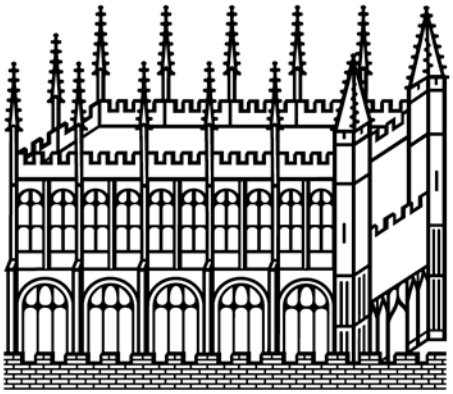

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A BRITON IN AMERICA

MEN, MANNERS AND MORALS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

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Westminster Gazette.

A Briton in America

BY

HAROLD SPENDER

" We're born to be good friends and so we oughta,
In spite of all the fools both sides the water ! "

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
The Biglow Papers.

London : William Heinemann

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TO

THE TRUE AMERICA

"THE HOPE OF THOSE WHO SUFFER,
THE FEAR OF THOSE WHO WRONG!"

(On a War Memorial in Bloomington, Illinois)

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A WORD BEFORE

EVER since the days of Christopher Columbus, America has been the cynosure of Europe. The pricking spur of curiosity which drove that dauntless Genoese across the Atlantic has driven, in his wake, one unbroken line of explorers and observers. I am simply the latest—and least—along that trail.

The interest of Europe in America is a healthy curiosity and deserves to be satisfied. For the Old World has much to learn from the New. In her search for Utopia, Europe has looked East and she has not found it, but found decay and death. So she ever turns again to the West, and dreams dreams, as Plato dreamt them of old, of the fabled Atlantis beyond the pillars of Hercules, where the people are always at peace with one another and live a perfect life.[1] Then she goes to find out whether those dreams are true.

In that spirit, and with such a quest, we still go : and the Americans must pardon us for our errand. They must also ever remember that if European records of these quests sometimes seem a little

[1] See the remarkable picture of the community of Atlantis in the unfinished dialogue of Critias.

severe in judgment, it is because our dreams have been so golden, and our hopes so high. Perhaps we could scarcely hope to reach to the height of Plato's dream of the Atlantians :—

> " They despised everything but virtue, caring little for their present state of life, and thinking lightly of the possession of gold and other property, which seemed only a burden to them ; neither were they intoxicated by luxury ; nor did wealth deprive them of their self-control : but they were sober, and saw clearly that all these goods increased by virtue and friendship with one another. Whereas by too great regard and respect for the goods, the goods are themselves lost and friendship is lost too." [1]

It was with such a vision in his mind that de Tocqueville went to America in the early thirties, to help solve the puzzle of European democratic order : returning to write that most brilliant and illuminating of political works, *Democracy in America* (1835–40).[2] It was even with some shadow of such a vision that our English Charles Dickens voyaged in the forties, and returned to write *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the *American Notes*. It was with a mind fully ready for such a vision—a mind always ready for what is new and good—that Bryce journeyed thither so often in the late nineteenth

[1] *Critias*, 120. From Dr. Jowett's Translation (Vol. III. of Dialogues). Clarendon Press, Oxford (slightly varied).

[2] *Democratie en Amerique* (1835). Translated by H. Reeve into *Democracy in America* (1835—40).

century and returned to pen his monumental classic.[1]

The people of the United States have shown themselves sensitive to the criticisms that too freely intersperse these English records of American travel—the criticisms of Dickens, Matthew Arnold, and other notable visitors of our own day. Perhaps they have reason. The Englishman abroad is too like Diogenes hunting round with his lantern for an honest man, and the honest man he hunts for must always be made in the Englishman's own image. Now, that is not the true spirit of travel literature. We do not want to go abroad to find ourselves. We go abroad to see new men and new things, and to learn from them new lessons. The hatred of new men and new things is a sign not of culture but of barbarism—yet it is too often the prevailing spirit of the modern traveller.

It is even more difficult to appreciate new men when they are clothed, like the Americans, in the familiar dress of our own speech and our own traditions. Notoriously we are apt to quarrel with cousins. But what we British travellers have to remember when we visit America is that the Americans are not merely a type of provincial Englishmen, with strange provincial ways and accents, but that they are now definitely a new nation in a new land, kin to us indeed, but in

[1] *The American Commonwealth* (Macmillan & Co.). Lord Bryce has lately put the crown to this labour in the chapters of *Modern Democracies*, which bring his study on America up to date (also Macmillan & Co.).

customs foreign, producing a new civilisation and a new language in a new climate and on a new continent.

"Axioms!" you will say: yes, but axioms which are universally forgotten.

Perhaps the fault does not lie entirely on one side. Americans, too, have occasionally shown a certain freedom in criticising Englishmen. Mr. Owen Wister has shown in a recent book [1] how lightly mischief arises. Besides the kindly criticisms of ourselves which we learnt to love in the books of such Americans as Henry James and W. D. Howells, there are other and harsher voices, sounding daily in the great cities of America, representing us in an ogre-like shape which fails to convince, or to correct.

That being so, I suggest that the will to praise is the proper key-note for the traveller across the Atlantic—going either way—the courteous desire to appreciate rather than to depreciate, the spirit of the charity that "envieth not." Be polite to one another—that is the first law. For it is high time that travellers, if they are not to be muzzled by society, should shew a spirit of greater self-restraint. Too often nowadays do they roam dangerously about the world like "lions roaring after their prey."

In these letters I have tried to avoid that leonine, predatory touch. They were written from America in the winter of 1920–21 in the intervals of a strenuous public mission undertaken as one of the

[1] *A Straight Deal, or The Ancient Grudge*, by Owen Wister. (Macmillan & Co., London).

four British delegates invited by the American "Mayflower" Council, and selected by the British Council for the Interchange of Speakers, in association with The English Speaking Union. That brilliant journalist, Lord Burnham, suggested the scheme of the letters: and they were most of them published at the time in *The Daily Telegraph.* But I have fully revised them and added nine others written at the time for my private use.

My endeavour throughout has been to steer a way between the Scylla of prejudice and the Charybdis of flattery. My conviction from the outset has been that these two great English-speaking peoples—the Americans and the British—have much to learn from one another, much to teach one another. My aim has been to help in that work: and with that object I have been persuaded to publish the letters in book form.

* * * * *

How does this record stand the remorseless shock of time? Let us see.

Looking out on America from the vantage ground of a public visitor, who saw many men and many cities, I ventured, as will be seen, on one big forecast. It was that the United States would, on no account, join the League of Nations as shaped in the Versailles Treaty. I dared that forecast in spite of the hopes in America of the Democrats and of the Leaguers in Europe. Since then it has been fulfilled in the speeches of the new American

President and of the new American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Nor could there at any moment be any doubt about it to any open-minded observer. American public opinion had given its decisive judgment: and the one sure thing about America is that public opinion—once it has decisively spoken—is always supreme.

I trespassed on another forecast, ignoring George Eliot's warning that "prophecy is the most gratuitous form of human error." I foretold that, nevertheless, by some means or other, by some other approach, the New World would gravitate again towards the Old. We "Pilgrims" were driven to that belief by the force of our impressions. For we saw the first beginning of that great industrial crisis which has since spread from Europe to America, and involved both Continents. It became clear to us that, in spite of all the loud and assertive claims to political detachment, America would be brought back to Europe by a stern economic law. "Big Business," so we were told, had condemned the League of Nations. "Big Business" was determined that America should have no more to do with Europe. Yes, but it was precisely "Big Business" that was going to suffer most by the depression of Europe. It was exactly through "Big Business" that America was going to be drawn back into the circle of nations. Since then that is precisely what has happened. It is at the command of "Big Busi-

ness" that the new American Government has since agreed to depute its Ambassador to sit once more in the Council Chamber of Europe, and has now summoned a Disarmament Conference to Washington.

Thus it may yet prove that when America turned her thumbs down against the League of Nations, that deep and solemn damnation was a decision not quite so tremendous as she imagined. It may turn out that it was a decision not entirely unaffected by personal prejudices. On that issue I pass no judgment. But there are often world forces too strong for statesmen and more powerful than politicians; and it sometimes happens that when the statesmen have expelled Nature with a fork from the front-door, she comes flying back through the window. Economics are often stronger than politics.

* * * * *

What of the outward show? What of the American people, their society, their pleasures, their occupations? We saw a nation immensely wealthy, to all appearances practically untouched by the sorrows and exhaustions of the Great War. Coming from Europe, we felt—so great was the contrast—like men who had passed from the shadow into the light. We blinked at the glare of New York. We could almost dream that the scroll of time had been rolled backwards. We seemed to stand where we did in Europe before the great

world calamity. Not that we would depreciate the part that America played in those great issues. Her participation in the war was indeed a great and memorable event in her history—a supreme act in a great moral upheaval, finely conceived and finely achieved. Her present mood cannot be fully understood unless it is accepted as in part a recoil from that splendid ecstasy.

Yet the Great War has necessarily meant less to America than to Europe: it was a briefer trial, more distant, less critical, and above all less costly in that most precious asset of young life. She appears before us now as practically the only nation that has emerged without calamitous loss of population. Thus she tends to forget her very heroism. Half ashamed of the great emotion which will be so great a glory, Business America—the grave, diligent, ardent America of commerce—now resumes the mundane march, rather like some serious City merchant who is trying to forget that he once fell desperately in love.

Let me attempt to recover some image of modern America—the America of to-day—as we saw it in the East and the Middle West.

We caught a vision of a nation with an eager forward glance, and yet a strange fixity of habit—a nation at once attached to her past and intent on her future—a nation effervescent in invention, and yet conservative in faith—a nation impassioned for new ideas and yet anchored to her own creeds.

We became conscious of a certain basic solidity in this New World—an underlying loyalty to its own high tradition, the central point round which its changeful life circles and bubbles. It was like a cataract flowing over a rocky bed. Beneath us, all the time, the ground was firm and hard, and that seemed to give a fresh and buoyant liberty to the play of that eager, swift, daily life and thought.

Let us get a firm grip of this new fact of world life on this planet. It is not Europe, let us fully realise, but America which is now the "land of ordered liberty." It is not America, but Europe, which is now the sport of rash and random experiments. It is not Europe, but America, which now holds fast to the faith of its forefathers.

Perhaps this unique combination of change and faith explains one outstanding feature of American life. That is the atmosphere of serenity, the calmness of outlook, the confidence in survival. We lack that in Europe to-day. For with us the very pillars of Society are shaken. Civilisation itself seems to be on trial. The very security of our lives seems to be in doubt. Our society is suffering from some kind of shell shock. It is that element of shell shock which you leave behind when you cross the Atlantic.

Many people had told us otherwise. We had been filled with jeremiads about the dulness of that drinkless land. We had been told by many excellent souls who lack a sufficient confidence in

their own inner sources of gaiety that we should find America a drear and droughty Continent, a dry and dour land where sour Puritans frowned over flagons of iced water, eked out by secret potations of stronger liquid.

We found a people certainly much brighter and happier than the shadowed folk of Europe—a people scintillating with a certain cheerful gaiety of heart, whose keen wit always has a razor edge, and whose brightness of spirit scarcely seemed to need a whetstone. We speak soberly, but also truthfully, when we say that in that land one scarcely seems to miss those artificial aids to human happiness of which Europe still so confidently preaches the necessity.

Great, indeed, is our English genius for merriment—warm, indeed, are our English hearts. I remain a most confident believer in the survival of "Merrie England." For there is no kindlier people on earth than our British folk: and the Americans with all their courtesy and hospitality are simply inheriting those qualities and displaying them on a larger field. But in addition to this kindliness the Americans possess a quality of spirit which is more Gallic than Britannic, and which seems to belong to the head rather than to the heart. It is the quality of happiness in the simplest acts of life—of "joy in widest commonalty spread."

This quality is, perhaps, bound up with the American sense of equality. For where men are

equal and really treat one another as equal, it is amazing how many barriers to happiness fall down of their own accord, like the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpet. Perhaps the sense of caste is not altogether a source of happiness to the Englishman. It partly accounts for his shyness and his reticence. At any rate, the absence of caste in America produces a singular freshness and frankness of speech and dealing. It seems to widen the circle of human friendship. It tends to produce a bigger man, more tolerant, less suspicious, less afraid.

But the difference strikes deeper. For here in England—let us confess it—we have not yet quite escaped from the quarrel of the seventeenth century. We are still apt to divide up into Puritans and Cavaliers. Our society is still inclined to fall asunder in two halves——the grossly merry and the sourly good. There are still too few Falklands amongst us—too many Prynnes and Ruperts. Now one strong impression left by America to-day is that there is more innocent merriment and less sour goodness. In fact, the spirit of that old "Merrie England" seems to have crossed the Atlantic.

They have a new phrase for this new type in America. They call him a "real American." In the same way they no longer ask of a man—"Does he talk English?", but they say—"Does he talk United States?" "Talk United States or quit!" was the cry at one period of the war, and it expresses the consciousness of a definite, new racial type

emerging from the fusion of the European races. We have to recognise that consciousness if we are to understand the America of to-day.

In Kansas City a group of journalists interviewed me for several hours on all the issues of the day. They received my views on the League of Nations with profound indifference. They had decided that matter, although they were too polite to say so, They listened, but their pencils were idle. But when, as a side-thought, I suggested in a playful manner, that the American and English languages were drifting apart, and that we now required, in spite of Webster, separate dictionaries, then at once their pencils began to work. Next morning all the Kansas papers had headlines that ran as follows—

ENGLISH AUTHOR DISCOVERS THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

SPENDER SUGGESTS A NEW DICTIONARY.

The idea had fallen on fertile ground. Instead of offending them, it was accepted as a tribute to their nationality. The Mid West was pleased. They were proud to be thought of as a new nation with a language of their own, instead of being regarded as employing a linguistic offshoot, a mere corruption of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. They were tired of being told that they talked bad English. They were glad to meet a visitor who recognised that they just " talked American."

That is typical of the spirit of America to-day.

The war has not weakened, but has increased, her sense of nationality. It has stimulated her pride. Looking back, she sees herself as the balancing factor, the outside arbitrator, the friend in need of world civilisation. She attributes her power to her detachment. She believes that if Europe were to draw her in she would be robbed of her strength. She fears that Europe, like Delilah, would shear away her Samson locks.

Thus it is she often suspects our advances, and sometimes even fears them. Perhaps, indeed, we are, at times, a little too effusive. We have been creditors for so long that we cannot quickly adopt the pride proper to a debtor. We are suspect of presuming a little too much on our relationship. We talk too often of our brotherhood. We forget that between nations nowadays blood is too interfused to count for much: blood relationship is almost too common to carry its real value. In future, it would appear, the only brotherhood that will count is the brotherhood of ideas, aims, and aspirations.

* * * * *

Thus America, puzzled by all these changes, and sceptical of our affections, still stands at the cross-ways. She remains divided in thought and heart —still halting at the fork of the roads—uncertain between the road that leads to Europe and the road that leads away. But she cannot stand there for ever. She will find that she must decide.

September, 1921. H. S.

A BRITON IN AMERICA

I

THE APPROACH

THE BALTIC, *Nov.* 11, 1920.

THE great fact about America, as approached from Great Britain, is—the Atlantic. That really explains everything. But you do not really understand why it explains everything until you remind yourself by crossing it. Then, after a week at sea, you begin to realise. You grasp the fact that the Atlantic has been very much under-rated as a factor in the dividing of nations.

It is all very well to call the Atlantic a "pond." That expression has the typical, hopeful courage of true American humour. But it deceives us. Just so, it is dangerous to speak too often of the "shrinkage of the world." For the Atlantic is still—the Atlantic. It is still the ocean—the vast, mysterious, variable, incomprehensible ocean.

Here we are, on a floating palace—a White Star liner—of 24,000 tons and more. Here we live, citizens of "no mean city"—a moving city—a city with a population of over 3,000—with its contrasts of wealth and poverty, with all its divisions of classes, and with more than the usual mixture of

races and languages. Here, in the first-class, we have luxury such as on land we only dream of now, as a pre-war memory, in our London clubs. Down below, in the second and third class, they cultivate—the simpler life.

The whole thing is a microcosm of our modern order. Here, in the first-class, we travel because we wish to. Down below, in the third-class, they travel because they must. They are fleeing, many of them, from a troubled Europe—Irish, Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Galicians—all in search of a " newer and a better world."

The United States does not seem to want them very much. Every difficulty is put in their way—passports with a £3 fee, harryings of sanitary authorities, searchings of Customs officers. They are winnowed at every port—at Danzig, Liverpool, London, New York. But still they come. There are 1,300 on this ship. The first-class is roomy and at ease. The second class is crowded, and the third class is packed tight.

The restless peoples move uneasily in their bonds. The search for the " Blessed Island "—for Atlantis—goes on. A year ago the stream was going east, to find a new Europe. Now the stream is going west, to find a new America. Will they succeed ?

The Irish are going. When we anchored off Queenstown, two tenders could be seen steaming fast out of the inner harbour—that wonderful harbour, broad and deep enough to contain the

whole British Fleet. Both tenders were packed, and as they came nearer we could see that the crowds on the decks were waving American and Sinn Fein flags.

Looking down, we could see among those excited, shouting crowds all the Irish types of to-day—the black-coated priest, the lean labourer, the white-cowled nun, and, by her side, the colleen, the "dark-eyed Rosaleen." Green was the predominant colour—vivid green in the head-dresses, on the shawls, the blouses, the flags—everywhere green, and nowhere England's red. On the top deck of the foremost tender stood a group of youths with the strong, assertive faces, the dark, defiant eyes, and the longish straggling hair of the new Sinn Fein type. Over the waters came the angry chant of the "Soldier's Song," and as they sang they waved their flags.

The English stood by the bulwarks of the liner watching these visitors in puzzled silence. The tenders were moored on either side of the big ship, and then, up the gangways, began the long procession of Irish emigrants fleeing from their "distressful country"—not, as of old, poor, ragged fugitives; but well-dressed, substantial men and women, going to seek a quieter land. Many of them, I am told by those who ought to know, are fleeing from the terror of their own friends.

The last had come aboard, and now the tender on the port side sheered off and began to move back

towards Queenstown. Then began a new phase of this dramatic scene. There remained on the tender, as it receded homewards, a certain number of the young men whom we had seen waving the flags so defiantly. But now the defiance had left them. Their mood had quite changed. The exhilaration had gone; and there had settled down on them that other mood of their race—the mood of deep and tragic melancholy. At first they waved their handkerchiefs in silence. Then there floated back to us the strains of that sweetest and saddest of Irish songs—so plaintive, so thrilling—the dirge of so many partings—the threnody of so many exiles:

> Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
> Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy birth—

It faded across the waters as the tender moved swiftly back—hurrying, as if to bring this sad leaving to a close—it faded into silence. Long after we ceased to hear anything, we could still see the flash of the white handkerchiefs from the deck of the diminishing ship. That song was the lament of Ireland—the cry of Rachel for her children—Rachel that will not be comforted.

Day by day, in this strange modern life of the ocean-going passenger ship, we are presented with a morning newspaper, *The Ocean Times*, which gives us news from the outer world. Or, rather, it conveys to us a few of those whispers which come through the ether across the vast

Atlantic and are caught by our " wireless." Great is Marconi, the King of Ocean ; and greatly has he changed the ship-life from those days when you were utterly cut off from the outer world at the moment you stepped on board until the moment when you stepped ashore on the other side.

That great silence is now broken by many voices —thronging voices from the great, restless, troubled world. Among those voices has come to us the news of the Presidential election in the United States on November 4.

The victory of Senator Harding was taken as a foregone conclusion. But everyone has been taken aback by the size of the majority. It is accepted as a portent—as a great and final decision on the part of a great people.

I have talked it over with many Americans aboard, and they have given me the frank views of minds detached from the mass opinion of the world ashore. I will give a typical talk with a very enlightened American lady.

H. S. : " What is the meaning of it all ? "

A. L. : " It simply means that we want to get back to our beloved Independence."

H. S. : " And to leave us to stew in the European juice ? "

A. L. : " I don't know ; but I know that it is the instinct of the American to get back to our own affairs—to get home again."

There it is, expressed with all the simplicity of

a woman's outlook. And once more—the Atlantic gives the answer. I sit here, on the deck of this splendid ship—one of the great achievements of the human brain and hand—and I look over the waste of tumbling waters. We are passing the Nantucket Lightship, a lonely vessel, but the first outpost of the New World. It is Thursday, November 11. We started from Liverpool on Wednesday, November 3. A quick voyage to that of the *Mayflower*, which occupied nine weeks!

But the impressive fact to me is this: that since we left Liverpool, eight days ago, we have not sighted a single ship. So great a solitude lies between us and America—so vast a desert. We belong to different worlds. We are sundered by a continent of water.

> A God, a God their severance ruled,
> And bade betwixt their shores to be
> The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

Meanwhile, beneath us, even on this ship, we carry passengers who bring with them a hostile message. To-day is Armistice Day, and we have celebrated it with a service which, in its mingling of majesty and simplicity, must have touched the most seasoned voyager. Last night a message came to us from the King, commanding a silence of two minutes at eleven o'clock by local time. It was a thoughtful whisper to the ships at sea, for we had been considerably puzzled as to whether the Armistice silence should take place then or

at London time, which would have been two o'clock in the morning! As soon as the message was received a service was arranged to open on the deck at 10.45, ending at the moment of silence. This was for the first class. But it was soon found that the second and third classes, being for the most part moved by the same emotion of timely commemoration, also demanded a service. So our little stock of ministers were divided—my colleagues and fellow Pilgrims undertaking their respective share—Canon Burroughs for the top deck; Dr. Gillie for the second deck; and Dr. Alexander Ramsay for the third.

On the top deck all went well. The service was simple and beautiful. Canon Burroughs addressed us in a few words of simple, thrilling appeal, recalling to us the great moment of three years ago, reminding us of the great vows of that day, bringing us back to its high resolves and purposes. Then, at eleven o'clock precisely, the ship's siren sounded; and there, in the midst of the deep, the whole ship's company stood silent for two full minutes. No sound broke that silence except the rustling whisper of the waves as the great ship, slowing down, gently moved forward.

What thoughts passed through our minds! What memories! What common sorrows knit together, there in the midst of those solitudes, that company of mingled British and Americans! When the siren sounded the close of that silence

the eyes of many who looked up were glistening with tears.

But down below, when the silence ended, another scene was enacted. The Sinn Fein emigrants—let it be said in all fairness—respected the Service and the Silence. But instantly it ended a voice broke out from a little group that had stood aloof :—"Ladies and gentlemen of the Irish people"—so began the speech—and then, at the end, the group sang "God Save Ireland."

There you have it! What is the use of blinking the facts? We shall not understand the position of the United States unless we have a vision of this ceaseless flow Westward of these enemies of our rule, embittered by exile and the sufferings of the sea. They land, and almost instantly they become voters of the United States. They swell the following of one or other party—first of one and then of the other. They grasp the city governments. They become a casting vote in the State and the Union.

Above all, they become the readers of the newspapers; and newspapers to-day cannot ignore their readers. I had a talk last evening with an American advertising agent from Syracuse. He was explaining to me, very delicately, the difficulty which the American newspapers had to face in the attempt to do justice to British visitors. "Of our readers," he said, "nearly 40 per cent. are Irish. They do not want to hear anything said in favour

of Great Britain. They will not read anything in favour of Great Britain. On the contrary, they want to hear everything that can be possibly said against her. The result is, that the newspapers, outside a certain number of independents, are flooded with Sinn Fein propaganda. They hear nothing about murdered constables! They hear a great deal about British atrocities!"

So now, before we land, we know what we have to face. But, of course, there is another side. The result of the Presidential election shows it for all the world to see. Cox played up to the Irish vote. He went so far as almost to sell his soul to the Irish vote. But, in the process, he frightened the stable voter, who is, in America as in England, the master of the situation. He alarmed the woman voter, whose rooted fear at present is lest her boy should be called upon again to go to Europe. My agent himself gave me a part answer to his own discontents. He told me of what happened at Syracuse in the elections of the city "School Committee" (our "Education Committee," but elected separately). The Irish combined with the Catholics and ran their own ticket. With what result? Why, the Protestant Democrats immediately shifted over and joined the Republicans, with the consequence that the Democrats were beaten!

Dimly, through these sea-mists, I seem to see here a reflex of the situation left behind in the

United Kingdom. The Sinn Feiner rushes for support to the Roman Catholic Church. He finds there a great machine: the Church, hungry for followers, receives him into the fold, and arms him with all her spiritual weapons. But look at the immediate consequences. The Sinn Feiner alienates the Protestant, the old traditional friend of "nations rightly struggling to be free." The Roman Catholic Church, on her side, offends many of her own flock, who revolt against the methods of Sinn Fein in Ireland. Truly do the "best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley"!

We have passed the Nantucket Lightship. We are on the eve of our adventure.

> "Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
> Far, far ahead is all her seamen know.
> And where the land she travels from? Away,
> Far, far behind is all that they can say."

We go to vindicate the cause of our country. It is a great and solemn trust. It cuts one to the heart to hear what some of these people below decks say of the dear old land. They seem to think us a kind of Turk—a strange accusation against a race which, whatever its faults, at bottom shares with Americans the qualities of kindliness and humanity. But such is the indictment, now as in the days of Wordsworth's famous sonnet, hurled by the world against England.

> "England! all nations in this charge agree."

It is for those who carry on the British tradition

so to direct our policy that they may answer such enemies in the gate.

Of one thing I feel sure—we shall find in America friends of British blood ready to think the best of the British cause. During the voyage we have been reading many books on the voyage of the "Pilgrim Fathers." This morning we passed not far from their course. To-day, Armistice Day, is, by a curious chance, the day on which they landed. This winter is exactly three centuries away from the winter in which half their number —including practically all the mothers of families —perished on the shores of Cape Cod.

It is easy for Americans to laugh at some of the claims put forward on behalf of those gallant Pilgrims. It is natural that there should have been some reaction from the days when half the families in New England claimed to be descended from some fifty men. But at the root of it there is a great memory—a memory of a great heroism—and that a British heroism. The men who voyaged in the *Mayflower* were typical British yeomen and shopkeepers. The men who followed them to Massachusetts and the other New England colonies were all of the old stout stock. Their descendants have spread Westward, and influenced with their traditions all the States north of the Mason-Dixon line. True, their places in their country of original landing have been largely taken over by Irishmen and Catholics. But all

through the United States the old strain runs, sometimes on the surface and sometimes below it, like the Gulf Stream that flows through this Atlantic Ocean.

That story explains the seeming paradox of American life. It is easy to show, in figures, the absurdity of calling the American race "Anglo-Saxon." It is not difficult to emphasise that vast immigration of varied European stocks which swept into the United States between 1850 and 1910, and to point out the small contribution of Great Britain. The American-Irish do that every day. But in the traditions and origins of races it is not only quantity that counts. The United States now finds itself—under the new Census and cutting out the Philippines—with a population of 105,000,000. If no more than 30,000,000 of those can claim British descent, whether through Virginia or New England, that is far more than those in England itself, the home of the Anglo-Saxon race, who are really descended from Saxon stock.

At any rate, there are enough British-descended Americans to make a great presumption in favour of friendship between the United States and the United Kingdom. "The British stock," say our candid friends, "is only one of many that have gone to build up the American people." True; but it happens to be the stock that has given them their language, their dominant religion, and their tradition of orderly self-government. How is it

that no other stock has changed these things? Surely that fact alone gives "furiously to think"? The more one reflects on the present condition of mankind, the more one becomes convinced that the hope of future well-being rests almost wholly on the prospect of a closer knitting together of these two races. May all the disputes that divide us disappear! May all those that travel to and fro across this great ocean highway aim not at embitterment but at conciliation!

II

NEW YORK CITY TO-DAY

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

NEW YORK, *Nov.* 12.

ALTHOUGH we reached the quarantine island at 3 a.m. this morning, it was not until about 8.30 that we got up steam again and went slowly up the harbour. The interval was occupied by the process of passing through quarantine, which consists in a doctor strolling through the saloon whilst you are eating your breakfast and looking at the back of your head to be quite sure that you have not got small-pox. So great is the virtue of the first class! For the comity of nations also permits the American Government to take the third-class passengers back to Ellis Island and pass them through a prolonged stage of inquisition before they are considered to be fit and proper persons to land on the free soil of America.

When we stepped on to the deck at 6.30 a.m. we found a glorious morning—a fresh breeze crisping the steely-blue sea, the crests of the little waves breaking into foam far beneath us. But it was only a harbour ruffle, and the great ship stood steady while a far greater ship—an American

battleship—swung by us, moving out to sea, parading past us just as if she meant to display to us the strength and pride of the American Navy.

Before leaving the ship we were invaded from the tender by a crowd of photographers and journalists. The four Pilgrims were taken up on to the top-deck and photographed in various attitudes. We were then each of us interviewed down in the saloon, and I found myself suggesting various questions to the modest American interviewer. That type has certainly very much changed since the days of Martin Chuzzlewit. These American interviewers are pleasant and delightful fellows, but now lack the dash and spirit of the new European journalist.

Then we went back to the promenade deck and stood waiting for that glimpse of the Statue of Liberty on her little island at the mouth of the Hudson River, which I have always remembered as one of the most thrilling sights for anyone approaching New York. Soon she appeared before us, holding aloft her lighted torch. But somehow she seemed smaller and less impressive than when I last saw her twenty years ago. For the great New York spectacle now lies away across the harbour, and it was thither that our eyes were turned. That spectacle is the mighty group of sky-climbing buildings which rises on Manhattan Island and gives the first great shock of surprise to the visiting European.

The tallest of them—the "Woolworth"—is over five hundred feet high, and so it is something more than a figure of speech to call them mountains created by the hand of man. They give you the impression that you are approaching a land of Titans. Perhaps it is that the nine days you have spent at sea make you ready for some great surprise. Therefore you exaggerate the meaning and import of these great buildings as they stand there on the verge of the New World, flinging defiance at the spirit of the Old, seeming to typify some new attitude of enterprise and audacity that is not to be confined by the conventions of Europe.

We glided gently to the White Star Wharf, and there we found our friends, the excellent Dr. Atkinson, Secretary of the Church Peace Union, who is doing so much for the cause of friendship between the two worlds, Old and New, and several other distinguished American ministers, who had so thoughtfully come down to welcome us. They helped us through the Customs, and perhaps it was their friendship that made things easier for us. But although the American Customs House officers are very thorough in their work and insist on opening every bag, I have never in America met with anything but courtesy in this always unpleasant experience. We descended to the street and our baggage was placed on a moving carrier which brought it without bangs and bumps down to the pavement. We were swiftly taken to the

Prince George Hotel, and there we had our first experience of the splendid food which America is still able to supply. The big oysters, the unlimited butter and cream, and the large portions of meat reminded us of our pre-war Europe at its best.

After lunch we were motored by our friends through New York, down Fifth Avenue to Central Park, and afterwards along the Hudson River. We obtained during this drive an impression of an affluence and luxury such as has become almost mythical to us Europeans. It takes many forms—gigantic shops with their splendid displays of wealth and food, well-dressed crowds, with a lavish display of furs and jewellery, and above all teeming motor-cars, which at some moments in Broadway are so tightly packed that you could almost jump from roof to roof across the road.

The immense congestion of this motor traffic on Broadway has compelled the New York authorities to invent some new methods of traffic control. At regular intervals along this great thoroughfare there are high stands with posts like railway signals. At the top of these posts are lights. A red light is a warning, a white light stops the traffic, and a green light allows it to go forward. When a white light is shown the whole traffic is held up for about a dozen "blocks." Meanwhile the street traffic from east to west is allowed through. It is a most ingenious method of traffic control, and is admirably suited to New York, with its long distances and

broad thoroughfares. I doubt whether it would be of any use in London. New York is now so crowded and dangerous that you witness the curious sight of great crowds of people gathering together on the pavements, like swarms of bees, to cross the street—as if the mere solidity of the human mass might provide each individual with a protection against injury. The Irish policemen, who are the sole custodians of New York, shepherd the people across with admirable coolness and good humour, and I am bound to say that the Irishman in power in New York seems to do this sort of thing just as well as the Englishman in London.

Central Park is a huge open space in the centre of New York, landscaped to imitate as nearly as possible a piece of wild country. There are pools and lakes, hills and valleys. The American grass goes very brown in the winter, and to our European eyes Central Park in November seemed therefore rather arid and barren. Here and there there are outcrops of the rock on which New York is built. These rocks add to the impression of wildness. There is an excellent riding track. But London has the supremacy in the matter of parks over New York, as over every other great capital in the world.

The glory of New York is the Drive along the Hudson River. We came on it just as the sun was setting over the New Jersey bank of the

Hudson, and we drove along by the river till the orange glow faded to a pale lemon. Halfway down this broad thoroughfare is the colossal tomb erected to General Grant. Over the doorway are written the simple words with which Grant accepted nomination for the Presidency in 1868, three years after the close of the Civil War—" Let us have peace ! "

NEW YORK, *Nov.* 14.

We have divided our luggage, and now we are going to divide our party. Each one of the Pilgrims takes a different itinerary, and my marching orders are for the Mid-West. To-night my wife and I start for Chicago, taking Niagara on the way.

NIAGARA, *Nov.* 15.

We have had a wonderful day at Niagara, which I had not seen for over twenty years. When we arrived at Buffalo at the end of our night journey, early this morning, it was snowing hard. But the beautiful warm station and the hot breakfast made us feel more comfortable than on a European journey. We reached Niagara at 8.50 a.m., and after many debates as to the proper way of seeing the greatest sight in the world we decided to defy the Anti-Waste campaign and, acting as genuine spenders, to take a motor for the day. £5 was the modest fee demanded, and five pounds it was. But it was really worth it.

Thus relieved of all anxiety and trouble, we

could give our whole mind to the wonderful Falls. We did everything there was to be done—visited the American Fall and the Canadian, walked about the little islands, went down to see the rapids, travelled in the aero-car across the whirlpool, and descended, clad in mackintoshes, beneath the Fall on the Canadian side, and only did not visit the "Cave of the Winds" because it is at present closed owing to the tragic accident of last year.

Since twenty years ago I seemed to notice some slight diminution in the water of the American Fall, which is being drawn off now to provide power for a vast number of enterprises and industries—electric trams and railways, workshops and factories and the lighting of many towns. Nearly one million horse power is now being drawn off from both Falls, the greater part of it on the American side. This great and splendid force of Nature is being gradually harnessed to the service of man. It is useless to say that this harnessing carries with it no ill effects. The neighbourhood of Niagara is now being more and more defaced by vast works and power houses. But the Falls themselves remain, and I doubt whether the subtraction of force has made any substantial diminution in the volume of falling water. I count the impression of that diminution to be an illusion, drawn from a quarrel between Nature and humanity which is a latent "pathetic fallacy" in every mind. Witnessing the assault of man one takes the side of Nature.

For Nature always seems to be the offended innocent, and man the impious aggressor.

Nearly eighty years ago Charles Dickens stayed for some little time in a house looking right out on the Canadian Fall, and after several days that great master of English speech wrote home in a letter to Charles Forster on May 1, 1842, the following description :—

> " You can see the Falls rolling and tumbling, and roaring and leaping all day long, with bright rainbows making fiery arches down a hundred feet below us. When the sun is on them, they shine and glow like molten gold. When the day is gloomy, the water falls like snow, or sometimes it seems to crumble away like the face of a great chalk cliff, or sometimes again to roll along the front of the rock like white smoke. But it all seems gay or gloomy, dark or light, by sun or moon. From the bottom of both Falls there is always rising up a solemn ghostly cloud, which hides the boiling cauldron from human sight, and makes it in its mystery a hundred times more grand than if you could see all the secrets that lie hidden in its tremendous depth." [1]

Poor twentieth century writers cannot improve on that !

[1] *The Letters of Charles Dickens* (Chapman and Hall), Vol. I., page 70. (See Appendix.)

