud black eyes sideways. A Senator's toga has been thrown over his back instead of a blanket.*)

CALIGULA (*enthusiastically*). A fine little horse, eh? What a horse, Priscus, eh?

FIRST CONSUL. Roman Senators, where are your manners? Greet our colleague! Vivat!

(*The senators stand up and greet the horse with a chorus of prolonged vivats.*)

CALIGULA (*squinting his small, bleary eyes.*) Did they all get up, Priscus?

PRISCUS. All.

CALIGULA (*sighing with disappointment*). But perhaps someone did n't. Look sharp now.

PRISCUS. All.

CALIGULA. Give me wine. (*He sips the wine, angrily surveying the people below.*)

(*The new Senator is surrounded by a small crowd of especially enthusiastic patricians who pat his proud neck cautiously, fearing a nip by his teeth. They smile at him tenderly. The horse is restless.*)

PRISCUS. Don't you think, O august Cæsar, that these new admirers worry Incitatus too much?

CALIGULA. Ah? What? Tell them not to touch him — to get out of here!

FIRST CONSUL. Cæsar asks you not to burden the Senator with overmuch attention, which he finds disagreeable.

CALIGULA. And to get out! Out!

FIRST CONSUL. And to return to your seats. (*Ravished, bowing and smiling with servile complaisance, the Senators regain their seats. There is a silence. Senators converse in an undertone, with an expression of intense loyalty on their faces. One even yawns extremely loyally, to show his unconcerned approval.*)

CALIGULA (*gloomily*). And is that all?

PRISCUS (*yawning*). What else do you want, divine Augustus? Your Incitatus has been worthily received.

CALIGULA. Worthily, worthily, yes. Say, Priscus, did you enjoy it?

PRISCUS (*carelessly*). No. I told you to appoint a rooster.

ANOTHER FAVORITE. It would have been the same with a rooster.

CALIGULA. Don't talk nonsense! What rooster? I love Incitatus and don't want any rooster here. You're a rooster yourself! I planned some fun, and they never know how to make any. (*He weeps.*) Pluto take me! I'm looking for excitement — but is this excit-

ing? O Aphrodite, what boredom, what horrible boredom!

PRISCUS. Calm yourself, divine Augustus. You rend our hearts.

A PREFECT (*his hand on his sword*). Scoundrels! They have grieved Cæsar!

SECOND FAVORITE. Calm yourself, Cæsar. Your health is precious for the fatherland. Perhaps something will come of it yet.

CALIGULA (*sobbing*). 'Something!' Nothing will come of it! Don't I know them?

PRISCUS. Listen. Now Menenius will make his speech of welcome to the horse.

CALIGULA (*stops weeping and tries to open his eyes wide*). Menenius? You're crazy.

PRISCUS. Why? He is an illustrious patrician. His family descends directly from a cook of Numa Pompilius. He is a respectable individual with an unsullied reputation, well esteemed by the Senate.

CALIGULA. Menenius? Now understand this; he never speaks well except at funerals. I remember that when they smothered 'Papa' Tiberius with blankets he made a good speech. I wept that time. (*He weeps*.)

PRISCUS. Be quiet, we beseech you, divine Augustus! Control your tender heart. That's just what is interesting about it: he's used to speaking at funerals; let him try this job for a change. The Consul and I have chosen him especially to amuse you. (*The retinue laugh. Caligula grasps the joke and now laughs loudly with them.*)

CALIGULA. All right, all right. Let it be Menenius.

VOICES. Menenius! Menenius!

MENENIUS. Divine Caligula, and you, Roman Senators! What an irreparable loss we — er — we should have had to bear if — if our divine Cæsar had not appointed to our honorable body this — er — this (*He coughs*) —

this Senator here. What grief should we feel, gathering here over this — around this — which is not his dead body — if the Emperor had felt the sacrifice too keenly to part with his steed, and had not put the senatorial toga on him. I choke with tears at the thought alone. Patres Patriæ! You all knew him and loved him, and I need not recall to your memory his never-to-be-forgotten image — yes, never-to-be-forgotten. Remember how he ran, how he flew around the Hippodrome, his tail high in the air, how happy he was — and now! What do we see now? He sits. (*Weeping*) And if for us, who have so few feet, it seems hard, and in summertime even unbearable, to sit here, how terrible must it be for him, with his — his numerous feet and his tail! So let us greet him again by a rising vote of thanks, and let us express our gratitude to our great and illustrious divine Augustus for having given us magnanimously his own (*weeping*) — his very own — steed. (*He sits down. All rise. Shouts of 'Vivat!' and laughter. There is laughter in the Imperial loggia, too, but CALIGULA does not get the joke yet and looks confused.*)

CALIGULA. Well — has he — has he spoken well?

SECOND FAVORITE. I think he did.

PRISCUS. I think he did well. Except those last words —

SECOND FAVORITE. But even the last words — If we take into consideration the orator's deep sincerity, his tears — (*They laugh again. CÆSAR scans them suspiciously and suddenly is thrown into a fit of rage.*)

CALIGULA. Keep still, slaves! I'll show you! I — I'll — all of you — (*He chokes with fury. Deathly silence. Purple with rage, CALIGULA stands up, staggering, and shouts over the barrier of the loggia.*) You, Patres Patriæ, slaves! Cut out that laughter! Cut out those — Who allowed you to laugh? Don't

dare! It's my horse! And if you laugh again I'll—I'll— Shut up, you dung-heap of a Senate, I'll have you whipped— whipped! Silence! Who am I? I'm a god, that's what I am. I've beheaded Castor; I've beheaded Pollux; I'll have you all beheaded; I'm bored! I'm a god. I wanted to make a horse a Senator; and if I so please I'll make you all horses and send you to the Hippodrome to race. You'll run fine races for me, I'll bet you. And I'll make you all wear tails, too. Do you hear that? *(He sits down and drinks wine, glowering askance at his retinue with bloodshot eyes. The favorites whisper cautiously among themselves.)*

PRISCUS. What a speech! This is one of the best speeches our divine Augustus ever made.

CALIGULA *(drinking)*. Now you're talking sense!

SECOND FAVORITE. And how about the tails? What a brilliant idea!

CALIGULA. That'll do. I'm tired of you. Let someone speak again, but I want a live speech, not a funeral dirge.

PRISCUS. I believe it's the turn of Marcellus.

CALIGULA. Ah, the old swashbuckler. Is he still alive?

PRISCUS. You have forgotten him, divine Augustus.

CALIGULA. And you could n't remind me, eh? Well, let him speak. Marcellus!

TIMID VOICES. Marcellus! Marcellus!

MARCELLUS. I salute thee, divine and incomparable Augustus. I greet you, Senators! I greet you, too, our new and worthy colleague. *(He bows to the horse.)* I'm a warrior, not an orator, and it becomes me better to fight with my sword than to shoot winged words into the air. So I ask you in advance to forgive me if my speech be an unskillful one. I shall try to make up for this shortcoming by being blunt as a warrior and honest as an old Roman citi-

zen. Caligula! you are right. You are always right. You were also right when, full of ire, you wished to stop their stupid roaring a minute ago. I followed your furious speech with all my heart. Whip them! Whip them! They swear and commit perjury; they talk folly; their unclean mouths spew nothing but uncleanness. The only thing they can do with dignity is be silent. Who, then, is the best among them? Who should be Senator in this Senate if not a red stallion? I have only one reproach to make to you, divine Augustus: you have stopped midway. You have not achieved what you began and have not properly crowned your wise enterprise: you have not ceded your laurel wreath and your exalted position to Incitatus. *(CALIGULA does not yet understand; the retinue whisper something in his ears but he waves them away.)* You are a god, and you can do anything. So make the red stallion a Cæsar the way you have made him Senator. Make your red stallion the supreme, illustrious ornament of the long line of Rome's rulers. I see you blush. Do you doubt whether the Roman people, so hateful to you, deserve such a divine gift? Be reassured: they deserve it. They have borne patiently for years the rule of a two-legged brute like yourself; a quadruped will be only another glorious step forward! Down with your crown, bastard! Give it to the steed!

(There is a noise. Legionaries hasten toward MARCELLUS, to seize him. Many Senators hasten from the Senate House so as not to see what follows. CALIGULA howls with fury.)

CALIGULA. Seize him! I'll throw him to the wild beasts! I'll—

MARCELLUS *(bowing)*. I have finished.

(The tumult increases. Men flee in all directions. Prætorians seize MARCELLUS.)



IN ELYSIAN FIELDS

Drawn by Will Dyson in the *London Mercury*

The late Henry James, meeting some compatriots of an earlier day, — among them Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nasby, and Bill Nye, — is asked by them 'to give it a name.' He proceeds to do so.

A PAGE OF VERSE

ON PREPARING TO WRITE A SPRING POEM

BY HILTON R. GREER

[*Poetry Review*]

I DIP in the dew to its jeweled heart
The tip of a wild bird's wing . . .
Good Jonquil, lend me the golden word!
I would write what I think of Spring.

O WINTER WIND

BY RUTH DUFFIN

[*Bookman*]

O WINTER wind, breathe softly where she lies —
Let her sleep on.
I would not wake her to these bitter skies:
She loved the sun.

But when the Spring above her sleep shall pass,
Oh, whisper low;
Tell her the daisies whiten all the grass,
And violets blow.

Tell her I strove through cold and sunless hours
For her dear sake;
But oh! if she sleep on when April flowers,
My heart will break.

LOVE

BY DOROTHY EASTON

[*Adelphi*]

LOVE was a pulse in me, a birdlike thing,
A colored, trembling, shivering, quivering thing;
A field of wild flowers tossed up by the breeze,
A sky of flame-cloud torn upon the trees.

Love is a well in me, a deep-hid pool,
Like sap in trunk of tree, like forest cool;
A secret violet blooming all alone,
A tenderness — kept hidden, just for one.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

FOUR NEW GERMAN WRITERS

HERR WALTER ANGELL, writing in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, singles out for especial comment four German writers of fiction who, he believes, point the way toward recovery from the morbidity which has overtaken recent German literature as it has most post-war writing. These four champions, none of whom is as yet well known, are Erich Makowski, who has recently published a novel based on Roman history, *Der Mann aus der Plebs*; Hermann Aellen, whose novel, *Die Lawine von Gurin*, has just appeared; Heinrich Schäffs, who entitled his new idyllic novel of German country-life *Eden*; and finally Hermann Sinsheimer who, after achieving a reputation as a critic and after several not too successful attempts to write novels, has at length produced what is said to be a remarkable piece of fiction in *Peter Wildangers Sohn*.

'After a period of scanty and almost insignificant production, which, however, is quite understandable in these times of such bitter social and economic havoc, it is again possible in recent days to observe German novelists once more in frequent and vigorous production,' writes Herr Angell. 'The appearance of speculative and fruitless experiment in form and substance is becoming agreeably less frequent, and writers are in general turning from their former high and mighty contempt for tradition back to conscientious work. New names are being heard, unknown names with no reputation as yet, now for the first time struggling to test their popularity and their ability to win renown.

No one can deny an appealing courage in these authors who to-day venture into print with their first work. They are daring a struggle with a generation which is concerned with nothing so little as with art, and they hope to gain attention at a moment when artistic seriousness finds almost no response.'

Erich Makowski's *Der Mann aus der Plebs* is a careful historical novel adroitly constructed and with a well-planned climax. It is full of historic detail, but the writer carefully refrains from smothering his story under history. It is based on the life of Marius, and the author, without being dangerously specific, ventures constantly to suggest the parallel between the troubled state of Rome and modern Germany.

Hermann Aellen's *Die Lawine von Gurin* is an eighteenth-century novel with a young architect as its hero. He leaves his little mountain village to seek his fortune in the world, but turns back at length to spend his life and do his great work among his own people, whose village he protects from avalanches by a stout encircling wall.

In his idyll, *Eden*, Heinrich Schäffs tells the story of a young painter taking the conventional German vacation ramble, who lives for a while in the quiet home of an eccentric retired officer. The officer, of course, has a daughter without whom the *Eden* would be incomplete. Love, which the novelist treats delicately, springs up between the two, but they are parted forever. So curt a summary is unfair to the novelist, but not so unfair as it

would be with many another book, for Herr Schäff's is concerned more with his manner than with his matter, and the whole charm of his book lies not in the tale but in its telling.

Hermann Sinsheimer is a dramatic critic with a great local reputation in Munich which is gradually beginning to spread throughout Germany. He is the author of a well-known critical work on the novelist Thomas Mann, but his own novels have not hitherto had great success. It is too early to prophesy his future, but *Peter Wildangers Sohn* suggests that there may be a future for him. It is a rural story of conflict between father and son. Peter Wildanger has fought his way up from the ranks of the peasants. Like all self-made men he bears the scars of battle and has the limitations of the old campaigner. He does not understand the aspirations of his son, who seeks to start onward and upward from the position in society where his father stopped.

Herr Angell concludes his article by repeating his belief that we have here 'four new writers, four talents who deserve attention and at any other time would be sure of getting it. But since they are a little off the beaten track, since they step rather delicately, not catering to the sensationalism of the day . . . one has some doubt as to their fate.'

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SHAKESPEARE IN JAPAN

MR. JIUJI G. KASAI describes, in the *Japan Times and Mail*, a production of *Twelfth Night* by the Alumnae Association of Miss Tsuda's College. Mr. Kasai appears to have been agreeably surprised by the excellence of the production.

When the curtain rose, to my great amazement, the entire cast acted quite skillfully before the appreciative audience and received a great deal of applause.

Those feminine actors caught the spirit of the master playwright of the Avon, and acted their rôles with a thorough understanding and a deep feeling, thus making the entire evening a perpetual spring of the gayest and sweetest fancies.

Olivia was interpreted by Miss Maki Fukui and Viola by Mrs. Yukie Mori, while Malvolio was impersonated 'with pathetic seriousness' by Miss Kuni Mori. Miss Miyoshi Sasaki played Sir Toby Belch, and Miss Yoshiko Miwata was a 'knightly and admirable' Sebastian. Miss Yasuko Sato played Sir Andrew Aguecheek and 'acted very forcefully as a counterpart of Sir Toby, and gave herself a credit.'

Let us not believe that the mind of Japan is wholly alienated from us, for it was an American teacher, Miss Caroline Shereschewsky, who coached the production, and of whom Mr. Kasai writes, to say the least, appreciatively:—

Behind the curtain of the glory of their success, I noticed Miss Caroline Shereschewsky, their American teacher, standing and watching for the cue of those actors. It is she who had coached them with her untiring efforts for the past several weeks. Every word uttered from her lips is a jewel, and her gentle voice is soothing like the chime of a temple bell that sweeps down from those rolling hills of the ancient Nara. She was truly the fountain spring from which these young women drank the cup of their inspiration.

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IN THE VIENNA THEATRES

WHILE economic difficulties have already forced one Viennese theatre to close down and while the opera houses are having a hard struggle, Max Reinhardt, in his Josefstädter Theater, is going calmly on with his work. Among his recent productions have been a series of three one-act plays: Strindberg's *Mother Love*, Gogol's *Gamblers*, and Chekhov's *Marriage Proposal*. He

had no great success in his production of Eugene O'Neil's *Anna Christie*, although Maria Fein did some very good acting in the title rôle.

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PAYING THE WASHINGTON FAMILY DEBTS

THE American lawyers who were horrified, on visiting Brasenose College, to learn that George Washington's great-great-grandfather had left college without paying a debt of 17*s.* 10*d.*, promptly settled the long-standing account, but with true Yankee shrewdness first stipulated that no interest should be charged: a necessary proviso, as after running since March 10, 1634, the debt, at compound interest, would—by moderate reckoning—amount to many thousand pounds. The *Manchester Guardian* comments thus on the incident:—

The debt is said to have been due for battels—provisions furnished from the college buttry or kitchen—and when Lawrence Washington left the University in 1633-4 he left a battels debt of 17*s.* 10*d.* The entry in the college register says, 'Grace for B.D., 10 March, 1633-4.' The American President's ancestor would appear to have entered the college as a gentleman commoner on November 2, 1621. This would imply that he was above the rank of a batteler. The commoners 'commoned' together, but the battelers, when they did not pay in service to commoner or fellow, purchased their provisions from the buttry or the kitchen.

From battels in one sense Lawrence Washington would be free. He entered as a gentleman and he left a fellow. There was, however, another sense in which the word 'battel' was used. It meant also the 'exceedings above the ordinary stint of the appointed commons.' This, doubtless, was the sense in which the word is used in the case of Lawrence Washington. Is there any harm in surmising—suggests a correspondent—the debt was incurred in giving a final leave-taking before saying farewell to his college?

No one cares to look a gift-horse in the mouth, or to be too critical of an act of grace, adds our correspondent. Still, one would have liked the Americans, while they were about it, to have wiped the debt out properly by paying the interest on the battel debt. That would have cleared the Washington escutcheon in good sooth. One would hardly expect such generous visitors to take even the smallest advantage of the Statute of Limitations.

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PROTECTING THE LION

WHAT has the world come to! Twenty years ago every little boy looked under his bed at night to make sure there were no lions there. Forty years ago every missionary expected eventually to occupy the lunch hour either of a cannibal or of a lion. We trembled before the bulk of the whale and could hardly believe that so formidable a beast as the rhinoceros existed outside of the Reverend Mr. Woods's highly colored natural history.

To-day science appeals to us to 'Save the whale!' Nature-lovers are seriously concerned over the rough treatment received by the rhinoceros—which weighs a ton or so—from pygmy humans; and now Colonel Stevenson Hamilton, a South African naturalist, is carefully protecting lions. For twenty years he has jealously guarded the hunting-veldt east of the Selati railroad along the Portuguese border, where seven million acres were dedicated to wild life. Private owners who were coöperating with him have lately withdrawn one million one hundred thousand acres, leaving Colonel Hamilton with but a paltry five million nine hundred thousand acres for all his lions, zebras, hartebeests, wart hogs, koodoos, antelopes, buffaloes, and other animals. The lions are so numerous that travelers have to take the greatest care and all stock must be kept within lion-proof kraals in the mil-

lion acres which are now being opened for settlement. Gradually, however, this part of the country is to be taken up by ranchers and cattle-growers.

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THE MUSIC OF BABYLON

BABYLONIAN music written down about the year 800 B.C., and composed heaven knows when, has at length been deciphered through the patient labor of a German scholar, Dr. Kurt Sachs. Dr. Sachs is curator of instruments in the Berlin High School for Music. The earthenware tablet which he studied is roughly equal in size to five ordinary modern bricks, and was discovered in Assur, the Babylonian capital. It has lain unread for a long time in the Prussian State Museum. The inscription is written in cuneiform and consists of words of one syllable which no Assyriologist has been hitherto able to read. There is a somewhat similar tablet in the British Museum, containing six columns, of which the first and fourth cannot be deciphered.

Not long ago Assyriologists conceived the idea that these puzzling inscriptions might be intended to express rhythm and called in Dr. Sachs, who is both musician and antiquarian, to test the theory. In seventy lines of the inscription he found sixty-two different syllables. Musicians will appreciate his difficulties if they try to pronounce the first two lines:—

ME ME KUR KUR
A A A A A
KU KU LU LU
MASH MASH MASH MASH

By luck and careful study he reduced this to a pentatonic system and finally concluded that he had before him a

kind of polyphonic music. In music at least there is nothing new under the sun, for the Babylonians have anticipated M. Debussy by using a whole-tone scale, though they have but five tones. The total range appears to have been two octaves and one fifth. The music was probably to be played on the twenty-two-string harp which is known to have been in use in Mediterranean countries, so that the same scale may have been used elsewhere. The music thus far deciphered is said to present resemblances to that of the Chinese. It may eventually shed light on the origins of Greek music, since the Greeks made no bones about acknowledging their musical debt to the Orient.

Dr. Sachs has not yet published his results, which had been made known to the Prussian Academy of Science in a brief paper by another scholar.

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YUGOSLAV ANTIQUITIES

THE Yugoslavs have at length waked up to the archæological importance of their country, and the indifference that for years has permitted old churches and monasteries, which have never been studied, to moulder gradually away is now coming to an end. For months past the two leading newspapers of the country have had special correspondents in the wild but historic parts of the country, writing special articles, accompanied by photographs, sketches, and appeals to national sentiment. An archæological society is undertaking excavations and the Government now forbids any alterations on old religious buildings without approval by the Ministry of Faiths—a rule which presumably applies both to Moslems and to Christians.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Christianity and the Race Problem, by J. H. Oldham. London: Student Christian Movement, 1924. 7s. 6d.

THE leading London reviewers hail Mr. J. H. Oldham's new book on *Christianity and the Race Problem* as a contribution to contemporary thought of extreme importance. Mr. Oldham, who is Secretary of the International Missionary Council and editor of the *International Review of Missions*, finds in the application of the Christian religion the sole solution of the race problem, which he regards as the most menacing of all those which face the troubled modern world.

Mr. Oldham discusses races neither from the laboratory nor the library, though he is fully acquainted with the results obtained in both. He writes with unusual authority because his years of missionary service have brought him into contact, first hand, with all the races of mankind. The *Times Literary Supplement* praises the impartiality with which he attacks a controversial question, and dwells upon his especial qualification for making this study:—

He has traveled widely under conditions which have enabled him to gain first-hand knowledge of peculiar value. His attitude is singularly unprejudiced by his own racial origin; so that he can present the standpoint of, say, an Indian or a Japanese with convincing, and sometimes disquieting, clearness. He is not in the least a blind optimist; and has no short cuts to an earthly millennium to offer. . . .

Two of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Oldham's book are those in which he deals with 'The Significance of Race' and 'The Fact of Inequality.' Here he subjects to a searching examination the view that environment counts for little as compared with heredity. This view, popularized in such books as Dr. Lothrop Stoddard's *Revolt against Civilization* and *Rising Tide of Colour*, suggests that certain white races, by virtue of the innate qualities of their germ-plasm, are superior to the rest of mankind, makers and trustees of civilization. Mr. Oldham examines the scientific investigations on which such theories are raised, and shows how inconclusive is the

available evidence. Inheritance counts for much, he admits. But advocates of Nordic superiority 'fail to distinguish between the hereditary characteristics of a particular strain or line of descent and the hereditary characteristics of a race. It is an entirely unwarranted assumption that the best strains are found in any one race.'

Mr. Oldham allows that good strains may be more numerous in one race than in another; but he reminds us that, if in the white races there are many good strains, there are also hopelessly bad ones. He quotes a number of facts which go to show that even the alleged mental inferiority of Africans is less than is commonly supposed, and that their arrested development at the age of puberty can be overcome 'if the right educational methods are adopted.' It is as natural for races as for individuals to have a good opinion of themselves; but 'the present predominance of Western nations in the life of the world will not be accepted by other races as conclusive evidence of the innate superiority of the white races. . . . It is a huge and unjustified assumption that the largely materialistic, industrialized, mechanized, and militarized civilization of the West is the final or highest expression of the human spirit, and that other people may be judged by its standards.'

In the light of these conclusions Mr. Oldham discusses such matters as the plea of the Japanese for equality of status, the ethical principles which should determine the government of subject peoples, the relation of India to the British Commonwealth, immigration, and intermarriage. His attitude throughout is liberal but not *doctrinaire*. With regard to the Nationalist movement in India, he affirms that 'the better mind of England is not hostile to Indian aspirations. But it does desire some reasonable assurance that the transfer of authority from British to Indian hands will take place in such a way as will contribute to the real progress of India.' His acute and well-informed analysis of the present situation deserves careful study, for, alike in its sympathy and its misgivings, it faithfully represents the normal missionary standpoint. He concludes with the admission that 'our discussion of Indian problems has not provided us with any clear-cut solution. Only infinite patience, wisdom, courage, and hope can find a solution of problems as baffling as any that have emerged in human history.'

His book was evidently set up in type be-

for the recent abrogation by the United States of the Gentlemen's Agreement with Japan. But he enables us fully to understand the passionate resentment which it has excited.

Mr. Oldham does not advocate indiscriminate racial amalgamation. 'There is no conclusive evidence of the effect of uniting widely different stocks, but the weight of evidence is that the result will be undesirable.' He thinks that every country has a right to determine the composition of its population. He would meet Oriental sensitiveness by giving to Asiatic countries the same right to exclude alien peoples as is assumed by British Dominions and the American Commonwealth. But he urges that where different races now live side by side, as do Negroes and whites in the Southern States, each should enjoy the same security and status. In short, he would have men apply the Golden Rule: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.'

Dean Inge, who of late has been writing regularly for the *Morning Post*, contributes a column and a half review of *Christianity and the Race Problem*, which he commends for its 'conspicuous fairness and ability.' True to his reputation, the Dean finds the prospects for white world-supremacy growing gloomier and gloomier.

The danger of a collision between the Far West and Far East is not so much political as economic and racial [he says]. It is part of a very modern problem, and one which touches the British Empire at many points, though the Americans are at present more acutely conscious of it than any European nation. . . .

The most momentous fact in the present century is that the tide has begun to turn against the white domination. The long blockade of Europe by Islam was broken by the great discoveries which marked the beginning of modern history. From the time when European ships first crossed the Atlantic and reached India by way of the Cape, a process of expansion went on with ever-increasing momentum for more than four hundred years. When the nineteenth century ended, the countries not yet brought under white control were so few and apparently so weak that the time seemed to be near when men of European stock would divide the whole of the habitable globe among them. The Italian reverse at Adowa was not more startling than the British disaster in the Khyber Pass, so soon relieved. But the defeat of Russia by Japan was felt to be epoch-making, in Europe and still more in Asia. The Great War did not increase the prestige of black and brown regiments, but it shook the power and credit of the leading European

nations to their base, and raised new hopes in the breasts of numberless Asiatics. 'Our concern,' some of them were heard to say, 'is that this war should last.'

But this is not all. Of the two political principles on which the whole social order of European civilization depended, military monarchy and democracy, one has, for the time at least, been destroyed and the other discredited. Even so firm a friend of democracy as Lord Bryce was constrained in his latest book to admit that 'the belief that the larger the number of those who share in governing, the more will there be of wisdom, self-control, of a fraternal and peace-loving spirit, has been rudely shattered.' Popular government can succeed only when there is a high degree of virtue, intelligence, and public spirit, and it demands, above all, a fundamental agreement on essentials, which does not exist in modern societies. The authority of religion is politically negligible, and no other bond of unity controls nations as a whole.

Schweitzer is right when he says that 'our present entire lack of any theory of the universe is the ultimate source of all the catastrophes and misery of our time, and only as we again succeed in attaining a strong and worthy *Weltanschauung*, and find in it strong and worthy convictions, shall we again become capable of producing a new civilization.' It is plain, therefore, that Western civilization has not only narrowly escaped suicide, but has lost confidence in itself. We were crusaders; we have now become doubtful of our message. We can hardly wish to impose upon other races institutions which work so badly at home.

There was a time, not so long ago, when we fought and bullied the Asiatics in order to compel them to trade with us. We are now threatening them with violence if, in the pursuit of a livelihood, they presume to leave their own shores. The Yellow Peril has become a bogey. The Kaiser was obsessed by it, and I found the scare very much alive in Germany in 1912. The white races, says an American newspaper, must be rescued from the danger of subjugation by the yellow! Such utterances, absurd as they are, cannot be ignored. It is fear, not dislike, which creates wars.

The Reverend Professor F. R. Barry of King's College, London, writing in the *Saturday Review*, calls *Christianity and the Race Problem* 'a strong and serious contribution to one of the most pressing of all problems.' He adds that while international friction has already led to one world war, the growing interracial friction, unless it can be checked, is certain to lead on to others which will be still more appalling.

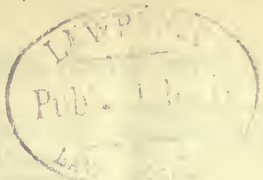
AMONG OUR AUTHORS

AUTHORS of seven different nationalities and of points of view even more diverse appear in the first monthly issue of the *Living Age*. English, Irish, German, Dane, Australian, Russian, and Frenchman, all have their say and all bring their contributions to the thought of these United States. Herr Hedegaard, who describes a land to which every American eye has been turned since our fliers landed there, sailed from Copenhagen on the vessel which carried spare parts and supplies for the aviators. ¶ Since the Irish Free State was set up, there has been a general quickening of the national literary pulse, which is fostered by two new magazines, *The Irish Statesman*, edited by the poet, 'A.E.' and *The Dublin Magazine*, still in its first volume, to which George Manning-Sanders, a writer of fiction who is familiar with Irish life, contributes his amusingly human story, 'The Great Threat.' ¶ There is nothing of the book-made scientist about Rudolf Requadt, a young German ethnologist, who since the war has lived among the wild tribes of Swaziland, studying their life and the myriad forms of animal life in the jungle which is their home.

His Honor Judge Edward Abbott Parry — an urbane and always amusing contributor to the English magazines — has been judge of the County Court, Lambeth, since 1911, and is incidentally one of the best-known 'characters' in London. He is the author of many books familiar to American readers, the latest of them entitled *What the Judge Thought*. General Baratier fulfilled in the World War the promise of his early African exploits. In 1914 he commanded the 8th Cavalry Division until mounted troops ceased to be of service on the Western Front, when he took command of the 134th Infantry Division. He was one of the few general officers killed in action, falling in 1917 at the head of his troops, twenty

yards from the enemy's lines. His commander and his brother officers in the French expedition lived to fight side by side with their English rivals when the World War broke out sixteen years later. Major — now General — Marchand survived the war and came into the public eye a year or two ago, when he testified for the defense at the trial of M. Ernest Judet for treason. The young officer named Mangin has since by the fame he won in the World War eclipsed his brilliant earlier service in the Senegal, Sudan, Tonkin, East Africa and Morocco campaigns. Of the English officers whom they encountered at Fashoda Lord Kitchener's subsequent career is known to all the world. Colonel Wingate, his chief of intelligence, who later succeeded Kitchener as Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, is now General Sir Reginald Wingate, first Baron of Dunbar and Port Sudan. He returned to the field of his early exploits for service during the World War. Commander Keppel of the English flotilla is now Admiral Sir Colin Keppell, K.C.I.D.

James J. Daly is a student of the *Academy of the Holy Spirit* — but with a difference. *The Month*, in which he writes, is one of the oldest Roman Catholic organs in Great Britain, being now in its sixtieth year. St. John Ervine is probably best known to American audiences as the author of the play, *John Ferguson*, produced in this country in 1919-20, but written some years before. He is the author of four novels and many other plays. Leonid Andreev's reputation as a novelist preceded his reputation as a dramatist. He first won American readers with *The Seven Who Were Hanged* and *The Red Laugh*, gaining many admirers who followed his work, until his death, with rising interest. Will Dyson is cartoonist of the *Daily Herald*, the London Labor organ. The cartoon, 'Shanghai Yesterday and Today,' is from the sixtieth-anniversary number of the *North China Herald*.



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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

SIX MONTHS OF LABOR GOVERNMENT

THE conclusion of the first half-year of Mr. MacDonald's Premiership was the occasion of a political stocktaking in the British press. Mr. J. A. Spender, writing in the Liberal *Westminster Gazette*, criticized the Cabinet's work as 'tritely imperialistic on one side and mildly radical on the other,' and believed the Labor Members had gone for their holidays dispirited and disillusioned. The *Observer* said: 'On the whole Labor has gained in the country since it took office, less, however, for its own merits than for the apparent helplessness of Liberalism.' The Tory *Morning Post* concluded noncommittally that the first Parliamentary Session with Labor in power had been 'rich in interest and instruction.' The *Times* declared that during its six months of power the Labor Government had 'sometimes impressed the public with its moderation, but had ended with a remarkable exhibition of confused and dubious policy' — that is, when it signed the treaty with the Soviet Government. A contributor to

the *Fortnightly Review* considered it 'surprising how soon the country has reconciled itself to an event which had something unprecedented in it, if not actually revolutionary.'

The twenty-fourth Annual Conference of the Labor Party, which will open in London on October 7, promises to be a lively meeting if debates are as spirited as the agenda. To cite one example, eight separate motions have been filed condemning the wearing of Court dress by Labor Ministers as 'ridiculous,' 'harmful,' 'foolish,' and making an undignified appeal to the average citizen's sense of humor. The East Ham Trades Council and Labor Party advises the Labor Members in the Cabinet to dress in a way 'sufficiently consistent and becoming to enable a constituent to recognize his representative.' Several of the resolutions are designed to give the Labor Party Conference direct and continuous control over a Labor Cabinet. One resolution declares that no Labor premier should appoint to Cabinet rank a person who is not a member of the Labor Party, and that all Cabinet ap-

pointments ought to be submitted to the Parliamentary Party for ratification.

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GERMAN SENTIMENT AND THE DAWES REPORT

A SPECIAL representative of *Le Temps* informs the readers of that journal that 'Mr. Hughes's visit to Berlin left no doubt in the minds of the Germans as to the necessity of fulfilling the conditions laid down by the American bankers in respect to the German loan. The Americans insist that Germany accept the obligations contained in the Dawes Report and renounce, once for all, attempts to evade her engagements.'

According to this correspondent, the people of Germany have been told so often that their Government has already paid forty billion marks for Reparations that they place little trust in any new scheme presented to them. 'Rightly or wrongly, the masses have no faith in financial complexities and economic proposals; these are too involved, too remote, to hypothetical. The people with whom I have talked take no interest in a gold bank, deliveries in kind, or the problem of transferring the sums raised by Germany to the Allies. All they think of are the millions of gold that are to be advanced to Germany so that she can recover, and can repair the "injustices inflicted upon her by the Allies since the Armistice." They mean by the latter principally the occupation of the Ruhr, and they are more deeply interested in ending that than in anything else.' In his opinion 'the tenth anniversary of the war was not observed by a repentant nation resigned to indemnifying its adversaries for the devastation and suffering it inflicted upon them. Quite the contrary. A great majority of the people rebel even against the diminished sacrifices now demanded of them.'

AN UNPOPULAR TREATY

SELDOM has the British press — particularly those weekly organs of opinion that reflect the sentiment of the thinking part of the nation — so unanimously disapproved an act of the Government as it has the Russian treaty. Even *The Nation and the Athenæum*, which is more complacent than many of its contemporaries toward Moscow, condemns the proposal to guarantee a loan to the Soviet Government as 'a false step which the House of Commons ought not, in our judgment, to endorse.' Not only is the proposal bad in itself, but it leads to something worse.

In offering to guarantee a loan to Russia as part of a diplomatic bargain, the Government is establishing a vicious and dangerous precedent. How can we resist, if this treaty is ratified, the French claim that the British Government should also guarantee the international loan which is to set the Dawes Report in operation? If this treaty had been signed a few weeks earlier, would the intervention of the bankers in the 'sanctions' controversy have produced the effect it did in bringing the diplomats to a sense of international fair-dealing? The precedent is not one which the House of Commons should endorse.

The *Spectator* accuses the British Government of having experimented in succession with each of the only three possible attitudes it could adopt toward Russia: war under Mr. Winston Churchill, boycott under Lord Curzon, and recognition under Mr. MacDonald. It apologizes for the last policy, 'hazardous and doubtful as it undoubtedly is,' because 'even if you ignore Russia, it does not follow that Russia will ignore you.' It comforts itself for a treaty for which it 'cannot feel much enthusiasm' with the thought that probably 'most of its essential provisions will never come into practical operation.'

The Tory *Saturday Review* lives up to its traditional doctrines in calling the treaty 'preposterous,' and says it surrenders every British interest, whether the bondholders', the traders', the shipowners', or the fishermen's. The *Outlook* speaks of the agreement as 'The Anglo-Russian Farce.' It

pretends that there is no real divergence of principle and practice between the Soviet system and our own. But every man knows that there is such a divergence; that it goes down to the roots of the social fabric, and that it cannot be overcome by a form of words or even by throwing good money after bad. The treaty, in fact, is an essay in make-believe, and all such attempts to evade or disguise the real truth of a situation have sooner or later to be paid for.

The *New Statesman*, while it would welcome the idea of lending money to Russia to reconstruct her industrial life, condemns the present proposal, because

the greater part of the loan will go into the pockets of the bondholders at the expense of the British taxpayer, who will have to find interest and sinking fund. In short, Mr. Ponsonby is asking us to pay Russia's debts for her. . . .

There are some who think that any treaty — even if it be almost meaningless — is better than no treaty at all. They regard the signing of an agreement as, at any rate, a valuable gesture, if nothing more. To some extent we understand and sympathize with that point of view. It was certainly undesirable that M. Rakovsky should be sent back to Russia empty-handed. But whatever may be the advantages of such a gesture, we believe that they are very dearly purchased when the price, as in this case, involves the honor of the British Government and prejudices its reputation for practical common-sense.

Nothing can come of this treaty as it stands. It is mere window-dressing. The Russian and British delegates did not reach an agreement; they merely pretended to do so in order to save their faces, signing a document which they knew would not

commit anyone to anything; and we find it very hard to believe that any good can come out of pretenses of that sort.

The *Outlook* refuses to believe that the King's name was omitted from the treaty for the reason given by the Government: that no corresponding head of the executive existed in Russia. It adds: 'If the Trade Agreement of 1921 with the "Union of the Soviet Republics" could be drawn in the name of His Britannic Majesty, why could not the present instrument?' It suggests a deeper reason for the omission. The Dominions could not be counted upon to endorse its extraordinary proposals and therefore they are not committed to it even by the rather shadowy tie of the Crown. This is criticized as 'a definite movement toward the diplomatic disintegration of the Empire.'



ARGENTINE PROBLEMS

DR. ALBERT HAAS, the Buenos Aires correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung*, sees a new era opening in Argentine politics. The party controversies of the past have been based largely on historical sympathies and antipathies — what the mass of the people dismiss with a shrug of the shoulder as *politica criolla*; but during and since the war Argentina, like our own country, has found herself influenced by world conditions that affect directly both her public policies and her economic welfare. Even what are generally considered domestic issues ramify into the foreign field.

Among the most important questions with which Congress must deal at the coming session are immigration and colonization. The country's wealth is drawn almost entirely from agriculture and grazing, and the former in particular demands labor. One task of the Government is to attract farm hands from abroad, instead of the city workers who are coming at present. But

the chief reason why immigrants shun the land is that Argentina offers a poor man little prospect of acquiring a farm of his own. Our old saying, 'Uncle Sam is rich enough to give every man a farm,' has never — at least not within many decades — been true in that country, nor has its Government sought to build up a population of small independent landowners. Great *estancias* — like the immense ranches of early California and Texas — have always monopolized the more accessible territory.

Now the Government is trying to introduce a new system which looks toward closer settlement and the subdivision of large estates. It may find useful precedents for this in the legislation of Australia and especially of New Zealand.

But land and immigration are by no means the only topics that preoccupy President Alvear and his Cabinet. Currency, banking, and public finance also call for legislative attention. Manufacturing industries were encouraged by the war and now demand tariff protection. A demand has also arisen for civil-service reforms that will do away with the spoils system in public office.

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LABOR AND UNEMPLOYMENT IN JAPAN

A CONTRIBUTOR to *The Nation and the Athenæum* thus explains the fact that during the recent serious industrial depression in Japan the number of unemployed did not exceed 100,000, or about five per cent of the industrial wage-earners of the country: —

The domestic demand for commodities has been remarkably strong, and in spite of the slump in the world's international trade the internal trade of Japan has flourished. The reason for this, it may be suggested, is due largely to certain peculiarities of her social organization. It is gener-

ally stated that the aim of the leaders of modern Japan has been to graft the industrial and commercial organization of the West on to a patriarchal Eastern society, since in this way the country might secure all the advantages accruing to the service of Mammon together with those arising from a faithful observance of the tradition of the Elders. One result has been that an economic system, which was the product of an individualistic society, has been worked by a nation in which the family group rather than the individual has been — and still remains — the social unit. Nowadays it is generally declared that this organization is breaking down before the rising tide of Americanism; but it is not so generally recognized that its approaching destruction is not entirely a matter for congratulation, for the family system carries with it advantages which are by no means to be despised.

The operation of the family system, which makes the whole group responsible for the welfare of all of its own members, was favorably illustrated at the time of the late earthquake, when a great deal of want and suffering was prevented by the support given the destitute by their more fortunate relatives in regions not directly affected by the disaster.

Another interesting example of this is the custom of giving large dismissal allowances to workers on their discharge, a practice which has resulted in the shipbuilding industry in particular paying out enormous sums during the last few years. This has helped to prevent distress among the workers and, by placing on each firm to some extent the burden of its own unemployed, it has achieved the end of Insurance by Industry schemes, except for the fact that the allowance paid by a company is not fixed definitely, but depends on the circumstances of the time and on its attitude to its workpeople.

Furthermore in Japan that modest conveyance, the bicycle, like the automobile in the United States, has increased the mobility of labor, especially

between the country and industrial centres.

In many districts of Japan, also, there is a tendency for labor to flow backward and forward between industrial and agricultural employments. In this connection the introduction of the bicycle, now one of the chief means of transport in this country, has been of utmost importance, since it enables members of agricultural families to ride into the towns to their work in the morning and to return to the farms in the evening, and it has caused something of a revolution in the life of farming communities. During the boom thousands of farmers' sons sought industrial employment in the towns, but during the slump have returned to agricultural work and domestic industry with their families.



AMERICAN OIL MEN IN ITALY

The concession to prospect for oil granted by the Italian Government to the Sinclair Company is commented upon in the June Report of the General Confederation of Italian Industries. Italian companies have not been able to provide sufficient capital, and have lacked the technical knowledge to determine conclusively the value of Italy's hypothetical oil deposits.

For these reasons the Government has decided to grant to the Sinclair Company the right to explore the subsoil in Emilia and Sicily, while reserving in those districts an area of some 40,000 hectares already assigned to Italian undertakings. The agreement with the Sinclair Company provides for three stages in the work: the first three years will be used for study, the next three for investigation, and during the ensuing four actual exploration of the subsoil will be made. During the first period the Sinclair Company undertakes to expend no less than five million lire on the preliminary work. Should these studies decide the Company to sink shafts in certain zones, it will form an Italian company for this purpose with a share capital of not less than forty million lire, of which forty per cent

will be placed on the market for Italian subscribers. During the ensuing three years the Company is pledged to an annual expenditure of eight million lire on actual soundings. Thus by the end of the sixth year the Company will have invested in the enterprise a total sum of twenty-nine million lire.

This will be followed by a third period extending over four years, during which the Company undertakes to put into full working efficiency, at an outlay of \$12,500 per unit, each unit of 1000 hectares it decides to take up. Meanwhile it will abandon all claims to zones shown to be unproductive. At the close of the ten years the Sinclair Company will be entitled to concessions covering an area not to exceed 75,000 hectares. The total capital outlay for the whole ten-year period will amount, if the investigations give favorable results, to 104,000,000 lire. The concessions will cover the output and handling of mineral oils, gas, and their respective hydrocarbides, but do not apply to asphaltic schist. The concession will be for fifty years.

The Italian Government will exempt from customs duties machinery imported by the Company, provided such machinery cannot be supplied by Italian factories, and it exempts the profits of the Company from income tax (*ricchezza mobile*) for a period of ten years. On its side the Government is entitled to a percentage on all dividends exceeding seven per cent, up to a maximum of forty per cent on its quota of dividends amounting to forty-five per cent and over.



THE UNPOLITICAL PERSIANS

PERSIA has just been in the public eye as an unsafe place of residence for foreigners. But the prejudices of the Persian against the alien are religious rather than political. The upper classes, according to the Teheran correspondent of the *Times*, 'are not as a rule patriotic,' and the lower middle classes — that is, townspeople engaged mainly in commerce and handicrafts — 'take no interest in public affairs. . . .

They have practically no knowledge of foreign politics.' But these two classes represent a very small fraction of the population. Coming to the plebs:—

The lower orders, both in the large towns and in the provinces, do what they are paid for and care for little else. The Persian landowner or employer who treats his men well can within limits depend upon them to assist in any demonstration he sees fit to organize. Two years ago, on the arrival in Teheran of two 'religious,' who had been sent back to Persia from Irak for meddling in politics, a public reception was organized. Crowds were brought from the city in cars and carriages to meet these divines, and they were escorted to their homes with cries of 'Down with Lloyd George' and 'Down with Lord Curzon.' It is certain that the vast majority of the people who indulged in the shouting had not the faintest idea who it was they were holding up to execration. They were simply obeying instructions.

The Persian press enjoys extraordinary liberty. Apparently there are no laws regulating it, and since most newspapers are subsidized by officials or powerful aspirants for official posts, they can publish violently abusive articles with impunity. But such at-

tacks seldom disturb the equanimity of those against whom they are directed, because they are regarded as part of the game.

Some time ago a long article appeared in a Teheran journal which dealt with various offenses supposed to have been committed by a British Consul-General. He was accused of having caused a famine by cornering grain and then instituting relief works so as to regain the lost regard of the province: 'Thousands of unfortunates perished,' wrote the author of this effusion; 'but what did that matter to the Consul-General? His object was gained.' When asked why he published such nonsense, the editor replied that he had to live, and the articles had been well paid for. He pooh-poohed the suggestion that perhaps some readers might take seriously the charge made.

Persian newspapers rejoice in names that appear rather unconventional to a Westerner, such as *The Thunder*, *The Storm*, and *The Spring*. Unpleasant as a fanatical Persian mob may make itself, there is no more agreeable host than a Persian gentleman. 'Always courteous and affable to strangers, to more favored individuals he is quite charming.'

THE DEATH PENALTY



A Kaffir Idea of a Christian Execution.

— *De Notenkraker*

INTERNATIONAL FINANCE



GERMANY. Lend me some money.
THE ALLIES. What for?
GERMANY. To pay you.

— *La Tribuna*

WHEN BRITAIN WENT TO WAR

From the *Daily Telegraph*, August 4
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

STIRRING scenes and incidents took place in London on the evening of August 4, 1914. Momentous statements preparing the public for what might happen had been made in the House of Commons. The ultimatum was to expire at twelve midnight. Many hours before that time the West End, and particularly that part round about Westminster, Trafalgar Square, and Buckingham Palace, began to attract people in immense numbers. By eleven o'clock they were to be counted by hundreds of thousands, and progress in any direction was very difficult. Though the scene when the fateful hour had passed was one of extraordinary patriotism, there was a commendable restraint and absence of violent and aggressive demonstration in places where, in a less phlegmatic community, it might easily have taken place. The German Embassy in Carlton House Terrace, for instance, was completely avoided, and left in dark isolation, though the adjoining Mall was full of people from end to end.

Walter H. Page, the American Ambassador in London, in a letter to the President of the United States, dated Sunday, August 9, 1914, wrote:—

'God save us! What a week it has been! Last Sunday I was down here at the cottage. I have taken for the summer—an hour out of London—uneasy because of the apparent danger and of what Sir Edward Grey had told me. During the day people began to go to the Embassy, but not in great numbers—merely to ask what they should do in case of war. The Secretary whom I had left in charge on Sunday

telephoned me every few hours, and laughingly told funny experiences with nervous women who came in and asked absurd questions. Of course, we all knew the grave danger that war might come, but nobody could by the wildest imagination guess at what awaited us.

'On Monday I was at the Embassy earlier than I think I had ever been there before, and every member of the staff was already on duty. Before breakfast-time the place was filled—packed like sardines. This was two days before war was declared. There was no chance to talk to individuals, such was the jam. I got on a chair and explained that I had already telegraphed to Washington—on Saturday—suggesting the sending of money and ships, and asking them to be patient. I made a speech to them several times during the day, and kept the secretaries doing so at intervals. More than 2000 Americans crowded into those offices—which are not large—that day. We were kept there till two o'clock in the morning. The Embassy has not been closed since. . . .

'Then came the declaration of war most dramatically. Tuesday night, five minutes after the ultimatum had expired, the Admiralty telegraphed to the Fleet: "Go!" In a few minutes the answer came back: "Off." Soldiers began to march through the City, going to the railway stations. An indescribable crowd so blocked the streets about the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Foreign Office that at one o'clock in the morning I had to drive in my car by other streets to get home. The next day the German

Embassy was turned over to me. I went to see the German Ambassador at three o'clock in the afternoon. He came down in his pyjamas, a crazy man. I feared he might literally go mad. He is of the anti-war party, and he had done his best and utterly failed. This interview was one of the most pathetic experiences of my life. The poor man had not slept for several nights.

'Then came the crowds of frightened Germans, afraid that they would be arrested. They besieged the German Embassy and our Embassy. I put one of our naval officers in the German Embassy, put the United States seal on the door to protect it, and we began business there too. Our naval officer has moved in — sleeps there. He has an assistant, a stenographer, a messenger; and I gave him the German automobile and chauffeur and two English servants that were left there. He has the job well in hand now, under my and Laughlin's supervision. But this has brought still another new lot of diplomatic and Governmental problems — a lot of them. Three enormous German banks in London have, of course, been closed. Their managers pray for my aid. Howling women come and say their innocent German husbands have been arrested as spies. English, Germans, Americans — everybody has daughters and wives and invalid grandmothers alone in Germany. In God's name, they ask, what can I do for them? Here come stacks of letters sent under the impression that I can send them to Germany. But the German business is already well in hand, and I think that that will take little of my own time and will give little trouble. I shall send a report about it in detail to the department the very first day I can find time to write it. In spite of the effort of the English Government to remain at

peace with Austria, I fear I shall yet have the Austrian Embassy too. But I can attend to it. . . .

'None of us slept more than a few hours last week. It was not the work that kept them after the first night or two, but the sheer excitement of this awful cataclysm. All London has been awake for a week. Soldiers are marching day and night; immense throngs block the streets about the Government offices. But they are all very orderly. Every day Germans are arrested on suspicion, and several of them have committed suicide. Yesterday one poor American woman yielded to the excitement and cut her throat. I find it hard to get about much. People stop me on the street, follow me to luncheon, grab me as I come out of any committee meeting, to know my opinion of this or that: How can they get home? Will such and such a boat fly the American flag? Why did I take the German Embassy? I have to fight my way about and rush to an automobile. I have had to buy me a second one to keep up the racket. . . .

'Upon my word, if one could forget the awful tragedy, all this experience would be worth a lifetime of commonplace. One surprise follows another so rapidly that one loses all sense of time; it seems an age since last Sunday. I shall never forget Sir Edward Grey's telling me of the ultimatum while he wept; nor the poor German Ambassador who has lost in his high game — almost a demented man; nor the King, as he declaimed at me for half an hour, and threw up his hands and said, "My God, Mr. Page, what else could we do?" Nor the Austrian Ambassador's wringing his hands and weeping and crying out, "My dear colleague, my dear colleague!"

'Along with this tragedy come two reverend American peace delegates who got out of Germany by the skin

of their teeth, and complain that they lost all the clothes they had except what they had on. "Don't complain," said I, "but thank God you saved your skins." Everybody has forgotten what war means — forgotten that folks get hurt. But they are coming around to it now. A United States Senator telegraphs me: "Send my wife and daughter home on the first ship." Ladies and gentlemen filled the steerage of that ship — not a bunk left; and his wife and daughter are found three days later sitting in a swell hotel waiting for me to bring them state-room tickets on a silver tray! One of my young fellows with the Embassy rushes into my office saying that a man from Boston, with letters of introduction from Senators and Governors and Secretaries, was demanding tickets of admission to a picture gallery, and a secretary to escort him there. . . .

'And this awful tragedy moves on to — what? We do not know what is really happening, so strict is the censorship. But it seems inevitable to me that Germany will be beaten, that the horrid period of alliances and armaments will not come again, that England will gain even more of the earth's surface, that Russia may next play the menace, that all Europe — as much as survives — will be bankrupt, that relatively we shall be immensely stronger financially and politically. There must surely come many great changes — very many, yet undreamed of. Be ready, for you will be called on to compose this huge quarrel. I thank Heaven for many things — first, the Atlantic Ocean; second, that you refrained from war in Mexico; third, that we kept our treaty — the canal tolls victory, I mean. Now, when all this half of the world will suffer the unspeakable brutalization of war, we shall preserve our moral

strength, our political powers, and our ideals. God save us!

Mrs. Asquith reveals in her *Autobiography* the depth of her emotion on the fateful day as, through misty eyes, she saw her husband announce to the House of Commons that an ultimatum had been sent to Germany.

'Downing Street was full of anxious and excited people as we motored to the House of Commons the next day; some stared, some cheered, and some lifted their hats in silence. I sat breathless with my face glued to the grille of the gallery when my husband rose to announce that an ultimatum had been sent to Germany. He said: —

"In conformity with the statement of policy made here by my right honorable friend the Foreign Secretary yesterday, a telegram was early this morning sent by him to our Ambassador in Berlin. It was to this effect: —

The King of the Belgians has made an appeal to His Majesty the King for diplomatic intervention on behalf of Belgium. His Majesty's Government are also informed that the German Government has delivered to the Belgian Government a Note proposing friendly neutrality entailing free passage through Belgian territory, and promising to maintain the independence and integrity of the kingdom and its possessions at the conclusion of peace, threatening in case of refusal to treat Belgium as an enemy. We also understand that Belgium has categorically refused this as a flagrant violation of the law of nations. His Majesty's Government are bound to protest against this violation of a treaty to which Germany is a party in common with themselves, and must request an assurance that the demand made upon Belgium may not be proceeded with, and that her neutrality will be respected by Germany. You should ask for an immediate reply.

"We received this morning from

our Minister at Brussels the following telegram:—

German Minister has this morning addressed Note to the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs stating that, as Belgian Government have declined the well-intended proposals submitted to them by the Imperial Government, the latter will, deeply to their regret, be compelled to carry out, if necessary by force of arms, the measures considered indispensable in view of the French menaces.

“Simultaneously — almost immediately afterward — we received from the Belgian Legation here in London the following telegram:—

General Staff announces that territory has been violated at Gemmenich (near Aix-la-Chapelle).

“Subsequent information tends to show that the German force has penetrated still farther into Belgian territory. We also received this morning from the German Ambassador here the telegram sent to him by the German Foreign Secretary and communicated by the Ambassador to us. It is in these terms:—

Please dispel any mistrust that may subsist on the part of the British Government with regard to our intentions by repeating most positively formal assurance that, even in the case of armed conflict with Belgium, Germany will under no pretense whatever annex Belgian territory. Sincerity of this declaration is borne out by the fact that we solemnly pledged our word to Holland strictly to respect her neutrality. It is obvious that we could not profitably annex Belgian territory without making, at the same time, territorial acquisitions at the expense of Holland. Please impress upon Sir E. Grey that the German army could not be exposed to French attack across Belgium, which was planned according to absolutely unimpeachable information. Germany had, consequently, to disregard Belgian neutrality, it being for her a

question of life or death to prevent French advance.”

‘Henry paused after this, and then said in a slow, loud voice: “I have to add, on behalf of His Majesty’s Government: We cannot regard this as in any sense a satisfactory communication. We have, in reply to it, repeated the request we made last week to the German Government, that they should give us the same assurance in regard to Belgian neutrality as was given to us and to Belgium by France last week. We have asked that a reply to that request, and a satisfactory answer to the telegram of this morning — which I have read to the House — should be given before midnight.”

‘I looked at the House, which was packed from gallery to floor while my husband was speaking, and through misty eyes the heads of the listening members appeared to me as if bowed in prayer.

‘*A satisfactory answer before midnight!* These fateful and terrible words were greeted by wave upon wave of cheering, which continued and increased as Henry rose and walked slowly down the floor of the House. Few understood why he went down to the Bar, and when he turned and faced the Speaker excitement knew no bounds. I quote from Hansard:—

“The Prime Minister at the Bar acquainted the House that he had a message from His Majesty, signed by His Majesty’s own hand, and he presented the same to the House, and it was read by Mr. Speaker, all the members of the House being uncovered, and it is as follows:—

GEORGE R.I. — The present state of public affairs in Europe constituting in the opinion of His Majesty a case of great emergency within the meaning of the Acts of Parliament in that behalf, His Majesty deems it proper to provide additional means for the Military Service

and therefore, in pursuance of these Acts, His Majesty has thought it right to communicate to the House of Commons that His Majesty is, by proclamation, about to order that the Army Reserve shall be called out on permanent service, that soldiers who would otherwise be entitled, in pursuance of the terms of their enlistment, to be transferred to the Reserve, shall continue in Army Service for such period not exceeding the period for which they might be required to serve if they were transferred to the Reserve and called out for permanent service as to His Majesty may seem expedient, and that such directions as may seem necessary may be given for embodying the Territorial Force, and for making such special arrangements as may be proper with regard to units or individuals whose services may be required in other than a military capacity."

'When the Speaker had finished reading the King's message all the members poured out of the House, and I went down to the Prime Minister's room. Henry looked grave and gave me John Morley's letter of resignation, saying: "I shall miss him very much; he is one of the most distinguished men living."

'For some time we did not speak. I left the window and stood behind his chair. "So it is all up?" I said. He answered without looking at me: "Yes, it's all up."

'I sat down beside him with a feeling of numbness in my limbs and absently watched through the half-open door the backs of moving men. A secretary came in with Foreign Office boxes; he put them down and went out of the room. Henry sat at his writing-table leaning back with a pen in his hand. What was he thinking of? His sons? My son was too young to fight; would they all have to fight? I got up and leaned my head against his: we could not speak for tears.

'When I arrived in Downing Street

I went to bed. How *did* it—how *could* it have happened? What were we all like five days ago? We were talking about Ireland and civil war. Civil war! People were angry but not serious; and now the sound of real war waved like wireless round our heads and the whole world listened.

'I looked at the children asleep after dinner before joining Henry in the Cabinet room. Lord Crewe and Sir Edward Grey were already there, and we sat smoking cigarettes in silence; some went out, others came in; nothing was said. The clock on the mantelpiece hammered out the hour, and when the last beat of midnight struck it was as silent as dawn. We were at war.'

Mr. Winston Churchill, to whose book, *The World Crisis*, the public is indebted for much of the secret history of these momentous days, says that the supreme decision to send an ultimatum to Germany was not taken at any Cabinet. It rested on the force of events and on the authority of the Prime Minister himself. The reception by the House of Commons of Sir Edward Grey's declaration left no doubt as to the overwhelming strength of the Government's Parliamentary support, especially as during the previous week the Unionist leaders in both Houses had given emphatic assurance of the whole-hearted support of the Unionist Party in the national crisis. After the speech Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Churchill met outside the Chamber. 'What happens now?' said Mr. Churchill. 'Now,' said Sir Edward Grey, 'we shall send them an ultimatum to stop the invasion of Belgium within twenty-four hours.'

The House of Commons listened with breathless interest to the Prime Minister as he informed Parliament of the dispatch and the contents of the ultimatum, which had been sent early

that morning. It entered the strongest protest against the German violation of a Treaty to which Germany was a party in common with Great Britain, and it required an immediate assurance that the demand made upon Belgium would not be proceeded with. No reply to that ultimatum was ever received. None apparently was ever sent. The German Ambassador had, indeed, that very morning communicated to the Foreign Office the text of a telegram offering an assurance that, 'even in the case of armed conflict with Belgium, Germany would under no pretense whatever annex Belgian territory,' but Mr. Asquith scornfully declared that this could not be regarded as in any sense a satisfactory communication, and he concluded amid a great tempest of cheers by saying that the British Government had asked for a reply before midnight. That meant war at midnight; it might also mean acts of war before.

Those words were spoken about four o'clock, and at that very moment three great ships, hunted and hunters, were cleaving the waters of the Mediterranean. 'At any moment,' says Mr. Churchill, 'the Goeben could have been smitten at under 10,000 yards' range by sixteen 12-inch guns firing nearly triple her own weight of metal.' It only needed a wireless word from the Admiralty. Prince Louis of Battenberg — whom cruel and mischievous tongues assailed as pro-German — observed at five o'clock to Mr. Churchill that there was still time to sink the Goeben before dark. Mr. Churchill refused. The sands in the hourglass must run out before he could authorize an act of war and, moreover, he felt sure that she could be sunk just as certainly next day. Everyone knows the sequel. The chance once lost never returned, and the escape of the Goeben to the Sea of Marmora was one of the

prime factors in the entry of Turkey into the war on the German side.

Meanwhile, what of London? There was little business done that day, which with the following Wednesday and Thursday had been declared Bank Holidays, so that there might be no run on the banks. A month's moratorium was declared. A proclamation was issued taking over the railways. The first Safety of the Realm Proclamation — the precursor of many others — was sent to the press. Great crowds surged all day about Whitehall and Buckingham Palace, where the King and Queen twice came out upon the balcony, and the National Anthem was sung again and again with patriotic fervor. Lord Morley resigned. 'If it has to be war,' he said, 'I am not the man for it. I should only hamper those who have to bear the burden.' Mr. John Burns also resigned and sank out of public sight like a stone. These were the only two resignations from the Cabinet, for, as Ambassador Page observed, 'the violation of Belgium had changed the scene in a twinkling.'

As the evening wore on enthusiasm rose. The crowds were not so silent. The first shock had passed and confidence grew. But there were no symptoms of war fever, and there were no demonstrations before the German and Austrian Embassies. Indeed, the people of London, like the British Government, behaved toward the German Ambassador and his staff with a courtesy which was in striking contrast to the indignities offered to the British Ambassador in Berlin. The crowds waited for midnight, and then, before dispersal, sang 'God Save the King' in Downing Street. It was the end of an epoch. Probably few realized it — how could they, with so little experience to guide them as to the meaning of a great war? — but life was never to be the same again.

The story of the last few hours of waiting at the Admiralty for the ultimatum to expire has been graphically told by Mr. Churchill:—

'All the decisions had been taken. The ultimatum to Germany had gone; it must certainly be rejected. War would be declared at midnight. As far as we had been able to foresee the event, all our preparations were made. Mobilization was complete. Every ship was at its station, every man at his post. All over the world every British captain and admiral was on guard. It only remained to give the signal. What would happen then? It seemed that the next move lay with the enemy—what would he do? Had he some deadly surprise in store? Some awful design, long planned and perfected, ready to explode upon us at any moment now? Would our ships in foreign waters have been able to mark down their German antagonists? If so, morning would witness half-a-dozen cruiser actions in the outer seas.

'Telegrams flowed in from the different naval stations round our coasts reporting the movements of vessels and rumors of sighting of enemies. Telegrams still flowed from the Chancelleries of Europe as the last futile appeals of reason were overtaken by the cannonade. In the War Room at the Admiralty, where I sat waiting, one could hear the clock tick. From Parliament Street came the murmurs of the crowd, but they sounded distant and the world seemed very still. The tumult of the struggle for life was over: it was succeeded by the silence of ruin and death. We were to awake in pandemonium.'

It was a great thing to be alive in the days that followed next. The national spirit was magnificent. All of us read with pride the King's glowing message to the Overseas Dominions: 'I shall be strengthened in the dis-

charge of the great responsibilities that rest upon me by the confident belief that in this time of trial my Empire will stand united, calm, resolute, trusting in God.' Offers of help from the Dominions came pouring in—Australia foremost with the promise of an expeditionary force of 20,000 men. There was no anxiety about food, for the wheat supply was declared to be sufficient for four months. Confidence in the Navy reigned supreme, and the newspaper offices for many nights afterward were surrounded by crowds waiting for the expected fleet action in the North Sea. The Territorials were at once embodied, and thousands of men returned from their annual camp-training to find that they were now soldiers in earnest. The day after the declaration of war two hundred firms in the City of London alone offered to make up the Army pay of their employees to the full amount of their wages and to keep their places open. Lord Kitchener was called—by the country's unanimous voice—to be Secretary of State for War and to create the armies required for war on the grand scale. The first vote of credit for £100,000,000 was granted without a word.

The earliest of the famous recruiting advertisements, 'Your King and Country need you,' appeared on August 6. 'The First Hundred Thousand' were called for on August 8, and as soon as the poster was up the approaches to the recruiting offices were blocked by crowds of eager applicants. There was no difficulty about getting men in the first days of the war. The real difficulty was to arm them and to train them. To quote Mr. Churchill again:—

'Apart from the exiguous stores held by the Regular Army, there was literally nothing. The small scale of our military forces had led to equally small factories for war material. There

were no spare rifles, there were no extra guns, and the modest supplies of shells and ammunition began immediately to flash away with what seemed appalling rapidity. . . . One was now to learn that it took longer to make a rifle than a gun, and rifles were the cruelest need of all. We had nothing but staves to put in the hands of the eager men who thronged the recruiting stations. I ransacked the Fleet and the Admiralty stores, and scraped together another 30,000 rifles, which literally meant another 30,000 men in the field. Afloat only the Marines would have their rifles; Jack must in the last trust to his cutlass as of old.'

The country, however, had no conception of what lay before it. Nor, for that matter, had Ministers. Almost all believed at first that the war would be short — that Christmas, at furthest, would see the end of it. The one prophet of a long arduous war, which would test the resources and endurance of the Empire to the uttermost, was Lord Kitchener, who, at his first Cabinet meeting, had told his new colleagues that they must be prepared to put armies of millions into the field and maintain them for several years. He, at any rate, knew the gigantic character of his task, and he began by asking for six new Regular divisions.

Prices, naturally, began to rise almost from the first, and there were some indications of a rush to buy and hoard. But this was stayed and, all things considered, the rise in prices during the first few weeks of the war gave little indication of panic buying. Compared with what came after, the spirit of profiteering was wonderfully kept down. But the fact was that the spirit of the nation was touched in those days to the noblest issues. The strong sense of unity binding all classes was novel, exhilarating, and delightful. There was a wonderful outpouring of

service and devotion. Political feuds and animosities were forgotten. 'The Government has only to requisition any one of us,' Mr. Bonar Law said, speaking for his Unionist colleagues, 'and we will serve them and the country to the best of our ability.' Ireland, which Sir Edward Grey had declared to be 'the one bright spot' in a dark horizon, was for the first time for a century in unison with Great Britain. Mr. John Redmond had warmed and thrilled every British heart by his dramatic outburst in the House of Commons. The best of the nation's manhood pressed forward to serve in the ranks. Even the heart-rending disappointment of Mons and the heroic retreat, and the utter breakdown of the French offensive, only made the nation the more firmly determined to see the war through to victory.

Naturally such a great historic episode was excellent material for the novelists. Mr. H. G. Wells describes in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* how that peace-loving man, who hated alarmists and disagreeable possibilities, was confronted with newspapers bearing the headlines: 'The Great Powers at War'; 'France Invaded by Germany'; 'Germany Invaded by Russia'; '100,000 Germans March into Luxemburg'; 'Can England Abstain?' He was motoring homeward by moonlight from a flower show when this episode — the first indication of mobilization — occurred at a crossroads: —

'Riding across the gap between the cottages was a string of horsemen, and then a gray cart, and then a team drawing a heavy object — a gun, and then more horsemen, and then a second gun. It was all a dim brown procession in the moonlight. A mounted officer came up beside him and looked at him and then went back to the crossroads, but as yet England was not troubling about spies. Four

more guns passed, then a string of carts and more mounted men, sitting stiffly. Nobody was singing or shouting; scarcely a word was audible, and through all the column there was an effect of quiet efficient haste. And so they passed, and rumbled and jingled and clattered out of the scene, leaving Mr. Britling in his car in the dreaming village.

'In this fashion it was that the Great War began in Europe and came to one man, as it came to countless intelligent men in countless pleasant homes that had scarcely heeded its coming through all the years of its relentless preparation. The familiar scenery of life was drawn aside, and War stood revealed.

'One remarkable aspect of the English attitude toward the war was the disposition to treat it as a monstrous joke. It is a disposition traceable in a vast proportion of the British literature of the time. In spite of violence, cruelty, injustice, and the vast destruction and still vaster dangers of the struggles, that disposition held. The English mind refused flatly to see anything magnificent or terrible in the German attack, or to regard the German Emperor or the Crown Prince as anything more than figures of fun. From first to last their conception of the enemy was an overstrenuous, foolish man, red with effort, with protruding eyes and a forced frightfulness of demeanor. That he might be tremendously lethal did not in the least obscure the fact that he was essentially ridiculous. And if as the war went on the joke grew grimmer, still it remained a joke. The German might make a desert of the world; that could not alter the British conviction that he was making a fool of himself.'

But England was not yet actually an active participant in the embroilment. Dealing with incidents of August 4, Mr. Wells goes on: —

'That night brought the British declaration of war against Germany. To nearly every Englishman that came as a matter of course, and it is one of the most wonderful facts in history that the Germans were surprised by it. When Mr. Britling, as a sample Englishman, had said that there would never be war between Germany and England, he had always meant that it was inconceivable to him that Germany should ever attack Belgium or France. If Germany had been content to fight a merely defensive war upon her western frontier and let Belgium alone, there would scarcely have been such a thing as a war party in Great Britain. But the attack upon Belgium, the westward thrust, made the whole nation flame unanimously into war. It settled a question that was in open debate up to the very outbreak of the conflict. Up to the last the English had cherished the idea that in Germany, just as in England, the mass of people were kindly, pacific, and detached. That had been the English mistake. Germany was really and truly what Germany had been professing to be for forty years — a War State. With a sigh — and a long-forgotten thrill — England roused herself to fight. Even now she still roused herself sluggishly. It was going to be an immense thing, but just how immense it was going to be no one in England had yet imagined. . . .

'It came at first to all these people in a spectacular manner, as a thing happening dramatically and internationally, as a show, as something in the newspapers, something in the character of an historical epoch, rather than a personal experience; only by slow degrees did it and its consequences invade the common texture of English life.'

In *If Winter Comes* Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson describes the preparations

for war as seen by his hero, Mark Sabre, in a market town, near which a battalion of 'the Pinks' was quartered. That morning Sabre wandered into Tidborough. The previous day had foreshadowed war. This new day presented it.

'As he rode into the town people were standing about in little groups, excitedly talking; everyone seemed to have a newspaper. In a row, as he approached the news agents, were hugely printed contents-bills, all with the news, in one form or another, "War Declared." It was war — war. . . . A mounted orderly passed down the street at a brisk trot, his dispatch bag swaying and bumping across his back. Everyone turned and stared after him, stepped out into the roadway, and stared after him. War. . . . Outside a bank a small crowd of people waited about the doors. They were waiting to draw out their money. Lloyd George had announced the closing of the banks for three days; but they did n't believe it was real. Was it real? He passed Hanbury's, the big grocer's. It seemed to be crammed. People outside waiting to get in. They were buying up food. A woman struggled her way out with three tins of fruit, a pot of jam, and a bag of flour. She seemed thoroughly well pleased with herself. He heard her say to someone: "Well, I've got mine, anyway." He actually had a sense of reassurance from her grotesque provisioning. He thought, "You see, everyone knows it can't last long."

Sabre reached his office: —

'No one in the office was pretending to do any work. As in the street, all were in groups eagerly talking. The clerks' room resounded with excited discussion. Everybody wanted to talk to somebody.'

Very thrilling is Mr. Hutchinson's description of the departure of the

Pinks, as Sabre witnesses it. The description may be taken as symbolical of the actual departure of many regiments on August 5 and following days:—

'When . . . the battalion came swinging out of the Market Place many appeared flanking it, mostly women. . . . The band . . . burst into the Pinks' familiar quickstep:—

'The Camp Town races are five miles long,
Doo-da! Doo-da!

'His eyes were filled. . . . He scarcely could see them. They were marching at ease, their rifles slung. They seemed to be appallingly laden with stupendous packs and multitudinous equipment. A tin mug and God knows what else beside swung and rattled about their thighs. The women with them were running to keep up, and dragging children and stretching hands into the ranks, and crying . . . all crying:—

'Doo-da! Doo-da!

The Camp Town races are five miles long,
Doo-da! Doo-da!

'A most frightful thing happened. A boy broke out of the ranks and came running, all rattling and jingling with swinging accoutrements, to the old woman beside Sabre, put his arms around her, and cried in a most frightful voice, "Mother! mother!" And a sergeant, also rattling and clanking, dashed up and bawled with astounding ferocity, "Get back into the — ranks!" And the boy ran on, rattling. And the old woman collapsed prone upon the pavement. And the sergeant, as though his amazing ferocity had been the buttress of some other emotions, bent over the old woman and patted her, rattling, and said, "That's all right, mother. That's all right. I'll look after him. I'll bring him back. That's all right, mother." And ran on, jingling. Doo-da! Doo-da! Day! . . . The column passed and was gone.'

HOW REVOLUTION CAME TO RUSSIA

BY ARTHUR RANSOME

From the *Manchester Guardian*, August 1, 2, 4
(LIBERAL DAILY)

UNTIL shortly before Lenin's death Trotskii and Lenin were placed in the popular imagination side by side as the two great leaders of the revolution. This was so not only abroad but also among the rank and file of the Bolshevik party, though it was not so among the small group near the head of affairs, who were as tireless in criticizing Trotskii as they were in praising Lenin. And now Lenin is dead and his mantle has not fallen upon Trotskii, but upon that small group which took the opportunity of the party discussion that ended with Lenin's death to make a determined attempt to destroy Trotskii's political prestige. Trotskii was ill at the time, and an attack of the character then made upon him cannot be met by brilliant pamphleteering alone, although Trotskii on a sick bed and unable to speak was not to be parted from his pen. At the crisis of that discussion the pamphlets of his rivals were obtainable everywhere, and for some reason his own, issued simultaneously with theirs, was not to be found in the shops until much later. He has now returned from convalescence in the south and, as usual with him on recovery after a period of illness, has published a book.

This book is called *Concerning Lenin*, but though it is full of valuable notes about his friend it might more accurately be called 'Concerning Lenin and Trotskii,' for it is a reminder of the part that Trotskii played side by side with Lenin in

the revolution, a reminder that, for example, it was he and not Stalin or Zinoviev who shared Lenin's bed on the floor of a bare room in the Smolny Institute on the day of the overthrow of the Provisional Government.

Indirectly, too, it is a political tract, justifying Trotskii's own position in the recent discussion by showing that the oppressive uniformity of opinion in the party now demanded by Zinoviev and Stalin is a new thing, and quite unlike the lively play of opinion which the party allowed at the most critical periods of the revolution.

Trotskii reminds us that during the actual revolution Lenin himself only became reconciled on the very last day with the methods that under Trotskii's leadership had been adopted by the Revolutionary Committee. He reminds us that there were similar divisions of opinion over the Constituent Assembly, a struggle over the question of coalition with the other Socialist parties, and a pitched battle within the party over the Peace of Brest-Litovsk. Though the book contains no reference to the attack made on him by Stalin and others, it is actually a counter-attack, and one particularly difficult for his opponents to parry, the more so that Trotskii since his return has behaved with absolute 'correctness,' emphasizing his loyalty to the party and refusing to make any obvious profit out of the outbursts of enthusiasm on his appearance at meetings, which show that the attempt to reduce him in the ranks has signally failed.

By this very preservation of dignity he has deepened markedly the general sense among all but those who have personal reason to resent his independent, flighty, and rather dictatorial manner in committee that the most brilliant of their living leaders has been very shabbily treated.

Trotsky's book is avowedly not a biography but a collection of biographical material, to which in later editions he proposes to add. It begins with an account of that little colony of Russian Social Democrats settled in London, working in the British Museum and making Saturday night speeches in Whitechapel, to whom Trotsky came in the autumn of 1902 after his escape from Siberia. He went straight to Lenin's lodgings, having been told on his way across Europe how many knocks he had to make on the door. It was inhumanly early in the morning, but Trotsky was still glowing from his escape and had crossed Europe in a youthful ecstasy. It never occurred to him to wait at the station. He was full of the reports he had to make, particularly on the poor opinion he had formed of the revolutionary organizations on the Russian frontiers. He had crossed the frontier with smugglers, and it is amusing to read that they had fleeced him unmercifully, exactly as, twenty years later, they were to turn dishonest pennies in fleecing escaping counter-revolutionaries.

Mrs. Lenin let him in and made tea for him in the kitchen while Lenin, without enthusiasm, got up and dressed. Mrs. Lenin was then 'at the centre of all the work of organization.'

In her room was almost always the smell of burnt paper, and she often complained with her gentle emphasis that people wrote little, or mixed up the ciphers, or wrote in chemical inks in such a way that one line crawled over another, and so on.

Later in the day Lenin took him for a walk through London and showed him some of the sights. 'That is their famous Westminster,' he said. 'Their,' Trotsky points out, did not mean 'belonging to the English,' but 'belonging to the enemy.' The enemy, of course, was 'the exploiting class.' From so early up to the very end, Lenin preserved this way of looking at all artistic or technical achievements. Everything was either 'ours' or 'theirs.' If an achievement was 'theirs,' it did not mean that he did not admire it. He would look at it with the frankest admiration, but always with the admiration that a general may feel for the technique of his enemy. Never did a man more single-mindedly shape himself for a particular end. Even this walk with the youthful Trotsky was devoted to an examination of the promising recruit, 'one of ours.'

I told him how in the Moscow prison for persons under sentence of transportation we had collectively studied his *Development of Capitalism in Russia* and how in exile we had worked at Marx's *Capital* but had stuck at the second volume.

That night Trotsky took up his quarters in a house where lived Vera Zaslitch, Martov, and the manager of their printing press. They printed their revolutionary paper in London and smuggled it into Russia.

Almost immediately on his arrival Lenin had astonished and shocked the 'elders' by being not only unwilling to remain a pupil, but even ready to enter the lists with his would-be teachers.

The old ones had by this time spent twenty years in exile. For them *Iskra* and *Zarva* ('The Spark' and 'The Dawn,' revolutionary papers) were mainly a literary enterprise. For Lenin, on the other hand, they were the direct instruments of revolutionary action.

This is equally true of the whole twenty-four volumes of his published works. Lenin came abroad 'not as a potential leader in general' but as 'the leader of that revolution which was actually growing . . . to create as quickly as possible for this revolution its rigging of ideas, its organizing apparatus.'

Plekhanov was at that time the acknowledged theorist of the movement. But when Lenin came to stand shoulder to shoulder with him the man who from a distance had seemed a giant turned out to be not so much of a giant after all, and no superstitious reverence restrained Lenin from pushing his own views even against those of this hitherto undisputed leader. Plekhanov, 'deep in whom sat a revolutionary skeptic,' none the less felt and admitted Lenin's strength at once. 'That is the dough of which Robespierres are made,' he said to Axelrod. Vera Zasulich described the methods in argument of the two men much as Goldsmith described those of Burke and Johnson. 'George (Plekhanov) is a *Borzoï*, — wolfhound, — worries, worries and throws away; and you (Lenin) are a bulldog — you take a death-grip.' Lenin was very pleased and repeated the phrase with satisfaction. 'A death-grip is just what is needed.'

The London period did not last long. The centre of struggle within the party was the paper *Iskra*, which was edited by a committee of six — three 'old ones,' Plekhanov, Zasulich, and Axelrod; and three 'young ones,' Lenin, Martov, and Potresov. The editors were scattered about Europe, Plekhanov and Axelrod in Switzerland, Zasulich and the 'young ones' in London, where the paper was actually printed. Plekhanov wanted the centre moved to Switzerland. Lenin wished it to remain in London. Plekhanov

won, and there was a general migration to Switzerland. In Paris Lenin gave three lectures in the High School organized there by professors exiled from Russia. The profits went to the treasury of *Iskra*. The lecturer was taken to the opera. They all went on to Geneva together, where Lenin, with the help of Zasulich, turned Plekhanov's victory into a defeat by bringing Trotskii into the editorial committee, thus ensuring in serious questions the outvoting of the 'old ones' by the 'young.'

There is nothing in Trotskii's book about the 1905 revolution. After the account of Lenin's early career, with its continual emphasis on the concrete character of Lenin's preparations and ideas, — 'His very jokes were utilitarian,' — Trotskii turns at once to the spring of 1917. When, on returning from abroad, he met Lenin in Petrograd on the fifth or sixth of May, he told him that he was in complete agreement with the theses that Lenin had published in April. Trotskii was then not a Bolshevik, but was the leader of a small independent group. He reminds people in passing that in this group were others who have not so often or so unkindly had it thrown in their teeth that they are comparatively new members of the Communist Party. These names include Lunacharskii, Joffe, Karakhan, and Sokolnikov.

Trotskii makes a new and interesting point that Lenin in 1917, while believing that the country was prepared for further revolution, was by no means sure that this would not be prevented. In May Lenin declared that 'the country of workers and extremely poor peasants was a thousand times more "Left" than Tchernov and Tseretelli, and a hundred times more "Left" than ourselves.'

He unshakably believed that the masses were willing and able to make a revolution,

but he had not that confidence with regard to the Party Staff. . . . With all the forces and means at his disposal he tried to place the Party under the pressure of the masses, and the Central Committee of the Party under the pressure of the rank and file.

As the autumn drew on Lenin's anxiety became almost unbearable. The second revolution was visibly preparing, too visibly, as Lenin thought.

As in the July days, when Lenin firmly believed that 'they' [the bourgeois 'enemy'] would shoot us, so now he thought out for the enemy the whole situation, and came to the conclusion that the best thing from the point of view of the bourgeoisie would be to take us by surprise with force of arms, disorganize the revolution, and then strike at its several parts. Lenin overestimated, as he had done in July, the perspicacity and determination of the enemy, and perhaps also their material possibilities.

Trotskii was undoubtedly the leading figure in the preparation of the Bolshevik revolution, and his methods certainly gave Lenin grounds for anxiety. Trotskii was justified only by the fact that the rival forces were torn a thousand ways by mutually hostile interests, internal scuffles, bitternesses, and jealousies. For, with an audacity that would certainly have been blamed for defeat if it had not succeeded, Trotskii was playing with every card laid face upward on the table. The Bolsheviks were with every day gaining support among the working masses of the towns, and there could be little doubt that at the next Congress of Soviets they and those prepared to vote with them would be in a position to supplant the existing moderate Executive Committee. The moment that should happen the Bolshevik cry of 'All power to the Soviets' would no longer, as in July, find an Executive Committee unwilling to take power even if it should be offered. The naming of a date for this new Congress

was equivalent to naming a date for the revolution. Lenin was horrified at the obvious connection between the planned revolt and the summoning of the Congress. 'In any case,' he insisted at one of the last of the preliminary meetings of the Revolutionary Committee, 'the seizure of power should precede the Congress of Soviets. Otherwise they will smash you, and you will not be able to summon a Congress of any kind whatsoever.'

However, the Provisional Government played into Trotskii's hands by allowing him to get warning of their intention to replace the Petrograd garrison by troops that were as yet uninfected.

The attempt to change the garrison of Petrograd led to the formation of the Military Revolutionary Committee. . . . We got the chance of legalizing the preparation of the revolt with the authority of the Soviet, and of binding it closely with a question that vitally affected the whole garrison of Petrograd [which was extremely unwilling to be sent to the front].

Trotskii had his way, and so convinced were he and his committee of the hopeless weakness of the existing Government that they made all arrangements for the taking of power openly over the telephone, and simply began to give orders, as if with authority, before the old Government had actually been overthrown. But it was not until the very evening of the revolution that Lenin reconciled himself to the fact that they had refused to take power by more conspiratorial methods.

I remember the tremendous impression made on Lenin by the news that I had summoned by written order a company of the Pavlovsk Regiment to ensure the appearance of our Party and Soviet newspapers.

'Well,' he asked, 'and has the company come out of barracks?'

'It has.'

'The papers are being set up?'

'They are.'

Lenin was delighted and burst into exclamations, laughing and rubbing his hands. Then he became silent, thoughtful, and said, 'Well, it can be done in that way also. The main thing is to take power.'

The Congress met in Smolny Institute — once a girls' school, and thenceforward, until the removal to Moscow, the seat of the Government. Lenin did not appear at the first session.

He remained in one of the rooms of Smolny, in which, I remember, for some reason or other, there was no furniture; or practically none. Later on someone put some rugs on the floor and a couple of pillows. Vladimir Ilyitch [Lenin] and I rested, lying side by side. But in a few minutes I was called — 'Dan [Menshevik leader] is speaking and we must reply.' Returning after my speech in reply, I lay down again side by side with Vladimir Ilyitch, who, of course, had no thought of sleeping. Every five or ten minutes someone came in from the meeting-room to say what was happening there. And besides that, news kept on coming from the town, where, under the leadership of Antonov Ovsenko, the siege of the Winter Palace was proceeding, that ended by its storming.

I imagine that a hundred years hence historians will be glad of this curious glimpse of the leaders of the revolution at the moment of their triumph. But Trotskii is comparatively careless of intimate detail, and is more anxious to get on paper what he remembers of Lenin actually at work.

From the moment that the Temporary Government was declared overthrown, Lenin systematically, in big things and small, acted as a Government. We had as yet no apparatus whatever; there was no connection with the provinces; the officials were sabotaging; the Railway Committee was interfering with our telephonic conversations with Moscow; there was no

money and there was no army. But Lenin in all directions acted by means of decisions, decrees, and orders in the name of the Government. Of course he was in this further than anyone from any superstitious reverence for formal incantations. He recognized too clearly that our strength was in that new State apparatus that was being built up from below, from the Petrograd districts. But in order to coördinate the work that went on above, from the deserted or sabotaging chanceries, with the creative work that was going on below, there was necessary just this tone of formal insistence, the tone of a Government which, to-day still tossing in emptiness, to-morrow or the day after will be a force, and therefore to-day is already speaking as a force.

Then there are glimpses of that frantic period of legislative improvisation in Smolny when more than once contradictory measures were published almost simultaneously. 'My room and Lenin's,' says Trotskii, 'were at opposite ends of the building. The corridor uniting or rather dividing us was so long that Vladimir Ilyitch jokingly proposed to establish communication on bicycles.' It would have been impossible. I well remember that corridor, which was like a passage in an antheap, people running to and fro, while the loud voices of orators and the roar of applause sounded through its walls from concurrent meetings going on in the larger rooms beside it or below. Lenin asked what they were to call the members of their Government.

'Anyhow not Ministers; that is an abominable used-up name.'

'We would call them Commissars [suggested Trotskii], only that there are already too many Commissars. Perhaps Supreme Commissars.'

'No, "supreme" sounds badly. What about "People's"?''

'People's Commissars? That would do pretty well. And the Government as a whole?'

'Soviet of People's Commissars.'

Lenin caught it up. 'That is first-rate. That smells of revolution.'

Speaking of the appalling disorder and muddle of the early days of the Bolshevik revolution, Trotskii says of the military staff, which also sat in a room of the Smolny Institute, the first headquarters of the revolution: —

This of all the institutions was the most disorderly. It was never possible to understand who was giving orders, who was in command, and of what in particular. Here first arose in a general form the question of military specialists (officers of the old army). We had already some experience on the point in the struggle with Krasnov, when we appointed Muraviev as commander and he in turn entrusted the direction of the operations at Pulkovo to Colonel Walden. With Muraviev were four soldiers and a sailor with orders to keep their eyes open and never to take their hands from their revolvers. (Muraviev eventually killed himself after attempted treachery on the front during the early stages of the Czecho-Slovak revolt in 1918.) This was the embryo of the system of Commissars. This experience laid in some degree the foundation of the Supreme Military Council.

'Without serious, experienced military men we shall never get out of this chaos,' I said to Vladimir Ilyitch every time after visiting the Staff.

'That is true, seemingly. But how can we prevent them betraying us?'

'Appoint a Commissar to each one.'

'Better still, two,' exclaimed Lenin. 'And muscular ones. It's impossible that we have got no muscular Communists.'

There is a note on Lenin's view of the death penalty in a time of revolution. On Kamenev's initiative the law about capital punishment for soldiers brought in by Kerenskii was abolished. This was indeed one of the first acts of the new Government.

I remember that this was in my presence and that I did not object. Lenin was not there. . . . When he heard of this first act of legislation he was endlessly upset. 'Rubbish,' he repeated. 'How can you make a

revolution without shootings? You surely do not think that you can deal with all your enemies while disarming yourselves? What other means of repression are there? Imprisonment? Who thinks anything of that in a time of civil war, when each side hopes to win?' It was clear to him that behind this decree was hidden an unthought-out attitude toward those incredible difficulties which we were on our way to meet.

There is another note correcting the present widely propagated belief that even in the early days Lenin clearly foresaw how long and difficult was the path to the Communism that he preached.

I remember very well how during the first period in Smolny Lenin incessantly repeated at the sittings of the Council of People's Commissars that in six months we should have Socialism and should be the most powerful State. . . . This was a system of inspiring conviction. Lenin was teaching all to take thenceforward all questions in the frame of Socialist construction, and not in the perspective of an 'ultimate aim' but in the perspective of to-day or the day after.

Trotskii denies that this was purely a pedagogic method. He speaks of Lenin's

tense will, which at the abrupt turning-point of two epochs compressed stages and shortened periods. He believed what he said. And this fantastic six months' period for the arrival of Socialism represents a function of Lenin's spirit just as much as his realistic approach to each problem of the actual day.

That is the difference between the man of action that Lenin was and the philosopher. Lenin's beliefs, like his jokes, were to the purpose. He always believed what it was necessary for the leader of the revolution to believe. But it was only in the rarest cases that he allowed these beliefs, these pillars of fire by night and smoke by day, as they were for his followers, to distract

his own eyes from the immediate stones and ditches at his feet.

Perhaps the most interesting passages in the book are those concerning the Peace of Brest-Litovsk, in which, as everyone knows, Trotskii's part was a very prominent one and not whole-heartedly approved by Lenin. As soon as it was clear that a general peace was impossible and that the peace offered by the Germans by no means corresponded to the Russian formula, there were violent differences of opinion as to what ought to be done. Lenin's one idea was at all costs to preserve the revolution in Russia, and he was for agreeing to any terms that would permit this. Trotskii, as soon as he reached the front on his way to Brest, realized clearly enough that there was no Russian army capable of putting up any defense whatever. But —

I considered that at all costs it was necessary to give the workers of Europe a clear proof of the mortal hostility between us and ruling Germany. . . . It was precisely under the influence of this idea that I came in Brest-Litovsk to the notion of that pedagogic demonstration which was expressed in the formula: 'We stop the war but do not sign the peace.'

Lenin was attracted by the idea, but feared the risk, and asked, 'What if they renew the war?'

Trotskii: 'Then we shall be forced to sign peace, and then it will be clear to everybody that there is nothing else we can do. By that alone we shall deal a decisive blow to the legend of our secret connection with the Hohenzollerns.'

Lenin: 'Of course there are *pluses* here. But it's all too risky. At the moment there is nothing in the world more important than our revolution. We must at all costs put it out of danger.'

But the risk was taken, and the Ger-

mans, shortening by a quibble the agreed notice that was to terminate the armistice, suddenly advanced. The bulk of the two ruling parties — Bolsheviks and Left Social Revolutionaries — believed then that a 'revolutionary war,' unarmed as they were, was inevitable. Lenin insisted that they must at once agree to sign peace.

'And if the Germans none the less advance? And if they move on Moscow?' 'Then,' said Lenin, 'we will retreat farther to the east, to the Urals, declaring all the time our readiness to sign peace. The Kuznetsk basin is rich in coal. We will make an Ural-Kuznetsk Republic basing ourselves on the industry of the Urals and the coal of the Kuznetsk basin, on the proletariat of the Urals and on those Petrograd and Moscow workmen whom we are able to take with us. We will go as far as Kamchatka if need be, but we will hold out. The international situation will change again and again, and from our Ural-Kuznetsk Republic we shall spread and return to Moscow and Petersburg. But if we hurl ourselves senselessly into a revolutionary war and let the flower of the working class and of our Party be cut to pieces, why then, of course, we shall not return at all.'

He won his point. A worse peace was signed than that which they had at first refused; and before the year was out the international situation had been changed by the fall of the German Empire. At only one moment did Lenin waver, at the moment when news came of the German landing in Finland. When he got this news he thought there was no way out of fighting, but in a few minutes he had regained his old position, that they had no right to risk the revolution. 'Three years later,' comments Trotskii, 'we took a risk — this time on Lenin's initiative — when we probed with a bayonet bourgeois and aristocratic Poland. We were thrown back. Where was the difference between this and Brest-

Litovsk? In principle, none. But there was a difference in the degree of risk.'

The book is full of similar first-hand, eyewitness evidence on one after another of the crises of the revolution. The passage in the book that has most annoyed Trotskii's rivals in this:—

'And what,' Vladimir Ilyitch asked me altogether unexpectedly, 'if the White Guards kill you and me; will Bucharin and Sverdlov be able to carry on?'

'Perhaps they won't kill us,' I replied, joking.

'The devil only knows,' said Lenin, and laughed. On which the conversation ended.

That passage is annoying to Trotskii's rivals because it reminds everyone that the 'Lenin and Trotskii' theory of the revolution's leadership was shared by Lenin himself. It is a most uncomfortable comment, as from the grave, on the situation in Russia to-day.

A GUIDEBOOK OF THE 'FORTIES

BY JAKOB CAHN

From Frankfurter Zeitung, July 19
(LIBERAL DAILY)

THE first edition of those familiar rebound travelers' companions that have identified millions of tourists to Switzerland in their time lies before me. Its title, rendered into English, reads: 'Switzerland: A Guidebook for Tourists. Koblenz. Published by Karl Baedeker, 1844.' In size and form it resembles closely its successors of to-day. Its yellow-paper jacket is adorned with cuts of famous Swiss scenery and the coats of arms of the cantons, and it contains a map of the country and a panorama from the Rigi. The price is one thaler and ten silver groschen—approximately the same amount in dollars and cents in American currency.

Those were the days of mail coaches. There was not a single railway in all Switzerland, to say nothing of funicular and cogwheel railroads up the principal peaks. The hotel business was still in its infancy, though travelers' accom-

modations in Switzerland were already better than in other countries, and Swiss inns were reputed the most comfortable in the world. Nor was there an organized tourist-industry. The traveler had largely to look out for himself. Currency was almost as chaotic as to-day.

Under such conditions a tour was a much more serious undertaking for the inexperienced traveler than it is at present, and a guidebook was more indispensable. The publisher assures his readers that the information he gives them is based 'upon personal investigation and the best authorities,' among the chief of which was Murray's already famous guidebook. He encourages the prospective tourist by the promise that 'with the help of this book it will not be difficult to lay out a plan for each day of travel, to decide beforehand where one will spend each night, and indeed to draw up a pro-

gramme for almost every hour, assuming of course fair weather.'

A Swiss tour in the good old times of eighty years ago was not one whit cheaper than it is at present. Baedeker says that a pedestrian can get along on ten francs — two dollars — a day. A man who travels in such simple style will hardly need that amount in our present year of grace. Nor will the modern tourist be likely to find such extras as 'a grate fire,' or 'half a wax candle' on his hotel bill.

Baedeker sagely advises his readers how to conduct themselves abroad. 'The treatment guests receive depends largely upon their own manner and deportment. A person who is exacting and makes heavy demands upon the servants will naturally expect to be charged more than the modest and less exigent traveler. One who merely has his room at a hotel and takes his meals elsewhere will naturally have to pay more than a traveler from whom the innkeeper also makes a profit on his meals.' And in conclusion he says: 'The wisest way is to accommodate one's self to conditions, and to keep in good humor, although one does not find elsewhere all the comforts he is accustomed to at home. A person who goes about obsessed by suspicions, who becomes angry every time he is charged more than in his native town, and who is ever complaining of extortion, had better not travel at all.'

Baedeker's observations upon traveling afoot would hardly receive unqualified endorsement to-day. 'Of all tourists, the pedestrian is the freest. He will invariably derive the greatest pleasure from a journey in Switzerland, both physically and intellectually.' The following division of his day is recommended: 'Set forth bright and early, at four or five o'clock in the morning, after drinking a glass of fresh water at the inn or en route.

After walking two or three hours, eat a breakfast consisting of coffee and bread and butter with honey, which is to be had everywhere in Switzerland. About twelve or one o'clock eat a luncheon of bread with meat or cheese, and a glass of wine or beer. Then rest for two hours in a grove or some other cool place. After that walk until about seven o'clock in the evening. Eat a hearty dinner at one of the excellent hotels to be found along all the routes popular with pedestrians. Most of these establishments serve a big evening meal, table d'hôte. Early to bed.'

This sensible plan of starting out at dawn will hardly find enthusiastic champions to-day.

The clothing recommended to the tourist of 1844 was: 'A straw or white-felt hat with a broad brim or, best of all, a light cap; a soft collar — above all not a tight, stiff collar; a cloth coat that can be girded up, when desired, to half its length; linen trousers without straps under the boots; leggings; and stout — but not new — boots, reaching to the ankles. Carry a light umbrella instead of a cane.'

Mountain-climbing had not yet become popular, and mountaineering as a sport was practically unknown. Tourists contented themselves with ascending to a few well-known outlook points, especially the Rigi, and with crossing the more important passes, like St. Gothard, Furka, Grimsel, and Gemmi. Baedeker cites abundantly from history in describing particular places and regions. He quotes whole pages of contemporary historians, and long passages from Goethe in connection with the places that great writer visited on his Swiss tour. Other native and foreign poets who have sung the incomparable beauties or grandeur of Switzerland's mountains, from the Roman authors down to Voltaire and Byron, are also quoted. Of course the

reader is favored with whole scenes from *William Tell* in connection with places that figure in Schiller's drama.

Many passages sound strange enough to-day and, even considering that they were written eighty years ago, seem anachronistic. This is notably so when Baedeker, in mentioning Milan, Como, and other Italian cities, gives a cross-reference to his 'Guidebook for Travelers through Germany and the Austrian Empire. Based upon Personal Investigations and the Best Authorities. With a Map and Plans of the Cities of Vienna, Prague, Venice, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Hamburg, Frankfort, and Cologne.' Even the principality of Lichtenstein is not forgotten — 'which furnishes fifty-five soldiers to the army of the German Federation.'

Another political anomaly is the principality of Neuenburg, which was under the sovereignty of the King of Prussia, but was also a Swiss canton. The Prussian *Landesherr* appointed a governor and twelve members of the legislative body, but Berlin had nothing to say in regard to any matter affecting Switzerland. Neuenburg was obligated to supply soldiers for the Swiss Federal Army, but a battalion of the Palace Guards at Berlin consisted of recruits from the principality, who volunteered for four years' service. A recruiting office with one officer and two non-commissioned officers was maintained in Neuenburg for enrolling them and giving them preliminary training before they were sent to Berlin. Some may recall that when William II attended the Swiss manœuvres in 1912 he wore the uniform of that battalion. It was generally supposed at the time that this was because it resembled closely the Swiss uniform; but possibly he had this historical reminiscence in mind.

When mentioning Castle Arenenberg, which formerly belonged to the Duchess of St. Leu, at one time Queen

of Holland, Baedeker refers to her son, who later became Napoleon III, as 'adventurous Prince Louis.'

Many of the most famous scenic points in Switzerland had not yet been discovered. Among these was the Engadine, which is now the goal of thousands of tourists. In fact, that region was avoided eighty years ago on account of its severe climate and poor accommodations for travelers. Baedeker says of St. Moritz: 'Its situation on a clear lake, which is usually frozen from the end of November to the end of April, is beautiful, but accommodations in the three hotels . . . are not to be praised.' His only comment on Pontresina is 'a good hotel,' in parentheses. Davos is not even credited with that much.

Already, however, there was something resembling an organized tourist-industry in the Bernese Oberland, which was very popular, especially with the English. Interlaken — then called Interlachen — is described thus: 'Interlachen has no so-called points of interest, and even the most conscientious traveler need not regret failing to see the place. Its charming and healthful situation in a fertile valley, with a fine panorama of the snow-capped summit of the Jungfrau, its proximity to many points of interest in Switzerland, and the cheapness of living there, have gradually made it famous throughout Europe, so that to-day the little valley has become practically an English colony. Wherever one goes or stops he hears the English tongue, and even the natives begin to address every stranger in English.'

Zermatt and the Matterhorn, Arosa and other famous tourist centres of to-day, are not mentioned at all. On the other hand, whole passages from this first volume, describing the Rigi and the Via Mala, have been retained verbatim in the latest edition.

ANIMAL NEIGHBORS IN AFRICA. IV

BY RUDOLF REQUADT

From *Kölnische Zeitung*, July 5, 8, 10, 12, 17
(CONSERVATIVE DAILY, BRITISH OCCUPIED TERRITORY)

ON the river side of the village lay the gardens of the Kaffirs. The blacks assured me that in the harvest season troops of monkeys would come down from the mountains several kilometres away and ravage their crops, destroying far more than they took. Usually these unwelcome visitors appeared at about dawn, and Kaffirs were constantly on the watch to frighten them away. At the first alarm the villagers poured out en masse to attack the plunderers, much as they would have done to repel an assault by enemies of their own race.

The first time that this happened, I sprang from my bed when I heard the shouting and followed the mob on a run in the direction of the river. The scattered outcries gradually concentrated at a single point where a solitary tree towered above a broad expanse of meadow. Long before I reached it I could see a cluster of blacks gathered close around its base. They were looking at something in the branches and yelling like demons. Now and then someone would hurl a spear into the branches. When they saw me approaching, their excitement increased.

'See the monkey!' they called, and pointed into the foliage. At first I could distinguish nothing but leaves, but at length I made out little glimpses of fur between their interstices where a monkey was perched upon a horizontal limb, looking down, first with one eye on one side, and then with the other eye on the other side, upon the crowd below.

'Kill him! Kill him!' the blacks shouted, stamping upon the ground. Again a couple of spears flew into the air. Next a huge black fellow picked up a big stone and, uttering a weird battle-cry, threw it with all the strength of his muscular arm at the concealed monkey. There was a shrill cry of pain; the monkey swayed for a moment, slipped from his perch, and slowly followed the stone as it rattled back from limb to limb. Evidently the animal was half stunned, for it clutched at the passing branches only to relax its grasp again.

'Give it to him! Give it to him!' shouted the blacks. All the spears were lifted, and as the monkey fell from the lowest bough to the earth they flew in a cloud at him, so that in a moment his body was the centre of a thicket of quivering shafts.

My curiosity regarding the monkeys was now thoroughly aroused, so I persuaded three of the blacks who knew their habits to accompany me, and set forth before sunrise a few days later for the mountains where they lived. Our goal was a range of rugged heights where my guides assured me that monkeys would be found, because they lived in a group of caves in the vicinity.

At length we reached a long, heavily wooded ridge, beyond which lay an enclosed valley surrounded by large forest-trees. The blacks thought monkeys would be found in the precipice just behind this depression. We descended the hill cautiously, scanning the trees for the objects of our search.

My guides imagined they caught sight of monkeys now and then or heard their cries in the distance.

As we were thus advancing very slowly, stopping and listening at almost every step, we made out a number of black forms in a distant tree, swinging from branch to branch. We were still watching them when we were startled by a tremendous noise that drew our attention to the opposite height, where a whole troop of monkeys rushed out of a cave and, yelping shrilly, rolled and tumbled across a little grassplot. They seemed to be playing a game of uncouth handspring, little ones and big ones together. When they reached the middle of the grassy plot they turned abruptly and soon were out of sight over the top of the hill.

After they were gone, the blacks explained that they were hunting their breakfast, which consisted principally of the insects in the grass. The monkeys showed little consideration for each other in this quest, for the big ones would seize the prey captured by the smaller ones, and even snatch it out of their mouths. Several times I saw the little monkeys turn over a stone to get the insects under it, only to be thrust roughly aside by an older and stronger companion, who promptly took possession of their find.

Encouraged by this sight, we climbed the height and soon discovered a number of caves half hidden in the bushes. We could see by the disturbance of the dew on the foliage that the occupants had just left. Paths led to some of these dens, showing that they were tenanted by large troops.

At first the blacks suggested that we lay our snares along these paths, but they finally decided that we had left too obvious traces of our presence here, and that it would be better to find a more isolated cave elsewhere, which

they could approach without disturbing the surrounding vegetation. So, leaving me behind, they stole off through the bushes on this errand.

I eventually wearied of waiting, and was curious to investigate the cave nearest me. With a flashlight in one hand and a revolver in the other, I entered. The heavy, offensive odor of a lair met me at the entrance. Boulders were strewn upon the bottom, worn smooth and shiny by the rubbing of the animals. I examined the place carefully for a moment, to see if any of the tenants — possibly sick or too young to travel — had not been left behind; but, discovering nothing, I returned as soon as possible to the fresh air.

A little to one side of this cave the banks descended precipitously. I seated myself on a broad stone on their crest to survey the surrounding country. Wild life abounded everywhere. Flocks of birds fluttered through the trees, and the sound of various animals was audible in the distance. Now and then I thought I could detect the chatter of monkeys. After a time, during which I sat perfectly still, I heard a rustling in the bushes near me and saw a monkey spring from the ground into the overhanging branches of a little tree, clutch something, and hold it before his eyes. I now saw that his captive was a grasshopper. He gazed at it delightedly for a moment, climbed slowly down from the tree, and, as I could observe through my field glass, rolled over on his back in the soft sod and resumed his pleased contemplation of the grasshopper. Finally he dropped it into his big mouth, snapped his teeth, and began to chew it slowly with every evidence of intense satisfaction. As he did so, he reached up lazily and plucked idly at the branches above him. When he had ceased chewing, he settled back comfortably in the grass, evidently

enjoying a regular debauch of indolence.

Before long the three black boys returned. Although I made signs to them to be careful, the monkey heard them and, looking around with alarm, slipped away between the bushes.

'Each of us has set a snare,' the boys reported; 'but we must go back in that direction, so that we can rush up quickly if a monkey is caught, or else he will strangle himself.'

I joined the most responsible fellow of the three, and we two were soon seated on the edge of a hollow, examining the scene below us. Across this gully lay a little clearing, facing a cave invisible from our observation point, where a few ears of corn were strewn on the ground. I kept close watch with my field glass. The black boy explained: 'I laid the snare the best I could, but you must not feel sure we'll catch one. Monkeys are shrewder than many human beings. Although they're not hunted much in this vicinity, they'll wonder how those ears of corn got in front of their cave.'