We saw the Falls on a dull, grey day, and the sun gave us no help. The winter frost had not yet clutched the cataracts with its icy hand, although on the edge of the banks of the islands we found many ice stalactites. We noticed, like Dickens, that the noise of the Falls had been much exaggerated, and that you hear little until you come quite close. Standing in the cave right behind the Canadian Fall one seems to be looking at a snow-white solid, so continuous and unvaried is the impression of that rush of water.

Dickens was tremendously impressed with the great ghostly cloud of mist which rises from the depths of the Canadian Fall. He describes it again in another passage—

> "From its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid, and has been haunting this place with the same dread solemnity,—perhaps from the creation of the world." [1]

Perhaps we should not quite write like that now, since we have learned more of the tremendous changes that have taken place in the world since the beginning of time. But for my part I do not blame Dickens for his simple awe in the presence of this great fact. It is better than the flippant familiarity of to-day. Dickens was too great a

[1] Forster's *Life of Dickens*, Vol. I., page 386.

man to treat Nature lightly. Being great himself he realised the greatness of things. And this Niagara is a very great thing.

The trip in the aero-car across the whirlpool is quite worth taking. You pass from bank to bank in a little car running on a cable, and look down over a hundred feet into the restless whirlpool of waters. To this the Rapids come. By some curious freak in the rock the whole river turns back on itself at a sharp angle. The result is that the great mass of water seems to drive round and round in a great pocket for long periods without being able to resume its current and return to its bed. Great logs of wood will voyage round and round in a circle for whole days—so we are told—before they resume their journey down the river. We could actually see them disappearing beneath the surface and going down into the vortex. We recalled with more wonder than admiration the endeavours of men like Captain Webb who have tried to master these forces. The battle is too unequal to make it even " sporting."

We descended by the cog-wheel tram to see the Rapids. Standing close to them is like watching the Atlantic on a stormy day. The force which drives the waters on and up comes from within and below. The great waves with their broken crests and their prancing manes are independent of tides and winds. They are agonised by the tremendous power of Niagara itself.

At first, after falling over Niagara, the waters of the river glide so tranquilly that ships like the *Maid of the Mist* voyage quite calmly on the great pool beneath the Canadian Fall. The river glides into its gorge, and then, like some tremendous suppressed passion, the terror and volume of that mighty cataclysm come again to the surface and drive all before them. In the " Rapids " Niagara has its catastrophic revenge.

We had finished with nature by lunch time, thanks to the speed of our motor, and we lunched pleasantly at " Prospect House," a comfortable though expensive hostelry. Then we wandered round the town of Niagara : and finding it cold, looked for some warm American interior.

As we wandered along, with the free and easy observation of tourists, our English eyes were attracted by a certain freshness in the shop notices. This, for instance, in front of a small boarding house—

NIAGARA INN.
REASONABLY
YOU WOULD NOT
BELIEVE WE SERVE
SUCH
GOOD THINGS
TO EAT
AS WE DO.

THAT AND THE USE OF
STANDARD GOODS
HAS BEEN THE SUCCESS
OF OUR BUSINESS.

After this, what can a traveller do but walk in ?

It is almost as frank as the notice seen in a New York " Store."

" GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."
BUT GOD HELP THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES
FROM THIS STORE !

We walked a little further and found a big handsome factory devoted to the making of that delectable food, popular in two worlds, " Shredded Wheat." (I shall be suspected of being paid for this as an advertisement, but credit is due to the great food-makers.) On the door was written in big capitals " ALL VISITORS WELCOME ! " A new and refreshing notice to the sore eyes of Europeans, accustomed to such charming addresses as—" ALL TRESPASSERS PROSECUTED ! " " ALL DOGS SHOT ! " (which I actually saw of late defacing a beautiful English landscape).

* * * * *

Well, we just walked in. We found ourselves in a great oblong hall with a marble floor, steam-heated and comfortably furnished with leather arm-chairs. We were greeted by a charming American lady, and then asked to sit and read magazines, profusely

provided, until the guide returned with the party he was taking round.

He returned, and then took us through the factory. We witnessed all the diverting and multifarious processes of shredding wheat—the storeys of ingenious machinery, the baking of the biscuits, the packing of the product. But we had seen many factories. In all this we were chiefly struck not merely by the cleanliness and light of the great building, but also by the happiness and health of the 400 men and 260 girls employed. They seemed really to sing over their work.

The mystery of this happiness was soon explained when our guide took us on to the club-rooms provided for the employees. There is a fine, large restaurant with tiled walls and floor, so meticulously clean that one could eat off them: dressing rooms with lockers for each individual: fine bath rooms: and a huge recreation room where there are concerts and "movies" in the summer and basket ball in the winter. A mid-day meal is provided free at noon in the restaurant. The hours are from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. There are ample playing fields outside. The Cadburys and the Rowntrees provide nothing better on our side. I wonder how far this factory is typical? I am told that there are thousands like it in this country.

We have spent a quiet evening at Prospect House, and are taking the train for Chicago at 8 p.m.

CHICAGO, *Nov.* 16.

We reached Chicago this morning in a heavy snow-storm, and found the great city as dark as London under fog conditions. Coasting along the shore of Lake Michigan before we reached the city we almost seemed to be moving along the shore of a sea, so big were the waves which broke along that coast.

We took off our baggage from a great trolley at the station and carried it with us on a taxi to the La Salle Hotel. Arrived there, we found the great hall packed with men standing in queues waiting for rooms. There is a Convention going on in Chicago—there seems always a Convention everywhere on this Continent—and we hear that all the hotels are crowded. But this crowding of hotels is now a common phenomenon of American life. For America has its housing problem as well as Europe, and it is due to the same cause—the cessation of building operations for the last two years of the war. There was nothing for it but that we should sit in the hall writing our letters and diaries, waiting till a room was free.

It is easy to do this sort of thing in America. The hotels are public places, and all the world seems to resort to them. The "Lounge" of the La Salle was like the lobby of the House of Commons on a day of political crisis. Everyone seemed to stand: and everyone seemed to talk at the top

of his voice. There was a great sense of hustle and exhilaration, combined with an immense sense of discomfort for wearied travellers.

During the morning we visited one of the great Y.M.C.A. buildings, with their wonderful profusion of facilities for the young life of America—libraries, reading-rooms, lecture-rooms, gymnasia—and we learned that there are eight similar buildings in Chicago. The superintendent of this particular building told us that the working of Prohibition was proving an immense boon to the young life of the city.

"It takes away a great temptation," he said, "and the result is that they have more money for books and classes!"

He was quite enthusiastic about it.

We lunched at one of those wonderful food shops which are christened with the beautiful name of "Child's." They are everywhere, full of a profusion of cheap, good food, an immense boon to the workers of this great city. We fell into conversation with a lady civil servant in the municipal service who was lunching there. She gave us a curious account of the mingled enterprise and graft of the Chicago civic functions. These two sides of life —graft and enterprise—seem to be strangely intertwined in the public life of America. It seems due to that perpetual change of public servants which still goes on under the system of "spoils to the victors." I am disappointed to find that

Civil Service Reform has made so little progress in America.

Then we wandered about the town for a while and realised the tremendous contrast between Chicago and New York. In New York the traffic goes like clockwork. There is not a better regulated city in the world. But in Chicago it seems all confusion. In this part of the city one obtains a fearful impression of chaos and disorder in the noisy, tumultuous vortices of traffic between high buildings which tend to shut out light and air. This old part of Chicago is like a city of Ratcliffe Highways, though Chicago's noble parks go far to redeem the city as a whole.

During the last twenty-four hours I have been visited by the Editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, and I have paid a call on the Editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. I have also bought and read the Hearst papers, and a strange paper called the *Chicago Republican*, representing the views of Mayor Thompson, who now rules Chicago. These Chicago papers reflect a political atmosphere quite different from that of New York. They are more remote from Europe, and it now seems to be their vogue to avoid with all possible care any expression of friendliness towards Europe—and especially towards Great Britain. The view of the *Chicago Republican* is that America made her greatest mistake when she came into the war. The view of all these Chicago papers seems to be that Europe is an effete,

corrupt continent, containing little of interest to so progressive a community as Chicago.

The American newspapers, of course, are grouped in zones, and the Chicago zone is very different from the New York zone. There is no national Press in the United States at all corresponding to our London Press. The country is too vast. But unhappily, the nearest thing to a national Press is the Hearst Press, which runs right across America and publishes a newspaper in almost every great city with syndicated articles. Thus the Hearst Press is almost the only approach to a national Press.

Perhaps the most ominous thing between Great Britain and the United States is the virulent and sustained hostility to Great Britain of the whole of this gigantic Hearst combine.

* * * * *

This evening, however, we have obtained a better impression of this vast community of nearly three million human beings. I was fixed to speak at the North-Western University, twelve miles out from Chicago. The train took us through the suburbs out to Evanston—a pleasant township of broad roads and handsome, spacious, detached villas. There I dined with a distinguished company of politicians, professors and journalists, and after dinner I lectured in the University Theatre on the Pilgrim Fathers, illustrated by Newton's slides.

At the end of the lecture the audience remained seated. I was rather surprised at this, and not

altogether pleased, as I had done my work and imagined that I deserved some rest. But the chairman then rose and explained to me that though they were very pleased to hear about the Pilgrim Fathers they were not content to let me go at that. Having before them a visitor from Europe they wanted to hear something about that troubled continent, of which the papers now told them far too little. They also wanted to hear about Ireland. In fact, they wanted something "real and actual."

I told them that I had made a vow on board ship that I would not talk politics in America. But they only laughed, and as it seemed clear that they had no intention of leaving until they were gratified, I had to make them another speech, this time on the events of the day. It seemed rather perilous, as I did not pretend to admire the present foreign policy of the United States. Nor in regard to Ireland did I affect to believe that the American attitude is altogether helpful. I suggested that Ireland, being a common trouble to both nations, might, in the end, bring us together. That seemed such an original and surprising idea that it filled them with enthusiasm. For the Americans love a new idea, almost as much as we dislike one.

The upshot was that we all parted good friends. We got back to Chicago very late to-night, but on the whole thoroughly pleased and satisfied with our first adventure into American politics.

III

IN THE MID-WEST

FROM CHICAGO THROUGH ILLINOIS

SPRINGFIELD, *Nov.* 17.

WE started from Chicago early this morning, and travelling in a pleasant Pullman car we have traversed throughout the day the great plains of the Mid-West. We journeyed south-west across the great State of Illinois, one of the most famous States of the earlier American Union. It is the country of Abraham Lincoln, and there seems always a touch of that great man's spirit in the little western towns through which we have passed. From the train we get glimpses of the little two-storied houses with large porches and verandahs, standing in their own grounds, rather shabby and badly painted, a little ramshackle like "Uncle Abe" himself, but always with the same sense of space and freedom that marked his character. Though the houses are small, the roads are wide and bordered with trees. The houses stand well back from the thoroughfares, with no railings or fences, and always with a certain genial openness about the appearance of even the smallest homestead—a hospitable accessibility, like that of Abraham himself.

In the train we found ourselves travelling with that distinguished French soldier, General Nivelle, one of the heroes of Verdun. He has been selected by the French Government as the French representative at the Pilgrim Fathers' celebrations, and it was ordained at New York that he and I should visit Springfield together.

We arrived at Springfield in the dark. The railway station was full of friendly faces and welcoming hands. Committees pounced upon us from the gloom and carried us, bag and baggage, to waiting motor-cars. We rolled smoothly through broad thoroughfares to the Leland Hotel. The lounge of the hotel was full of eager crowds, for many things are happening in this city. A Convention—another Convention !—is sitting here in the capital of Illinois to revise the Constitution of the State, and the town is full of important delegates and lawyers. The revising of the State Constitution is a rare and vital event in an American State, and all these men are full of a high exhilaration and excitement. I noticed again in the lobby of this hotel that few of them sat down, but persisted in standing quite as remorselessly as members of the British Stock Exchange.

I have talked to many of the members of this Convention Committee, including several Ministers of the State. I am deeply interested to find that this Convention recognises as the basis of its new Constitution all the great documents of English

freedom—Magna Charta, The Petition of Right, The Bill of Rights. Nothing is admitted to their Constitution which is inconsistent with any of these great British standards. The walls of America are built on British foundations, and it is really useless for people to say that British traditions count no more than any other foreign traditions in the making of America.

For in discussing their new Constitution with these men, I realise instantly that they are bound by the laws of British freedom almost as closely as we are ourselves. They inherit the achievement of British ancestors: they build on the deeds of British heroes. All the time they hark back to British origin and think in terms of British faith. Certainly the best Americans can never forget this aspect of their lives.

But while talking to these distinguished men we have been witnesses of a pretty spectacle which presented the lighter and gayer aspect of American life. A fashionable wedding took place in the hotel this evening—for American weddings always take place in the evening. A great party assembled, including all the rank and fashion of the town and all the beauty of Springfield womanhood. Two things have impressed us. One is the grace and charm of the women; and the other is the elegance of their dress. The women in this Mid-West capital are as finely dressed as any women in Europe. Thanks to their great wealth, they can

indulge in this taste freely, and certainly there is no sign of excessive thrift in this matter of dressing. American women are fond of wearing their jewels, and it appears to be a pleasanter habit than that of keeping them in boxes at home. It is surely an amiable thing to share the glitter and delight of your possessions with the world at large!

November 18.

Springfield is indeed the city of Abraham Lincoln. He dominates the place, even in memory. For this is where he lived during that important period of his life between the early Mid-West backwoods experiences and the later grandeur of his Presidency. At Springfield he was something "betwixt and between"—not yet the great man of America, but already emerged from the obscurity of his early days. He had become a lawyer and given up the vague, shiftless life of the Mid-West pioneer store-keeper which he had led for so many years. In 1834 he had been elected a member of the Illinois House of Representatives, and in that house he served until 1842. He was elected to Congress in 1846, chosen by the Republicans for the Presidency in 1860, and elected on November 4 of that year. During all those years—from 1834 to 1860—he lived in Springfield, residing in the little house which has since been bought and furnished by the State, and is now kept sacred to his memory. After his tragic death at Washington his body was

brought to Springfield and buried in the cemetery here. A great monument has been erected over his tomb, and a statue of Abraham Lincoln stands in front of the monument. Another statue is placed in front of the State Capitol, the great white-domed building which here in Springfield, as in all other State capitals of America, represents the majesty of State power.

During the morning we have been taken in a motor-car loaned to us, with the usual American hospitality, to visit all these great memorials of Abraham Lincoln's life and death. We have journeyed in this way round this beautiful spacious town, now beflagged in our honour with French and British bunting. We have accompanied General Nivelle to the cemetery and laid wreaths in front of the tomb.

American cemeteries are certainly a great advance on European. In Europe after we die we are laid to rest in great melancholy, flat, walled spaces, deprived of the companionship of trees and streams, and unpleasantly crowded even in death. England is such a congested country that of late years we have been obliged in the great city areas to keep moving our ancestors' bodies from one melancholy site to another, the living always pushing the dead further away from their company. In England the tomb itself gives no rest. But America, being more spacious, has more room for its dead; and consequently there is not the same movement

towards cremation that has gone so fast in England during the last twenty years. At home we are now obliged to burn our dead because they take the space of the living—and after all the living have the first claim. In America there is still room enough both for the living and the dead; and so on the outskirts of their towns you come across these beautiful undulating, wooded spaces, of which Springfield cemetery is only typical. In these fields of sepulture—these "Sleepy Hollows" as they beautifully call them—they do not cut down the trees, they do not dam the streams, they do not crowd the tombs. They put man to rest beneath the shade of the weeping willow or the beech tree, giving him softly back to Nature; they do not attempt to reproduce in the cemetery the crowded conditions of life. The result is soothing and beautiful; death itself is robbed of some of its bitterness.

In the midst of such a cemetery stands the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, a mighty structure with that tall, sombre, melancholy figure of the grim President guarding the portal, and round him at each corner of the tomb four sculptured groups, episodes in the Civil War, made from the cannon captured from the South. Within this colossal tomb is a chamber tended by a custodian—a keen and devoted man, who can remember Abraham Lincoln and can tell you stories from his life. He is a man of the same age as Lincoln's only surviving son.

It was pleasant to be taken round by such a mentor, who could show us with intelligence the collection of interesting relics hoarded in that chamber—memorials of every kind, trivial and important. Pictures, engravings, photographs, letters, and poems—the play bill of the actual drama—"An English Cousin"—which was being performed in the theatre at Washington when he was assassinated. Here are cuttings from contemporary newspapers bringing back to you the immense tragedy of that human eclipse—the blow to the North, the appalling shock to the whole American people, just emerged from the bitterness of war. Perhaps the most vivid memento of this event is a small piece of the brocade dress worn by Laura Keene, the actress, and actually stained by Lincoln's blood, which dropped on to the dress when she knelt down and took Lincoln's head on to her lap after he had been shot. "Now he belongs to the ages." So it is that, looking back past the years that intervene, we see that life and that death fall into their proper perspective, and feel that the martyr's end somehow or other suited the hero's life. Perhaps after all, as Tacitus said of Agricola, he was happy in the opportunity of his death. "Tu vero felix, Agricola, non vitae tantum claritate sed etiam opportunitate mortis."

From the tomb we passed to the house, for our time was short. The Lincoln home is in Eighth Street, four blocks from the Courthouse. It is

open to the public at certain times, and we were most graciously received by the charming lady who now owns it. She is the grand-daughter of the sister of Mrs. Lincoln, and she showed us through the rooms with a loving enthusiasm for the man who had lived there. Like the chamber at the tomb, those rooms are full of mementoes. But the simple furniture best bespeaks the life. One gains the impression of a smooth, middle-class existence, intensely domestic : the life of a man who had passed right beyond his pioneering stage, and had settled down to tranquil ways. One wonders how that gawky, long, lank man was contained in those little rooms. I caught a fancy that he was probably more often to be found on the open verandah outside the house, perhaps sitting there in a long chair on the summer evenings with his feet on the railings, pouring out his unending stream of stories to the mixed crowd which probably surrounded him there, as all through his life.

The neighbourhood of the house is full of tales about Abraham Lincoln, many of them bizarre and grotesque. But the one I like best is that which tells how Abraham Lincoln, going down the street outside to an important engagement at the Capitol, passed a little girl who was carrying a very heavy basket. He stopped and insisted on taking the basket from the little girl and carrying it himself all through Springfield. That was characteristic of the man, his indifference to external dignity,

his unbounded compassion for the weak, his readiness to bear the burdens of others, his essential and fundamental goodness of heart.

From the house we passed to the Capitol, and there we paused to look at Lincoln's second statue. It is a representation of a younger Abraham, probably during the period of his State political life, and alongside of it stands the statue of his great friend and rival Stephen Douglas—a stout, thick-set little man, rather recalling Charles Fox. The interesting fact about this second statue of Lincoln is that it represents him without the goatee beard conspicuous in the statue presented to London by the United States, and now generally associated with his features. Shorn of that ugly appendage, the face is far more interesting. The close-lipped mouth and the square jaw reveals the secret of his strength and determination, hidden from the world afterwards by the straggling beard.

The story of why he took to growing this beard is interesting and characteristic. In the chamber within the tomb there is a letter from a little girl commenting on his photograph, and telling him that he would look a handsomer man if he grew a beard. It is the solemn fact that Abraham Lincoln brooded over this letter and finally decided to obey this child. It is also the solemn fact that afterwards, having grown the beard, he sought out the child on one of his journeys to Washington and shook her by the hand, thanking her for her advice.

It is one of those strange, half-foolish stories about Lincoln which make you wonder whether there is not a touch of folly about all great men. At any rate, there seems always a touch of kinship between them and children.

We now hastened back to the hotel, where we were to be entertained at lunch by the Springfield Luncheon Club. It was a great and enthusiastic gathering, and certainly Springfield did her best to show both England and France what she could do in the way of welcome and hospitality. When I ventured to ask that gathering whether they would, in the end, after they had finished with their politics, come back to the assistance of afflicted Europe, they replied with one unanimous shout—"Yes! We will!" Whether that shout was merely the exhilaration of the moment, or whether it represented the deeper mind of America time alone will show.

We have spent the afternoon motoring round the suburbs, and paying a series of visits to the homes of hospitable Americans, who have overwhelmed us with invitations. I will not trespass upon their privacy except to note the beauty of their houses. We visited ex-Senator Hays, who possesses one of the finest private libraries that I have yet seen in an American home. Then we visited the villa of a rich business man which seemed the last word in artistic luxury. Every bedroom, including also the servants', has a bath room with a shower bath.

The guest's room is the best of all, a happy touch in home-making. It has a marble bath worthy of a Roman Emperor. There are sleeping porches and verandahs all round the house for use in the hot weather. The study of the master of the house is in the basement, and is surrounded with pictures of the American Revolution, showing that no luxury abates the patriotism of the true American. We ended by glimpsing into a house where the hostess was entertaining a bevy of American girls. For in Springfield, as in most other American towns, the women are quite happy with their own company. A prettier set of girls one could not wish to see: their tea frocks exquisite, with short sleeves, but otherwise covering the body in a way that puts the present nudity of Europe to some shame. One more point—they were really drinking tea, and not smoking cigarettes!

There is no rest for the wicked. This evening General Nivelle and I had to address a great popular audience of 4,000 people in the great Springfield Arsenal. General Nivelle spoke on France, and I tried them with the lantern-lecture on the Pilgrim Fathers. The Arsenal was decorated throughout with French and British flags. The band played and all sang four great patriotic hymns—"The Star Spangled Banner," "America," "God Save the King," and the "Marseillaise."

We spoke with a background of Tricolours and Union Jacks: and there seemed no evidence that

America is afraid to display British flags. I would commend that fact to those people in Europe who are hysterically declaring that the British flag cannot be shown in America without a riot.

Looking round that great building, now empty of arms, there came back to mind the mighty poem of peace that Longfellow wrote at the suggestion of his wife—"The Arsenal at Springfield." It is still worth remembering at the present moment in the world's history. Here are two stanzas :—

'Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

* * * * *

'Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'"

IV

PROHIBITION

DOES IT WORK? WILL IT LAST?

SPRINGFIELD, *Nov.* 18.

IN this letter, while we pause at Springfield from our lightning journeys, I propose to take a glance at one of the great features of American life to-day—a feature that has faced us, with icy glance, in every city and railway station since we landed at New York.

It is Prohibition.

Prohibition came into force throughout the United States on January 16 last (1920). The Amendment to the Constitution was declared valid by the Supreme Court on June 7. Thus it has been in full force for five months.

The saloons are all closed, and the sale of alcohol is absolutely forbidden. A great Federal staff is employed in enforcing the law. You can drink what you possess, or drink on a doctor's certificate—those are at present the only two loopholes in the law of absolute abstinence adopted by the whole American people in a majority of three-fourths of the States.

* * * * *

Thus Prohibition to-day is the greatest fact on this side of the Atlantic. The League of Nations seems very far off. But Prohibition is here all the time. It is present before us at every meal, as a vast, daring, imperative, challenging social experiment. It is also a huge essay in the power of a Government. I am not sure that it does not come next to Russian Communism on this planet at present as a matter of vital human interest.

For whatever its enemies may say—and they are legion—Prohibition has not failed—at any rate, not yet. It holds its head high; its grip on the United States is strong and firm; you feel everywhere the silent pressure of its power. I have now spent nearly a week in the hotels of New York, Niagara, and Chicago, and I am quite certain of one thing. You cannot get a drink to-day in the public resorts of America—the hotels, the restaurants the confectioners, and so forth—unless you either "know the ropes" very well, or are willing to risk a stay in an American gaol. No doubt the law is broken by persons who have that knowledge or are accustomed to that sinister risk, but not by the ordinary, honest, wayfaring man.

The first blast of Prohibition comes to you on board ship. A day or two before you reach New York an imperious notice is posted up on every ship, foreign or American, informing you that you must make a statement that you are bringing no liquor in your baggage when you enter New

York. The gay "sparks" on board celebrate the approach to a "dry" land by an inordinate consumption of wine and liqueurs. It is the last spurt of revolt. Then when you land and settle down in your hotel, and move about the streets with the curiosity of a traveller, you soon realise the mighty change that has come to this land.

New York was famous for its saloons and bars. Last time I visited New York the saloons dominated social and political life. Now they have all disappeared, leaving "not a wrack behind." They are "lost in the foray." The breweries and distilleries are all closed. The buildings have been turned into factories. The saloons have been converted into ice-cream bars, where you can obtain any temperance drink on earth mixed with ice-cream—but no alcohol.

King Bacchus has been dethroned, and King Ice has taken his place. Iced water, iced ginger beer, iced ginger ale, iced coffee, iced fruit cocktail—all these you may have. But in public you may not, for your life and liberty, be seen drinking anything that appertains to spirits, wine, or beer. A whole nation—a nation of over 100 millions—would seem, if you judged by public appearances only, to have gone teetotal in a few months. From that point of view alone the world has rarely witnessed a more amazing fact. For the great cities of America—New York and Chicago in especial—were by no means models of sobriety. The saloons played at

least as great a part in the national and city life as the "pubs" of London or Manchester.

We walked one night, after a "dry" dinner at a New York club, down Broadway. The whole world was out to witness that marvellous scheme of Broadway illumination by sky-sign, which is now one of the seven Wonders of the World. The street was a blaze of liquid, moving, flowing, dancing rainbow lights, here rising in fountains of fire, there writ by a moving finger across the black firmament in shifting letters of coloured fire. Above and around us shone in that light all the pomp and wealth of a great city scarcely touched by the maladies and sorrows of Europe. Along with us there moved slowly vast, packed crowds, of every language and nationality. For the first time for five years we were witnessing great masses of humanity at least as prosperous as in the Europe of 1914, and still marked, as our great cities were then, by that great, proud plurality of young manhood which is now a thing of the past in Europe. Amid all those great throngs you could not perceive a single man—or woman—in any degree affected by alcohol. I do not say "drunken," for, after all, there are few drunken men or women to be seen now in the open streets of London or Paris. The new fact is the entire absence of that spirit of exhilaration, exaltation, excitement—call it what you will, think of it as you will, good or bad, I pass no judgment—which you witness among

the crowds emerging from our restaurants and public-houses. This new sobriety of great crowds of human beings is a strange, new social fact. We felt it not merely in the streets—those well-ordered streets of over-crowded New York—but also at that vast Capitol Picture Theatre, where we sat afterwards through a very long performance. We felt it walking home afterwards, through the homing street throngs. We felt it especially when near to midnight, we—our whole party, ladies and all—dropped in to a " bar " and partook sedately of a cooling fruit drink. It really seemed as if drinking—the satisfaction of thirst—were at last to become respectable. Why not ?

So much for the outside of the platter—the public aspect of Prohibition. What of the inside ? How far is it true—as so many will hasten to inform you—that drinking has been only driven back beneath the surface, to become more loathsome because of its secrecy ? How far is the compulsory nature of this great change undermining liberty and honesty in this great country ? Take the admitted facts. No attempt has been made to seize or confiscate the privately-owned stocks of alcoholic drinks. There are many stories of rich men who, foreseeing that the Prohibition Law was on the way, bought in great stocks of whisky and wine—some say enough to last for several generations—and are now inviting favoured guests to drink them. There are stories of men who have

very conspicuously retired into private life, and are now rarely to be seen in clubs, where no drink can be obtained. You hear of a new passion for domesticity! Respect for private property is the bedrock of American politics and social life: so neither the Federal nor the State Governments would yet propose to seize these private stocks. So the contest goes on from day to day—a scandal to those who believe in equal treatment, a store of fuel for the merriment of mocking foreigners, a constant supply of ammunition to the Reds and revolutionaries.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that it is not merely the rich who have an underground access to drink. The gang that rules New York, and whose amazing doings are now being daily unfolded to the American public, are alleged to be not behind in slaking the thirst of their true friends. Tammany is said to be still true to its own. Then there are the foreign ships. What more easy than to slip down to some part of the extensive docks and wharves of New York and pay a sympathetic visit to a friend from a far country? Then there is the great new industry of home brewing and home distilling. In a newspaper at Buffalo I saw a clever cartoon of a business man glued to his telephone while crowds of clients waited outside. The message he was conveying through the telephone was this: "Say! How do you make that grape-juice?" For the ingenious American mind has already

discovered that the fermentation of grape-juice into wine can be a home industry. Happy homes are now reported to be wine-vats. Fireplaces are said to be becoming popular in America for the first time, because it is found that the domestic hearth is a good wine-maker!

Such is the current humour. How far does it go? Well, my readers can tell for themselves. There are many parts of England and Wales where wines—elder wines, gooseberry wines, and so forth—are still fermented at home. But it is an innocent industry enough. It cannot go very far to slake the thirst of a great and parched nation. You can make a home-brew of beer which is, at any rate, cheaper than that which used to be sold in the saloons. The stores sell you little packages of hops and malt. But the barber at Chicago who told me this also sighed for English beer and stout, and particularly asked me how it was tasting now in England. Another—an Italian bootblack down in the basement of a New York hotel—assured me that he intended to go back to the land of wine and liberty as soon as he could get away—which did not seem likely to be very soon. An old negro at Niagara mourned over his lost glass of beer. "I liked to take a little at a time—not too much!" For these are the people to talk to—not the Government servants and the men at the top, or the philanthropists. It is only in the barber's shop and the boot-blacking saloon that in

America you can find out what the masses are thinking.

Propaganda has now been carried so far as to delude its own operators. You find all the organisers at the centre blinded with masses of figures and statistics, while " the man in the street " goes on his way thirsty and resentful.

The great danger, then, of the present law of prohibition appears to me to be that it may lead to a new hypocrisy in this great country. An English whisky merchant told me the other day in London that his trade with the United States had actually increased since prohibition. The only difference was that all the cases had to be marked " For medical consumption only." Yet it is hypocrisy to drink by way of your doctor, and it would be a great pity if that odious quality were to spread in this great free-speaking country. For there is no country less naturally liable to hypocrisy than this land of America—no people more open, more direct in their aims, more frank in their address. Even the pursuit of the dollar, which is still carried on with a frenzy which seems madness to the slower European, is open and above-board. It is taken for granted in America that you are after advancing yourself in the world. " On the make " is not a phrase with any tang of reproach, as it is on this side of the water. Why not ? He is a poor creature, so the American argues, who wishes to remain where he stands. That is not the way that

the United States have been fashioned. Their greatest perplexity about the European—their greatest cause for suspecting him, and despising him—is that he seems to be, for the most part, a man who does not want to get on.

But now, in this drink question, has America become a country of hypocrites? If one judged wholly from what the opponents of Prohibition say, both in Europe and in America, one would have to agree that it has. But I believe that opinion to be exaggerated. Of course, there is a large minority opinion in America against Prohibition. The very facts of the vote showed that. There was the minority of States entirely opposed. There was, in the States that voted for it, the minority vote, often pretty strong, although always under a fourth. You bump constantly up against this minority opinion, especially at Chicago. But if you remember this minority of one-fourth, it is only fair to remember also the great fact of the three-fourths majority in the States and Congress.

A Federal referendum would probably have been a better way of solving this question. It would have removed the bitter discontent of the minority —the sense that they have been scored off by the politicians. But we must always remember in England—if we wish to discuss this Prohibition question intelligently—that it was no ukase of President Wilson, who was even supposed to be opposed to Prohibition, but the slow result of a

prolonged agitation, which had been going on for some thirty years. Lord Bryce refers to it as a formidable movement in his great book, which was published over thirty years ago.

Nor has it been imposed on the whole country without many trial runs. Prohibition has been the civic law in many American cities for nearly a generation. Detroit, where most working-men now own their own motor-cars, went " dry " in the nineties. From the city it spread to the county, and many counties in America were " dry " long before a single State. Then came the State laws; and many States were " dry " before the United States as a whole. Then, finally, came the Federal Amendment to the American Constitution, which had to be carried by a three-fourths majority, both in Congress and in the States.

In the vast majority of the forty-eight American States, therefore, Prohibition had been carried by an immense preponderance of public opinion before the war. That was the first step. Then, after carefully watching the results and comparing with that shrewd, critical eye of theirs the social and industrial results in the " dry " and " wet " States, a great mass of the American public gradually shifted over to the theory of " dryness "; and when America is converted to a theory it leaps forward to the practice of it with the most amazing swiftness of spring.

But it was not merely the desire for personal

temperance that converted American opinion. There were other things. One was the passion to purify their city politics, which have lagged so terribly behind their Federal politics. There the saloon was insolently, tyrannically in power. Now its power has gone—wholly and irretrievably. The pure forces have for the first time a fair chance. The second was the fact of the negro population—now some twelve millions. Everyone in America shrinks with horror from the idea of a drunken negro; and as a matter of fact the negroes are, and have been, a singularly temperate and steady part of the population. But White America of the Southern States gradually drifted—as will also South Africa in the long run—to this dilemma—either to become "dry" themselves or to let the blacks become increasingly "wet." After the Southern States had fully faced that question the public swung more steadily over. The most notable fact was that the Southern States, though "Democratic" in party politics, went almost wholly Prohibitionist. Then there was the war. That played a great part. The War Time Prohibition Law had so great an effect on the nation that it converted many. There was the immense increase of efficiency, which impressed the doctors and the business men. Then there was the fact—so unfortunate for the "wet" interest—that most of the brewers and distillers were Germans, or at any rate foreigners of some sort. "Speak United States here, or

quit!" was written over many saloons, and led to their closing.

Lastly, there was the woman's vote in the States. The American woman has always been an enemy of the drink interest. She was always determined to use her vote against it if ever she should obtain the vote. When she achieved political power the very first thing she did was to put the "Dry" oyster-shell into the urn. That is not because she is a fanatic. It is because the saloon in America set before itself the aim of defeating the woman, and the woman decided to beat the saloon. In that country, far more than in ours, the drink interest got into a close conflict with the suffragist party, and so it was the first fruit of victory that they should strike a blow at the drink interest. There is nothing quite corresponding to that in British life, and there is as yet no absolutely clear sign that the woman's vote in Great Britain is a temperance vote.

* * * * *

Thus, so far as any parallel can be established between American and British experience, the American precedent makes very strongly for a start with the application of civic, county and provincial control to the liquor traffic. Mr. Lloyd George has argued strongly of late in favour of applying the federal method to the drink question. He is in favour of a separate "self-determination" of liquor control in the four provinces of the United Kingdom. That is how the United States began.

Each State at first had its own liquor laws. It was then up to the "dry" States to convince the "wet," which they gradually did. We have made a beginning with the Liquor Veto Act in Scotland; and the vote of this November, indecisive as it has proved, may yet be the first opening of a new era. The parallel would be complete if, after Scotland and Wales had successfully tried a new experiment, the whole United Kingdom agreed on one common law—of whatever kind that might be.

Meanwhile the Prohibitionists in America are claiming great results in the reduction of crime and the increase of efficiency in the schools and factories. This argument seems to make Labour suspicious, and perhaps explains why Gompers is opposed to Prohibition. But the trade unions in America carry little weight in these matters. The United States, of all countries, is ruled by public opinion as expressed in the ballot-box. Public opinion has spoken in this matter by the strongest measure known to the American Constitution—the amendment of that Constitution itself. For that reason the decision is accepted for the moment as final. The threats of overt action on the part of the minority have all died down. "No Drink, no Coal!" is no longer heard. The grumbling in private goes on. But the issue played little part at the Presidential election, and that for the simple reason that it is no longer considered an open issue.

It is an axiom of American politics that next to the actual process of passing an amendment to the American Constitution the most difficult thing—an almost impossible thing—is to repeal an amendment. There is no precedent for such a repeal. The most hostile opinion is now therefore, for the present, resigned to the continuance of the law. "It will last our time" is what they say with a deep sigh.

Amazing as it may seem to British opinion, there is no doubt that that appears to be the probable outcome. The law is practically glued to the Statute Book. Of course, if it becomes sufficiently unpopular, it will be ignored. But it will not be repealed.

V

SPRINGFIELD TO BLOOMINGTON

ROUND THE MID-WEST

BLOOMINGTON, *Nov.* 19.

WE rose this morning at 5 a.m. in the Leland House Hotel at Springfield. In the dim dark we finished that precarious process of packing which "vexes public men" on travel intent.

We had been promised a five o'clock breakfast. But one of the weak spots in these admirable American hotels is the supply of early food. The instructions seem to get handed on from one head of department to another—and it is marvellous how many heads of departments there are in the smallest of these Mid-West hotels. The only real "servants" appear to be the negroes. Every white man or woman becomes a "manager"—of sorts: and managers don't like early rising. Division of labour leads to efficiency up to a point, but beyond that point it becomes a form of industrial stagnation.

This morning at Springfield, Illinois, for instance, it shocked up against the earliness of the hour and sank in deep water.

Compelled at last to make a bolt for our train we had the hungry experience of passing our break-

fast on our descent to the hall—we in the lift and the breakfast on the stairs. We climaxed in a game of hide and seek. The breakfast and the negro dodged us. At last, despairing of our quest, we took refuge in the hospitable car of our friend and were whisked breakfastless to the station.

Then came a glorious relief. For lo! there stood to hand in the station restaurant a gracious breakfast of fresh fruit—apples rosy-red and grape fruit bulging—steaming coffee and hot rolls—such as one could not dream of in war-worn Europe. Thus refreshed, we quickly forgave and forgot.

So we started back eastward to this little town of Bloomington in mid-Illinois, where I was booked to address the students of the Wesleyan University at ten o'clock. We travelled in an "Observation Car"—a car attached to the rear of the train, and provided with "big windows"—which gave us an admirable vision of the Mid-West prairies and vast corn fields which used to supply Europe with maize at a time when the exchange permitted it. To-day the country is in its winter dress. The golden maize has been plucked and the fields are a dirty yellow, dotted with bare stalks. But it is all new to us, and we loved every little village that we passed—the freedom of the little wooden houses and the pretty thoroughfares.

At the station we expected the usual committee. But instead we were greeted by an old Oxford friend—a contemporary from the eighties—who,

seeing our arrival notified in the Press, had walked down to the station to welcome us. My friend is typical of the American human kaleidoscope. He came to America twenty years ago as a railway manager and remained to become an Episcopalian minister. He is now in charge of the principal church in this little town of Bloomington. Although now a fully equipped American, he remains British in heart and memory. How often throughout this tour we have met this type of British American ! Prosperous and patriotic, true to " The Star Spangled Banner " but still always, with a touch of the exile, eager to see an English face and to hear an English voice !

" I just thought I'd come and meet someone from the old country," is the way they put it. Or if he is a Yorkshire man then rather wistfully, " And how may they be doing up Bradford way." Or if he be a Lancashire man—" Do you happen to have been down Manchester of late ? " Or if he be from Somerset, he grips me with both hands and smiles all over his face when he hears that my native town is Bath.

It is wonderful how long these memories of the old country survive. It is not only the Irish-Americans who love their old country.

* * * * *

We have been lucky to-day. For these good British-Americans—this old Balliol man and his American family—have looked after my travel-

weary wife, letting her rest in their house, while I have been lecturing and speaking.

The sight of the morning was the crowd of eager young faces of the boys and girls at the Wesleyan University—a vast hall packed with young men and women allowed to sit as they liked and with whom they liked—just left to their own sense of discipline and order. When I looked at these glad and happy faces, and received their joyous welcome, I thought of how differently we order these things at Oxford—of the young men and women separated into their flocks and eyeing one another furtively over their books—and I wondered which was the better way, the English or the American!

They are good listeners, these young Americans. But I think we all enjoyed ourselves best when the lecture was over. Then they told me all about their University, and their happy life there, and they brought out their Kodaks and took photographs of me, and made me sign autograph books and do a number of other trivial things, just expressive of their general pleasure at meeting a visitor from England. At the gates we parted, and I suppose I shall never see again any of that great crowd. May they live happy lives!

* * * * *

But America leaves one no pause for regret. My guide and guardian immediately switched me off to eat with the inevitable Town Luncheon Club. What I said at that luncheon does not matter, for

most of the time was occupied by a formidable American orator—" spell-binder " is, I believe, the word—who was billed to lecture on Abraham Lincoln. It was a gathering of lawyers, well-dressed, prosperous men, and I think I told them that Europe was not quite so prosperous as they were. But my chief recollection of that luncheon is that our speeches were preceded and followed by a band which played jazz music with amazing violence, and comfortably drowned most of our conversation. Listening to this music I was not surprised to hear from my neighbour that many of the melodies were of African origin. A fearful thought then possessed me—that possibly the musical tradition of America is destined to be submerged by the aboriginal music of the negro!

For it is a curious fact that although America shines in many of the arts—especially in painting and sculpture—she has, as yet, struck no original line in music except along these semi-barbaric paths.

Finding it impossible to talk, I spent most of my time watching the keen, mobile, clean-shaven faces of the men sitting around me, and I became conscious of a certain boredom and weariness reflected on their countenances, as if the endurance of these jazz noises were merely accepted as one of the sacrifices of life offered on the altar of convention.

Luncheon over and its turmoil abated, we enjoyed a few hours of afternoon rest in the British-American

home of our hosts. We obtained here a vision of that large American class which has procured no increase of wealth during the war, and feel only the incidence of high prices. It is a class that must never be forgotten if we are estimating the comparative well-being of the English-speaking peoples. For it is through the common experiences of that class on both sides of the water that America and Britain have the best chance of being drawn together.

Here was a household built on an income corresponding to £400 English sterling—with three children ranging from ten to fifteen—a small house but no servants. It is a hard life.

The difference indeed between such a house in America and England is the far ampler supply in America of facilities for cooking, warming and cleaning. Central heating alone saves much work on fires. Shopping is easier and quicker in the wonderful American stores. Holidays are simple and cheap. For such a family in America is freed from the British tribute to the seaside lodging-house keeper. They enjoy an almost free holiday in the vast spaces of this continent. For three months every summer they go camping out on the shores of Lake Michigan, living in tents, fishing, bathing, and renewing their energies in a glorious experience of the simple life. That is one signal advantage to set against the drudgery of the domestic life.

For an hour or so we have wandered about this

town, visiting the fine bookshops and other stores, all bespeaking the wonderful wealth and well-being of this Middle-West city. All round you is a sense of national well-being, but perhaps most of all in the multitude of motor-cars which crowd the streets. It is a low estimate to say that one out of three adults in any of these Mid-Western towns possess a motor car. At mid-day you see all the side streets blocked with them. There are practically no chauffeurs: nearly everyone drives their own car.

Our host has been telling us of some glorious examples of the motor-mania which now possesses America. The workmen spend much of their spare cash in purchasing motors, usually on the hire system. A strike crisis recently arose because the workmen engaged on a new building did not consider that sufficient facilities were provided for "parking" their motor cars. Walking around, I expressed a surprise at seeing a number of cars "parked" behind one of the great stores. "You have a rich shopping class here," I ventured to say. My friend laughed.

"It is not the shopping class," he said. "It's the girls in the stores. That's where they put their cars while they are at work."

Perhaps not a bad investment; because, after all, it enables the girls to live out in the fresh air at lower rents instead of being crowded up in expensive lodgings in the centre of the town. But

it all speaks of high wages and a great national reserve of wealth and energy.

A lady engaging a charwoman recently in one of these American towns, was faced by the charwoman with the following interesting dilemma.

" Have you room for my car in your garage, or will you fetch me in yours ? "

Surely a very perplexing question, and likely to add very much to the problems of the modern mistress.

One last memory of Bloomington. In front of the Capitol there is an Arch of Triumph, on which is recorded all the names of the young Americans from Bloomington who fell in the war. It is a long list, and in thinking of the American war record we must not forget how much these little towns of the Mid-West paid in blood for the saving of the Allies. But what has struck us most is not so much the names, as the little interchange of poetical greeting between the Old World and the New recorded on either side of this triumphal arch.

On one side is written " Message from Flanders Field," composed, I believe, by a young Englishman at a bitter crisis of the war, and addressed to America.

" MESSAGE FROM FLANDERS FIELD."

In Flanders Field
The poppies blow
Between the crosses
Row on row
That mark our place.

And in the sky
The larks still bravely
Singing fly
Scarce heard amid
The guns below:
We are the dead,
Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn,
Saw sunset glow
Loved, and were loved
—And now we lie
In Flanders Field.
Take up our quarrel
With the foe!
To you from fallen
Hands we throw
The torch! Be yours
To hold it high!
If ye break faith
With us who die
We shall not sleep
Though poppies blow
In Flanders Fields.

On the other side of the arch is an inscription of a poem entitled, "America Answers," composed by a young Illinois writer, Mr. Villard. Here it is:—

"AMERICA ANSWERS."

Rest ye in peace
Ye Flanders dead!
The fight that ye
So bravely led
We've taken up
And we will keep
True faith with you
Who lie asleep
With each a cross
To mark the bed

And poppies growing
Overhead
Where once his own
Life blood was red !
So let your rest
Be sweet and deep,
In Flanders Field !
Fear not that ye
Have died for naught !
The torch ye threw
To us we caught.
Ten million hands
Will hold it high
And Freedom's light
Shall never die !
We've learned the lesson
That ye taught
In Flanders Field.

It is well to record these poems, because they express in noble phrase for all time the highest phase of feeling in the relations between the old and the new Worlds.

TOPEKA, *at Mr. Mulvane's, Nov.* 20.

We mounted into the Pullman at Bloomington last night at 5.30, and we reached Kansas City this morning at seven o'clock. The splendid coal-black negro who looked after us in our car glanced at his watch "wrong side up," as he "guessed" to us afterwards. The result was that he woke us all up at five o'clock instead of six, and we had to sit and yawn for a whole hour and a half before reaching Kansas City. The good fellow was very much

amused at his mistake, and kept chuckling all the time as he passed up and down the gangway between his sleepy passengers.

"Sure a' don't know how a' did it! Think a' must a' been asleep myself!"

Nobody scolded him. Everyone smiled a wintry smile and just endured. For out here in the Mid-West people are very tolerant of the negroes, who indeed have a singularly engaging way with them. They laugh more freely than any other people on this continent. I have been witness of their kindness from hour to hour both to women and to children on the cars. One gets very fond of them. Yet the Southerners would have us believe that if you scratch a negro you always find a savage! So one is left puzzled, with just a touch of wonder as to whether all the savagery is on the black side of the fence.

Kansas City railway station is one of the most splendid of the great "People's Palaces" which the railway corporations provide for the public in America. It is equipped with every resort for the traveller—rest-rooms, bath-rooms, hair-dressing saloons, candy stores, tobacco shops, boot stores and information bureaux. The whole place is splendidly warmed and covered in with a vast and beautiful roof which defies all weathers. Above all, the station is provided with a magnificent restaurant which gave us this morning a timely meal, quickly served and splendidly hot. What

a contrast to the railway restaurants of the Old World! I could not help remembering the grubby fights for food at our railway stations, and the haughty service of slow-moving, beautiful maidens.

But once more our time was all too short, and at 9.10 a.m. we started again for Topeka—a pleasant journey in sunshine, through rolling country along the banks of the Kansas River. The river ran steely-blue between pale yellow sandbanks, fringed with grey-brown and gold-brown winter trees, while beyond lay great stretches of fields, covered with yellow-brown maize stalks. The sky was bright blue at the zenith, but faded to grey on the horizon, with sharply-outlined clouds scudding along and casting indigo shadows over the faintly tinted landscape. It was a pleasant, cheerful journey, and we were met at Topeka station by a group of kindly American friends who insisted on offering home hospitality, and motored us straight to this house. Here we are permitted to rest for no less than thirty hours, punctuated by no more than two meetings. The prospect seems too good to be true!

VI

IN KANSAS STATE

TOPEKA, *Nov.* 20.

TOPEKA is a "capital"—the capital of Kansas State—and is proud of the fact. It is one of the paradoxes of the Mid-West that Kansas City is not in Kansas but in Missouri. So Topeka has the State Capitol, another of those great white-domed buildings in which the State Assembly sits; and it has a cathedral and a college and all the State offices. Otherwise it is a smallish country town of some 40,000 inhabitants spread out wide on both banks of the Kansas River, with the broad roads and detached villas of the Mid-West.

Of course Topeka has a luncheon club—run by the Topeka Chamber of Commerce—and we had scarcely begun to unpack before we were rushed off to address this club. The club was lunching in a large, low-ceilinged room, full of small tables and crowded with hungry business men. They were all eating hard and making a tremendous clatter with their knives and forks. The chair was taken by Mr. Van Petten, who is suffering from the affliction of blindness, but who has attained to an almost miraculous independence of that calamity.

He will always stand out in our memory as a triumph of the human spirit over darkness and tragedy. He passes through life serenely, with the wonderful patience of the blind linked to something keener than the perception of vision. In my youth I knew Henry Fawcett: and he, like Sir Arthur Pearson of to-day, was a living miracle of "victory over blindness." But Mr. Van Petten is the equal of those two eminent men. The loss of sight seems to have gifted him with some new sense, keener than that which he has lost.

In the midst of all the clatter, an American Red Cross lady arose and made a five minutes speech on behalf of the work that the American Red Cross is still doing for the starving children in Central Europe. To my great astonishment the whole room went on clattering: the negroes passed to and fro without any abatement of noise: the rattle and talk scarcely diminished. It was the first scene of discourtesy that we have witnessed since we landed in America, and we were gravely perturbed. The discourtesy seemed to be intended not so much for the lady speaker as for unhappy Europe. For the first time a certain anger began to rise within one. There seemed a touch of the insolence of prosperity about this behaviour.

The Red Cross ladies took the treatment with inexhaustible serenity, and patiently finished their almost unheard speeches. Then Mr. Van Petten called upon me. I rose and stood standing without

uttering a word, until from sheer curiosity some of the lunchers began to put down their knives and forks and turned to look towards me. Having thus achieved some slight degree of quiet, I told them very slowly and gently that I could not address them unless they could make a choice between their food and their European visitor. I am sure that they intended no discourtesy, because now they began to be quite attentive. But a certain flaming anger on behalf of Europe still possessed me. Those Red Cross ladies after all had spoken for our Continent, and I could not at once forget the way they had been treated. So very deliberately I took out my wallet, and slowly extricated a very dirty dollar note which was by a happy chance therein.

" On the exchange," I said, slowly, " this is worth more to me than to you. But as these ladies have remembered us I will give it to them——" So I stood holding it out till one of the ladies tripped cheerfully across the room and smilingly accepted it for the use of the Red Cross in Central Europe.

After that I had no trouble with my audience.

What I said is of little consequence. But for the first and last time in America I spoke my full mind about the behaviour of the United States since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. I was angry and I spoke frankly. " My heart was hot within me . . . then spake I with my tongue."

The *Topeka Daily Capital* gives the speech in

full this evening, and these are the headlines with which they preface it—

LONDON VISITOR GIVES TOPEKANS THE BRITISH SENTIMENT

"WE NEED YOUR ADVICE, NOT YOUR DOLLARS."—E. H. SPENDER

USELESS UNLESS U.S. IS IN

PRAISES WILSON AS MAN WHO SAVED THE WORLD

"British bluntness and outspokenness," says the journalist too kindly, "marked the speech from start to finish, combined with an eloquence which indicated the deep feeling of the speaker in his subject." I do not know about the eloquence, but I do know that I spoke very bluntly.

The result was very astonishing. Instead of being annoyed, that audience of Mid-West business men became more and more interested. Gradually they put aside their ice-creams and their iced-water and listened intently.

There is always one feature about the Americans which continues to puzzle us, and that is their incapacity for resentment. A frank people themselves, they seem to love frankness in others. The plainer and blunter I became at this lunch the better pleased they seemed. I told them that they had deserted us. They beamed back on me. I told

them we did not want their money. They sparkled with joy. I told them they would soon feel the shadow of Europe coming across the Atlantic. They were radiant at the prospect. I built up a comparison between them and the Good Samaritan, ending with the remark that they had left us in the Inn and neglected to come back again. They exploded with enthusiasm.

I thought that I had told them quite enough and meant to tell them no more. But then the Secretary arose and pressed me to say what I thought of their treatment of President Wilson? I gently hinted that I would rather not say. They pressed me again. I was forced to comply.

"Well," I said slowly, "we regard his present illness and general treatment by America as one of the five great tragedies of the world." And there I hesitated. But they pressed me further. What were the tragedies?

"The death of Socrates," I began, "the killing of Caesar by Brutus,—the assassination of Abraham Lincoln—the cruc——" and then I paused, and ended—"I think that there we will draw the veil!"

After that I expected to be picked up there and then and thrown out of the window—or tarred and feathered—or scalped—or treated in one of the numerous ways attributed to this part of the world. Instead of that these good Americans came up one by one very formally and kindly and

warmly shook me by the hand. One after another they said—" That was fine ! That was fine ! "

Such are the real humours of the American Mid-West.

In the afternoon we were motored by the Van Pettens through the country district round Topeka, visiting one of their big farms and handling the grain in the great storehouses. We learned that there is now such a glut of corn owing to the loss of the European markets that the Mid-West farmers are not only using grain for cattle food, but even burning it as fuel. The price has slumped from three dollars a bushel to one, and the farmers are half in anger and half in despair. They meditate a descent upon Washington with a demand for Government action. In our simplicity we took for granted that they were going to ask for freer markets.

But our friends smiled at the idea. " Then what are they going to ask for ? " we said.

" Why, higher tariffs, of course ! " they replied. " A tariff against Canada ! "

That is still the only remedy that the American farmer thinks about ! Higher tariffs at a moment when the whole world is being held up by the difficulties of trade and the want of easy commerce between nations !

We ended our ride this afternoon at the Topeka Golf Club, which is laid out not far from a wired piece of prairie which still contains a small herd

of buffaloes—the last remnant of those vast herds of these creatures which used to range in such multitudes over this part of America. The buffaloes sustained the Red Man and proved the enemy of the White. So the White Man replied by combining both in one common doom of destruction. The survivors of both the man and the animal are now herded within reserves, and the White Man possesses the land.

"May I go in and see them?" asked one of our party

"If you did, you wouldn't come out again," replied Mr. Van Petten, grimly.

For the buffalo in captivity—unlike the Red Indian—has acquired the ferocity which he never possessed in freedom.

The only difficulty of these motor trips through the brown prairie country dotted with villas is the badness of the roads. The American roads of the Mid-West are still shocking. The residents put it down to the softness of the soil. They tell us that macadam is useless in the Mid-West. But I suspect that most of American energy has hitherto been directed to the making of railways. The road period has yet to begin. A great transcontinental high road is already starting—so we are told—from San Francisco across North America to New York. It is to be built on concrete, and should prove a remarkable achievement. The building of American roads is indeed necessary to complete

the triumph of the American motor. For at present long distance rides are far less comfortable in America than in England. England still retains her splendid supremacy as a road builder.

We returned to the hospitable home of Mr. D. W. Mulvane, but an heroic attempt to rest was soon broken by the invasion of an enterprising journalist, who honoured me by mistaking me for my "comrade in arms"—the term with which he so graciously honours me—General Nivelle of Verdun. Perhaps I ought to have given my visitor a thrilling account of the last days of that immortal combat. But I was taken off my guard. I failed to rise to the occasion. In one fatal moment of candour I confessed to being nothing more than—my humble self.

Allowing for this shock, my interviewer was amazingly kind. This evening he recorded my views in the following headlines—eloquent of much :—

"CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL BUT JOIN THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS," SAYS SPENDER.

ENGLISH JOURNALIST SEES DANGER THAT SHADOW OF EUROPE MAY FALL ACROSS PROSPERITY OF AMERICAN PEOPLE.

He also recorded some questions of mine which are perhaps worthy of insistence :—

"I want to ask the Americans do they think they can profit in the end by seeing the countries

of Europe go down to moral and financial ruin? Do they think they are safe in having the countries of South America in conference with other countries at Geneva where America is not represented? Do they not think that some day Europe may become so self-sustained and self-sufficing that it may not want America's products? Are they sure they are not deserting the principles of the boys who lie in that great cemetery in the devastated region of France?"

Immediately after the departure of the journalist the admirable negress who attends to all the wants of this household entered softly into the room and leaning familiarly down towards me whispered into my ear the following delicate message:—

"Yo' wife think yo' ought to come and put yo' cloes on."

Gathering from this a fresh summons to duty I ascended to prepare myself for the banquet that was lying in wait for us this evening.

Our entertainers were the members of the local Mayflower Club, and it was their Annual Banquet. All the members of the Club are residents of Topeka, and no resident is admitted to the Club unless he or she can prove their descent from one of the Pilgrim Fathers. This proof is no light affair, for pedigrees have to be obtained from Europe. Yet it is a club of considerable size, and some thirty people sat down to dinner this evening.

Just consider the significance of this fact. Here we are, some 1,400 miles from the landing-place of the Pilgrim Fathers and the home of the Puritans. Yet here is a little body of their descendants who have penetrated thus far into the land and settled in Kansas. Their ancestors perhaps came to Kansas during that historic struggle for the soul of the State which took place in the Sixties—just before the Civil War—when it had to be decided by a majority whether Kansas should be a slave or a free State. The rival invasions which came from the north and the south on that occasion have left Kansas a State mixed in blood and origin. But there came from the North a very large infusion of Puritan blood. Perhaps that is the reason why the *Mayflower* descendants make such a good show in Topeka.

Anyhow we found ourselves present this evening at a very bright and charming meal. A committee of the Mayflower ladies had arranged the whole affair between them. Some had supplied the table linen, others the silver: yet others had decorated the dinner-table. It was sunny with yellow chrysanthemums and golden heads of maize; in the centre was a gorgeous orange pumpkin tied with yellow ribbons. The menu also was quite cheerful. The presence of turkey already foreshadowed the coming of Thanksgiving Day.

Let me give a record of the luscious food while it is still fresh in a grateful memory—

A mixture of grape fruit and cherries.

Turkey with sweet potatoes and cauliflower, bread sauce, cranberry jelly and cherry preserve. (All together.)

A plate of turnip and asparagus salad with butter piled on the top of it all.

Hot apple pie with vanilla ice sitting on top.

After dinner began the speeches. The aim of the orations was to celebrate the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers three centuries ago—in 1620—and this evening at any rate we stuck close to our text. Doctor Kulp, an American Minister of Dutch origin, led off with a resounding oration on the meaning of the Pilgrim Father movement. He displayed a knowledge of the history of British Puritanism which would have astonished a British university. I followed in humbler style, dwelling on the interchange of influences which have passed between the Old and the New World during the last three centuries, and daring to say that when America came to help us in 1918 it was a case of the *Mayflower* coming back to us. "But then she left us again. When will she return?" On that note I ended, and as far as that pleasant and hospitable company is concerned I feel sure that they will always vote with both hands for bringing the *Mayflower* back to Europe.

VII

"AWAY FROM EUROPE"

What the Mid-West Thinks

Topeka. *Nov.* 20 (*later*).

While still in the Kansas State, let me pause again in my narrative to consider some questions of serious political and social import.

Here in Topeka, we are in the heart of the great "Middle West" region of the United States, 5,000 miles away from Europe and 1,200 miles away from New York. It is a country of immense wealth and prosperity, drawn from vast numbers of large, rich farms, which produce enough, not merely to feed this State, but also enough, if transport and exchange permitted, to stay the famine of Europe. This State has produced 600,000 bushels of corn for export this year, but, as we have seen, they cannot now find an adequate market.

There is a glut of all good things. Apples are being given away. We live in a land of milk and honey, or, let us say, cream and candy. After five years of scarcity we British feel ourselves overwhelmed by the food which is lavished upon us. Here is a prosperity only equalled by the generous

hospitality of these delightful, large-hearted Westerners.

But, though they are very kind to us who are present in the flesh, they have ceased to think at all kindly of Europe. The Middle West has registered a great decision; and it would be foolish for Europe to dream that there will, in American public opinion, be any weakening of that decision.

"Away from Europe" would be a Bismarckian way of expressing the will of this people. The politicians at Washington, who are trained to fool the American people, may perhaps try to get round that decision. But there is no doubt as to the interpretation which is placed upon it by the good people of the Middle West. They believe that they have decided to be quit of Europe and all its works. The overwhelming vote which was given against President Wilson and on behalf of Senator Harding meant, to the West people, one thing, and one thing alone. It was a vote against President Wilson as standing for a European policy.

Now, I have put the case for Europe very strongly to these good people in the various gatherings with which they have honoured me as a British delegate to the American *Mayflower* celebrations. So may I, with equal candour and directness, put the case of the American people to Europe?

I put aside the purely party Republican case, because it is, like all other party cases, built up

on a desire to find fault. The Republicans blame President Wilson practically for every act that he has committed since the close of the war. He ought not to have gone to Europe—so they say—he ought not to have gone alone. He ought not to have pledged his nation—and so on, and so on, with endless iteration. It becomes soon painfully clear to the listener that whatever Wilson had done he would have been equally condemned by these people. I ventured to remind them that the British Prime Minister had done precisely the opposite thing—acted through a Coalition—and had been condemned in precisely the same terms by the same type of party person in his own country. There is no need to say more on that.

But why has this party spirit waned in England and waxed in America, in a great country at least as patriotic as ours and equally capable of great enthusiasms and sacrifices? It has waxed because this great American nation had already tired of its great European crusade. "My policy is to get back to the Monroe Doctrine." That is the most frequent remark of the Mid-Western business man; and no argument or appeal at this time of day will make him budge very far from it. When you point out that he has incurred great obligations and given great pledges, he remains unmoved. "They weren't our pledges," he will say. "They were only Wilson's—you hadn't ought to have believed Wilson!" If you then ask how, if Europe is not

to believe the President of the United States, any country can negotiate with the States, he will shrug his shoulders. "No single man," he will say, "can speak for the United States."

I sometimes wonder, indeed, whether what I am observing here does not strike much deeper than a mere party victory, or even the revolt against a single towering, perhaps too commanding, personality. I seem to get fugitive glimpses of a general revolt against the whole policy of intervention in the Great War.

There are two facts about the Presidential Election which strengthen this suspicion. One is that the women's vote—a very powerful vote today—was thrown very largely against Wilson on strictly peace grounds. The answer of the women always is, "Because he took my boy." "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier" is still the prevalent view of the American women. They have not forgiven Wilson for taking their boys. Simple, but profound.

The second is that the vote of both the German-American and the Irish-American vote was cast against Wilson. The German-Americans, because at bottom they have never forgiven Wilson for going to war with the country of their birth; the Irish-Americans, because Wilson would not acknowledge them at Paris as separate negotiators. Since then they have bitterly opposed the League, and—as I have described—not even Cox's wild promises

of support in their independence could bring them in. As so often in all crises of their fate, the Irish punished their friends.

But the Great War is past. The really passionate motive has been rather the dread of another war. Here the mothers have come in decisively. They have made up their minds that their boys shall not pay another trip to Europe—not if they can help it. It is not merely death and wounds that they fear, these women. They accuse Europe of having polluted their boys with drink and disease. Every time that Europe scoffs at prohibition the resolve of these women against the League of Nations hardens and tightens. It is in part a great moral alienation—this drawing away from Europe.

But of course that is only one contributory cause. No one can fully comprehend the hatred and fear of the League in America who does not also witness and realise the strength of the agitation against it. In this alone of the great war countries, it has been a supreme political issue in a great political campaign. The whole subject has been closely argued —on one side.

For, owing to President Wilson's tragic and deplorable illness—the central human point of human pathos in this great drama—the League has had few defenders. He seems to have established no organisation to support it. So much was it a " one man job " that his own supporters

scarcely understood the League. They were mostly in favour of compromise. But Wilson stood like a rock against compromise. He would not budge an inch on the famous Xth Article. Rightly or wrongly he felt that he had already given away enough.

Consider the sort of things that were freely said about the League, and are said to-day throughout the United States, with little contradiction from anyone. It is said that at any moment, under the League, any American youth might be sent off to Europe to fight in any "silly old war," whether America had an interest in it or not. There is no mention of all the restrictions with which the Covenant of the League has hedged the appeal to force; of the vote which America would have to give on the Council; of the alternative of the economic blockade; of the very pertinent detail that no American army could be sent without the consent of America herself. During the past week Mr. Borah, the fiercest out-and-out opponent of the League, has been pointing to the rumoured proposal to send Spanish troops to Vilna, and exclaiming triumphantly that, but for the recent election, American troops would have been going there also.[1]

Then there is the famous question of the "six to one" votes. The Americans feel very keenly upon this. Their idea seems to be that the innocent

[1] Spain cried off and did not send any troops.

Mr. Wilson—innocent to foreigners, though full of guile towards his own people—was entirely fooled by the clever British delegates. They complain bitterly of the arrangement by which we have secured votes for our principal Dominions as well as for ourselves.

I have pointed out to them, with all due deference, that they have behind them the votes of eleven South American Republics—including Hayti, Cuba, and Panama—all practically within the American sphere. I have also suggested that the splitting up of the British Empire vote, so far from strengthening the power of the British Imperial vote in the League, divides it. I have even pointed out that Lord Robert Cecil, now representing South Africa, does not sit at Geneva as a friend of the British Government, but distinctly as an independent speaker and voter. But all this is of no avail. It ought to have been said a year ago. It is too late now. The public of the United States have registered their great decision.

This being so, I was very much astonished to hear, from a powerful owner of newspapers in the Chicago region, that President-Elect Harding had privately informed him, in the middle of the Presidential election, that he intended to come into the League before the end of 1921. The idea seems to prevail that this assurance signified an understanding between the new President and France and Great Britain, by which America

should still join the League. If one could say positively that the people of America could now never be fooled—all the time or any of the time!—then such an outcome of this election would be impossible. But one has to consider that purely party government has here been carried to the finest point of efficiency—that an election programme is largely regarded as an instrument by which a party attains to power. Having attained to power, the President, by becoming the supreme head of the Executive, is from that moment an uncrowned king. Like all kings before him, he tends to plead Divine Right. He grows bigger than his party. Just as President Wilson came into the world war in 1917, after being elected on an anti-war ticket in 1916, so it is still not quite impossible, in spite of everything, that Harding may, after being elected on an anti-League ticket in November, 1920, still slip into the League in some form or other, before he finishes his tenure of power in November, 1924.

Old students of party politics will notice that Harding has left himself one or two loopholes by which he might find an escape from his present position. He has said that he will not join a "League"; but he has added that he might join an "Association of Nations." Well, there is no substantial difficulty there. "A rose by any other name——." The French call it "The Society of Nations." The Germans have another term.

Let the Americans have still a third if they desire. Then there is the question of "reservations." Switzerland has already come in on the reservation of her neutrality. Let Harding table his reservations, and it will be for the League to consider them. The British Government is not, I believe, opposed to reservations. They want to see the American reservations tabled by a responsible American Government before they pass any judgment on them.

But the issue is now not with the British Government alone. It is a matter for the whole League of Nations, who are at Geneva obviously becoming daily more confident and self-reliant, and less inclined to wait humbly on the dormant will of the United States.

Probably it is these rumours of Harding's secret intentions that has produced a new and remarkable movement at Washington among the more resolute Republican Senators. The elder Senators of the United States represent a sort of political aristocracy, "fathers of the people," patricians in spirit, elected for long periods by great areas, not untouched by a certain fine contempt for the party whirlpool. They are determined that Harding's victory shall mean a defeat of the League of Nations. They are resolute that America shall not be a party to the Treaty of Versailles, which many of them detest on other grounds. So they are pushing forward the policy of "Peace by Resolution." The resolution of Senator Knox, declaring peace with Germany

without terms, is to be passed again. Instead of being vetoed, as President Wilson vetoed it, it is to be allowed to become final by the new President.[1] That is the simple plan for ending the war that finds favour at Washington.

This policy will carry with it certain notable results. America will have to give back to Germany all the property, whether in ships or other estate, which is at present only being used under the right of war. She will revert to her ante-war attitude towards Germany. She will have no part or lot in the annexations of German territory either by France or Great Britain. She will not undertake to guarantee anything in the Versailles Treaty. It is, perhaps, a significant fact that the Republican victory in America has been followed by the development of a new German attitude of resistance towards the Allies in Europe.

One dimly perceives that Harding may come into conflict with this powerful body, the American Senate, almost as acutely as President Wilson. There are all the elements of a new deadlock in the party proportions of that body as it emerges from the elections. The Republicans have a majority of only nine notes. That would not give them the necessary two-thirds majority for a purely Republican policy. The Republican extremists will almost certainly be unable to secure a two-thirds majority for peace by resolution. If Harding

[1] This resolution has now been passed (1921).

becomes a League President, the Democrats in the Senate may support him, if they can forgive the Republican attacks on Wilson. But they, too, will be unable to give him the necessary two-thirds majority. So this great country may drift on, suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between war and peace, a silent voice in the counsels of the world.

Such are the shifting aspects of this great drama. Behind them all one gets glimpses of a world tragedy. One seems to be an onlooker at one of the great crimes of history. The slow dying of President Wilson—which the Republicans gaze at with an indifference approaching to satisfaction—appears to carry with it some sense of doom for the great country that can pass by with so little pity or regard. The Americans will descant to you at great length over the faults and "kinks" in President Wilson's character. Many great men have great faults. To err is human. But do not Wilson's enemies suffer from a greater fault than any of his —the fault of not recognising greatness when they see it? "His great deed was too great," sang Mrs. Browning of another man. President Wilson's character seems to tower above his race and time. Already, like Abraham Lincoln, he "belongs to the ages." And just as America paid a fearful price for the killing of Abraham Lincoln, so sometimes it occurs to an observer of these events that a reckoning for all this lies ahead for this now smiling, prosperous land.

Is not the shadow of it already coming? While I write, the talk of a slump in trade is going on all around me. The farmers of the Mid-West cannot understand why their prices are affected. They have been told for so long that they can stand utterly detached from Europe. They know so little of the new shrinkage of the world. They have taken for granted that there will always be a market for their produce. They have laughed at those who told them that if Europe starved they would suffer. But they are already feeling the wind from the East. Will they realise the meaning of these things before it is too late? Or will they continue to go on their own course until the shadow from Europe falls across the Atlantic and wraps them also in its gloom?

Personally, I still hope that they will realise in time. They are a splendid people, these Western Americans; a little heady, but generous to a fault, capable of great enthusiasms. Europe has not hitherto spoken to them with a persuasive voice. It has alternately used them for its own ends, and then snarled at them for not continuing to serve. But they will serve no man. They are essentially free and independent. If they are to be drawn back to Europe it must be as equal counsellors. We shall have to give more weight to their advice than we did when last they came. We must let them have a voice proportionate to their numbers, their wealth, and their power.

If they are once convinced that they will be listened to after that fashion, I believe that they will still come. But they must do their own work of conversion. British propaganda is now suspect here, and will be of little avail. The most hopeful rumour that has reached me of late days is that the Democratic party, now freed from the burden of rule, propose to start over here in America an American League of Nations Union. If that is done, then for the first time we shall see a steady and continuous process of persuasion, based on large and broad principles, such as alone can suffice to convince so great a people of their high duty in this great matter.

This, at any rate, we can always say of the American people—that if once they see their duty clearly, they always follow it.

VIII

ACROSS MISSOURI

AND BACK TO KANSAS

KANSAS CITY, *Nov.* 21.

WE left Topeka for Kansas City at five o'clock this afternoon, and arrived here at eight o'clock, going straight to the Muhlen Hotel. It is a first class American hotel, with three lifts, a splendid lounge, and a marvellous restaurant, where we were waited upon by Italian servants. Kansas is the second city of Missouri, with nearly 200,000 inhabitants. It lies on the south bank of the Missouri River. It is less than fifty years old and is now one of the most thriving cities of the Mid-West—a great commercial and industrial centre, with wide and splendid streets, magnificent public buildings and surrounded by beautiful suburbs. But what distinguishes it from a similar city in Europe is the exuberant, exhilarating spirit of youth and energy which fills the atmosphere.

We are destined to stop here only for to-night, as we are due at St. Louis to-morrow to speak in the evening. It has been quite an interesting event to dine in the restaurant. It is an " exotic " room, lit with numerous little brightly-coloured

lanterns, their gay colours reflected in the shining marble floors and gleaming from the table glasses, which look as if filled with golden hock, but on closer inspection are found to contain nothing but —the usual, inevitable iced-water. The roof is sustained by columns up which creep gaudy artificial nasturtiums, and as we sat there we felt somehow or other the room expressed the audacity and luxuriance of the Wild West.