We waited eagerly for what might happen. I heard the shrill cry of a circling eagle high above us. This moved my companion to say: 'Did you hear that eagle? I saw a dreadful thing once. I went out early in the morning to hunt, and was creeping through the bushes stalking a buck with my spear in my hand. All at once I heard a loud rushing sound over to one side, followed by a chorus of shrieks from a troop of monkeys. The next moment an eagle rose over the trees with slowly flapping wings, holding a little monkey in its talons. I could see that the animal's head was bleeding badly, and that it was evidently half dead already. The eagle flew deliberately just above the treetops. But there was a fearful tumult at the point where the monkey had been captured. I could hear chattering and shrieking, and make out

the old mother monkey in the topmost branches of a tree, swinging back and forth like a man rowing a boat, and gazing after the disappearing robber with wild, plaintive cries of grief and protest.'

By noon the heat became intense. The black took this for a signal that the monkeys would soon return to their caves. We redoubled our vigilance, and soon discerned the backs of several creeping through the bushes in the distance. As they were moving toward the place where the other snares were set, we listened eagerly for the shout of triumph that we knew the watchers there would give if they made a capture; but everything was as still as death. At length we imagined we heard a rustling sound in our vicinity, and a little later saw a couple of brownish figures emerge from the undergrowth above the cave that we were watching. They stopped, evidently studying with intense curiosity from their elevated observation point the ears of corn in the grass below them. It was quite evident that they were on their guard. They lowered their heads, lifted their hairy tails straight in the air, walked cautiously around the corn at a safe distance, squatted in the grass, and gazed at it with a comical mixture of shrewdness and greed. They would change this posture every few minutes to survey with alert and twinkling eyes all the country around them. Gradually their agitation increased, and suddenly they made away up the mountain, with their tails high in the air.

We imagined that they had left for good, but a little later they appeared at a considerable distance above us, swinging in a tree, and still studying with intense interest those ears of corn. Before we could see how the situation would finally develop, however, a wild shout mingled with a monkey's scream

told us that one of the other boys had made a capture. We hurried in his direction and were joined by the third boy before we reached our destination.

Arriving at the scene of all the outcry, we found our black boy holding by the tail a monkey which he had caught in a noose that had fallen directly around its throat. He was trying to prevent the captive from strangling itself in its desperate efforts to get away. The poor fellow was already bleeding from several vicious bites which he had received in the effort. We quickly tied the animal's hind legs, but it proved impossible to tie the forelegs. The monkey's sharp teeth and powerful hands were too much for us. So we decided to tether it to a tree until it was exhausted or at least until we had rested a little.

As soon as the excitement of the capture was over and the black boy had caught his breath, he pointed into the limbs of the tree and said: 'The little one's there.' We looked up in surprise. In fact, now that my attention was called to it, I could hear a whimpering sound in the foliage. At length we made out between the twigs a frightened-eyed little creature, watching with evident distress his captured mother. The sight brought a quick pang of pity to my heart. I looked down at the old monkey. She lay on her back, held by the noose around her hind legs and the noose around her neck, gazing intently at her young one.

'You should have told me before,' I said to the black boys. 'I don't want to catch a mother monkey.' I stood irresolute a moment, but the whimpering voice above me was too much, and I said quickly to the blacks: 'We must let her go again.'

My companions stared at me uncomprehendingly for a moment, but I insisted that they cut the noose. In spite of their surprise, I felt that they

really understood my motive. Finally one said: 'It would be bad to let the monkey go entirely, for she would attack us furiously. It would be better just to loosen the noose and she will free herself.'

This sounded sensible. The blacks grinned amiably at the little fellow up in the tree, as if to make him understand, nodded in the same amiable way to the old monkey, stepped cautiously back a little, and dropped the rope that held her.

The old monkey instantly assumed a sitting posture, and chattered what was apparently intended to be villainous abuse at us as we slowly withdrew. She continued this all the while we were hiding in the bushes to watch her free herself from the ropes. She stared for some little time at the point where she had last seen us, and then suddenly rolled over as if she were dead. I do not know whether she was really exhausted or whether it was a trick. A few seconds later she began to prattle softly to the little one in the tree, and the latter, who had been perfectly silent during our departure, answered.

After a few minutes of this the mother monkey climbed into the tree as far as the rope on her hind legs would let her, and a tiny brown creature, with a funny, foolish-looking little head and awkward movements, slipped down toward her. The mother monkey stretched one arm up as far as possible, and as soon as the little one was within reach she lifted it lightly with her hand and, letting herself down to the ground with her other arm, hugged it to her, uttering soft throat-tones all the while. The little one nestled silently against its mother, while the latter caressed it with indescribable tenderness. She licked its face and stroked it with the ends of her fingers as if to reassure herself that it was in her arms. Then she started to leave, but

was brought to a quick halt by the rope.

Holding the young one with one arm, she jerked angrily at the tether with the other. She next examined, with a quick, curious bobbing of the head, the noose where her feet were tied and the place where the rope was attached to a tree. Then she gave the rope a couple of vigorous pulls. When this proved of no avail, she began to scream angrily. That was repeated several times. At length she laid down her little one and began to gnaw the rope close to her feet. A few sharp bites severed it and left her free. Thereupon, taking her young one and looking cautiously in every direction, she vanished in the bushes.

So we returned to the village without making a capture. The black boys tried to temper my disappointment by marvelous stories of monkeys that had been taken. One of these tales, however, left me a little disturbed. It started this way:—

‘What do you think the other monkeys will do when this one comes home?’

I laughed at the question and said: ‘They will be glad, if she can actually tell them what happened.’

The black boy shook his head doubtfully. ‘That might be true if you had taken the noose off her neck first, but if the noose is there it will go bad with her.’

I looked at him with surprise.

‘As long as the noose is around her

neck they will run away from her and then they will kill her. You don’t believe it? Listen to this, then.

‘We had a tame monkey in our village. His owner caught him when he was young and he lived a year or more around our huts. The only difference between him and a wild monkey was a bright cord around his neck which his owner sometimes used to tie him in the hut. One morning, however, the monkey discovered his brothers. It was the season when the wild monkeys come down from the mountains to rob our gardens. People who were up early noticed the tame monkey running through the garden, and a little later saw him chasing a whole troop of wild monkeys. While they were watching, the troop took flight in a wild panic, and the tame monkey, evidently delighted at rediscovering his brothers, pursued them as fast as he could. The wild monkeys were so terrified they did n’t know where to turn, and ran this way and that through the garden, while the tame monkey kept persistently at their heels. All of a sudden, though, when he got too close, a couple of old monkeys turned on him and, as he hopped joyfully up to them, seized him and in a second had literally torn him to pieces. We all felt very bad about it in our village, but we knew why it was. The red cord on the tame monkey frightened them so that they did n’t take him for a friend, but for an enemy.’

TWO TALES

BY I. A. WILLIAMS

From the *London Mercury*, July
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

I. A NEW SCHOOL OF POETRY

[MR. WILLIAMS exercises in London a vocation that must be nearly unique. He is a typographical critic. That is, he writes for the *London Mercury* critical articles on typography and book-making in the same way that others write of other arts. Sometimes, too, he writes about the books themselves, and in his anthology, *By-ways about Helicon*, he has rescued from oblivion some lovely bits of minor verse of the eighteenth century.]

HAVE you heard about the Incognitists? I had not until quite recently — until breakfast-time last Thursday, to be exact, and even then I did not realize that I had so heard of them. For upon my breakfast table I found, among other interesting matter, an envelope containing a card of invitation. At the top of the card were two lines of what I conceive to be verse: —

Things should never be what they seem;
It is the bounden duty of skim-milk to mas-
querade as cream. — SHAKESPEARE

And then came the following flattering invitation: —

The pleasure of the Company of Mr. I. A. Williams is requested at No. 935 Shawfield Street, Chelsea, next Thursday, at 5 P. M. to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury. Cocktails and Shrimps. R.S.V.P. to the Duke of Devilshire at the above address.

Need I say that I accepted?

I am bound to confess, at the risk of disappointing my ecclesiastical friends, that when on the day, and at the hour

appointed, I presented myself at No. 935 Shawfield Street, I saw no one in the least resembling the Archbishop of Canterbury, nor even anyone who seemed at the first blush to be a duke. There was, however, a thin gentleman with blue eyes and a flowing orange tie, who was talking to a lady in a pink tailor-made trimmed with sequins. There were other persons in the room — which was hung with what appeared at a first short-sight to be small etchings, arranged as for an exhibition — but the two I have mentioned seemed to be the host and hostess, for they came toward me as I entered.

I bowed.

The lady and gentleman also bowed.

'My name is Nibble, sir, Bibulus Nibble,' said the thin gentleman. 'Allow me to introduce you to Miss Euphelia Seakale, one of the originators of our movement.'

'Not *the* Seakale?' said I, deceitfully, but the moment seemed apt for a little safely vague paying of compliments.

'Indeed, sir,' replied Mr. Nibble, 'I assure you, *the* Seakale.'

Whereat we all three bowed once again, and continued a conversation, whereof I need not trouble my readers with all the initial phases. However, after a few minutes I ventured to ask when we might expect the arrival of His Grace the Archbishop.

'Oh! That!' said Miss Seakale. 'That is one of the Conventions of our Movement, the Incognitist Movement, you know.'

‘Of course.’

‘Everything is done *Incognito* in the Movement. We realize that, as royal personages, when they wish to travel most freely, to be their most natural and untrammelled selves, go in the guise of some other person, so should Poetry, the most regal of the Muses, ever, to be freest and truest to its inner nature, masquerade as something else. Art, in a word, must, it is evident, always travel *incognito*.’

‘Now that you explain it to me,’ I interjected, ‘it is of course evident.’

‘As Art is the Basis of Life,’ continued Miss Seakale, making the capital letters almost visible with the magniloquence of her enunciation, ‘therefore in our Movement every little action is done artistically — *incognito*, that is. When we wish to invite you to read some of our poems, we ask you, naturally enough, to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury, and when you arrive you find our poems, not in books, but hung framed upon the walls to look like an exhibition of pictures.’

I had indeed, by this time, noticed that what I had at first taken to be etchings were in reality fragments of writing mounted and framed.

‘And further, when you come to read the poems themselves, they will strike you as resembling, not the false poems of Milton or Gray, but, in the case for instance of Bibulus Nibble’s work, weekly advice to horticulturists and farmers. Indeed, some of them have appeared as such in local papers. Let us consider, as an example, this lovely and exalting piece of work.’

Whereat she led me to the wall,

where I read, in one of the frames, the following: —

AT A GLANCE

GET potato ground manured as soon as possible. New land prepared for planting potatoes may be dressed with salt.

Fill blanks among spring cabbages and hoe. Above may be given stimulant in mild districts. Protect spring broccoli from frost should heads be forming.

Loganberries may be given heavy mulchings of manure at this season.

The pruning of outdoor vines should not be deferred any longer.

Continue to propagate bedding geraniums by cuttings.

Partially thin and transplant autumn-sown onions and prepare beds for spring sowing. Propagate bedding verbenas by cuttings and seeds.

Give herbaceous borders a final clearing-up. Top-dress with farm manure hollyhocks, delphiniums, border phloxes, and roses.

When I had done admiring these beautiful lines, I ventured to ask whether it was not found hard to reach the poetry-loving public by means of these framed specimens only.

‘Yes,’ replied Miss Seakale, ‘that is one of our great sorrows. And, alas, we have at last felt bound to sacrifice something of the strictness of our principles. We are going to publish a book, in order that we may gain adherents to our Cause. Yet even this is to be an *incognitist* book, in the best sense. It will, though poetry, look and read like prose, and it is to be published in Aldershot by a well-known firm of military publishers, Messrs. Chatty and Windup. Thus, we trust, it may yet bear witness to the dearest of our tenets, the *Incognitism* of Art, or, if you prefer it, the *Modesty* of the Muses.’

II. VOCABULARY

THERE was once a Man, whose parents were English, but who was born in Persia. And it happened also that his father and his mother died while he

was still a baby who could not speak. So that as he grew up he learned to speak not English but Persian.

One day, however, an English traveler

passed through the little town where the Man lived, and fell into talk with him. And the Man told him that he too was English, and how he longed to know something of the speech of his parents, and of the books they knew.

'Who,' said he, 'is the noblest of English writers?'

Then the traveler replied, 'Shakespeare,' and, being a kindly man, gave him Shakespeare's works and an English grammar, which — for otherwise this story could not exist — he, of course, had with him. And then the traveler proceeded farther on his travels, and returned no more to that town.

But the Man labored five years and five months at the English grammar and the Shakespeare, and then thought to himself: —

'I can now speak English, and will immediately visit the land of my forefathers.'

He arrived, therefore, at Waterloo Station, and going out thence into the street he saw many people, all going very busily in various directions. There was, however, also there a boy wearing a curiously wrought hat on which were the letters G. P. O., and he was going very slowly indeed, so that the Man plucked up his courage and addressed him thus: —

'Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies

Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
And therefore, goodman boy, I prithee tell —'

But, when the Man had got as far as this, he was astounded to see that the boy, looking very frightened, had taken to his heels, and was running away down the street as fast as he could go.

The Man, therefore, went farther along the street till he came to a row of merchants selling wares, such as cabbages, and oranges, and bootlaces, and clocks, from little carts drawn up by the wayside. And feeling hungry he took an orange from one little cart, at

the same time casting a silver coin at the merchant, and remarking: 'Here is a testril of me!'

Whereat the vendor, instead of answering anything about impeticosing the gratillity, was so astonished that he merely ejaculated, 'Blime!' — a word which the Man did not recollect meeting in the works of Shakespeare.

But the Man was by this time tired and eager to find some lodging for the night, so, seeing a respectable citizen in a dark-blue habit with many buttons and an egg-shaped hat, he approached him respectfully, and began: —

'Most reverend signior, may the novelty
Of this my coming to your capital
Excuse the seeming sauciness I have
In —'

But the policeman — for such he was — deciding that, as he had not so far understood one word, and thought himself unlikely to do so in the future, he had best get rid of the Man quickly, replied, with the utmost politeness: 'Straight ahead, sir, and over the bridge.'

The poor Man was sadly bewildered, but straight ahead and over the bridge he went, and after many wanderings he came to a building into which were going several people who, as they went, were talking. Several times he heard the word 'magistrate,' so he concluded, and rightly, that he had happened upon the court where were dispensed justice and advice.

So in he went, and there he saw the magistrate sitting, and to him he decided to apply.

'O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!' he began, but he got no further, for the magistrate, who was very busy, instantly ordered the police surgeon to inquire into the state of his mind; and this gentleman, after a long examination, reported that the Man's brain had been affected, apparently by attending Shakespearean productions at

the Old Vic, but that he seemed quite harmless. The magistrate, therefore, spoke firmly but kindly to the Man, and — quite forgetting that he had never been charged with anything —

told him to go away, and not to get into trouble again.

So the Man went back to Waterloo Station, and returned to Persia once more.

JOSEPH CONRAD — A MODERN ULYSSES

BY MUIRHEAD BONE

From the *Manchester Guardian*, August 6
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

[MR. BONE is a famous etcher and painter, who during the war served as one of the British official artists on the Western Front. Occasionally he returns to his father's craft and tries his hand at journalism.]

THE soul of Conrad is embodied forever in his books, but there was a formality when he spoke of himself there — an unconscious bit of formal sea-manners where a captain must always remember he is captain first, or the result of the deliberation with which he used the English language, or perhaps of the mature age at which he began to give us his confidences when so expert a psychologist could gauge all its effects on us. Whatever the reason I was not prepared for the exquisite quality of that personality as a human being — its humor, gayety, irony, and tenderness — when, after long years as a reader, I became a friend. We crossed to America together last year in the Anchor liner *Tuscania*, from Glasgow, and her captain being my brother the 'Brassbounder,' and an old friend of Conrad's, the voyage was very memorable to me.

on a large modern liner, and the handling of her had his close attention. There was a heavy head-wind against us as we cleared from Moville after taking Irish emigrants aboard, and with a pitch-dark night it was not easy getting under way again. I remember Conrad peering from the ship's high bridge and telling me we were the height of a full-rigged ship from the sea and all three decks were like an immense spread of canvas catching the wind. My brother, proud of his ship, tried artfully to trap Conrad into an admiration for her, but the mere size of modern liners gave him no pleasure. He had none of a Kiplingite enthusiasm for material powers — with him it was Man and the elements, with the apparatus always a bit inadequate.

I remember his turning back from the big engine-room — very little of it had sufficed him — and only becoming happy again talking to David, in the captain's room, of all the sailing ships and small tramp-steamers of their mutual acquaintance and what had become of them. They ran over their names most lovingly — odd or to me very ordinary names which to these two seamen for some mystic and un-

It was the first time J. C. had been

fathomable reason seemed beautiful, exactly right, and strangely appropriate, and David was able to tell Conrad most of their fates, for their fates seemed all to have been settled in one or other of the Seven Seas. The talk was an odd mixture of the traits of sailors and the traits of ships and the traits of owners, and the continual skipping from the one to the other had something baffling to the landsman. They made the discovery that one of them was master of one of the old Loch Line sailing ships when the other was first mate of another.

I was trying to draw them, talking so, and was delighted that sometimes they would sit for long in the immobile way in which people sit who are looking into the past. Then a call from the bridge above, and my brother would obediently tap out his pipe and leave us. On the bridge my brother was very careful to instruct all his officers to speak of 'Captain' Conrad, and I think it pleased him. David would not admit that with the passing of the sailing-ship training the merchant officer had declined in any way, but the two old windjammer skippers agreed that they were 'different,' and would never know a peculiar something *they* had known — and leave it at that.

The author of *The Mirror of the Sea* — which my brother said was so exact in its observation of the sea that he wanted it to be a textbook in the navigation schools — did not seem to me to spend much time on this voyage looking at seascapes, but I dare say he sized up things quickly and knew exactly what was happening without appearing to look. He would screw his head — which was deep-set on his shoulders in a very characteristic attitude — slowly round and look upward at the sky with a slightly whistling and quizzical expression which the artist in him and the seaman in him had compounded from

all the skippers and all the sea experience he had ever met. He took such attitudes quite unconsciously, but with an inimitable 'finality' which was a joy for the artist to behold. At such a moment he looked what a naval officer would call 'a wise old bird,' but one who had the humor and the artistry to be exactly right.

Our camp chairs and rugs, carefully put out every day for us, were never used, and indeed I cannot imagine him with his thickset, precise figure sprawling on a camp chair. He wearied a little of the *Tuscania's* endless decks and hamperings everywhere; accustomed to a ship where you could from the master's stand take in everything and her position on the sea with a glance of the eye, he felt here, I imagined, that he was helpless and carried along. I remember him saying: 'It is hotel life, but I don't like hotel life, and it is no improvement when it is floating.'

Four days off New York we ran into fog and, crossing the lanes of ships from Southampton and Liverpool at the same time, the captain's anxious hours set in, and after this there were no more long chats in the captain's room. Day after day on our way down to the saloon for meals Conrad would glance at the sky and tell me we should see nothing of the captain to-day. In this unendingly gray Atlantic I recalled the mutual enthusiasm with which in one of our talks the two sailors spoke of the Mediterranean — 'Deep water and no fogs!' They chanted it like a sailor's litany. One day the captain sent for us and explained the working of his ship in the fog. Though nothing could be seen of them the *Tuscania* was now one of a group of ships constantly giving their bearings to each other by wireless, and these new methods, which he had never known when at sea, interested Conrad deeply.

The fog did me a good service, for,

sharing Conrad's cabin and unable to sleep because of the foghorn set, timed for short intervals over our heads, — we had the deck 'suite', — we sat up at nights and he talked. He admired French literature, above all Anatole France; the Russians less, like the Pole he was. He told me of his sea days, of the moment when he first felt sure he would get promotion. . . . One day he had ordered the men working at the sail on deck to put it away, for he saw the weather would change, and, his order being heard by the captain below through the open skylight, Conrad heard him growl to the mate: 'That second officer knows the weather.' 'That cheered me up,' he explained. 'For he was a silent man, and I had never known before how he took me.'

Sometimes I would catch Conrad unawares, and he had that look of an eloquent orator haranguing an unseen audience which someone once suggested to me was the secret of the extraordinarily cogent and eloquent English some foreigners attain — though no one, of course, has ever risen to the heights of Conrad in this — that is, that they are always 'justifying themselves' in the choicest phrases they can, to their own minds. Conrad was a natural king among men — W. H. Hudson is the only other I have ever known who had this compelling quality. Sometimes it came on me with overwhelming force that this man had first lived a life of toil and danger and responsibility and then begun a second life as a writer — beginning before the mast again as it were. The tremendous effort of all this had certainly borne him down. It gave one a tremendous respect for him that the materials for his art had been gathered at such a cost. His fever on the Congo which weakened all his after life was what he paid for *The Heart of Darkness* — that incomparable poem of the tropics.

Once I said to him, 'Well, how now, Ulysses?' He smiled and said, 'How odd you should say that. . . . They used to call me Ulysses at Marseille in the old days. . . . They joked at me then, but I have made my voyage.' He had a great and touching admiration for 'Don Roberto' (Cunninghame Graham), and in his eyes 'Edward' (Garnett) could do no wrong. He shared in the excitement as our landfall approached, the soundings which brought up a pebble and a little sand from the Atlantic's floor, and I see his wise old head bent over the chart as David explained the successive soundings which should bring us up the submarine stair till we were before New York.

The fog had lifted, and it was a calm evening when we made our American landfall, Fire Island Lightship — Conrad's first sight of North America. We entered New York harbor at dawn next morning, and before we reached quarantine we stood on the quiet bridge looking down on the excited emigrants on the fo'c'sle below. Manhattan was rising and rising — a wonderfully beautiful rosy glitter in the sunny air. Conrad murmured, 'Like a dream.' Half his life was a waking dream, I think.

Then the 'ship reporters,' but above all the photographers, swarmed aboard. Fortunately Christopher Morley was there and interpreted Conrad to the others with the wise instinct for which he is famous. Conrad needed it. Any one less able to 'tell a story' as a man, and to a reporter, I have never come across. Just before we berthed I soothed a cinema operator who was not pleased with his man because he would *not* 'wave his hat to the Statue of Liberty.' It was a flushed and rather angry Conrad who muttered as they all surrounded him, 'It's like a dream' — in a very different tone from that of the earlier morning.

Then came aboard his American

publisher and host Frank Doubleday, and after that the landing-stage where I caught the long queue of a Polish deputation waiting with bouquets, and it gave me a start to remember that he was not only a British seaman and one

of the greatest of English writers but a Polish notable as well. Centuries may come and go before anyone so gifted, so strange, and such a charming human being as Joseph Conrad comes this way again.

COMPULSORY GAELIC

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

From the Irish Statesman, August 2

(DUBLIN INDEPENDENT LITERARY AND POLITICAL WEEKLY)

PERSONS: PETER, a Senator
PAUL, a Deputy
TIMOTHY, an elderly student

PETER

We will catch nothing, so I may as well listen to you. They have dynamited the fish, and several seasons will pass before there are trout enough to make a day's fishing. Let us put our rods against a tree and eat our lunch. I see Timothy coming along the river path, and I do not suppose he has had any better luck. While I am making the fire, you can explain that incredible doctrine of yours.

PAUL

Which doctrine? For I have a number which you consider incredible.

PETER

I mean what you said in the train, when you told me that you were about to vote scholarships or something of that kind for Gaelic speakers.

PAUL

Our general culture cannot be better than that of the English-speaking world as a whole, and is more likely to be worse. We are on the banks of a river

that flows through an industrial town and bathe in its waters. But visit certain small nations—one of the Scandinavian nations, let us say—and you will notice at once that not only education but general well-being is better distributed there, and when you ask how they manage it somebody says, 'Our people are so few that we can reach everybody.' Everybody you meet speaks several languages well enough for commercial purposes and travel, but only one well enough for intimacy. Kings, nobles, farmers, professional men, socialists and reactionaries, novelists and poets grow up with a common life, from which nothing can separate them. Their rich or able men seldom drift away permanently, for if they find themselves in London or New York or Paris they feel but strangers there. They may perhaps be less rich than men of equal ability, who belong to some English-speaking nation, and so manipulate greater resources, material or living, but their ability or their riches create in their own country a habit of energy and a tradition of well-being. No bond constrains, because no man compels;

they but accept a limitation like that imposed upon a sculptor by the stone in which he works. Would not Ireland have gained if Mr. Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde, let us say, and the various Ryans and O'Briens who have enriched America, had grown up with such a limitation, and thought they were strangers everywhere but in Ireland? Then too I could discover with a little research the names of actors and singers who might at this moment be performing in some Dublin State Theatre or State Opera House, but for the damnable convenience of the English tongue.

PETER

If we have no State Theatre or State Opera House, we have the Abbey Theatre, and have all commended *Juno and the Paycock*.

PAUL

We may keep the author of the play, but how long shall we keep the players that give it so great a part of its life? A great Empire buys every talent that it can use and for the most part spoils what it buys. If we keep a good comedian, it is generally because his art, being an art of dialect, interests few but ourselves. A play called *Peg o' My Heart*, — a stage mechanism without literary value, — because it contained one dialect part, robbed the Abbey Theatre of four actresses, and almost brought it to an end. If they had been bound to Ireland by a separate language, they would not have gone, they would not have desired to go.

PETER

You mean that if enforced bonds make hatred those that are obeyed, though not enforced, make love.

PAUL

Norway could never have created the greatest dramatic school of modern

times if it had spoken a world-wide language.

PETER

But surely a nation like Ireland or Norway should be able to pay an actress enough to keep her at home in comfort.

PAUL

World-wide commercial interests exploit whatever form of expression appeals to the largest possible audience — that is to say, some inferior form — and will always purchase executive talent. The chief actress of Norway, some few years ago, had to threaten to stop acting altogether to get her salary raised from £200 a year. If she had spoken English she could have earned more than that in a week at some English or American music-hall.

PETER

Your point seems to be that no nation can prosper unless it uses for itself the greater portion of its talent.

PAUL

I am not thinking only of talent. The greater part of its creative life — that of the woman of fashion, not less than that of the founder of a business or of a school of thought, should be the jet of a fountain that falls into the basin where it rose.

PETER

That may or may not be true, but what has it to do with practical affairs? I have heard a man discuss for an hour what would have happened if the library of Alexandria had never been burned, and another bored me through a windy day on an outside car by describing what Europe might have been if Constantinople had never fallen. The Irish language can never again be the language of the whole people.

PAUL

Why not?

PETER

Because the Irish people will not consent that it should, having set their hearts on Glasgow and New York.

PAUL

We shall have to go slowly, making our converts man by man, and yet Ireland should become bilingual in three generations.

PETER

Those three generations may be the most important since the foundation of Christianity. Architecture and all the arts associated with architecture are being reborn as though to express a new perception of the interdependence of man. Drama and poetry are once more casting out photography, becoming psychological and creative. The experimental verification of a mathematical research — research made possible by the Irishman Rowan Hamilton — has changed the universe into a mathematical formula, and a formula so astounding that it can but alter every thought in our heads. Psychical research interpreted by that formula in thirty years will once more set man's soul above time and change, and make it necessary to reconsider every secular activity. Nations are made neither by language nor by frontier, but by a decision taken in some crisis of intellectual excitement like that which Italy took at the Renaissance, Germany at the Reformation — moments of fusion followed by centuries of cooling and hardening. The whole world draws to such a crisis, and you would cut Ireland off from Europe and plunge it into a controversy that will be incredibly bitter, because it can be fought without ideas and without education.

PAUL

I see no reason why the Gaelic movement should cut Ireland off from Europe, and I have never spoken a bitter word about an opponent.

PETER

I know a man who, after certain years of dependence in a great house, has set up as a picture-framer in a country town. He employs a young man, poverty-stricken like himself at the same age, and, though this young man is as well educated as himself, compels him to take his meals in the kitchen with the servants. The great house had not driven him to the kitchen, but his offended dignity has demanded an offering. Spinoza thought that nations were like individuals, and that it was no use pulling down a tyrant, for a tyrant is what he is because of something in the nation. 'Look at the people of England,' he said, or some such words. 'They have pulled down Charles, but have had to push up Cromwell in his place.' Can you read an Irish propagandist newspaper, all those threatenings and compelling, and not see that a servitude, far longer than any England has known, has bred into Irish bones a stronger subconscious desire than England ever knew to enslave and to be enslaved? There is no public emotion in the country but resentment, and no man thinks that he serves his cause who does not employ that emotion. If we praise, the praise is unreal, and but given to some reflection of ourselves, but our vituperation is animated and even joyous. We think it effeminate to trust in eloquence and patience, and prefer to make men servile, rather than permit their opinions to differ from our own, and if there is a man notable for intellect and sincerity we fit some base motive to his every act that he may not prevail against us. We had eloquence some hundred years ago, and had, it seems, when we spoke in Gaelic, popular poetry, but now we have neither — possessing indeed every quality of the Negro but his music. We were a proud people once, but have

grown so humble that we have no method of speech or propaganda that the knave cannot use and the dunce understand.

PAUL

There are a great many people in this country who neither threaten nor impute base motives, and besides what you say, in so far as it is true, describes half the democracy of Europe.

PETER

Yes, all those who have pulled down a tyrant and would put another in his place.

PAUL

All this passion means, I suppose, that you object to our teaching Gaelic to those who do not want it.

PETER

I object to every action which reminds me of a mediæval humorist compelling a Jew to eat bacon. Especially as in this case Jew compels Jew.

PAUL

Yet, if a Government can enforce Latin it has a right to enforce Gaelic.

PETER

I do not deny the right, but I deny that it should be employed in this country except within the narrowest limits.

PAUL

Ruskin once contended that reading and writing should be optional, because what a fool reads does himself harm, and what a fool writes does others harm. That may be a convincing argument, but as our Government accepts the modern theory I do not see why Gaelic should not be compulsory also. I have had nothing to do with that, however. My work, if I have a work, is to keep it from stupefying. I want the Government to accept the recommendation of the Senate and spend £5000 a year on Gaelic scholarship; to train a small number of

highly efficient teachers of the living tongue, who should have general European culture; to found scholarships for the best pupils of those teachers; to endow a theatre with a Gaelic and English company, and to make Gaelic an instrument of European culture. There is already a Gaelic company performing Chekhov, and there is much European literature, especially that of countries like Spain and Italy, which have a long-settled peasantry, that would go better into Gaelic than into English. After all, Sancho Panza is very nearly a Munster farmer. I want the Government to find money for translation by ceasing to print Acts in Gaelic that everybody reads in English.

PETER

As soon as a play or book is translated, which goes deep into human life, it will be denounced for immorality or irreligion. Certain of our powerful men advocate Gaelic that they may keep out the European mind. They know that if they do not build a wall this country will plunge, as Europe is plunging, into philosophic speculation. They hope to put into every place of authority a Gaelic speaker and, if possible, a native speaker, who has learned all he knows at his mother's knee.

PAUL

I have always opposed the making of Irish obligatory for any post not connected with the language. I want everywhere the best man with the knowledge appropriate to his post.

PETER

Once you make Gaelic a political question you are helpless. They have made it obligatory, and will continue to do so.

PAUL

That will last a few years. We are all new to public life, but the choice

between wisdom and fanaticism will be good for our intelligence.

PETER

We are agreed that the future of Ireland depends upon the choice.

PAUL

If Gaelic cannot become as I would make it, a disturbing intellectual force, it means —

PETER

A little potato-digging Republic.

PAUL

No, but Ireland a dull schoolbook, consequent apathy and final absorption in the British Empire.

PETER

You are ready to chance all that?

PAUL

I believe in the intellectual force created by years of conflict as by a flint and steel.

[*They are joined by TIMOTHY.*]

TIMOTHY

I see that you have the kettle boiling.

PAUL

Had you any luck?

TIMOTHY

Not a rise, but I saw some good fish floating with their bellies up. I am glad to sit down, for I am old enough to grow tired standing with a useless rod in my hand. What were you disputing about? Peter, you looked a moment ago as if you would fling the kettle into Paul's face, and Paul's face is red.

PETER

At present we speak English and Gaelic is compulsory in the schools, but Paul wants us to speak Gaelic and make English compulsory in the schools, and I am not sufficiently attracted by the change to plunge the country into a permanent condition of bad manners.

TIMOTHY

Whatever imagination we have in Ireland to-day, we owe to Gaelic literature or to the effect of Gaelic speech upon the English language. Think of the dialect plays of Synge and of Lady Gregory — of Lady Gregory's translations of the stories of Fionn and of Cuchulainn, which have given new classics to the English tongue. I can read a little Gaelic, but I often think I would give some years of life if I could read in the original one of those old poems translated by Kuno Meyer, and the lamentations of Deirdre, and read well enough to feel the quality of their style. We can only feel the full beauty of a poem in another language when we can understand without translating as we read, when we can become for the time being a Frenchman, a German, or a Gael, and I sometimes wonder if that is really possible. Those lamentations of Deirdre have a poignancy unlike anything in any other European tongue. Surely, there must be something in the vocabulary, in the cadence, corresponding to it, and when I think that these poems were written in this country, and by and about its people, it seems to me unbearable that I should be shut out, or partly shut out, from it all.

PAUL

Then you want to make Gaelic the language of the country?

TIMOTHY

But, Paul, I am so uncertain about everything, and there is so much to be said upon every side. English literature is, perhaps, the greatest in the world, and I am not in politics. If I were in politics I would have to be certain, whereas I am an elderly student. I cannot even call myself a scholar, for I know nothing properly. Politics are a roulette wheel with various colors, and if a man is to take a part in the

game he must choose. If he prefers some color that is not there, or if he be quite undecided, he must put that away and bang down his money firmly. So Peter must oppose the Gaelic movement and you must defend it.

PAUL

If Ireland gives up Gaelic, it will soon be a suburb of New York.

PETER

Like somebody in Shakespeare, I think nobly of the soul and refuse to admit that the soul of man or nation is as dependent upon circumstance as all that.

TIMOTHY

I have held both opinions in the same hour, perhaps in the same minute. It sometimes seems to me too that there must be a kind of politics where one need not be certain. After all, imitation is automatic, but creation moves in a continual uncertainty. If we were certain of the future, who would trouble to create it?

PAUL

I cannot see any means whereby a Parliament can pass uncertainty into law.

TIMOTHY

I have no practical experience, but perhaps it might be possible to choose a schoolmaster as we choose a painter or a sculptor. 'There is So-and-So,' we would say, 'who thinks that Ireland should be Gaelic-speaking, and because he is a very able, cultivated, and learned man we will give him a school and let him teach. We ourselves think that he may be wrong, but, after all, what does anybody know about it?' I think the knowledge of the Greek language must have come to Renaissance Italy in much that way. No two men, perhaps, would have agreed about its future. To some it means a better

knowledge of the New Testament, and to others — some at the Platonic Academy of Florence, for instance — a reëstablished worship of the Homeric gods. I am not sure that I like the idea of a State with a definite purpose, and there are moments — unpractical moments, perhaps — when I think that the State should leave the mind free to create. I think Aristotle defined the soul as that which moves itself, and how can it move itself if everything is arranged beforehand?

PETER

Do you mean to say that you would appoint a schoolmaster, not only to teach Irish, but that it must be the living language of Ireland, although you thought what he attempted neither desirable nor possible?

TIMOTHY

Perhaps neither desirable nor possible, but remember I would not appoint him if I did not like him, and because I have always liked Peter, if he wanted to teach that English was the only proper language for the Irish people, I would appoint him also. I generally dislike the people of Ulster, and want to keep them out, — when I was in Belfast a few years ago they had only one bookshop, — but I am told the Government wants to bring them in, so it might be well to give a school to some likable Orangeman and let him teach Orangeism there. In fact, I am almost certain that the Education Office that would please me best would choose schoolmasters much as a good hostess chooses her guests. It should never invite anybody to teach who is a bore or in any way disagreeable.

PETER

Timothy, you have not shed any light upon the subject.

PAUL

None whatever.

HOW THE GERM GROWS UP

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

From the *Manchester Guardian*, May 21
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

WHAT makes the formless egg or germ become organized into the fully developed animal or plant — in other words, what is the cause of embryonic differentiation? That is at present one of the most difficult questions of biology. A discovery of far-reaching importance, which may well prove as fundamental in the field of development as did the discovery of the circulation of the blood in physiology, or of segregation in genetics, has recently been made by the German zoölogist Spemann.

In the course of a long series of painstaking researches upon the development of the newt he has perfected a technique which enables him to play the most amazing tricks upon the eggs and embryos. For instance, one of his pupils, Mangold, has been able to unite two developing eggs of two different species of newt into one, which proceeded to develop into a single normal embryo in spite of its chimeric composition!

Spemann himself, however, has been able to discover something more fundamental — to wit, the cause of differentiation. The fertilized egg of a newt, like that of most other animals, at first consists of a round mass of living substance containing a nucleus, and laden with a considerable quantity of yolk and other material destined for the needs of the embryo which will develop from it. No definite structure even remotely resembling that of the adult is to be seen; the various substances, such as yolk, fat, and so forth, which are

often more dense at one pole than at the other, seem only to be raw materials for the constructive processes which are to take place later.

The next step is the division of the egg into two, four, eight, and so on till several dozen or (in the newt) several hundred small cells have been produced from the original large one. Then, in the newt and other amphibia, a new process occurs. At one place near the equator of the egg, the smaller, less yolk-laden cells begin to multiply more rapidly and to grow down as a fold or flap over the larger yolk cells. The inflection, so to speak, spreads sideways; so that as the fold extends downward it enlarges laterally, its free edge becoming at first crescentic, then semicircular, then horseshoe shaped, and finally circular. The circle diminishes until at last the whole of the yolk part has been overgrown. The edge of the fold is called the lip of the blastopore.

Directly after this the first signs of differentiation become apparent. The side on which the fold first appeared becomes the back, for here appears a thickening which soon becomes converted into the rudiment of the brain and spinal cord. Below this the notochord, forerunner of the backbone, is formed, and on either side the rudiments of the muscles. The cavity of the digestive tube appears below the notochord, and the kidneys on either side. In a very short time the rudiments of all the chief organs of the future tadpole are blocked out: differentiation

has started, and, once started, continues to its appointed end.

What starts this process of differentiation? Years ago Spemann had shown that, if the developing egg was divided in two so that both halves contained some of the region where the fold first started, — the dorsal-lip region, — the result was two normally formed tadpoles (artificial twins, if you will); but if the division ran so that one half contained all, the other none of the dorsal-lip region, only the former would produce an embryo, while the latter, after reaching the stage just prior to differentiation, never progressed any further.

This pointed to the dorsal lip being causally concerned in the process. To prove this causal connection, Spemann freed two developing eggs from their protecting membranes, and then, by a triumph of microscopic surgery, removed a small piece of the dorsal-lip region of one, *a*, and grafted it into a prepared wound of the same size in some other region of the other, *b*. The result was that *b* developed not only a normal series of main organs in connection with its own dorsal lip, but a second set in connection with the engrafted lip, in whatever abnormal position this might have been put.

This was startling enough in itself; but he went further. He grafted the dorsal lip of one species of newt into the flank region of the egg of another species. The tissues of the two species were differently pigmented, so that the extent of the tissues directly derived from the graft could later be determined. It might reasonably have been supposed that the new, abnormally situated set of main organs was derived from the multiplication of the cells of

the graft. This, however, proved not to be the case. Most of these organs were derived from tissues of the host. In other words, the engrafted dorsal lip had influenced the surrounding tissues so that they had formed brain, notochord, muscles, and so forth. It had been like Mother Carey in Kingsley's *Water Babies*, who 'made things make themselves.' Spemann calls such a region an *Organisator*: perhaps 'differentiator' would be the best English equivalent.

How the differentiator makes cells differentiate is another question. What is at least suggestive in this connection is the fact that the cells of the dorsal lip at the time of its formation and down-growth are the most actively reproducing of all the cells in the germ; and it is natural and probably correct to suppose that this very activity is in some way responsible for their power over the other cells.

Those who like analogies — 'loose types of things through all degrees' — will also doubtless observe that a parallel can be found in human affairs, where the genius or inventor or man of great mental activity causes the host of average men to work along the lines which he has in a sense prescribed to them.

But whatever the exact mode of action of our embryonic Mother Carey may ultimately prove to be, the first step has been taken, and the secret of differentiation pinned down to a definite part of the developing egg. Given this beginning, we may reasonably hope that the science of developmental physiology may in fifty years' time be as coherent and well organized as that of genetics or even comparative anatomy is to-day.

A PAGE OF VERSE

SONG FOR A TRAVELER

BY ALLISON

[*University College Poems, 1923-1924*]

WEEP not for me, weep not,
The Fates must have their say;
Look not for me, look not,
I come no more this way,
The door swings,
And the wind sings,
And the fire goes out with day.
Fear not for me, fear not,
I lie here never again;
Breathe not one sigh for parting
Nor break the yew for pain,
Clouds race
On the pools' face,
And the long hills wait for rain.

LINES

BY LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[*Observer*]

OH! delicate pale days,
So cobweb-like and fine,
And solitary ways
Of fancy which are mine;

How quietly these things
Reflected lie in me,
Like a gull's noiseless wings
Upon a sunlit sea.

SHADOW THY DREAM

BY WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

[*Saturday Review*]

SHADOW thy dream with shapes of earth
Lest it too swiftly fade,
For rarely beauty comes to birth,
Rarely for man or maid;

Or if 't is born, ah, the sad plight!
It will itself consume,
Even as a fire's triumphant light
Torches its ashen doom.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MAPPING NORTHERN GREENLAND

To protect its Eskimo subjects from the twin evils of civilization, drink and disease, the Danish Government has kept such close guard over most of Greenland that even now little is known of its topography. The last number of the English scientific monthly, *Discovery*, prints an interesting article by Mr. H. T. Shepstone describing the adventurous exploration of Dr. Lauge Koch, whose map-making expedition took him 3600 miles over ice of the most dangerous sort, and resulted in a survey of unmapped parts of the coast.

The expedition was financed from both public and private funds. Its chief, Dr. Koch, has spent eight years in Greenland engaged in exploration and other scientific work, and was a member of Knut Rasmussen's second expedition which filled the gaps in the map of the east coast as far as the De Long Fjord. Dr. Koch set out to carry the survey clear up to Cape Bridgman, in the remotest part of Peary Land. His expedition started out in March 1921 with nineteen sledges, two hundred dogs, a few tried and tested Eskimos, and Dr. Koch himself, the only European. Most of the time the temperature stood at 40° below zero. At Etah five sledges had to be sent back. At Fort Conger on Grand Lake the party picked up provisions which had been left the year before by Captain Roald Amundsen. The expedition pushed on to 80° north latitude, where the auxiliary sledges were sent back to the base and the number was cut down to four men, three sledges, and thirty-two dogs. Four days later they passed the most northerly point that the Rasmussen expedition had reached in

1917. Here they divided, two Eskimos being sent off to hunt and accumulate fresh meat, while Dr. Koch and a single Eskimo went up the coast to survey. The mapping was finished on the morning of Whitsunday on the latitude of 83° 5". It was the most northerly point ever reached by the Danish flag.

The return journey was perilous, the hunting expedition having secured nothing but fifty-three hares and a wolf. They ran into a snowstorm which lasted a fortnight, exhausted most of their provisions, and were forced to pull on the ropes to assist what dogs were left. When things were at their worst they ran into a herd of musk oxen and replenished their supplies. The entire expedition was nearly wiped out in crossing the Petermann glacier, but came through with all their men, though by this time only four dogs were left. A heavy gale from the north enabled them to hoist sails on their sledges and skim over the ice to a point where they could see their heap of reserve provisions through their field glasses. One of the dogs died of starvation within sight of the food.

Dr. Koch regards his geological results as very important. He has brought back four thousand geological specimens, including animal fossils dating from very early periods, and both European and Western-American forms. The public, however, will probably regard his map-making as his most important work.

*

SUMMER OPERA

BAYREUTH, Munich, and Vienna have vied with one another this summer in their opera seasons. At Bayreuth the semiofficial, semisacred production of the Ring was carried out with extraor-

dinary perfection in some respects, marred by extraordinary flaws in details where one might have looked for something on a par with the whole. The Bayreuth conductor was Herr Hans Bahling, who is universally lauded for the extraordinary tone and perfect accuracy which he and his players achieved. The critic Max Marschall writes from Bayreuth to *Die Vossische Zeitung* in Berlin; 'Bahling is an orchestral conductor who demands the utmost in perfect and subdued tone, yet brings out each detail with perfect clarity and unusual emotional liveliness.'

Sad to say, however, not all the singers were up to the high standard of the chorus and orchestra. Herr Eduard Habich, who has an English as well as a German reputation, sang Alberich with great success. London critics wired their praises home, and Herr Marschall declares his Alberich '*famos.*' Herr Lorenz Melchior received high praise from some critics as Siegmund, but Herr Marschall insists that his inclusion in the cast was 'a dangerous experiment, and experiments — especially dangerous ones — are the last thing that the director of a festival production ought to attempt.' There were complaints that the Brunnhilda, Fräulein Olga Blomé, was simply not capable of her task. The stage mechanisms of the nineteenth century — which are gradually becoming offensive to audiences accustomed to modern methods that leave more to the imagination and yet demand less credulity of the spectator — somewhat marred the performance.

At Munich there was a distinct feeling of competition with Bayreuth. In contrast with the stern economy of Wagner's theatre, the Prinz Regenten Theater in Munich is a sumptuous opera-house, but with acoustics which scarcely compare with those that Wagner achieved, whether by good luck or

good management, in his own famous but unpretentious theatre. The chorus and orchestra are said to have fallen below the standard of Bayreuth, although the conductor, Herr Hans Knappertsbusch, is not without praise from the critics. Some of the singers, particularly Herr Joseph Geiss as Beckmesser, are accused of descending to mere buffoonery. Yet an English critic telegraphs that Geiss 'gave an extraordinarily good performance.'

In Vienna Mascagni conducted a performance of *Aïda* out of doors before an audience of more than twenty thousand. In spite of acoustic difficulties that seem almost insurmountable, it is said that not even the pianissimo parts of the overture were lost and that Zena-tello's voice filled the whole amphitheatre.

Mascagni has been asked to go to England, but complains that 'the impresarios always ask me to conduct *Cavalleria Rusticana*. My other children are never asked for. On these terms I refuse to go. If they will listen to my beloved *Iris* and the *Piccola Mara* I will gladly go.' At Vienna the secret leaked out that he is contemplating a return to composition and that the Opéra Comique in Paris has engaged him to do a new opera which is based on a novel of Émile Bergerat. A French playwright is now at work on the book. The title is to be *Plus que Reine*.



RAISING CALIGULA'S GALLEYS

AT the bottom of Lake Nemi, in the heart of the Alban Hills, where once stood a famous sanctuary and grove of Diana, lie two galleys which were fitted out as floating palaces of pleasure for the Roman Emperor Caligula. Their magnificence was beyond even the most palatial yacht of to-day. Incrusted with marbles, ornamented with

precious metals and painted woods, adorned with statuary, with sails of the finest linen and hangings woven of silver and gold, they served the luxurious Emperor until his death. His successor, who appears to have taken no interest in them, allowed these exquisite vessels to rot until they finally sank.

To this day, when the water is very clear and still, one may look down and see their outlines. Attempt after attempt has been made to raise the galleys, and more than a hundred books and pamphlets have been written about them. The last attempt was made in 1895, when the Minister of Public Instruction sent divers down. The galleys remained immovable, but some of their contents were brought up, among them beautifully modeled bronze heads of animals.

A new scheme now being proposed is to draw off the water of the lake until the vessels are exposed to view. The British salvage companies engaged in raising the German fleet at Scapa Flow find great difficulty because of the way in which the craft have settled in the mud. If this is true after five years of immersion, it is easy to imagine the condition of Caligula's galleys after nineteen centuries. The process will be difficult and costly and may yet be abandoned, as not all the Italian authorities concerned are in favor of it.



A NEW GAME

GAMES at the expense of the harmless outsider have been oddly popular in England for the last year or two. At first it was 'beaver,' in which the players scored on the beards of the people they passed. Later it became 'tortoise' and the unfortunates condemned to tortoise-shell spectacles were the victims — Americans barred, not as a matter of international courtesy, but

because it is popularly believed in England that all Americans wear them.

Now the game has taken a different form. You play it on the top of the London bus. The players go in pairs, and by conversing loud enough to be heard — which is scarcely an English habit — endeavor to lure their fellow travelers into correcting the blunders that they purposely make. For example, as the bus hums past Hyde Park Corner, one player turns and remarks to his partner, who sits far enough off to justify a distinctly audible tone: 'Look, that is the Marble Arch and here is Kensington Gardens.' And as the bus passes Burlington House he exclaims: 'Here we are at the War Office.' If any good Samaritan is tricked into correcting this erroneous information, the first player scores. If, however, the correcter himself makes a mistake, his tormentor wins the whole game.



ANOTHER HAMLET

UNDER the direction of that veteran of Elizabethan revivals, Mr. William Poel, *Der bestrafte Brudermord*, the perplexing seventeenth-century German version of *Hamlet*, has just had what must certainly be its first production in two hundred years, at the Oxford Playhouse in London. However dispute may rage about this puzzling and very badly botched tragedy, one thing is quite certain — it is obviously the fruit of tours through Germany by traveling companies of English players. Only in recent years have we begun to understand how widely the London dramatic companies wandered on the Continent when theatrical prospects in their native London were bad. They got as far south as Vienna, traces of them appear all over Germany, and when an unique quarto of *Titus Andronicus* turned up in Sweden a few years

ago it began to look as if they went as far north as they could well go.

Since their Continental audiences did not understand English, and since few of the players themselves understood the languages of the countries that they toured, the standard English plays which they brought over had to be greatly modified. If they did not become pure pantomimes, they came very near it.

Though no one would be rash enough to venture a positive assertion, *Der bestrafte Brudermord* is probably nothing more nor less than Shakespeare's *Hamlet* after having been mercilessly modified to suit the changed conditions of performance. There is, however, one other possibility. It is pretty certain that an earlier *Hamlet* existed, which it is at least reasonable to suppose was written by Thomas Kyd. *Der bestrafte Brudermord* may be related to this play rather than to Shakespeare, or it is even possible that all three are independently related to a common source.

However that may be, *Der bestrafte Brudermord*, as it was revealed at the Oxford Playhouse by Mr. Poel's company, seemed like a mad but entertaining parody of the great tragedy. Here were practically all of Shakespeare's materials, but strung together in an appalling confusion, without dramatic relation or continuity. Hamlet upbraids Ophelia with an edifying story about an unfortunate man who married a wife not knowing that one eye, all of her teeth, and her complexion were false. Bandits are commissioned to slay the melancholy Dane, who adroitly tricks them into shooting one another by kneeling suddenly as he signals them to fire. Hamlet still talks with the players, but his lecture on histrionic art is replaced by practical

inquiries as to their needs of timber and costume.

The adapter has not even tried to write blank verse, but has descended into the crudest of prose. Philosophy, proverb, epigram, and cynicism have all vanished — for after all they would have been hard for the strolling player to convey to a foreign audience, in a half-understood language eked out by gesture.



PAJAMAS AND THE YUGOSLAV

THEY have been introducing pajamas in Belgrade, and the puzzled Yugoslavs have not taken kindly to them according to the *London Observer*. This is partly because the lunatic asylum at the Yugoslav capital long ago adopted pajamas as the normal attire of its inmates, so that the ordinary citizen's reluctance to don 'modern night dress' was at least comprehensible.

One hot night this summer, however, one greatly daring youth ventured out of his garden and a little way down the street clad in the novel night-attire. A passing policeman instantly arrested him as an escaped lunatic, his suspicions being confirmed by the fact that the unfortunate prisoner — this also is comprehensible — had no identification papers in his pajama pocket. The young man spent the night in the cells and when he was taken to police court the next morning, wishing to avoid recognition, he begged that a wastebasket be placed over his head.

The spectacle of the alleged lunatic clad in pajamas and helmeted with a wastebasket, solemnly marched to court between gendarmes armed with long and fierce-looking bayonets, greatly edified the less serious-minded citizens of Belgrade's citizens.

BOOKS ABROAD

Poems, 1923-1924. University College, London. Oxford: Blackwell, 1924. 2s. 6d.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

Of several recent collections of university verse this is the smallest and in many ways the best. Most of its contributors have some distinctively individual emotion to express, have the craft to express it adequately, often too with that brimming adequacy which is beauty. The whole atmosphere of the book is fresh; it does not pretend to sophistication or a precocious wit, and there is nowhere a hint of tired townishness. We have here that rare phenomenon of youth being entirely natural in its art, youth at one with earth and sea and the fitful seasons, confessing gallantly to simple loyalties and cleanly human relationships, murmuring a requiem over a lost ideal, pleading the wisdom of its ignorance and occasionally, as it must, slashing at ugliness with a cold intolerance that has yet to learn pity through pain. There are inevitable weaknesses, abstractions such as 'Virginal spring in her grace of pale greenness,' and a few stray fairies that we could do without. But the artistic sincerity as a whole is remarkable.

[A poem from this book appears on A Page of Verse.]

Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary, by Oskar Jászi. London: King, 1924. 15s.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary is the tragedy of a moderate reformer. The policy advocated by Michael Karolyi would undoubtedly have been the best for Hungary, had the country been enlightened enough to accept it. Its first principle was the redistribution of the land among the people — a principle which was only put into practice to the extent of dividing Karolyi's own estate. Another ideal at which Dr. Jászi had been aiming for years was a peaceful solution of the racial problems in Hungary. His plan was to give the fullest possible freedom of development to the non-Magyar populations. He sought to see all the Danubian peoples united in an equal federation on the model of Switzerland, and as Minister of Nationalities in the Karolyi Government he tried to work toward this end. The times were unpropitious, and they have since become still more so. Dr. Jászi's scheme, like that other dream of a Balkan federation, will probably have to wait many years before its excellence is recognized.

The Bolshevik revolution came before Karol-

yi's Government had been fairly tested in action, and there was barely time for Bela Kun to demonstrate the defects of practical Communism before he too was driven out by Horthy and Bethlen. Dr. Jászi exposes the weakness of Bela Kun's policy — an attempt to communize the land in a country where 'land-hunger' is the consuming passion of the whole population. The Bolsheviks, by turning the old feudal domains into State concerns, simply preserved them intact for the return of their former owners after the White Revolution. The proletariat, whom they had come to set free, were deprived even of the slight advantages which Karolyi had managed to secure for them before his fall. In his criticisms of the White Government Dr. Jászi prejudices his own case by the violence of his statements. The most sympathetic reader would rather draw his own conclusions from a straightforward account of Horthy's measures than be given extracts from each with a preface and lavish commentary on the real intentions concealed beneath the text.

The Awakening of Italy: The Fascista Regeneration. By Luigi Villari. London: Methuen 1924, 10s. 6d.

[Ralph Straus in the *Sunday Times*]

PROPHECY is notoriously a dangerous game, but certain rules for its play may be commended, the most important and simplest of which states that the future depends on the past. What, then, is this Fascismo exactly, how did it come into existence, and why has it succeeded? It is to reply to these three questions in detail that Signor Villari has written his book.

It must be said at once that the book is the work of a partisan, but of a partisan who is willing enough to see two sides of a question. The supporters of a movement like Fascismo are often accused of unfairness, inasmuch as they will favor unconstitutional methods when it suits their convenience, and cry out to the heavens when their opponents follow their example. That is possibly true, but in an age when political principles so easily degenerate into political prejudices, and when loyalties are in the melting-pot, it is good to look first at results. That Fascismo saved Italy from chaos no one can doubt, and it is equally certain that no other political movement could have achieved success.

Signor Villari is not the first man to attempt a detailed explanation of that success, but few other writers have succeeded in making the changing position of affairs so clear. At a time,

according to him, when under the old régime each Government seemed eager to allow all political power to slip away from it, only an ideal which embraced real authority could hope to achieve anything at all. Such an ideal, if not actually brought to birth in a moment, Minerva-like, in the brain of one single genius, was so nearly the invention of Mussolini that to him alone must be accorded the title of savior. At the same time, it is to be remembered that there were movements already afoot in a distracted country even before Mussolini's name was known outside his immediate circle, and it is just here that Signor Villari's book will be of such particular interest to English readers.

Naturally, it was written before the recent volcanic affair, of whose coming there is hardly a hint, but it brings the story of Fascismo down to the April elections, discusses the difficulties which any 'new conception of constitutional government' must necessarily meet with, and points with a pardonable pride to the results which have already been achieved. There will, no doubt, be political students ready to accuse the author of too easy an optimism, and that uncomfortable word 'propaganda' may occasionally lurk near their lips, but even they must acknowledge that Signor Villari's essay is both moderate in tone and built up judiciously from materials gathered together with unusual care.

Tamplin's Tales of His Family, by Barry Pain.
London: Laurie, 1924. 1s. 6d.

[*New Statesman*]

MR. BARRY PAIN'S humor is at its lightest and most irresponsible in these tales told by Mr. Tamplin, the bootmaker, to his acquaintance, Mr. Ernest Kemp, the visiting music-master, over their lunch at the Red Lion. Mr. Tamplin, for all his absurdity, is real as the country which, alone among the nations, produces this astonishing type. Infinite in superficial variety are our Mr. Tamplins, but one in the fundamentals of character. Pompous, consequential, dictatorial, shrewd and stupid, vain and greedy, good-natured and even generous on occasion, and always with the gift of inconsequent dialectic, the Tamplins are the backbones of the society in which they move, but it takes a humorist to see them for what they are. Mr. Kemp also is real, but there are not so many Mr. Kemps, for he is an artist, thwarted and stunted, but still an artist. Obviously, as his creator saw, it is to an artist that Mr. Tamplin must talk if the full relish of his absurdity is to be savored. He must talk, moreover, to someone sincere and simple and a little absent-minded. Mr. Kemp is all that, continually puzzled by the working of Mr.

Tamplin's mind, but always considerate and polite, a good, because an interested, listener.

Mr. Tamplin talks on and on, and of the funniest things, without any suspicion that they are funny, for that is the essence of the Tamplin type, and that is the reason why to the humorist it is treasure-trove. Mr. Tamplin's story of his little girl's 'ipsolitis' is very amusing; a disease unknown to the faculty, but diagnosed at once and treated successfully by a gentleman supposed at the time to be a medical man, but turning out, in the end, to be the real doctor's patient waiting transference to an asylum. Capital, too, is the story of Teresa's double life.

Each of Mr. Tamplin's relatives as he introduces them casually to Mr. Kemp over the luncheon table has some endearing quality, or has had some remarkable experience, which in Mr. Tamplin's impressionist, inconsequent, and broken narrative is transmuted into fun.

Picasso, by Jean Cocteau. Paris: Librairie Stock, 1924.

[*Le Disque Vert*]

THIS little book, written in the form of an essay, consists of a series of swift, concise opinions on the work and talent of Picasso. In the compressed, alert style which Cocteau affects and which recalls *Le Secret Professionnel*, it is perhaps the one study which will make us best understand the elusive artistry of Picasso and the suggestions of the writer, who sets us upon the right track in judging an artistic achievement the fullness of whose immense significance it is not yet possible to judge. Picasso happily has not finished surprising us or convincing us.

Somewhat in the way people do in popular novels, he disappears and turns up again quite suddenly, each time with a new direct method whose full significance one does not instantly perceive. Once he has struck his mark, it is not to be effaced.

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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON THE DAWES REPORT

SISLEY HUDDLESTON, the Paris correspondent of the *New Statesman*, says that 'perhaps the most notable result of the London Conference has been the growth in France of a healthy skepticism about Reparations,' and adds: 'Whether large sums are received, whether the Dawes plan collapses, will not hereafter be of much importance.' The Dawes plan has furnished an adequate pretext for a complete change of direction, and France, in spite of superficial appearances, understands the true significance of what has been done. He believes the French are rapidly losing the 'economic ingenuousness' that has hitherto characterized popular discussion of the Reparations question, not only in France but also to no small extent in other countries.

Meanwhile the man in the street in England refuses to interest himself in the Report despite the fact that the historic Conference that accepted it was held in London. The leader-writer of the *Outlook* observes:—

I doubt whether many people have really studied either the Dawes Report or the

London Agreement with any care. I exclude, of course, politicians, journalists, and business men, whose interests may be affected—I am speaking entirely of the general public. In traveling up and down the country lately I have heard much restaurant and railway-carriage talk of Business; Wages and Prices, the Housing Programme, the Dole and Emigration, and that ubiquitous curse of modern conversation, Golf; but hardly ever a word on the state of Europe, except as a playground.

Although the success of the London Conference was a feather in Premier MacDonald's cap and probably strengthened his Government, the Conference disclosed lack of discipline in his Cabinet that exposed him and his Party to criticism. Mr. Snowden created a momentary stir by condemning in a public interview two decisions of the Conference. He did not believe the arrangement satisfactory by which, if Germany is unable to secure from her industrialists the deliveries ordered by the Arbitral Commission, her failure will be regarded as willful default and expose her to sanctions; and he condemns even a temporary continuance of the occupation of the Ruhr. Mr.

Snowden is equally put out because the Government to which he belongs has concluded a treaty with Soviet Russia containing a conditional promise of a loan to that country.

Despite the vociferations of the ultra-Nationalists, the German press, for the most part, views the acceptance of the Report with an air of sober relief. The Junkers took the occasion of their recent meeting at Weimar to abuse the German negotiators in London as traitors and betrayers of their country; but it is likely that some of these very men voted later for the railway law the enactment of which constituted Germany's practical endorsement of the new agreement. In Belgium acquiescence with the new programme seems general. That country has, for a long period, been officially in favor of a commercial solution of post-war problems.



A SHEAF OF BALKAN RUMORS

DISTURBING reports from the Balkans are so normal as to attract serious attention only when they rise to a crescendo. That has been the situation during the past few weeks. Numerous reports have appeared in the European press of Communist activities in Bulgaria, where a cargo of arms destined for the revolutionists was recently seized on the Black Sea coast. Ever since the overthrow of Stambuliskii many of the peasants have been ready to rise at the first favorable opportunity. The present Government, which does not exist by virtue of a popular vote taken without duress, distrusts the loyalty of its own troops. In addition to this, the Macedonians, both recent refugees and longer-established residents of Bulgaria, are said to be ready to support the Communists. They constitute a very important military factor, for they are armed and accustomed to the tactics that the Communists

would probably employ in case of an insurrection.

Prager Tagblatt reports that a Russian scientist who has just returned to Prague from an extensive tour of the Balkans was told by Fodor Alexandrov, the Macedonian leader, that his followers had decided to support the Communists 'because the existing Zankov Cabinet possesses no authority either at home or in the League of Nations. The efforts of the Macedonians to gain independence can only succeed by upsetting the present status quo in the Balkans, and the way to begin that is to give the Communists control of Bulgaria.'

This disaffected element has been reinforced by a large influx of refugees, said to number 20,000 or more, who have crossed the border into Bulgaria from Turkish Thrace within the last few weeks. The Turks insisted on treating these people as Greeks and repatriating them to Greece because they belong to the Greek Church. As the Bulgarians love the Greeks as little as they do the Turks, the deportees promptly took refuge in the land of their own tongue.

But the area of disturbance is not confined to Bulgaria, though it has its focus there. The Communists are intriguing actively in Bessarabia, where the peasantry is said to be dissatisfied with Rumanian rule, which has not made the country a paradise as promptly as they naively anticipated. At the other end of the line, the followers of Raditch, the peasant leader in Croatia, after wandering for some time in a political wilderness in their own country, have joined the Moscow Peasant International. Raditch himself is reported to have concluded negotiations for this during his recent visit to Moscow, after his rather cool reception in Vienna and several other European capitals.

The area of discontent extends still farther. Although the Polish press, probably under more or less moral censorship, minimizes certain disturbances along Poland's eastern frontier, a comparison of reports from that source with those in the Bolshevik papers suggests the existence of a zone of discontent having its focus probably in Galicia, but extending to the Baltic, where disorders have recently occurred and where future outbreaks are likely in sympathy with a possible uprising in the Balkans.



UNCLE SAM AND INSULINDE

La France Militaire sees in the reported rapprochement between the Standard Oil and Royal Dutch Companies a politico-economic fact of far-reaching significance. Twenty-five years ago the Netherlands authorities welcomed the appearance of America in the Philippines as likely to interpose a barrier to the southern expansion of Japan. Subsequently, however, this feeling was somewhat modified. The *Telegraaf*, the Radical Amsterdam newspaper that published Raemaeker's cartoons during the war, disturbed lest our presence prove more embarrassing than helpful, pointed out in the spring of 1922:—

Our relations with the United States have always formed a delicate phase of our foreign policy. We have every reason in the world not to irritate the great democratic Republic, especially out of consideration for our colonies. We often hear it said that we do not need a large fleet in the Netherlands Indies, because in case we are attacked we can count upon the assistance of a big brother.

This happy state of affairs was first troubled early in 1921, when our diplomatic representatives at The Hague presented a note to the Netherlands Government protesting against the ex-

clusive favors it accorded to the Royal Dutch Oil Company, which was understood to be largely controlled by England. Holland's policy with regard to this company seemed to violate the principle of the open door, to which our Government attaches extreme importance in the Far East. The *Algemeen Handelsblad* declared that our intervention in the petroleum policy of the East Indies produced 'a disagreeable impression.' It asked:—

Are we not masters in our own house, and is it America's business to concern herself with the companies with which our Government contracts for developing the petroleum wealth of our colonies? We sell our petroleum in the world market where every country can buy it. The fact that the United States has been the world's chief producer of petroleum for many years is no reason why she should assume rights over its production even within our territories.

But the *Economische Statistische Berichten* saw the situation in a more matter-of-fact light.

A real danger presents itself to us in case of a war between the United States and Japan. Our neutrality would require us to prohibit the exportation of petroleum in such a case. In view of the precedent that America set, however, when she requisitioned our ships during the last war, there is reason to fear that she would take matters in her own hands and go for petroleum wherever she thought she could get it. If we resisted we should be involved in the hostilities.

All of which leads *La France Militaire* to observe apropos of the alleged Standard Oil-Royal Dutch agreement:—

There is reason to suppose that the situation has changed decidedly since the termination of the alliance between England and Japan. For now the Royal Dutch Company agrees in case of necessity to provide, with the probable assistance of England, petroleum from the East Indies

for whoever will pay most for it — that is to say, for the United States. That is still another reason why Viscount Kato may think it advisable to go slow.

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SPAIN'S UNSTABLE DIRECTORY

DESPITE the barrier of censorship in Spain, reports are multiplying to the effect that Primo de Rivera's Directory is likely to be overthrown. The new Government's undeniable success in purifying the political and economic system has not given it sufficient prestige to compensate for its failure to solve the Morocco problem and to reduce the cost of living. Though the condition of the national finances has been somewhat improved, there is no possibility of wiping out the deficit until the Morocco campaign is brought to a close. The cost of living continues to rise and is causing great discontent among the common people. Madrid at times has been entirely without potatoes, and the local papers are filled with protests against the inefficiency of certain municipal services. For instance, there is an acute shortage of water.

Rumors are current of dissension between the King and Primo de Rivera. At the same time it is prophesied that the overthrow of the Directory — if it occurs, as seems probable, through a coup d'état — will mean the simultaneous overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a republic. This does not imply that the Directory has been a consistent opponent of Democracy. Indeed in their fight against *caciquismo*, or the municipal boss system, the present authorities seem to have made a sincere effort to liberalize the city governments. A law has been passed to reform the constitution of the municipalities, the outstanding feature of which is to give women a vote in municipal elections.

'A Spanish Observer,' writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, characterizes Primo de Rivera as 'a man spoiled by fortune,' who 'lacks serenity and discretion.'

He has ever been the perfect type of Andalusian *señorito*. . . . Impulsive, willful, given to imposing his every whim, incapable of well-considered action and still more incapable of rectifying a false step, clinging to his mistakes from a misdirected sense of dignity, a passionate friend and passionate enemy, the Dictator under whom we are suffering condenses all the objects of life in the one maxim, 'to do what he damned well pleases' — *hacer en toda su soberana voluntad*.

This writer summarizes the present political situation as follows: —

The Dictator has been a fitful winter sun. His popularity, always limited to the bourgeois classes, has waned. Free from legal responsibility, the Parliament dissolved, the political parties dispersed, and the press muzzled, he has been all-powerful and yet unable to achieve anything useful. Morocco, taxation, the question of responsibility in the Moroccan campaign, these were the three problems which his task was to solve. Morocco is worse than ever, with an army sick and tired of suffering. The Budget is a reproduction of earlier ones, constructed on the same vicious basis, according to which of three thousand million pesetas a thousand and three hundred are swallowed up in military expenses, pensions to the retired and widows, and the public debt.

And the case for investigating the celebrated responsibilities has, as was to be feared, accentuated the divisions among the officers.

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MANCHU SOLDIER PUPILS

CHANG TSO-LIN, the Manchurian warlord, has decided that his soldiers must know how to read and write. Each of his officers and men must memorize the 'thousand' Chinese characters that make the minimum requirement of

literacy under the new standard of the Republic. The General Director of the National Popular Education Movement was summoned from Shanghai to take charge of this picturesque, if not entirely novel, campaign. Apparently he came well provided with the implements of his trade, for he brought with him 50,000 textbooks, 60 stereopticons, and 5000 colored slides.

The school course in the Manchu army is short but intense. It is the intention to have every man in it able to read and write by the end of November. The method is thus described by a correspondent of the *Shanghai Times*:

It was discovered that only twenty-five out of each battalion of one hundred and fifty could read and write. So the other one hundred and twenty-five in the battalion formed a convenient class unit for the mass method of education. Over each battalion-class an officer teacher was set, to take up the first half of the daily school period with instruction by means of a lantern and slides. During the other half of the period the class is in charge of assistants and 'guides.' These two groups are taken from the twenty-five literate men in each battalion. The assistant-teachers conduct a review of the previous day's work, and the guides pass around among the soldier pupils, answering any questions they have to put.

As soon as the 10,000 soldiers in the Mukden garrison and neighboring camps have been satisfactorily blessed with the light of learning the school will be extended to the army all through Manchuria, some 300,000 soldiers in all.

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CIVILIZATION VERSUS BARBARISM

THE *Japan Chronicle* is a doughty defender of British interests in the Orient. It enjoys the prestige of age, authority, and a long tradition of able and influential editorship. All this adds weight to the protest we print below:—

Four men of a British bombing squadron engaged in very risky work among the tribesmen of the North-West Frontier of India were killed when their planes crashed in a fog, and the crew of another machine fell into the hands of the Waziris, who may or may not take revenge on them. The message published yesterday giving this news mentioned as quite incidental the fact that the planes were returning from a bombing raid when the unfortunate accident occurred. To most people the fact that British planes and airmen are engaged in dropping death-dealing explosives on the villages of helpless people whose fighting men are accounted hostile to the British is also news. The reports of such raids appear fairly frequently in the press in India. In the Anglo-Indian papers the emphasis is on the daring and devotion of the frontiersmen,—which there is no gainsaying,—but when the accidental death of four of these is news of world-wide interest, while the bombing of any number of villages, with casualties uncalculated, is a matter of no concern, it seems that there is a warp somewhere in the human mind.

When we remember how long it took to reconcile the British public mind to the idea of reprisals in air-raiding during the war, in spite of the large number who had experienced its horrors, and when we remember how unthinkable this kind of efficiency in dealing with hostile tribesmen would have been before the war, we begin to have some grasp of how far we have succumbed to the degrading effects of the war. We used to be indignant, and quite rightly, when the Germans, whose country was beleaguered, sought this murderous way of relieving the pressure. We now practise murder against people whose propensity for raiding is largely caused by economic pressure, and whom it is perfectly easy to keep at bay with an ordinary frontier post.

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MINOR NOTES

A REMARKABLE collection of Nelson papers, extensive enough to fill fifteen folio volumes, has recently come to light. They contain material relating

to the victualing of Nelson's Mediterranean fleet during the Napoleonic Wars, and medical reports upon the condition of the men. Nelson was a zealous advocate of fresh provisions at sea, and the papers just discovered give the actual number of oxen bought, how much beef they yielded, and the number of pounds of onions and other vegetables and of oranges and lemons supplied to the six thousand men that manned Nelson's ships. Beef cost about eight cents a pound, and wine about twenty-five cents a gallon. Apparently only a small quantity of salt provisions was consumed. There was one short outbreak of scurvy in the winter of 1804-5, when the Spanish market for provisions was temporarily closed, but in general the health of the men was uniformly good. The chief diseases, besides the scurvy already mentioned, were fevers and lung diseases. There was a good deal of rheumatism. Probably the feverish colds reported were influenza. The highest number of sick cases at any one time was 268. The average was below 200, and the deaths on board ship were about one per cent per annum.

A BRITISH scientific expedition that has been cruising the South Seas reports that it has discovered on an uninhabited island, the exact location of which has not been revealed, ancient sculptured rock, pottery, and stone implements bearing evidence of the existence of a hitherto unknown early civilization. The island is 'not very far distant from the Galapagos,' and according to one of the members of the expedition 'the objects found by the expedition may very possibly date back to the time when the island formed part of the mainland. It is covered with dense jungle, and in its centre is a mountain peak rising to a height of 1296 feet. The island is uninhabited by human beings, but about three hundred years ago it was the resort of buccaners.'

GOLD has recently been discovered in Wales on a site which was worked for this metal by the Romans nearly 1700 years ago. The deposit, which is alluvial, yields from five to seven shillings of free gold a cubic yard, rising to seventy shillings in the richest samples.

SELF-CONGRATULATION



Labor binds up the wounds of Europe.
— *Daily Herald*

OUR FUTURE TRUST AND HOPE



'Why do they let such chaps into the University? I believe he studies.' — *Arbeiter Zeitung*

WAS THE WAR WORTH WHILE?

BY WICKHAM STEED

From the *Review of Reviews*, August 15, September 15
(LONDON CURRENT-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

[MR. STEED, after serving as the correspondent of the *London Times* at Berlin, Rome, and Vienna, was foreign editor of that newspaper during the war, and its editor from 1919 to 1922. He is at present proprietor and editor of the *English Review of Reviews*.]

TEN years ago the British peoples throughout the world made war on Germany in defense of the neutrality of Belgium, which Great Britain was pledged by treaty to uphold. The struggle lasted four years and three months. It cost Great Britain some £8,000,000,000, while 9,000,000 tons of British merchant shipping were lost, nearly 1,000,000 British soldiers were killed, and more than 2,000,000 wounded. To-day many who suffered bereavement or hardship are asking whether these sacrifices were 'worth while'?

Such a question is not easily answered. The issue raised in August 1914 by German aggression upon Belgium — whose neutrality Prussia, like Great Britain, had guaranteed — was not whether war was worth while but whether life, national and international, would have been tolerable had German lawlessness triumphed. To this question, at least, the answer is clear. Save at the cost of dishonor, of allowing the basis of civilized relationships to be destroyed, and of incurring ulterior peril more dire than the immediate danger, it was not possible for England to hold aloof. The choice, if choice there were, lay between war in

discharge of duty and peace in dereliction of duty.

From the outset, the action of Germany appeared to the people of this country as an unwarrantable crime, and our entry into the war as an act of justice. At Versailles the representatives of Germany were presently constrained to recognize the responsibility of their country and that of its allies for all the loss and damage resulting from a war brought about 'by the aggression of Germany and her allies,' while William II of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, was publicly arraigned in the Peace Treaty 'for a supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties.' The Germans claim, however, that this assent has no moral value, since it was given under constraint, and they have long been engaged in seeking to prove Germany guiltless or, at worst, guilty only in the same degree as her enemies.

These efforts cannot succeed. No research has brought or can bring to light any fact of a nature to invalidate the cause for which the British peoples went to war. Nor is it possible to explain away the words of the German Imperial Chancellor to the Reichstag on August 4, 1914: 'The wrong — I speak openly — that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached.' From that wrong all the rest proceeded. The endeavor to redress it was the supreme justification of the Allied cause. Had it gone unpunished, all possibility of vindicating the sanc-

tity of treaties in future would have disappeared, and all hope of enthroning the reign of law above the rule of force in dealings between nations.

The answer to the question whether the war was worth while depends therefore, in some degree, upon the further question whether it has or has not strengthened international morality and discouraged or discredited lawless violence. If it has, the war was clearly as worth while as the action of the police who may suffer injury in apprehending robbers or murderers. If not, the efforts of the Allied peoples, their heroism, sufferings, and losses, might have to be, in this respect, accounted a tragic failure.

We are still too near to the struggle itself to see it in true perspective, too conscious of our fall from the high idealism that inspired the Allied peoples during the war to be sure that it was truly won, too bewildered by the complications of the peace for our faith to be clear-eyed, and too bruised to allow our more generous impulses free play. Moreover, there has crept into many minds a doubt whether, after all, our motives can have been quite as lofty and our conduct quite as noble as we thought they were. Since we fought for our own safety as well as for Belgium, why seek to surround our undertaking with a halo of holiness? And, since we derived some profit from the war, are our hands quite 'clean of gain'?

Dead specimens examined under the microscope in a laboratory cannot have the beauty of living organisms. Study of anatomy will not reveal the secret of life. The meaning of the war is not to be learned from the dissection of documents. It is enshrined in the hearts of those who know in what spirit hundreds of thousands of men went to fight and die for what they held right, and millions of men and women

worked with equal devotion. The passing of a phase of feeling does not render that feeling historically less real or detract from its virtue. One great gain of the war was that millions who had never before felt an exalted purpose felt it then, strove to attain it, and, despite disappointment, tenaciously believe in it still. This generation has seen and known and done things that future generations will envy. Men often risk their lives for an emotion in sport, in mountaineering, in seamanship — and are not accounted base or wholly foolish if they pay the price of their daring. The generation that fought the war dared greatly and wrought nobly. If the supreme sanction of its work be still outstanding, was its daring therefore foolhardy?

It is good, in these days of anniversary and of partial loss of faith, to return in spirit to August 1914, and to evoke in memory the ideals then cherished, the resolves then formed. Such evocation makes any doubt whether the people of this country would have quailed or flinched, had they then known the trials and disappointments in store for them, seem akin to blasphemy. True, the instinct which is the determining element of British conduct in times of stress warned them dimly that the freedom of their country, nay, its very existence, was at stake. But for some time they thought, consciously and conscientiously, that they were fighting chiefly for Belgium and the sanctity of their plighted word in the first place, and for France in the second. Not until the war had been long in progress did the British people fully realize that it was their own security as much as that of others which they were defending. At no time during the war did the feeling that they were fighting against a dangerous commercial rival sway their minds. Had they been asked to suffer

what they suffered, to pay what they paid, and to dare as they dared for any merely economic reason, they would have revolted against so mean an assessment of their ideals. Most Britons are vaguely, and many are intensely, religious in temperament. They need to believe in something. It is generally something that appeals to their sense of what is right. In August 1914 they held it right to fight in support of their country's pledge to Belgium and, secondarily, in support of their friends. That was all.

They did not then understand that, by making war on Belgium, Germany was helping to save the British Empire. Nothing, save a direct attack on British territory, could so have roused their feeling; and even a direct attack might not have appealed as potently to the whole national conscience. It is a peculiarity of the British temperament that the defense even of vital interests is never so whole-heartedly undertaken as when that defense is also felt to be a moral duty. Had Germany respected the Prussian pledge to Belgium, the British Government might have hesitated to make war until the German fleet threatened or the German armies had actually captured the northern ports and coasts of France — and then it might have been too late to save either France or England. In any case the Government and probably the nation would have been divided. But once the Belgian issue was raised there could be neither doubt nor delay.

Some saw, indeed, that behind this moral issue lay not only a question of life and death for England and the Empire, but a struggle between two incompatible conceptions of civilization — between the Prusso-Napoleonic and the Christian, the Militarist and the Liberal. Far better, they felt, that 'England' — that is to say, all the ideals of individual freedom and or-

dered liberty which had gone out from England through the centuries — should perish in a fight to the death with the doctrines represented by Prussia and her prophets, than that she should purchase a dubious respite by standing aside or seeking an impossible compromise with them. Hence the almost joyous relief with which they learned that the die was cast and the battle fairly joined. The war became for them a crusade the more real, the more ennobling because it compelled them to search their hearts and to confess to themselves that, despite skepticism and frivolity, there were beliefs and loyalties for which they were ready to die.

No man or woman who passed that test can really doubt whether the war was worth while. Notwithstanding all disappointments and the grayness of the present world, it was an experience that left traces too deep to be obliterated. Its greatness lay in its simplicity. The choice was plain. It had to be made forthwith. The issue was imperative. It could not be burked or avoided; and, while the war lasted, it remained clear. Without military victory there could be no hope of realizing the aspirations we cherished. Therefore the immediate object was victory. But with the Armistice came a more difficult question. Victory had been won; what should we do with it, how best turn it to account? And amid the divergence of opinions, the clash of interests, the ambitions and the passions of men and of peoples, unity of purpose was lost, attention was dispersed, fibres braced by the war grew slack, and disillusionment began.

It was hard to feel enthusiasm for Reparations, and harder still to learn the names and understand the doings and the desires of all the new peoples whom the war had redeemed, some of whom, moreover, seemed scarcely

worthy of their ransom. Three Empires had fallen. Was it worth while to have brought about their overthrow if a chaos of jealous little nations were to replace them? Besides, in Russia, in Hungary, and to some extent in Germany, in Austria, and in Italy, revolutionary forces had been let loose that threatened to turn upside down the whole structure of European society. Terrorism, massacre, and spoliation were certainly not among the objects for which the Allied peoples had fought.

Worse still, the Allied Governments disagreed progressively among themselves. The Paris Peace Conference was filled with unseemly wranglings; and though the Peace Treaty contained the Covenant of a League of Nations it was not exactly the League of which the Allied peoples had dreamed. Moreover, when the United States rejected the Treaty and refused to enter the League, the whole balance of the Peace was upset. The rosy hope that the war would be a 'war to end war' grew pallid. How, in these circumstances, could the masses of the people keep their faith and still believe that the war had been worth while?

In Great Britain the after-effects of the war were, in themselves, depressing. Crushing taxation remained, without the stimulus that had formerly made it bearable. Old families were impoverished and their mansions and lands passed largely into the hands of the 'new rich' who had made fortunes out of the war. Trade declined and unemployment grew. Prices stood high, and the dull struggle for bread left little time or room for the cultivation of nobler feelings. 'Advanced' political and social theories gained more and more adherents, while on the other hand large sections of the community lost their grip upon the political principles in which they had been

brought up and tended to look for safety to dictatorships and other forms of antidemocratic reaction. Parliamentary institutions, which had been relegated to a secondary place during the war, appeared to be sorely discredited. No clear voice, no plain creed appealed with convincing power to the popular conscience; and though Great Britain was spared the degradation of seeing a savage Communism — or its not less deleterious counterpart, savage Fascism — run riot among her people, her Government adopted during the struggle in Ireland methods that were the negation of every precept of justice and enlightened rule.

Worst of all, a lack of political and social leadership began to be distressingly felt. A whole generation of men who would have been the natural leaders of the nation had been swept away in the flower of their age; and there was none to fill the void. The older men were too old and too tired to give leadership; the young men were too young and too unknowing to perceive whither they were going or whither they wished to go. The mechanical agencies developed by the war tended to obtrude a mechanical spirit into the works of peace and helped also to obscure the spiritual issues and to deaden the moral forces without which no perfection of mechanism could have availed to bring victory. Thus, from the crest of the wave of high endeavor and sacrifice, the nation slid deep into the trough of dejection and doubt.

It is not the very young who wonder whether the war was worth while. They have no standard of comparison, for they knew little or nothing of the world before 1914. It is the older folk whom misgivings assail. Yet they may with advantage ask themselves whether they would, if they could, put back the clock of time and return to the early months of 1914? Most of them

will answer, No! To return to a solely militarist Europe in which millions of armed men stood ready to obey the whims of ambitious dynasties or the designs of power-intoxicated governments; to thrust back into bondage the peoples now freed; to be deprived of the hope which even the imperfectly realized ideal of the League of Nations enshrines; and to be without the proof of moral strength that so many nations gave during the long struggle, would be to live again a life of narrow horizons and poor beliefs. During the war Great Britain learned to know herself. Classes long divided came together and found, in the brotherhood of training-camp and trenches, a fellowship unsuspected. The very inventions which the war stimulated, the development of aviation, of motor transport, of wireless telegraphy, and a dozen other cunning devices, vastly extended the range of practical human knowledge and rendered intelligible riddles before unread.

It is not for nothing that some aspects of this mechanical progress have brought home to multitudes a sense of the reality of things unseen, a feeling that apparently solid facts are less solid than other facts which are invisible, impalpable, and intangible. The conditions of thought and action are being changed. While wireless telegraphy and telephony annihilate distance and conquer time, while the speed of aerial transport makes railways — themselves scarce a century old — seem slow and the age of steam almost archaic, the thoughts of men cannot be as leisurely as were those of their fathers, nor can they live lives as sundered from those of other peoples as their fathers lived. The world has shrunk and is shrinking daily. Will increasing contact between nations bring fuller comradeship and keener intercomprehension? Or will it stimu-

late conflict and accentuate incompatibilities? If some inventions are beneficent, others are deadly and, in the hands of the ill-disposed, may work havoc untold. Just as the new possibilities opening out before mankind are unprecedented, so are the possibilities of woe. It is for the men and women of to-day to decide which shall be realized, whether the good shall triumph or the evil.

In other words, the question still is, as it was ten years ago, How to win the war? The enemy cause is still the same, though other means are now needed to defeat it. Ten years ago it was represented by Germany — less, indeed, by the German people themselves than by the politico-military system with which they were identified and by the ambitions which that system served. The enemy cause was that of lawless force. The Allied cause was the repression of lawless force by means of greater force used in the name of law and of right living among nations. The Allied armies were the police of the world. The cause which they upheld and vindicated has not been changed by the defection from it of some Allied peoples, or by others' employment of methods that are hard to reconcile with the Allied ideals.

But the main issue now is whether the men and women in Allied and enemy countries who cling to the belief that, without the progressive vindication of the rule of law in international and national affairs, civilization itself must perish, are still determined to work for the achievement of their aims. If so, the war may yet be won, though the task will not be easy. It will not be enough merely to support the League of Nations or to advocate the admission of the German Republic and of Bolshevik Russia to membership of it. Nor is it enough to protest against this or that act of violence in national or

international affairs. Knowledge is wanted and patient study to acquire it — knowledge both of the principles that must govern the life of healthy communities and knowledge of what, for want of a better term, are called 'foreign politics.' Ten years ago few people in this country thought foreign politics worth troubling about. They lived in a fool's paradise. By degrees the war taught them that, while the mismanagement of domestic affairs might involve some discomfort or loss to individuals, the mismanagement of foreign affairs might imperil the lives and the possessions of all, and even the existence of the whole community.

Democratic peoples are, in this respect, exposed to special dangers. They often forget that their Governments are always prone to follow what those Governments may think the tendencies of opinion which will presently be expressed in votes and in Parliamentary majorities. They do not understand that representative self-government really means that the people must govern themselves by keeping their Governments up to the mark and by applying constantly the pressure of enlightened public opinion to responsible Ministers. The price of democratic freedom is eternal vigilance. In order that public opinion may be enlightened it must be informed, and it will only get information by demanding

it persistently. A democracy enlightened, and determined that its Government shall adhere to the principles for which the war was fought, can save itself and help to save Europe. Thus and thus only can the war still be truly won and all its sacrifices be rendered worth while.

President Wilson wished to make the world 'safe for democracy.' He meant that the purpose of Allied efforts was to safeguard democratic freedom against victorious attack by armed tyrannies. He forgot to say that democracy is not, and cannot be, an end in itself. It is no part of political progress to gain for mankind a riskless existence; it should provide against the grosser risks so as to set free human energies and endeavor for activity upon higher planes. Even as a political ideal, democracy is by no means unchallenged. It is to-day spurned in Russia, in Italy, and in Spain. Yet its defects are vastly outweighed by those of all other systems hitherto tested, for it alone offers a prospect of the permanent ascendancy of the rule of law and of the growth of an international conscience. In reality the Great Crusade of 1914-1918 was an immense Act of Faith in democracy on the part of the Allied and Associated peoples. Only those who deny that the object was worthy of the faith can still doubt whether that Act was worth while. For my part, I have no doubt whatever.

A DESTROYERS' INTERNATIONAL

BY GENERAL ALEXANDRE PERCIN

From *Vossische Zeitung*, August 5
BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY

GENERAL FREIHERR VON SCHOENAICH, a German democrat and pacifist of distinguished lineage, has just published a book under the title, *From the Last War to the Next War*. His manuscript was read and approved by two other pacifist military officers of high rank and distinction.

General Ian Hamilton wrote as follows: 'Aviators are circling like vultures over the great cities of Europe. Civilians have no conception of the effect of modern bombs. As a man who knows what war actually is, I am striving to promote a spirit of peace and good-will among nations. Unless the people of the world come to their senses, the Continent and England will be devastated again — by a disaster one hundred times worse than the Japanese earthquake.'

General Percin, a former member of the French Supreme War Council, wrote the following preface to General von Schoenaich's book: —

'Science has made more progress during the century in which we live than during the forty centuries that preceded. This wonderful advance has resulted, in most countries, in industrial overproduction which has begotten a spirit of envious competition among nations. In the years just before the war this competition became so keen that governments and peoples were preoccupied with but a single thought — how to destroy the power of their rivals. A policy of destruction replaced the earlier policy of annexing new territories.

'In 1914, England was dreaming of Germany's ruin. This purpose will not be found openly declared in diplomatic documents, but that hope of her people is mirrored in the press. An English technical review, the *Engineer*, printed in its issue of September 25, 1914 [retranslated]: "The best way to emancipate ourselves from German industrial competition would be by occupying Germany, and following that up by a systematic and well-planned destruction of all her factories and their appurtenances." The writer was convinced that such destruction would serve the public interest of England.

'On the third of August, 1915, the *Times* declared that the English were fighting for their own interests, and that they would have entered the war even if Belgium's neutrality had not been violated; and in its issue of July 31, 1920, the same journal again declared that England was not fighting like a Don Quixote for Belgium and France, but for her own existence.

'Accordingly, England's policy kept the ruin of Germany clearly in view.

'French policy was no better. In *Un Livre Noir* we find the Russian Ambassador, Mr. Isvolskii, writing from Bordeaux, on the thirteenth of October, 1914, to the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sazonov, immediately after a conversation with the French Minister of Foreign Affairs: "M. Delcassé believes it desirable to reach a definite understanding as to the designs and wishes of the Allies. France demands at present no accessions of

territory except the return of Alsace-Lorraine. The main object of France is, in complete agreement with the Allies, the destruction of the German Empire."

'I read concerning Germany, in *Le Temps*, of May 7, 1922, that Professor Frech published in Breslau, in 1917, a monograph in which he argued that France, whose coal mines were occupied by the German army, should be compelled to buy back all her coal deposits either for cash or for something of corresponding value; for example, her colonies. Professor Frech estimated the value of these coal deposits at 120 billion francs. Foreseeing the possibility that France would not be able to pay this sum, or that the German troops might be forced to evacuate the mines, he proposed that in either emergency the mines and the surrounding territory be so completely wrecked that it would take eight or ten years to restore them. He observed incidentally that this would cripple France's iron and steel industry, and added: "The blow would strike the French just at the time when they were utterly exhausted. France would be rendered dependent for years to come upon foreign countries for her arms and munitions."

'This mania for destruction must cease. Men must never again be permitted to commit such an act of vandalism as the sinking of the German navy, many, if not all, of whose vessels might have been converted to useful purposes. Never again must Governments be allowed to resort to analogous destructive measures in order to wipe out international economic competition. Conflicts of economic interest must henceforth be settled by an inter-

national tribunal, something like the League of Nations.

'Civilized society compels two citizens who have a dispute with each other to submit their case to a court, instead of trying to enforce their rights personally. Why should it be different in the case of nations? Why do we call a resort to force in the first instance barbarous and in the second magnificent? Simply because it has always been so. Precedent holds tyrannical sway over our minds. We imagine that it is in some way more honorable for a Government to resort to arms than to submit to arbitration.

'President Wilson's influence in Europe was due to the fact that he represented a young nation not yet enthralled by tradition. He was the first man who ventured to use the expression, "Peace without victory," to tell the world that a triumph won by arms was invariably temporary, and that only victories founded on reason and justice were of enduring worth.

'That is the ideal that General von Schoenaich advocates in the book for which he has asked me to write an introduction. I have acceded to his wish in the hope that the coöperation of a German and a French general in a labor of peace will set a good example to the civilized citizens of both countries and hasten their reconciliation. Such a reconciliation should be the constant goal and effort of every champion of world peace.

'There are no two nations on the earth whose qualities supplement each other better than those of the Germans and the French. A real joining of hands between these two peoples would make them an invincible moral buttress of permanent European peace.'

AUTOMOBILES AND NATIONAL CHARACTER

BY RAMIRO DE MAEZTU

From *El Sol*, August 5
(MADRID LIBERAL DAILY)

YESTERDAY I took a walk from Hendaye to Beobia. Beobia lies outside the route of ordinary coaching and automobile travel, which normally follows the highway over the bridge from Irún to Hendaye. From the left end of the International Bridge at Beobia the French chaussée winds up into the Pyrenees. It is a highway that can be said to go nowhere, since it is intended entirely for the convenience of tourists who wish to see the mountains, and serves otherwise only a few isolated villas hidden away in their recesses. But within less than half an hour I counted one hundred passing automobiles. They ranged from great tourist-busses carrying twenty or more passengers to little one-seated runabouts containing only two. One of the latter, with a trunk lashed on behind, which was covered by the same brown waterproof that sheltered the two passengers from rain and dust, carried a young couple who were apparently touring the country on their honeymoon.

A few days ago I read in *Le Temps* that love-making had ceased in France. A young lady asked a girl friend: 'Do you know anyone who is in love?' This chance interrogation started a wide inquiry among all sorts of people, and in every case the answer was negative. People are too busy in these days to make love; outdoor sports absorb their attention; no one has leisure to write billets-doux; the language of romantic passion — its sentimental phrasing, its fervor and emotion —

lacks actuality and seems forced and artificial in our matter-of-fact age; people talk less than they used to, and more simply and directly.

So the young couple with one trunk behind their little automobile will spend ten or twelve hours a day 'burning up' the road at forty or fifty kilometres an hour. Speeding — the craze to put as much space as possible behind us — has become the fashion. Consequently these young honeymooners will not exchange a dozen words a day. There is nothing like a swift-passing landscape to monopolize the mind. A quiet rural scene, no matter how delightful, arouses in most people a disagreeable sense of aloofness and resistance; it refuses to obey our will. But a landscape in movement is in a sense our own creation, and we become wholly absorbed in changing its features by a process of rapid motion.

I do not recall having seen any discussion of the coincidence between the popularization of the automobile in France and the decadence of her literature. In 1890 the French were an eminently literary people. History records few periods when a group of writers exercised such an influence over a nation as Zola, Daudet, Flaubert, Maupassant, the Goncourts, and Huysmans did over France. Even as recently as 1900, French books were read by most men of culture in all parts of the world. Then came the automobile. I still remember when the race from Paris to Madrid caused sev-

eral fatalities, and Augusto Figueroa imagined he could suppress the barbarous invention by an article in the *Diario Universal*

France's magnificent highways quickly made the new plaything popular. Within a few years it has changed the whole outlook of the people. They continue to read and write, but for that we must thank the stress still laid on literature in the secondary schools. Even in courses leading to the 'modern baccalaureate' the authorities still insist that children and young people shall spend ten or eleven years writing compositions, translations, and themes. Since the degree of bachelor is indispensable for a professional or scholarly career, the educated Frenchman retains the habit and the faculty of speaking and writing fluently all the rest of his life. But the automobile, like the sea, does not encourage conversation. A person either thinks of the machine he is driving or loses himself in the passing landscape. Therefore the rest of the world no longer depends for entertainment and instruction upon the Paris publisher.

The French have been automobilists only a few years. In fact even to-day they have not reached a condition where workmen go to the factory in their own machines, as they do in America. But here in Hendaye I have seen the baker delivering bread in his automobile; and he is no big baker either, but a man who mixes his dough, heats his oven, and distributes his goods with his own hands. Before long, however, every Frenchman will own both a house and a motor-car. I understand that there are now nine million landowners in the country. That is about one fourth of the population. It is safe to say that nine tenths of the people of France own, either individually or as members of families, a bit of land. It may be more

difficult to acquire an automobile. That will depend partly upon whether petroleum is discovered in France, so that gasoline can be cheaper.

I continue to believe, however, that there is nothing like walking for a man of brains. He sees the country and is refreshed and rested by it, but his mind works in rhythm with his footsteps. Nietzsche said that valuable thoughts come to us only when we are walking. I would not go so far as that. Great thoughts are the fruit of absolute mental concentration. An original idea comes to us only when we are seated in some place where there is nothing to distract us. But for developing ideas walking has no equal—walking and solitude. The only inducement to use an automobile is the fact that everybody else uses one. Twenty years ago a man might walk quite alone along these highways; but how can one enjoy them when he has to breathe the dust and gas of one hundred automobiles passing every thirty minutes? His only recourse is to take to the goat trails; and a man must be a shepherd to do that without getting lost.

Eventually, however, every Frenchman will have his own house and motor-car. Five minutes from here, at Irún, across the Spanish border, they are building six-story apartments. The owner knows that there will always be people in Spain who cannot hope to own a home. At Hendaye they are building only single cottages, separated from each other, because your Frenchman insists upon having a little garden around his dwelling. But I must not let myself wander from my theme to the curious and significant contrasts between neighboring nations that one observes here at Hendaye and Irún. I want to keep to the subject of automobiles.

Even in them we find national con-

trasts. Most automobiles in Spain are expensive and luxurious, while those in France are popular both in type and in price. But a still more fundamental contrast—for, after all, at bottom wealth and poverty are accessories—is that between open and closed automobiles.

Nine times in ten a Spaniard will have a closed machine instead of an open one; ten times in nine, a Frenchman will prefer an open machine to a closed car. This is a question of temperament. All that I have said of the absorption of a motorist in the landscape refers principally to the open car; the closed car always presents the barrier of its glass windows to the out-

side world. An open automobile is pantheistic and mystic, or mysticopantheist; in a closed car a man cuts himself off from nature. The open car stands for immanence, the closed car for transcendence; the open car is Pagan, the closed car Semite. To a man in an open car nature is friendly, sympathetic, tonic; to a man in a closed car she is dust—repugnant. He who travels in an open car forgets himself; he who travels in a closed car wants either to get somewhere or to display his rank and wealth.

Thus the automobile proves a symbol of profound racial differences. Two civilizations diverge from this point.

ANIMAL NEIGHBORS IN AFRICA. V

BY RUDOLF REQUADT

From *Kölnische Zeitung*, July 5, 8, 10, 12, 17
(CONSERVATIVE DAILY, BRITISH OCCUPIED TERRITORY)

IN olden times, when the Kaffirs were in their glory, the magnificent hunting-grounds embraced in the boundless wilderness of Swaziland witnessed annual hunts, where several villages joined in a great game-drive. These gatherings were on an almost military scale, and ceased as soon as the white man extended his rule over the land. Therefore for many years the natives have been forced to confine themselves to more modest hunting-expeditions. But I believed the blacks might still be induced to hold a big old-fashioned drive such as their fathers knew, and took it upon myself to promote one. Several local chiefs came to my assistance; and judiciously distributed presents stimulated the in-

terest of the villagers. The result was that a day was finally set for the grand affair.

Early in the morning parties began to come in from all directions—men and young lads in groups, armed with spears and war clubs, and accompanied by great packs of dogs, who play an important part in these hunts. It was fully noon before the whole party was assembled—some five hundred men, and I know not how many thousand curs. The village we had made our rendezvous looked like a small military camp, and the blacks, unaccustomed to such a gathering, were in a state of high excitement. Defying the hot midday sun, and although there was not a breath of

breeze astir, they set forth eagerly to round up the game in an area about three hours' journey in diameter. For this purpose they divided themselves into two equal parties that advanced in wide semicircles, leaving behind at regular intervals as they proceeded little groups of men with their dogs. When the leaders of the two lines met and the district was encircled, all advanced slowly at a given signal toward the centre.

I wished to witness the hunt from the summit of a hill situated near the middle of the enclosed area, and hastened thither accompanied by several chiefs when the drivers first set out upon their march. It was easy to follow the progress of the encirclement from our elevation by the columns of smoke that rose from the fires each group set the moment it reached its appointed station. These fires, which spread rapidly through the dry bushes, afforded an effectual barrier to any game trying to break through.

When we reached the hill I climbed a fire-killed tree, from which there was an uninterrupted view over the entire hunting-ground. Its rolling surface was covered with a thick growth of underbrush, interspersed with little grassy clearings and great isolated trees — a typical landscape of southwestern Africa.

After a time the pillars of smoke began to join as the flames ran from thicket to thicket, and to draw nearer, showing that the advance to the centre had begun. Now and then I could see a native pushing through the bushes and throwing firebrands ahead of him. The barking of the dogs, who were running excitedly hither and thither in every direction, added to the tumult. The men advanced with their spears poised ready to throw.

The scene became livelier as the line drew nearer. Apparently the bush was

so green that a new fire had to be set in every thicket, and the flames soon died down behind the drivers. The first precursors of the frightened game were a flock of laughing doves that darted past like a flight of arrows. Next we saw an eagle rise perpendicularly a long distance away. A moment later birds began to appear from every direction, the smaller ones in big flocks, the larger ones in small flocks, but all panic-stricken and keeping closer company than usual, as if for mutual protection. Now and then a flock would settle on the bushes in our vicinity, only to resume their flight a moment later when the sound of the fire crackling in the distant undergrowth reached their ears. Most of the flocks, however, flew past without stopping, apparently keenly alive to the coming danger, and hastening toward some high spot where they would be above the threatening smoke-wall. This smoke-wall seemed to grow higher as it approached. The hot sun beat through the heat-quivering air with a sort of dusky radiance. The pungent odor of burning wood grew stronger, filling with panic the keen-scented antelopes, who sought momentary shelter in dense tangles of wildwood only to burst forth again a minute later in a renewed ecstasy of fear. The first large animals I caught sight of were a herd of buffalo-like gnus charging across a distant hilltop, apparently just ahead of the fire line.

Half an hour later we caught glimpses of the flames themselves flashing here and there through the dense canopy of smoke. But for the most part they hugged the ground, greedily licking up the dried herbage and dead underbrush, and only occasionally leaped high enough to be visible above the steadily advancing smudge. Belated flocks of birds whizzed past, but now at longer inter-

vals and at a higher elevation. When the last of these had passed, silence fell for a time upon the scene immediately around us. When the fire crept nearer, so that the flames were almost constantly visible and the odor of burning vegetation was strong in our nostrils, I saw a little herd of springboks jump up from the high grass on a hillside just beyond the hill where I was posted, pause a moment as if irresolute, with their ears pricked up and their big eyes staring into the distance, then, catching the wind, charge up the slope and disappear down the declivity beyond.

The flames now formed a lambent wall the height of a man, encircling the whole field of vision, and the smoke hovered above us like a dusky pall. The circle was growing narrower now, and the agitation of the entrapped animals correspondingly increased. Once or twice I saw game charge past the base of the hill on which I stood. Then I caught sight of the herd of gnus again, as they stampeded from behind a hill into a clearing, where they stood motionless a moment as if their puzzled heavy-horned heads were powerless to tell them whither to direct their flight. A moment later they stormed off again into the bushes. Simultaneously I saw several long-legged koodoos chase across a hill quite close to us — four large ones leaping panic-stricken in advance, while a somewhat smaller one labored behind, a broken spear-shaft sticking in his back, and his frothy mouth contrasting with his bloody flanks.

By this time I could hear plainly the crackling of the fire. Now and then branches would snap like the report of a rifle. Panic-stricken game was visible in every direction. Animals kept charging past us almost as close as the flocks of birds a short time before. Occasionally we would see the tips of

their horns as they sped past in their panic, but usually we only heard the rustling and crackling of the shrubbery as they crashed through it. At periods the sounds of the flames creeping through the dry underbrush was like a veritable drumfire. The foliage was agitated in every direction by the criss-cross movements of fleeing animals — antelopes, koodoos, springboks, wild boars plunging in panic-stricken herds past each other, panting, snorting, whistling, wheezing. The buffalo seemed to have completely disappeared.

By the time the noise of the oncoming fire had risen to a steady roar, we could see the blacks on all sides of us busily hurling live brands ahead of them, vigilant to prevent any break occurring in the wall of flame and smoke. They moved actively hither and thither, their spears poised ready to hurl, harking on their dogs. The latter rushed in this direction and that, searching every dense cluster of thicket for game, but always returning quickly to their masters. The panic-stricken quarry continued to crowd toward the centre of the encircled area, but still kept to the denser undergrowth, avoiding clear spaces as much as possible. At intervals an animal would charge past us with a swaying spear-shaft sticking in its body. Suddenly, as if they had risen out of the earth, the herd of buffalo lumbered across our hill, — though at quite a distance from the tree I was in, — tossing their angry heads as they crashed through a plantation of young trees at the edge of a glade below us, and disappeared, headed directly for the fire.

The flames were now but a little more than half a mile away, and it seemed for the moment as if the blacks themselves were in peril of being cut off, so ardently had they plied their incendiary task. But at a signal they

rushed forward from every direction, cheering on their dogs. Then they stopped, sending the dogs ahead into the circle, where the latter divided into packs, and were instantly upon the heels of the game. From this moment there was not a minute's rest for the wearied animals. The dogs seemed to have caught the trail of the buffalo first, for the herd came circling back toward us with a snarling pack in close pursuit that grew larger by new accessions as the chase drew near. Suddenly the buffalo, with the dogs at their heels, plunged into a clearing. In the middle the herd turned sharply, so that the dogs overran themselves and in a moment were beneath the feet or transixed on the horns of the heavy animals. Most of the dogs escaped, but I saw several tossed high in the air and others mangled under the buffaloes' hoofs. The whole thing was over in an instant. The next moment the herd had charged off in a new direction.