After dinner I was waylaid by a band of journalists who kept me talking for the rest of the evening. I said many wise things about the League of Nations, but I observed that the only utterance of mine that was recorded in their note-books was my venturesome opinion that the American language was drifting rapidly away from the English.[1] This seemed to interest them far more than anything I said on the League of Nations—a subject of which they are profoundly fatigued—scarcely to be wondered at when one reflects that they have fought a great Presidential election on it throughout the whole of this year!

These journalists frankly discussed with me to-night a very extraordinary feature of the present phase here. It is a startling recrudescence of the old spirit of violence, which seemed to have passed away in the Mid-West.

There have been four murders here in a week—all forms of highway robbery. A man slips on to

[1] See page 22 ("A Word Before").

the footboard of your motor when you are slowing down at any point, faces you with a revolver, demands your money: and if you hesitate, shoots. A policeman has been shot because he was mistaken for a robber. The Court gave "justifiable homicide." So uncertain is life: so precarious is order. Men and women of means are going about armed: because the possessing class in America, still having the courage of its property, never takes these things "lying down."

In the opinions of the journalists this is only a passing phase, due to the Great War. I told them that we had experienced similar incidents in Ireland and elsewhere, and were anxious to put them down to the same cause.

November 22.

We breakfasted at the beautiful Kansas City railway station, and after being interviewed and photographed by sundry journalists we started off on a long day trip to St. Louis—an eight-hour journey across the State of Missouri, striking the river at Jefferson City—where we caught a glimpse of the fine white Capitol of that splendid town. A kindly American who made friends with us on the train took our breath away by inviting us to lunch with him in the restaurant car. There he entertained us royally, although he had never seen us before. This delightful act of hospitality took the fatigue from our journey, for it made us feel that we were in a friendly land. We found that our

host was a Mr. Graves, the son of the Judge of the Supreme Court in Jefferson City.

Our experience of St. Louis was brief and lightning-like. We were whisked off in a motor car to the beautiful home of Mrs. Wilkinson. There we dined, and then we were spirited off again to the great Pilgrim Church. I was taken by back ways on to the platform and found myself facing a vast audience of grave American ministers. As we had to leave again at ten I thought it wise to claim the right of first speech. I spoke to them for half an hour, and was most kindly treated. The pleasant roar of their applause had hardly died down when we were called away, thrust back into the motor car and rushed to the station. We had spent precisely five hours in St. Louis, and left with nothing more than a vague, brilliant impression of broad thoroughfares, beautiful houses and vast shop fronts showing motor cars of every make and size.

November 23.

We breakfasted once more in the great railway station of Kansas City, and we have spent the day in partaking of our friends' splendid hospitality. A morning in the hands of the Kansas "Exodontist" left me short of two teeth and a considerable amount of blood. But in spite of that —such is the spirit one catches from America—I managed an hour later to address the City Women's Club—a large and prosperous gathering of some 200

ladies. Mrs. Spender took my place until I had recovered from the Exodontist, and made an admirable début as a public speaker. In the afternoon we were taken by Mr. Sharon, the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, for a long motor ride round the suburbs of Kansas City. We motored for two hours, going swiftly all the time through one huge prosperous land of beautiful villas, all of them standing, in their admirable open American way, a little back from the road, without either hedge or fence, and displaying their varied architecture to the passing eye. Nowhere is the prosperous middle class better housed. Would that the housing of the working class was equally satisfactory! But there I noticed a sad falling off, openly admitted by the best Americans. "Well," they say, in their characteristic slow, humorous way, "I guess that some day we will give our minds to it. We haven't had time yet."

This evening we were entertained by the Chamber of Commerce at a great banquet. A lighted model of the *Mayflower* was carried through the room. It was a scene of wealth and luxury, and I spoke a word for poor Europe, and tried to remove a few misconceptions about the League of Nations. I was listened to with profound attention and respect: but I left with the same conviction that out here in the Mid-West the issue had been decided. This part of America—it seems to me—now regards the League of Nations as something quite remote and

far away, having little relation to their actual concerns.

After speaking I was abruptly summoned from the room and once more snatched away to the train, which left for Chicago at 10.30 p.m.

IX

IRELAND AGAIN

OPINION IN THE MID-WEST

CHICAGO, *Nov.* 24.

HERE we are back in Chicago: and sitting here it may be worth while to say a few more words on the question which overshadows all else in America —the relations between Britain and America.

The terrible events that have occurred in Ireland during the past week[1] have sent a reverberating tremor through the whole United States. All the many newspapers in the great towns through which I have been travelling—Topeka, Kansas City, St. Louis—have been full of the news from Dublin and Westminster. The news service is full, detailed, and impartial. I have been able to follow events in Ireland quite as easily out in the Western city of Kansas as if I were at home in London. Remember that the eyes of the whole world are on Ireland and our doings there. Britain is being judged—aye, and let Irishmen remember, Ireland is being judged also.

Again comes the echo of that mighty sonnet of Wordsworth, written at the time of the last great Irish Rebellion (1798) :—

[1] The slaughter of the officers in Dublin, etc. See file of *The Times* for November 18–23.

' England ! all nations in this charge agree.
But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,
Far—far more abject, is thine enemy !
Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight
Of thy offences be a heavy weight ;
Oh, grief that Earth's best hopes rest all with Thee ! "

America holds her breath at what is happening. There is little comment in the Press outside Chicago, and even there the ravings of last month are moderated. A Catholic priest denounces England as the "ghoul" among nations, and King George as Nero ; but perhaps the shrewd American public thinks of St. Bartholomew's Day, and passes on. In any case, opinion is strangely silent. The Americans feel instinctively that there is peril in the air.

So there is. Let me say at once that I find American opinion on Ireland far more steady and far better informed than I had expected. There is here an immense mass of central, solid opinion, essentially conservative in its nature, and wholly unsympathetic with the methods of Sinn Fein. The astonishing thing, after all one has heard, is to find that many Irish Americans side strongly with Great Britain in the present phase of the struggle. They are ashamed of these methods of violence. They are Home Rulers, but opposed to the claim for Irish independence.

Still, there is peril. How can there fail to be ? Consider the broad, general facts of the situation between these two great countries. America pos-

sesses an Irish problem scarcely second to our own. Here, in the United States, there live some 20,000,000 persons of Irish descent, many of them with bitter memories of eviction and family traditions of famine, all of them descended from those who have come across the sea because they cannot live in their home-land. Now it is a common feature of life here—greatly disturbing to the pure American —that nearly everyone has a tender place in his heart for that bit of Europe from which he has sprung. I have described how men and women of English stock, now Americans, come up after the meetings everywhere just to clasp an English hand and hear an English voice. Must it not be the same with the Irish ? It is ten times more the case, because the woe of their land keeps her memory always green. Ask the post-offices in the West of Ireland how much money comes across the ocean from America to poor relations in that distressful country !

Now 20,000,000 Irish people mean at least 5,000,000 voters, men and women. We know how the parties in England play up to the Irish vote. Multiply that vote ten times, intensify the party atmosphere twenty times, and you have the situation here. Both great parties play up to the Irish vote. Not so much because they care for Ireland, but simply, like all parties, because they want to score a win and achieve power. None the less, this process may become very dangerous.

Take the recent Presidential election. It opened with the knowledge that the Irish vote was going to be cast Republican, because President Wilson had snubbed the Irish envoys at Paris. The Irish were going to vote against the League of Nations because they were not included within it. Now the Irish vote has gone Democratic from the beginning of things. So the Democrats, foreseeing the terrible disaster which awaited them, played a desperate hand. Governor Cox made a speech in which he hailed the advent of Irish Independence, promised his support to the cause, and, in fact, took a stand which, in the event of his success, might have led to unpleasantness with England. But Governor Cox did not succeed; and always remember to the credit of the Americans that that speech was largely the reason of his failure.

The Irish still voted Republican. The moderate Democrats, frightened by their candidate's Irish pledges, voted Republican also. Such, as I have said, was that Hibernian result.

But now the present Administration, having been returned partly by the Irish vote, will have to consider Irish feelings. In the vast shift of officials which will begin next March—America is already seething with the prospect—Irishmen must be considered both abroad and at home. There is talk to-day of a new "Irish drive." Great sums have been collected in this country to promote

the Irish cause. The " Irish bonds," paid up to-day but only to pay interest when Ireland is free, have been taken up by the girls and boys in every part of the country. The money that used to go to the Nationalists now goes to De Valera—for what purpose can be clearly gathered from interviews published weekly throughout America, in which De Valera, sitting in the hired Presidential offices of his New York hotel, feeds the flame of Anti-British fury.

The vast, decent, essentially law-abiding American public disapproves all of this. Their great tolerance makes them slow to act. If they were once satisfied that England was wholly in the right they would instantly stop all this playing with fire. They would remind De Valera that he must not use American hospitality to threaten a friendly State. But the American is not satisfied. There is the rub. He has an uncomfortable feeling that the Irishman has a case. He regards our attitude towards Ireland as our one great moral failure. He takes the whole story of the last fifty years, and he suspends judgment.

" It would help us over here if you would settle that Irish question of yours," he says, in his slow sing-song. " You see, it gives us a lot of trouble," he goes on apologetically. Then he generally adds, with that passion for fair judgment which sways the American, " Not that I think it is any affair of ours, any more than Hayti or the Philip-

pines would be an affair of yours." Then he pauses. "But, of course, you've sent a lot of them over here, and they don't seem to become real American." For the "real American" here, as I have told you, is the man who thinks first of America, and only in a very second place of the country of his origin.

To which I often reply, "Then why don't you help us to settle the question?" Whereat the American, waking up from his easeful dream, fires off at me that disconcerting social pistol-shot of his—"What's that?" So I explain more fully.

"Why don't you urge moderation on your Irish friends in America and Ireland? Why not point out to them the folly of crying for independence and so losing Home Rule?"

He laughs. "Oh! It's the politicians! That cut wouldn't suit the politicians!"

There's the red light. America, which thinks itself a self-determining country, is really run by a caste of politicians. Like the condottieri of mediæval Italy, the American politicians live by fighting. They feed on the country like those estimable gentlemen of old. They are rewarded with the "spoils"—a system which still prevails, as we have seen, in State, city, and Washington, in spite of civil service reforms. Now to this caste of politicians, whether Republican or Democrat, all is grist to the mill. The difficulty in a great country like America, where nearly all the big political issues of the Old World are decided, is to

get up a real political fight. Ireland has the double feature of providing a political fight for the New World as well as for the Old. That is the peril of Ireland.

The peculiar advantage of Ireland as a political issue is that it can be used as a stick to beat the League of Nations. It is held up as a supreme illustration of the folly and incompetence of Old Europe. Quite decent papers publish from day to day stories of Irish "atrocities" committed by our troops and police. It is a feature of the American Press, quite as regular as Armenian "atrocities" used to be of our own. A considerable number of Americans seem to get into Ireland, and they come back with fearful stories. Australians return home across America, and they write their experiences on the way. A visit to Ireland now plays the same part in America, as a Press sensation, as is played in England by the visit to Russia of some eminent publicist. So gradually England becomes a "bogey" and all our appeals to America to save the Armenians from the Turks are greeted with irreverent laughter. Why not the Irish from ourselves?

The Irish propaganda is violent and penetrating. It is sent to all newspapers and public men. It follows British visitors with a trail of suspicion. Speaking in many places about the "Pilgrim Fathers" to *Mayflower* audiences, we find that our approach has been preceded by the receipt of

leaflets denouncing the whole movement as a British dodge. The poor old "Pilgrim Fathers" are sadly mauled in these leaflets. They betray the touch of religious venom, as well as of race hatred. For I must honestly say that the Irish agitator is often just a stalking-horse for the Catholic priest.

Then there is another great argument, especially pressed by the *Chicago Republican*, which attacks equally both the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Chicago Daily News*. The *Republican* simply cries every week, "Yah! What about those Belgian atrocities now?" Its aim is to undermine what remains of the war sentiment; to prove that the United States was tricked into the World War; to show that there is not a pin to choose in moral outlook between any of the effete, corrupt European countries. That is the deliberate aim of the extreme Republican, who is going to fight to the last ditch against joining any form or shape of the League of Nations.

All this is a great worry to the large body of respectable American opinion. One of the strange side effects is that it ruins their city government. For it is a strange world-paradox that Ireland, being disappointed of governing herself, finds some consolation by running the great cities of America. New York is—as I have told—at present going through one of her sensational disclosures of Tammany rule, with all its incredible levity, selfishness, and corruption. Chicago is making a great

show of draining some of her innumerable human cesspools. But a day or two spent here brings home a conviction that the trouble is not at the bottom so much as at the top. The whole machinery of Tammany—with its sale of offices, its municipal blackmailing, its systematic collusion with crime—has been introduced into Chicago.

Very suspiciously, this all goes along with a fierce anti-British propaganda. It is the opinion of the British Government that many of the murders in Ireland have been perpetrated or organised by "gun-men" imported from Chicago. It is difficult to obtain any precise confirmation of this on the spot. But the Americans to whom I have reported the story have simply shrugged their shoulders. It is quite clear that in their opinion no policy of homicide, on whatever scale, is incredible in regard to some of the forces now flourishing in the vast, teeming human jungle of this amazing city.

But while their hold on the big American cities has given the Irish great advantages in running their propaganda and subsidising the forces of terror in Ireland, it has seriously injured their cause in America. For if there is one thing that the American is ashamed of it is his city government. The best men keep quite clear of it. Mr. Sharon, the president of the Chamber of Commerce at Kansas City, a splendid type of that class of fine, self-sacrificing, public-spirited men who are quite as numerous in America as in England, described to

me his efforts to work with the forces of municipal government at Kansas, and his final retirement in disgust. How can any serious man defend a system of administration where almost every office is just a gift of the political machine, and every official, however painstaking, is liable to dismissal in order to provide a tasty morsel for Democrats or Republicans ?

The only people who can really work this system are the Irish. But their capacity to do so covers them with grave discredit among the sober Americans. I have been surprised to find how many Americans have begun to doubt whether Ireland is capable of Home Rule—although it is only fair to say that there is a class of Irishmen in this country who have kept clear of all this muddiness, and have risen to high posts, both in the State and the nation, with every credit to themselves and their race.

America is all the less inclined to surrender to the Irish propaganda, because she is at present swept by this wave of crime of her own. Consulting that dentist in Kansas city on Sunday night, I was surprised to see him take from his pocket a beautiful six-shooter, fully loaded. He soon relieved me of my suspicion that this was a new weapon of dentistry, and bearing out and confirming what had been told me by the Kansas city journalists, he explained that " hold-ups " of motor-cars were now quite common in Kansas City, and that several of his friends had been robbed that very

week. A charming girl, one of the most popular in the city, had been ruthlessly shot because her fiancé tried to defend her from robbery, and a woman engaged in shopping had been mercilessly slain because she stooped to pick up a boy who had been knocked down by one of these ruffians. After this I watched these crimes in the Press, and I observed an extraordinary lenity on the part of both police and magistrates. The man who shot the girl was allowed to have his dinner in the dining car, and he jumped through a window and escaped when his guard was conveniently turning his back. In regard to his crime, all horror seemed to be submerged in sensationalism.

Now the true American loathes these crimes. The cities in which they take place are not wild Western towns, but marvellous triumphs of modern civilisation, with wide boulevards, beautiful public buildings, splendid hotels, and homes equipped with so exquisite a machinery of daily living as is not anywhere dreamed of in Europe to-day. The fierce recoil of middle-class opinion—the ferocious repression of political offences—is a measure of the strength of this society of prosperous workers, in which classes and races all seem to fuse in a general search for well-being. They love the basis of ordered liberty on which it all rests, and the American Government have the full support of the community in expelling back to Russia everyone suspected of attempting to tamper with the Ameri-

can State. The sufferings of Eugene Debs draw far more tears from Europe than from any American.

How, then, explain this amazing tolerance for Irish Sinn Fein and all its works among this essentially orderly community? The answer is that, along with this wave of conservatism that has swept over America since the war, there is also a wave of selfishness—a kind of American Sinn Feinism. Irish crime is England's affair; let her look to it. But this American attitude of neutrality really applies to Ireland as well. While America harbours Irish extremists, she has not the remotest intention of serving them or helping them. "A plague on both your islands" is her attitude. Her politicians will play with them and make a catspaw of them, but you need not have the smallest fear that she will go to war with us about Ireland alone. Her present resolve is that she will not again go to war for any cause whatever; and certainly Ireland is the least of the causes that might rouse her from that temper. The real peril is that the sore of Ireland, festering all the time, may poison the relations between the two countries to such an extent that they may gradually drift apart. Then, when they have drifted apart, some other matter, such as the Panama tolls, or the Jones Act, or our sea-power, might produce a struggle which, in spite of all appearances, would really have had its origin in the Irish trouble. That is the danger.

For, after all, 5,000,000 votes working with a

single eye for one object must always be a serious power in a country of less than 30,000,000 voters. It means that the strength of Ireland cannot be measured by Ireland alone, but must also be taken to include the Ireland beyond the seas.

It also means that Americans, too, as well as ourselves, have a very serious responsibility in regard to the Irish question. The American Government at Washington are fully conscious of this responsibility, and have acted throughout the last year with a full and due sense of their position. They have carefully avoided all risks of identifying themselves with the Sinn Fein agitation, and they have carefully kept clear of being mixed up with the various demonstrations which De Valera has organised in the cities, the States, and even in Congress.

For when the British public hears of public receptions to Irish leaders, or even of receptions to men like De Valera in the Senate, they must always remember that the American Government has no control whatever over the proceedings of Congress—whether the Senate or the House of Representatives—and is not therefore in any sense responsible for them. The Government has acted quite strictly.

But there are other people in America who do not possess the same sense of the gravity of interfering with the affairs of other nations. Throughout the last few weeks a commission of American citizens has been sitting at Washington and taking evidence

about events in Ireland. The papers have been filled with its proceedings every day, and they include the most horrific accounts of the doings of our soldiery. The trouble about the committee is that it cannot get evidence on our side.

The American is just amused at this Irish Commission. He extends to it his infinite tolerance and good humour; but I wonder whether he would be moved with the same tolerance and good humour if a commission of British inquirers began to sit openly in London and to hear evidence on American lynching and Hayti "atrocities," especially if that commission flooded the newspapers with their reports and made their committee-room the centre of a great anti-American propaganda? I doubt whether the British Government would permit this to go on; I am sure that British public opinion would—rightly—disapprove. How, then, is it that America, allows a similar commission to sit in Washington?

Once more, because the Irish are a troublesome crowd to repress, and because it seems better to let them talk. Also because the American has a rooted belief in the long-suffering patience of the British people. They have twisted the British lion's tail so long that they do not believe that any resisting power is left. They regard him as a good-natured old animal who understands the American game. I wonder!

Other nations have taken the same view in the

past about Great Britain, and found themselves wrong. I have tried to explain to the Americans that there is a flash-point in British opinion—a dangerous flash-point, which, when once fired, becomes a raging furnace. The steady people listen and agree. The newspapers go on sandwiching the proceedings of the Irish Commission with the sensations of the Mid-West murders.

X

BACK TO NEW YORK

NEW YORK, *Nov.* 25.

WHEN we arrived at Chicago on our way back eastward across the continent we were met with the following refreshing anticipation in the Press of that entertaining city—

SNOW FLURRY ENDS SOON

SOUTHERN BREEZES DUE TO BRING WARMTH AGAIN TO-MORROW.

TO-DAY'S STORM MORE "FLURRY" AND NOT BLIZZARD, EXPERTS EXPLAIN.

"As you read this, standing ankle deep in snow with the old ear-muffs pulled down well on their way toward your collar and the festive goloshes buckled about your blue ankles, try to remember quickly where you stored your straw hat and beeveedees.

"For the winter, which somebody delivered without warning at our front door last night, will start back to the factory to-night ahead of a south wind. Take the word of the weather man for it—it is to be warmer to-morrow.

"There is no reason for buying a new ice-book or dusting off the electric fan, however. The official forecast shows that deaths from sunstroke are hardly to be expected. Cold weather will return to us to-morrow night."

(*Chicago Newspaper.*)

Heartened by such breezy forecasts we made the two days' trip to New York without foreboding, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves in the well-warmed cars. Starting from Kansas City on Tuesday night, November 23, we slept well in a reserved compartment, and breakfasted on the train along with a distinguished fellow-Pilgrim from Detroit. We reached Chicago at 11 a m. and spent the few hours allowed to us there in strolling about the streets near the station. We lunched in a little German-American restaurant, where the German was peeping out again on the menus. We learnt there the true hustle and bustle of the Chicago eating-house, combined with the amazing off-handedness of the Chicago caterer. All this is endured by the people with that extraordinary resigned serenity of theirs, which means either strength or exhaustion—I am not always sure which.

We left Chicago again at 1.30, glad to leave its crowded, perilous streets. It was now snowing, and the whole landscape was white. I wrote all the afternoon in the Pullman, and suddenly ran short of paper. Then came an extraordinary

demonstration of the essential kindliness and generosity of the Americans. The whole of the Pullman personnel—conductors, passengers, negroes—helped to collect pieces of paper for me to write upon—sheets white, sheets grey, sheets yellow. I do not know whether this was inspired by enthusiasm for the *Daily Telegraph*, that great organ of British public opinion for which I was writing. But certainly each of the people helped in a small way to improve the relationships between the two great English-speaking peoples—for how could one write an unfriendly word on sheets of paper so collected? It was rather a fine confirmation of Wordsworth's belief in the value of

> " Little, nameless, unremembered, acts
> Of kindness and of love." [1]

* * * * *

It was still snowing when we woke this morning in the train: but it stopped when we passed Syracuse and as the express sped southwards the country turned from white to grey and brown. We had a very pleasant and delightful journey along the Hudson River, and I am confirmed in my belief that travelling by daylight is essential to seeing and understanding a great country. These mighty rivers are the very arteries of America—you cannot understand the framework of this continent without seeing them. They are as broad as lakes and as powerful as seas.

We arrived in New York at 4 p.m. in the mid-calm

[1] *Tintern Abbey* (July 13th, 1798).

of Thanksgiving Day. It was really an experience of value to see this great American city on what is practically their great Bank Holiday. At times I have thought that America could not rest. But to-day I realise that it can. The very railways are half asleep. As we taxied across New York, we might almost have been in London on Easter Monday. This great city—thank God!—is really resting. Contemplating this moment of calm I begin to believe in the future of America. Perhaps, after all, she will not perish untimely—as some observers have unkindly predicted—of premature senile decay.

I need not dwell on the hundred and one engagements—luncheons, dinners, speeches in theatres and halls—to which I am now consecrated. I will draw a veil over the kindly attempts of these Americans to bring back the age of perpetual motion, and to turn my life into one continuous display of rhetorical pyrotechnics. There is no zest in the further narration of such human megaphonies.

Let me rather consider on this Thanksgiving Day, during this moment of peace, one of the open questions about America which puzzle the British mind. That is—how does the United States to-day "react" to the Labour movement? How does she compare with Britain in that regard? What is there to say here to-day about the condition of the great working masses of the American people?

Depend upon it, the fortune of America will

largely depend upon the true answer to those great questions.

* * * * *

Well, the paradox about the United States to-day is that, despite its abounding prosperity and amazing civilisation, the social organisation is right back in the Victorian Age. America does not possess any of the machinery of social assuagement which we have created for the British people during the last twenty years. She has no pensions for her old people; no medical benefits for her workers; no unemployment insurance for any trade. Not only so, but she has not the slightest intention at present of adopting any of these provisions.

Socialism, as a theory of political construction, has here little standing. It is as unpopular a creed as it was in England forty years ago. Individualism is taken for granted as a working theory of life. "Getting on," "self-help," "success in life"—all these aims have just as high a vogue as in the days of Benjamin Franklin. They are not only preached by the elders: they are accepted by the young. With the boundless horizons of America in front of him, the young American refuses to accept any limits to his strivings. He will not agree to confine himself within what he regards as the strait-waistcoat of Socialism.

One result is that Labour holds in America a position very inferior to that which it has attained

in England. Trade unions are much weaker: the great "middle class" is far bigger, and more assertive. When the miners struck last year in the Middle West, the clerks took off their coats, went down the mines, and fetched enough coal to keep their "home fires burning." The marvellous adaptability of this race helped them. The American is the least specialised of beings. Most of the Western men have put their shoulders to every wheel during their varied and dazzling lives. A clerk to-day—but why not a miner to-morrow? "Why, certainly, rather than be cold at home!"

Then there is the vast tide of immigration. Everyone is talking about the alien immigrant to-day in America. But while they are talking he comes. He arrives at the rate of 40,000 a week. The great human tide still flows into New York Harbour. Ellis Island does its best to hold it back, but with little avail. The immigrants come from hungry lands, with plenty in front of them; they break their way through all the red tape thrown across their path. It is calculated that they are now about to come again, as before the war, at the rate of a million a year—perhaps even, to judge by the present flow of the tide, two millions! and the astounding thing is that, although America is still at war with Germany, German immigrants somehow get in. Truly this is a wonderful country!

These immigrants mean a constant supply of cheap labour, ignorant of the American language

or American customs, and ready to take the places of American workmen if they should go on strike. American labour, therefore, is now drifting into the same hostility towards immigration that has marked the policy of the Australian Labour party. In that hostility it is joined by the patriotic, " All for America " party. The great middle class look on, puzzled and perplexed, hating the alien, but longing—just aching !—for " helps." For the problem of the domestic servant is far more intense here than in England, and is complicated by the negro problem too.

One of the ninety-nine reasons given for the defeat of President Wilson—apart from the one real reason, that the American people did not like him —is that he passed a bill for giving shorter hours to railwaymen. That piece of legislation was deeply resented by the railway " corporations," and by " big business " in general. It was regarded as an unnecessary surrender. There does not seem to be any recognition of the fact that it kept the railways working without friction through the critical years of the war. No one reflects what might have happened if the concession had not been made. The feeling about this measure is symptomatic of the American attitude to Labour problems.

It is difficult to analyse this attitude of the American well-to-do, who are the backbone of the victorious Republican party. It is not that they

are in any degree less humane than other well-to-do classes all the world over. On the contrary, I take the American well-to-do to be the most kindly, courteous, and generous in the whole world. They are wonderful givers. Scarcely a day passes which does not record the event of some great and bountiful donation. This week it was a million sterling from Rockefeller to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Rockefeller's benefactions indeed, are enormous, and set the lead to lesser millionaires.

They will give, but they will not yield. Philanthropy—yes, to any amount. But "rights of Labour"—"a fair wage for a fair day's work"—all that is anathema. They are amazed at our concessions to the coal-miners. "But why didn't you fight 'em to a frazzle?" is their wondering question. Yet I have just seen in New York a marvellous building in grey granite, some twenty stories high, a palace for the railwaymen, who come from all parts of the country and have to sleep in New York for a night or two before going back to their homes. There are hundreds of little sleeping rooms, one for each man; there is a beautiful restaurant; there are billiard tables and a concert room; there is even an American skittle-alley. It is run by the Y.M.C.A., and richly endowed by the well-to-do. Even at the present moment, when the cause of Labour stands so badly, you can always get money for good works.

Mr. Samuel Gompers, that most modern of Labour leaders, prophesies bad weather. Mr. Eugene Debs, the Socialist leader, remains in prison with the universal consent of the American well-to-do. Which is very much as if we were now keeping Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in prison because he made violent speeches against the war. If Labour is troublesome then you can call it " Bolshevik "—and once you have used that bad name it has less chance than the proverbial dog. You can imprison, deport, or detain. For America is far more united against Bolshevism than we are in England—and when once America is united its unity is tremendous and terrible.

But the big employers are supposed to be contemplating something much bigger than the war against Bolshevism. Prices are rattling down—and they are kicking every day more fiercely against the high wages. The wages vary enormously. There is little uniformity. In some lines of life they seem to the English visitor extraordinarily high. In others they are very low, and are eked out by extravagant " tips "—a system which has grown into a regular octopus since I last visited America (1900). A tip of two shillings is a mere trifle.

But whatever the variation in wages, the " Big Business " people clearly intimate that they propose to cut wages down as soon and as much as possible. There is also a great deal of talk about the " Open

House," which is another way of saying that, in one way or another, " Big Business " proposes to drive Labour and trade unionism back underground.

I have a feeling sometimes that all this wealth, all these immense palaces of splendour which kiss the skies in New York, are built on very shaky foundations. I seem to hear rumblings from underground. I do not feel sure or certain that Lenin, that terrible mole with the relentless teeth, may not be at work somewhere down below. But I may be wrong. One must always bear in mind the fact that America is still in the making. If you travel West, as we did, you soon see at its true value all the European talk about the " exhaustion of American resources." It is true that America uses them with prodigal hand. In the Western towns there are gasoline pumps at every other street corner where you can replenish your " automobile "—and, of course, everyone has an " auto." There are over 9,000,000 motor-cars running in the States, and that means a lot of oil. No wonder they write us anxious letters about Mesopotamia !

But the American panic about oil has not, I think, much more substance in it than our panics about our coal supply. If they only consent to put more money into prospecting—as they shortly will—the Americans will probably find in America new wells to take the place of the old. And it is the same with all their other resources—land,

lumber, coal, iron. No real shadow of exhaustion lies across this continent. The forty-eight States could probably hold 300 or 400 millions of human beings—1,000 on the scale of our English crowding. Even now, with the great increase recorded in this last census, they have only 105,000,000. There are vacant lands out West still unsettled, waiting for inhabitants. The " Career open to the Talents " is therefore likely to remain a long time the popular creed of this country. Its energy is not ready as yet to be channelled or State-controlled. It is like Milton's eagle, " preening its mighty wings, and sunning itself in the noontide beams." It needs no strong drink. It is intoxicated with its own prosperity.

Yet in spite of all this lusty confidence and gay pride, a tiny shadow is just touching these American shores, the shadow from stricken Europe. Great as is the home market, America, with its vast powers of production, depends on the foreign market to sell its surplus goods. It is only " as large as a man's hand " at present, like the shadow thrown by the sun setting behind some very distant peak. But it grows larger every day. It is touching, not merely agriculture, but also steel, motors, and even the banks. The deserted sick man is sending across even that great ocean just a whiff of his infection. I wonder if America can stay the disease? Can she regain her export trade, and yet continue her present policy of aloofness and detachment from the

Old World? That is the supreme question of the future.

The real trouble is that there is not likely to be any decisive answer at all for the present. In Europe the "moving finger writes," but here no one pays much attention. After the stress of the election the United States has fallen into a backwater. There is a dead calm. It is one of those periods of calm arranged for in the American Constitution to suit the needs of an earlier time. A hundred years ago it took four months to obtain a decision on the Presidency. The pack horse was master of the situation. He is long since dead, and the swift expresses and telegraphs carry decisions in a breath of time over land and sea. But the habit of the pack horse remains. The new President has been elected, but he does not begin to reign at the White House for another three months—till March, 1921. Nay, more. The new Congress has been elected, but it does not begin to sit. The Congress which will assemble at Washington this week will be the old Congress—the Congress that has broken Wilson and is still at issue with him. The Americans tell you that this is all as it should be. Well, in that case a European can only bow the head and wonder over the rash precipitancy of the Old World.

The result is that there is no real Executive with a real mandate; and therefore no real decisions can be taken. As the State possesses a voice in

all appointments, no new appointments of Ambassadors or such like can take place till March. In the present deadlock between the President and Congress no American army or navy could be put into motion except by the unanimous impulse of the nation. In a word, America is out of action. An extraordinary result for a decisive election! But was it a decisive election? That is the doubtful point.

It was certainly a great triumph for the Senate over the Presidency. If one wants an analogy one must go back to the triumph of the House of Lords over Mr. Gladstone in 1893. The Senate is now the dominant power in the United States, and the Senate contains a group of the ablest, richest, most experienced "elder statesmen" of America. President-elect Harding has already made it clear that he proposes to consult with these men, who are indeed the victors in his battle. He proposes, in other words, to reverse the policy of President Wilson, and to run the Presidency in harness with the Senate—as, indeed, he must. But then will come the rub. For as I have pointed out, it is doubtful whether he has an effective majority in that body.

XI

THE WONDERFUL CONTINENT

Machinery Supreme.

New York, *Nov.* 29.

When I visited the United States twenty years ago there was already a telephone in every well-to-do house. Now there is one in every room. In addition there is also always one, and generally two or three, motor-cars in the garage. There is now, as then, always a bath-room attached to every substantial bedroom. In those days the houses were well lighted. Now the main streets of the big cities are, in the evenings, almost as light as during the day.

So this great and brilliant civilisation marches on, with its gigantic energy and resourcefulness, now almost overpowering to the mind and eyes of a poor, war-worn, impoverished European. Twenty years ago I was amazed by the sight of the tall buildings that covered Manhattan Island. But to-day it is not Manhattan Island that they cover—it is the sky. Then it was a matter of twenty storeys; now it is over forty. "Ah!" said the Belgian Archbishop as he looked up at the Woolworth Building, "how beautiful it is to see that you

remember God!" He thought it was a cathedral. But it is not. The cathedral wilts below, while Woolworth kisses the stars. You ascend to the empyrean. To climb the Woolworth you take a through express elevator, which takes you in one rush up forty-six storeys. Then you change elevators, rest a while on that storey, and take a quick ride to the fifty-sixth. You emerge on to a dizzy balcony, contemplate the great expanse of city, river and sea below you, and cling on.

The climb of the Insurance Building in Madison-square is equally swift and terrible. Young America loves it.

At night these buildings look beautiful. With their myriad lights they twinkle up in the firmament. The Insurance Building marks the hours by the lights—red and white—in the crown at the top of the tower, white for the quarters, red for the hours. As they twinkle they can be seen for a circuit of twenty miles. Light has taken the place of sound as a messenger and recorder of time.

Hotel and domestic life is equally adaptive, resourceful, inventive. Name a new want, and the American seeks to supply it. Discover any slightest roughness in the journey of life—rub against the smallest friction—and some American will invent a way over or a way round.

But the marvel of America to-day is, after all, the machinery—the adding-machines, the stamp-

machines, the letter-addressing machines, the bank-clerking machines—so that you soon have a feeling that you are in a country where man is becoming gradually superfluous. Frankenstein seems to have discovered a new mechanical Humanity—not homicidal this time, but kindly and helpful. The stamp-machine delivers your change with an exactitude more than human. The letter-chute carries your letters down to the hall from your floor without a hitch ; the tel-autograph records your message with a grim and fleshless finger in all parts of your hotel; or you pass into a house and find that the American householder is meeting his shortage of labour by the adoption of multitudinous labour-saving devices —the electric cooker, the oil furnace, the automatic cleaner, the laundry chute.

All these new inventions are found at their best not in the East, but in the West. It is here, in these new lands, that the new world is in the making. Out at Topeka, in the State of Kansas, I stayed—as I have told—in a house where there was only one woman, a negress, to " help." Yet everything went with perfect smoothness. All the admirable cooking was done on the one electric stove ; all the excellent heating came from the one oil furnace. The electric stove was cooking all by itself, presided over by a clock, which kept it accurately to time ; the furnace was heated by oil which flowed in steadily from a tank. The negress was really a superfluity ; yet the master and mistress were

both leaders of local society and busy in all good public works. Then the new shops! We were taken out shopping at Bloomington, in Illinois, to a grocery store. It was of the kind known in the United States as the "Piggly Wiggly." You enter by a turnstile. You find all the goods set out on various shelves and carefully priced. You take up a shop basket, pick out the articles you desire, and collect them in the basket. No one interferes with you, because you can only emerge from that shop by one exit—through another turnstile. There the manager of the "store" checks your purchases, notes down what you owe him, adds it up with his adding-machine, and distils your change from his changing-machine. He is the sole human thing left in that shop; and you feel as if he were a sort of pathetic relic, soon to give way to a machine that will stand at the door and "strike once and strike no more!"

In fact, so far has this process gone, that sometimes, in the midst of this marvellous network of machinery, you feel as if you were a machine yourself, an auto-motor at the mercy of automata, due to grind out so many speeches per day. Perhaps, indeed, this will be the next stage in international relations; and perhaps at the next celebration of the *Mayflower* America will prefer to import a group of superior auto-mega-gramophones telling them the simple story of the Pilgrim Fathers in accents of storm.

I have always greatly admired the "check" system of the American railways, and preferred it to the unutterable chaos of our own luggage system. The war has not improved the American system, and has clogged it with a detestable plague of tipping. The lavishness of American tipping is, I suppose, some measure of the wealth of her travelling class; but it bears with a crushing force on the visitor from other and poorer lands. A quarter of a dollar is, as I have said, quite a usual tip for a porter. The black boy who carries your "grips" up to your bedroom refuses to leave the room with less than that same sacred coin—and so it goes on. A tip is due at every meal, and unless given is direly revenged at the next. This amazing system of daily and hourly extortion—to which the American himself submits with his usual good-humoured tolerance—has grown to fearful dimensions.

But, in spite of that, travelling in America is still infinitely easier and more comfortable than in Europe. The hotels are also far more commodious, although the subdivision of function in the great American hotels and railway stations is so meticulously minute. Seeking some simple service, you are handed on from one counter to another, and from one chief clerk to his neighbour, until, after completing the circuit, you generally end with an honest, good-tempered son or daughter of Africa. In America to-day everyone speaks ill of the negro,

and everyone employs him. Everyone loads every menial task on to his broad back and woolly head. Everyone says he is lazy, and proceeds to prove it by making him work. And that is not remarkable : for he is really the only good servant in America.

* * * * *

For what is it, after all, among the white waiters and hotel servants of the big hotels of America, that the English visitor finds lacking ? Is it just the human touch, the friendly smile of the old English waiter ? Perhaps that English waiter shuffled a little in his gait, and was a little shabby in his dress, but that old waiter—rare alas ! now in England also—took a human interest in your comfort. He left you less numbed and crushed, feeling less as if you were an atom whirled round on the wheel of soulless forces, less crushed, less overwhelmed. For America is tremendously like Niagara. All feel all the time rushed along by speed and power, your poor old European limbs bruised and shaken, helpless in the cataract and the whirlpool.

Energy, action, movement—those are what the American admires. Sometimes he almost seems to overrate their potency—to believe that energy and action will solve any difficulty, unravel any situation. The European is perhaps more reflective. He hesitates to act until he has made up his mind. Sometimes I wonder whether, gradually, the American is not falling into the same position

towards Europe as Europe has been in towards Asia for the last two thousand years. We despise the slowness of the Oriental. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," cried our great Victorian poet. Is not the American inclined to say the same to-day of ourselves—"Better fifty years of America than a cycle of Europe"?

* * * * *

I am always haunted with the feeling, when I reach America from Europe, that I have landed on a new planet. The change is far deeper than those cheerful variations that one finds in travelling about Europe—variations of language, costumes, food. There is here a difference of soul which penetrates everything. This amazingly fertile and facile people does not look at anything quite with our eyes. The impression is all the more striking because the language is—or was once—the same as ours. The identity of language only brings out more remarkably the difference of outlook. I have been present at Boston at a conference of their Federal Churches—a tremendous and prolonged effort after Church Reunion. About the actual task of Church Reunion in America there seems little difficulty; the only puzzle is how, with such simplicity of outlook, the Christian Churches have managed to remain divided.

But the fact that has dawned upon some of us is that this American Christianity is quite a different thing from our European Christianity. Doctrine,

and all the talk about doctrine which falls on our Church conferences, seems to have quite disappeared. These men, these powerful speakers and perorators, seem to be no "divines," but rather a set of capable, earnest business men met together to organise this great affair of the Christian life. There is less "spirituality" than in Europe. There is the same intentness on action—energy—as you see in the business life. Christianity here, in all the Churches, has taken on a new phase. It has become subject to this wonderful, magnetic, electric, American spirit. It is a thing of shocks; it is almost as far different from mediæval European Christianity, with its silent churches, its chants and incense, its dim aisles and Gothic windows, as our European Christianity is different from the religions of Asia.

At an Episcopal Church which we attended at Topeka, in the Middle West, the choir—made up chiefly of girls in beautiful purple robes—literally danced the Processional Hymn to the two-step. They did not mean to. They could not help it. I watched them closely. The heads moved to and fro and the feet fell into the dancing rhythm. It was the spirit of America—a dancing, moving spirit, never quite still. You see it especially in the young. For this is the country of the young. All the time it looks forward.

In all these respects it stands out as the country of the future. That, when all is said and done, is

the secret of its power and fascination. The country of the future—and therefore the country of hope. A Dutch professor who was working at Columbia University told me that even if he wished to go back to Europe—which he did not seem to —his children would not allow him. They had fallen in love with America—with their school, with their games, with their work. But I think that what they really loved was the atmosphere—not the physical atmosphere only, although that is full of an amazing vitality, but the social and moral atmosphere—the spring of eager anticipation that seems to fill all young lives, the sense that nothing is impossible, unachievable.

All this is bound up, of course, with the feeling of equality that penetrates everywhere. Europeans call it rudeness. Well, that depends on what you mean by the word. If you expect to be treated deferentially, to be called " Sir " or " Madam " all the day, do not go to America. The only American who called me " Sir " in America was an Irishman from Tipperary, and a Sinn Feiner at that. The true American never calls you " Sir." He refers to you in public and private as a " man "—not " gentleman "—that word is rarely or never heard. Above all, he never, never blacks your boots. That business is done for you after breakfast by an Italian in the basement. The Italian always tells you that he wants to get to London ; and no wonder. For the Americans do not understand Italians.

The people who treat you with least respect in the whole of America are the boys in the newspaper offices. They do not stop chewing candy or gum when you enter; they do not lift their heads from their arms, or cease playing any game they may be engaged in. "Can't see him—he's gone uptown," is the usual reply to the Englishman's mild suggestion that he has an engagement to see the editor. That and nothing more. But the reason is that their day does not begin till they have left the newspaper office. Then—as one kindly explained to me while he was guiding me across the city—he goes to evening school—then later to college—and perhaps, in the end, to university. For the universities are legion, and they are beckoning to all young America to come along. And though they may not teach much—universities very rarely do—they inspire and stimulate. They turn the newspaper boy into the complete American.

What is to be said of this same "Complete American"? He is a new type of human being, quicker, keener, more adaptable than anything the world has seen yet. He is passionately in love with his own continent and his own flag. He is tired of Europe, and wants to have nothing more to do with her. He can talk no language but his own, and is proud of that fact. He is openly, notoriously, avowedly out to make himself rich. He has little sympathy with poverty, and considers that it is generally a man's own fault. He is

courteous, considerate to women, and now, in his own country, generally sober. He is silent about negroes and Free Trade, which he classes together as undesirable topics of conversation. In his view it is a waste of time and breath to discuss things on which you have made up your mind. He is not really boastful, although he will put his best foot foremost, and cannot for the life of him understand why the Englishman does not do the same. He is essentially humorous, and generally kindly. Not a bad sort, if you get on his right side. But a very formidable person if you get on his wrong side!

XII

WE VISIT BOSTON CITY AND NEW PLYMOUTH

BOSTON, *Dec.* 1.

WE left New York last night for Boston in one of those beautiful trains of sleeping cars only which connect these two great cities, and make the passage from one to the other so easy and attractive. The really good American, one sometimes suspects, spends very few nights under a roof. For his aim seems to be to make his railway trains so comfortable that we should all acquire this gipsy habit. It is an old joke of the New Yorker, framed I suspect on the model of a famous saying of Dr. Johnson's, that the only good thing about Boston is the railway that takes you to New York. But if I were a Bostonian I should think it could be said with equal facility that the only good thing about New York is the railway which takes you to Boston. The worst of these little jests is that they lend themselves so easily to reprisals.

We reached Boston at 7 a.m. on this December morning when it was still dark. We drove straight to the Hotel Belle Vue and "registered." But as usual in these crowded American cities we were

told that we should have to wait in the lobby until 11 o'clock before we could obtain a room. The delay was quite retrieved by the quality of the room, and we spent most of the pause in consuming an admirable breakfast. Then we went out and obtained our first impressions of Boston.

* * * * *

Boston is the most English of the American cities, and the people are the most English of her people. That fact is not altered in the least by the recent capture of her civic government by the Catholic Irishmen, who have swarmed into this city from overseas. Certainly that invasion has not yet made any difference in the appearance of Boston.

Instead of the methodically ordered avenues of the typical American city, you have a characteristically British jumble of houses, intersected by such narrow streets and alleys as are familiar to us in our own cities. In this respect Boston makes an Englishman very much at home, and he feels indeed—what is the fact—that he has only just come from the Old England to the New.

The piece of land on which the oldest part of Boston city is built was once almost a peninsula. But now the filling in of the bays and inlets has immensely changed the formation of the town and the harbour. To the historian this is puzzling and disturbing, as he will find it extremely difficult to trace the sites of the tremendous events which

took place here in 1770–1776. He will go down and find that the spot at which the cases of tea were emptied into Boston Harbour is now dry land, and is marked with a tablet on the wall of a modern warehouse. If he climbs to the summit of Bunker Hill and tries to trace the outline of the famous battle—which though called after that hill, really occurred on Breed's Hill—he will find that Charlestown is no longer a peninsula connected with the mainland by a narrow causeway, but is really part of the same mainland as Cambridge itself.

For since the end of the eighteenth century the Americans, with their tremendous energy and industry, have literally paved the bed of the sea, and have created, like the Venetians of old, new foundations for a part even of the very streets in Boston.

But they have so created the new as to interfere little with the old; and that is the chief charm about Boston—this intertwining of the new life with the old. There is, for instance, the great Boston Common, that immense park of nearly fifty acres which lies in the very heart of the city, just beneath the State House. With its pleasant grassy slopes, its lakes, its paths and its statues, this common has belonged to the Boston people for nearly three centuries. That great open meadow has seen the gatherings of multitudes in times of popular emotion. It has seen the drilling of soldiers, and to-day in smoother times the children play around the stately memorials of the great American Wars.

The great building of the State House stands on Beacon Hill, at the north-east corner of the Common, conspicuous with its huge gilded dome and its great Corinthian portico. In front there stands a remarkable basrelief—the Shaw Monument. It is perhaps one of the most successful examples of independent relief work in any great modern city. It commemorates the young and gallant Colonel R. G. Shaw, the idealist young Bostonian, who, in the later stages of the Civil War, undertook the perilous risk of raising a negro regiment and leading it into action. The relief stands by itself, and you see the young officer on horseback leading his men, who follow him with fixed bayonets. The regiment seems to move, and you think of his untimely death while leading his men into the Confederate trenches. There comes back to you the wonderful lines from that great poem of James Russell Lowell, " Memoriae Positum " :—

" Right in the van,
On the red rampart's slippery swell,
With heart that beat a charge, he fell
  Foeward, as fits a man ;
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet."

You mount the steps of the State House and within its doors you find many precious mementoes of American history. Displayed in the great Memorial Hall there are two brilliant sets of flags, —set forth behind plate glass—the regimental colours of the Massachusetts Regiments that fought

in the Civil War, and now added to them on the other side of the hall the flags brought back from Europe after the great World War. These flags make a brilliant and flashing display. Beyond is the great State Library, where at last we found the original copy of the Log of the Mayflower, written in close but clear hand-writing by William Bradford —a manuscript which I had been pursuing over two continents. This original copy was once in the Fulham Palace Library, and was presented to America by Dr. Creighton, when he was Bishop of London. Just before starting from England I tracked down a facsimile of it in Southwark, and was shown it with pride by the Librarian of the Free Library, to whom it had been lent by the present Bishop of London. That facsimile was given to us in England by America in exchange for the original, and thus by a happy arrangement the original of this manuscript has been returned to New England, while the facsimile is retained in Old England.

There is no more thrilling narrative in the English language than this of Bradford's, and none which, by its simple, heroic story is better calculated to draw together the two English-speaking races.

Later on we plunged into the crowded streets of the main city of Boston, and following Washington Street we came to the old State House, where the Colonial Assembly used to meet in the days before the revolution of 1776. With a happy generosity

the Americans have placed in front of this building the figures of the British Lion and Unicorn, and they have restored the building almost precisely to its old early eighteenth century form, so that you can wander through the rooms and imagine yourself in New England when it was a British Colony. It was in front of this building that there occurred on March 2, 1770, the opening tragedy of the Revolution—the first shedding of blood between Englishmen and Americans. It was merely the firing of a few sentries upon a disorderly crowd, and in these later days—if it had happened in Dublin for instance—we should think little of it. But in those days it was called the "Boston Massacre," and it inflamed a whole continent.

Then we passed on to that great meeting place of many democratic memories—Faneuil Hall, named after the Huguenot merchant who gave it to the City in 1742. Through nearly two centuries it has been consecrated by many great scenes, both of the Revolution and the Civil War. I could not help mounting the platform of this hall and picturing to myself the great, ardent assemblies that have met here, and hearing again in fancy the many resounding appeals that have been uttered from its boards. But there is little that is dramatic in its appearance. It might be the old Town Hall of any British city borough. Here, indeed, is one of the most truly English things in America. It is part of the irony of history that this intensely

English hall should have been the scene of the events which led to the separation of the two English-speaking races. For Faneuil Hall is essentially English of the eighteenth century, with its little conceits and classicisms, its Greek columns and its galleries. I have never felt so much at home as standing on its platform.

Let us pass on. Not far away, down Milk Street, stands the famous old South Meeting House, another of the original scenes of revolutionary times. It seems to-day nothing more than a little English Nonconformist chapel; and yet in that building there was hatched and prepared one of the most stirring conspiracies in the world's history. For it was there that on December 16, 1773, forty American "rebels," disguised as Mohawk Indians, assembled together: and from its doors they proceeded to steal down to the harbour, board an innocent trading ship, and throw 342 chests of excellent tea into the depths of the water. The waste of that tea seemed to send a greater thrill through the British world than the Boston Massacre. For it was from that moment that the quarrel between Britain and America became irreparable.

Hard by this building, standing quite modestly in the middle of a modern street, is a little wooden cottage, such as the Colonials used to inhabit in revolutionary days. This cottage has been happily left untouched by the hand of the restorer. For it is a sacred shrine. Here lived Paul Revere, the

famous Bostonian rebel who, on the night of April 17, 1775, started out on the ride which gave the alarm to the farmers of Lexington, and enabled them to fire that famous shot.

Longfellow has told the story in one of his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*—how Paul Revere had arranged with a friend on the Charlestown bank to tell him by signal whether the British were going to march by land or by sea—

> Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
> Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
> One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
> And I on the opposite shore will be,
> Ready to ride and spread the alarm
> Through every Middlesex village and farm,
> For the country folk to be up and arm."

Paul Revere waited and waited through the dark hours until the signal came—

> " And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's height
> A glimmer and then a gleam of light !
> He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
> But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
> A second lamp in the belfry burns."

Then Paul Revere knew that the British regulars were going by sea—across the harbour and up the river, and he started out on his midnight ride, reaching Lexington by one o'clock and Concord by two, arousing the farmers from their beds as he passed. From the point of view of every true American, it was Paul Revere that turned the scales of that war and gained independence for his country.

December 4.

To-day we have spent in visiting this town of Plymouth—the New England Plymouth—the goal of our pilgrimage. For here the Pilgrim Fathers landed this year three centuries ago. It seemed right and fitting that we should stand on that spot before we turn our steps back towards the Old World. So we decided to accept the invitation which reached us yesterday from the Pilgrim Club of Plymouth, urging us to come over and visit their town.

It is a journey of nearly forty miles from Boston to Plymouth, along the curve of the Massachusetts Bay, and we took it this time really as true pilgrims, travelling in the ordinary public car, and taking a railway lunch of sandwiches from the restaurant. This latter proved unnecessary, for when we arrived here we found that the Pilgrim Club had prepared a splendid lunch for us, and it became our duty as national pilgrims to eat the public lunch as well as the private. As the time for that banquet had to be snatched from the hour or two which had been allowed us for seeing Plymouth it required an effort of self-sacrifice to consume it without betraying our eagerness to visit the spots of which we had heard and read so much during the last few weeks. For we Pilgrims are a faithful band, and have read practically every book and pamphlet written on every episode of the Pilgrim Fathers' journey. Finally, at the

end of our six courses, we were allowed to mount the automobile and were taken swiftly round the sacred town.

We have been allowed to place our hands on the broken piece of the Plymouth Rock—a mere fragment of an old granite boulder marked with the date 1620—the year in which the Pilgrim Fathers landed—and enclosed by a Renaissance canopy. It was no small relief to us to hear that the Plymouth Pilgrims propose to remove this canopy as soon as possible.

The really impressive features about this little town are those which have been left untouched by the hand of commemorating man. Running up from the Quay is a street of little old wooden houses, some of which date back to the lifetime of the first founders of the town. Beyond some modern shops is the church called the First Church. This building stands above that original burying place of the early settlers which played such a pathetic and noble part in their early history. For it was just here—on "Coles Hill" now so-called —opposite the Rock, that the Pilgrim Fathers buried their early dead and sowed their corn on the graves so that the Red Indians around them should not discover how many of the settlers had ceased to live. Above the church you mount in a series of flights of steps to the later burial hill, to which the Fathers transferred some of their dead, and where they buried those who died later.

Here in this ground we found the grave of one of the noblest men who ever landed on American soil—Bradford, the author of the Diary and the Governor of Plymouth Colony from 1621 to 1657. On his tombstone is written in Latin this grave and solemn exhortation to America—

"Quae patres difficillime adepti sunt nolite turpiter relinquere."

Which may be translated thus:—

"WHAT OUR FATHERS WITH SO MUCH DIFFICULTY SECURED DO NOT BASELY RELINQUISH."

Over his grave is a fine obelisk more than eight feet in height, and on the north side is a Hebrew sentence which I am told signifies

"Jehovah is our Help."

This mouldered memorial is one of the most impressive things that we have yet seen in America.

From this old graveyard, where the dead lie scattered beneath the trees in that impressive and restful American fashion, we descended the hill to the Pilgrim Hall—a building full of a most interesting collection of Pilgrim relics. Here is the cradle in which was nursed the little Pilgrim baby—"Peregrine"—that was born on the Atlantic. Here are the little pieces of furniture which these wanderers had brought right through from their Lincolnshire homes, and had kept by them during those ten years of exile in Holland. Looking at

these little fragments of their lives you begin to realise that these Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers were not eccentric old people with flowing white locks, as they have been so often depicted, but were keen young men and women of prosperous life who left everything and dared everything for their faith.

Then you go forth from this hall on this December day and look out on the bleak, grey Atlantic and realise how much they risked. It took them nine weeks to cross that Atlantic, a hundred of them packed in a little ship of 140 tons. Half of them died in the first winter, and were buried on that hill. They were in daily peril not only from the sea but also from the Red Indians, who regarded them as intruders without any rights, and treated them as such whenever Miles Standish allowed it.

It is easy to live here to-day, reaping the fruits of what they suffered. But every person who lives a happy life in this New England to-day owes it to the daring and hardihood of those English pioneers.

For they were English—these people; and they were proud of that fact. Standing here to-day in Plymouth those impressive words written by Governor Bradford in his Diary again and again come back to us—

> " May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say, ' OUR FATHERS WERE ENGLISHMEN, which came over the great ocean and were ready to perish in this wilder-

ness': but 'they cried unto the Lord, and He heard their voice, and looked on their adversity?'"

* * * * *

Before coming to Plymouth, I was commonly told that the people of Plymouth themselves had sadly departed from the tradition of the Fathers. In fact, it is a current saying in Boston that Plymouth has been bored back by Puritanism into heathenism. This touch of flippancy is part of the same spirit which rejoices in such amusing after-dinner aphorisms as we have so often heard.

"We are sorry for the Pilgrim Fathers," says the after-dinner speaker—and you generally see it coming on his face——"We are sorry for the Pilgrim Fathers, but we are still more sorry for the Pilgrim Mothers—because they had to put up with the Pilgrim Fathers!"

This is part of the general good humour of American life, which makes them laugh even at themselves.

To-day I have been enquiring as to how far that saying is true about Plymouth—that all traces of the Pilgrim spirit have disappeared.

We were gazing at the great national Pilgrim Monument which has been erected by the Americans at the East entrance to Plymouth—a colossal figure of a woman standing on a high pedestal crowded with emblematic figures. I remarked that the erection of such a monument did not look like any falling off in the Pilgrim spirit.

The local Minister with whom I discussed this afterwards made the following interesting reply.

"Among the people here," he said, "there are a good many men filled with a remarkable spirit, quite distinct from that of New York, Chicago or Boston. It is a combination of independence and toleration. These people are characterised by a deep spiritual earnestness, but free from any fanaticism. They pursue their own course without condemning others. They stand apart from the common current of American life, and I for my part certainly trace their spirit back to those Pilgrim Fathers who came from Holland and landed on these shores 300 years ago."

There stands the answer from one who knows these men, and lives among them. If his witness be true, here is a remarkable proof of the long survival of spiritual qualities.

But we had no time to enquire further. For now we could hear the whistle of our train which was to carry us back to Boston and another public meeting.

XIII

NEW ENGLAND

WHAT TO REMEMBER.

BOSTON, *Dec.* 5.

IN the intervals of public conferences and banquets we have been making a round of those great historical spots which make the environs of Boston one of the great places of European pilgrimage.

We have motored out and visited Lexington, preserved to-day almost precisely as it was at the time of strife—a model little village of old eighteenth-century New England, with the noble statue of the American Minute Man standing proudly on the village green. There the old British claim to exploit the Colonies met its first disastrous check.

From Lexington we motored on to Concord and visited the bridge where the men of Concord rivalled the men of Lexington in their defiance of the British power. Another statue, equally proud and triumphant, stands by that bridge—this time the statue of an American farmer with his coat off, his rifle in one hand and the other hand on a plough ; marking the spot where

> "The embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

* * * * *

The Americans are frankly astonished that we should wish to see these spots. They have a curious, apologetic air in showing them to us. With their great courtesy, they are almost inclined to make excuses for their ancestors in their rudeness to the British military visitors of that distant day. So far has this been carried in Boston that there exists a school of writers in that happy town which maintains that the whole War of Independence was a great blunder, that the Americans would have been wiser to have accepted the stamp duties and the tea tax, and to have bowed to the beneficent rule of George III.

I have tried to explain to them that we do not demand this historical penitence; that Englishmen, as a whole, take the view expressed by Tennyson in that little-known poem, "England and America in 1782":—

> "What wonder, if in noble heat
> Those men thine arms withstood,
> Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
> And in thy spirit with thee fought—
> Who sprang from English blood!"

In other words, I have suggested that the most enlightened English view of to-day is that those incidents took on from Runnymede the defence of English liberties against despotic aggression. The men who fought against George III. were the direct successors of those who battled with King John.

I find the Americans pleased with this view,

although they seem somewhat surprised. It appears that many English visitors attempt to go back on the decision of those fateful years, and give the impression to America that they wish to resume the policy of George III. These English people are deceived by the courtesy of the New Englanders into imagining that that reversal of history has a chance of acceptance on American soil.

It shows how little they know the American mind, which, as a whole, stands precisely where it did in 1782; steeped in the spirit of independence, rootedly hostile to any possible return to the constitutional forms of the Old World. If there is one thing which keeps America aloof from Europe it is the grave suspicion stimulated by such visitors that Europe intends to entice America back into her gilded cage. After four generations America affirms and upholds the judgment of her forefathers, and she—all that is best and strongest in her—is as stoutly to-day a believer in the issues of the War of Independence as she was when she broke away from England in 1782.

What I have been suggesting to the Americans is that they should remember, in writing their history books for the young, that English opinion was, even during the war, divided on the American issue. Their text-books rather tend to suggest that the whole of England was behind George III. Surely they might remind the American youth that there was a large body of British opinion that

favoured the Americans, and that that opinion was strongly upheld by some of the greatest Englishmen of that day. After all, the best statement of the case for the rights of America is still contained in the two famous speeches of Edmund Burke, and in the elder Pitt's passionate and historic appeals to the House of Lords. I have suggested to enlightened Americans that, to the various statues which they have raised to commemorate the independence of America, they might add one to Edmund Burke and another to Lord Chatham.[1]

Nor do I confine these remarks to the War of Independence. For it is also a common impression in America that we took the wrong side in the War of Secession. One is reminded here that Mr. Gladstone was in favour of recognising the Southern States. But there, again, might it not be some advantage for America also to remember that another great Englishman, John Bright, fervently took the side of the North, and that the Manchester cotton-spinners faced starvation on behalf of the Northern arms? Perhaps a statue of John Bright might be added to those statues of Edmund Burke and Lord Chatham as reminders of what is in common between the two great English-speaking nations.

* * * * *

The longer one stays in America the more one is impressed with the feeling that these people

[1] This suggestion has since been adopted by the British Sulgrave Institution.

have two minds towards us—one expressed in their daily courtesy and their real love of our literature and our society; the other expressed in their historical memories and their political achievements. The first unites us, the other divides. The play of these two minds of the American public constantly creates in Englishmen an impression of hypocrisy. We find the American visitor to England enthusiastic over our ancient buildings and our social life. We meet him again in America, and we find him gone back into his shell of independence, brooding over the wrongs that we did him in the past, fearful of our interference in the future. Now the problem before us is to throw a bridge between the real American political attitude and ours. We shall not do that by attempting to abolish the differences—by trying to persuade him that he ought to adopt a Monarchy, by talking about the advantages of titles, or by running down his generous plutocracy. Let us realise once and for all that the true American has made up his mind on all these matters, and let us agree to differ. He has decided that for him a Presidency is better than a Monarchy. He is still rootedly of opinion that titles would corrupt his politics. He believes in social equality, and he acts on that belief. It is useless to try to push him off this ground. You will only make him more suspicious and resentful, more inclined to detect a touch of patronage, or even of an ambition to re-annex him.

There is a far better way than this. It is useless to try to re-write history or to pretend that we have not wronged America in the past. Of course, we have wronged her—deeply and bitterly. Did we not let German mercenaries and tomahawking Red Indians loose on her farmers? It is useless to deny these things. The only real cure in human affairs is to admit our wrongs and to ask for forgetfulness. What nation has not wronged another in the past? What of the long wars between England and France? Yet England and France do not argue about these. We simply make up our minds that the more we have quarrelled in the past the more important it is to agree in the future.

In visiting Concord I saw a monument erected in this very spirit of mutual forgiveness, which seems, after all, the best way of bridging these gulfs. It has been erected by Americans over the graves of the British soldiers who fell in that tragic skirmish. On it are written four lines from an early poem of John Russell Lowell's, "To Two English Soldiers":

> "They came three thousand miles, and died
> To keep the Past upon its throne;
> Unheard, beyond the ocean tide
> Their English mother made her moan."

That is the true appeal—to our common humanity, to the spirit of pity and tears that lies behind all great human events. It might be a great step towards peace if in our monuments and records this tone were to prevail instead of that menacing,

boastful, triumphant note which mars so many of our national epitaphs.

For indeed historical memories count a great deal. They are far more important than most of us imagine. Take, for instance, the relations between America and France. Between those two countries there exists a sentimental tie which is entirely due to the fact that France intervened in the later years of the War of Independence, and practically decided the issue. I am not sure that the intervention of America in the final years of the recent Great War was not ultimately due to this subconscious feeling of gratitude towards France for what she did in 1780.

This has been particularly brought home to me during the last fortnight, because, as I have already told you, we have been travelling around with that splendid soldier, General Nivelle, who helped General Petain to save Verdun, and thereby to save France. General Nivelle is one of those simple, enduring soldiers of France who make a claim upon the homage of all who admire patriotism and valour. But I have been conscious during these days of our joint receptions that the enthusiasm for General Nivelle is not merely for a man, but also for France.

Of course, the Americans always observe that beautiful rule of courtesy which distinguishes their race. At the great Pilgrim celebration in the great and beautiful Trinity Church here in Boston, for instance, the three flags—American, British,

and French—were carried together through the great church and placed in front of the altar. Wherever we have been these three flags have been linked together over our heads. You must not imagine because of a certain incident in New York that the Americans willingly allow any discourtesy to the British flag. We have never demanded that that flag should be displayed, because the question of flags is a matter of manners best left to the host. But never in any case have they failed to display it, although always they have done so at the risk of attack by the Sinn Feiners.

But I have observed throughout the public street-demonstrations that the French flag takes precedence over the British. No one in America is likely to pull down the French flag. No shop is likely to suffer in custom through putting up the French flag. When we visited Springfield the other day the whole town was draped with the tricolour. For it is a strange and notable fact that this sentimental attachment to France exists more in the Middle West than it does in the East of America. The most British section of America is probably that of the upper classes in all the eastern towns, both north and south—just as the most anti-British section is probably to be found among the masses of the people in those same towns. Out in the Middle West there is a large class of farmers who were born in Great Britain, and are still attached to the soil of their birth. But in these

Middle West towns there is also a strong feeling in favour of pure Americanism. It is very unpopular to be hyphenated, and the tendency is for all classes to concentrate on being good American citizens. That is a thoroughly sound instinct, and I heartily agree with the British Ambassador in deprecating any attempt to create a class of British-Americans. The best service we can perform towards our stock in America is to encourage them to be faithful and loyal to the country of their adoption. They have accepted America with all its institutions. They are sharing in her prosperity, and they are taking advantage of her great defences. Their highest duty is, while never forgetting the land of their birth, still always to be good Americans.

Happily there is no reason why these men of British stock should feel that they are exiled and forlorn. They are no longer in the British Empire, but it is brought home to them at every turn that they are in a land of kin.

This kinship is brought home to them not only in social intercourse, but even in the Courts of Law: and there again we have another very remarkable instance of this power of historical tradition.

The Americans are a nation of lawyers, and they have one great advantage in the fact that all their lawyers are pleaders as well as solicitors. This lawyer class supplies most of the political brains. They possess, indeed, through the Supreme Court, an authority which is actually higher than the

statutes of Congress. America is a country dominated by law in a sense unknown to Europe. Now, this law is based entirely on the English common law. Our law is therefore as familiar to American lawyers as to any English lawyer. Thus, the most keen-brained class of the community is constantly brought into familiarity with English traditions. Surely the unhappy quarrel of kings and courts ought not to be powerful enough to prevail over such tremendous influences.

Or take another great link—the link of literature. We motored out to Concord and visited the houses of Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Longfellow. It was really very difficult to remember that we were not in England, so familiar are we all with this literature of Northern America. But were we not in England—New England, it is true, but still England? The very landscape is English—the lake by the side of which Thoreau dwelt, the woods and copses that clothe the countryside between the winding streams; those old colonial wooden houses built to recall the houses they had left behind them in Old England. When we visited Longfellow's house we were met and entertained by Miss Longfellow, the daughter of the poet—a beautiful old lady, with silver hair, and leaning on a stick, but mentally still serene and alert, and inheriting from her father his splendid hopefulness and vitality, mellowed by her charming American kindness and good humour. She showed us with

a wonderful pride through the rooms where the poet lived—the homely dining room and the verandah where he sat in the heat of the day, the cosy study where, at " The Children's Hour," he received her and her sisters—

> " Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
> And Edith with golden hair,"

She was Edith, the golden hair now turned to silver.

How English it all seemed ! How familiar, how homelike ! How intimately interwoven with all our thoughts and memories ! Whatever we may think of Longfellow to-day—and I believe it is common form with the younger generation to admire him quite as little as they read him—yet we all regard him as one of ourselves, a member of our British family. So continuous is the golden thread that runs through our literature from Chaucer right across the Atlantic to that little village of Concord.

Then, on another day, we have visited here the great university of Harvard, where we were entertained by the distinguished president, the bearer of a mighty name—the name of Lowell—Lawrence Lowell. Harvard is a great American institution, and here youth is full of that proud American spirit which would not brook interference or patronage from any other nation. I do not pretend for a moment to compare the merits of my own university, Oxford, with the claims of either Harvard or Yale.

I do not wish to pit the college system against the hostel system any more than I wish to contrast Rugby football with the American game. Their study of books, like their games, is more eager, more competitive, less regulated than ours. They range more freely, they cover more ground. There, as in other matters, America always faces the future, and if you face the future you cannot possibly give so much attention to the past. True, I have not seen in Europe anything so wonderful as their library, with its marvellous and ingenious arrangements for easy reading, its warm and well-lighted rooms where the tutor or student can live with his books and by the side of his books, without all the labour of fetching and carrying. Nor have I seen in Europe such bold experiments in training as their Faculty of Modern Business, with its wide-ranging study of modern conditions in commerce and economics. That experiment can only be rivalled by the equally daring College of Journalism at Columbia University, which is training a school of young journalists for the American Press.

In all these aspects I see a new spirit in these American institutions. But behind and through it all I also perceive the English tradition being carried on—the high seriousness of our universities with their true devotion to the spirit of wisdom, the refusal to bow to the specialists and the experts, the idea of the university as really universal in its outlook on human affairs. The very name of

Cambridge carries on a link between the Old and the New Worlds.

Let us, then, emphasise all these things that we have in common, whilst casting into oblivion the "old, unhappy, far-off things." It is not always necessary to feed our minds on battles and quarrels of the past. Surely far more enduring are these great things that we have in common—language, literature, law, and great memories of great deeds.

But to-morrow we must get back to New York —and then on to Washington.

XIV

AMERICA'S CAPITAL

WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 6.

TO-DAY we travelled to this beautiful city from New York.

In the gracious rivalry of welcome which is our happy experience in the United States, the British Embassy has, from the first, been to the fore. Quite early in our stay we received a cordial invitation from Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes to stay with them at Washington, and it was quite a grief to us to have to refuse a visit to the Capital, owing to the peremptory calls of our Pilgrim errand. But we certainly did not expect that the invitation would be so kindly repeated for a later date, and now that we have returned from Boston we have been at last able to pay the long looked-for visit.

Washington is one of those towns which every citizen in the world should visit. It represents one of the great daring experiments in human freedom; and so to-day, when we boarded the train at 8.15 a.m. in the great Pennsylvania railway station —another of those vast palaces which the railway corporations have built for the public—we started out on this trip with a sense of keen exhilaration and enthusiasm.

It is well worth while to take the journey by day. For the habit of travelling by night in America really does deprive the visitor of many opportunities of seeing the country. The Pullman car provides you with a convenient and comfortable outlook on the scenery of the New World; and after all, the keen-eyed traveller does learn more than he thinks during the days of cursory observation which he passes in railway trains. The enemy of observation in America is the newspaper, and most visitors glue their noses to the news sheet instead of looking out of the windows. That is a great tribute to the brilliant and versatile American Press—certainly the most readable Press in the world. But it is a mistake; for the American countryside is well worth looking at.

One of the great glories of North America is the ample network of rivers that drain this vast country. The Mississippi is the Queen. But on this journey to Washington we have learned the breadth and beauty of the Delaware, which turns Philadelphia —a city fifty miles inland as the crow flies—into a port, and the glory and majesty of the Susquehanna, which flows into the mighty Chesapeake Bay. The railway takes these great rivers in a kind of easy stride. For the American is a great bridge-builder: and his aim seems to be to make you forget that any rivers lie across your path. The works of man in this country seem to combine to fill you with a sense of his power; and this journey from New

York to Washington, taking you so easily across two of the great rivers of the Eastern States, is as well fitted as any to bring home to you this subordination of Nature to man.

We caught glimpses of that great city of Philadelphia, the third city of the United States in area and population—such a contrast to New York in the fashion of its building—the " City of Two-storied Houses," as it is called, or more pleasantly, " The City of Homes." " The City of the Quakers " it used to be. But now, in the vast mix-up that has taken place in America, the power of the Quakers is, I fear, waning, and the tradition of William Penn is becoming very dim. These great ports seem to share both in their spirit and in their population, the ebb and flow of the sea. They are never still.