A panic-stricken koodoo flashed into sight upon a steep hillside, followed closely by more than twenty dogs. The slope grew steeper until the unhappy animal found itself face to face with a low precipice. In attempting to leap to the top it fell back, rolling down the steep declivity and carrying with it several of the dogs. The others were after it like lightning, and when it reached the bottom they already held it by the throat. A hare darted with the speed of the wind into a clearing near me, followed by a string of no less than thirty dogs. A big fellow was in the lead; the others were strung out at close intervals behind in groups of two and three. The hare turned suddenly, just as its nearest pursuer was about to snap him, and flashed away like lightning into the bushes on the right. The big dog plunged forward in its original direction and those immediately behind charged wildly after him.

One or two, catching a glimpse of the vanishing hare, tried to slow down, with the result that those behind rolled over them in a wild pell-mell of yelping fury. Meanwhile the hare made good his escape.

But it was impossible to follow all these episodes with a single pair of eyes. I saw a female springbok and its fawn try to cross a clearing. The little one was either wounded or exhausted so it could go no farther. Thereupon the mother continued to run around it in a circle until a pack of hounds broke through the brush and speedily ended the tragedy.

After the blacks had sent their dogs inside the circle of fire, they stirred the blaze until it flared higher than ever, and then hid themselves in every favorable place of concealment just inside the line — mostly behind big trees or in dense thickets. There were always several men in a group, for they must be ready to receive the animals with their spears if they attempted to break through the circle. The dogs pursued the game so closely and made such an infernal noise that the panic-stricken animals kept plunging toward the fire, skirting it closely in their effort to find a point of escape. That was the opportunity of the huntsmen, whose spears most frequently found their mark in some victim already wounded. Indeed it seemed to me that a majority of the unwounded animals broke through. None the less there was a frightful slaughter.

The most exciting charge was that of the buffalo. They had beaten off the dogs and came crashing through the underbrush, heads down, toward the line of fire. The blacks instantly vanished. Possibly the distance deceived my eyes, but I did not see a single spear thrown at them near this point. The angry herd turned sharply at the edge of the smouldering flames, and

skirted them for some distance. All at once one of the animals turned aside diagonally, as if he had been checked by a rope. I learned after the hunt was over that a black had thrown a spear at him from a thicket and struck him in the eye. He swerved a moment, but quickly took up the trail of the herd and chased after it with his tail high in the air.

An antelope appeared from another direction. I noticed it first when it was standing at the foot of the hill in a clearing. It was a magnificent animal, proud and powerful, but its brown heaving sides were wet with blood and perspiration, for it was badly wounded. Two spears dangled from its right flank, and one from its throat. It seemed scarcely able to stand. Gazing around and seeing no dogs in its vicinity—although there was baying on every side—it sank down on the earth and stretched its head out on the grass. Just then a dog, itself grievously wounded, broke out of the bushes and lunged at the recumbent antelope. The latter sprang up like a flash, threw its horns back on its neck, and sped off through the bushes. But such scenes were too numerous to note. I saw a wild boar charge past with a spear in his shoulder which he drove deeper into the wound in his blind rage as he swept along.

By this time the flames had died down and the blacks had ceased to fan them. Such game as had not been wounded was allowed to go. But the dogs hung on obstinately at the heels of the wounded animals, which were so

exhausted that escape was hopeless. Here and there I caught a glimpse of a pack pulling down its quarry.

The time had now come to bring the hunt to a close. With a wild shout of triumph, the blacks broke out of their cover from all directions and, forming small parties, rushed to the points where the dogs were baying, ending the suffering of such animals as were still alive with a couple of well-aimed spear-thrusts. Then the slaughtered game was dragged to a clearing, where there was a general review of the day's bag. It made an imposing array of large and small animals, ranging all the way from the powerful koodoo to the graceful springbok. This done, the natives gathered on the hill where I had taken my post, to be praised, and also to refresh themselves; for I had promised them all the native liquor they could drink when the hunt was over. Choice cuts of game were brought to me, while the dogs gorged themselves on the offal in the distance. Feasting and dancing followed, and the blacks gathered in groups around their separate camp-fires, while I sat with the chiefs in the shade of a broad-limbed tree, my heart still throbbing wildly with the excitement of the hunt.

I gazed with a feeling of unreality over the surrounding country where I had just beheld what seemed like a tragic natural phenomenon. I knew I had witnessed an incident taken out of the childhood of the race, a scene revived from primitive history such as the natives themselves had almost forgotten, and certainly will never repeat.

RECEIVING THE LIVING BUDDHA

BY LAWRENCE IMPEY

From the *China Weekly Review*, July 19
(SHANGHAI AMERICAN WEEKLY)

THIS is the day of days in Mongolia, for to-day the Ssu Lama and his ward, the young Living Buddha, are to arrive at the ancient city and Lamasery of Shangtu to visit their Mongolian subjects. Since early morning the scene has been more brilliant than the pen can portray, as one by one the surrounding Mongol yurts send their quota to the congregation that will welcome their overlord. It is somewhat difficult for the foreigner to understand the veneration in which the young Living Buddha and his mentor, the Ssu Lama, are held, for it is a thing quite outside Western experience and knowledge.

The whole story of the Living Buddha is not without dramatic interest too, for it goes back in its origin to the days of Yuan Shih-kai, who was determined to make himself the supreme power in Mongolia as well as in China, and to this end sent his troops hither from Kalgan and Lama-miao. These troops occupied the ruined city of Shangtu, fought a brief battle outside the Lamasery, and at length overcame its resistance, killing most of the inmates. The Living Buddha of that time was among the slain, but before he died he had found time to hide the bulk of his treasures, and it is stated locally that these are undiscovered to this day. The Lamasery buildings were of course looted, and subsequently set on fire by the Chinese troops, an act which cost Yuan Shih-kai dear, for not only did the action of the military set the Mongolians against him, but the

subsequent disturbances were so powerful as to force him to rebuild the temple and pay an indemnity to the Mongols.

A few years ago the Living Buddha was reincarnated in the place of the one who was murdered, and it is he, a mere boy, who is to arrive to-day on his first visit to his possessions. The first signs of his coming were manifested yesterday evening, when camels laden with furniture and hangings began to arrive in preparation for the camp. In the early morning the erection of these furnishings began, poles and panels resolving themselves into the appurtenances of two magnificent yurts, or Mongol dwellings, wherein the Ssu Lama, the Living Buddha, and his feminine dependents were to be housed. The poles rapidly fell into place, the felt roofing was laid on, and the silk hangings were draped around the walls, and all was ready. No, not all, for the silken chair of state was to be brought in, the little table of ceremony to be placed in front of it, and on it deposited the offerings of food and drink suitable to the exalted rank of the visitors. Hardly was this preparation fairly under way than the first arrivals from the surrounding country came in sight. Camel carts, bullock carts, and pony carts all brought their quota, these being mostly for the service of the feminine community, the men riding up on all manner of shaggy ponies richly bedizened.

The camera or the pen is quite unable to give a fair idea of the extraordinary blaze of color that met the eye

of one who was standing on the temple steps at six or seven o'clock that morning. The women, ranging in age from perhaps ninety or a hundred down to the smallest girls who could hardly toddle, were clad in the most extraordinary color-schemes imaginable. Look with the writer for a moment at one typical group. Three bullock carts are arriving, the foremost guided by an old woman on foot, the other two following peacefully in her train. The lady is clad in a yellow skirt with a blue over-bodice, and this is secured at her waist by a blue-and-red silk scarf. Heavy riding-boots on her feet, with a kind of blue-silk trousers tucked into them, peep at intervals from beneath, but this passes almost unnoticed because the eye is caught and held by the sumptuousness of the headdress. It is of red coral strings bound with silver wire and silver tassel ornaments, and on top is a stiff hat of silk and velvet with a red button crowning all. The stiff hair-dressing is also a marvel to behold, when one of the women takes off her hat for a final adjustment, being bound up in a kind of knot by similar coral and silver net ornament, the weight of the whole being a matter for wonder and pity in this hot weather.

The cart cortège stops, with a deft hand the traces are let go and the bullocks walk out of the shafts with calm serenity and commence to graze even before the occupants of the vehicles themselves are unloaded. They alight with varying degrees of nimbleness according to their age, but the eldest, an old lady of at least ninety, clad in top-boots and blue-silk riding-costume with a red-silk bodice, drops to her feet with alacrity that most of our Western ladies of fifty would have difficulty in emulating. She brings with her a little mirror and the other ladies congregate round to see that their attire is satisfactory before proceeding farther.

Then the granddaughter, or so one presumes her to be, takes out of the rough cart various bundles and bottles which she surrenders to her elders for inspection. Green silks, blue silks, yellow silks, they all form up and approach the entrance of the Lamasery, where in the gate stands the equivalent of Saint Peter taking the pence of the faithful. With bows and polite words the old lady offers a bottle containing some mysterious concoction, probably scented, to the guardian of the portal, while with the other hand she presents a package of incense to another official recipient. The examination of the presents proving satisfactory the party proceeds within, to be greeted with bows and smiles of recognition by their friends from the locality, and with more formal greetings by those of distant yurts to whom they may happen to be introduced. A tent immediately inside the gate attracts their attention for a moment, and they sip a cup of tea and sour milk with a friend therein, next passing to the temple door to make their formal genuflection before the shrine. Here some little gift is also made, and the ceremonies of the day are over for the party until the arrival of the Living Buddha and his cortège.

Thereupon they join the other groups circulating in the temple courtyard, exchanging greetings and gossip for all the world in the manner of an Occidental crowd on a Sunday morning after church service. With covert glances at the hats and headdresses of their friends and rivals they pass over to the left of the main building, where is the yurt for the feminine visitors and presumably the one intended eventually for the ladies of the high visitors themselves. Here they squat down for a few minutes to sip more tea and eat a few poisonously colored cakes, ere setting forth to order the remainder of their day. This consists of a visit to the main

kitchen, where they present the assembled cooks with some mutton, some garlic, and some sour milk, on which they expect to be fed for the period of their visit. This satisfactorily accomplished they adjourn to the gateway, where they select a suitable spot and squatting down produce their pipes and prepare to watch the proceedings of the newcomers.

These are coming thick and fast now, in groups varying from three to a dozen, and clad in the most bewildering and dazzling medley of colors and clothes. Mongol horsemen dash up on all manner of ponies with embroidered leather or silver trappings, and scarcely have they pulled the steed to its haunches ere they are on terra firma and exchanging repartee and jokes with their acquaintances who have already come and who are lounging in the gateway. A brief visit to the reception room on the right of the main courtyard seems to be the order of the day for all of them, though, unless it be to comb their queues and black moustachios and swap a few of the latest stories, there is small reason in it. After an even more perfunctory visit to the temple to bow before the altar they are at leisure to follow their own devices, which are much the same as those enjoyed by their feminine partners. They too pass to the kitchen to see that all is in order for their midday repast, though in truth their womenfolk are in charge of that part of the arrangements, it being beneath their dignity so far to demean themselves. Then they proceed to one or the other of the marquees to the right or left of the gate, where they too sip tea and crack a joke with some of the women already there assembled.

Unfortunately they are handicapped in their attire to some extent and cannot really compete with the ladies in color scheme and blaze of glory, but

within their limits they too do very well. Here is one worthy in a deep-yellow silk on which are dragons in a curious writhing design, while accompanying him is a friend in a garb of deepest red, also silken, but with no design on it. Next him again is a Mongol with a little circular black-and-yellow silk hat, red button and all, and clad in a garment of blue silk from head to foot, beneath which one sees heavy silk riding-boots and silken trousers. He has a red sash at his waist fastened with a silver badge, and at the side is suspended a silver case containing pen, back-scratcher, and apparently chopsticks. He is evidently someone of importance, for he is followed by a guard with an old Mauser rifle, which looks as if it would burst if perchance it were fired. Up to him runs a small boy of perhaps ten years of age, his son or his grandson probably; he also is clad in the most picturesque of blue silk with red sash, and carries a silver-hilted knife in his belt. The gentleman forgets his dignity for a moment and catches the lad up to his shoulder, bearing him over to the temple to admire the richness of the hangings within.

A lady of some forty summers, evidently the parent of the boy to judge from her proud looks; follows the pair, and when they emerge again from the darkness within the boy is dismissed to her care with a pat of the head and a joke in the manner which is universal the world over. The lady gives him some words of admonition and advice, and then sits down in the tent with some acquaintances to smoke a pipe, while the youngster joins a laughing group of girls and boys and proceeds to the horse lines, where he will debate the points and qualities of the various steeds in a manner that would amaze our younger generation if they could but behold it. The scandal of the hour

having been discussed in full, the prices of sheep, goats, and ponies compared and lamented, the business of the day is well toward the important occupation of consuming food.

Over in the courtyard on the left is the universal kitchen, where are numerous cooks appointed beforehand, and these busy themselves over great boilers wherein is a conglomerate of mutton, oatmeal, garlic, sour milk, and what looks like vermicelli. Contributions are constantly coming to hand and as constantly being added to the mess by energetic culinary assistants, who are kept busy stoking the fires with an apparently endless supply of *argol* or camel's dung, brought thither by a chain of small boys deputed specially for this duty. As the various families feel the pangs of hunger assail them they produce pots and other utensils from their carts and proceed kitchenward to obtain their share of the good things of this life, dished out to them liberally under the direction of the head chef. These received, they bear them away to some convenient site where they may picnic and at the same time behold with an impartial eye all that goes on around them.

It is now midday and quite a number are busy satisfying the inner man when a sudden burst of rain such as is so frequent in Mongolia toward the end of June sends the male population in a wild scamper to remove their bedizened saddles from the hobbled steeds that are grazing all round the outer gate. We take advantage of the shower, for it will probably be nothing more, to shelter under one of the reception tents and study the types of humanity assembled there. Here is an old lady who is almost blind from age, smoking a wonderful silver pipe with amber mouthpiece, but she pauses for a moment at a whisper from her granddaughter to peer curiously at the

foreigner who stands before her. Her blue-silk skirt is beautifully embroidered, and hers is a most gorgeous purple overbodice such as one may very seldom see, while her coral and silver headdress is so massive that it must weigh at the very least five or six pounds, for it reaches in long strings and tassels to far below her waist.

Hardly has the old lady recovered from our bow of greeting than she is assailed by a perfect bevy of ancient dames who have just arrived, and then what a scene is there before us. Introductions, bows, words of formal or of kindly greeting, and the inevitable interchange of snuff. This latter is held in most splendid carved snuff-bottles of jade, amber, or other precious material, and the ceremony proceeds according to some long-established rite. The bottles are passed in interchange from ancient hand to ancient hand, the more they are passed and repassed, apparently, the more formally complimentary being the greeting.

This ceremony is interrupted by a sudden burst of noise outside and the crowd disintegrates and speeds to the gateway to see if perchance it be the Ssu Lama himself. False alarm — it is nothing more exciting than the arrival of the local petty official with his bodyguard. He is dressed up for the occasion in black silk and rides a really quite presentable chestnut pony, but his bodyguard are as blackguardly a collection of scoundrels as one would not desire to meet on a dark night, if appearances count for anything. This collection pile their arms in the courtyard while the representative of authority is greeting the foreigner with bows and smooth words, a mere pretense of gentility in reality, for this gentleman can neither read nor write, and is pretty generally ignorant of the state of things in the outside world. He relates a long rigmarole as to the

enormous wickedness of certain mythical bandits whom at last he has most valiantly suppressed, tells one that there are antelopes in the vicinity for the shooting and that he will be delighted to provide horse and an escort if the *Ta Jen* will condescend to pursue them, and so passes on with empty words and bows of farewell.

The crowd grows ever denser and denser, for now are added a deputation of lamas from surrounding lamaseries come to pay their respects to the 'Perfect Jewel,' the Living Buddha. They are of two kinds, the one religious order clad in yellow robes of ceremony with the blue silken cuffs to their long gowns and yellow hats with a red button atop, while the other is dressed for the occasion in deep red, though its members must not be confused with the so-called 'Red' Lamas, who are the secular and military branch of the order. From a casual study of the neighborhood as represented in the present gathering one would hazard a guess that at least one third of the whole population are lamas, and in this one would probably not be far wrong. It was a wise political move of the old Chinese Emperor Chien Lung when he so strongly furthered the development of the lama orders, for by this means he kept the population of Mongolia within manageable bounds, and indeed some students affirm that he so reduced it that another two hundred years will see it well-nigh extinguished.

Be that as it may, there is no denying that the lamas, secular or religious, are the paramount force in the country for good or evil, for every family has its eldest son within the sacred ranks and is therefore bound up with the aims and purposes and demands of the body as a whole.

As one instance of their authority and power let us ask a question or two

of this Mongol next to the gateway. 'Who owns this city and lamasery?' indicating the ruined site before us, some two miles square. 'The Ssu Lama,' is the reply. 'Who owns the ground on the far side of the river to the south?' — a distance of some eight or ten miles. 'The Ssu Lama also, and those are his flocks that you see feeding there.' 'Indeed, and how many are there in that flock?' 'Oh! not many,' is the answer, 'about five thousand only, but he has many more to the east and the north that you do not see from here.'

This one instance gives a faint idea of the riches and power of the lama potentate, who resides for the most part in Peking, from whence he comes on an occasional visit to his pastures in the summer, passing thence to the neighboring town of Dolon-nor or Lama-miao with its two huge lamaseries accommodating over one thousand priests and as many acolytes. Thus one may easily comprehend the respect which is accorded to this dignity by the Chinese authorities, who claim indeed that Mongolia lies beneath their control, but who have no desire to find a hornet's nest of angry lamas buzzing about their ears, as might easily happen if any disrespect were shown to the potentates of either Lama-miao or Urga.

By this time it is three o'clock in the afternoon, everyone who has any claim on the culinary department is fed, and time is beginning to hang heavy on their hands, the more so as a steady rain has set in from the west, thus confining the majority of the women to the tents and courts lest their finery should get wet. The younger and more energetic spirits among the men get out their ponies and begin to ride around the ruins of the city, partly to watch for the arrival of the Ssu Lama

and partly to display their special talent to the best advantage. An on-looker might not find their style quite approximating to that favored in the Occident, but he would be forced to admire the way in which they put their ponies at the fallen city walls and surmount the masses of rubble without a stop or a stumble, and to admit that it is a feat which would be but seldom attempted by a foreign rider. Quite probably the sure-footedness of these Mongol ponies is due to the fact that they are not shod, and although their hoofs are in a broken condition that would bring sorrow to the heart of any veterinary they seem in reality to be none the worse for it.

So the afternoon wears on, a few of the crowd drifting away homeward under the dispiriting influence of rain, until about six o'clock the sound of a motor horn is heard in the distance. The guard turns out and is lined up in some sort of order, their officer pushing them into place with the butt end of his whip, while the majority of the Mongols leap to their saddles and are away across country to meet the arrivals.

The débris of fallen buildings, for it must be remembered that this is Shangtu, the ancient capital of the great Kublai Khan, presents no ob-

stacle to the equestrian skill of these Mongols, though amusingly enough the procession is headed in its wild dash by the slight figure of a young girl, who takes all the jumps and even the city wall itself in true Amazonian style. The automobiles come into view now through the opening of the West Gate, curious anomaly in this otherwise historic scene, and drawing up in front of the Lamasery begin to disgorge their contents. There is a wild blare of trumpets, conchs, and horns as the Ssu Lama emerges, the majority of the people bowing to the very ground in their greeting, though it is difficult to tell whether their reverence is for the portly figure of the Ssu Lama himself or for the slight boy of eleven or twelve, the Living Buddha reincarnated and returned to his people. A Chinese officer evidently deputed as escort from Kalgan, whence the motor-cars have come to-day, follows in the rear of the two dignitaries, and all three make a hasty dash for the shelter of the reception yurts, the Ssu Lama bowing to the crowd en route. This appears to conclude the show for the majority of the people, who yoke up their oxen and wend their way homeward, but a few of the more influential are graciously permitted to remain and have the honor of an official reception.

NIGHT SHOPS OF TOKYO

BY ALFRED E. PIERES

From the *North China Herald*, June 28
(SHANGHAI BRITISH WEEKLY)

DESPITE exclusion laws, agitators, and suggested boycotts, there is a part of Tokyo's life that flows on calm and unruffled, as it has done for decades, nay, for generations. This is the *Yomisé*, or the night shops of the capital, an institution that existed long before Commodore Perry knocked at the closed doors of this land, and that forms one of the most delightful links binding the bustling, hustling, modern Tokyo of to-day with the Yedo of Old Japan when feudal Shoguns exercised supreme sway. As the name suggests, these night shops commence business after day has fled, and practically the entire neighborhood surges about in the narrow streets, laughing, merry, hunting bargains, meeting friends.

To one who has lived a fair length of time in Tokyo, especially to one who has endeavored to enter into the lives and spirit of the people, these *Yomisé* are replete with cheerful recollections.

One treasures a little tray, the only thing saved from the earthquake's destruction, because it came from a particularly happy *Yomisé* jaunt. One remembers how the first actual bargaining in the Japanese language, with the aid of that little handbook that the firm of Kelly and Walsh issues, raised many a good-humored laugh as one dived again and again between its tiny covers to get the right word or phrase, determined to do the bargaining in the vernacular and unaided. Can one forget the silvery peal of laughter that rang out as a pair of dark auburn eyes mischievously flashed

mocking mirth, devoid of any malice, at the crude attempts of the stranger to talk the lingo of Dai Nippon? And at the *Yomisé*, all this comes back in pleasant retrospection. Truly, 'there's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.'

In the company of an Australian friend whose conversation is as alluring and instructive as it is pleasant, we mingled with the surging, jostling, pushing, laughing, chattering sea of humanity. The *Yomisé* are one of the *edokko's* — or Tokyo-born native's — greatest relaxations, and an excellent relaxation they are for both mind and body. In the moonlight the children, in their multicolored summer kimonos, look like gigantic butterflies. Under the mental oppression caused by discriminations, boycotts, and rumors of boycotts, the foreigner sometimes feels that it would be a merciful dispensation of Providence if he could always remain a child, if there were no adult creation which so often wrecks the wonderful fashionings of the Master Architect.

We accost first a flower-seller. It is a puzzle to decide what to buy. Children in Christmas toyland could not be more perplexed than we are. Despite Shakespeare, the lean man and the man who hath no music in his soul may yet be fit for better things than treason and stratagem, but what hope is there for him who loves not flowers? My friend cast covetous looks at a beautiful clump of azaleas, of the *kirishima* variety, blossoming in a bamboo bowl, its crushed-strawberry

hues outrivaling anything that the skill or knowledge of man could fancy.

My thoughts went back to South China where, for a paltry five cents, you can get a bunch of violets or a 'posy' (rose) with maidenhair fern that sends you into transports of delight, and drives you to plagiarize Omar:—

I wonder what the florists buy
One half so pretty as the things they sell.

In many lands, under various climes, I have never yet passed a flower shop without telling myself that these creations from the garden of Eternal Love were never meant to be used in sordid commerce, like pretty women put up for sale to the highest bidder in some slave-market. In Japan, however, this feeling becomes immensely softened because the Japanese loves his flowers with all his heart and soul, talks to them as though to his dearest friends, and seeks inspiration from them.

The time creeps round to midnight and the Yomisé are getting ready to close. From their 'unshopy' atmos-

phere — for it does not seem as if the buyers realize that they are making purchases — we go out into the workaday world with tramcars clanging, motors honking, and cycle bells ringing. The sea of humanity that filled the street around the Yomisé flows homeward.

On the midnight breeze floats the shrill voice of a woman, perhaps a geisha, singing, in the melancholy music of Japan, a *dodoitsu*, or lyrical ballad in everyday Japanese. We listen:—

*Tsuki no tsukashite
Moshi to mireba,
Matsu wa ureshiki
Nushi no kaho.*

Eager for you, I looked
As the moon shone on the pine,
And when I saw your face,
Then instant joy was mine.

'May the Yomisé of Tokyo never retreat before the onrush of "progress," and may they cheer us in the future as they have in the past,' said my friend from the land of the Southern Cross as we reluctantly departed.

THE THREE WISE MEN

BY ERNST THEODOR AMADEUS HOFFMANN

From the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, July 20
(BERLIN BIG-INDUSTRY DAILY)

[DR. RUDOLF SCHADE of Berlin has discovered a new and authentic addition to the tales of Hoffmann among the papers of his grandfather, the novelist Rudolf von Bayer, who set down the tale exactly as he heard it from the lips of the writer. The introductory paragraphs are, of course, by Dr. Schade himself.]

IN his pocket notebook the poet-novelist Rudolf von Bayer, who was one of the intimates of Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann, describes one of those family symposia in the wineshop of Lutter and Wegner in Berlin, which was famous for its literary associations. It was a June evening in the year 1821 and the date can be even more closely

fixed by the statement that on that very evening the drama *Fluch und Segen*, by Ernst von Huwald, had been given. The time must therefore be after the eighteenth of June, because mention is made of the first performance of *Der Freischutz*, which took place on that date.

A group of Hoffmann's intimate friends, among them the writer Tromlitz, were gathered at a table in the classic alcove when Hoffmann appeared, after the performance, followed presently by the actor Ludwig Devrient. My grandfather, as he explicitly says, set down the conversation and the little story 'immediately,' so that its authenticity is beyond question.

'I am led about by evil spirits,' exclaimed Hoffmann as he came in, 'consenting to behold such sentimental children's tales. The wolves were excellent, but I was shamed to the bottom of my black soul to see them forced to waste their art on such stupidities. And the public! Ready to play the critical Berliners, they let themselves be charmed when the little boy runs away and sells himself to the rope-dancer so that his papa may not be put in prison.'

'All the same, if it is well acted, the piece will make a hit,' said Tromlitz.

'You are sentimental, Colonel,' said Hoffmann, 'and have every prospect of getting fat.'

'It is impossible,' Lutter put into the conversation, 'to value morality too highly.'

'Yes, we must be moral,' affirmed Hoffmann. 'I have made even our friend Devrient into a moral man.'

At this moment the celebrated actor came in.

'Karl,' he called out to the waiter, 'a glass of Burgundy!'

'There 's morality for you!' said Hoffmann laughing.

'Our friend Hoffmann,' Bayer goes

on, 'was in a specially good humor on this particular evening, and gave his whims a free rein. He drew mine host Lutter and Karl the waiter also into the conversation. Lutter, who was as jealous as Othello, had to yield completely, and after the conversation, through some chance word, happened to turn on Bamberg, our master of the supernatural improvised a story which, told in the circle of a wineshop, was designed to make Lutter even more ill at ease since it was intended to strip Karl's nature of its superficial mantle of simplicity and expose him as the dangerous possible Don Juan. The scene of the story was in Bamberg and I must especially emphasize one thing: that it was wholly and throughout an improvisation, as we learned directly.'

I may add to this explanation by our authority that Bamberg had a special significance in Hoffmann's life, since he had lived there himself from 1808 to 1813 and had there established his literary reputation. As for the setting of the literary story itself, it may be well to say that in Hoffmann's famous story, 'Master Martin the Cooper,' the trade of cooper, or barrel-maker, also plays a part. I print the improvisation here from the loose sheets of paper one hundred years old, which my grandfather left and which I was the first to collect carefully. A genuine Hoffmann, with the gleam of the wine-shop upon it, emerges:—

THE THREE WISE MEN

THERE stood in the ancient city of Bamberg, not far from the Burghof; a stately house in which lived a stately man, rather plump and greatly beloved, since the publican's trade makes its practitioner flourish and wins him the homage of all thirsty souls. He was no longer young, this Herr Balthazar, but he was more hale and hearty than is

usual, and therefore the good-natured Bambergers held it nothing against him, after so many good things had happened to him in this life, — but wine most of all, — if now and again he tried how courtship might become him.

Balthazar rose one morning — as was his custom every morning — feeling just as usual, except that he found his thoughts on this particular morning running more than ordinarily on the subject of marriage, which was natural enough because it was on the day before that he had seen the young daughter of the cooper Melchior for the first time. The lovely Rosa had come home from the convent where her father had placed her after her mother died, in order to give her a magnificent education. And so our friend Balthazar was feeling happy to-day, for he had had an inspiration. He would go to the master cooper's to order a few tight casks in preparation for the rich vintage which seemed already assured to all good Bambergers, because a comet was blazing in the sky.

Now Master Balthazar was a man who followed the promptings of his heart in other matters as well as *in puncto vini*, and so, putting on his best Sunday-go-to-meeting coat, he went out to see Master Melchior that he might, in well-chosen words, woo the pretty maid. And since Master Balthazar was an honorable man, and the beautiful Rosa was an obedient child, matters were soon arranged, and four weeks later there was a wedding of which men talked long afterward. The father of the bride did not begrudge his bright guildens where his only daughter was concerned, and the poor of the city were not forgotten.

Master Balthazar turned out to be an excellent husband and did everything possible to supply his wife with love and worldly goods, so that every-

thing promised the best of fortune for his household. But a sinister demon lowers at the very spot which mankind thinks the home of good fortune.

Master Balthazar had hitherto had not a single enemy in all Bamberg, but on the day when the young girl, returning from the convent, went to church for the first time, a young fellow caught sight of her and instantly fell hopelessly in love. When he heard the news of the wedding, hatred burned in his heart against the rich wine-merchant, whom he regarded as the despoiler of his own happiness. Of only one thing could he think, and that was to be as near as possible to his beloved, and, if it were possible, cost what it might, still to be happy. One day when Master Balthazar was in a particularly jovial mood — he had just finished an unusually good deal in wine with a man from Würzburg — this youth, mad with love, walked into his guestroom and asked whether the wine-merchant might need a bright young man as his Kellner.

'You're right. I do need just such a man. What is your name?'

'Karl Kaspar,' was the reply.

'Well, well,' said the wine-merchant, 'my father-in-law is named Melchior, I am called Balthazar, and now if I take you into my service we shall be the three wise men — Kaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, all in a row!'

'Oh dear,' said Kaspar, 'I'm sorry to say I'm no wise man, for my father was a journeyman tailor in Ulm.'

Master Balthazar gave a hearty laugh.

'Your words prove,' he said, 'that you are no wise man from the East, since you cannot even understand a little joke. My father-in-law and I are not wise men from the East either, although for my part I would not change places with any king or wise man on earth. I am so happy in my

countingroom and in my cellar, where the best wine on earth is stored, and so happy at home with my own dear wife.'

A cold chill went through Karl Kaspar — poor devil.

'But all the same I will say,' went on Balthazar, 'that you please me very well in spite of the fact that I don't think you have much sense of humor. Years ago I had a Kellner from Berlin — a man possessed by all the dogs of Hell, who ran off with a hundred kronen. I'll pay you well and you may drink as much as you can hold, but not too much — not more than is proper for a respectable Kellner.'

The guests took Kaspar to their hearts and played all manner of pranks with him, since the Bambergers are very fond of a joke whenever they can find any man on earth who is stupider than they are themselves — though they don't regard themselves so clever as the Berliners, and perhaps they never know what downright irony is. But still, as Kaspar could give really stupid answers, and as most people much prefer hearing stupid things to hearing clever things, it was no wonder that Kaspar became a favorite. Herr Balthazar regarded him as a jewel because the guests always kept having 'just one more,' but the new Kellner found no favor in Melchior's eyes or Rosa's, and the young wife used to say warningly: 'My dear Balthazar, you are nourishing a viper in your bosom.'

'Oh, good heavens, good heavens!' Herr Balthazar would say. 'Is it possible that virtue and stupidity should be so misunderstood!'

But all the same he decided to have a little serious conversation with his useful helper, and after he had secured the necessary fortification in the cellar he began thus: —

'Kaspar, you are misunderstood, as so often happens to genius in this bad world of ours. But I have my

suspensions of you, because I have thought you a blockhead. Just being a blockhead is not enough to gain you recognition. You must also seem what you are. If ever in the world you could achieve a thought, you would not be what you are. Now look here, Kaspar, I want to see you drunk. Then you will open your true nature so that I may get to the bottom of you before the others and no longer have any doubts about you. Come down into the cellar; I have a good deal down there for you.'

But the man he thus addressed stormed back instantly: —

'Oh, you red-nosed, goggle-eyed old foggy! May the black Satan himself pour melting sulphur down your eternally thirsty gullet! So I am to confuse my brain with the fumes of wine, am I, and betray myself after I have fooled you so long by pretending to be stupid in order to be able to be really clever? Know, then, that I love your wife whom you married right under my nose, but that all my wiles came to nothing because your wife is a good woman. But I hate you and I swear to have revenge on you because you took my happiness away from me.'

He reached into his breast pocket and laid a pistol behind him on the table.

'Yes,' he yelled, 'I have fallen into the hands of the Devil. He gave me a pistol with a bullet that cannot miss. Samael help me!'

[The reader must remember that Hoffmann told his story when he was still under the influence of the first Berlin production of Weber's *Frei-schutz*.]

Herr Balthazar had fallen all in a heap on a chair and was staring at the madman with glassy eyes, unable to say a word. The young man had reached behind himself and pulled out a big round salame sausage, which he

pointed at his terrified employer, holding it under his very nose. He had picked it up from a plate on the table, mistaking it for the pistol.

It was in this situation that Rosa surprised them, confronting one another, as she came in with her father. Her first cry of terror was stifled in her throat and a burst of hearty silvery laughter followed, for she could only think that both of them must have had a little too much new wine. Shame and remorse touched the heart of the lover, who was recalled to his senses by the fortunate interruption, and he

slipped the fatal pistol unobserved into the pocket of his coat. His outburst of wrath had restored his inner equilibrium.

The good Melchior found inspiration in the vinous fragrance of the room and the relieving word 'Champagne!' Herr Balthazar, who had pulled himself together, — though a good part of what color he had left was chiefly due to his love of wine, — was in no mood to refuse, and the story goes that the Three Wise Men of the East sat a long time together that evening and broke the neck of many a bottle.

FROM A LOG BOOK

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

From the New Statesman, July 19
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

June 6. — The southeast monsoon has broken. The heat and languor of the Red Sea is being washed from us by the Arabian Gulf. The decks to-day, for the first time since we left the Mersey, have been wet and uncertain. This ponderous steel island of ours is surprising in its liveliness. It seems to be able to jump. Quick and abrupt waves heap along our starboard side, and we roll; they recoil, and the sunlight in their translucent summits turns the tumult into brief pyramids of beryl. There are acres of noisy snow, and green clouds foundered in dark glassy slopes. Spectra are poised over the forward deck where the spray towers between us and the sun and falls inboard.

After a nasty lurch I heard more crockery smash below. One of the other two passengers, the young Scotch

farmer who has left his Ayrshire oats to try Malay rubber instead, and who was proud to find he was a sailor at the first trial, now seems to miss his placid cows. He groans. At first I was more than a little doubtful about myself, but now I may be able to bluff the Gulf into supposing that I am not a longshoreman. Yet, for a reason about which I can guess nothing, — so strange is the soul and its manifestations, — I have had 'Tipperary' running through my head all day — music, one would think, which could not be prompted by monsoons.

My thoughts are of Paris, and the look of the men of the Essex Regiment in the Mons retreat I ran into long ago. Why? How are we made? For here I am, with nothing to remind me of Crépy-en-Valois, climbing companion

ladders on which my efforts are checked by an invisible force. I am held firmly to the reality of a ship at sea. And yet that fond and foolish air persists. I wish I had the clue to this.

After sunset, in a light brief and wild, it was a test of one's ultimate faith to be on deck. Was it of any use to pretend that man's indestructible hope is more than blind and pathetic courage? The universe with its stars was adrift. Its remaining bonds might burst at any moment, and away we should vanish into inchoate space. It is darksome to see very heaven itself behaving as though it were working loose from its eternal laws. An anarchic firmament.

June 7. — Bracing myself in my cot last night I read Kidd's *Sciences of Power*. The captain lent it to me, saying it was one of the best books he had ever read. Strange! It would not have been possible for a book which describes as blasphemous nonsense the common opinion of mankind's inborn and unalterable nature, and condemns civilization based on force, to win, before 1914, so handsome a tribute from such a tough character as our skipper. That in itself is enough to prove Kidd's contention that it is the psychic condition of a people which is of first importance. The emotion of a community can be charged for war or for peace.

Our captain's own delight in this new hope is something on account. But the prophets, and all those who have never bowed the knee in the House of Rimmon, have always held that faith, and have worked in its light. Otherwise they would have cursed God and have cleared out of this world by a short cut. Of course, all the material manifestations of our civilization, which we regard as apart and impersonal, are only the reflections of our commonest thoughts, and can be changed as easily as lantern slides. The better world will be here as soon as we ask for it.

This morning the seas are still swift and ponderous. They move down on us in majestic assaults, and attack us with thunderous shouts. Our bulk repels them, and they recoil with shrill cries and a violent hissing. After lunch we were steaming almost under the triumphal arch of a rainbow, and set in that light were our four cadets, at some job on the deck below. Man in his youth is a fine creature. It is easy to admire and respect him then. These boys make the best-looking group in our company. They move about now in singlets and shorts, and smile as though they were enjoying life in a delightful world. They reconcile me to great statesmen, bishops, brigadiers, and the strong silent men. It is dreadful to think that soon they may lose their jolly life, and become serious lumber in the councils of the world, and very highly respected.

June 8. — Rain came like the collapse of the sky at six this morning. As the ship rolled, the waterfalls fell roaring from the upper works. The weather cleared at breakfast time, and immense clouds walled the sea, vague and still. They enclosed us in a glittering, clammy heat. Our captain, who — if you are out early enough — may be caught amusing himself by cleaning with a rag the imperfections on the white paint of a cabin ventilator, has the bearing and look of a scholarly cleric. He is an elderly man, with a lean, æsthetic face. His pale eyes, when they meet yours, have a playful interrogatory irony. Luckily he is clean-shaven, so I can admire a mouth and chin which would become a prelate. His fine nose points downward in critical deprecation.

And there he was this morning. A few men, under the bo'sun, were there also, at some job on the captain's bridge, where we have the doors and windows of our few staterooms. The

bo'sun is a sailor all right, with the build of a higher anthropoid. If he began to strangle me I should not resist. I should commend my soul to God. I have not seen him bend iron bars in those paws, but if the straightness of a bar ever displeases him he will put a crook in it. He is always waddling rapidly about, fore and aft, looking right and left in dissatisfaction.

I was enjoying early morning at sea in the tropics, trying to keep out of the way. Our captain stood near me, indifferent to my existence, and apparently even of the ship and its place in the sun. The bo'sun, growling in his throat, and lifting a brown and hairy paw in indication, was keeping the men busy and silent. I don't know what happened, but the captain turned, regarded for several seconds in profound disfavor the bo'sun, the men, and their job. Then there was a sudden blast from him which made all those seamen wilt and bend as in a cruel wind. The captain did not raise his voice, but with that deep and sonorous tone which in a peroration from a pulpit shakes the secret fastnesses of wicked hearts he stated how things looked to him in similes and with other decorations that increased the heat till I crept round to the nearest companionway out of it.

June 9. — I met the chief engineer in an alleyway amidships. We stopped to yarn — just to sample each other, I fancy, for in this big and busy community we have not yet become any more intimate than is possible across a saloon table. One of his Chinese firemen squeezed past us, and the Chief's glance followed the man. 'I found that fellow below last week with a bit of spun yarn round his neck. He pretended suicide, I suppose to amuse me. The Chink said, "Me allee same Jesus Clist." I told him he was wrong. Christ did not kill himself. Christ was a topside man, not a devil. The Chink was quite surprised

But nothing I could say to him would convince him that Christ was not a devil. "Clist no devil? Velly good."

He smiled bitterly and shook his head at the joke. It took me some time to get at his idea, but I believe he thought it was incredible that we should go to any trouble about a spirit from which we expected no harm. People only kotowed to devils of which they were afraid.

June 10. — We are nearing the Laccadive Islands. A dragon fly passed over the ship this morning. The wind is southwest, and the nearest land in that direction is Africa, over a thousand miles away. There are terrific showers of rain at intervals. Ahead it grows dark, the horizon draws near, the moving ocean constricts about us and the approaching shapes of its wave become apparitions in a murk; suddenly all is shut out by walls of falling water. Lightning pulsed and quivered round the horizon at night, and there is the querulous crying of a sea bird. The noddies seem to roost on the spars and fixings at night, by the lime marks. One to-night tried to perch on my head, as I was looking out from the bridge. I ducked as the shadow came at me out of the night. Presently I found it was on the deck behind me. It did not object to being handled. I took it below to the deck, where some of the youngsters were fox-trotting to a gramophone on a hatch. It cocked an eye at the musical box, and was a little sick. Otherwise it showed no emotion, and submitted drowsily to the impudent good-nature of the boys.

June 11. — Ceylon was in sight twenty miles distant on the port bow at 2 P.M. I did not notice any spicy breezes, but the water had changed to an olive-green. As we drew abreast of Dondra Head the coast was dim, but the white stalk of a beacon was distinct, and the pulsing light of the comb-

ers. We seem to have been at sea for an age. The exposed fo'castle head with its rusty gear, where I feel most at home, has become curiously friendly and comforting. I feel secluded there, elevated from the sea, and outside the ship.

The big red links of the cable, the ochreous patterns on the plates, the squat black winches like crouched and faithful familiars, the rush and gurgle of fountains in the hawse-pipes when the ship's head dips, the warmth of the rails and the deck, like the grateful heat of a living body, and the ancient smell, as if I can sniff the antiquity of the sea and the personal sweat of a deathless ship on a voyage beyond the counting of mere days, gave me a deeper conviction of immortality than have all the eager arguments from welcome surmises. I was in eternity. There was no time. There was no death. This was not only the Indian Ocean. Those leisurely whitecaps diminishing away

to infinity, the silence except for the monody of the waters, which was really deeper than silence, were Bideford Bay, too, on a summer long past, and the Gulf Stream on a voyage which ended I forget when, and what Magellen saw when he stood west in the Pacific; it was the Channel on the first passage across, and the lure and hope of all the voyagers who ever stood at a ship's prow and looked into the unknown. It was all the seas under the sun, and I was not myself, but the yearning eye of Man.

It was then, when disembodied and immaterial, looking over the ship's stem, both the interrogation and the confident answer to the mystery of the world, that a little flying fish appeared in the heaving glass beneath me, was bewildered by our approaching mass, and got up too late. He emerged from a wave at the wrong angle, and the water and the draught flung him hard against our iron.

ROMANTICISM

BY DEAN INGE

From the *Morning Post*, July 24
(TOBY DAILY)

MRS. OLWEN WARD CAMPBELL has made a sudden reputation by her brilliant book, *Shelley and the Unromantics*, which combines careful research and shrewd literary criticism with an almost dangerously incisive style. Few of us had thought that there was so much new to say about Shelley. What are the distinguishing marks of what is called Romanticism? Some will say curiosity and the love of beauty.

Others love of the picturesque and the horrible, deftly mingled. Others a sentimental attraction toward the Middle Ages. Others a return to nature. Others a recovery of the faculty of wonder.

Some of these are the mere trappings which descended to the Victorians and, in the irreverent words of Mrs. Campbell, provided the fancy dress in which intensely Victorian ideas of morality,

passion, and metaphysics masqueraded in the poems of Tennyson, Rossetti, and Browning. Mrs. Campbell, I regret to see, still despises the Victorians, though happily she advises us to go back from them to Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley, not forward to the new Georgians, in prose or poetry.

She thinks that the true Romanticism almost died with its creators, to all of whom something happened prematurely. Shelley was drowned; Keats fretted himself into a consumption; Byron sacrificed his life for Greece; Coleridge took to opium, Lamb to alcohol. As for Wordsworth, he simply dried up. Most critics have allowed him twenty years of creativeness; but Professor Garrod is still more severe — in his judgment all that is of primary importance in Wordsworth's poetry was written before 1810, during the rather stormy period of the poet's youth.

There is a false romanticism as well as a true. The eighteenth century, which some love and some hate, — Mrs. Campbell has a holy hatred for that period and all its works, — took naturally to sentimentalism, which agrees fairly well with a comfortable materialism. Artificial Gothic ruins and grottoes, Strawberry Hill villas, and primitive glades laid out by Capability Brown, gave great satisfaction to an age which had no belief in man and very little faith in God. It was in these circles that a dilettante enthusiasm for the Middle Ages, not inspired by any real knowledge of that very uncomfortable period, sprang up. *Ossian* was the delight of half Europe, and was the favorite reading of Napoleon who, as Mrs. Campbell unkindly suggests, was himself a mock-heroic character on the grand scale. All Germany was in tears over *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, a book on which few modern readers dare to say all they think, since the author was Goethe.

What, then, are the characteristics of the true Romanticism, which even in its great prophets is sometimes contaminated with the false? Our author tells us that they are hope and love, springing from faith in the greatness of human nature. Christ, she says, was the first and greatest of the Romantics. He first raised love from a mere incident of fleeting human existence to the preoccupation of eternity. He greatly increased the value of human being as such, by finding greatness not only in achievements, but in the emotions which are common to all mankind. The joys and sorrows of men are what redound most to their honor. Consequently Christ was the real founder of a new and great kind of poetry, both in art and in life.

This very interesting thought is illustrated by a consideration of the absence of romance in Greek literature. I have myself been struck, when returning to classical books which I have not read for many years, by the extreme hardness of the Greek view of life, as shown especially in the great tragedians. There is an article in one of the quarterlies this month on the Greek Fear of Life. The Greeks were not pessimists, but they were nearer to the dangers of primitive civilization than we are. They could not forget famine, or pestilence, or the danger of being made prisoner and sold into slavery. They were afraid of provoking the envy of the gods. Man must know his place; wisdom consisted largely in avoiding the falsehood of extremes. To give way to deep passions was undignified, womanish, and foolish. 'Nothing great,' says a chorus in the *Antigone*, 'enters the life of mortals without a curse.' Violent love was a humiliating disease. Hope also played a small part in Greek thought. The thing that has been is the thing that shall be. History moves in vast cycles,

which repeat the same revolutions. Periods of progress are followed by periods of decadence and decadence by progress again. They themselves, they were inclined to think, were on the downgrade. Here we certainly have a typically unromantic view of human life. The only question is whether it is not truer than the romantic idea — unless, indeed, we are compelled to identify Christianity with Romanticism.

However that may be, what was best in the Middle Ages was the Romanticism introduced by Catholic Christianity. Their romance was the romance of Christ. Even the heroic folly of the Crusades was Christian knight-errantry, though mixed with much baser metal. Their art, of which the Sieneese School of painting is a type, was romantic to the core. The great churches, built when the people lived in squalid huts, testified to much more than the overweening power of the Church. Their legends, which clustered round the beautiful story of the Holy Grail, express the same brooding and visionary devotion in another medium.

Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* is perhaps the supreme classic of Romanticism. Many even of Tennyson's greatest admirers think that he would have been wiser to leave the Arthurian legend where he found it. The story of the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere, and of their repentance, too late to save the Table Round, but not too late to save their own souls, is, in Malory's version, one of the most exquisite things in all literature. When we observe the reverence which he pays to a deep emotion, even when wrongly directed, as an error which brings loss and misery, but which can be fully atoned for by deep penitence, we feel that he is not only more romantic than Tennyson, but more pro-

foundly Christian. When the hermit has a vision of Sir Lancelot being borne up to Heaven 'by more angels than I ever saw men in one day,' we feel that Lancelot the sinner has deserved the honor.

Mrs. Campbell is an insurgent. She dislikes the eighteenth century for being comfortable, and the generation which followed the Romantics for being complacent. The fat figure of George IV and the bourgeois virtues of the literary Victorians irritate her. But I think we must beware of undue partisanship. Byron, Shelley, and Keats had hard measure from their contemporaries, no doubt; but, after all, it is no joke to be the wife of a Romantic, unless, like Woodsworth, he ceases to be one at an early age. Their private lives, unsympathetically told, are not much more edifying than the Newgate Calendar. Even Mrs. Campbell admits that a review of Shelley's friends is like a march past of the Seven Deadly Sins. It was, after all, a gain when the muses took up their abode in happy homes like those of Tennyson and Browning.

If the disparagement of the Victorians were only a way of exalting Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth, it might be excusable. But it is surely an error to be blind to the quality which Professor Elton emphasizes in all our best literature between 1830 and 1880 — the quality of nobleness. In that generation we see the prevalence of an ethical, exalted, didactic temper, crossed in poetry by a passion for pure beauty. The seriousness of Victorian literature, its consciousness of a prophetic mission, is an English character of which we have no reason to be ashamed. Pure morality and high aims do not spoil poetry.

This quality of nobleness, Professor Elton thinks, began to decline after 1880, and it has not been recovered

since. Mrs. Campbell, in her slashing style, blames the novel, 'that ramshackle bastard literary form, in which feeble character and diseased action become the centre of interest. The modern play and novel have for the most part about the same relation to literature as a volume by a quack doctor on the symptoms and development of cancer and dropsy.' This is much too indiscriminate, but some shoulders deserve the lash, even when they do not borrow the *Idiot* motif from Russia or the *Bête humaine* motif from France or Germany. Hope and love, — not lust, — and reverence for human

nature, the essential parts of romanticism, are greatly needed in post-war England.

No signs of such a spiritual revival are clearly traceable in the chaos and babel that war has left behind. 'We see not our tokens; there is not one prophet more.' Perhaps he is among us somewhere, unknown; he may be a schoolboy or an apprentice. When he comes I am disposed to think that he will choose to speak to his generation neither from the pulpit, nor from the platform, nor from the printed page, but from the stage. A great dramatist might help us to find our souls.

VILLAGE

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

WHAT happy place we travel through!
 Did wallflowers ever look so gay?
 Kissed by the periwinkle blue
 The old wall stoops above our way.

The chestnut climbs above the church
 And torches holds for the sun's amaze;
 The wind-cock glitters on his perch,
 The cows in dreams of grasses graze.

And this black-clad and ghost-like maid
 Whose cobbled shoes so wearily trace
 The dust, whose gaze on ground is laid,
 Whose steps are wounds — what happy place?

THE KAISER COMES

BY FRITZ VON UNRUH

From *Frankfurter Zeitung*, August 7
(LIBERAL DAILY)

[FRITZ VON UNRUH, who as a German cavalry officer led his Uhlans through Belgium into France, is more famous as a dramatist. One of his best-known tragedies is *Ein Geschlecht*. He is also the author of two war books — one a dramatic poem, entitled *Vor der Entscheidung*, and the other *Opfergang*. His war diary, from which this article is an excerpt, is to be published in full this fall.]

October 1, 1914. — A cross stands here, bearing the inscription: '*Madame Charles Payen a fait planter le Calvaire: l'an 1840.*' It must have been under fire before this, in 1870. Eight linden trees throw their shadows over it. Knapsacks lie about the roots. From somewhere ahead of me comes the sound of bursting shells. Now the linden trunks are shattered. Crash after crash follows as a full hit is made in the village. Somebody says: 'The firing is coming from the left.' A tall column of earth is thrown up after every shellburst. The sun has the cold gleam of autumn. Shadows are outlined harshly on the ground. On the cross Christ's body writhes in torment. How sad and marked with agony his face! Automobiles whirl by. Airplane messages: 'Two new strong defensive positions of the Frenchmen have been discovered.' To my right dead Frenchmen are lying in the trenches. Some men are shoveling dirt in over them.

The Staff has halted under the apple trees. We receive word of a hole in the road ahead — a three and a half metre

ladder does not reach its bottom. Odors of dissolution and decay fill the air. A German plane comes humming back from patrol duty. It lands in a field. The sun gleams on its wings. Little black dots stir in the fuselage. The Staff rises. The General, with his hands in his pockets, walks back and forth. The gold on his shoulder straps glitters. The aviators come toward us across a piece of cultivated ground. Some artillerymen are pulling seven dead horses over a meadow to a big hole. It is cold. We have been in the field two months.

Mist hangs over the meadow. Some of the officers talk about autumn and hunting. Each one tries to avoid the thought of a winter campaign. Reality will bring that all too soon! Some artillery moves through the street. The General says: 'This time you shot well!' 'Good fun, good fun,' returns the commander, laughing. The guns roll forward over the dead into a new position. The apples in the autumn-lighted trees glisten with a strange redness. The crash of the shells comes nearer. The Staff changes position. A storm of artillery fire breaks over the living and the dead. The sky shines blue and bright through shattered branches and smashed walls. The Staff assembles under a pyramid of pear trees in a farmyard.

Our late Ambassador to England, Prince Lichnowsky, rides up in the uniform of a major of the lifeguard hussars. The General: 'You had better get out of this, Prince, we're under

fire.' 'His Majesty sent me word to have a look at the front.' His laugh rings out, bright and clear as a woman's.

'I can't get it into my head,' mutters a medical officer, 'how that fellow was allowed to represent Germany in London.' A direct hit sends a chimney flying. Everybody dashes to the other side. 'I wish it had nailed the diplomat,' growls a major under his voice. 'We owe the whole dirty business to that chap.'