Then we passed through Baltimore, the chief city of Maryland—another of the great ports of America—a city of a very different origin from Philadelphia. Baltimore is the capital of a State which represents quite another wave of emigration from the Old World—Maryland, the country of Cavaliers, whose founder, the great Lord Baltimore, was a Catholic, and where in point of fact the principle of religious toleration first began. For the Catholics were then a persecuted sect, and, requiring toleration themselves in the New World, they gave it to others. It is not perhaps by a mere chance that Baltimore to-day is the centre of

Catholicism in America and the home of Cardinal Gibbons.[1]

We breakfasted and lunched very agreeably on the train, which was full of politicians going to Washington for the meeting of Congress.

We were met at the station by an attaché from the Embassy, and driven straight to the spacious, freshly-painted, villa which is the emblem of British power at Washington. Sir Auckland Geddes and his charming wife received us, and their appearance certainly does credit to America. For when I last saw them in England they were weary and worn. But now both of them look in splendid health and seem in splendid spirits. One after the other their little children came trooping in, and it was indeed a charming experience to find oneself in a typical British home, surrounded with the pleasant frankness and simplicity of one's own race—a little Anglo-Saxon island where one talked the same language and thought the same thoughts.

Knowing that our time was short, our hosts did everything to help us during this visit to Washington. At 2.30 p.m. Lady Geddes took us out in her "Auto" and in a few hours showed us all the chief sights of the capital city. In front of us her eldest boy, a lad of some fourteen years, sat next the chauffeur and generally directed affairs. That Embassy chauffeur is certainly a "character."

[1] Died March 25, 1921.

He has been at the Embassy for sixteen years, and is a power not to be despised. At present he has to go about armed, as the British Embassy has fallen under the disapproval of Sinn Fein. But as he was at the war for a long time, that seems a natural experience to him. The fear of sudden death does not seem to abate in any degree his radiant cheerfulness and his human kindliness to the children. There is always about such Englishmen a touch of Sam Weller, or, let us say, Mark Tapley. They carry their splendid cheerfulness to the ends of the earth. It is our greatest imperial quality; for I am not sure whether in the long run it is not British amiability rather than British pugnacity that conquers the world.

Washington is now certainly one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Visiting it in 1842 Dickens thought that it was going to be a failure. He found it a mere outline " with spacious avenues that begin in nothing and lead nowhere. With streets a mile long that only want houses, roads and inhabitants." He called it a " City of Magnificent Intentions," and he ventured on this bold prophecy—" Such as it is, it is likely to remain." [1] Happily for us Dickens has proved completely wrong. George Washington's great initiative in town planning has been fully justified. For that great man and Thomas Jefferson were the first

[1] *American Notes.* See Appendix, pp. 295 *et seq.*

men to realise that a town should be laid out before it is built. They boldly committed the planning to a Frenchman—Major L'Enfant.

Every European visitor knows the general scheme of Washington. The streets that run east and west are named by the letters of the alphabet. The streets that run north and south are designated by numerals. Vertically across these streets running north-west and south-west, are a series of avenues called after the various States—New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, Florida and Carolina. These avenues radiate from two great centres—the Capitol and the White House. Of late years a Commission has been at work beautifying the city and attempting a return to L'Enfant's original plan, which was seriously departed from during some forgotten " Anti-Waste " period in American history. The work of improvement is now going on rapidly, and Washington is being beautified by parks and gardens on every side. We saw the digging going on. For the Americans take a great pride in this city; and they seemed to have agreed that here at least they should do some homage to the spirits of beauty and amenity which have been so recklessly sacrificed in other American cities.

Perhaps it is the entire absence of the commercial " drive " and the manufacturing ferment that gives to Washington its rare sense of leisure and peace. For it is a city wholly consecrated to

diplomats and officials. In London the work of government is carried on in the midst of all our other national affairs—our business, our law, our literature. But the founders of the United States decided in their wisdom that they would isolate their political centre from all other influences, and so they built this city 185 miles from the Atlantic and nearly 200 miles from New York, turning it into a political district all by itself. They even disfranchised it and gave it a special autocratic régime. Now it stands apart from all the rest of America—a city without city government, belonging to no State, possessing no factories and no industries, with one trade alone and that the trade of human government.

During this afternoon we have visited all the chief sights of the city—glimpsed into the new Abraham Lincoln Memorial, ascended the Washington Obelisk, looked into the Capitol, sat in the Strangers' Galleries of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and finally paid a call on the National Library. The only building we have not peeped into is the White House, where the tragic illness of the great President makes the most casual observer pause before he invades that sombre privacy. It is part of the great crisis through which America is passing.

A curious fancy has brought back to me, while moving about this city, memories of Luxor and Karnak. Egypt somehow or other recurs to the

mind all the time. It comes back with especial intensity while one is visiting the tombs and memorials of the great Presidents, now occupying so many of the conspicuous spots in this city of Washington. I do not say that America is in danger of worshipping her Presidents. But certainly it is a strange thing that in a country where human equality reigns, and the root principle of all life is that "one man is as good as another," to find these mighty monuments erected and being erected to the memory of individual dead Americans.

The great new monument to Abraham Lincoln is not yet open to the public, and we were only able to obtain a glimpse. But we saw enough to realise its colossal scale. Externally it is in the form of an immense Greek temple, surrounded by fluted Greek columns. Within, it contains a colossal statue of Lincoln seated. The employment of the form of a temple, with its suggestion of worship and the use of the colossal—all these things kept bringing back to my mind those immense statues of the great Rameses which look out over the Nile with their countenances of implacable calm. This is strange, because there is really nothing in common between the position of an American President and an Egyptian Pharaoh. But above and beyond all differences there is the insatiable thirst of the human being for hero-worship, asserting itself on the banks of the Potomac as conspicuously as on the banks of the Nile.

But if Lincoln already holds this mighty position in the hearts of countrymen, what about George Washington? Sometimes when I view the multitudinous portraits and statues of Washington in this land, there comes back to me just a thought of the attitude which the Roman Empire adopted towards Julius Cæsar—that very human, sinning, striving man whom they turned into a god, to whom every good Roman paid his due of incense, and of whom for many centuries no good Roman spoke except as "the divine Julius." To-day in passing Mount Vernon, the country home of George Washington, on the Potomac, fifteen miles from here, all American soldiers have to come to the salute. I know no parallel to that in our European life of to-day. Perhaps in Europe we are too apt to destroy our ancestors, or to forget them. For certainly there is no Englishman—not even Gladstone, King Alfred, Milton or Shakespeare—whose memory holds the same position in our country as Washington holds in America.

The Washington Obelisk stands in the midst of the open ground of the Mall, not far from the Potomac, and rises to a height of over 500 feet. It is a plain erection of white Maryland marble, and the kind Americans supply you with a free elevator to help you ascend it. You mount very slowly, and as you rise you are given time to contemplate the various stone tablets and flags presented by the States of the Union to be deposited on the storeys

of this monument. Here again is a touch of the religious spirit, and you notice all through that the sacramental word is always, "The Union." For that idea the American people have fought and bled, and to it they return whenever they are in their most solemn moods. Was not this city of Washington the very centre of that great conflict of the Civil War? Was it not here that, fortified by the memories of their great founder, the Americans of the North rallied and organised for the achievement of victory? Was it not across that bridge over the Potomac that the Armies marched?

From the top of the Obelisk we obtained a most magnificent outlook on Washington, through a series of oblong, horizontal windows. Looked down upon from this height, the city wears a varied aspect. You are tremendously impressed by the method and order of its planning, and the beauty of its position. Looking westward you see the dim shape of the Blue Ridge Mountains: eastward flows the Potomac, which beneath you, its waters joining to those of the Anicostia River, seems to enfold the city as in the bend of an arm. Truly it was a wise choice of site for his capital—that made by George Washington. Standing there to-day, one looks back with whole-hearted admiration on the steady resolution and persistence of the American people in building their great city just here.

Then we motored along to the Capitol and

glimpsed into the Chambers of Congress. To-day has been a day of political ferment. Senator Harding has just resigned his seat in the Senate in order to step up into the Presidential chair. He was upstairs talking with his Party, and explaining himself with that inexhaustible genius for amiability which will become, if I mistake not, the trade mark of his power. For the moment the Chambers below were empty, and we were able to gaze at them at leisure. They have often been described and often depreciated by English visitors. I cannot share the depreciation. The desks in both Chambers are arranged in semi-circular form —far and away the most businesslike method for a public chamber. The most striking feature to the European eye is the size of the public galleries, which in both cases seem to overshadow the Chamber itself. This seems emblematic of the immense authority of the public voice in American affairs —of the way in which all authority seems to dwindle and shrink before the majesty of public opinion.

What a city of contrasts—the past with its tombs and obelisks, the present with its shy, timid deference to public favour! Which in the end will dominate this mighty land—the spirit displayed in the obelisk, or the spirit displayed in the public gallery? The power of one man or the power of the multitude? For the moment the multitude is winning, and the one man of to-day lies sick and broken away there in the White House. But will

the multitude succeed any better than he? And what if the multitude fails? Why, then the spirit of the obelisk and the temple is always there in the background. With all its passion for popular rule America has, at all its great crises, always rallied back to one-man power.

XV

THE BIG NAVY SCHEME

GRAVE OUTLOOK

WASHINGTON, *Dec. 7.*

WHILE I am in Washington, the political capital of the United States, it seems the fit moment to set down on paper such observations as have been possible of certain public questions that are now looming up between Great Britain and America, supremely important for their future and well-being.

Take first the question of the American and British Navies.

The party politicians who play their great game for the soul of America seem to have made up their minds that the trump card is a Big Navy. So we have the curious spectacle of Mr. Daniels, the Naval Secretary of the outgoing Democratic Administration, competing with President-elect Harding, who, in a recent speech, put the big navy idea to the very forefront. The game cannot be regarded as child's play. For already the submarines are on the stocks, the big ships are in preparation, and the swollen naval estimates are ready to be placed before Congress.

If you wish to grasp the extraordinary political

situation which partly accounts for this perilous development, look back to the British political records of the year 1885. In June of that year of grace Mr. Gladstone's Administration had been defeated by Lord Salisbury, but the Liberals still held a majority in the House of Commons. The result was that both parties for a few months competed with one another along the same line of policy, and for some little time it seemed doubtful which would first take up some form of Irish Home Rule, which loomed ahead as the coming political issue. It was only when Mr. Gladstone plunged definitely for a Home Rule Bill that the other party nailed their flag to the mast of the Union.

The position at Washington at the present moment is curiously similar. The whole policy of the Democratic Administration has fallen to the ground with an almighty smash. President Wilson has been defeated and humiliated.

To-day Harding draws the eyes of the country, and it is pathetic to watch how every newspaper gathers his random words like crumbs from the rich man's table. But in the meanwhile President Wilson still remains at White House and the Democrats are still in power.

But as public opinion really rules America they are totally paralysed in regard to the main points of their policy. They cannot send a single representative to the League meetings or conferences. They may flirt with the idea of protecting Armenia,

but they cannot move a corporal's guard for the safeguarding of a single Armenian woman. They are discrowned and unrobed; and yet they continue in power. The old Congress is also in power, but it happens to be a Republican Congress just as the British Parliament in 1885, even after Lord Salisbury's victory in June, was still a Liberal Parliament.

The result is that the only thing left for the Democrats to do is to adopt the Republican policy. So Mr. Daniels is proving to the Americans that if they refuse to be good Democrats he can give them a bit of the true Republican touch. Incidentally, he is also able to demonstrate with a somewhat expensive and dangerous irony the terrible nature of the true alternative to the League of Nations.

" Won't you have peace on earth ? " he says in effect. " Why then we'll larn you ! "

There is nothing whatever new about this attitude of the Democrats. President Wilson has always been characterised by a certain remorseless logic, which he seems to have brought into politics from the groves of Academe at Princeton. It is difficult to say how far he influences American politics in his present afflicted state of health. But I gather from Admiral Grayson's accounts that he is able to give a certain portion of every day to public affairs and it seems quite likely that this novel policy comes directly from the brain of President Wilson. Nor is there any reason to suppose that

it will be reversed by President-elect Harding. Once more I urge my British readers not to attach any importance to President-elect Harding's platonic flirtations with the idea of the League of Nations. The American people have pronounced definitely against the League of Nations; and when the American people have pronounced against a thing no President or Congress can reverse the decision. The vague and varying reports of conversations with President-elect Harding which are at present being poured forth by men like Mr. Taft and others must be taken at their face value. Those expressions of opinion are all essentially political in the narrowest sense of the word. They are merely intended to keep the Republican Leaguers in good temper without losing the support of the Republican Anti-Leaguers.

If my readers will once more recall another British political analogy they will better understand this part of the American situation. President-elect Harding stands towards his followers precisely as Mr. Balfour stood towards the Unionist Protectionists and Free Traders in those difficult years between 1903 and 1906. We all remember how, during that period Mr. Arthur Balfour directed the whole of his great brain to persuade one-half of his party that he was a Free Trader and the other half that he was a Protectionist. He finally failed because the British people hate dialectics. Now President-elect Harding is trying precisely the same

method with his great Republican party—who are really divided at heart on the whole subject of the League of Nations. He is trying to persuade one-half that he is a Leaguer and the other half that he is an anti-Leaguer, and every day he produces a new formula, just as Mr. Balfour every day produced a new formula between 1903 and 1906. How long that position will go on I do not know, but Mr. Harding has the immense advantage over Mr. Balfour that he is fixed in power for four years.

But meanwhile the world goes on, and if America is not to prepare for peace she must prepare for the only possible alternative. That is the terrible logic of the whole situation, and it is the meaning of the new Big Navy programme now being pushed forward by Mr. Daniels, with the consent and approval of the Republican party. There are thousands of Democrats all over America who regard this prospect with horror. But they are helpless. They represent a crushed party. You meet them at every gathering, and they come and talk to you after every speech you have made. If you say a word in defence of the League of Nations, they smile at you and say: "I see you are a good Democrat!" just as a Freemason might greet a brother Freemason. But they have the air of being a minority. They keep in the background, and they do not flourish their faith in the presence of mankind. It becomes quite clear that the tide is running hard against them.

These Democrats remind you pathetically of the Early Christians during the period of persecution. They seem to have taken to the Catacombs. They meet in secret—I mean the real Democrats, not the party bosses, who are, of course, shouting with the crowd and busy adorning themselves in the most gorgeous Republican clothes. The real Democrats have absorbed President Wilson's faith better than President Wilson himself. They have yearned through these weeks to be present at Geneva, and they feel a sense of shame at the absence of America. But the shout is not with them. The shouting is with the Republicans, who cry: "Look at poor old Europe! Guess it's a jolly good riddance to be quit of her anyway! Her troubles are only beginning, and her wretched old League of Nations is a broke show from the start!"

"Is America arming against Japan or against England?" That is the question frequently put to me by my fellow-travellers. My answer is that she is arming against neither. She is arming to defend the Monroe Doctrine, which automatically becomes her only alternative to the League of Nations. For if she stands outside the League of Nations the League itself becomes a new peril to her. President Wilson is in the tragic position of seeing his own weapon taken out of his hands and arming a possible enemy. That is the full, bitter irony of his position. For if America is not in the League of Nations, then the League becomes a

League of Europe and Asia, with a possible bias against America. The situation is made even worse for America by the fact that the Republics of South America have come into the League. I see that Mr. Lloyd George has been arguing on behalf of Europe that disarmament is impossible for her unless America comes in. The same thing is true of America on her side. Unless she goes into the League, disarmament is impossible for her also. On the contrary, increased armament becomes necessary, because in case of war the League nations are likely to act together, and, indeed, are expected to act together by President Wilson's own Covenant. The tragedy of the situation is that President Wilson, owing to his illness, cannot put this argument clearly to the American people, because even now, in my opinion, it is possible that America might pause on the brink of her desertion of Europe if she fully realised the tremendous and calamitous alternative lying ahead of her—and of the world.

As I write there come from Geneva the messages inspired by Japan, and published extensively in the American Press. It is quite clear that Japan wishes to convey in a friendly way her attitude to the American people, and, indeed, it is far better that the whole case should, at this critical moment, be discussed with the utmost frankness; for once the world has again entered on this race of armaments there will be no turning back. Japan states

on her side her reasons for refusing to join in any plan of disarmament, although she is a member of the League of Nations. Japan says quite clearly and definitely that she cannot disarm unless America disarms too.

Now it is useless for America to regard that attitude as unfriendly on the part of Japan, because it is the exact replica of her own attitude. The only difference is that, as Japan has joined the League of Nations, she has put herself in the right, while America is on the defensive because she has held aloof from the only sincere effort towards general peace that the world has yet made. It is useless for President-elect Harding to talk vaguely about another League and another Association. The League of Nations at present holds the field, and the world is not going to scrap it in order to please the United States. America must make up her mind whether she is going to come in or stay out—for reservations are always to be considered, but not destruction.

How does all this affect Great Britain? For the present our naval superiority is so overwhelming that we can view with comparative indifference the naval schemes of other nations. Every European fleet that counted as a possible enemy to us has disappeared during the cataclysm of the Great War—not merely the German and Austrian fleets, but the Russian also. The only fleets of importance outside America—the fleets of Japan and France

—belong to friends. Fortunately for us, we can pause awhile and reason with the Americans before we are drawn into a repetition of that calamitous sea-rivalry which filled the early years of the century and did so much to lead up to the fearful catastrophe of the Great War. At this solemn moment, therefore, I suggest that it will be better for the British Government to hold their hand, to be tolerant and patient with the American situation, and to present every possible alternative to a competition in building warships which would inevitably poison the relations between the two countries. For it is useless to deceive our American friends on that point. The nation that cries "Big Navy!" to the British people is practically in the position of a man who cries "Rats!" to a sleeping dog. Armies will not provoke the dormant British lion. But ever since the days of Drake any challenge on the sea has always been a clarion call to that little island in the North Sea.[1]

Crossing the Atlantic, I travelled with an American admiral, who described to me the wonderful friendship and harmony that grew up between the American and British Navies during the last year of the Great War. At first, he said they were a little suspicious of one another, and inclined to be a little critical. But then they began to take

[1] The White Paper issued on July 26th, 1921, showed that Great Britain had 29 battleships and 8 battle cruisers; the United States, 36 battleships and 11 building, 6 battle cruisers building; while Japan had 15 battleships (3 building) and 9 battle cruisers (2 building).

notes from one another, and a friendly rivalry grew up and in the end, when they parted, they parted as brothers. Now it would seem a calamitous affair if that wonderful story should be dashed by the schemings of politicians. For I feel sure that as between two peoples there has been no change since 1918, and it is the profound desire of both Americans and British that, as their navies worked as brothers in 1918, so the two nations should go on in brotherhood during the coming years. The question is—how shall this be brought about, and how shall the alternative be avoided ?

It appears to me useless for us to gloss over the situation by specious diplomatic promises. It is, of course, possible to argue, as Lord Northcliffe does, that under no conceivable conditions could we join Japan in a possible fight with America. The probabilities are on his side.

But who can prophesy the future ? After all, we have been allied with Japan all these past years. We have gained immense advantages from that alliance in the Far East. Is it of any use to pretend ? Is it clear that if Japan were in danger of being crushed by America we should be able to stand by inert and indifferent ?

Who can forecast the possible results of human passion as long as these great armaments go on swelling and increasing ? Have we learned nothing from the last six years ? Have we not seen the futility of trying to build up peace on the basis of

cross-alliances and cross-ententes—all of them certain to wither up in the first blaze of real human passion? I see no use in attempting to pursue the argument on those lines with the United States. It is better to tell her frankly and plainly that as long as she remains outside the League of Nations disarmament becomes impossible and the world will live on a powder magazine. I am glad to see that Mr. Lloyd George has put that argument so definitely to the American public, because I believe that they are a people who love frank dealing and frank utterance.

I cannot think that the situation can rest here. It will be clearly useless for us to discuss this matter later on; and therefore all friends of peace will earnestly hope that the British Government will clearly express its mind before things grow worse. As long as America merely held aloof from Europe it was possible to nurse the dream that she might become the great neutral who would step into the arena at some critical moment and always throw her influence on to the side of peace and justice. But it is already becoming clear that America cannot remain neutral. She belongs to the world. She has great possessions and great interests to safeguard—Hawaii, the Philippines, Panama, a sort of hold on Cuba. If Europe revives without her it will be a different matter for her than if Europe revives with her assistance.

Therefore, by the inevitable logic of events,

America is being already borne on, not towards the League of Nations, but away from it. That is the real crisis and heart of the naval situation. The brain which invented the League of Nations, finding itself thwarted in that direction is now moving on another course, and all those hosts of Americans who have dreamed of a policy of tranquil detachment are finding themselves swept into a new current. For there is no "slack" tide in human affairs. The ebb already begins. Unless we all look well ahead, the new strife of the nations may be resumed—not in the Old World, but in the New.[1]

[1] The United States has now summoned a Conference on Disarmaments to Washington for November, 1921. But I leave this letter as it was written in December, 1920, because it sets forth the difficulties and perplexities which have led up to that happy issue.

XVI

THE STATES AND JAPAN

WASHINGTON, *Dec. 7.*

FROM the Navies, I pass to another acute and kindred problem which disturbs men's minds here, "Great Britain arms Japan against America." Such is the genial and helpful headline that I perceive to-day in one of the Hearst papers. It is the crude attempt to exploit a fear which now plays a considerable part in the life of America, especially in the Western States. The Pacific Coast thinks far more about Japan than about Europe. Her thoughts fare to the setting sun. The States along that coast look across the great ocean and meditate on the menace of distant Nippon, with its formidable army and navy, and its eager, industrious multitudes, impatient of the limits of the Japanese seas.

Already a question has arisen which raises definitely the issue of racial limits in the coming age. It is the latest chapter of an old story. The Japanese and Chinese have been for a long time past tending to migrate from their own crowded territories across the Pacific into Western America. In spite of immigration tests and other strong

administrative efforts to exclude them, many of the Japanese have managed to get in. There are now over 80,000 Japanese residing in California, and so the Californians are becoming acutely concerned about the future of their country. The remedy that the Californians contemplate, in order to keep the Yellow race from settling down in America, is to pass a law forbidding the Japanese to possess or lease real estate. That law has been submitted to a popular vote in California and approved.

But the Japanese Government very much objects to that law. So negotiations are going on at Tokio and Washington between Japan and the Federal Government with a view to arriving at an agreement. But I regret to say that the State of California is showing a singular want of deference towards the Federal Government at Washington. The Californians most clearly intimate that whatever may happen between the United States and Japan, they, the State of California, have every intention of sticking to the law for the prohibition of land-holding in California by Japanese.

This clash between California and the central Government is interesting in many ways. It shows that the old claim of the States, known as "State rights," is scarcely any weaker now than in the sixties. That latent peril of the United States, that unadjusted conflict, lurks behind every political crisis.

But a far more important aspect is the evidence given of the bitter and intense race-feeling against the yellow man which penetrates the whole of North America. Here Canada works with California; for the feeling of British Columbia is just as intense as that further south. It is perhaps to be traced to the early struggles against the Red Indians—this intense, passionate determination to maintain the white civilisation with all its ideals and principles. It extends even to a positive hostility to any extension of American control over black races. America has no desire to "take up the white man's burden." President Wilson's parting advice to leave the Philippines really expresses the public mind. No one in America really wants to stay in Hayti.

The clearest proof of this is the treatment of Mexico by the United States. If Hell were let loose again in Mexico, I do not believe that, however many Americans were murdered there, the United States would intervene. She desires no "mandate," either in the Old World or the New. She cares neither for Armenia nor for Turkey. That American Sinn Feinism of which I spoke, is steadily growing. All she desires is to be left alone. "Herself for herself." So her message to Japan, through California, is "Hands off!" America does not want to interfere with Japan. Let Japan not interfere with America. Let each live in their own country—the Japanese in Japan and the

Americans in America—and both will be happy and contented. That is the American message to Japan.

But Japan showed at the Paris Conference that her deepest ambition now is to obtain equal world rights for her citizens. She is deeply mortified by the policy now being pursued by Australia, Canada, and California. She put forward in Paris the claim that her immigrants should be placed on an equality with those from white countries. President Wilson opposed the claim and defeated it. It is all the more serious now that that signal defeat of Japan by America at Paris should be followed by this development in California.

Very unhappily, this matter is complicated by a grave suspicion of British Policy. A great number of people in the United States are being encouraged, by such methods as we have perceived, to think that Great Britain stands behind Japan in this matter. The argument is very simple. Japan is the British ally. We have promised to fight alongside of Japan in certain cases. That promise —so it is argued—is encouraging Japan in maintaining her claims. It may even, in the long run, involve the two English-speaking countries in a terrible and disastrous quarrel. How does this matter stand on our side? Our treaty with Japan is at present in a sort of suspense. On July 8 last (1920) both Great Britain and Japan, acting under a clause in the Treaty of 1911, gave notice to the

League of Nations of the approaching termination of the existing Treaty. They jointly submitted to the Council of the League that they desired the Treaty, if it is to be revised in July, 1921, to be more consistent with the forms and spirit of the government of the League.

Nothing could be more correct. One of the results is that if the United States were to go back into the League to-morrow she could actually claim a voice in the revision of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty. She could probably secure that she should become a party to the Treaty herself.

But apart from that, and presuming the present provisions to hold, there is another way in which the United States could practically "reinsure" herself against the treaty. The Anglo-Japanese Treaty makes one vital exemption from the clause pledging Britain's help to Japan in a two-Power war. It exempts any Power with which Great Britain has an arbitration treaty. The United States, therefore, could at any moment guarantee herself against the Japanese Treaty by signing the arbitration treaty which we laid before her in 1912. If she prefers to have no treaty with us, then it follows that she hands over the advantage to Japan. But it is certainly no fault of ours. It is the fault of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, which is now supreme in its own sphere of government. Just after the outbreak of the Great War, Lord Grey actually pressed through

another Treaty which equally, though less effectually, cuts out the United States from being involved in any struggle consequential on the Anglo-Japanese Treaty.[1]

The desire of every peace-loving Englishman is that Americans and Japanese should both be our friends. If we renew our alliance with Japan, it will certainly not be aimed at America. For as recently as 1919 we proposed an alliance with America—the Triple Alliance project, which came from Paris—and we were rebuffed. It would be quite as easy and possible to take all the sting out of the Japanese Alliance as far as America is concerned by the simple process of carrying through the arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States.

But of course the ultimate desire of the British well-wisher is not merely that both should be our friends. We wish also that our friends should be

[1] In the autumn of 1914 Great Britain and America signed what was then known as a " cooling off " Treaty. They agreed to submit all disputes to an International Commission consisting of five persons, two British, two American, and one (the President) chosen from a neutral nation. The British Government informed the Japanese Government that that Treaty would have the force of an Arbitration Treaty in relation to the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, debarring Great Britain from being bound to help Japan in the case of her being at war with two Powers one of them the United States.

Besides this Treaty, President Wilson, on May 31st, 1913, signed a Treaty renewing for five years the Arbitration Convention of April 4th, 1908—one of the famous Bryan Treaties—agreeing to refer to the Hague Court of Arbitration all issues that do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honour of the two Contracting Parties. That Convention has since expired, owing to lapse of time (1918). But the International Commission Treaty of 1914 still holds.

friends with one another. That brings me to the question—why is there so little friendship between the Americans and the Japanese? It is plainly to the interest of both that they should become good friends. It is certainly to our interest. It is equally certain that it is vitally to the interest of the whole world. For it is clear that, in some way or other, a quarrel between Japan and America would involve the whole world. There are no such things as limited wars nowadays.

I had the honour some days ago of being the guest of the Cosmopolitan Club, in New York. It is an effort to befriend the "stranger within the gates" similar to that of the Y.M.C.A. Hospitality Committee in London. There I saw Americans and Japanese sitting in friendly colloquy; and within Columbia Hall that night the great humane side of America—the warm heart which is never far away from all her shrewd counsels—was doing its best to melt away the great ice barrier which divides the yellow race from the white. Such efforts do much to assuage the bitterness that divides peoples, but alone they are not enough. It is for the American people to decide whether one of her forty-eight States should be allowed to divide two great nations. The vast naval effort into which Mr. Daniels is leading the American people might become as unnecessary as it is unwise if Japan and America could achieve better relationships.

The danger in all these international matters is

lest America, finding her States recalcitrant to any settlement, may drift along into perilous seas. The claim that the American continent should be committed to the wardship of the Monroe policy has survived Paris and Versailles. The guardianship of the United States was even solemnly safeguarded in the Covenant of the League (Article 21), although that triumph of President Wilson availed him little in his dispute with his domestic foes.

But such doctrines and policies require to be translated into the workaday life of the modern world. It was often wisely said by Lord Cromer that only the fact of the Open Door made the claim of the British Empire tolerable or possible. If the United States is at once to close the door to the Japanese on the Pacific Coast and to the European on the Atlantic, she will create a feeling that will not make for the peace of the world.

Yet that is a policy which is now popular in Congress. While California is still claiming, as we have seen, to evict every Japanese leaseholder and close her doors to every Japanese settler, at the same time a bill has been presented to Congress to shut out all immigration from Europe for a period of two years.

Checks and limitations are one thing; total exclusion is another. Such policies contain explosive matter.

On the other hand, every European must try to realise the American point of view. The United

States is like a vast water which is never still. There pour into it from day to day multitudes of streams from all over the world. The rate at which the immigrants are coming now from Europe is simply appalling to the Americans. Europe is in flight. The estimates now given to me go to prove that at the present rate of increase—rising to 40,000 per week—America is faced with the possibility of an annual immigration of some 2,000,000 persons. This is about twice the immigration that took place before the war; and it is alarming the steadiest. The worst of this immigration is that it is apt to remain in New York, insufferably crowding that already crowded city, swelling the immense foreign and undigested populations, and creating a problem of non-assimilation which is growing more alarming every year.

There is doubtless an element of exaggeration in these immigration figures. The panic-mongers forget to deduct the figures of the exodus from America to Europe. Ever since the war there has been a considerable flow of population back from America to the resurrected States of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. That population consists of the native Poles and Czecho-Slovakians who are anxious to take their places in the new countries that have sprung from the war. With the failure of the hope of prosperity in Eastern Europe that flow eastward is now diminishing, but it has by no means entirely ceased. On the other hand, the

flow westward is undoubtedly increasing. It consists largely of Jews who are flying before the new racial hostilities which are also the result of the national revivals in Eastern Europe.

The view taken by the average American is that America has quite enough Jews already within her territory. There is an amusing epigram going the rounds in New York at present—"New York is a city governed by Irishmen, inhabited by Jews, and occasionally visited by Americans." There is, indeed, a certain amount of truth in that epigram. There are certain streets in New York down which you can walk at mid-day without hearing a single word of the American language. They are the streets of the clothing trades, and of the diamond merchants. At that hour the pavements are blocked with masses of men conversing and trading in the various languages of Eastern Europe. Social workers in New York tell me that one of their chief difficulties in dealing with the poor of New York is this trouble of the language. The children learn to talk American in the schools, but the parents come over too late in life to learn any language but their own. The children are apt to laugh at their parents for their ignorance of the national language, and in that way arise many domestic quarrels and differences. No wonder the American gets a little disturbed when he discovers that his boast of making all citizens talk one language is so seriously imperilled.

It is indeed not true to-day that America talks only one language. There are many languages talked over this vast continent, and the danger is that those who talk the same language are tending to aggregate and to act together as national units. Some Americans dimly see the possibility that the variations of Europe may be reproduced on their continent, and the United States may break up into fragments which will be echoes of Europe.

"We have already a League of Nations which is the United States. Why should we destroy that achievement in the search for a dream League?" That is how some good Americans phrase it.

Such a feeling finds its sharpest edge in America's attitude towards Asia. Harassed on all sides by fear of invasion by foreign influences, America's anxiety towards Europe is turned into real anger when she looks across the Pacific. She may fear the Jews, but that fear is turned to frenzy when she contemplates the invasion of the Yellow Race. She has within her frontier already the Red Race and the Black: is she to have the Yellow also?

* * * * *

If we are to begin to understand the American attitude, we must realise how she is beset on every hand by these new perils of a changing world. She is honestly perplexed as to how she shall meet them. In the first onset of panic, Congress, as I have said, placed during its December session

an immigration bill in the very forefront of legislation, and during the last fortnight that measure has been closely discussed at Washington. The first proposal was to exclude all immigrants for two years—a plan which would have had grave effects upon both America and Europe. The two years were soon whittled down to one. But even then Congress soon realised that they were up against a very serious proposal, likely to have the most perilous effects both upon their shipping and upon their foreign relations. How about the Irish, for instance? Their sympathisers soon made it clear that they would not tolerate the blocking of every outlet from Ireland during its present agony. The result has been that the bill has now been sent to a Committee. We shall probably have a tightening up of all the various restrictions and conditions laid upon immigrants, and a further winnowing out of that vast crowd of unhappy fugitives who are now packed upon Ellis Island.[1]

There, again, we must understand the American point of view. Those who visit the "east side" of New York soon perceive the grave bearings of the immigration problem upon the conditions of life in the great cities of America. Certainly the housing conditions on the "east side" of New

[1] This Bill became law in May, 1921. It restricts the number of aliens admissible into the United States to 3% "of the number of foreign-born persons of such nationality resident in the United States" as determined by the Census of 1910. It remains in operation for one year—until June 30th, 1922.

York are far worse than the housing conditions in the East-end of London. There is no restriction of space or rent, and as the masses crowd in from Europe the landlords keep reaping a greater profit out of the insufferable conditions of their tenants. Something of the same sort is going on at San Francisco with the immigrant Japanese and Chinese, and certainly we, with our strict anti-alien laws, have no right to ask America to tolerate these things without any abatement.

How is it that the United States cannot persuade this population to go westward, where there is unlimited room, instead of blocking up the towns, which are gradually repeating all the worst social conditions of Europe? That is a difficult question to answer. But it is a strange and ominous fact that all over the world at the present moment there is a general reluctance on the part of masses of people to live on the country-side, and a general desire to flock into vast and crowded towns. Perhaps the flashing river of light that runs down Broadway every night may partly supply one of the explanations.

XVII

IRELAND AND WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, *Dec. 7.*

BEFORE leaving Washington, there is another task that I must face. I must squarely look at the Irish question once more—this time from the angle of the capital of the United States.

The peril of the Irish influence here is not, indeed, immediate or direct. No serious American politician or citizen sanely contemplates quarrelling with the British Empire about Ireland. The friendship of Ireland is too uncertain a factor, whether for men, parties, or nations, to justify or encourage so great a hazard. On the contrary, the danger of such an issue to the present situation is almost deceptively remote. The typical American laughs at the Irish-American efforts to embroil him with England—conscious as he is of his own deep determination never on any account to surrender to such a menace.

But the Irish-American does not expect that he will succeed in that simple way. He works with far greater subtlety and cunning. He has a longer view. He voted against the Wilson Administration in spite of the old and close alliance between

the Irish voters and the Democratic party. Why? Because Wilson's foreign policy was friendly to Europe and Great Britain. By the same token the Irish-American voted for the Republicans because their policy was unfriendly to Europe. On a long calculation, it seemed to the Irishmen, who cast their votes now mainly on this question of independence for Ireland, that the Republicans were more likely to embroil America with England than the Democrats.

The argument was not without its plausibility. To vote for the Republican meant voting against the League of Nations. To vote against the League of Nations was dragging America away from Europe. It meant also the final destruction of the Triple Treaty—between America, France, and Great Britain—which President Wilson brought back from Versailles. So complete has been the destruction of this Treaty, so utter the disdain with which the very idea has been received in America, that Mr. Wilson has not even taken it out of his secret despatch box. Its details still remain unrevealed to the American public. The Treaty has not even been reported to the Foreign Relations Committee of the American Senate.

That was victory number one. But it was a mere skirmish compared with what is contemplated by the advanced Irish-American party, which hopes to pour a lethal poison into the relations between the two great English-speaking peoples. The next

great hope is to capture the Foreign Relations Committee. Now, one very important aspect of the Presidential election is that it is a great victory for the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. That Committee took the lead in fighting President Wilson. Now that President Wilson is beaten, the Committee holds the palm of victory. It is significant that, in the discussions going on round the choice of a new Cabinet, many Americans are boldly maintaining that the Foreign Relations Committee is a more important body than the Cabinet. The party, therefore, who can capture the Foreign Relations Committee can control all foreign relations.