'Herr Wiedecke, the famous sportsman,' says Prince Lichnowsky, contemplating his well-kept finger nails, 'once told me —' A shell punctuates the sentence.

'Did *he* expect to bridle the hatred of two nations?' snarls the Chief of Staff. 'He was too weak.'

'It was clear to me in a moment,' says Prince Lichnowsky, 'that a world war was unavoidable when Germany permitted Serbia to be attacked by Austria.' Threads of white cobweb float through the air and cling to his bright hussar-uniform. 'He's no German,' growls the Chief. 'Have some champagne,' says the General over his spectacles while he signs an order. Prince Lichnowsky sends for some extra dry that he has brought in his motor-car.

The Grand Duke of Hesse says soothingly to the irritated officers: 'Prince Lichnowsky is right, Germany should not have backed up Austria so vigorously. England will not permit any Power to be supreme on the Continent. She would not even tolerate an all-powerful France.'

A telegram! The General: 'His Majesty will be here in half an hour to inspect the artillery.'

The Kaiser is coming! It runs through us all like a fever. Prince Lichnowsky: 'Then I had better be going. His Imperial Highness has not given me an audience since I left Lon-

don.' The General: 'Take care —' he turns to a major of gendarmes — 'take care that the streets are well policed.' The telephones are humming orders.

The dead are hustled out of the way. The parish priest is to bury them. The male inhabitants of the village gather them up.

'The Kaiser, the Kaiser!' That stirs everyone to activity. I have to go through a little shattered house. In a small dark angular vestibule are some closets and wardrobes, their contents pulled out. Straw hats trimmed with blue ribbons lie on a heap of disordered objects. I open the first door. On the mattress of a wide bed that occupies almost all of the little room lies a French corporal with his legs sprawling in his own blood. The upper part of his body is gashed and torn. He is clutching at the bed with both arms. Shadows fall cold and motionless on the blood-sprinkled carpet. In the room behind, still smaller, an officer lies on an iron cot. His legs and the lower part of his body are naked, the left calf is blown away. He too is covered with blood. There is a mysterious silence in his glassy eyes. Both are like wax figures; but the blood is real. There is all the horror and terror of death in these figures of despair upon the beds.

Outside the burial party is hard at work. Through the window I see a dead horse, its rump all yellow and swollen, dragged past behind a staggering horse. The dust floats into the room. An officer comes past. 'Awful business, this war!' A field kitchen stands in front of the door. Vegetables are being cut up and thrown into the kettle. Two women hobble past a heap of dead. One, small as a dwarf, propped up on two crutches, calls to a third and points toward one of her mutilated countrymen, making signs. They all go 'He-he-he!' and walk on untroubled.

Soldiers are looking for knapsacks and side arms.

'Italy is sending six army corps against France.'

'Don't talk nonsense!' says somebody. 'Nothing but rumors.'

'What is this I hear? America has declared war on England and Japan? Verdun has fallen?'

'Another rumor. It's a wonder, that one!'

'Forty-one English cruisers are sunk!'

Shells begin to burst in front of the village. The square is emptied. Only the dead remain. The shells burst among them. Now the enemy's range no longer reaches the village itself. We venture out. Where a little while ago whole piles of dead men lay nothing is left now but dismembered limbs and fragments. The priest gathers them up and they are loaded on the carts.

A ditch six to ten yards long yawns between the pear trees. On the ground lie twenty-eight French dead in a row. A little man who sweats and wipes his forehead is forcing down the arms and legs to the level of the shoulders. One has to have a knapsack cut away. Now the peasants carry the bodies forward. The legs hang down. Carts are trundled up to the edge of the pit and tilted. The bodies roll down the slope bumping against their dead comrades. A sergeant-major of gendarmes hurries the work along. Stretched out there against the dark earth, the bodies look like a flag, like the tricolor. The peasants sprinkle sand over them. Sand fills the folds of their tunics. Sand conceals the gashes and the blood. Sand, still more sand. The priest makes the sign of the cross. The gendarme looks at his watch in perturbation. 'Ten minutes more.' Once more a new layer is rolled into oblivion. (As I write these words a little beetle

crawls across my paper. I snap it aside — it is dead. O almighty sphinx! Had it not also life and breath?)

I peer through the gateway into a completely shattered courtyard. Prince Lichnowsky goes past behind me. 'I am not handsome, but I'm spry.' He is joking with a transport officer. I climb over the débris into the house. A shell has smashed in the wall of a room. The tiles have poured down on to the floor in a pointed heap. A bristling little cat cowers above. I start to drive it away, but just then, under one of the roof beams, I see a head — a woman! Beneath a tangled flood of dark hair a waxlike face. The eyes are closed, the nostrils are blue, the body is buried in the rubbish. I stroke the hair mechanically. It feels like grass. As I stoop closer a stone falls and sets the head moving. It nods slowly. Something grips me. I want to go — I cannot. Are my legs paralyzed? I shut my eyes convulsively, but even through my eyelids I feel that head nodding, always slowly nodding. 'You too, you too!' A yell is strangled in my throat. 'I too!' Fear lest she open her lips grips suddenly at my heart. My pulse stops short. Between the blue lips I see her glassy white teeth. I swoon.

Voices — 'The Kaiser is already in Ercheu! He will be here at once!' — arouse me. I see my face reflected in a windowpane. White as a ghost! Where am I? Through the holes the shells have made I look out into the garden. Autumn flowers gleam in the evening glow. Twilight is creeping down on me here among the ruins. To whom did they once belong?

I stumble over a dead man. He lies flat on the ground. His body and shoulders are bluish green. Horses are cropping the clover close to his feet. As if in a dream, I rise and fumble my way back to the churchyard.

A major of gendarmes, pulling on his

moustache, is supervising the burial. Eleven Frenchmen still lie in the flower beds. One corporal's arm clutches another naked arm which, perfectly muscled and proportioned, rises out of a heap of blue-red bodies. If blood had not flowed down and clotted from between the fingers to the elbow, I might have thought it someone pointing. But it is the arm of a corpse. Two more lie underneath the hanging pears. One has a white face, its pointed nose and thin forehead translucent to the bone. Next to him lies a big fat body with legs stretched out, stiff and straight. Somebody is showing the priest a wedding-ring still on the earth-blackened fingers. A peasant says: 'But there is no identification disk.' The priest tears aside the blue uniform. 'Ah, voilà, Gaston!' He pulls out the lining. The body shivers. 'Un couteau!' A young man holds out a knife. The priest cuts out the name. Meantime a peasant takes the gold band from the finger and gives it to the priest, who ties it up in the lining.

Far away we hear shouts of 'Hurrah! Hurrah!' A new cart with more bodies hurries past. The peasants make signs that the grave is full. The major of gendarmes orders: 'Go ahead, go ahead! In with them!' The sergeant-major says: 'No more room, sir. The arms and legs will stick out!'

'Stick out!' roars the major and cocks his ear toward the 'Hurrahs' which are coming closer and closer. 'Go ahead, sergeant! Shove them down, ram them in!' The sergeant-major stares a couple of minutes, then gives a command and ten soldiers shove in what is left of the bodies, level them off, and with their big boots stamp them like grass seed into the ground. As the last twisted foot disappears under the earth we hear, long drawn

and clear as a Wagner motif: 'Ta-ta-ti-ta-taaa —' 'Der Kaiser!' cries the major. 'Throw some dirt over them!' And then, turning only once to order, 'Don't leave any more bodies lying around,' he hurries off toward the village street, stumbling over his sabre as he goes.

A motor-car whirls by. All cheer it. Three more follow. In the last is the bodyguard. The General helps the Kaiser out of the car and kisses the hands of the Supreme War Lord. General Staff officers conduct him to a table. The monarch bends over the maps while the troop positions are being explained. I glance through the door toward the headquarters flag where the red-headed major of gendarmes is quietly greeting the Kaiser's Adjutant and whispering something with a chuckle. When a chance for concealment offers, he makes a sign. The aides, covered with the dust of their automobile journey, form a wall with their broad shoulders. The woman's corpse is smuggled past in a wheelbarrow. Plenty of room in it for her legless trunk. It is covered with a shirt. The priest and the peasants accompany it. At every step the head nods. The hair streams back in the mud of the street. The head keeps nodding — ah, that woman's head!

The Kaiser looks up. 'Oh, here is the Grand Duke!' They kiss. 'Lord Grey is in Rome!'

'In Rome?' says the Grand Duke. 'If Italy begins operations against us, the thing will be serious!' The Kaiser laughs and starts down the street with the General.

'Will he believe nothing but good news?' asks the Grand Duke of the General Adjutant. 'His Majesty,' the officer replies, 'sees the situation in an optimistic light.'

A PAGE OF VERSE

TO A PROUD BEAUTY

BY REGINALD CRIPPS

[*The Magic Grape*]

As iron rusts and steel abates his brightness,
As lilies, dying, smirch their silver whiteness,
So all the glory and the grace of thee
Must fade and perish and forgotten be;
Oh, they will pass, no sighing may redeem them,
More dear to death, the dearer we esteem them.

FOR TALK'S SAKE

BY E. N. DA C. ANDRADE

[*Airs*]

So we think now; but Ah, you say,
When morning comes with clear, cold light,
 And, waking with the gray
 After forgetful night,
We see these thoughts, these doubtful deeds come back,
That the moon makes so right,
We shall repent, repent; reflect and find no rest
 Because the day knows best.

So, too, they say, if youth should do
As seems youth best, while youth is here,
 Nor, careful what ensue,
 Look to the future year,
Fearing the man whose days run down may rue
Rightly what now seems clear.
If 'present' wins, he fails, the event must prove unblest,
 Because old age knows best.

So: and all this is, maybe, wise,
And very right, and very just.
 But, to philosophize,
 So all may be discussed,
Suppose youth's purpose clear, and, as youth's eyes,
 Worthy a little trust.
Suppose, I say, suppose (for talk's sake; make no test)
That night, that youth knows best.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

TRIBUTES TO JOSEPH CONRAD

THE chorus of regret that went up from the British press after the death of Joseph Conrad was curiously free from the stereotyped conventionality that has a way of creeping into the death notices of great men—for no one questions that Conrad was a great man, and the English critics with perfect unanimity assign the Polish sea-captain a permanent place among the immortals who have written the speech of Shakespeare. They seem to be quite conscious of the remarkable achievement they record. Comment is frequent on the strangeness of the career that made a Polish boy, inland bred, first a sea-captain and then, in his own lifetime, a classic in a foreign tongue.

'The real miracle,' says the London *Outlook*, 'was that he, a man of an inland nation that has neither shore nor ships, should interpret the sea to us as no Englishman has ever done. Imagine an Englishman producing an acknowledged German classic on music, a Frenchman writing a standard work on cricket, or a German the recognized authority on British Parliamentary procedure, and one gets some idea of the great achievement of Conrad when he explained the sea to England.' The *Spectator* says simply: 'Thus one of the strangest literary careers comes to a premature end. All the world now knows the astonishing story of Mr. Conrad's life, or rather his three distinct and separate lives: those of a Polish landowner, an English merchant seaman, and a great novelist.'

There is a fine feeling of honest sincerity in the estimates of Conrad

that have appeared, and none of the cant conventional when a great man dies. It is one way of seeing how deep an impression the novelist made on his own time. Every article about him bears the unmistakable ring of a writer who has known and loved his subject. The genuineness of the appreciation is one reason why English critics dare to criticize him even as they write upon his death. The *Outlook* says frankly that Conrad was a stylist rather than a writer of narrative and that he lacked humor.

Except in his short sketches, such as that marvelous piece of work, *Typhoon*, he had no real gift of narrative—no sense of getting on with the business in hand. He wanders round and round the point, as in that famous business of *Lord Jim*, and nothing happens; in chapter after chapter the thing is approached from every point of view, but for two or three hundred pages the catastrophe, which had occurred before the book opened, is not described. Nothing seems to happen; but it is a tribute to the real greatness of Conrad that we feel in the end that everything has happened that could possibly have happened; and that, as in life itself, the play has most gone forward when it seemed to stand most still.

These, however, are not the arts that make the best-seller, and there is no doubt that it was largely this deficiency in the art of narrative, in the mere business of telling a story, that delayed Conrad's popularity, and reduced him to the acceptance of one of those Civil List pensions with which the British Government sometimes ekes out a publisher's royalties. Conrad is emphatically not for the hasty or superficial reader, who likes a plain tale and no trimmings to his literary dish.

For another reason he will never be a universal favorite like Dickens. Apart from

the above defect in his mechanism, he had no humor. He never attempted the rustic wit of Hardy, and there is none of the smart Cockney repartee of Dickens; he is fundamentally a tragedian, a man with a pessimist philosophy of life.

The *New Statesman* says: —

He has created a world, and this achievement places him at once among important imaginative writers. The implications of that useful critical phrase are that the writer's imagination has left so vivid an impress on all he describes that his reader finds it easy to adopt temporarily the same way of feeling and judging, and is aware of an inner emotional consistency, not necessarily logical, in the author's whole response to experience. It may be a bubble world, but it holds together. There is an indefinable congruity between the author's moral values, his sense of beauty, his sense of humor. The reader feels that it is inevitable that the man who sees human nature in that particular way should also see nature and inanimate objects as he does, should grieve or rage over a particular event, or sing a *Nunc dimittis* on such and such occasions. This is the difference between a creatively imaginative work and a work which is the product of intelligence. Intelligence is a modest selective faculty — it borrows and envies 'this man's skill and that man's scope.' It can achieve wonders, but it cannot do one thing: it cannot create that unity of apprehension which is the life breath of a work of art.

It was not the exploitation of tropic forests or tropic seas which made Conrad a remarkable novelist, but this power of thus creating a world dyed through and through with his own imagination; his Soho was as much part of it as the Amazon. Of his contemporaries only Meredith, Henry James, and Hardy have done the same; they too have blown great comprehensive, iridescent bubbles, in which the human beings they describe, though they have, of course, a recognizable resemblance to reality, only attain full significance in the world peculiar to them.

The Dean of Canterbury, preaching in the Cathedral on the Sunday after

Conrad died, declared that Conrad just before his death was the greatest writer of English prose.

★

THE EPICENE EPHEBE

THE British Isles are not gladdened day after day by newspaper colyumists like F. P. A., Don Marquis, or the lamented B. L. T. Manchester, however, is blessed with a perfectly satisfactory substitute in 'Lucio,' who contributes to the *Guardian* gay satirical verses with perfect good-nature and almost the regularity of one of our own 'colyum-conductors.' He entitles his latest effusion 'The Fallen Highbrow' — himself, if you please — and explains his lines as being 'written in reply to a most unfortunate request — there being no dictionary available — for a translation of the following passage from a notice of *Romeo and Juliet* in one of the weekly reviews: "Still he (Romeo) was a great improvement on the epicene ephebe who is usually served up to us."'

Critics *will* write that way sometimes. No one can stop them and still fewer can understand them. Small blame to 'Lucio' if he too fails. Consider the alarming array of the baffled journalist's intellectual attainments: —

THE FALLEN Highbrow

I'll sing thee songs of Araby, or chat about
Herodotus,
Supply the rules of poker, or the law of tithes
and glebe,
Explain an ohm and other terms with which
the learned prod at us,
Contrast the works of Sardou with the plays
achieved by Scribe;
I'm very hot on vitamins; I'm ready with a
homily
On axolotls' habits, or the Great and Lesser
Grebe;
I know my atlas through and through from
Wrangell Isle to Romiley,
And music never baffles me from Ravel to
Delibes.

In fact, I'll talk on anything — the totem rites of savages,
 The incidence of measles, or statistics of inebriation's horrid pitfalls and its dreadful urban ravages —
 But, oh! You've got me guessing with an epicecene ephebe!

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ANCIENT TOMBS IN OUTER MONGOLIA

SOVIET newspapers carry an account of the archæological discoveries made in Outer Mongolia, in the Kentei district to the northeast of Urga. In March an expedition led by the archæologist, Colonel Koltzoff, discovered three groups of ancient burial mounds. Here they unearthed the remains of Chinese princes or perhaps of emperors.

The mounds were placed in rectangles marked off by a round earth rampart and large boulders. The tombs beneath were strong wooden structures with double or even triple ceilings. The sarcophagi were arranged in a north to south line, and subterranean passages with twisted columns draped in silk branched from the central chambers. The walls were adorned with embroideries of men and animals, and among the treasures in the mounds were beautiful carpets in whose designs were woven mammoths, stags, lynxes, and mythological animals. There were many embroideries, bronze statuettes, long plaits of black hair sheafed in silken cases, semiprecious stones and wooden figures. The silks are embroidered with ancient Chinese characters, many of which have so far proved undecipherable.

✱

THE SAD FATE OF THE 'ALMANACH DE GOTHA'

WHEN the *Almanach de Gotha* was founded 161 years ago, the profession of royalty was flourishing and popular. People outside the trade admired its

happy practitioners and tried to get into the game if they could. Some of them succeeded — the two Napoleons, for example, or Bernadotte.

But things are no longer what they were — it is probably the most popular of all truisms since the war. The simultaneous dethroning of the kings and princes and dukes that reigned in Germany almost threw the famous *Almanach* out of business. But the publishing house of Perthes have since made up their minds to keep royalty going as long as is humanly possible. They have partly made up for Europe's shortcomings by turning to Asia and Africa, and are still able to show a fair sprinkling of crowns about the globe.

Royalty which has abdicated is still included, but the sad word *Abdiqué* appears after the title, or perhaps an heir changes this simple formula to the more elaborate *Exclu par son père de la succession au trône*. The Japanese Royal House was properly recognized for the first time in the 1922 *Almanach* after a feud of nearly half a century because the snobbish publishers insisted on relegating the ruler of the greatest Asiatic Power to the second section of their *Almanach*, which is devoted not to royalty but to high officials and statistics. The bitterness felt by the Japanese — justly proud of their national history and achievements and invariably sensitive on the question of race — is not hard to understand. Other rulers who were similarly treated in the old days were the former Emperors of Korea and China, the late King Theebaw of Burma, the former Queen of Madagascar, the Sultan of Zanzibar, and the King of Siam. For some reason best known to publishers of the *Almanach*, the Turkish Sultan has long had a place among the European royal houses. The Mikado's family thus has the distinction of having won a victory

over a publishing house which did not hesitate to stand up to Napoleon. After the conqueror had wiped out of existence most of the petty sovereigns in the Holy Roman Empire, the editors of the Almanach calmly ignored his handiwork and retained the names of the deposed rulers as if they were still secure upon their thrones. Napoleon, in a fury, had the entire issue confiscated by the police and a new edition brought out; but the publishers, the moment it was safe to do so, repudiated all responsibility for the new edition.

It is discouraging to note that the present addresses of some of the ex-royalties are in very second-rate suburban neighborhoods — very likely the best they can afford. Divorces sprinkle the pages with brutal frequency, royal couples whom crowns or the prospect thereof once held together having apparently decided that if there is to be no crown there is no particular use in staying married. Where the change in rank has not led to divorce, it has very often led to the convent or the monastery.

*

KARL MARX, THE UNCO' GUID

IT is a scandalous fact — which all those yearning and earnest souls who style themselves 'advanced' do their best to hush up — that the patron saint of Bolshevism, Karl Marx, adored his wife through twenty years of married life. Like most blots on the 'scutcheon, this flaw in the Communist hero's life keeps popping out at embarrassing moments and three years ago in Moscow was the means of covering the redoubtable Madame Kollontai with dire confusion. It is

not ordinarily easy to cover Madame Kollontai with confusion — nor was safe either, in the days when Dzerzhinskii's Cheka cohorts were in active and undisguised operation.

The incident, which occurred at a very 'advanced' meeting in Moscow, is narrated by E. K. Kuskova, writing in the Russian refugee organ *Dni*, published in Berlin — whose readers, being unable to poke bayonets through the Bolsheviki, as they would like to, have to content themselves with poking fun at them. Kollontai was expounding her theories of Communist morals.

'Comrades,' she began, 'the hypocritical bourgeoisie often talk about what they call eternal — or at least very protracted — love. For instance they tell how John Stuart Mill loved a certain woman twenty years until he finally married her. . . . These are bourgeois tales. . . .'

'And how about Marx, then, who loved his wife all the twenty years he lived with her?' somebody interrupted in the plaintive tone of one who feels himself deeply aggrieved.

Kollontai showed great irritation and replied sharply: 'Comrades, you must not interrupt. What were you shouting, comrade?'

'Well, I *was* shouting! How do you account for the fact that Marx loved his wife all his life long?'

Kuskova looked at his neighbor, who was shaking with laughter and whispering: 'Fine! He got her fine!' Others also laughed and whispered. The satellites of Kollontai rose threateningly from their seats upon the platform. The chairman of the meeting requested silence. The deplorable affection existing between Marx and his wife remained without official explanation.

BOOKS ABROAD

Across the Sahara by Motor Car: From Touggourt to Timbuctoo. By G. M. Haardt and Louis Audouin-Dubreuil. With an Introduction by André Citroën and Illustrations by Bernard Boutet de Monvel. Translated from the French by E. E. Fournier d'Albe. London: Fisher Unwin, 1924. 12s. 6d.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE authors of this book were the leaders of the expedition that crossed the Sahara from Tugurt to Timbuktu and back again in the winter of 1922-23. The point of their achievement lies in its having been accomplished by caterpillar car and in such a way as to make the traverse of the desert henceforward no more than a matter of organization. They took five light cars of ten horsepower — each built to carry three persons — some 2000 miles in twenty days, and brought them all to Timbuktu in such condition that they were able to make a return journey that was not included in the original programme — a journey that was completed with the same mastery over the conditions as the first. They have sent the camel to join the Long Serpent; and the change they have brought about is more momentous, for the ship of the desert was more limited in scope than the ship with sails.

The war spurred the French to attempt what they have now achieved, and it was the development of mechanical traction during the war that made the feat possible. The war had brought home to them how much they depended on the resources of Equatorial Africa — not only in men, but in supplies of all sorts, from the oil of Senegal to the rubber of Guinea and the Congo. It had proved, too, that their colonial wealth could not be realized in time of need without the establishment of rapid, safe, and permanent communications between their various possessions in Africa. M. Citroën, the 'originator' of the car, contributes an introduction in which he describes its features and the elaborate and detailed preparations that he made to eliminate the risk of the expedition failing. The cars were equipped with 'an endless rubber band, a sort of moving rail, supple and resistant, which unrolls under the vehicle.' It is significant of sound workmanship that we hear no more of the rubber band except this further description:—

'While the pneumatic tire, even when doubled, digs into the sand without gripping it, and necessitates not only the employment of the shovel and the lever, but even mules and camels in difficult places, the caterpillar begins by heaping it up and planing it. And while it rolls

over it easily without jerk or effort, it pushes it behind in progressing over the surface. One may almost say that it makes its own road by passing over it. Thanks to its suppleness, the caterpillar behaves somewhat as does the wide soft foot of the dromedary, the most beautiful instrument adapted by nature herself to the friable and powdery soil of the dunes.'

The car was required to deal with other surfaces; we read of a car while on a steep slope being hurled on to a block of stones. The impact broke a driving pulley, but this and one similar accident — which kept the mechanics at repairs for several hours — were the only approach to a breakdown on the double journey. How smoothly and in what regular order the cars contrive to proceed may be gathered from the 'consternation' with which the pilot one night noticed 'an anomaly in the convoy.' The last car was exposing not its headlights but its red rear light — and that was diminishing! What could be the explanation? It was simple enough: the tired driver had gone to sleep at the wheel and the caterpillar had made for the north.

M. Citroën has every justification for describing the traverse as a 'triumph of French industry,' and he might have added that there was a triumph of French method in the clear-headed preliminary thinking which removed as far as possible all obstacles from the path of the machines. The two authors seem to have shared equally the duties and responsibilities of command. M. Haardt, the general manager of the Citroën factories, may be regarded as the engineer, and M. Audouin-Dubreuil as the navigator — he was a cavalry officer who, besides having experience of aviation, had made previous expeditions into the desert by motor-car. Just as the triumph was typically French, so is the ceremonial courtliness with which it is described. Where in a corresponding English book there would be references to past administrative muddles, in this there is nothing but praise for the work of France and her officials. The precautions taken were so effective that the party was never in imminent danger, but the authors describe with imagination the risks to which as desert travelers they exposed themselves. The most awe-inspiring is thirst:—

'It is a great shock to see the corpse of a person dead from thirst. It is a dried mummy. The skin has the color and consistency of leather, and is frequently covered with ulcers as if the body, burned by an inner fire, had in its agony opened new mouths to tell of its sufferings and ask for drink.'

The party had to rely on the water taken with it for the 800 miles of 'the Tanesrouft or Land of Thirst'; on either side of this forbidding district there were supporting columns based on wells. Then there are marauders who slip silently through the night on their tireless camels. To cross camel tracks was to redouble vigilance. Another danger was from the sandstorm. A danger peculiar to the enterprise rather than to the desert was being misled by local guides. The guides knew the country and were absolutely loyal, but they calculated by camel-time, not by distance, and the pace of the cars threw them out. But all difficulties were foreseen and overcome — with so much to spare that at all halting-places of consequence the explorers were able yet further to consider the prestige of France by stepping from the car clean-shaven and point-device.

The Government of France, by Joseph Barthélemy. Authorized translation by J. Bayard Morris (Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford). London: Allen & Unwin, 1924. 6s.

[*New Statesman*]

THERE are worse books, and there are also better books, than this on the French political system. M. Barthélemy gives us a pretty concise and clear account of the main branches of his subject. But he colors it a good deal with his own opinions, which are decidedly conservative. He believes that 'it may be said without irony of the French system of government that it is the envy of Europe.' He admits, indeed, that there are defects to be remedied; but a great many of his readers will demur to the reforms that he advocates or rejects. He has some doubts about the advisability of making the Senate a court of criminal jurisdiction, but he is satisfied with it as a political body, reactionary and obstructive though it is. He thinks, like M. Millerand, that the President of the Republic could render still greater service to the country than he now does if he had greater authority. He defends the centralizing tendencies of French administration, for he is all of a tremble lest local autonomy should degenerate into anarchy. He also defends secret diplomacy, and deprecates 'wild talk' about the necessity of the will of the people prevailing in international politics. 'The so-called people whose will is in question,' he observes, 'has become nothing more than the fiercest and rowdiest part of the nation.' Is not that also 'wild talk'?

The book, it should be said, was originally published in Paris in 1919, but M. Barthélemy has supplied the translator with new matter in

order to bring it up to date. There are, however, still one or two passages which had better have been excised — as this, for example: 'We are still far from knowing all the clauses in the treaties by which the Bolsheviks . . . have delivered Russia into the hands of Germany. Against the network of secret treaties which threatens to envelop her, France must be able to defend herself if necessary by other secret treaties.'

Is It Good English? by John o' London. London: Newnes, 1924. 2s.

[*Observer*]

'JOHN O' LONDON' is a most kindly, as well as a most entertaining, counselor upon the niceties of language, and his new book reasons out, patiently and luminously, a number of the commonest riddles of correct usage. In his general outlook the author is against what he calls the 'grammatician,' and holds that the standards of clearness and effect will always triumph over that of mechanical rule. He shows why the adherents of the latter are wrong in their objection to 'The tumult and the shouting dies,' because of 'the superior magnetism and emphasis of the singular verb,' and his exposition of several other divagations is equally commendable.

He is a little too tender, perhaps, to the split infinitive, holding that this construction may be admitted when the alternative is ambiguity or artificiality. But is this ever the case? 'John o' London' sanctions on this ground the sentence, 'With us outside the Treaty, we must expect the Commission to at least neglect our interests.' But is it not better to say: 'We cannot expect the Commission to bear our interests fully in mind?' 'Alright' is stigmatized as 'the most fusty, invalidish, picture-postcard misconcoction that has aspired to a place in the language.' In his warfare against such perversions and against 'phenomenal' one may wish all power to 'John o' London's' elbow.

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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BRITISH TRADE AND GERMAN RECOVERY

THE fact that the ratification of the Dawes Report happens to coincide with a seasonal setback in trade in Great Britain and a substantial increase in the number of unemployed, has caused gloomy forebodings as to the possible effect of German competition under the new arrangement. The *Economist* refuses to see the situation in a pessimistic light. As regards iron and steel, even the closest collaboration between France and Germany will do no more than restore the conditions that existed before the war, when Germany alone controlled the chief ore- and coke-producing region of the Rhine valley.

At present, wage-costs, both in Germany and in Lorraine, are low compared with this country, and in that respect the iron and steel industry may have to face a period of acute price competition. But this price-cutting is more likely to come from Lorraine than from Germany. In neither country, however, are the industrial leaders boiling for a fight. For two or three years past the iron and steel industries of England, France, and Germany have been within easy reach of an international understand-

ing. But hitherto politics have been the chief barrier; the time is ripe for endeavoring to revive the pre-war understanding between these industries.

Moreover, differences in wages alone are not the only factors in the situation. In the case of German producers they are handicapped by the exceedingly high rates that they have to pay for necessary floating capital.

While costs of production in Germany will be favorably affected by the wiping-out of old debts during the inflation era, they will be adversely influenced by limited sales at home, the high rate of interest, and heavy taxation — conditions which are likely to continue indefinitely. Therefore the *Economist* concludes: —

We see little likelihood of a reduction in German costs, for wages are much more likely to move up than down. To our pessimists these considerations may seem consoling, to us they have a different significance, for they suggest the reflection that the damage done to the mechanism of the world international trade by the disturbance of the last decade will not be remedied in a day. The signing of the London Agreement, and the putting into effect of the Dawes Report, will certainly not release a

sinister flood of German production; nor will it suddenly create purchasing power on the part of Germany. Our view, however, is that the immediate effect will be more good than bad, because it will improve Germany's credit and enable her to secure the means of making purchases abroad on a larger scale than has been possible recently. The loan to Germany is the most important means by which this increased purchasing power will be secured, but our expectation is that this will be supplemented by private credits which should now be advanced more freely.

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POLAND

It is as difficult as ever to discover a sure clue through the tortuous turns of Polish politics. Stanislaw Thugutt, leader of the Radical Peasant Party, the second largest group on the Sejm, and of the Parliamentary opposition, has called attention to his country's difficulties in a letter to *Wyzwolenie*, his party organ, and a more moderate article in the London *Labour Magazine*. He hastens to defend his country against the charges of military and imperialist ambition sometimes leveled against her. Speaking of the boundary problem he says:—

No one in Poland dreams of increasing the territory of the state by a single square mile, for, quite frankly, our minorities are too big even in present circumstances. On the other hand, even the most peacefully disposed democrat would be ready to give his life in defense of every inch of our soil, all the more so in view of the fact that the giving-up by Poland of White Russian territories or Eastern Galicia would not create an independent White Russia or Ukraine, but would merely increase the territory of Muscovite Russia.

Poland is prepared to satisfy the claims of her political minorities so far as this is possible without detriment to the unity of the state. But she is handicapped by misfortunes of inher-

itance. Mr. Thugutt tells his British readers:—

When considering the question of minorities in Poland it is necessary to remember that a century of oppression has made Polish national feeling very sensitive and irritable, and disposed to suspect danger even where there is none. It is impossible to languish in jail for 120 years without suffering both physical and spiritual damage. . . . Poland, who has passed through the school of the former Russian and German Empires, has no experience and very bad memories and models to work from. . . . As a democrat, I am deeply impressed by the way you have settled the Irish question, but I may, perhaps, be permitted to point out that this took a considerably longer time than the five years which are all we have had to-day as an independent state.

As regards Poland's relations with France, Mr. Thugutt is of the opinion that

It would be far better to safeguard the future of my country by raising the general level of international morality and strengthening the current of ideas of which the League is the symbol, rather than by separate alliances. It must, however, be recognized that we are still rather far from a state of things where public opinion alone would be enough to repress an outbreak of militant nationalism. Consequently I believe that the most important question for Poland to-day is not so much maintaining or cancelling any particular alliances, but gaining the confidence of the great nations of the world.

In his open letter to his own party journal, the same writer expresses himself less optimistically:—

At home the economic situation daily grows worse. The peasants suffer hunger; thousands of laborers are turned into the streets. Our foreign relations have rested for years on the frail reed of more or less worthless treaties, and we now wake up to the unpleasant fact that these treaties can be denounced at will. On our eastern border conditions exist that unless remedied will

end, within a few years, in an armed revolt that will either rob us of some of our provinces or drown us in a sea of blood.

La France Militaire begins a leading article with the statement: 'Never before have we had reason to be as concerned as now regarding Poland.' The reassuring side of the situation is the gradual economic betterment. 'But the morale of the nation is not painted too black,' says this journal, in the picture that Arthur Lavinski drew in the *Kurjer Poranny* last March: —

Our social life is poisoned by the venom of hatred and mutual distrust. We live in an era of base insinuation and suspicion; we lack moral standards by which to judge fairly men and their actions. One might say that our society has lost its sense of justice; ideals of dignity and honor have ceased to regulate the intercourse of men and parties. The conditions in which we live to-day cannot continue without disastrous consequences to the nation and the government.

All Poland is excited over a judicial inquiry into the activities of certain military societies — 'The Patriotic Polish Vigilantes,' the 'National Guard,' the 'Cracow Sharpshooters,' and the 'Polish Liberty Society,' of which Pilsudski is president. In the course of this inquiry Marshal Pilsudski imputed to General Szeptycki, Inspector-General of the Polish Army, responsibility for his arrest by the Germans in 1917. At that time General Szeptycki was Governor-General of the Austrian Zone of Congress Poland. Naturally this charge has caused violent dissensions in military circles.

Added to this, the Diet and the Senate are at loggerheads over the alleged intention of the Government to denounce the treaty protecting the national minorities, and serious disorders are reported in the frontier districts. *Robotnik* declares: 'All the border regions are in effervescence.' *Czas* echoes: 'The situation in our

frontier *voyevodies* is threatening.' At the same time banditry has assumed alarming proportions throughout the country.

This picture would seem quite hopeless were such pessimism not so conventional wherever Eastern Europe or the Balkans are to the fore. Perhaps after all the present gloom is explained largely by after-war 'vapors' — to use a term popular with our great-grandfathers.

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HERE'S YOUR HAT — DON'T HURRY

MR. TOKUTOMI KENJIRO, one of the foremost literary men in Japan, who was converted to Christianity forty years ago and remains a Tolstoian defender of the faith, has joined with other native Christian leaders, notably Mr. Uchimura, in urging American missionaries to return to their own country, since the Japanese are excluded from the United States. Mr. Kenjiro is a brother of the well-known editor of *Kokumin*, which is almost as jingoistic as the Hearst dailies in our own country. On war and peace, at least, the two brothers are as far apart as the poles in their opinions.

Mr. Kenjiro celebrated the conclusion of the fourth decade of his Christian life by a straightforward talk to our missionaries, published in Tokyo *Asahi*. We quote from the version of this message printed in the *Japan Weekly Chronicle*: —

'Dear American missionaries in Japan and Korea. — It is high time that you went home, where you are urgently needed. Gardeners sent to work in the neighbors' yards will find their own gardens covered with weeds upon returning.

'Dear America! What a naughty boy you are growing to be! Prosperity has spoiled you, you have grown too fat to retain your tender sensibilities. You

are too active, and have got out of control. You are dreaming of world domination and believe you can impose anything upon others with impunity. You want to be boss of the world, and you stick your nose into other people's affairs. You don't mean to be bad, after all, and you were born a good child. I love you all the same. But nevertheless you are too arrogant.

'You are going to be fast militarized. You helped Europe to strip the Kaiser of his uniform. Now who has put on his uniform? All the other peoples are looking with deep concern upon America, who is treading upon the fatal path which Germany rushed down before the European War. Militarism seems to be all the rage among your folk. You are giving military drill to your girls. Shame! You are making military preparations day and night. Against whom? Whom are you afraid of? Of Japan?

'Do you imagine that Japan will be afraid of you when you fill the air and seas with the myriad agencies of death? Force calls forth but force, and Japan is itself like a volcano. If you believe that you can coerce Japan, you are mistaken. If you dare to humiliate Japan, the volcano will explode to destroy the whole world. Your suspicion is only irritating Japan.

'Dear friends! Return to your own country and revive the true spirit of Christ among your fellow countrymen. Pacify them, and warn them of the danger to which your people are leading humanity. Teach them to be meek and humble in spirit, as the Great Teacher set an example before the world. You must remind your own people that it was not proud Goliath, armed to the teeth, who won the laurels, but it was the meek and humble David, a shepherd boy, with a sling and pebbles.

'Teach your own people not to slight their own brothers because of their color, smallness of stature, or smallness

of their country; that it is sin before God to treat brothers as inferiors because of the difference in their mode of living. Tell them of Christ reborn here and that it is Peace instead of the God of War who abides in the innermost sanctuary of the hearts of the Japanese people.

'You missionaries are expected to finish the work begun by Abraham Lincoln, and you surely have much to do in weeding your own garden. Can you say why you have to stay here when your own home gardens are rank with weeds?

'You have remained in Japan too long and spent too much money already — to help us, of course; but by your excessive protection you are making weaklings of Japanese Christians who should have been independent long ago. Of course I do not blame you for all these things. You are only too kind to us. I do not mean to say that we must separate because we have quarreled, or that we must separate to quarrel. The time has arrived when each of us must clear the beam from his own eye, or, to use our own saying, clear the snow away from our own gates. Each must come nearer to Christ.

'We want our American missionaries to return home and there to melt up all the heavy cannon to cast a statue of peace, to be erected, say, at the entrance to the Golden Gate. Japanese must do likewise, so that the whole world may witness a new era of eternal peace.'



CAUCUS DIPLOMACY

AMERICAN readers will recall that the press dispatches reported, on two successive days, the final breaking-off of negotiations between Great Britain and Russia and the signing of a treaty between those countries. Now Mr. E. D. Morel, the prominent Pacifist-Laborist who edits foreign affairs,

steps forth with a detailed account, in London *Forward*, of how certain Labor Members intervened at the critical moment to ensure agreement between the disputing parties. Moscow *Pravda* independently confirms Mr. Morel's version of what occurred.

It appears that a group of Labor Members held a meeting in the House of Parliament after the breakdown. They listened to what Rakovskii, the head of the Soviet Delegation, and Mr. Ponsonby, speaking for the British Cabinet, had to say. The group then consulted privately, and unanimously accepted the Soviet proposal and rejected the British proposal. This decision was conveyed to the Cabinet together with the threat of certain Labor Members to resign their seats and to fight by-elections on the issue of the treaty if the Government refused to sign. Thereupon the Cabinet capitulated to the aggressive coterie of Soviet supporters in its own following.

A WARRIOR'S RUSCULUM

TEN years have brought a pleasing change in the preoccupations of le Père Joffre. Following the example set by his illustrious juniors, Marshals Foch and Pétain, he has built himself a delightful country retreat on the heights of Louveciennes, near a spot once famous as the home of Madame du Barry. A Paris dispatch to the London *Morning Post* describes the General's place of retirement as

a spacious stone-built dwelling-place, all on one floor, like so many French country places, the centre of the main front being broken by a lofty circular portico standing on a broad pedestal, approached by steps and supported on four tall pillars. The site, and the grounds around it, have been cut out of the virgin forest itself.

'We have long yearned to retire into

the fields,' said Madame Joffre in chatting over the details of her new home a day or two ago, 'and one day our good friend, Dr. Truffier, brought us up here, which, as he truly said, was an absolutely unique spot in which to realize our dream.'

The house itself is a copy of the Château de Cardigan, near Bordeaux, which was built toward the end of the eighteenth century by the architect Louis. The entrance gates of wrought-iron came from the late General Maudhuy's château in Lorraine, the design being to a great extent a copy of the beautiful scrollwork embodied in the celebrated grilles of the Place Stanislat at Nancy.

'No, there will be no statues and no futile decorations,' added Madame Joffre, as she bent to continue her task of picking daisies. 'The Marshal and myself want our house to be as simple as our life has always been.'



AN ENGLISH STUDENT ON FRENCH SENTIMENT

AN English student in France writes to the London *Outlook* as follows:—

The Frenchmen of the middle and lower classes are by no means fond of the English. They only come in contact with the upper-class Englishman, who usually acts as if he were entirely unaware of their presence. They complain, as much to-day as ever, of the arrogance and aloofness of the English. Even the upper classes have not got much to say for us. There appears to be a decided preference for the Americans who, when in France, more or less follow French customs, a thing which the English never think of doing. They are resentful of England's attitude toward Germany, and are annoyed that England does not support them more energetically in their efforts to make Germany pay; and a few extremists even appear to think that England is actually betraying France. They do not like Englishmen flocking into France, taking advantage of the depreciation of the franc, but, if they do come, they expect them to spend plenty of money, in order that the country may at least reap some advantage from their presence. The lower-class

Frenchmen, who understand next to nothing about finance, are annoyed with England for the simple reason that one pound is worth eighty francs. They appear quite to like the Americans, who are more liberal with their money and less aloof. Indeed the Americans appear to be considerably more popular in France than in England.

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MINOR NOTES

SOME light may be thrown upon the operations of Chang Tso-lin, the Mukden dictator, by the rumors published in Tokyo papers to the effect that a secret agreement has been concluded between him and Count Kodama, Governor of Kwantung Province in the Japanese leased territory. These negotiations are said to cover a wide range, and to be designed to solve many outstanding problems between Japan and China in Manchuria. Simultaneously the jingoistic press in Tokyo deplores Japan's weakened position in that province, and takes a rather critical attitude toward Chang Tso-lin

himself. *Kokumin* predicted early in August that if Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu should reach an agreement Chang's attitude toward Japan would become more boldly hostile.

No more gondolas in Venice! The Government has ordered that all boats of every character plying the canals shall be equipped with electric engines within the next twenty months. The motors will be provided and fitted by a local electric firm. It has also been ordered that horse cabs in Rome must discontinue service within five years and be replaced by motor-cars. Apparently this edict applies only to public conveyances; but there are almost no private gondolas remaining in Venice, so the gondolier with his single oar promises soon to become only a romantic figure of the past. Commenting upon this order, the *Manchester Guardian* says: 'What a thing it is to have a Government which knows what is good for you so much better than you know yourself.'

EUROPE'S YANKEE
MESSIAH



Mr. Hughes with ledger, 'European Debts,' and scroll, 'Dawes Plan.' — *Moscow Pravda*

GERMAN FASCISTI INVADE
WEIMAR



Goethe's statue to Schiller: 'This is evidently no place for a dark-haired, black-eyed cosmopolitan, born in Jewish Frankfurt.' — *Vorwärts*

THE EMPIRE'S ENFANT
TERRIBLE AND THE
CROWN



Royalty in ermine. — *Sydney Bulletin*

GERMANY THINKS IT OVER

From *Frankfurter Zeitung*, August 1

(LIBERAL DAILY)

TEN years of torment have made us forget what the world was like before the catastrophe befell us. We cannot bring back the feelings of the old days. We see everywhere, even in the seats of authority, men too young to understand what the world was like before the deluge because their minds have been moulded by the privations and hardships of a later age.

Talleyrand once said, when he was an old man: 'He who did not grow up before the French Revolution has never tasted the sweetness of life.' To be sure, life was no dream of unalloyed pleasure before 1914, but when we look back upon those sunnier years how incredibly blessed they seem with abundance, action, and apparent security!

Yet the most remarkable characteristic of that age was the suddenness with which it terminated. Its radiant horizon turned pitchy black within a few days. The war has begotten a flood of literature in every country, but no poet has pictured the frightful tension of the last week between Austria's ultimatum and the actual beginning of hostilities, when every eye stared appalled at the giant form of Moloch rising before it. Horror at the inevitable seized us, as in the Greek tragedy where the murderers have the victim in their house, and the mob outside mutters, with scowling faces: 'Now it comes, the axe swings over his neck.'

We must not let ourselves be diverted from the search for the causes that lie behind this awful decree of fate. Such a search is imperative. The brand of guilt must be set upon the guilty. Above all, it is unworthy of us Germans, in our present abyss of national

misfortune, to regard the past merely with a feeling of impotent wrath. 'Had it not been for Isvolskii! Had it not been for Poincaré!'

Individuals played their petty parts on the stage, but the catastrophe goes far deeper than the evil purposes of a few dozen or a few hundred individuals. Let us not debase the tragedy to the level of a criminal trial.

What we used to call Europe ceased to exist, in a political sense, with the war. We still hope that the European nations may ultimately establish acceptable and livable relations with each other which will save their imperiled civilization from extinction. But the old-time Europe of our former statesmen was something more than this. In the opinion of her inhabitants, she represented the last stage of social evolution. She led the rest of the world in technical progress, in military strength, in economic and financial advancement. All the remainder of the globe lay at her feet — provided only that the members of this Arcopagus were able to maintain peace among themselves.

But what was that Europe in reality? A loose union of a few neighboring 'Great Powers,' as the nations called themselves. The centre of gravity of the civilized world lay within the London-Petrograd-Rome triangle, a tiny space indeed compared with the habitable globe. Within these narrow confines life reached a richness and complexity unprecedented in the history of mankind. A republic of powerful and warlike Governments is a very unusual phenomenon in history, as it is likewise unusual for a single Power to exercise sovereignty over a large share of the

earth's surface and to refuse other Powers the right to live beside her.

This Great Power did not insist upon ruling from a single centre her subordinate territories—indeed she might permit them to develop into independent States; but she would not allow her vassals to have a foreign policy of their own, or to possess armaments that she did not approve.

Well over a score of centuries ago, a Persian 'King of Kings' ruled despotically over all western and central Asia. The caliphs of Islam made their word law over the Moslem population of three continents. To-day a President, chosen by his people, directs from Washington the affairs of half a hemisphere. In each instance a certain community of culture has defined the geographical limits to this rule. A similar hope filled Europe—recall Dante—for centuries. But neither the German Kaisers of the Middle Ages nor the French rulers from Louis XIV to Napoleon managed to bring our restless continent under a single sway. The idea of one nation subordinate to another has always been intolerable to Europeans.

The presence of several highly developed and strongly individualized nationalities within a comparatively restricted area gave a unique character to European life. Omitting Russia and the Balkans, which did not strictly belong to the old Europe, ten or twelve entirely distinct and intently self-conscious national cultures—each with its own tongue, mental traits, and literature, and for the most part with an independent genealogy reaching back for many centuries—dwelt together within this narrow area. Nevertheless these various national minds were organically associated, and it is no longer possible to say how much any one of them had been influenced by its neighbors.

Narrow nationalists are to be found

in every country who imagine their particular race owes all that it is to itself alone. The bigoted Aryan superstition, still popular in Germany, is nothing more than a naive modern version of the old dogma of a chosen people, a dogma that is as ancient as history and is confined to no zone or climate. The typical attitude of the Western mind, however, is just the reverse of this: it recognizes that intimate intercourse among neighboring nations is vital to the progress of peoples. We need only to recall the American conception, as voiced in Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. There we find vivid consciousness of an all-embracing human brotherhood from New York to the Mississippi, and beyond to California—everywhere the same rhythm, the same heartbeat, the same thought, speech, and action. This world-wide catholicity, which the Russians also knew in their better days, is not granted to the western European, confined as he is within narrow frontiers; but his very limitation adds intensity and multiplicity to his spiritual and intellectual intercourse with neighboring countries. The tree whose crowded branches cannot thrust themselves forth from the trunk only lifts its top the higher in the air.

But this biological law of Europe's idealism constantly conflicts with the innate egoism of her peoples. The trend of political, economic, and intellectual evolution toward larger and more powerful groups, especially during the nineteenth century, completely subordinated the sense of European symbiosis, the conception that all nations ought by right to live together in complete equality. Nationalism was exalted into a religion that would tolerate no other gods but itself, and which, rather than recognize them, would burst the world asunder.

The immediate cause of the Great

War was the imperilment of Austria, whose precarious existence Germany's leaders felt bound to guarantee. Austria, a mosaic of many peoples but still a powerful empire only a century ago, was shattered to fragments by the explosive force of nationalism. The old idea of 'Powers' that were to hold everything together ceased to be understood or recognized.

Many consider the economic imperialism rampant among the great nations of Europe before the war responsible for that catastrophe. The thirst for dominion that burned in the blood of great military States did indeed receive a mighty stimulus from highly developed industries. We do not have to hunt far to find abundant examples of overwrought business imaginations that unscrupulously played with the idea of sacrificing millions of human lives to win iron and coal and petroleum deposits. Nevertheless, it is doubtful if this was the chief cause of the war. Not that statesmen were too tender-hearted to barter blood for coal, but cool calculation taught them that such a dangerous speculation would not pay. Conscience and reason were both silent, however, when the nationalism men had deified proclaimed its will.

Three national antipathies set the world on fire; between Germany and France, between Germany and the Slavs, and between Germany and England. The two former sprang wholly from mutual hatred. The enmity between Germany and England was born of imperialist ambitions, but persistent and not unpromising efforts had been made at reconciliation. Shortly before the outbreak of the war an important colonial agreement was reached between these two Powers that would have satisfied Germany's needs for overseas expansion for a long time to come if the world had remained at peace. Only in respect to her fleet

would England make no compromise, because that was a question where the English — as the Germans never fully understood — believed their national existence was at stake. All that England is she owes to sea power. That truth is indelibly imprinted upon the mind of the nation.

Old Europe's political boundaries were badly drawn because they had been determined by previous wars without regard to the just rights of defeated nations; but the World War has not radically reformed them. The national feelings of the conquered, above all of the Germans, have been brutally disregarded, as at an earlier period the sentiment of Poland was disregarded. There is a difference, however, between the two injustices. One hundred years ago Poland was a backward, illiterate country, a majority of whose people were agricultural serfs. To partition her was bad enough; but it was far worse to partition a land with a high civilization, whose people can all read and think for themselves and will ever nurse sullen resentment in their hearts. Hatred, bitterness, and fear have not been diminished in Europe by the war; they have but deepened and spread.

The hope that the minority of 'good Europeans' will be able to purify the political atmosphere of the continent promises little. What other prospect is there? An ancient and evil Latin proverb, which the champions of force used so often to quote to us, runs: 'What medicine will not cure, iron will cure; what iron will not cure, fire will cure.' We have used iron and fire as they were never used before, and all the world beholds what kind of cure they wrought. Perhaps the proverb should be amended thus: 'And what fire will not cure, famine will cure.' Our common poverty may teach us our common brotherhood. A community of the empty pocket may precede a community of mankind.

While we still chatter about conquerers and conquered, the cool-headed observer in America sees Europe as a uniform morass of misery. The keen, calculating eye of Wall Street surveys us through its telescope, and ponders whether we are worth a further investment of good dollars. So the mutual understanding that we Europeans could not reach of our own accord is forced upon us by foreign capitalists as the first condition of their assistance. American finance sees Europe as a unit. It has no time to waste over our national controversies. The Old World is impoverished, to be sure, but is not so utterly beyond recovery as to be entirely unworthy of credit. Therefore the order of the day is: 'Unite — then you will get money.'

This is a path, to be sure, that the thinkers and seers of Europe never contemplated. What a distance we have traveled between the world monarchy of which Dante dreamed, whose imperial arbiter was to bring peace and justice to the tormented Occident, and the soulless and matter-of-fact Consolidated Europe, Ltd., that Pierpont Morgan figures will offer safe security for a general mortgage under American control!

Not an inspiring thought, indeed, but even this is better than utter raggedness and destitution. In time we may pay up our debts — a long time, to be sure — and meanwhile the aspect of the world is ever changing. America grows richer in men and physical wealth. Other regions of the globe move forward, while Europe grows relatively smaller, weaker, and poorer.

Yet it is absurd to prophesy that for this reason our old European seats of culture are doomed to moulder beneath a shroud of American capitalism. What is good and vital in that culture will survive, and it does vigorously survive to-day in Sweden and Holland. Those lands in their day did also make a great noise in the world with cannon and warships, and they too were taught by the convincing logic of events that a policy of force does not pay. Yet they remain vigorous nations. Europe, who had waxed too fat, is grown lean again, and perhaps healthier in the process; but she cannot endure if she remains divided against herself, as every hour teaches us anew. Yet neither the sword nor reason will prevail upon her to unite. Hence she passes into an American receivership.

PRIMO DE RIVERA

BY MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

From *Arbeiter Zeitung*, August 12
(VIENNA CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST DAILY)

[MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO, our readers will recall, is the distinguished Spanish Liberal and man of letters who was exiled to a barren island in the Atlantic by the Military Directory and later rescued by a French expedition.]

CONDITIONS in Spain must appear so remarkable to European observers as to make them ask, as we Spaniards likewise do, how it was possible for a man of the type of Primo de Rivera to seize control of the government and maintain himself in power.

Who is this Primo de Rivera? Does he represent anything or nothing? I should be tempted to say that he is a talentless Alcibiades, but I fear this would not be clear. To put it more plainly, he is a sport, a woman-chaser, a gambler, who happened on the idea of trying his luck in politics. What made him do it? A craving for notoriety, to hear himself talked about, and at the same time to better himself financially. He had squandered a large part of his children's patrimony and wished to recover it.