But it is not so very difficult to control the Foreign Relations Committee. For no Treaty, as we all now know, can be carried without a two-thirds majority vote of that Committee. If, therefore, the Irish can influence more than a third of the Committee, they can effectually block the treaty-making power of the United States. The Irish vote is now, probably, powerful enough to block this power. The Irish influence over the members of the two Houses of Congress is probably strong enough to affect 70 per cent. of their voting strength in the new Congress. If that calculation is correct, then we may safely put away all hope of the United States joining the League of Nations in any shape or form, or under any name, whatever Harding may desire or say. For the League of Nations is,

for some reason the special object of hatred among the Irish-American, as well as among the German-American voters.

The aim of the Irish-German vote will probably be to secure the defeat of any treaty with Germany that is tarred with the Versailles brush. They will probably support the revival of the Knox plan of declaring peace by resolution. They are not alarmed by the fact I have already pointed out—that Germany would be able to claim back her ships from America, and would be able to sue for her property in the American Courts. They are not to be frightened by the idea of the revival of Germany; for that is one of their special aims. The German-American vote, coalescing with the Irish, has voted for Harding partly to punish Wilson for having come into the war at all, and partly to obtain better terms for Germany in defeat. One of its objects, therefore, will naturally be to prevent the Foreign Relations Committee from agreeing to any of the compromises so dear to the hearts of League Republicans like the Hon. Elihu Root or President Lowell.

But the new Senate, under the strange provisions of delay which dog American politics, will not come to Washington — this beautiful city of the broad avenues and the long vistas—until March, 1921. It will not begin to function till December, 1921, unless specially summoned by the new President, who will probably summon

the new Congress for emergency purposes in April, 1921.[1]

The Congress which has just assembled here is the old Congress in a new mood, already worshipping the newly-risen sun, already turning away from the setting sun. No man who has any reverence for fallen greatness can have witnessed unmoved the personal drama of these days—the throngs of journalists and Congressmen who surround Harding, the lonely, stricken figure in the White House, the muffled, broken utterance of his farewell address to Congress.

It is not for a mere visitor to say whether he is looking on at a great crime, or witnessing a great punishment. But the political fact emerging from the situation is the triumph of the Senate. The analogy always bubbling up in my mind is the triumph of the House of Lords over Mr. Gladstone in 1893. From that date until 1910 the House of Lords was supreme in our politics, with such results as we now dimly perceive. The House of Lords was always in those days dominated by an anti-Irish bias. Will the Senate be equally dominated by a pro-Irish bias? Will the pro-Irish bias always be anti-British?

Let us attempt to survey the symptoms. The outstanding fact is that the Foreign Relations Committee of even the old Senate steadily refuses to pass any treaty or agreement helpful to Great

[1] He has done so (1921).

Britain. The Arbitration Treaty between America and Great Britain, from which so much was hoped before the Great War, is still held up. But even more notable is the refusal to agree in smaller affairs. A fishery agreement immensely desired by Canada was recently submitted to the Foreign Relations Committee. It was discussed, and a number of amendments submitted. The amendments were accepted by the Canadian Government. The agreement was then submitted again—and rejected by the Senate. This incident is typical of the present deadlock. It is partly, of course, due to the long interregnum, which paralyses all political effort in an amazing way. The old Congress has lost all moral authority, and yet it still occupies the seats of power. The President has received a smashing vote of censure from the people ; and yet he still lives at the White House. He still possesses the power of veto over all measures to come up from Congress.

The new President is still only " elect," and he spends his time wandering about the American continent, visiting Panama, going home to Marion, and generally making himself supremely amiable to all parties and persons. The sprightly and volatile American Press is already growing tired of recording the universal amiability of their new ruler, and beginning to wonder whether King Log is really, after all, more satisfactory than King Stork. But the United States has got the President

it desired. It was tired of being preached to and dictated to. It was sick of idealism. It asked for a President who would just talk common-sense. Harding talks it by the column.

Some shrewd tests of the power of this common-sense will now lie ahead of the new President. I have mentioned Mr. Harding's solemn voyage to Panama. Now, one of the most definite pledges given by Mr. Harding in the course of his election campaign is that he will remove the tolls from the American vessels passing through the Panama Canal. His return from Panama has been followed up by an ominous article in the Marion paper, which belongs to him and is his mouth-piece. The argument revives the case put forward by Congress at the beginning of Mr. Wilson's presidency, when Congress passed a law taking off the tolls from American ships, and so placing them in a preferential position over other shipping. The Marion oracle pleads that such a removal of tolls does not conflict with the American-British Pauncefote Treaty. But every American knows that the British Government takes the opposite view. All the best elements in America agree with the British view. President Wilson agrees with it, and acted on that view when he opposed and defeated Congress over this question. But now very soon America will have a President who has pledged himself to the extreme American case on the Panama tolls. That is a serious outlook.

No sensible man, either in Europe or in America, would hold that the Panama tolls question is worthy of a serious quarrel between the two great English-speaking peoples. At this time of day such a view is repulsive. Nor is there any doubt that under ordinary circumstances such a question, like the Guiana boundary question or the Alaska question, would be submitted to arbitration. But here again comes in the complex of the Irish vote. As long as the pressure from the Irish-Americans is kept up there is no knowing how the new Congress may act.

A steady and well-organised minority is very powerful in this country. The American capacity for organisation—for dossiers and card-indexes, for lobbying and agitating—has been carried to a very high scientific point. "Drives" are talked of with great confidence, and the general public seem to grow as frightened when the talk begins as the birds on the day of a great "shoot." It is one of the Irish ideas to concentrate a "Drive" on a question like Panama and influence opinion. In such a design they are helped by the steady and calculated anti-British malignity of the Hearst Press.

The only adequate reply of the British people is to refuse to be roused to passion by such arts. Forewarned is forearmed; and the British people will best meet this plan by a determined refusal to lose their coolness or presence of mind. Let

them remember, all the time, the vast mass of Americans who are favourably disposed to them, and who will in the end swing this country back into the paths of rational dealing.

Meanwhile the self-appointed Commission of Inquiry into Irish affairs goes on meeting here from day to day. Nobody approves, but nobody has the courage to stop it. The latest witness has been Mrs. MacSwiney, who has been allowed to range at large over the whole Irish question and to give her views on the whole question of Irish independence. The other Irish witnesses have been kept to the point, and their evidence is now being sold throughout the United States. The difficulty of the Commission is to obtain any evidence that will give an appearance of impartiality to the inquiry. The British Embassy severely boycotts the Commission, and has now followed up its refusal to give evidence by a refusal to give visés to the investigators whom the Committee desire to send to Ireland. The result is that the evidence, terrible as it is, bears the ineffaceable stamp of being one-sided. Now the Commissioners are far too able to be blind to the defect of this feature in their evidence. They consist of a picked body of persons selected by some 150 representatives of politics, law, and the Churches.

Miss Jane Addams is the leading spirit, but close behind her is Mr. Garrison Willard, the gifted editor of the *Nation*, which is a sort of American twin

to the British journal of that name. The commission is a body of serious persons, who genuinely think that they are doing a great work by entering into judgment on the affairs of a friendly nation. They are not in the least degree alarmed by the suggestion that British people might set up an inquiry into "lynching in America." "So much the better," they say; "we are all guardians of humanity!" I wonder how long the peace of the world would survive the strain of such a system of international judiciary?

The strange thing is that even modern Americans see no harm in the proposal to send American investigators to Ireland, and express great surprise at the action of the British Government in refusing visés. This surprise is characteristic of a certain phase of American politics worth noting at the present moment. Many Americans have got into the way of regarding Ireland as a world affair. They are not in the least surprised at our difficulties. They express deep sympathy. "Oh, I don't want an Irish Republic!" said one lady to me. "We've got one already, in New York City!" But their sympathy takes the rather embarrassing form of desiring to help. Not that they want Ireland for themselves. "Oh, no!" shouted an American audience, when a few days ago I jokingly suggested that they should take Ireland for a year, and try their hand at governing it.

But they are deeply impressed by our failure to

settle the question, and they draw the conclusion that we shall be grateful for a little assistance. They want to be fair, and it seems to them that as an inquiry is being held in Washington, the British case ought to be heard. There is a curious *naiveté* about the way some Americans view international politics, and the very impulse that led them to regard Belgium as their affair makes them more inclined to regard Ireland also as their affair. Of course there are a large number of substantial Americans who keep repeating about Ireland: "Oh, it's no affair of ours." But unhappily for us they are very often the same people who said the same thing about Germany and Belgium. That weakens their authority.

For all these reasons it is very necessary for us to be very patient and tolerant in our attitude towards America about Ireland. Always remember that America has an Irish problem, as well as Great Britain. We are both suffering from the same trouble. The task of statesmanship—as I have suggested to many American audiences—would surely be so to direct matters that this common trouble may not divide us, but may draw us together. Is it possible?

XVIII

THE BLACK PROBLEM.

WASHINGTON, *Dec. 7.*

LASTLY, before I leave Washington, I must even approach that most acute and delicate of all American questions—The Negro Problem. The American census will probably show a population of over 12,000,000 negroes within the United States —meaning that the people of black blood will thus number over one-tenth of the whole population. This population is mainly confined to the States of the south. But during the war, owing to the shortage of labour in the north, there has been a considerable drift of the black population northwards, partly to enjoy the higher wages, and partly to escape from the social and political restrictions of the south. Apart from this, there have always been a considerable number of negro servants and porters employed throughout the States, and thus every visitor to hotels in America immediately comes face to face with the negro problem, even in New York.

The European finds the negro servant an amiable, talkative person, extremely anxious to please, inaccurate in regard to time and space, but, within

his powers, obliging and attentive. He compares the negro service favourably with such white service as is still sullenly available, especially in the hotels. He finds that in America the service of the antique world survives chiefly among these dark-faced men and women. The result is that the European feels kindly towards them, and wonders why the Americans are silent when he praises them.

He is still more surprised when he reads, from time to time in the Press, that one of these black people has been hanged on a lamp-post or frizzled in a fire.

The real fact is that the very presence of this black race in the heart of America is utterly distasteful to the mass of the white Americans. It is the constant reminder of an ancient trouble—the recurrent recall of an old crime which seemed to have been expiated in the blood and fire of the Civil War. It was a crime for which we are also largely responsible, for Great Britain made a very good thing out of the slave trade for two centuries. But we have suffered little, while America, even now that she has given freedom to the black man, cannot shake it off. The black spectre dogs America still—as it did at the time of de Tocqueville's visit (1832), when that great social observer prophesied that the inevitable emancipation of the black man would create an even more critical and perilous cleavage in American life. That prophecy has come true. Behind all American politics there is a deep-

rooted fear—a fear of the black man in the present, and a still greater dread of him in the future. America fears for her civilisation and for her race. She dreads lest North America should become a Black Man's Continent.

Those who travel in the north may think this absurd. But in the south the peril is nearer. There are Southern States where the white man is only in a bare majority; there are States where he is actually outnumbered.

For all the time the black population is increasing at a great pace. More important still, their ambitions are increasing also. They are no longer content with the policy of wholesale disfranchisement and social ostracism which has been so long pursued in the Southern States. There are hundreds of black lawyers and black parsons; thousands of black teachers. Many of these black men have proved themselves the equals of the whites. Often they work harder. So the claim to white privilege is threatened, and a very serious problem looms ahead. It is not a question of actual slavery; it is a question of political freedom. The broad fact is that, in spite of the Civil War and the famous fifteenth amendment to the Constitution, the negro has been by one means or another deprived of his political rights—and often of his civil rights also—throughout the South.

Now it is open to question whether the North was wise to enfranchise the negro so rapidly after

the Civil War. There were incidents in the " reconstruction " period which cannot be defended; there were events which are still remembered to-day in the South with an incredible bitterness. But two generations have now passed; the negro population has shaken off the taint of slavery. The South has had time, if it had so willed, to educate and train its black people. It is not as if the Southerners could do without the negroes. They require them and use them for work on the torrid cotton plantations, where the white man cannot and will not work. Nor is it that the negroes have refused to progress. On the contrary—and this is part of the complaint against them—the negroes have been keen and eager for education. They have adopted Christianity, often with great zeal and earnestness. They have acquired the English language. They have fought in the American wars, both against Spain and Germany, with great distinction. All these facts increase the bitterness caused by their disfranchisement.

The " practical disfranchisement " of the negro population is secured by many means, differing in various States, but always attaining the same object. Each State has a Constitution of its own; and the machinery employed for the disfranchisement of the negroes is generally an amendment to the State Constitution. The amendment is always unerringly framed to undo the work of that Federal

amendment—which wholly forbids any distinction of colour or race in the gift of the franchise. There is, for instance, the "Grandfather Clause," which ingeniously disfranchises all illiterate voters except those who are the sons or grandsons of those who voted before January 1, 1867—the date of the enfranchisement of the negro. This clause leaves a vote to the illiterate white, but takes it away from the illiterate negro.

Then there is the "understanding clause" of Mississippi, applying a literary test, which is not confined to reading and writing; for after all there are many negroes who can read and write. A further test is therefore added, under which the voter has to explain "any section of the Constitution of the State" or "give a reasonable interpretation thereof." As there are generally some clauses which are liable to various explanations, that test possesses infinite and inexhaustible possibilities. These tests are more humane than the shot-gun of old times; but they arrive at the same object. The negro is barred from voting.

Most of these disfranchising State clauses have been sanctioned by the Supreme Federal Court, though the "Grandfather Clause," first invented in 1898, was at last disallowed in 1915. But so slow a veto has had little effect. The negro is in practice still disfranchised in the Southern States. The State franchise fixes the Federal franchise; and thus, by a curious anomaly of the American

Constitution, powers are being accumulated which open out some grave political possibilities. For there seems no reason why, with the gradual extension of these State limitations on the franchise, the white vote should not also be gradually undermined. It is not outside the scope of future developments that the fundamental governing principle of the United States should gradually be changed from that of a democracy to an oligarchy.

There is already actually a peril of minority rule in the country as a whole. The disfranchisement of the negro in the Southern States has not been accompanied by any corresponding diminution in the electoral powers of those States. The Union as a whole does not appear to be strong enough to assert that if a State should disfranchise its black population it should incur a corresponding loss of representation in the House of Representatives and the Electoral College. The representation of the Senate, of course, is fixed at two for each State, whatever the size. But the representation in the House of Representatives is based on recurrent redistribution according to population. The Southern States would probably not be so willing to disfranchise their negroes if they lost a corresponding number of seats in Congress. But that power is not asserted by the Federal Government.

The reason for this is, I take it, that in their hearts the men of the North share the dread of the men of the South. Since the spread of the negro

up North during the war period, there have been serious outbreaks of lynching in districts hitherto immune from that evil. If this transmigration should increase there is always a possibility that the Northern States, which have up to the present allowed their black men and women to vote, may introduce similar powers of disfranchisement into their State Constitutions. The temptation to do this does not arise until the majority power of the white man is threatened. Then an agitation begins which too often proves irresistible. For in spite of the Civil War and of the Fifteenth Amendment, no power seems able to persuade the white American to risk handing over the control of government to any coloured race. The red man is frankly sent into reserved territories and kept outside politics. The black man is equally debarred, although the pretence of political rights is asserted and maintained. Perhaps, on the whole, it would be safer, as well as more honest, to treat the black man like the red. For the resentment growing up among the black race is immensely increased by the apparent hypocrisy of the present situation. The black man feels that he is being cheated of his political rights in the South by a series of tricks. The promise of the mouth is betrayed to the heart. The claims of the Civil War men, the charter of rights laid down by the emancipators and reconstructors, seem to be reduced to dust and ashes.

A fair-minded English observer will always

remember the peculiar difficulties of the American situation. The Northerners of the Civil War period were filled with a high idealism. They passionately sought some adequate return for their great sacrifices. They found it by adding political rights to emancipation in their gifts to the black people for whose cause so many of them had died. But it is the case of the South that the North cheaply scattered those gifts at the cost of the white men whom they had conquered. The South was left shattered and decimated, often at the mercy of the freed blacks. There are thousands of men still alive in the South to-day who can remember the bad times that came after the war. Up in the Alleghany Mountains west of Carolina there are, I am told, still settlements of people who fled from their own emancipated slaves. The deep resentment born in those days has not yet by any means passed away. The South has now in part recovered its prosperity. But the negro population has trebled its numbers, while the white will never, in all probability, recover its numerical superiority. The trend of population since the war has been westward, and not southward; the South does not welcome the Northerner. So the South is left to nurse its resentment, and to stand guard over the threatened leadership of its shattered race.

Thus those who believe that war cures no evils might find some sombre confirmation of their creed in the present position in the Southern States

of America. For in spite of the victory of Abraham Lincoln's emancipation policy, the black problem still remains almost as dour and as grim as ever before in history.

The fearful remedy of lynching has somewhat abated of recent years, after the holocaust of over 2,500 coloured people in thirty years (1889-1918). But in spite of President Wilson's noble appeal during the war (July 26, 1918) sixty-three negroes, five of them women, were lynched in 1918. The accusations against these victims were various, and by no means confined to the offence usually associated with these acts. The claim of the South to deal with their own " niggers " in their own way extends far beyond the protection of their womenkind. No Briton has a right to quarrel with the strict laws against inter-marriage by which the Americans protect the purity of the white stock. That is clearly within the rights of the race. But considering the strong and honest condemnation of acts of inhumanity among other peoples which prevails in the United States, I cannot but detect a certain moral weakness in the Press comments on lynching, not only in the South, but also in the North. There are many righteous forces that have still the courage to speak. But they speak fitfully ;[1] the State authorities make no effort to check the evil ; and the movement on behalf of a Federal law which exists among the churches obtains

[1] The tarring and feathering of a British clergyman in Texas (July, 1921) may partly explain this.

little support. The lynching extends to whites as well as to blacks, and only a few days ago three white men were taken from a gaol in California and hanged by a gang which carried them off in their motor-cars.

Such things cannot go on in America any more than in Ireland without grave corruption of the public conscience and will. The lynchers of to-day are the criminals of to-morrow; and the weakness of authority invites to crime. A race of lawyers like the Americans fully appreciate these facts, and it is fair to say that the Federal Government of the United States has always steadily set its face against lynching. But the weakness lies in the State authorities, who often actually condone the offence. With all the conservatism of the American people, there is still visible a certain strange laxity about obedience to the law, and I doubt whether the widespread defiance of the law of Prohibition by the richer classes is adding to the strength of authority.

There is grave danger for America in allowing the black problem to drift. In Great Britain such a trouble would find instant voice in Parliament. There would be frequent questions about lynching episodes. There would be legislative proposals of various kinds, and probably the Government would send the whole question to a Royal Commission, who would inquire and report. But in America, despite their courage and vigour, there seems a curious reluctance to face the great problems of the future. Neither great party seems to hew out

a policy and stand by it, after the fashion of our parties in England. The result is that public opinion is left without guidance. It is not faced with a choice of policies.

Now we Britons have various policies in regard to the black problem in our Empire. South Africa has one and India another. I do not say that they are perfect policies, but they are policies. America has no policy in regard to the black man. It might decide to disfranchise him—that would be one policy. But it does not do that. On the contrary, it announces in the Federal Constitution that on no account is he to be disfranchised. Then in the State Constitutions it proceeds to do so.

On the other hand, it might put the negro under a special law and confine him to special regions, as Botha proposed in South Africa. But it does nothing of the sort. It claims for him the full liberty and protection of an American citizen. Then it proceeds to stand aside while he is hanged and burnt without trial.

I call that a dangerous policy, because it provokes the greatest possible amount of anger and resentment, while it places no real restraint on a development which is growing more and more formidable every day. One never knows in great affairs what shape or form will be taken by the genii of revenge and hate. One can only say quite certainly that some day, in some form, they will emerge from the Great Magician's bottle.

XIX

THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 8.

WE are back in New York, and to-day, at the Biltmore Hotel, we were sumptuously entertained at a great banquet provided and attended by some five hundred American ladies, who certainly gave to their visitors from Europe a most charming and courteous reception. There were some six of us, and we each had to speak for about a quarter of an hour on our various topics.

But it was soon brought home to us that what these ladies had come out to scrutinise was not our views so much as our personalities. They seemed far more interested in what we were than in what we said.

There is something beautifully humbling about this. For it appears to give the proper position to man's intellectual importance.

But it gives one furiously to think on the whole subject of this new influence that has come into this New World, as well as into the Old—the influence of the woman's point of view. Let me therefore set down a few words at large on the American woman generally—greatly daring, and

without even troubling to take out any insurance policy against the risks at the hands of the American men.

* * * * *

These ladies' clubs have now become a most striking feature in American life. They exist in every big city, and they are not confined to the intellectuals. On the contrary, you find yourself faced with the very cream of American beauty and wealth. They do not come to these feasts of the soul dressed timidly or sparingly. They dress as only American women can dress, and they do not leave their jewels in caskets at home, but wear them honestly and frankly in the light of day. They do not smoke at these gatherings, and they drink—iced water. They listen intently, and they never interrupt. Nowhere, indeed, do you find audiences more courteous and more kind. But always it is the personal note that interests them. It is not causes they want to hear about so much as men.

At the present moment, for instance, they are profoundly interested in our Prime Minister. Wherever I have been in America I have been asked to speak about Mr. Lloyd George. I have gently intimated that I came to speak about the Pilgrim Fathers, to which they merely replied, "Make him a Pilgrim Father and go on!"

What is going to be the effect on the life and politics of the New World of this immense awakening of womanhood?

Looking at it all from outside, I am somewhat puzzled by certain contradictions. For instance, women evidently have achieved a new place since I was last in America. They have obtained the vote, and they have smashed the saloons. Yet they have not, even now, the public position attained by the women in Great Britain.

There are many dinners and luncheons in America, for instance, still confined to men. "We are sorry, but you cannot bring your wife. There will be no ladies present." Now in Europe the women are claiming to go everywhere. They are present, for instance, in great numbers at the men's club luncheons in London.

But I note that in America the men still strongly keep their own preserves and stiffen their upper lip if you suggest that the women should invade them. Perhaps these universal women's clubs form the reply to the American man's policy of excluding women from the male banquets.

Yet I am doubtful, because it would really appear that the women do not want to go to these men's gatherings. There is in America a real camaraderie of women which seems to be lacking in Europe, They really seem to like to meet one another and to talk to one another. They tell me that in these gatherings the talk is on a higher level than in similar gatherings in Europe, and that there are new departures from the time-honoured, well-trodden topics of children and servants. They tell

me that women amongst themselves are discussing earnestly the great social questions that are arising in both worlds along with the women's vote.

Yet here again there is a contradiction. For there are far fewer women speakers in America than in Europe. An English lady speaker is always heard gladly by the American women—gladly, and with a certain surprise, such as we experienced in England twenty years ago. What we forget is that America escaped that fearful struggle over the women's suffrage through which we passed in England. But during that struggle, with all its evils, a large number of Englishwomen learned to speak. It developed a new school of feminine oratory, both indoors and without. That school appears to be lacking in America, although the American woman will manage an audience as well as any other person if she is really put to it. But she is not anxious to speak. She holds back with a certain timidity, such as her English sister showed twenty years ago.

This is all the more surprising as America possesses some of the ablest women administrators in the whole world. There are those splendid women who have taken the lead in the various social settlements in New York and Chicago—settlements now greatly outnumbering the settlements in our English towns, and greatly surpassing them in vigour and wealth. These settlements are generally inspired by women. Then

there are the women who have taken the lead in the prohibition movement—women like Mrs. Willard —women of heroic quality. For if there is one thing that marks the American woman when she is roused it is always courage. Not without reason has the statue of Mrs. Willard obtained a place at Washington.

Behind all the shifting phases of the women's movement in America there is always the solid fact that on that continent men and women are brought up together, both at home and at school. England is the land of the boarding-school, and America is the land of the day school. That means that brothers and sisters are not separated, as they are in well-to-do English families. But far more important is the fact that in practically all the big secondary schools boys and girls are educated together. The other day we visited a great school of this kind at Bridgeport in Connecticut. It was a vast building, containing 3,000 children. It was provided with the finest equipment, and in the centre was a noble hall, where the whole school could gather for entertainment. All this was provided absolutely free by the town for the townspeople. But the most conspicuous fact to our British eyes was that in almost every class-room the boys and girls sat side by side, learning and studying together.

That fact explains, I think, the atmosphere of the American home. The one prevailing note

about that home is the equality of the sexes. In England we must all admit that there is, in too many of our homes, a sense of rivalry persisting between man and woman, the boy and the girl. Sometimes it is the brother who rules the roost, sometimes it is the sister. But there is a sense of struggle for mastery in the air. Now I have stayed in many beautiful American homes during the last few weeks, and all the time I have been struck with the absence of this sense of rivalry. It is a common idea in Europe that the American husband is the slave of his wife. That is scarcely a correct reading of the facts. True, he makes a rule of being kind and courteous to his wife. He loves to see her well-dressed. If he can, he will spare nothing to secure that she dresses well. He keeps her out of his business affairs, but he encourages her to live a full life of her own. He is not anxious to restrict her energies, or jealous of her diversions. In short, he treats her as an equal, with equal claims to development and to happiness. At any rate, that is the general standard aimed at among the best people in the American towns.

But the real check on all this feminine development at present is the question of "helps." Of course, you never use the word "servant," because such a relationship is not recognised. "Help" is what you cry for, and help is what you rarely get. The wages now being paid in America to domestic helps of every kind—to cooks, parlourmaids,

governesses, and so forth—seem fabulous to the European ear. I heard of several cases where governesses were receiving £300 a year—and "all found." No wonder that the class of well-to-do ladies who find themselves cut off from their amusements by having to cook and to sew, view with a cold eye the movement for restricting immigration. They would like to see immigration carried on in full flood, but restricted to domestic servants imported from Europe—if there are any to spare!

Face to face with this new situation, the American woman grapples with it with a certain blitheness which is all her own. I have been in several houses where the mistress of the house has had to do all the cooking and the tending. But she rarely grumbles. She keeps up that wonderful gay serenity which appears to be the finest of all American gifts. She annexes every possible mechanical aid. Whenever she can escape from her toil she flies around in her inevitable motor-car, and accomplishes her shopping in about a tithe of the time occupied by the European housekeeper of her standing. In spite of her many cares, she generally manages to keep up her social life and to maintain her interest in public affairs. For the American woman is determined that she is not going to be allowed to drift into a backwater.

What, then, is the position of the American woman in public affairs? We have seen that she

takes a less prominent part than the Englishwoman, and yet she keeps up a vivid interest. The result is that her power in America still closely resembles that of the best type of Frenchwoman at the best period of French history—the middle of the eighteenth century. At that time the Frenchwoman ruled France, not on a platform, but in her salon. So the American woman largely rules America, not from the platform, but from her drawing-room. She is a wonderful talker—rather apt to change the subject too often, but always original and stimulating, fresh and gay. She keeps herself better informed than the European woman, and so her gaiety has more effect. Often she concentrates her power on certain great social questions—especially the questions that concern women and children. At the present moment, while her mankind have turned their backs on Europe, she is still carrying immense offerings of love and help to the starving children of Eastern Europe. In many cities we have discovered that while the men were sullen and indifferent when one spoke of Europe, the women came forward with instant help, and even showered on us gifts for those helpless children of whom we told them, in far-off Vienna. For indeed, these American women have the quickest heart for suffering, and their purses are readily open to those who can touch their heart.

So it is at home in their own country. I attribute to the women of America very largely the fact

that that country has gone ahead of us on many questions of social reform, using the word in its purely humane sense. Take the children's courts of New York. I spent some hours there yesterday sitting by the side of Judge Hoyt. Like every other visitor, I was filled with overwhelming admiration for this new humanisation of legal process in dealing with the erring children of the great cities. It is a problem that we have not yet solved, even in London. There in New York, thanks to the women, they have established a system of probationary and family courts to deal with the young with a tenderness and justice that should now form a model for the world.[1]

When we think of America we must put these facts against all the stories of graft and corruption that reach us through their own sensational Press.

Or take the court which they have established for dealing with fallen women. There, again, the new system of justice tempered by tenderness which has been established in New York has produced a far-reaching reform of social conditions, and that is, I am told, due to women reformers.

The same process of social change has been going on in other American cities, and in all these ways the women of America seem to me to have chosen a wiser course than the women of Europe. For while they have left the purely political game to

[1] *e.g.*—The punishment of children by whipping at the order of public courts is unknown in America.

their menkind, they have concentrated on that side of life on which their peculiar powers of pity and sympathy produce the surest and quickest result.

Up in Boston I came across a ladies' club of a somewhat different type from these large fashionable gatherings of New York. It was a club in which all classes met, and the conditions of food and subscription were adapted to the humblest and the poorest. It was led by a lady of great social gifts, Mrs. Hopkins, a descendant of Stephen Hopkins, one of the Pilgrim Fathers. There the discussion soon led on to the larger political problems, and I found myself being heckled with friendly vigour on most of our European sins and errors. In that club I saw a new development beginning in that wonderful town which holds the intellectual leadership of America—a development which seemed to indicate that the power of the woman in America is soon likely to stretch beyond those other subjects of social welfare, and is likely to invade politics. But I was agreeably pleased to find that among those women there was far less of the bitterness of party politics than among the American men. That evening seemed to me to open up the hope that the American woman, coming in with her flashing spirit and her serene temper, may abate the bitterness of faction which now desolates the higher places of American political life. So may it be!

I come back to the central fact of equality. It penetrates this American atmosphere, with all

its virtues and its defects—with the slight insolence of the less worthy to the more worthy, with the heavy burden that it lays on public men, and yet with the perpetual rebuke that it gives to arrogance and insolence in high places. But it is seen at its best in this matter of the relations between men and women, because there, more than anywhere else in life, lies the temptation to the pride of physical force, and this habit of deference to woman has a notably refining effect upon the men. You enter, for instance, into an office in New York. Very often the head of the business introduces you to all the young ladies who are doing his typing, or managing his correspondence. This pleasant custom establishes an easier relationship, and makes their lives far more pleasant and sweet. On their side there is generally an attempt to rise to the situation. These American girls seemed to me to take an interest in the business of the firm, such as one does not often find in the women on the British side of the water.

In all such symptoms of American life I see the growth of a new idea of partnership between man and woman. It seems to realise our British poet's dream of woman's future development :—

> Till at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words;
> And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
> Sit side by side full-summ'd in all their powers,
> Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-Be.

XX

THE AMERICAN MAN

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 8.

HAVING ventured to speak of the American woman, I must not now fail in courage, but must, before leaving this country, collect my thoughts on the American man as I have seen him in 1920—and then, perhaps, I had better go.

* * * * *

Since my last visit to America there has asserted itself a remarkable change in the American man. The older type of American—"Uncle Sam"—as depicted in all our British cartoons, is a long, lanky, thin man with a goatee beard. The American man of to-day is clean-shaven, of medium height and possessed of a resolute chubby face which gives him the appearance of a formidable cherub. Instead of being lean, he is now substantial in frame: his old languid attitude, with feet on the mantelpiece and the long cigar in the side of the mouth has given place to an alert and unresting activity. He smokes little. He no longer chews tobacco—but only gum and candy. He drinks not at all to the outward eye—and he seems to prefer standing up to sitting down.

His daily habits correspond to this change in his physique. He rises early and goes to work early. The great city of New York is already humming with energy at an hour when London is still breakfasting. Pessimists on the European side of the Atlantic have prophesied that if America gave up drink she would plunge into gluttony. But I notice no signs of such a change. The American eats well, but not greedily. His food at the present moment (December, 1920) is so much better than ours that he cannot fail to be a heartier man. But being deprived of his wine, he does not sit so long at table, and he remains far more attentive and awake after his meals. Strangely enough, I have been very much struck by the improvement in the dinner table conversation that results from the removal of the wine bottle. Such an outcome seems to contradict all the cherished notions of our poets and novelists. But it bears out the considered judgment of the American scientists, who now assert that alcohol is a narcotic and not a stimulant.

Nor is the talk cheerless or melancholic. On the contrary, the American is one of the most humorous men on this planet, and he is certainly one of the best story-tellers. Within a few weeks in America you hear better stories than you would hear in the same number of months in Europe. These stories at the present moment naturally turn very largely round this very question of Prohibition.

The American smiles over his own Puritanism and laughs at his own heroism. He turns the jest against himself so swiftly that he seems to rob you of your laugh. There is the story I heard in New York of the ardent Prohibitionist who advocated in a speech the policy of carrying all the alcoholic drinks that remain in America right out to sea, and dropping the bottles overboard. To his great surprise a member of his audience cheered enthusiastically. The orator beamed.

"I am delighted," he said, "to notice that one American, at least, is in favour of my policy."

"Of course I am!" said the man who had cheered. "I'm a diver!"

There is an element of the unexpected in these American stories which shows the clean fancy of their wit. There is a story of a body of negroes who came to ask exemption from Prohibition on the ground that they wished for some wine for sacramental purposes, which is permitted under the law.

"Well, what kind of wine would you like?" asked the official.

"Well, boss," said the negro spokesman, "I guess we had a difference about that. So we had a meeting about it, and after a lot o' talk we come to some sort of agreement."

"What was the agreement?" asked the official.

"Well, sah!" said the negro, beaming all over, "we all voted for gin!"

The other day we attended a luncheon in one of the New York hotels, and after lunch we had two minute speeches. It is not very easy to acquit yourself well in a two minutes' speech. But the American manages it admirably. Everyone told a story and everyone was delighted.

The American man is not a cynic. That is where he chiefly differs from the European. The American is really anxious to enjoy and appreciate. He is intensely inquisitive, especially about things European. He is really very ignorant about Europe. He knows, for instance, very little about the British Constitution, and is honestly puzzled as to how we manage to have a King that does not rule. The House of Lords especially worries him. The very idea of hereditary legislators puts him into a sort of frigid politeness which dimly obscures his disapproval. It offends his rooted idea, which is that public opinion should always govern. When you explain to him that the House of Lords always claims to represent public opinion, he abruptly changes the subject, as he does when you mention negroes, or Free Trade, or any other subject on which he has formed immovable convictions. For the American dislikes contradicting you, and his way of disagreement is to change the subject.

The American man is not quite so devoted to his club as is the Englishman. It is not so much that he is more domestic, as that he is more considerate of his wife and less willing to leave her so much

alone. But like his wife, he is much addicted to the habit of the club luncheon. In New York, for instance, there is scarcely a day on which there is not held one of these club functions, and the Americans love to invite the British visitor to attend and address them. There is the Advertising Club, which consists of all the men employed in publicity work, including publishers, editors and advertising managers. There is the Economic Club, containing most of the best business men in New York, all willing to listen for long periods to solemn economic debates. There are the literary clubs, and the artistic clubs. They all have their luncheons, which last just about an hour and then the men stream back to work. This custom has now spread to London by way of Leeds and the Rotary Clubs. But the difference is that in New York the women are strictly excluded from the men's luncheons. These luncheons are the last preserves of the mere man.

The American men's clubs are certainly not so homelike as our British clubs. They are more like hotels. You feel less at your ease. But in one respect they are immensely superior. They are far more hospitable to strangers. In London there are clubs, like the Beefsteak, that literally keep the stranger on the pavement. At the Athenæum they thrust the stranger into a box. At the Travellers they entertain him only in the hall. These outrageous survivals of a barbarous

age surprise and shock the American when he comes to London. Even at the National Liberal, which is the most hospitable club of London, the foreign visitor cannot take up a membership under less than a month. But in the United States you can be introduced to their clubs, if you and they so desire within a day. Your name is put down, and you have the run of the club and are as much a member as if you had lived in America all your life.

But the American man is not only hospitable in his club. He loves to take you to his home. He is generally proud of his home and of his wife and children, and wishes to show them to you. There he is unlike the Frenchman, who very rarely takes you to his house. In the matter of giving the American is not quite so generous as the Russian, who will hand over to you everything that is his—including his house and his horse—if you express any admiration for it. But he is far more generous than the Englishman, who is a slow giver, partly from shyness and at the present moment partly from poverty. I find in America that it is quite dangerous to express any admiration for a book: it is immediately presented to me. If we arrive in a city where we are pressed for time there are always good Americans who offer us the use of their motor-car for whole days together. As it is in private life, so it is in public.