He is the nephew of Don Fernando Primo de Rivera, the first Marquis d'Estella. He followed his uncle to the Philippine Islands and began his military career there under most favorable auspices. When Don Fernando concluded peace with Aguinaldo, the Filipino leader, young Miguel Primo de Rivera stood at his side in the neat uniform of a lieutenant-colonel. His military fame rested upon that.

And he remained so utterly unknown

outside of Spain that on the twelfth of September, 1923, when he seized power, several foreign newspapers supposed he was his deceased uncle.

'Miguelito' — 'Little Mike,' as he was called in spite of his ample girth — was hardly better known at home than abroad. He spent most of his time in the pursuit of pleasure, in gambling-halls, clubs, and less respectable resorts. He was not a familiar figure in the barracks. The fact that he was the nephew of a military cacique, and owed his position to favoritism, made him anything but popular among his military colleagues, who are mostly of bourgeois origin. When the Army juntas, the officers' committees, tried to abolish family favoritism in the Army and Navy, and the whole system of irregular promotions and assignments, Miguelito naturally took the other side. This increased his unpopularity among professional soldiers.

Subsequently he went to Morocco where, with the reckless imprudence of a gambler, he contributed to the serious defeat of the Spanish forces at Fondac. If General Berenguer had not come promptly to his rescue he would have lost not only his military reputation but his life. But Primo managed to bluff himself out of this affair successfully. He sedulously 'worked' the officers on the court-marshal so as to be sure, as he personally told an acquaintance, of having at least one protector on that body. By these tactics he contrived to be exonerated.

Subsequently he was Military Gov-

ernor of Cadiz, and later Captain-General of Madrid. He likewise became a Senator. He advocated Spain's giving up Morocco and exchanging her territories there for Gibraltar. As a result, he had to resign temporarily his post in the Army.

Then he was appointed Captain-General of Catalonia, at a time when no one else could be found to accept the office. He proved an evil genius also in that position. I do not propose to discuss the scandals of his private life, but merely his political career. When the great strike of the transport workers occurred, Primo de Rivera prevented the civilian authorities from settling the dispute by mediation. He urged the employers to resist to the last, and blocked every effort at a peaceful compromise although the workers were ready to welcome such a measure. The Liberal Cabinet then in power decided to remove an official, who made it his business to aggravate class hatred, but the King backed up the General, and supported the military clique against the civilian authorities.

Primo de Rivera now flattered the Army caste and encouraged military usurpation and aggression. When a noncommissioned officer, who had taken part in a military uprising on the Island of Malaga, was about to be pardoned, Primo de Rivera telegraphed the Minister of War protesting that the Army would regard such an act as subversive to military discipline. On another occasion, however, when the Spanish Government was about to execute certain Moorish prisoners for committing atrocities, Primo telegraphed the Government that the Army would consider these executions a disgrace to the service. His other acts and opinions have been equally inconsistent and contradictory.

The future Dictator became a candidate for Senator on the Liberal ticket. The Government, wearied of his intrigues and stupidities, opposed his election. Primo de Rivera thereupon promptly swapped horses and became a bitter opponent of the Liberals. He now came out as the great enemy of the politicians. His principal complaint against them was that they opposed a military campaign which the general staffs of both the Army and Navy had themselves condemned as badly planned and imprudent.

This is the kind of man who now governs Spain. How was it possible for him to make himself its Dictator — albeit he has nothing to dictate, and his office is largely futile for that reason?

The Army wanted to set General Aguilera at its head, but that gentleman, after taking counsel with the leader of the Conservative Party, Sanchez Guerra, sacrificed the opportunity. This pleased the King, because he knew that Aguilera was determined that those responsible for the Morocco disaster should be unsparingly exposed, and that he would not halt even at the footsteps of the throne if the trail lay there. Such a complete clearing-up of the scandal must be avoided at all costs. But there was no general of ability and standing who would consent to exculpate the guilty, no one who was ready to overthrow the Government at the behest of the King; thereupon Primo seized the opportunity and placed himself at his sovereign's disposal. His proffer was accepted under the condition that he should not retain power more than three months and that he should defend the dogma that 'the King can do no wrong' under the Constitution.

HOW I SCULPTURED THE KING OF SPAIN

BY FRANÇOIS COGNÉ

From *L'Illustration*, August 16
(PARIS ILLUSTRATED LITERARY WEEKLY)

April 22. — This morning I left my hotel quite early and strolled about the streets of Madrid. At two o'clock I arrived at the royal palace, although my engagement was not until three. This gave me plenty of time to examine the architecture of the buildings, the work of Sacchetti, who built them in the eighteenth century. At three o'clock the Marquis de Torrès arrived to take me to the royal apartments. During our passage through the various galleries, soldiers would bang their lances on the ground, making them reverberate on the floor of the flagstone court. We passed through some admirable rooms, and I was left by the Marquis in the ambassadorial hall. The King appeared in a few minutes with a bright smile on his face. As I bowed he gripped my hand firmly and said, 'Good morning, M. Cogné, how are you?' as if he had known me for a long time. I thanked him for the honor he was doing me, and expressed how much I was touched with his reception and how happy I was that he had chosen me to make his bust. I asked him to be so good as to pose so that I could make a few sketches and preliminary measurements.

'Is the light all right?' he asked me. 'Would you like me to go somewhere else?'

He sat down on a red bench with a superb piece of tapestry behind it. Soon we were talking. I told him how much he was liked in France, and how we regretted not being able to see him more often. He was very pleased and

talked to me of Bordeaux, which he thought a very handsome city, of its museums and its inhabitants, of Biarritz, and of Saint-Jean-de-Luz. He added: 'Yesterday I recognized you at once in church.'

'But, your Majesty, you placed me almost next you.'

'True enough, I wanted to see you. Did you mark me well?' These were his very words.

He always laughs when he talks, and I made a hasty sketch of him and took a few measurements.

When I was through, the King asked me to choose what room I should like to work in. I took the Salletta Gasparini, near a great bay-window through which the light streams in. The King authorized me to photograph and arrange the apartments in any way that I pleased, kindly adding that he would be at my service for sittings; and then, taking my arm, he played the part of guide and took me all over the palace.

He stayed for some time in the throneroom, the ceiling of which is admirably painted by Tiepolo, and told me a few anecdotes.

'You see,' he said, 'those two chairs beside the throne? The one on the left I found in the cellar where I was looking for something entirely different. It was certainly used by one of my ancestors. I have had it remounted, cleaned, and re-covered with the same red tapestry that is on the walls. That chair is for the Queen. I have had another one like it made for me,

and on its arms two heads have been sculptured. Are n't they handsome?

'Those four lions remind me of an amusing story about when I was five years old and was making my first appearance at Court. Behind the chairs were all the ambassadors from all over the world; on the right and left stood the most important people in Spain — princes and grandes. I was intensely bored. After discreetly yawning several times, I quietly slid out of my chair and with a single leap I jumped on the back of one of the lions. Profound silence ensued. The reading of a decree was interrupted, and one of the functionaries took hold of me gently and tried to lift me back in my chair; but I huddled up and grabbed hold of my lion as if it were a rocking-horse.'

He gave a burst of laughter and continued: —

'The solemn courtiers on either hand lost their dignity, smiles and smothered laughter followed; only the Royal Family remained serene.'

Still laughing, he added, 'You can imagine what I got that night!'

The King led me on still farther, making me admire each room and everything in it. Above all, he is a real connoisseur and a subtle critic. In front of certain furniture in bad taste he excused himself by saying, 'You see, I have respect for the traditions of my family, and I am forced to save all this stuff.'

We both admired the Goyas, certainly the finest in Spain.

We passed through the King's private room, the walls of which were covered with trophies of the chase. Here the sportsman revealed himself. There were English engravings of horse races, bronze soldiers, a bust of Napoleon on the desk, and a box of cigars and cigarettes the size of a trunk.

In the bedroom the copper bedstead

is canopied with red silk, and there are little windows in the corners above the head; but the three pictures in front of it made the greatest impression on me. I approached. They were three French canvases by Detaille. I could not help saying, 'Your Majesty, I am profoundly touched to see that you are so fond of our artists that when you open your eyes every morning it is French art that greets them.'

The King replied in a grave tone: 'I love France — she is beautiful. I love her for herself and for everything that she produces.'

My visit lasted two hours. We came back slowly through the same rooms, when the King turned to me and said: 'What is your programme now? Are you free? Well, come to the country with me — it will do you good. I am going to play polo.'

He disappeared laughing and gave orders to the Marquis de Torrès for a limousine to take us out to the polo field. When we arrived there, I had the honor of being presented to Her Majesty the Queen, who is an extremely beautiful woman. Her face was framed in a delightful straw hat, a scarf of white silk was laid across her shoulders, and she wore a ravishing mauve dress; but I was most of all seduced by her blue eyes of marked clearness and frankness. How inadequately the photographs that I have seen of her have been able to communicate the charm that radiates from her face!

Her Majesty talked to me about France, about my visit, and about my future work. She spoke the language perfectly without any accent, like a real Parisienne. We watched the fierce struggle of the players. The King with great audacity was riding the fastest of all.

Soon the Queen retired to a pavilion in the English style, followed by her ladies of honor. A few moments later

the Marquis de Torrès invited me to join them and have some tea. Her Majesty asked me to sit down at her right.

She spoke of everything — theatres, expositions, bullfights.

'Have you seen Raquel Meller in *Violettes impériales*?' she asked me. 'It is a good film, but the scenario is inaccurate. A Queen cannot go out without her ladies of honor — it is the custom of the Court.'

April 23. — I have been put to considerable inconvenience, for the room in which I have been working, which opens into the throneroom, is lit only by three bay-windows; and the light that comes through them is so dazzling that it blinds me. Another serious drawback is that the modeling clay is like putty — the same smell, the same color, and the same consistency.

While working I felt as if I were communicating with the past, with the ancestors of the King; and I imagined that I saw again the wonderful portrait of Philip IV, by Velásquez. He had the same solid neck, the same protruding sensual lower lip, the same eyelids.

The King said to me the other day: 'People find me ugly, but that is my inheritance.'

I protested — he is not ugly. He has character and great nobility in his features and his bearing. His forehead is handsome, his Bourbon nose is finely modeled at its base, his ears are small. The trouble is that his lower lip protrudes; but I cannot help repeating that he looks astonishingly like Philip II and Philip IV.

April 24. — At eleven o'clock I came to the Royal Palace, where I found everything in order, my basins washed out, and my equipment ready. I took off my vest, put on my gloves, and uncovered the bust. How loamy

the clay was, and how blinding the light!

I glanced out into the courtyard. Some soldiers below struck up a number of French military airs, as if they had been waiting for me. At about two o'clock I felt that there was no one in the neighboring halls and thought I might profit by visiting them at my leisure and taking down a few notes. His Majesty was having lunch. I myself do not eat in the middle of the day, but work until I am tired out.

When I returned to my labors, I suddenly looked behind me. The King had just appeared unexpectedly. He laughed at the surprise that I showed.

'I am astonished, your Majesty. I did not expect the honor of seeing you.'

I rushed to put on my vest, but he would not let me and seized me by the hand. 'How are things going with you this morning, M. Cogné?'

And in one of the corners of the room the King took his position for his pose. I made a few measurements while he talked to me.

'How did you like the polo game?'

'Splendid, your Majesty, but dangerous.'

'Oh no, you often get a crack with the mallet; I have been hit six times near my eye, but it does n't amount to anything. I much prefer such trifles to the inflammation of the lungs that you get from dancing. Polo is excellent exercise; in order to work well you have got to play games, and you sleep better, too. Lately I have been going to bed early.'

'I have noticed, your Majesty, that Spaniards are very fond of sports; they like Rugby and football as well as horse-racing.'

'Yes, that is especially true of Seville where, on some occasions, they have had to call off a bullfight for lack of spectators because it fell on the same day as the Rugby match.'

'Yesterday, your Majesty, I went to a bullfight.'

'How did you like it?'

'I found the spectacle diverting for one thing, and for another I enjoyed watching the demeanor of the crowd and the motions of the men who were risking their lives. That I enjoyed. I may add, however, that though I pitied the bull I was most of all sorry for the death of the horses, because I saw several of them killed.'

Meanwhile the King smoked and chuckled. 'Am I a good model?'

'Yes, your Majesty. I have had much more restless models than you, men who won't hold a pose and who keep watching me work, others who read or walk up and down so that I am obliged to run along after them.'

'How did you find the Pope?'

'The Pope read his breviary. Now and then he would raise his head to pray and lift his eyes to Heaven. At those moments I would work the hardest. He was a good model.'

'And Lyautey?'

'Oh! Marshal Lyautey smoked, walked about, and received callers. He was a very difficult subject.'

'Why did they kick him out?'

'Why, your Majesty, he has not been fired. He is sick and has come back to France to rest, but there is no question of his abandoning his post.'

I added: 'What a splendid and imposing figure he is in the history of Morocco! What a genius! What a scientist, and also what an artist, what a man of letters, and what an organizer!'

'Yes,' the King replied. 'I was very sorry that he left, as much for Morocco's sake as for ours. He is the kind of organizer who is not always desirable,

for he has a way of speaking the truth rather too brutally, but at the same time he is a real gentleman. Is n't that so?' he added, addressing a colonel who was watching me work.

'Yes, your Majesty, I shall always remember him, in all the dealings we had together, as a perfect gentleman.'

I began to feel that my model had had enough. So I put on my waistcoat, and we made a tour of the galleries.

April 26. — The King is going to take the train, and we are to set out for France together.

The station, with a red carpet laid in it, was full of prominent people, officials, churchmen in red and purple robes, generals in parade dress, and uniforms on all sides. The King appeared in a simple business suit, soft shirt, and a soft hat over one ear.

As the train whistled, he shook hands, bowed, and jumped nimbly on the car platform. The spectators shouted: '*Viva el rey!*'

In the car that is carrying us I think about what a pleasant trip I have had. In my imagination I review the scenes that I have witnessed in the past few days. I think especially of the King, of his simplicity, of his pleasantness, of his lively intelligence, and of his gay spirits.

Soon after eating in the dining-car, he said to me quietly, 'Is the bust aboard?'

'Yes, your Majesty.'

'What a shame it is not colored; for it looks so much like me you could stick it out of the door and I should be saved the trouble of having to appear in the stations where the authorities are waiting for me.'

CHINESE ILLUSTRATED IN VERSE

BY KU HUNG-MING

[THIS essay is selected from a second edition of a collection of papers by this distinguished Chinese scholar, published at Peking in 1922, under the title, *The Spirit of the Chinese People*.]

ALL foreigners who have tried to learn Chinese say that it is a very difficult language. But is Chinese really difficult? Before we answer this question, let us understand what we mean by the Chinese language. There are, as everybody knows, two languages — I do not mean two dialects — in China: the spoken and the written language. Now, by the way, does anyone know the reason why the Chinese insist upon having these two distinct spoken and written languages? I will here give you the reason. In China, as it was at one time in Europe when Latin was the learned or written language, the people are properly divided into two distinct classes, the educated and the uneducated. The colloquial or spoken language is the language for the use of the uneducated, and the written language is for the use of the really educated. In this way half-educated people do not exist in this country. That is the reason, I say, why the Chinese insist upon having two languages.

Now think of the consequences of having half-educated people in a country. Look at Europe and America to-day. In Europe and America — since, from the disuse of Latin, the sharp distinction between the spoken and the written language has disappeared — there has arisen a class of half-educated people who are allowed to use the same language as the really educated people, who talk of

civilization, liberty, neutrality, militarism, and Panslavism without in the least understanding what these words really mean. People say that militarism is a danger to civilization. But to me it seems that the half-educated man, the mob of half-educated men in the world to-day, is the real danger to civilization. But that is neither here nor there.

Now to come to the question: Is Chinese a difficult language? My answer is, yes and no. Let us first take the spoken language. The Chinese spoken language, I say, is not only not difficult, but, as compared with the half-dozen languages that I know, the easiest language in the world, except Malay. Spoken Chinese is easy because it is an extremely simple language without case, without tense, without regular and irregular verbs; in fact without grammar, or any rules whatever. But people have said to me that Chinese is difficult just because of its simplicity; just because it has no rules or grammar. That, however, cannot be true. Malay, like Chinese, is also a simple language without grammar or rules, and yet Europeans who learn it do not find it difficult. Thus in itself, and for the Chinese people, colloquial or spoken Chinese at least is not a difficult language. But for the educated Europeans who have come to China even colloquial or spoken Chinese is a very difficult language; and why? Because spoken or colloquial Chinese is, as I said, the language of uneducated men — in fact the language of a child. Now, as a proof of this, we all know how easily European children learn colloquial or spoken Chinese, while learned philologists and

Sinologues insist on saying that Chinese is so difficult. Colloquial Chinese, I say again, is the language of a child. My first advice, therefore, to my foreign friends who want to learn Chinese is 'Become as little children.' You will then not only enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but you will also be able to learn Chinese.

We now come to the written or book language — written Chinese. But here, before I go further, let me say there are also different kinds of written Chinese. The missionaries class these under two categories and call them 'easy *wen li*' and 'difficult *wen li*.' But that, in my opinion, is not a satisfactory classification. The proper classification, I should think, would be 'plain-dress' written Chinese, 'official-uniformed' Chinese, and 'full court-dress' Chinese.

Now many foreigners have called themselves, or have been called, Chinese scholars. Writing on Chinese scholarship, some thirty years ago, I said: 'Among Europeans in China, the publication of a few dialogues in some provincial patois or the collection of a hundred Chinese proverbs at once entitles a man to call himself a Chinese scholar. There is, of course, no harm in a name and, with the extraterritoriality clause in the treaty, an Englishman in China may with impunity call himself Confucius, if so it pleases him.' Yet how many foreigners who call themselves Chinese scholars have any idea of what an asset of civilization is stored up in that portion of Chinese literature which I have called the literature in full court-dress Chinese? I say an asset of civilization, because I believe that this Chinese literature will be able one day to transform even rude savage men with the fighting instincts of wild animals into peaceful, gentle, and civil persons. And the object of civilization, as Ruskin says,

is to make over mankind into civil persons who will do away with coarseness, violence, brutality, and fighting.

But is the written Chinese a difficult language? My answer is, yes and no. I say the written or literary Chinese, for even what I have called full court-dress Chinese is not difficult, because, like spoken or colloquial Chinese, it is extremely simple. Allow me to show you by an average specimen taken at random how extremely simple written Chinese is even when it is decked out in full court-dress. The specimen I take is a poem of four lines from the poetry of the Tang dynasty describing what sacrifices the Chinese people had to make in order to protect their civilization against the wild, half-civilized, fierce Huns from the North. The words of the poem translated into English verbatim mean: —

Swear sweep the Huns not care self,
Five thousand sable embroidery perish desert
dust;
Alas! Wuting riverside bones,
Still are spring chambers dream inside men!

A free English version of the poem is something like this: —

They vowed to sweep the heathen hordes
From off their native soil or die:
Five thousand tasseled knights, sable-clad,
All dead now on the desert lie.
Alas! the cold white bones that bleach
Far off along the Wuting stream,
Still come and go as living men
Home somewhere in a loved one's dream.

Now, if you will compare it with my poor clumsy English version, you will see how plain in words and style, how simple in ideas, the original Chinese is. How plain and simple in words, style, and ideas: and yet how deep in thought, how deep in feeling it is.

In order to have an idea of this kind of Chinese literature — deep thought and deep feeling in extremely simple language — you will have to read the Hebrew Bible. The Hebrew Bible is one of the deepest books in all the lit-

erature of the world, and yet how plain and simple it is in language. Take this passage for instance: 'How is the faithful city become an harlot! . . . Thy princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves: every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards: they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them.' Or this other passage from the same prophet: 'I will give children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them. And the people shall be oppressed, every one by another, and every one by his neighbour: the child shall behave himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honourable.' What a picture! The picture of the awful state of a nation or people as we see it in China to-day. In fact, if you want to have literature which can transmute men, can civilize mankind, you will have to go to the literature of the Hebrew people or of the ancient Greeks or to the Chinese literature. But Hebrew and Greek are now dead languages, whereas Chinese is a living language — the language of four hundred million people still living to-day.

But now to sum up what I want to say about the Chinese language. Spoken Chinese, as well as written Chinese, is in one sense a very difficult language. It is difficult not because it is complex. Many European languages such as Latin and French are difficult because they are complex and have many rules. Chinese is difficult, not because it is complex, but because it is deep. It is hard to master because it is an instrument for expressing deep feeling in simple diction. That is the secret of the difficulty of the Chinese language. In fact, as I have said elsewhere, Chinese is a language of the heart — a poetical language. That is the reason why even a simple letter in prose written in

classical Chinese reads like poetry. In order to understand written Chinese, especially what I call full court-dress Chinese, you must have your full nature — the heart and the head, the soul and the intellect — equally developed.

It is for this reason that, for people with a modern European education, Chinese is especially difficult, because that education develops principally only part of a man's nature — his intellect. In other words, Chinese is difficult for such a man because Chinese is a deep language and modern European education, which aims more at quantity than quality of knowledge, is apt to make a person shallow. Finally, for half-educated people even the spoken language, as I have indicated, is difficult. Of half-educated people it may be said — as was once said of rich men — it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for them to understand high classical Chinese, and for this reason: because written Chinese is a language for the use of only really educated people. In short, written Chinese, classical Chinese, is difficult because it is the language of really educated people and real education is a difficult thing to acquire, since, as the Greek proverb says, 'all beautiful things are the fruit of great labor.'

But before I conclude let me here give another specimen of written Chinese to illustrate what I mean by the simplicity and depth of feeling to be found even in the minor classical tongue, in the literature written in official-uniformed Chinese. It is a poem of four lines by a modern poet, written on New Year's eve. The words translated verbatim mean: —

Don't say home poor pass year hard,
North wind has blown many times cold,
Next year peach willow hall front trees
Pay-back you spring light full eyes see.

A free translation would be something like this:—

Fret not — though poor we yet can pass the year;
Let the north wind blow ne'er so chill and drear,
Next year when peach and willow are in bloom,
You'll yet see spring and sunlight in our home.

Here is another specimen longer and more sustained. It is a poem by Tu Fu, the Wordsworth of China, of the Tang Dynasty. I will give here only my free English translation.

MEETING AN OLD FRIEND

In life, friends seldom are brought near;
Like stars, each one shines in his own sphere.
To-night — oh! what a happy night!
We sit beneath the same lamplight.
Our youth and strength last but a day.
Ah! you and I — our hairs are gray.
Friends? Half are in a better land;
With tears we grasp each other's hands.
Twenty more years — short, after all —
I enter again your ancestral hall.
When last we met, you had no wife;

Now you have children — such is life!
Beaming, they greet their father's chum;
They ask with interest whence I come.
Before we each our say have said,
The table is already laid.
Fresh salads from the garden near,
Rice mixed with millet — frugal cheer.
When shall we meet? 'T is hard to know.
So let the wine bowl freely flow.
This wine, I know, will do no harm,
My old friend's welcome is so warm.
To-morrow I go — to be whirled
Again into the wide, wide world.

My version I admit is almost doggerel. It is meant merely to give the literal meaning of the Chinese text. But the Chinese text is not doggerel but poetry — poetry simple to the verge of colloquialism, yet with a grace, dignity, pathos, and nobleness which I cannot reproduce, and which perhaps it is impossible to reproduce, in English, in such simple words.

CHINESE COOLIE SONGS

BY NEVILLE WHYMANT

From the *Saturday Review*, August 9
(LONDON TORT WEEKLY)

THE Chinese coolie presents the key to the problem of the Chinese race. 'John Chinaman' is notoriously enigmatic, but contrary to general opinion he is far from being beyond analysis. He is human, and yet appears wonderfully detached from everything save his own soul. He is wise in his illiteracy, which is often mistaken for general ignorance, while his sympathy and friendship are strong enough to stand any strain. And because he is such a paradox he has been sadly misjudged. His peculiar characteristics have been distorted into

queer vices, but through it all he goes merrily singing on his way.

The Chinese psychology is strongly akin to that of the Englishman. Many comparisons have been made between Japan, the Island-Empire of the Far East, and the British Isles, but practical experience shows these to be purely superficial. Chinese and British psychology, however, are fundamentally allied, and the internal history of both races will give the reason. In no instance is this sympathy more clearly seen than in an examination of the

working classes and their outlook on life. The fact that a Chinese coolie sings his scraps of wisdom, while the British navvy or artisan merely spits them out in forcible language, does not alter the case. The coolie's speech, whether in ordinary talk or song, is invariably adequate to the occasion. As an expression of mild disgust at things unfitted, —

A monkey plays the banjo,
What music do you call that?

might appeal — with variations according to temperament — to a navvy at the docks in London as strongly as to a coolie laboring under a tropical sun. The East End of London is not very far away from the back streets of Canton: —

First we quarreled and then we fought,
I hated her, she hated me;
But that was hate just one inch long,
Next day we were in love again.

Metaphor plays a very important rôle in Chinese speech, and the coolie has pressed a full measure into his workaday ejaculations. It is more than strange to hear from the unmelodious, untutored lips of the coolie a beautiful metaphor long cherished by scholars from ancient lore. I once heard a coolie who had been severely criticized burst out with: —

'Mountains through the falling rain,
Smoke through the snow.'

He certainly could never have read the words, for he 'did not recognize even the character "one,"' as the Chinese proverb has it, but he knew their application. Long ago a famous artist who had become successful was advised to be more critical in his dealings with ambitious students. He, however, repudiated the extreme severity in criticism which was the fashion of his day, and retorted: —

'Mountains through the falling rain,
Smoke through the snow,
These are difficult things to draw.

When well done they please the eye,
Badly done they give offense.
How easy to look upon such things,
But how difficult to execute!

It would be extremely difficult to discover how much ancient wisdom of his race the Chinese coolie carries in his head. He seems to be a never-failing spring with a song — blunt, coarse, delicate, piquant, amusing, according to the occasion. And owing to the fact that the coolie speaks his own patois it is impossible to write down in Chinese characters the text of his songs. Perhaps it is not generally known that the Chinese script is considered sacred, 'one character is worth more than a thousand pieces of gold,' — this on the authority of an old Emperor of China, — and that such consideration has made it purely a literary vehicle. Nothing short of a masterpiece is worthy to be enshrined in such noble symbols. Thus there are no coolie-song anthologies in China; one must learn from the lips of the coolies and fight one's way through archaic reference or historical glorification of nonentities, and study a fantastic symbolism. Luckily, however, a large number of the songs present no difficulty. When a coolie wants to borrow a tool from his neighbor, for example, he says: —

'Your chopping-knife
And my whetstone.
Each man should know his own limitations.'

Gambling is the ruling passion of the leisure hour from the mandarin to the coolie. So the coolie who has lost the fruit of his labor cries out on his homeward way: —

'I am without a single cash.
No coin have I nor yet a hope.
My case is that of a tired sparrow
Crossing a wide sea.'

The Chinese has his Lares and Penates, and they are to him very real. Chief of all is the kitchen-god, and a little shrine is in every kitchen. When a

disaster comes, and a fire or flood wipes out a district, the homeless ones wander about wailing:—

'The kitchen-god has gone to Heaven
And there's no place to live.'

He is house-proud too, and the lower the stratum of society the deeper the pride in his poor belongings. Straight-forwardness is esteemed a virtue and bragging a vice. A man who puts forward unjustifiable claims, who parades his little worth in the guise of wisdom, is called 'a rat in a library.'

A rat got into a library
And gnawed at sacred characters.
They brought no wisdom to his mind—
The rat got indigestion!

It is the foreign student of things Chinese who gets indigestion when he tries to unravel the tangle made by the nimble hopping of the native mind from one subject to another. The Chinese mind seems to have a longer reach than is common with us, and it bridges all kinds of gulfs with songs and proverbs. Scholars have insisted *ad nauseam* on the truth that to speak Chinese well one must mix with the ordinary phrases of conversation an adequate sprinkling of proverbs. It is quite possible in a Chinese market-place to hear a conversation between two merchants into which no word of business seems to enter and yet a deal is concluded and a bargain struck. By proverbial suggestion one may discuss almost any subject quite openly in China. It is merely necessary to use the words 'Wang Hua's luck' to convey a complete historical incident to a Chinese mind, at the same time giving a delicate reproof. And that most proverbs in China are elliptic condensations of coolie songs is an undoubted fact, one instance of which will appear from examination of the example I have quoted. A coolie who was weary and unwell, while still far from the end of his task, spurred himself on by singing:—

'You had better work and strive for rice,
It won't rain down upon your head.
There was but one piece of luck in the world—
Wang Hua had that and he's long dead.
You can't do better than I advise,
It's work, not luck, that makes man wise.'

Asking about Wang Hua, I endured a long recital, out of which emerged the essential fact that the boy was a commoner who by his innate piety and devotion to duty earned the approbation of an Emperor even to the extent of succeeding him on his demise.

China has had her artists starving in garrets, also the art-poseurs one knows so well. The coolie is eminently practical, there is no room in his psychology for 'feeding upon Art.'

I saw a picture the other day,
With geese and flowering trees and a moon,
But still I ate my bowl of rice!

'When the ears burn people are discussing you' has its counterpart with the Chinese coolie:—

My eyes twitch so, I cannot see,
And now my eyebrows have grown long.

To conclude, one may again emphasize the human note. The harassed husband declares the whole world kin while relieving his feelings:—

'Ah, me! alackaday!
My feet are sore, my head is bruised,
I had an awful night—
Who can hope for domestic peace?
Even a skillful housewife
Cannot manage four children!'

Essentially practical, and full of caustic wit directed against the man who is merely a dreamer, the coolie has his moments of deep feeling. Absence from home stirs him always to his best efforts.

I raise my eyes and see the moon,
I let them fall, and think of home.

Not once, nor merely a dozen times, have I heard a coolie sing these words of the divine Li Po.

THE CHASTUSHKA

BY EVGENII NEDZELSKII

From *Volia Rossii*, March 15

(PRAGUE SOCIALIST-REVOLUTIONARY SEMIMONTHLY)

THE *chastushka* was originally a song improvised by factory workers, which has subsequently developed many variants — improvised quatrains on topics of current interest, and parodies of popular songs and sometimes even church chants. A whole poem of these quatrains will be sung and modified from day to day; single couplets survive while the rest is forgotten; finally only the beginning or the refrain of a few stanzas will retain the original form, as for instance in the now celebrated 'Little Apple.'

This type of popular rhyme is not modern. Examples of it are recorded by Kirsha Danilov, the first collector of Russian folk-songs. But they have never been so numerous and popular as they are to-day. This is because the *chastushka* has been found a most convenient medium for reflecting in song our shifting, varicolored, rapidly changing life with its widely divergent and abruptly alternating ideals. Formerly it was sung only by factory people; then it spread to the village; and now it is current everywhere, in city and country. Originally also it was restricted geographically to Great Russia, but when the immense migration of peoples began in Russia — accompanied by kaleidoscopic changes of government and brigand rulers in the South, endless movements to and fro of Whites and Reds, of refugees and prisoners, of advancing armies and stampeding armies — the *chastushka* spread all over the land, preserving its Great Russian form, although often sung with

the Ukrainian accent. While in the North its contents deal only with the topics of everyday life, in Moscow and throughout the South it has become the vehicle of political epigram.

During 1918, when the battle line between the Red Guards and the White Guards swayed back and forth across Southern Russia, I had many an opportunity to study these *chastushki*. I discovered with surprise that people had stopped singing the old-fashioned longer songs; that they would sing them only as a special favor or when paid to do so in tobacco, thread, or soap. But they were always ready to sing *chastushki*, and shortened the long winter evenings with endless improvisations of the equivocal 'Little Apple.' Rhyme is the chief — practically the only requisite — of this kind of poetry. It was the only way that the harassed people could express their sorrow and anger without risk. Many quatrains, of course, were only the crudest doggerel, but I recorded good and bad as opportunity offered, because all alike were documents of popular sentiment at the time.

Social-Revolutionaries,
Just as in a play,
Shouted: 'Land and Freedom!'
And quickly skipped away.

Soon Kerenskii had to flee.
Then Lenin and Trotskii
Promptly managed to agree
To a proletarian policy.

Apple, little apple,
Thou art round and pretty,

But the peasant's painful lot
Must move the world to pity.

All power to the Soviets
All land to the Cadets.
All money to the Bolsheviki
And the knout to the muzhiki!

We use sugar from Brodskii,
Tea from Vyssotskii,
And Holy Russia
All belongs to Trotskii.

Apple, little apple,
Pretty red cheek!
The Soviets are mighty,
All tremble when they speak.

When White armies were in possession of a given territory, the inconvenient word was easily changed and people sang, with true poetic indifference to things political:—

Apple, little apple,
Pretty red cheek!
The Cadets are mighty,
All tremble when they speak.

Or, instead of singing:—

Apple, little apple,
Pretty bright red!
Trotskii will soon be here,
Don't doubt it, on your head,

they would sing:—

Wrangel will soon be here
Don't doubt it, on your head,

and be just as well satisfied — or just as unhappy.

Again there was a couplet which ran:—

A little steamer's sailing
Loaded quite awash,
To feed Black Sea fishes,
With Frenchmen's flesh. . . .

This was during the French 'intervention' in Odessa. When that short-lived calamity was over, the couplet was successively fitted for many various uses. The singer would 'feed the Black Sea fishes' with 'White volunteers,' with 'Commissars,' or with 'Communists.' It was no more than the small matter of changing the end of one

line to rhyme with the new variation.

A human response to suffering, whoever the sufferer was, found expression in many variations of the chastushka. People would sing:—

Thou, my young Bolshevik,
Whither dost thou march?
Thou wilt get to Perekop [Crimea]
And there thou wilt forever stop.

Quite as often the first line would read:—

Thou, my White volunteer . . .

Another couplet ran:—

Ah, thou young officer,
Why takest thou a bride?
Soon the Bolsheviki will come
And then woe thee betide!

The variation was:—

Ah, thou young Bolshevik,
Why takest thou a bride?
Soon the bourjooy will come
And then woe thee betide!

Some sarcasm could be detected in the couplet addressed to the Reds during the civil war in Crimea:—

The apple, little apple,
In Crimea grows most sweet,
But it's hard to pass Perekop
[the White stronghold]
And gather it to eat!

The woes of constant commandeering were sung thus:—

My right horse is in Kiev,
My left in the Urals far,
Even my young heifer
Has been mobilized for war.

People would run away from these incessant 'mobilizations' and defend their 'neutrality' in organized and armed bands of so-called Greens, because they usually emerged suddenly from the woods to rob peaceful settlements.

Slashchev is not our boss,
Nor Budenny either.
We're not Reds, we're not Whites,
We're merry Greens together.

The fanatical resistance of the Whites when all transport broke down and the army was virtually without food or clothing was, to the popular bard, nothing but incomprehensible absurdity.

Eh, my engine, engine dear,
Thy cars are smashed to scraps.
And the officers are fools,
Who fight for their shoulder straps.

Father Makhno [a robber chief]
Has carloads of gold,
Yet these fool officers
Fight unsold.

Not all of the chastushki, however, were so impartial. The Whites, at the time of their successful pursuit of the Bolshevik armies, would sing sarcastically: —

We'll crush the bourgeois
All the world over.
If they drive us from Europe
To Asia we'll canter.

And a Red Guard sang: —

They've promised to give me a permit
For a new blouse, 't is said.
But by that time I'll gladly sell
My pants for a crust of bread.

There was a great fashion for parodies of well-known popular songs. Among the numerous variations of the first stanza of the International, —

Arise, accursed, stigmatized,
The world of slaves and hungry men . . .

was the following: —

Arise, thou dirty million-maker,
And read the lawful price of bread.

There is an old song: —

Sunshine gleams on bayonets
And martial strains they play
As the valiant hussar regiments
Bravely march away,

which suffered the following alterations during the civil war: —

No sunshine gleams upon their arms,
What use are arms to-day?
Only dust-clouds fill the air
As our comrades march away.

Peeping from under their curtains
Their eyes distended with fright,
The bourjooy peek and tremble,
For they see trouble in sight.

This morning without glitter or glamour —
For what use are arms on such duty? —
Our comrades are quietly leaving
With knapsacks bursting with booty.

After a few years of civil war and of the romance connected with the frequent passing of troops through the towns, the young girls grew tired of it all, and they sang: —

No German prisoner for me,
No soldier bold and gay.
I want Ivan at the altar
Upon my wedding-day.

For all those military folk are so very unsteady, and unsettled, and destitute!

I'm sitting on a barrel
My bitter tears to hide.
For the soldier boys are marching off
And no one wants a bride!

There come the volunteers
In patches and tatters and tags.
March on, fellows, don't stop here;
We girls all have our lads.

FROM ALEPPO TO BAGDAD

BY LEOPOLD WEISS

From *Frankfurter Zeitung*, July 27, August 3
(LIBERAL DAILY)

THE yellow, hilly desert between Homs and Aleppo, whose hard surface, dotted with glittering quartz, scarcely affords nourishment for a few Bedouin goats, is interrupted here and there by what I should call desert paradises. These are oases; but not ordinary oases with a spring and a palm grove huddling in crowded luxuriance in some favored corner of nature's vast, barren solitude. Those are beautiful, indeed, but not what I should call desert paradises. The latter nestle between mountain walls contrasting so abruptly and surprisingly with the neighboring landscape that though they continue unmistakably the contours of the desert in whose lap they lie, and are physiographically as much akin to it as a nutshell is to the kernel it encloses, none the less they seem like something transported thither from another world.

Green meadows drape the valley-sides. Lines of white poplars mark the course of foaming mountain streams, and waist-deep lushy grasses carpet their banks. High-arched aqueducts, like those of Rome, only more slender and fragile and perpetually replenished by the ever-emptying buckets of great waterwheels propelled by the swift current, carry water to the thirsty fields. Flocks of small cattle and fat-tailed sheep, as agile and alert as wild animals, graze along the watercourses. The villages which crown the heights consist of mud houses shaped like pointed beehives. People are seldom visible; and the apparent solitude — plus the fact that a whole district can be compassed

with a single sweep of the eye, that it clings like tapestry to the mountainsides, and that every contour is restful, subdued, and graceful in contrast with the angular rigidity of the surrounding yellow peaks and precipices — produces the impression of a sort of fairyland, of a separate and isolated effort of creation.

'What beauty without effort!' I repeated to myself as the train wound in and out among the valleys, granting brief glimpses of these vales of Arnheim. I called them desert paradises to myself and thought the invisible tenants of the yellow beehives I saw clustered among the shrubbery must have been set down in their garden homes by some special favor of Providence.

Aleppo. Centuries ago Genoese and Venetian merchants Italianized the Arabian name Haleb into Aleppo and imported the word in this form to Europe. But Haleb means in Arabic 'He milks' and refers to Abraham, whom the Arabians also honor as their great forefather. According to tradition, Abraham sojourned here for a period with his wandering herds and was accustomed to seat himself evenings before the gates of the city, which was already in existence but had another name, to milk his cattle and sheep.

To-day Aleppo is a busy and in its way a modern town, but memories of the shepherd age still cling to it. Every morning and evening cattle jostle through the streets. They are milked before the house doors, and the women of Aleppo carry away the milk in shal-

low basins to their homes. Cowherds and shepherds wear linen smocks girdled with leather belts, and broad sandals, just as they did two thousand years ago. But though the pastoral atmosphere still lingers, the simple life of old has long since vanished.

The numerous khans or caravansaries have lost their old importance, yet memories of their former significance as meeting-places for traders survive. Roomy courtyards are still filled with bales of goods; in the arched, pillared corridors and arcades wholesalers still have dusky offices; the shouting of muleteers and porters still echoes from their walls and shadowy recesses. Everywhere the calm, the deliberation of established, age-old custom reigns — a calm that envelops and subdues the visitor, no matter how eager and impatient he may be.

The bazaars are crowded with stern Bedouin figures, fresh from the unspoiled life of the desert. Tall men with severe flashing eyes sit in groups before the booths after they have made their purchases. They do not talk much — a word, a terse sentence spoken earnestly and heard attentively, seems to take the place of a long conversation. They wrap themselves in their broad striped mantles of brown and white and sit in silence. They pass a stranger with a reserved, childlike look — proud, modest, self-respecting. When I addressed them in Arabic their black eyes twinkled with humorous appreciation. They are not affected or exclusive; they are natural aristocrats, repelling familiarity but gracious and affable when tactfully approached.

The streets and buildings of Aleppo remind me of Jerusalem. But Jerusalem with its discordant chaos of religious and national controversies is much more complex and passionate. Here everything is quieter, more easy-going and tolerant. . . . The population has

a strain of Turkish blood, although the Arab stock easily predominates. In the neighboring villages Turkish is generally spoken, and the proximity of the recently dominant race shows itself in the sympathies and antipathies that color public sentiment. The sympathies are mostly religious. Though the Arabs have no desire for a political reunion with Turkey, the independence movement in Syria has drawn them closer to their northern neighbor. Aleppo itself is in a very dubious situation and France's solicitude concerning it is well justified. The French place no confidence in Angora's formal renunciation of non-Turkish territory, for they know quite well that Aleppo lies not only in the economic, but also in the ethnographic, limits of Anatolia. The latter claim may be arguable, but no one questions that Aleppo belongs to Anatolia commercially. Its importance has always been due to its geographical situation, which makes it the most important trading-centre and warehousing-point on the old caravan road to Bagdad and India. Every caravan from Asia Minor or from Syria must pass through Aleppo. All the trade of Asia Minor centres in that city. It was predestined by nature to be the point where commerce between Europe, northeastern Africa, and Asia Minor focuses. European trading companies have made the city their headquarters for centuries. In no other place in Western Asia are the khans and warehouses so extensive.

When the Suez Canal was opened, and overland routes were deserted for cheaper and more convenient sea-ways, Aleppo languished. But a new era of prosperity seemed to dawn with the construction of the Bagdad Railway, and the city eagerly strove to recover her old position. Now the partition of the Osman Empire has again disappointed her hopes. Discordant inter-

ests have battled furiously over the Bagdad Railway and destroyed its unity. Aleppo has been cut off by new political frontiers from both Anatolia and Mesopotamia; her present position is unnatural and insecure. This opens the way for the Turks to argue — unofficially, of course — that if Aleppo belonged to them she would again become a transfer point for trade between Europe and Arabia and Mesopotamia. That is what Turkey really wants.

But there is another side of the question. Assume that sooner or later the Arab countries are united and Syria and Mesopotamia are made one. In that case Aleppo might profit as the most westerly and perhaps the most important warehousing-point for trade between Europe and Syria, and India, Persia, and Mesopotamia.

The position of France as mandatory power in Syria is closely associated with that of England in Mesopotamia. Were Great Britain compelled to evacuate the latter country, France would be forced by the bitter hatred of the local population and the constant threat of Turkish intervention to relinquish sooner or later her political control over Syria. An independent Mesopotamia would so encourage the Syrian Arabs that an explosion would be sure to come. Already hatred for the French has spread even to the Christian Syrians, who at first looked upon the mandate as a powerful moral support.

We are riding in a little Ford through the Syrian desert. Sometimes the land is as smooth and level as an asphalt pavement and sometimes it is as bumpy as a rough sea as far as the eye can reach. We catch glimpses of the Euphrates on the left — a sluggish, silent river with low banks. It looks like a narrow lake until the motion of a piece of driftwood, a raft, or a boat betrays its powerful current. It is a broad, im-

perial river that makes no noise, dallies with no romantic scenery, neither roars nor murmurs, but proceeds majestically on its course, choosing its own winding way through the level desert. And the desert is as broad and open and calm and unromantic as the stream. A silvery shimmer hovers on the horizon. Clouds? They hang low and occasionally change color and position. At one time they look like gray or brownish mountain-peaks thrust aloft from shady pine forests, hanging in the air; then they sink and become lakes of bright sparkling water. *Fata morgana!* Stories of my childhood come back. The old-time terror of this desert phantom again thrills me, although I sit in our prosaic automobile rattling along at so many kilometres an hour careless of waterholes and camping-places. None the less, the desert phantom thrills me, for I can still conceive what it must have been to travel through this waterless waste with a slow, toiling caravan instead of our speedy motor-car.

Hours pass. We have days of travel ahead of us. A Bedouin sits in front with the chauffeur. He joined us on the way and will vanish in the pathless desert a few hours hence. The pastures of his tribe lie west of Deir-*ez-Zor*. He sits with his knees drawn high in front of him, and wears new red morocco shoes that he doubtless bought a day or two ago in the Aleppo bazaar. His face is young, thin, and birdlike, the type that always stares intently straight ahead.

Occasionally we pass camel-riders looking as if they had dropped down from nowhere. They stop and gaze after us a moment, then force their camels into the short rocking trot that makes a rider sway like a sailor on a tossing deck.

We have been going four hours, five hours, seven hours, making short stops

at the khans that break the monotony of the desert at long intervals. The soil is sand packed hard by the wind, interrupted by stretches of fine gravel, and here and there a little sparse herbage or a thorny bush. A line of hills appears on the right, bold, rugged, crowned with weathered limestone. They shut off the endless desert beyond. What lies back of their low declivities? I know perfectly well it is merely the same flat or rolling waste, the same sand, the same beds of fine gravel glistening in the glaring sun that we see around us. None the less, the hills lend a touch of mystery to the landscape, a suggestion of the unknown.

Again the Euphrates comes in sight — a broad, flat stream in a canal-like channel. Along its reedy banks runs a narrow ribbon of vegetation, two or three hundred yards broad, of tall grass and low bushes with here and there a palm. But on either hand is the desert. The dividing line is as abrupt as if drawn by man.

We follow a scarcely visible trail. The chauffeur is an Armenian from Aleppo and apparently does not know what fatigue is. We keep on and on, invariably at the same speed, seven hours, eight hours, nine hours.

Just on the edge of dusk we begin to ascend the stony hills. Our automobile chugs violently, bumps over limestone boulders, skims the edge of steep declivities. Ten hours! The chauffeur bends lower over the steering-wheel. Is his hand perfectly steady? He wants to reach Deir-ez-Zor by nightfall. His eyes glow with irritation. We stop. The engine is overheated. He pours water from our canvas water-bag into the radiator and we start again. Darkness is gathering rapidly. We negotiate sharp curves; spectre-like cliffs seem about to bar our way. Swallows flutter past us, gray in the gray dusk. We can hardly distinguish them, although they pass almost within reach. I keep my eyes

fixed upon the road and the hands of the chauffeur. So do the other Europeans. The Bedouin stares indifferently ahead, swinging one of his red-booted feet over his crossed knee, and smokes long cigarettes.

A violent bump and a quick turn of the wheel bring us to a sudden halt against the mountainside. An inch or so more to the left and we should have plunged into a hole, not deep, to be sure, but with sharp, jagged rocks at the bottom. The motor gasps like a living being. I discover in my pocket a cake of chocolate softened by the desert sun, and give it to the chauffeur, who is tinkering with shaking fingers at his motor.

Eleven hours. Night and a starry heaven. The mountains are yellow, but only visible in their general outlines. Every minute now they seem to block our path, but at the last moment an opening appears ahead.

At length we reach a plateau. Here the road is graded almost like a European highway. It looks so civilized in the glare of our headlights that we sink back in our seats in comfort. At length, far ahead, we distinguish lights. Deir-ez-Zor, the lonely desert town, receives us with a welcome burst of radiance as we plunge into a bright street with a wall of houses on either side.

On the third day after leaving Aleppo we reach Hit, a little town on the Euphrates, where the caravan route to Damascus for the first time leaves the desert and touches the river. As I gaze at the town against the sunset sky, it looks like a lofty citadel with walls and bastions. It is gray and self-contained. Its buildings, grouped along the edge of a height, form a continuous wall with scarcely any windows except tiny openings like loopholes. A minaret rises from the centre. Perhaps the town was built this way in olden times for defense

against the Bedouins; but as I gaze at it, it seems spectral and unreal.

At length, on the fourth day of our desert journey, we sight the long oasis line of Bagdad. The golden dome of a mosque and a minaret glisten in the centre of a palm grove. A long avenue of palms tempers for a while the burning heat of the sun. We cross the Tigris over a shaky bridge crowded with pedestrians, horsemen, carts, Arabs, Indians, and Persians. The Tigris is different from the Euphrates. Greenish and slimy, sluggish and gurgling, it seems like an exotic foreigner after the majestic repose and dignity of its companion river.

Bagdad retains nothing of her old pomp and magnificence. The Tatar invasions of the Middle Ages and the constant warfare with the Persians have laid the city in ruins so many times that nothing remains to recall the old capital of the Caliphs. Modern Bagdad is a commercial town, an Arab city of brick buildings, which seem like provisional structures erected in anticipation of a possible change. The perpetual heat of the Persian Gulf rests heavily on the place. People walk slowly and indolently through the streets. They are Arabs of an alien stock, apparently mixed with other races, and phlegmatic and dull. A person cannot like them because, though they are Arabs, yet they have nothing of the beauty and stateliness of other Arabs. Their faces are ugly and scowling. Their bodies are angular and graceless in their long robes. They wear black-and-white kaffiyehs. Whenever I saw a handsome Arab face it was invariably under a bright-colored, red or red-and-white headcloth, indicating that the man was not a native but a visitor from the desert — from Syria or Central Arabia.

And yet these men convey an impression of power — the power of hatred.

A European feels this hatred almost as if it were a blast against his face. The people hate England and identify England with all Europe. A burning desire for freedom has become an obsession. Perhaps it is this obsession that gives the people their glowering, scowling faces.

Hatred and heat! The heat is never broken; evening does not cool the air, which retains its dull, throbbing torridity until a new sun floods the street like incandescent metal. The people sleep on the roofs. Until late at night a shrill joyless music makes rest impossible.

I was in the big bazaar making a purchase when I suddenly heard a wild cry from one of the dimly lighted, sheltered passages. A moment later a man rushed past, followed by a second and a third. There was a sound of clattering hoofs, a mounted man charged past, his face distorted with terror. Little knots of people, running as if for their lives, followed him. They came from all directions and were joined by the bystanders. A cart, still half filled with goods, drove by with the horses at a gallop. Here and there a shrill shriek rose where someone fell or a child was trodden upon.

What had happened? No answer. Pale faces everywhere. The traders were putting up their shutters with desperate haste. Somewhere in the distance I heard the smash of crockery. Then followed a moment of utter silence — just as before an earthquake — broken only by the distant footsteps of a running man, the call of a woman, or the panic-stricken crying of a child.

Far away, very far away I heard the hum of shouting men and a rattling sound as if someone were throwing dry beans on the ground. Machine-guns! Revolt! A Bagdad riot! The people desperately resisting the friendship of a great European Power!

GRIEVOUSLY VEXED

BY CHRIS SEWELL

From the *English Review*, August
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

PEOPLE often say to me, 'Oh, Miss Parviss, you *must* have had psychic experiences! You 've got just the eyes that see things — you have really.'

Once at a Christmas party at the Baldwins', when they turned down the gas and pretended to tell ghost stories, Nancy Baldwin's married sister from Dublin seized hold of my elbow. 'Miss Judith,' she whispered, 'you could make us creep and shiver if you only would. You 're so *remote*. You know heaps that we don't.'

But they 're wrong. At least, I think they are. All our family, except Carrie, have no-colorish eyes like mine, and a calm holding-in manner; but we 've never, so far as I know, seen anything worse than our own reflections.

Curiously enough, the only symptom of mystery that ever came my way concerned Carrie herself. Carrie was n't remote. Good gracious! She 'd have made friends with a rhinoceros if he 'd let her, and her thoughts went darting about in her face like goldfish in a pool. Mother had died when she was born, as if the effort of bringing a real beauty into the world after us three plain ones was too much for her. And Carrie's beauty, I'm bound to say, went right through — soaked into her, so to speak.

When young Herriot came back from India after five years, and shot over our farm with his father, he said, 'Carrie has n't altered a scrap. I believe she 'd cuddle a *kariat* if she thought it had tummy-ache.' A *kariat* is a nastyish snake they have out there,

and his chaff just meant that the twenty-year-old girl could no more bear to see anything hurt than the fifteen-year-old flapper who used to tear about the fields with him. Every animal on the farm down to the smallest duckling was Carrie's pet. She never touched meat for all she looked so bonny; and she was just as 'motherly' and loving to her family, though she was the youngest — nursing us day and night if we needed it, and making peace in all our borders, as old Mr. Jey, the Rector, used to say. He 'd christened and prepared her for Confirmation, and always declared she was one of the lesser saints, and ought to be beatified or sanctified, or whatever they do.

She made nothing of battling up to the Rectory through sleet on a December night, if she knew the old gentleman had one of his headaches, to see if she could run any messages for him. I well remember his saying to me as we came out of Sunday School one afternoon, — Carrie was walking on ahead like the Pied Piper in petticoats with the children dangling after her, — 'Judith, someone we won't specify must find your little sister a hard nut to crack — I never can discover a weak place in her armor myself!'

And honestly I don't believe she had one. The Rector had just gone off for his summer holiday, I remember, when Hector Torrance appeared on the scene. He was an artist. They 're not uncommon with us, for our Wye scenery entices them, especially in the

spring. Dad discovered him painting Rundle's Mill and, being one of the hospitable sort, brought him in to tea. After that he was made free of The Pollards and came in whenever he liked, which was often. I took a turn against him right off; yes, I did, though the others simply raved about his looks and cleverness, and got maudlin about him because he said he was alone in the world.

But I 'm like that sometimes. Perhaps it 's why my eyes were made a bit prominent — to see farther into people than ordinary eyes. I could n't pick out what offended me exactly — Mr. Torrance's manners were perfect — but it was something about the curve of his upper lip. Straight it was, with a little sneer at one corner; and the way he stroked Flurry, our Aberdeen, put my back up. Williejohn was quite annoyed with me and declared I was getting old-maidish and put out prickles when new folk were about. Perhaps I did; and anyway I never cared greatly for men, but I can read little signs on their faces as clearly as I can read print, if that 's what they call being psychic. And I knew for certain that people who gloated in torture chambers or turned thumb-screws in Inquisition times had upper lips like Hector Torrance.

And once I was near him when a hare which the beagles had been coursing died on our lawn. It was pitiful — its struggles and shrieking, and the poor, weak, frightened head turned this way and that as if it were looking for one friend. Carrie was n't there, thank God! but Hector Torrance was, and he *liked* it — not the excitement or the shouting, but the pain. Why even Dad, who was no more squeamish than most farmers, said it was loathsome and made him sick; and Hector pretended to agree with him. But he could n't deceive me.

He always ran up to London for the week-end, but all that summer, from Monday till Saturday, he was constantly in and out of The Pollards; and it was soon as plain as a rook's nest in December that he came after Carrie. I will be fair. I think from the first she had a fascination for him far beyond the ordinary fascination of a pretty girl for a man.

Often on hot evenings, when the six of us were sitting at the edge of the big zinnia bed with our backs to the plantation, he would let his clasped hands fall between his knees and watch her — just watch her. I cannot tell you why his expression as he did so brought to my mind the Bible king who refused to go into battle without counting the cost, — you wouldn't connect Hector Torrance with the Bible, as a rule, — but so it did. It seemed to me that he found something — I can't just express it — but something *obstructive* in Carrie — something that he 'd have to fight a way through with gimlets and iron bars. I have often wondered since how far she was in love with him, and how far he hypnotized and mesmerized and compelled her to be. That he meant to marry her from the moment he set eyes on her I have not the slightest doubt.

Very soon it seemed that events were chasing each other in a whirl, as you may say — making you giddy.

To begin with, Hector and Carrie got engaged with the full consent of Dad — glamoured, Dad was, or he 'd have made more inquiries about his future son-in-law — and good-natured chaffing from the others.

'Can't you wish me happiness, Judy, dear?' Carrie said on the night it was announced, sort of pleading with me. I was sitting on the edge of my bed — we shared a room — kicking off my slippers, and she came and sat beside me and put an arm round my shoulder.

'I can *wish* it you, dearie,' I said, 'and I do' — I stopped, and she drew in her breath very quickly.

'But you don't think I 'll get it?'

And I did n't answer, but got up and began to brush my hair.

Then the whole affair of the wedding was so unaccountable. It makes my head swim sometimes when I try to sort it out and ask myself why on earth we allowed it all as meekly as we did. It was the first chance of such a thing we 'd had, and naturally, in a village like ours, where there had been Parvisses at The Pollards for three hundred years, there should have been a bit of a kick-up — the school-children throwing flowers and the farm hands to supper in the barn. People *expect* it.

Mind you, I was to blame. I ought to have taken matters in hand long before I did and begun preparations. I was the housekeeper and the eldest. Perhaps instinctively I always hoped it might be broken off. And then Aunt Lucy Bolt wanted Carrie up at Highgate to help her to settle into a house, and that dawdled away a month; and suddenly one evening, just as I was saying we must wake up and take a day at Monmouth choosing the trousseau, Carrie burst into an hysterical little laugh and then into tears, and told us she 'd been married in London at a Registry Office quite unbeknown even to Aunt Lucy Bolt.

They were all in the room at the time — Dad, Amy, Williejohn — and, my word, it *was* a bomb. If it had been anyone but Carrie, as Dad said when he could speak, people might have chattered; but Carrie was like — was it Cæsar's wife? — in that way, and besides everyone knew they 'd only anticipated matters by a few weeks. It seemed that Hector detested what he called 'displays,' and he 'd talked Carrie over, trusting to his own wheeling way to get round Dad later on.

He came in the next morning, very repentant and handsome, and brought the certificate with him, and was all apologies and blarney. He hated the notion, he said, of a lot of clacking women who thought of a sacrament only in terms of chiffon and satin. He said it was indecent. By the time he 'd done talking and showing his awfully good teeth, the others began to think he was right. But I 'm obstinate, I suppose, for I stuck to my point.

'You might have had it in a church, anyway,' I said. 'No Parviss has ever been married hole and corner like that before.'

And then he looked at me beseechingly with his black eyes.

'You 're quite right, Judith,' he said; 'we ought. If you 'd only been there now —'

And that made them rather laugh at me. I could see they were all coming round to think weddings were a nuisance.

At last Dad decided that we wouldn't tell the villagers any particulars, but merely say they 'd been married quietly in London because they both disliked a fuss.

Well, at the end of the summer he took her to his flat in West Norwood, where he taught in some art school and painted pictures between whiles; and we did n't see her for three months.

And then she came down for Christmas and he came with her. She was very well dressed — much better than she 'd been at home. And just as devoted and unselfish as ever. But it always seemed to me, if she came up and kissed me on the hop, as she had a habit of doing, that her kisses were different — sort of desperate and clinging, like kisses on a scaffold.

Hector seemed absolutely wrapped up in her — hardly letting her out of his sight, and she was very gentle with him.

And yet — I knew her so well, you see, sharing rooms and all — and I was as positive as I am that I've hair on my head and nails at my finger ends that somewhere, or somehow, she'd come up against Fear — not the ordinary kind that comes over you in waves now and again, but something abominable, that never lets you rest. And she was always pulling away from it. When Amy suggested going back with them for a week, Carrie put her off. Laughing she was, but I know she did n't want any of us. She said that they were so cramped in their little flat at present, with Hector taking up the only big room for his studio, that Amy must wait till they could get the house at Hampstead they had promised themselves. But really, in her soul, she was hoping she'd be dead before that house was taken — I knew it, and she knew that I did. It had always been difficult for us to deceive each other.

Except for these feelings and intuitions, you understand, there was really nothing to lay hold of. Maybe too I was a bit jumpy, for we'd had an unlucky summer with some cattle-maiming which we never traced, and Carrie's engagement had monopolized her so that we quarreled more among ourselves than usual; and that, of course, is worrying.

And then the night before Carrie and Hector went back to London I slipped out about eight to take a custard pudding to poor old Jesse Stagg in Barn Lane. I had to skirt the churchyard wall, and there was snow on the ground which muffled my foot-falls down to nothing, though I believe I always step rather softly.

I was almost abreast of the lych gate on my way back when I heard a sound — a low, sneering, throaty sound — like the giggle of a lunatic who has just done something in-

describably beastly. It came from beyond the yew tree which leans over old Squire Herriot's vault.

I can't tell you how loathsome it was! Sometimes, when I'm run down or too much alone, I hear it still. A sound can mean so much, can't it? I stopped as if someone had tugged at my skirts from behind, but it was n't repeated. I drew sharply back into the shadow of the big cypress, and waited — almost choking with the banging of my heart — for something awful to happen.

Nothing did.

Only Hector Torrance came walking out of the gate, very upright and good-looking in the glint of the moonlight.

When you come to think of it, why should n't he? He knew people in the village, and he might have been doing a hundred and one things.

I did n't try to catch him up or speak to him about it, but that night at supper I could not help looking at that upper lip of his; and I noticed for the first time that he had a trick of spreading out the fingers of his left hand very slowly and crumpling them in again, as if — but that's silly, of course.

When Carrie gave us all farewell hugs the next morning it was exactly as if she were saying, 'At your service, jailor,' on the steps of the guillotine — or I imagined it was.

Well, they just paid flying visits like that till the end. Hector always seemed the perfect lover, but always I realized that Carrie was being besieged in the very soul of her, and was holding out — holding out — always holding out, though I'm not at all sure that she knew it.

Once when I was dreaming about her, as I often did — for I worried a good bit — she was Kate Barlass with her arm across a door, and behind that door I knew there were — things too shocking even to think about.

I awoke soaked with perspiration, saying, quite aloud: 'But when her arm breaks —?'

I spoke, did n't I, about Hector and Carrie coming down at intervals until the end? The end, I must tell you, came like a streak of lightning one March morning.

They 'd been married just seven months when we had to wire for Carrie to come to poor Dad's deathbed; and Hector came with her, of course, though I hoped he would n't, and watched Dad's last agony with the fingers of his left hand spreading out and curling, and the same veiled look on his face as there had been when the coursed hare died. I was the only one who noticed it, and I began to think I must be a wicked woman.

On the day of the funeral he had a very bad sick headache and could not attend, and for the first time it struck me with a sort of rush that I 'd never seen him inside a church at all — ever.

He was driving Carrie back the next day in a new two-seater car which they 'd bought, when a tire burst just outside the village by the first clump of firs on the Hopham road. Hector was killed outright, and they thought at first that Carrie was dead. They brought her back to the farm looking worse than he. You can imagine what we felt like, this coming only four days after poor Dad and all.

She lay unconscious for nearly a week; but she did not die, and when she recovered she went ahead quickly. Almost at once we were able to tell her about Hector, and she was very quiet and brave and bore it magnificently. And soon she began to go about in the ordinary way. She never spoke about him — never even asked to see his grave.

I can't recollect when I first noticed the difference in her. Tiny little signs had worried me since she regained consciousness, but I put them away from

me. The day she came downstairs, I fancy it was, that I could n't deceive myself any longer.

I looked up suddenly from my sewing — I was sitting opposite her, and I caught her eyes fixed on me.

They had the same expression of finding something obstructive that I had seen in Hector's eyes when he used to sit by the zinnia bed, and her upper lip was flattened down with a slight sneer at the corner of it.

For the moment she was a total stranger to me.

I went very cold and my spine tickled; I pretended the fire wanted mending and stooped down to do it. When I looked up it was Carrie again with nothing odd about her.

She was very anxious to share my bedroom as she used to do; but when she suggested it I found that the notion scared me so horribly that I knew, wherever she slept, I should bar and bolt my door to make sure she was outside.

Was n't it awful? And *Carrie* of all people!

Even Williejohn noticed something amiss, though he only thought she had lost her looks a bit and was quieter.

He put it down to shock, which was quite enough to account for anything; and when he found poor little Flurry by the duck pond with his throat cut he said we 'd better not tell Carrie, but pretend he 'd just strayed away.

Unfortunately I 'd surprised her washing her hands the very same morning. She said she 'd been for a stroll in the woods and cut the palm of her right hand with a stone as she tried to pull up a fern. Perhaps she had. I wish I had n't been so anxious to find the scar. I did n't find it.

A little later on she ran up to London and sold off her furniture and settled down just as if she 'd never married at all.

She took to visiting in the village again, but I very soon realized she must not do that. She *frightened* the people — Carrie, to whom every door and every heart used to be thrown wide. I went with her to see little Mrs. Underwood's youngest boy. He was fearfully ill with pneumonia. Carrie stood looking down at his struggles for breath very pitifully, but as I stood beside her I felt a gentle touch on my thigh. It was the fingers of her left hand. They were spreading and curling — spreading and curling — as if — I don't think she was aware she'd touched me.

There were other things too; but you'd think me silly if I told you.

At last I thought I must be going mad to let such ideas as I had come within a mile of me — *Carrie*, you know!

And then two of our best cart-horse colts died in a morning — poisoned, the veterinary thought, and that settled me: I put on my hat and ran, literally ran, up to the Rectory.

The Reverend Mr. Jey had come every day to inquire when Carrie was ill, though she always made some excuse and would never see him.

Quite out of breath I was when I arrived, but I took no notice of his 'Sit down, my dear.'

I told him several things right off as we stood facing one another in his little square study crammed with books. We were both as white as curds before I'd done.

'Judith,' he said, after a silence which seemed to cut clean into me, and he pushed his spectacles to his forehead as he always did when really upset; 'I've *heard* of such things, and I'm too old to disbelieve the impossible.'

He wheeled round at the bookshelves and ran his finger quickly along the backs of the books. He was a great scholar.

'I thought so,' he muttered to himself; 'here it is. It's a very ancient service. The R.C.'s use it — God knows if — Look here, can you get her into the church, say, to-morrow at ten?'

'I don't think so,' I said, 'but I'll try.'

Then he wrung my hand, and I did n't speak, because I could n't, but sort of stumbled away home.

I *did* get Carrie into the church. I pretended that the village would be talking if she did n't go and look at her husband's grave.

But we never reached the grave. When we were passing the church porch I took her by the shoulders and pushed her in. I was always the stronger of the two — and desperation had made me a Samson.

The Rector was there, already robed, and dry about the lips, and he began at once — while I held her.

I don't think I can tell you about it. Some things happen, and you dare your mind ever to dwell on them again. If they come back to you in the night you just get up and light a candle — and read a bit. Well, it was like that!

Her *screams!* It was as though an old hag who'd lived for a hundred vile years was being burned at the stake. I never knew how we had the courage to go on; but we both loved her, you see. By and by she sank down and fell into a sleep — just as people do after a bad fit. We cushioned up her head and I covered her with my coat, and for an hour we watched there, clutching each other's hands and shaking like leaves. Once I had to go out into the churchyard, where I was most fearfully sick.

We had some awful bad moments when we thought her breathing had stopped; but the Rector knew about pulses, and he promised me she was not dying. And at last she woke up.

My word, talk about hearts bursting through ribs — I thought mine had

and was rattling about loose under my skin somewhere.

But from the moment her eyes were properly open we knew it was our very own Carrie come back.

You could no more have doubted it than you could doubt the roof of the church overhead.

And until her death — she only lived to be thirty-five — she remained as though that ghastly marriage had never been.

And, of course, you can explain every bit of it away as shock and hysteria, and so on — if you like.

Williejohn and Amy did.

A NETHERLANDS IMPRESSION

BY CARL FRIEDRICH WIEGAND

From *Frankfurter Zeitung*, July 24
(LIBERAL DAILY)

[THE author is a well-known German critic and novelist.]

AMSTERDAM is a warehouse and a countingroom, a commercial city that cannot change overnight. Her canals looked about the same two centuries ago as they do to-day. Other towns tear down streets and quarters and rebuild them on a modern plan, so that the whole aspect of a place is revolutionized in a comparatively short time. But that is almost impossible here, when every square yard of dry land must be laboriously won from the bottomless marsh. Whenever a new street was laid out, a new canal was dug at the same time. Another reason why Amsterdam does not change is that it has always used the same structural materials. All Netherlands cities are built of brick, usually unadorned, but often painted. Sandstone is seldom employed except for sills and decoration, because it cannot resist the climate. Indeed the sandstone ornament, of the great churches are weathered until their design has be-

come almost unrecognizable, while painted brick has resisted the elements intact.

Germans often imagine that the pine logs they see in great rafts floating down the Rhine are used for timbering houses in Holland; but most of them serve as piles to support foundations. When a house is torn down one gets a glimpse of a condition that must be universal in Amsterdam — he sees a black, soft, oily, peaty mass, from which emerge the rotton stumps of ancient piles. Naturally an Amsterdam building must not be heavy. The Royal Palace on the Dam, the only large sandstone building in the city, is supported by 13,659 pine piles. I said at the beginning that Amsterdam is a great storehouse. Business buildings are externally identical with residences; even an Amsterdam warehouse looks like a dwelling.

Amsterdam's wealth and industry are imposing. No man realizes when he crosses the Keizers Gracht what a store of comforts and riches lies hidden behind its unassuming, big-windowed,

painted brick façades. Everywhere else prosperous business puts its best foot forward to the world. Here I have seen banks housed in basements, and great overseas trading corporations — for instance, some of the largest Netherlands Indian tobacco companies — housed in a building in no wise different from those occupied by individual families. Only in Neustadt do the newer brick structures assume a slightly different aspect — they are two or three stories higher and every tenant has a so-called balcony. When I said that the appearance of Amsterdam has not changed for centuries I naturally did not mean to include the suburbs.

A person who cannot appreciate the beauty of old cities should not visit Holland. But he who can appreciate and love that beauty will feel six generations younger as he walks the streets of Amsterdam. He will listen to the faint echoes of sailors' songs borne on the wind to the accompaniment of chimes in ancient, gull-encircled towers, and he will stare with open-mouthed wonder, like a peasant from Immendingen or Gundelfinden, at her great ships, or at the elaborate funeral processions that pass down her streets.

One of the pleasantest excursions from Amsterdam, especially for a person with limited time who wants to learn something of the more intimate beauties of old Holland, is a steamer ride to Zaandam and Wormerveer. It is not necessary to consult a time-table. Crossing the Ruyterkade from the Central Railway Station, one will always find, crowded in among East Indian liners, ferryboats, tugboats, motor barges, scows, pilot boats, police boats, and fire boats, a steamer just departing for Zaandam. It may be a palatial, many-decked affair or some little local craft that stops at every landing. Along the Y he will pass in

review, so to speak, the whole commerce and industry of Holland. From the Y his steamer enters the North Sea Canal, which runs straight from Amsterdam to the outer harbor, Ymuiden, past a long line of wharves, dredgers, and dry docks.

Nothing else gives me such an impression of homelessness as a great harbor, with its exotic merchandise, its foreign smells, and its cold wind. Before we turn northeast toward Zaandam and leave the North Sea Canal we witness the spectacle of the great steel railway bridge that crosses this broad waterway turning upon its middle pier to let a huge ocean liner pass. There are bridges and locks in every direction — Amsterdam has four hundred bridges, and the saying is that Zaandyk has as many bridges as it has houses.

Zaandam is an aquatic city. Gayly painted cottages, mostly of wood and built on piles either directly over the water or at its very edge, line the bank of the Zaan from Zaandam past Koog and Zaandyk as far as Wormerveer. We take the route toward Alkmaar.

A man who prides himself chiefly upon having ascended the Matterhorn should not come to the Netherlands. All he will find here is a perfectly flat plain suggesting the idea of infinity. The windmills and dwellings bear the dates of former centuries. The substratum of the impression the landscape leaves is: Here lies an ancient world entirely strange to you. The numerous steamers, big and little, do not qualify this impression, for they likewise wear a worn and weathered look, as if they too were survivors of former centuries. No one can describe adequately the cozy, picturesque, disorderly, colorful confusion of the Zaan's shore line by counting the rows of fluttering garments drying on ships and roofs, the gulls circling in the wind, the white, red, brown, and black windmill sails,

the countless craft of every model and design that crowd the water — only the painter's brush can meagrely reproduce the fullness of its inexhaustible variety.

A person who has a whole day at his disposal should take a sail upon the Zuider Zee — but not on board a steamer. The fishermen of Volendam or Marken, returning home from the fish market in Amsterdam, are glad to pick up a little money by taking an extra fare. The older and smaller the fisherman's boat, the more gorgeous and ornate are the letters with which her name is painted on her bow or stern. Not that these names are as dignified and imposing as those of great ocean packets! The little wooden sailing craft that ply along the canals and on the Zuider Zee are as unpretentious in their names as in their appearance. I read upon the stern of a Volendam boat *Eindelyk terug* — 'Back at last' — an expression that any seafaring man will understand. Contrasting with this, I saw a jolly young fellow with a tanned face steering as motionless as a statue a brown-sailed pinky that rejoiced in the name, *Beter buiten als binnen*, which might be translated: 'Better away than at home.' Fatherly pride is suggested by the name, *Myn jonge Dirk*. Many of the boats bear only the name of their port with a number on the sail or on the bow.

A fresh wind seizes our canvas before we leave our mooring. Almost the moment that the iron gates of the great lock at Schellingwoude are opened the wind lays our little boat over on her beam and we fairly fly into the open water. In this flat country there is nothing to check the free sweep of the breeze. Soon we are in the midst of the Zuider Zee fishing fleet, surrounded by a forest of triangular sails, all nodding and bowing to the white-crested waves. Spray dashes over our

heads. We seek a moment's protection in the tidy little forecabin which serves as the fisherman's cabin, where we listen to the hammering of the water against the planking. Naturally this cabin has a stove, a diminutive copy of those you see in every Hollander's cottage. I catch a glimpse through a sliding bulkhead door of another even tinier compartment forward, containing a bunk covered with a clean woolen blanket, which it would be necessary to go down on all fours to reach.

Soon we were out again in the keen wind. In the harbor of Marken there must have been a hundred fishing boats moored in a row. As one gazes at these staunch, freshly painted craft of sturdy oak he thinks it must be a comfort to have them there when a great storm drives the water like a tossing mill-race through the piles beneath the cottages. The hazards of life are consciously present here. To be safe and sound is an ever-renewed gift of Providence to fishermen. I noticed that after the fisher wives of Marken had shown me proudly their comfortable homes, their stoves, their porcelain wall-plates, their colored finery, their handsome old wardrobes and furniture, and last of all their family Bible, they referred with a sigh of thankfulness to the hale old age that their husband, their father, or their uncle had attained. In spite of the constant threat that the sea holds over it, this island impressed me as well-to-do. In fact, it seems to enjoy a higher standard of living than the fishing villages on the mainland. The people may have been made a little vain and self-conscious by the constant stream of tourists that visit them, but they remain at heart a wholesome, vigorous, friendly race, even though they have acquired all the business shrewdness of their city cousins.

We prepare to return as evening draws near. A thousand memories of

those valiant heroes of the sea who won for Holland her liberty from Spain throng to my memory as we bend our course homeward. A red glow hugs the horizon. Is it a ship burning in the distance? Is Alva's torch again abroad ravaging Holland's riches? No, it is only a Netherlands sunset brilliant with gold and fire, where light and sea mist mingle in a glory of departing radiance.

Amsterdam appears far ahead of us, a fine silhouette just distinguishable above the low horizon. A heavy cloud-bank hovers over her numerous towers and turns gray the water in the distant foreground. A sea bird sweeps down

from above, his plumage alternately silver and golden in the sun's evening rays, and vanishes in the dissolving reflections of the sea. The afterglow that plays with changing hues across the water is repeated in the eastern sky as if a second sunset were occurring there. The breeze grows cooler, the sea turns slowly green, and then fades into a steely, wintry gray. For a moment our boat seems to be gliding over a silver mirror, but the glassy radiance speedily grows dim, and we are left in chill, misty darkness. Yet a faint suggestion of evening red still lingers over Amsterdam.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

BY FRANCES CORNFORD

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THE stacks, like blunt impassive temples, rise
 Across flat fields against the autumnal skies.
 The hairy-hoovèd horses plough the land,
 Or, as in prayer and meditation, stand
 Upholding square, primeval, dung-stained carts
 With a monotonous patience in their hearts.

Nothing is changed. The farmer's gig goes by
 Against the horizon. Surely, the same sky —
 So vast, and yet familiar, gray and mild,
 And streaked with light like music — I, a child,
 Lifted my face from leaf-edged lanes, to see,
 Late-coming home, for bread-and-butter tea.

INDIA'S SONG OF FREEDOM

BY ST. NIHAL SINGH

From the *Irish Statesman*, August 16
(DUBLIN FREE STATE WEEKLY)

ONE morning in 1922 I was going from Lahore to Peshawar — on the edge of India's North-West Frontier. The train carrying me stopped at a small station to let down passengers and to take on new ones — and incidentally to allow the thirsty locomotive to fill its tank. The strains of a song sung by someone on the platform almost in front of my compartment woke me out of a light slumber.

Upon throwing the window open, the better to see and to catch the words, I found that a large crowd had gathered round a lad of twelve or fourteen years of age, who wore on his head the black turban which the Sikhs aggrieved with the Government have adopted as a badge of mourning. He held a great sheaf of leaflets, printed in Gurmukhi and Urdu, one of which lay open in his hand. His voice was sweet, he had a magnetic personality, and, for so small a boy, was wonderfully self-possessed.

As soon as the lad came to the refrain, I found, however, that he hardly needed a musical voice to hold his audience spellbound; for concentrated in his words was the fire of patriotism which burst into flame as a sequel to the reign of terror which marked the end of the O'Dwyer régime. It ran: —

Within the Jallianwala Garden

The butchers made the drains run red
with blood.

They slaughtered our people without count.

Who is there to hear my cry?

Because Dwyer committed great tyrannies,
He is beloved of the Government of India.

A handsome pension has been given to him.
Who is there to hear my cry?

I have searched everywhere,

But there is no justice to be had here.
The rulers have become more haughty
than ever.

Who is there to hear my cry?

If Thou art the true Master of this world,
Wreak revenge upon them for shedding
our blood —

Upon those who fired bullets at poor,
innocent persons.

Who is there to hear my cry?

O God! We cry unto Thee.

These tyrants have become unendurable.
Quickly send us a savior!

Who is there to hear my cry?

The modern Indian versifier has discovered that there is something in human nature which finds a clash between two persons or two nations irresistibly interesting. India to-day is, therefore, flooded with songs such as the one I heard the little Sikh lad singing on the railway platform.

Some of them have penetrated into the inmost recesses of the zenana. One evening after dinner, as I lay reclining upon a couch in the home of a friend whom I was visiting, his wife brought out a harmonium, and producing a packet of leaflets printed in Urdu, such as the little boy had been selling at the railway station, improvised tunes and sang to us song after song which would stir the soul of the most unpatriotic Indian. One of them ran: —

The sceptres snatched away from the Sikhs
and Mughals

We shall regain.

We shall gain the Commander-in-Chiefship
of our Army.

We shall be Lieutenants in our Army, and
also Colonels, Viceroys, Officers Com-
manding, and Generals.

We shall not bend our necks to the Union
Jack.

We shall give up our lives rather than
bear that disgrace.

We shall not enter the legislature set up by
foreign rulers.

We shall not shake their bloodstained
hands.

We shall not adorn our bodies with the
foreigner's medals,

Nor shall we disgrace ourselves by becom-
ing *Rai Bahadurs*.

Neither handcuffs nor chains shall daunt
us,

Nor solitary imprisonment, nor exile.

We shall not ask in durbars for home rule,
But we shall win the fight within the jail
walls.

By some sure instinct the people
have come to realize that the funda-
mental clash between India and Brit-
ain is economic, and that the political
agency has merely been used to es-
tablish the dominance of British fi-
nance, industry, and commerce over
India. That consciousness has driven
India to burn clothes made of muslin
imported from Lancashire, and replace
them with those made of khaddar, or
handmade cloth. Innumerable, there-
fore, are the songs in which people are
exhorted to patronize home manu-
factures—and to be entirely self-
sufficing. One of them reads:—

It is our wish that even after death

We shall behave like Indians.

Death would give us happiness

If our shroud were made of homespun.

Our language must be Indian, our talk
Indian.

The foreign lamp [education], which sheds
a false light, must be broken.

We should pray that the light of union
will make us Indians.

We must throw away coat, collar, necktie,
and 'Dawson's boots.'

Our clothes must be Indian, and cut
according to Indian patterns.

Whence has come the motor-car, soda,
lemonade, and biscuits?

Our phaetons must be Indian, and so
must be our way of enjoyment.

The following stanza from a similar
song breathes the spirit of unity
which is fast becoming the keynote of
Indian life:—

Hindus and Muslims, by becoming broth-
ers,

Must continue to fight the spiritual
battle.

Sing victory to Gandhi

And never wear foreign cloth!

One evening, as I walked in the
gloaming in a town in the Punjab, I
heard a man singing. A little later,
another joined in the chorus. I knew
not who they were—but I knew, from
the words of their song, that they were
inspired by the love of the motherland.
This was the duet they rendered:—

Amar Singh says:

I shall die for the sake of my country,

And my name shall be writ on the mar-
tyr's list.

I shall wake up sleepy Ind,

And then I shall feel very happy.

I love this country of mine!

Labh Singh questions:

Why do you wish to die for your country?

Why must you destroy yourself?

By whom do you want to be called a martyr?

Why do you want to wake up sleepy Ind?

Why is your country dear to you?

Amar Singh replies:

When we die for our country,

Then we enter the house of the True One.

The fear of devils does not daunt us.

By swimming we keep others from drowning.

For this reason my country is dear to me.

These songs are endless in variety. Some are sad and plaintive — dwelling upon the disabilities under which Indians labor. Others are fiery in spirit — filled with determination to shatter the fetters which shackle them. A few are humorous — containing witty sallies. Here is one belonging to the last category — supposed to be a plaint addressed by a Briton in India to his Maker:—

The ways of Indians have changed.

They have become tired of us.

They have hardened their hearts against us.

They have started a spiritual fight with us.

Nobody hears our tale.

My Lord! All the starch has been taken out of us!

These people are unafraid,

No matter how soundly they are caned.

We have very carefully noted this fact.

From our heart have disappeared contentment and happiness.

Neither through diplomacy nor through love can we make these people cooperate with us.

What can I tell you of what is happening to us?

O my Lord! the starch has been taken out of us!

The men who write most of these songs are unknown. So long as the words are 'catchy,' no one cares who their author is. They are being produced in such profusion that a song which to-day is highly popular is likely to be entirely forgotten to-morrow. Whether theirs is a long or a short life, they serve, however, to keep the fires of freedom ablaze in the hearts of the Indian people.

The British officials, living their lives apart from the Indian people in little Englands dotted all over India, fancied at one time that they could crush the spirit of Indian revolt by seizing 'seditious literature' and the printing presses which produced it. They found, however, that coercion upon their part merely served to intensify the desire for liberty. When a press which printed such songs or an independent Indian newspaper was confiscated, another took its place, or perchance a cyclostyle was made to do the work of a printing press. When the authorities decided that the cyclostyle came under the provisions of the Press Act, instead of ceasing publication volunteers came forward to duplicate songs and messages in manuscript form, or to spread the news by word of mouth, and if they were arrested others stepped into their places, so that the gospel of freedom might not be stilled.

A PAGE OF VERSE

A MARCH NIGHT

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*English Review*]

Now wheels the Hunter huge upon the West
And glittering sets, while overhead the wind
Roars with a riot, as though Orion blew
Upon the draggled earth.

The woodlands pant and cry upon the dark,
Throbbing at each mad bluster from above
That violates their nakedness and wrings
Their passionate litanies.

Some wail like women; some a resonant note
Reverberate on night, and at a lull
Hissing they sink to silence and rebound
Against another stroke.

Dark heaves the earth against a clean-blown sky,
And deep in murk of water-meadows dim,
Beneath the shouting forest on the hill,
Move little beads of flame.

Under the spinney's edge a house on wheels
Lifts nigh the hurdles, and by lantern ray
Two ancient men among the eaning ewes
Labor with patient craft.

Whimpering upon the wind there shrills the bleat
Of waking life, and deeper sigh ascends
From new-made mothers, while the veterans
Help lambs into the world.

The starry flocks trail on their way above
Across the vast of heaven; and mother earth
Twinkles below at many a farm and fold,
Where shepherds tend their sheep.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

INTERVIEWING UNAMUNO

FREDERIC LEFEVRE, interview specialist for *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, has just 'done' Unamuno and ferreted out his opinions on Russia, Thomas Hardy, religion, Primo de Rivera, Anatole France, mysticism, progress, and kindred topics. Americans will miss the usual pronouncements on Prohibition, bobbed hair, the Ku Klux Klan, and jazz music, which were unfortunately not included.

Unamuno does not 'profess a boundless admiration for Anatole France.' He finds him irritable, a professional ironist, and too much of a Voltairian. Strangely enough, this mystical Spaniard prefers 'the great English pessimist, Thomas Hardy,' placing him even higher than Dostoevskii, whose novels he has read in English translations. Unamuno considers *Jude the Obscure* 'one of the world's masterpieces.' He goes on to say: 'There are two portraits of women, that of Arabella and that of Sue, which are really immortal creations. Understand I say nothing of Jude, the hero of the book. He personifies to a marked degree the dramatic attempts of a man of the people to acquire a high form of culture.' The conversation having thus far neglected La Belle France, Monsieur Lefevre showed signs of boredom, and the subject was changed.

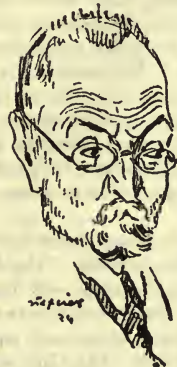
Of Primo de Rivera, Mr. Unamuno expresses himself elsewhere in this issue. On this occasion he described him as 'a drunkard, a gambler, a debauchee, who has all the usual vices and a few more besides.' The name of King Alfonso provoked a bitter laugh, followed by the prophecy that he would eventually be forced to abdicate.

Speaking on the fascinating subject

of his own personality, Unamuno said: 'I feel that I am a mediæval spirit, and I have an idea that the soul of my country is mediæval, that it has passed through the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Revolution, learning something from all of them but without having its soul touched, and always preserving the spiritual heritage of those times which we now call bygone.'

'My work — or, I should rather say, my mission — is to shatter the faith of freethinkers and official Catholics, and even of a third group, — the faith in affirmations, negations, and abstention, — and supplant it all with faith in faith itself. It is a matter of combating all those who resign themselves, whether to Catholicism, rationalism, or agnosticism. I believe in the doctrine of Pascal, to keep everyone living in an uncertain and dissatisfied state of mind.'

Russia, he said, is the apotheosis of the European spirit which ends in a contradiction of itself. 'Revolution is



MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

our tradition,' and if this one does not take permanent shape we shall 'relapse into a dreamless slumber.'

Asked to prophesy, Unamuno drew in his horns. 'We are all disciples of each other, and the only master is the man who can speak in terms of mystery. Each one of us gives his own interpretation of the mystery. Which is right? Perhaps none, perhaps all. The disputes on various interpretations of truth are the cause of progress, and progress builds up the tradition of mystery which itself must always remain more mysterious.'

Unamuno is a mystic with a mission, but it is all a little vague.



COLUMBUS ON THE STAGE

COLUMBUS is the unnamed hero of Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's new play, *The Admiral*, which has had a series of performances at a little-known theatre in the Bloomsbury district of London. Mr. Kennedy still clings to the symbolism and the deft use of implication which appear in *The Terrible Meek* and *The Servant in the House*, his most famous play. In the latter the leading character represents Christ Himself, but the dramatist has made Him an Indian butler. In *The Terrible Meek* Mr. Kennedy introduced the Virgin Mary as a character, calling her simply 'A Woman.' He made his audiences think — not so furiously as Mr. Shaw does, but just enough to be comfortable. He let them identify his characters for themselves, first taking care that there should be no room for mistakes.

Now he is doing precisely the same thing in *The Admiral*. 'The Sailor' — who is given no name — is fired with a longing to discover a new world and seeks to secure ships and equipment from the Court. 'The Girl' who loves and believes in his mad enthusiasm is

a young peasant of twenty. The kindly 'Queen' is somewhat modern for the fifteenth century, being a bit of a feminist with international longings and dark mistrust of the Inquisition.

It is quite evident that the Sailor, whom Mr. Kennedy himself impersonates, is meant to be Columbus and that the Queen, played by Edith Wynne Matthison, is meant for Isabel. The play consists chiefly of a series of philosophical dialogues, and although there is action enough to keep it going published descriptions suggest that it lacks much of the dramatic strength which Mr. Kennedy has in the past achieved — though this is probably intentional. This time philosophy's the thing.



ROSSO DI SAN SECONDO

NOT content with presenting the Italian theatre with a Pirandello, Sicily has brought forth another eccentric dramatist, Pier Luigi Rosso di San Secondo by name.

This gentleman has lately attracted attention by running afoul of the Genoese censor, who ordered his play, *A Thing of Flesh*, off the boards before any public performance had been given. Until now Rosso has had no trouble from official quarters, although *Travesa*, the leading Italian humorous journal, did allege that a certain newspaper had been suppressed for giving the false information that he had written a play that could be understood.

Rosso di San Secondo has none of Pirandello's intellectual humors; he is more of an emotionalist, but, like Pirandello, he turns his theatre upside down. His best-known play to date is *Marionette che Passione*, in which none of the characters has a name. They are simply the 'Lady with the Blue Fox Fur,' the 'Gentleman in Mourning,' and the 'Gentleman in Gray.' The action

takes place in the central telegraph office of Milan on a rainy afternoon, when the characters characteristically find that they all have admirable cases against the way the universe is conducted. Convention, however, is too strong for them; the Lady goes back to be beaten by her former lover, the Gentleman in Gray commits suicide, and the mourner is left alone on his mourner's bench.

Lazzerina tra i Coltelli is a somewhat more lively performance. The heroine of this story is a beautiful young dancer who is consistently unfaithful to her jealous husband. Her latest friend is Leone, an unscrupulous and drunken vaudeville knife-thrower whom she mistakenly imagines to be an extremely wealthy bluestocking. Armando, the husband, plies Leone, the knife-thrower, with wine; bids him to carry off Lazzerina, the wife, to a ruined castle where she is to be lashed against the wall while Leone, half-seas over, does his knife-throwing act, seeing how close he can come to the lady without hitting her. Armando comes along to enjoy the performance, calculating that it will dull his wife's affection for the vaudeville artist; but he is mistaken. Leone goes through his motions without a slip. Lazzerina is terrified, and finally the two men leave, returning again within several hours. They come upon the fair Lazzerina in all her fresh beauty and find that she bears no malice but urges Leone to let bygones be bygones. Nothing loath, he turns to the disconsolate husband, leaving him to meditate upon this moral: 'You think to imprison life as I imprisoned Lazzerina among the knives, but it escapes from you and flies, as she has done.'

It is not surprising that managers have found some difficulty in securing adequate performers for these exacting rôles, and the audience too has its troubles in trying to understand the

play. The fact that Rosso di San Secondo handles themes of passion brutally, frequently, and without gloves, will probably estrange him for some time from all but the most audacious American showmen.



THE YEAR OF JUBILEE IN ROME

NOT less than a million pilgrims and visitors to Rome from all parts of the globe are expected at the *Anno Santo* or year of jubilee. The last jubilee saw nearly 70,000 pilgrims cross the Alps, and religious and other authorities are already busy with plans for traffic improvement and accommodations in the Eternal City. The pavement of St. Peter's Square will be thoroughly renovated. Some monuments which obstruct the traffic will be moved, and the Via Appia, which leads to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, will be widened.

Already new stores are opening in the neighborhood of St. Peter's, where rosaries and other *oggetti religiosi* are for sale, and the old ones are getting a new coat of paint. In several hotels and apartment houses arrangements were being made even in April to reserve rooms for future occupants, and scores of landlords have told their present tenants that they must vacate before October first. The expectation is that after that date the flats and rooms will bring more than double their present rent. As many of the pilgrims stay for only a few days, the house-owners are planning to rent their rooms, in which three or more beds will be placed, for a hundred lire a day.

The Year of Jubilee was instituted in 1300 by Pope Boniface VIII. Dante was then among the throng. Originally the *Anno Santo* was celebrated each hundred years, then each fifty years, and some time later each twenty-five years. Several years of

jubilee were skipped for political reasons.

At present there is not much cause for jubilation, and there are those in Vatican circles who have advised postponing the holy year until 1950. The much-hoped-for 'normalization' in Italy is yet far from having been realized, and the Pope has declared that if the least sign of complications or irregularities in the country, or even the possibility of disorder, appears, the year of jubilee will be cancelled. This would cause grievous disappointment to many Roman citizens. But the announcement of the Anno Santo has had a pacifying effect and there is well-founded hope that political calm will prevail.

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A MONUMENT TO THE CREATOR OF CZECH MUSIC

WHILE in England and America Antonin Dvořák is looked upon as the chief representative of Czech music, his countrymen cherish with greater fondness the memory of his older companion, Bedřich Smetana, the anniversary of whose birth falls this year. It was he who really created modern Czech music some fifty years ago. He devoted his whole soul to the service of his nation, and his chamber compositions — like the famous quartet, *Z mého života* (The Story of My Life) — represent really exceptions in his work. His proper creative sphere was opera, and he composed both the great romantic and historic opera based on the principles of Wagner, and comic opera of the very highest type, in which he holds his own with Mozart and Auber, differing from them in that those of his operas which were taken out of the life of common people are permeated with national spirit. *The Bartered Bride* is the most popular of these operas both at home and abroad, but there are

two others, *The Secret* and *The Kiss*.

Enthusiastic centenary celebrations took place throughout the whole country. A monument was unveiled in Litomyšl, his birthplace, a charming old town in East Bohemia. The correspondent of *Lidové Noviny*, Brno, thus describes this new piece of work by a young but already well-known sculptor from Prague, Jan Štursa: 'You see on a stone pedestal rather an intimate than an imposing bronze figure of the composer, taken at the height of his creative manhood, wearing a look of quiet modesty in keeping with the old-fashioned character of a small Czech town. But let us come nearer: the whole figure with its head turned in the direction of his birthplace is concentrated, listening with an almost creative intensity. You feel the spirit of his country, of her people and history, speaking to the humble genius, who surrenders to this sublime voice, in order to form out of its speech superpersonal and undying values. In his right hand Smetana holds a roll of music on which you find inscribed a motive from his quartet, "The Story of My Life," which deals with the consecration to a high calling.'

*

RED TAPE

A RED-TAPE record has been established, according to *Dni*, by the Police Chief of Leipzig. The dramatist Ernst Toller had hardly arrived in Leipzig, after spending five years in his Bavarian prison, when he was unexpectedly arrested by order of that official. In the police court it was explained that his arrest took place under an order that came from Munich in 1919. The Chief of Police in Leipzig knew nothing of the fact that since that time Toller had already served a five-year sentence. The dramatist was immediately released.

BOOKS ABROAD

The Evolution of Man, by G. Elliot Smith, M.A.,
M.D. Oxford: The University Press, 1924.
8s. 6d.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

WHILE the general course of evolution is no longer disputed, and its main outlines have become matter of consent, it is only of recent years that the course of evolution in the development of the human stock as a detailed process has engaged the thought of men. The differentiating features of humanity have been declared from time to time to be some more or less insignificant anatomical structure, and the lure of formal classification has blinded even some of the greatest anthropologists of the past to the fact that the real gap between man and his nearest living kin is one not of anatomy but of intelligence. Calling himself *homo sapiens*, Owen was content to rest his claim to the title on the supposed exclusive possession of a *hippocampus major*, a special convolution of the brain which had already been shown to be common to man, apes, and seals.

Professor Elliot Smith has done valuable service to clear thinking on this subject by republishing a group of lectures which treat in a general way the problem of the history of man's evolution. Following the leading line of the development of intelligence, he fixes the main stages in a way at once intelligible and logical. We have to account for the development first of all of the order of primates, and then to envisage the persistence through the history of this order of a stock which retained in many ways its primitive potentialities of development and adaptation while steadily advancing in the complexity and powers of its brain. Apart from this, man has remained, particularly in his limbs, a singularly generalized type, possessing a corresponding degree of adaptability.

The primate stock, then, sprang from a group of small and apparently insignificant insect-eating mammals rather like the shrews. These made their first great step when they adopted a life in the trees, getting shelter from their enemies and, much more important, substituting sight for smell as their dominant sense. The primary sense of the primate group has remained that of sight, carrying with it greater quickness of movement and alertness of attention. The next stage was to improve on vision by the simultaneous employment of both eyes, so that both eyes looked directly forward, and this stage, not yet accompanied by true stereoscopic vision, is perpetuated in the little East Indian tarsier to this day.

With true stereoscopic sight came the earliest primate, a small animal of the type of a lemur. These sense changes were accompanied by a relatively tremendous change and development of the brain to make possible and to make use of the new powers, and man was fairly launched on his long journey, though still far removed from humanity. At numerous stages groups of his fellows made haste to reap the advantages of their new powers by specialization. Verily they had their reward, but it involved them in comparative stagnation for the future. It seems to have been man's part to refuse all the lesser prizes and to persist as an ever larger-brained weakling, refusing to specialize almost to the end. Forsaking the trees, he at last seized his one great functional specialization, the erect posture, but unlike all others this enabled him to adapt himself to the open country and to a corresponding variety of climate and to spread over the whole surface of the globe. Even at this late date specializations occurred which ended in disaster and supersession, and we know of whole species and even genera of mankind which have disappeared as completely as the mammoth.

Finally, growing right through the family tree like the topmost shoot on a larch, came our present stock, various but of one species, superseding everywhere the early types, with minor specializations which still significantly have remained at a lower level and have been outgrown in the race of intelligence. So the anomaly comes about that the European type is in many ways a very primitive one.

The golden thread of man's growth is thus seen to be the pursuit of intelligence, or, on an organic basis, the evolution of a complex and efficient brain. Professor Elliot Smith wisely avoids the snare of the dialectical question of the precedence of organ or functional need; it is no more profitable than the dispute over the hen and the egg. The growth of man is an historical process, and for the present the urgent need is for its study from this point of view.

The Artist's London. London: John Castle, 1924. 25s.

[*English Review*]

THIS book has arisen from the necessity of providing something better as a souvenir of a London visit than the album of photographs which convey the body of London without any of the true spirit. Its compilers have realized that it is the artists, seeing London with individual vision, knowing her characteristic sights and moments, understanding her life as well as

her appearance, who were most likely to be able to convey her charm. Therefore we have a volume of eighty contemporary pictures by foremost artists, introduced by four essays on the city. John Drinkwater is severely unsentimental about crowds and fogs, and Wilfred Whitten writes about London's links with the past in a way that will inevitably send char-à-bancs loads of ecstatic Americans and Colonials into places like the Porough High Street. If one is a little disappointed about the pictures, it is probably because no anthology can satisfy, and because of a love of London 'this side idolatry.' I suspect too that the reduction in scale has not been sufficiently allowed for in the choice of the pictures, so that one gets an impression often of slightness and the feeling that these cannot be the first-rate works of the first-rate artists whose names they bear. Nevertheless, it is a jolly record of London and London life and types, and is excellently produced.

A *George Eliot Dictionary*, by Isadore G. Mudge and M. E. Sears. London: Routledge, 1924. 12s. 6d.

A *Dictionary of the Characters and Proper Names in the Works of Shakespeare*, by Francis Griffin Stokes. London: Harrap. 21s.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THESE two books belong to a highly specialized type which is invaluable to a limited class of persons, among whom are to be numbered literary editors. Both are excellent examples of their kind. The *George Eliot Dictionary* includes all the names of persons, fictitious or historical, who play a part in the action of a story, and all place-names, real or fictitious, which 'constitute a definite scene.' Mr. Stokes's dictionary is even more ambitious. It not only includes the names of characters and place-names in Shakespeare, but gives a considerable amount of information about them, and it also includes names like those of Florio and Holinshed, which do not occur in, but have an obvious connection with, Shakespeare's works.

Essays and Adventures of a Labour M. P., by Colonel the Rt. Hon. Josiah C. Wedgwood, D.S.O., M. P. London: Allen and Unwin, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

COLONEL WEDGWOOD served in the Boer War and on the Western Front, and he landed at Gallipoli from the River Clyde and proceeded up hill afterward until such time as he had to be carried down. Consequently he has seen courage of various inspirations, and is qualified to com-

pare the types and to place one before another. The subject fascinates him—as it obviously would, for without courage there can be no freedom—and he goes into it thoroughly. In the retreat from Antwerp two newly joined officers of the Naval Brigade, Mawby and Grant, were ordered by their superior to march over the frontier and lay down their arms. Mawby refused, as obedience meant being 'of no use' until the end of the war. Grant obeyed; once over the border, he inquired if military discipline was now at an end and was told it was.

"Then I will not obey your orders," and he, too, went on down the road and many men also followed him. When one has experienced the absolute discipline exercised in the Navy, when one knows the ever-present fear of the new-fledged officer for his regular superior, when one realizes how easy it is for tired men to accept the easy path, I doubt if the whole war presents a more striking example of devotion to England.

It would be interesting if Colonel Wedgwood, as a connoisseur in these matters, had discriminated between Mawby and Grant. Is Mawby to be put first for the self-reliance of his 'I'll be damned if I do,' or is Grant to be put first for the coolness which in such a moment availed itself of a technical loophole? They were both killed. 'Many men also followed him'; Colonel Wedgwood would not rank followers so high; following is at the root of panic too, as we learn from a chapter on the subject. And so, after being permitted to share Colonel Wedgwood's adventures in Bolshevik Russia, in South Africa during and after the Boer War, in India, in Gallipoli, and in Belgium, we gradually come to see that tiresome person, the rebel, with Colonel Wedgwood's eyes, and to understand why he puts up with his fads.



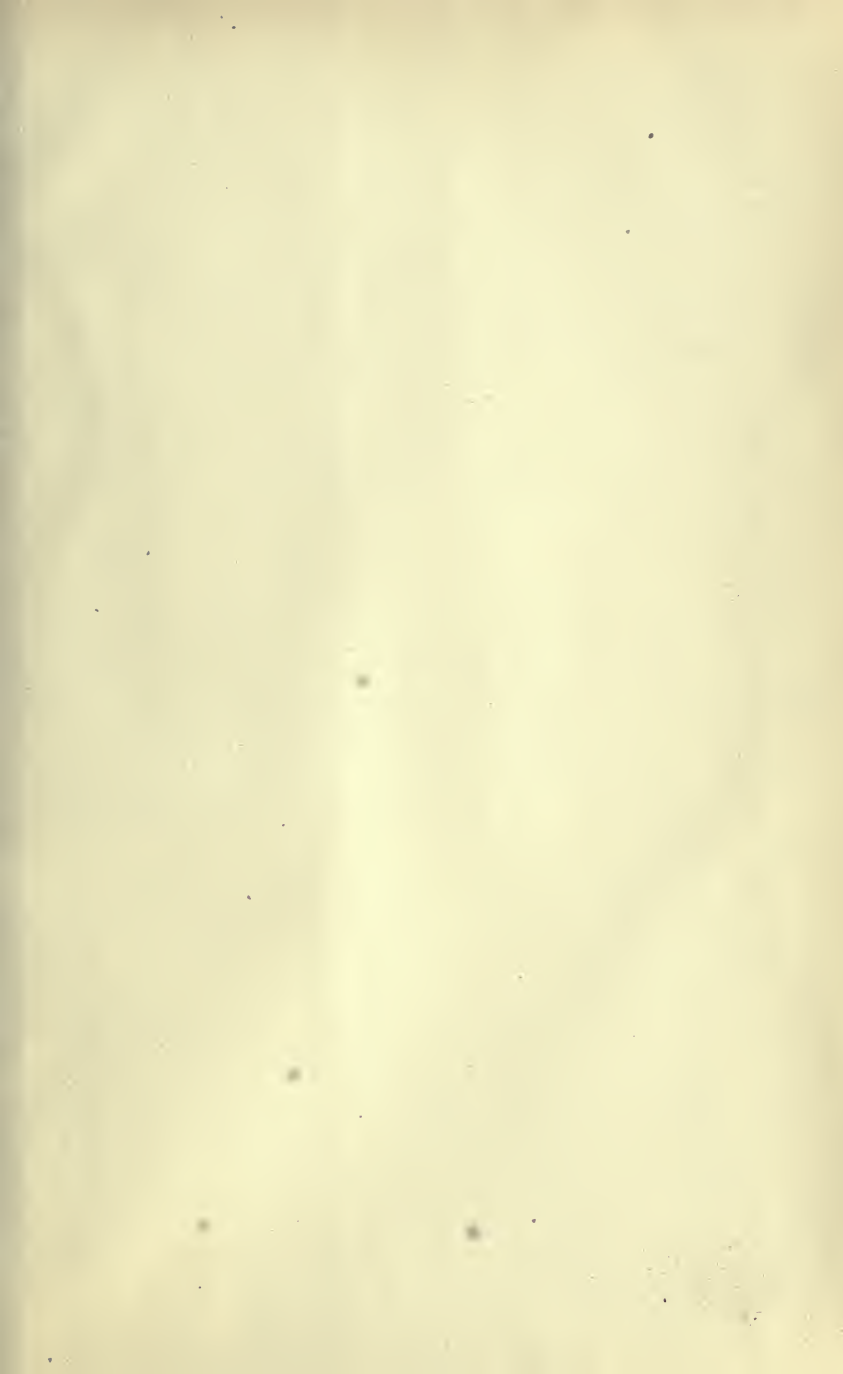
NEW TRANSLATIONS

DEL VALLE-INCLAN, RAMON. *The Pleasant Memoirs of the Marquis de Bradomin: Four Sonatas*. Translated from the Spanish by May Heywood Broun and Thomas Walsh. Decorated by E. MacKinstry. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1924. Probable price, \$3.00.

FINOT, JEAN. *Race Prejudice*. Translated from the French by Florence Wade-Evans. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924.

RUNG, OTTO. *Shadows That Pass*. London and New York: Appleton, 1924. 6s.

VAIHINGER, H. *The Philosophy of 'As If'*. Translated from the German. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1924. Probable price, \$7.50.





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