The generosity of the American millionaire makes

us almost forgive him his wealth. Sir Auckland Geddes, who is a very shrewd observer of American character, contends that it is this generosity of the American millionaire which safeguards the capitalist system in America and makes it stronger than anywhere else in the world. Certainly, examples of it are most dramatic. In England we have one or two big rich men—men like Lord Leverhulme, Mr. George Cadbury and the Rowntrees—who realise some of the possibilities of fine and generous public action open to the wealthy man. But the thing is far more common in the United States. Those great Universities which are the marvel of modern America, are largely the creation of the successful business man. Then you have men like Mr. Henry Ford, of Detroit, who is always doing striking and surprising things, sometimes very bizarre, but always with a dash of splendour, such as gives the millionaire in America the mantle of royalty. At the present moment up in the North-West there is a great manufacturer, who is selling his agricultural machinery below the market price at a presumable loss to himself, just in order to help the American farmer out of his troubles.

The European cynic would probably say that in such a case the American millionaire is dumping his goods in order to obtain a new market. But the American says nothing of the sort. He knows his rich men better than the European. He realises

that they make money largely for the sake of power. Now the greatest power in the world is the power of doing good. The next greatest power is the power of being kind. The American millionaire has just enough touch of genius to realise that wealth places within his grasp the immense liberty of being able to exercise these two powers. That alone is what prevents American public opinion from rising up against the power of wealth and smashing it, as they have again and again showed signs of doing. You have bursts of protests against the power of the Trusts, as there were under Roosevelt: but those bursts of protest do not last long, for the simple reason that the millionaire so often disarms public opinion by becoming the servant of the public.

This opinion may seem rather surprising to those who have visited the luxurious mansions of the American millionaires in New York. Those mansions form the modern counterpart of the princely palaces of Genoa, Venice and Rome. These merchant princes of the New World dwell in their castles like the barons of the Rhine. They have even their own private police, like the feudal followers of the mediæval lords. The Pierpoint Morgan mansion in New York is guarded by its own retainers. We stopped to look at the building the other evening, and we were immediately and firmly rebuked by one.

My readers may naturally ask how I can say a

good word for a class that flourishes its wealth so ostentatiously in the public eye, and arrogates such powers.

But let us reflect. The British rich man can buy great country houses and great estates, with shootings and deer forests and all kinds of surviving feudal powers. If you really want to see how the British wealthy man spends his money you must go down into the shires and the counties of England where he still shines in splendid power. The American has no such outlets for his money. The land laws of America forbid the accumulation of great estates. The United States have no convenient game laws, to make the killing of animals a privileged occupation. This building of sumptuous city homes is really the only form of personal expenditure left to the American millionaire.

But a man can only spend a mere fraction of a great fortune on himself and his city home. The result is that families like the Rockefellers and the Vanderbilts have immense resources left for public use. During the short period I have been here there have already been several striking donations to public causes from the millionaires. The Rockefellers have given a million dollars to the cause of the prevention of cruelty to children. One young millionaire has refused a fortune and given it to the poor. Mr. Henry Ford has distributed 7,000,000 dollars in bonuses to his employees. It is all on the Carnegie lines. For that great man's

splendid example has left a great impress on the life of America. But it is also partly because the American rich man has so little to spend his money on. He is now tied in even more closely than ever by sumptuary laws. Public opinion has doomed his wine cellar, and at the table of people like the Rockefellers you drink nothing but iced water.

The American home is certainly one of the most delightful and attractive in the world. In most of the cities of the Middle West we have motored round their suburbs and seen the wonderful development of villadom which now surrounds those cities with glorious mansions. In England the public amenity of villas is almost entirely destroyed by the erection of high walls and wooden fences. Thus the very word villadom has attained an odious meaning. At Chiselhurst, for instance, a district of noble villas, you see little of those fine dwellings unless you have the entry. But in America national opinion has condemned the fence and practically destroyed it. All the houses are open to the eye, with nothing to separate them from one another except sunken hahas. Their gardens are exposed to the public view; and their beautiful adventures in architecture—in every style of Gothic, Classic, Tudor and Jacobean—add immensely to the attractiveness of their suburbs. On the other hand, the Americans have not acquired the cult of flowers, and their gardens are far behind ours. They buy flowers in great

quantities, but those flowers are grown in market gardens and hothouses. It is quite unusual to see a fine private garden round an American villa. There again the American lacks one great form of personal expenditure which is peculiarly popular with the successful business man in England. It is a matter still requiring explanation why a successful trader in England almost always develops an inextinguishable passion for growing flowers. Perhaps it is simply that all Englishmen have the passion, but he alone has the power of indulging it.

But let us enter the house, and then we have revealed to us the new and extraordinary facilities of living which America is discovering—the marble bathrooms, the shaded verandahs, and the cool basement rooms, built for their summer heats: the ingenious devices of cookery and cleaning which make them so independent of domestic aid: the spacious rooms, the simple and restful decorations, the general air of ease and comfort. Perhaps it is all a question of space. For, after all, space is at the back of all great things in America—it is the source of their wealth and the token of their power.

Yes, after our cramped England these large and roomy houses of America have great charm; they make one almost wish that one had emigrated young.

No wonder that the American loves his home!

* * * * *

After the American man I must say just a word on the American child.

The American child has distinctly improved since my last visit to this country. Twenty years ago he was still an insolent tyrant of the home, spoiled himself, and spoiling the lives of others: the torture of the visitor, and the loved anxiety of his parents. American children are still intensely inquisitive, and far more independent than our English children. But, on the other hand, our English child in the interval has become a little more American, and so the two types tend to grow nearer to one another. Owing to the lack of servants the American child of the richer classes is perhaps less tended than the English, and thus attains independence at a younger age.

As a whole, the American children are cheerful, jolly little creatures, keen on their school and play. But I do not find that they know so much as I should expect after visiting their schools. It is the opinion of a good many English people living in America that the children are less thoroughly taught than in the great English schools. I do not know how this may be.

The American child brings me back to the American man. He is a tender father, as he is an indulgent husband. The corporal punishment of children is practically unknown in the United States. It has been abolished in all the children's courts, and it is very rarely used in the homes.

The result is that the child is on very friendly terms with his father.

The uppish boy becomes a splendid youth. For I do not think that in the whole world there is a finer young manhood than America possesses. You have only to visit the Universities to realise that—and when we have said that, could we give a better tribute to the American man, who is, after all, his father ?

XXI

THE ELDER STATESMEN

MY TALKS WITH MR. ROOT AND COLONEL HOUSE —SHOULD AMERICA COME BACK TO EUROPE?

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 9.

DURING these last few days in New York, I have been able, by means of kind introductions from friends, to enjoy the privilege of long talks on the situation between America and Europe with several of those distinguished "elder statesmen" whose opinions count for so much in America.

I saw the Hon. Elihu Root, Ex-American Senator and Judge of the Hague Court, in his office "uptown." He received me graciously, but from the moment we entered upon public affairs he became the Roman. As I sat talking with that stern, grizzled man, I recalled an interview of twenty years ago—an interview I enjoyed on my last visit to North America with that veteran political thinker, Mr. Goldwin Smith. There was the same grim, grey outlook on the world—the same harsh judgments on the man who held the reins of power —the same proud, obstinate adherence to his own individual views.

Mr. Elihu Root has held in American public life

the highest positions possible—next to the Presidency—the Secretaryship of War and the Secretaryship of State. He has served his country faithfully and well. He has played a dominating part even in the recent great election. To-day when I saw him it was considered probable that he might play an even more powerful part in the Administration which he has helped to place in power.

He has held, in the great international controversy, the key position of a man who intensely believed in the cause of international peace, but has bitterly opposed the Wilson League and Covenant. Not that he has entirely stood aloof from Europe. He has just accomplished the task, as a member of the Commission of International Jurists appointed by the League of Nations, of framing the Permanent Court of International Justice established by the Covenant. All this makes him a singularly interesting figure.

He bears the burden of his seventy-six years very lightly. He sat bolt upright in his office chair throughout our long two hours' conversation, speaking clearly and deliberately, and always effectively. He would dismiss a subject in a curt phrase, always rather drily, perhaps with too little humour and geniality. He reminded me of our typical European statesmen, rather than of his own kindly countrymen. Let me set down some of his utterances.

"The election was not won on political issues

at all!" he said. "It was a decision against Wilson."

"But why? What was his offence?"

Mr. Root was quite clear on that. His offences were many.

"He ought not to have gone to Europe at all. That was his first blunder. He ought to have stayed in America, and sent someone to speak for him. Then he could have revised the decisions from the American point of view."

I ventured to point out that the other heads of States had gone to Paris. How could America have been represented by anyone less than its Head of State? How could she have agreed to any final decisions?

"The others would not have gone if Wilson hadn't gone. As he went, so they had to go."

Mr. Root's next great quarrel with Wilson was that, having gone, he acted as a King and not as a President.

"He forgot the American Senate! He forgot the American Constitution! He acted as an autocrat! America has no place for an autocrat!"

I ventured to remind Mr. Root, at this point, that President Wilson had come home before signing the Treaty, and had consulted the leaders of the Parties on the critical questions, and often accepted their advice.

"He ought not to have merely consulted them.

If he was to go to Paris, he ought to have taken them with him."

That was the centre of the offending—I very well knew that by now.

Finding it useless to discuss further a conviction which had now struck so deeply into the rocky soil of the veteran's mind, I tried to shift on to the question of the League of Nations itself.

Here Mr. Root was equally irreconcilable.

" The League ignores the American Constitution. Article X empowers the government to send troops on the agreement of the League. Sending troops is an act of war. War can only be declared in the United States by Congress. Congress is destroyed by the governing article of the League."

I suggested, of course, that the League always implied that each government should act according to its own Constitution. I even went so far as to suggest that the whole of the American Constitution should be added to the League as an appendix.

Perhaps the old statesman suspected a touch of irony in this. His face darkened.

" We cannot have Article X. We said so. President Wilson refused to listen. Wilson has gone. We still say the same. We cannot have Article X on any account ! "

" Why not propose its omission in the form of a Reservation ? Switzerland has come into the League on a Reservation. Lord Grey has made it

clear that the British Government is willing to consider Reservations. But America presents none. She merely holds aloof ! "

Mr. Root would not commit himself. Perhaps. He did not know what Harding might do. Harding had asked him to go and consult with him. He was going. He did not know what the result might be. Events had gone very far, and America had other objections to the Covenant.

What other objections ?

" We object to the power which it gives to the little States. We cannot permit the possibility that any little South American State should have the right of veto over the foreign policy of the United States."

There spoke the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine, the Anglo-Saxon pride of the " Predominant Partner " in the New World. There was in it, also, a touch of the imperious insularity of the American Continent.

There was much else that Mr. Root said, but I think I have given the gist of it. All the time we were talking I was uncomfortably aware that a great Luncheon Club audience of American clergy was waiting for me at the other end of New York. But the clergy had to wait. For as long as that old man talked I had to listen. I felt that I was listening to the historic voice of Old America, with all its grim prejudices against the New World Order. I was in the presence of the Spirit of the

Past, putting up its last fight against the Spirit of the Future.

Mr. Root talked long enough for me to realise how formidable this spirit was—how hard-set, how self-confident, how contemptuous of sentiment. The world-appeal fell away from this rock like a shattered wave. I did not even attempt any call for pity, any sorrow for a broken Europe. What had Europe to do or say in this austere, remote Court? Mr. Root, sitting there in his lawyer's office, in the heart of this great pulsing city, was Old America speaking, Old America judging, Old America condemning.

"He ought not to have gone to Europe. Wilson ought not to have gone."

That was the burden of the complaint.

Insensibly the name of the offending President dropped out, and there sounded in my ears this refrain:—

"*America ought not to have gone to Europe. She ought not to have gone.*"

Perhaps. But having gone, ought she to have come back?

* * * * *

Another morning, in a brief interval between two meetings, I went to see the famous Colonel House in his rooms in the Biltmore Hotel. Mr. Kohlsaat, the Chicago newspaper proprietor, a firm friend and admirer of the Colonel, gave me an introduction.

Instead of a grim office of the law, I found myself

in a flat, tastefully furnished, very quiet, very small, very comfortable. But a lonely flat—a silent flat—a flat that seemed full of secrets.

I sat for a few minutes in this secretful silence, and then, very softly, there entered a thin, grizzled man, beautifully dressed, exquisitely courteous, delightfully amiable.

Colonel House is an entire contrast to ex-Senator Root. He does not sit in judgment. He suggests. He submits. He is persuasive, not judicial. He does not lay down the law. He hints to you a new law.

As with the man, so with the career. Root's career has been carried on in the open, under conditions of stress and storm. He has held great offices. He has wielded the power that comes from great popular support. He has lived before the world.

Colonel House is one of those men who prefer to rule without being seen. He allows others to carry off the prizes. While some ask for the palm without the dust, he is content with the dust without the palm. We have such men in England —men like Lord Esher. Democracy does not love such men. When they fall, no dog barks. When they are afflicted, no tears are shed. No hand is lifted to save them.

But such men are all the more useful to men in power because they do not seek power themselves.

* * * * *

At the time of the Great War, for the first time, Colonel House departed from his policy of refusing office. He accepted the post of Wilson's Special War Representative in Europe. He represented the United States on the Supreme War Council of 1917, and at the Armistice.

He played a great part in winning the war.

So at the Peace Conference he naturally became an American Peace Commissioner: and during the Conference he acted on the League of Nations Committee, and on the Mandates Committee. Now, with Wilson's illness, he has gone silently back into private life. He has taken his eclipse as quietly and as selflessly as he has played every other part in life. He stands aside until he is wanted again by his country. He will surely be wanted: for such men—so devoted, so true, so high-minded, are indeed rare in any nation.

I put to Colonel House the leading political question, and he answered clearly and briefly.

"Wilson had to go to Paris. But he ought to have taken the leading Republicans with him!"

"In fact he ought to have taken a Coalition body of representatives?"

"Yes. It would have strengthened him. It might have saved him. In his absence this furious attack developed. It could not have developed if Senator Lodge had been with Wilson in Paris. That would have disarmed the Senate. The Senate would probably have acted with Wilson."

"But Lloyd George did that, and he is not forgiven for it. He has split the Liberal Party. Would not Wilson have split the Democratic Party?"

"Perhaps. Very likely. He might not have succeeded. Party is very strong in this country. The Republicans were hungry. They had been out of office for eight years: a long time for a party which, like your Tories, claims the right to rule. They were hungry—and angry. Anyway they would have fought hard. But Wilson ought to have done it. If he had, at any rate, whatever had befallen, he would have done the right thing."

That was Colonel House's refrain:—

"*He would have done the right thing.*"

Then he went on.

"They have broken him. We are in a bad way. But it is no use Europe asking us back yet!"

"What should we do?" said I.

"Why, just carry on—show that you can do without us—that is the surest way of bringing us back."

Colonel House smiled a sad, shrewd smile. He knows his country.

As to Wilson's conduct since his return to America—his obstinacy—his treatment of Lansing—and of Colonel House himself—the Colonel puts it all down to sheer illness.

"He is a very, very sick man. There is no good

taking any account of what he is doing. His treatment of Lansing was sheerly a case of sickness."

But on the main point of Wilson's policy Colonel House is quite clear. He was right to go to Europe. He was right to propose the League. He ought to have taken his own countrymen along with him—that was his only fault.

" America was right to go to Europe: and America ought to go back."

That, in a word, was Colonel House's view : and I think that there he expressed more truly than ex-Senator Root the mind of America of the Future.

XXII

GOOD-BYE!

ON BOARD THE CELTIC, *Dec.* 11, 1920.

ONCE more we are passing the lightship off Nantucket Island. This time we are travelling eastward, and the shores of America have receded from us. All the busy murmur of that great restless continent has fallen silent, and we feel as if our experiences there were part of a wonderful dream. Once more there falls on me the illusion that I have been visiting another planet, and that I am returning to Old Earth away from the blaze and glitter of a distant star. But to-day that feeling is even more vivid, because of the contrast produced by the war. For we are going back to a war-worn continent, darkened, half-fed, disillusioned, full of discontent and trouble, looking doubtfully into the dim future, distraught by quarrels, no longer confident of its own destiny.

Such is Europe to-day. We have left a continent still in the heyday of its glorious prosperity, glittering with a million lights, glutted with its surplus of food, with no serious trouble except the very excess of its own production. Now that we have left her, and are travelling over the waste of

waters back to our own island, that contrast comes to us all the more sharply and vividly. It is the one clear-cut impression of our visit to America.

" Are you sorry to go home ? " said an American to me last night at our farewell banquet in New York.

" No," I said, " because I do not feel quite happy in a land so prosperous as yours, when I know what my own continent is suffering."

The American flushed, as if I had delivered a rebuke, and said quickly in reply, " Oh ! we have our own troubles, although we may seem so prosperous to you."

" Yes," I said, " that is perfectly true. But being a European, I cannot help you in your troubles, or even really feel them. That is the reason why I must go back to my home."

We both spoke seriously in that moment of parting, and I think that we uttered unconsciously the unspoken thought of all these last weeks.

Alas ! that it should be so ! But since America has decided to stand apart from our European affairs, there is no doubt that the two continents have gradually drifted away from one another, both in thought and feeling, with less capacity to understand one another's troubles. And yet the American was right. In spite of her apparent prosperity, America has her own troubles already. So, I have no doubt, Dives had his own troubles within his palace. They were different troubles

from the troubles of Lazarus, but they were serious enough to Dives. But the curse of it all was that the troubles of Lazarus were so much more acute and intense in their nature that they shut off from him any feeling for the troubles of Dives.

So it is with Europe now. It is difficult to persuade her that the troubles of America can be serious. She sees a continent flushed with wealth, drawn very largely from Europe's own disasters. She looks across the ocean and contemplates a country that used to be her debtor and is now her creditor. She finds that her creditor is inclined to adopt the manner of the proverbial rich uncle.

Looking through the cracks in the door into the blazing light of Dives' palace, Lazarus feels bitterly. Yet Dives has a case. I sit here on deck and pass in memory the teeming multitudes through which we have passed in the streets of New York and Chicago, the many languages that we have heard talked in the railway and street cars—the many types of people that we have met in the course of our visit. Then it occurs to me that the war has faced America with a new problem. At the very moment when she was absorbing and unifying her various populations, the shock of this great world conflict came upon her as a dividing and disintegrating force. Her Latins once more became Italians. Her Hibernians once more became Irish. Her Teutons once more became Germans. Even her British once more became

Anglo-Saxon. She found herself breaking up into nations at the very moment when Europe was appealing to her to be international. The magnet of Europe began to separate and sort out the various races that make up the great American population. Then a great fear came upon America—an old elemental fear, drawn unconsciously from her past history. She dreaded that Europe was once more going to pull her back across the Atlantic. So she shrank back from what she feared might be a fatal embrace, and in her panic she cut loose from the League which she herself suggested. That, I think, is the true reading of recent events.

If that be so, then what is the moral? The moral appears to be that Europe must invent a new approach to America. The League of Nations has got on America's nerves, and we must avoid both the name and the thing. But even already there are symptoms that events in America will work out a condemnation of her policy of isolation. The course of trade is already correcting American politics. The depression of trade which is falling on the great producing centres is teaching them more than all the speeches of President Wilson. Now the Americans are, above all things, traders. Commerce is to them more than politics. It claims far more of their best brains. Looking back, I seem to see commerce everywhere at the head of all that wonderful energy and splendid originality

which one typifies as America. Well, if American commerce once learns any lesson, it is very swift to apply it. So that if the approach comes to us next not by way of politics, but by way of commerce, let us not be too dainty to accept whatever overtures we may obtain.

Just before we embarked I learnt that the American bankers were meeting at Chicago, and had resolved to make a combined loan of £25,000,000 to European credit. They met last year and refused to contemplate such a loan. On that occasion their view was that American finance would do best to keep itself loose from Europe. They regarded Europe as a bankrupt, from whose affairs they had better keep severely apart. But now they find that the bankruptcy of Europe threatens them also. They are beginning to learn the first lesson of international trade, which has hitherto been hidden from the United States. The banks are the first to learn this lesson, because they are most closely in touch with the outer world. But the traders are learning it too. Henry Ford knows it well enough far away in Detroit, where the shadow of Europe has already fallen over the motor industry.

* * * * *

Eight bells! I count the familiar and cheerful notes as they come, and they fill one with that peculiar sense of rest and tranquillity which the sea brings to those who love it. Here on this great White Star liner—this floating palace of comfort—

for the next eight days we shall enjoy a pause in which to reflect. It is about the only rest that comes to some of us in this stormy modern life. True, we have our morning *Ocean Times*, which brings to us whispers of the outer world. But it does not trouble us with overmuch detail.

But it is ominous that in this little news sheet the name of Ireland recurs day by day with tragic insistence, and I observe that the Americans on the ship fall very silent when the subject of Ireland comes up in conversation. Ah, there is the great trouble that lies between us! It is no new thing. If it were, perhaps it would produce little effect. But it is like the rubbing of an old sore, which grows more and more inflamed day by day.

There is no denying that the American people are intensely troubled about Ireland. I believe that the majority of them would like to hold aloof. But they know that their Irish population will not allow it. They are a little afraid of their Irish population. It is a minority that feels intensely and acts intensely. Such a minority is often like a few wolves among a large number of sheep. The sheep are in a vast majority, and yet the wolves drive them ruthlessly to and fro. Not that the Americans are in the least degree like sheep on any other question. It is only that they do not feel strongly about Ireland, while the Irish-Americans do feel strongly; and the strength of that feeling gives them a vulpine authority.

Take one incident that occurred while we were in New York. There was a perfectly peaceful evening service at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Madison-avenue. Being asked to speak on Ireland, I ventured some mild Sunday evening exhortations to all countries concerned. Being a Pilgrim I innocently exhorted all parties to follow the Pilgrim spirit. The congregation was sufficiently gratified to insist upon shaking hands individually with the speaker, and all seemed to pass off quite satisfactorily. But the next morning there appeared a report in the *New York Times* to the effect that many members of the congregation had left, protesting against the speech, and denouncing the speaker as a paid propagandist of the British Government. That detail being deplorably untrue, and all the others mendacious, I discussed the matter with several friends, but I was advised that it was futile to protest, as my protest would be only taken to confirm the statement. But the matter did not stop there. Down in Philadelphia—so I am informed by Commissioner Kitching, of the Salvation Army, who was there and read all the accounts in the Philadelphia papers—the news of this meeting took new and monstrous shapes. It was represented as ending in a riot. It was stated that 400 people had been arrested, and that New York was in a turmoil. It was also affirmed that Sir Auckland Geddes had cabled to Mr. Lloyd George demanding

that the unhappy speaker should be recalled to England.

Now what was the source of all these amazing inventions? I take it that the aim and object was to discourage from coming to the United States all British speakers—at any rate, all British speakers who retain any spark of affection for their own country. The news was possibly worked up by Sinn Fein journalists. I record this because it is a conspicuous instance of the penetrating influence exercised by the Irish Americans in the United States. But it is only characteristic of many other incidents. I have evidence, for instance, that traders are threatened with loss of custom and newspapers are threatened with loss of advertisements unless they espouse the Irish cause. The net result is that, while many newspapers show enthusiasm for the Sinn Fein cause, very few show the mildest interest in defending the British cause. Why should they? The British Government is far away, and how can it protect these great businesses or great newspapers from the evil consequences which would inevitably fall upon them if they showed an ill-starred desire to shield Great Britain? So it is that our cause goes by default.

Nor can I say that such champions as visit this country always assist our cause. The type of speaker sent over to America by the Ulster organisations, for instance, offends the sense of religious equality in America by his unwise attacks on the

Roman Catholic Church. Now the Roman Catholic Church in America is a highly respected body, living in friendship with its Protestant neighbours, and neither enjoying undue privilege nor demanding it. Any abuse of any religion jars upon American ears; for if the Americans have one lesson to teach the world, it is the great lesson of achieved religious toleration.

Toleration! Yes, I am not sure that that is not the greatest lesson which America has to teach Europe. It is not merely a toleration of creed, but also a toleration of races. There, in America, all the various races who, in Europe, spend their time thirsting for one another's blood, learn to meet together on an equal plane in a common brotherhood as American citizens. Within the line of white races, in spite of that occasional strain during the war and the making of peace, this toleration still endures. Even the Frenchman and the German have to learn that no human wrath should be implacable; the Italian and the Austrian have to sit down to meals together; the Greek and the Bulgarian have to learn that all racial hatreds cease when they pass beyond the Atlantic. For in spite of the various breezes that still come from Europe, the harmony of races within the United States still rests secure.

What is it that brings these races together? Is it the pride of a New World? Is it the common "public school" in which they are educated?

Is it the common language which they have to learn ? Or is it the career open to the talents—the amazing equality of chance for all men and women which is still the governing law of the United States ? I leave my readers to answer. But it is my impression that such a result would have been impossible except under a democracy securing equal rights and equal justice for all citizens. It is the idea of the State, not as the oppressor, but as the common benefactor, which has really welded together this great composite country, this vast conglomerate of races.

As some evidence of this, take their immense pride in their flag, with the forty-eight stars representing the forty-eight States of to-day, and the thirteen stripes representing the thirteen original colonies. You see the flag everywhere in America. It is far more commonly displayed than ours is with us in Great Britain. It flies over every town on their public buildings. It is displayed in every church. It is common on private houses. The intense passion for this emblem seems to indicate some deep-rooted affection attaching, not to race or to history, but to the very essence of the American State, as conferring some new form of unity on harassed and afflicted humanity. The visitor observes the same phenomenon when he hears a great American audience sing one of their national hymns —" The Star Spangled Banner " or " My country 'tis of thee." He notices the sudden flush on the

uplifted faces of the multitude, the gleam of pride in their eyes, and the passion with which they sing.

It is clear that these people love their land with a mighty affection. The strange thing about it all is that some of the most eager Americans are those who have come quite recently away from Europe. When an audience comes to perform the great American ritual of shaking hands with the speaker—really a very pleasant and charming ritual!—it is usual for each person to exchange a few words with him. In that way you learn a good deal about your audiences, because they tell you instantly all they can about themselves, and the first thing they generally tell you about is their devotion to America.

Later.

Land ahoy! We crowd to the bulwarks with that eagerness for dry land which comes to people who have been tossing on this uncertain element for seven long days. To the north, on our port side, we can see the long, undulating hills of that beautiful, distressful Island of the Saints. The emerald has darkened to sage green in the evening light. A sad, sombre shadow seems to brood over Ireland.

For many hours we coast along, looking into bays and inlets where men live who love us not, picking out the white cottages on the hillside, all of us entranced with the beauty of that lovely coast. There it lies, fated to be either a barrier

or a link between the Old World and the New, a menace or a shield to England's heart, a rampart or a peril. We pay no friendly visit to Queenstown, as in the old days, but we pass her by as if she belonged to an alien Power. The Irishmen down below who are returning to their homes will have to go by way of Liverpool. The Americans who wish to visit old friends in Ireland will have a longer journey.

Here, on the sea, it is borne vividly home to us, as we look at that coast, that this quarrel weakens and divides all of us English-speaking people here on board; throws an apple of discord between races that should not be sundered; and opens up a vista of danger to the existence of much that now seems firm. Grattan put the whole truth of this matter long ago in unforgettable words:—

"Ireland hears the ocean protesting against Separation, but she hears the sea likewise protesting against Union."

When shall we both, on both sides of this sea, finally and fully learn that lesson?

APPENDIX

In contrast and comparison with these notes of an American tour, it may be worth while to add here some account of

Charles Dickens' visits in 1842 and 1868 [1]

The Charles Dickens who felt the call of the "West" in 1842 was a young, slim man of thirty years, with a rich crop of black curly hair, a beardless face, a keen, attractive manner, and an eager, passionate interest in all things human. He was already well on the way towards that giddy pinnacle of fame which he reached in the mid-century. Three of his greatest masterpieces—*The Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*—had already appeared, and the noise of his achievements had already rolled round the world. He had acquired fame not only as a writer, but as one who loved the common people. Pity for the poor and helpless—that was the new note that he sounded; and it was a note that was sure to echo across the Atlantic, where, as de Tocqueville had already

[1] This article is reprinted, by permission, from *The Fortnightly Review* of March, 1921.

shown,[1] a new State had arisen dedicated to the idea of the equality of man.

It is now nearly eighty years since Dickens started from Liverpool on January 4, 1842, in a small paddle steamer of one thousand tons, built by an ingenious man of the name of Cunard, to face a fearful winter crossing of the Atlantic. There is no doubt that the sketches of American life, both in fact and in fiction, given to the world on his return by Dickens largely affected the relations of the two continents to one another for many years after. Dickens's descriptions of American characters—Colonel Diver, Mr. Jefferson Brick, Major Pawkins, General Fladdock and Mr. La Fayette Kettle—probably even to-day still colour most British thought and feeling about the United States. For the publishers tell us that the novels of Charles Dickens are still immensely read by the British-speaking folk, and his opinion of men and things is still so much in tune with the British temperament that he continues to assert an amazing authority over the British world.

Yet the America of Dickens's first visit has actually vanished into history. The New York which he describes in the *American Notes* as "a long, flat, straggling city" now towers to heaven in a series of breathless architectural leaps. The Washington which he dismisses as "a city of Mag-

[1] *Democratie en Amerique* (1835), translated by H. Reeve into *Democracy in America* (1835–40) and with biography (1875).

nificent Intentions" has become a great and beautiful town. "Spacious avenues that begin in nothing and lead nowhere" have now a definite scheme and meaning: and the "streets a mile long that only want houses, roads and inhabitants" are now the finished, inhabited parts of a finely ordered city. His audacious prophecy about Washington: "Such as it is, it is likely to remain," has met the fate of a defeated forecast. For at the present moment —1921—Washington, girded by mountains and laved by its mighty river, is one of the most beautiful capitals of the civilised world.

As with Washington, so with the Far West. The Swamp of Eden, of which Dickens gave us in *Martin Chuzzlewit* so terrible and gloomy a picture, has now blossomed into a hundred beautiful cities. The morass has gone: the piles have been driven in; and on that foundation has arisen a mighty and splendid civilisation.

Dickens happened to visit America at a moment of extreme fever in Western land speculation. Doubtless there was much that was shady in that wild land "ramp." But his description of Eden has the fault of a caricature and the errors of exaggeration. It was apparently suggested to him by his experiences during an adventurous journey taken by himself and his wife in a canal boat along the Mississippi. He was shocked and scandalised by the spectacle of the new settlements, the forlorn appearance of the cabins in which the settlers lived,

and the general air of desolation that hung over this country during the winter months.[1] He appears to have forgotten that the American winter is always hard and bitter, and that it is the characteristic of new settlements to wear an air of disreputable untidiness, which, though it closely resembles the symptoms of decay, is really the raggedness and unsettlement of a new and growing life.

He would be a bold man who denied that such things as the Eden fraud did not happen in the time of this wild land gamble. I have known them happen even in this settled land of England. But in the America of to-day, at any rate, that phase has passed, and, though all offers of land should everywhere always be received with a wise and prudent scepticism, yet we need not suppose that the land speculators of America to-day are any worse than land speculators in any other part of the world. *Caveat emptor*—the purchaser must look after himself—must always be the golden rule, both in regard to horses and land.

As with Eden, so with its inhabitants.

Since Dickens's visit of 1842 there has been a complete change in American habits and manners. Both in *Martin Chuzzlewit* and in *American Notes*, Dickens is never tired of referring to the offensive personal habits of the Americans of that day. We are all familiar with his highly-coloured pictures

[1] See his description in a letter to Forster, *Life of Dickens*, Vol. I., p. 343. (Chapman and Hall.)

of Americans, not so much spitting as emitting continuous streams of liquid into distant spittoons. We remember his doubtful humour about their bad shooting at those receptacles. We caught from him a vision of the Yankee as a man who sat continually with his feet on the mantelpiece chewing endless tobacco. Now all this has gone like a bad dream. The American of to-day spits no more than the European: the notice that "Spitting is strictly prohibited" is quite as common in American tramcars as in British. True, the spittoon still continues to occupy part of the floor space in the American hotels—just as it does in certain famous London clubs and houses. But the American of to-day is quite as well behaved as any European—and considerably more sober. True, in America there is more equality of mutual courtesy, and perhaps less deference. There are fewer who rise above the general level of manners, just as there are fewer who fall below it.

In the same way, to anyone who has to-day just returned from daily association with American journalists and public men, Dickens's sketches of those types in the 'forties seem singularly remote. We all remember the editor who met Martin Chuzzlewit at New York, and on introducing him to his war correspondent, Mr. Jefferson Brick, put this amiable question to Martin:—

"'Now let me ask you, sir, which of Mr.

Brick's articles had become at that time the most obnoxious to the British Parliament and the Court of St. James's ? "

Or the toast given by the war correspondent himself :—

" ' I will give you, sir, the *Rowdy Journal*, and its brethren ; the well of Truth, whose waters are black from being composed of printer's ink, but are quite clear enough for my country to behold the shadow of her Destiny reflected in.' "

Now American journalists of to-day do not talk like that. The type has changed, and the style has changed with the type.

The questions, indeed, which keep recurring the more one reads these pages are : Was Dickens's picture ever true ? Did he give a really faithful description of the America of 1842 ? Or was he blinded by some remnant of deep national aversion, perhaps still traceable to the War of Independence and the war of 1812 ? For, after all, only thirty years had intervened since the two nations had been at war.

There was, indeed, no personal reason why Dickens should have conceived any actual aversion from the American people. I turn to the volumes of his letters, and I find him writing from Boston on January 31, 1842, in the following terms :—

' I can give you no conception of my welcome

here. There never was a king or emperor upon the earth so cheered or followed by crowds, and entertained in public at splendid balls and dinners, and waited on by public bodies and deputations of all kinds. I have had one from the Far West —a journey of two thousand miles. If I got out in a carriage the crowd surround it and escort me home ; if I go to the theatre the whole house (crowded to the roof) rises as one man, and the timbers ring again. You cannot imagine what it is. I have five great public dinners on hand at this moment, and invitations from every town and village and city in the States." [1]

It is clear that in the affluence of its hospitable welcomes the America of 1842 was very much like the America of to-day. But as the weeks passed on it is equally clear that the tumultuous side of this reception began to fatigue Dickens, and perhaps to vex him. America has several democratic habits which are not always quite popular with European public men. An American crowd now, as then, not only insists on seeing a visitor, but generally desires to shake hands with him. They also wish to speak to him, and generally refuse to be denied. Now it is possible, with training, to accept these habits with patience and good temper. But the literary temperament is proverbially apt to be irritable at small shocks, and rarely goes

[1] *Letters of Charles Dickens* (Chapman and Hall), Vol. I., p. 59. There is a similar description in his letter to John Forster. Vol. I., p. 376.

along with that large, easy geniality which loves the easy access of crowds. Writing from Baltimore on March 22, 1842, Dickens expresses this mood :—

> " Think of two hours of this every day, and the people coming in by hundreds, all fresh, and piping hot, and full of questions, when we are literally exhausted and can hardly stand. I really do believe that if I had not a lady with me, I should have been obliged to leave the country and go back to England. But for her they would never leave me alone by day or night, and as it is, a slave comes to me now and then in the middle of the night with a letter, and waits at the bedroom door for an answer."[1]

Students of Dickens will remember how he revenged himself for this experience by the famous description of the great *soirée* given to Martin Chuzzlewit in the National Hotel before his departure to Eden. Mark was tremendously puzzled over this *soirée.* At the last moment, before the ship left the wharf, he ran back to Captain Kedgick and asked him why they had made so much fuss over Martin :—

> " ' What have they been making so much of him for, now ? ' said Mark slyly. ' Come ! '
>
> " ' Our people like ex-citement,' answered Kedgick, sucking his cigar.
>
> " ' But how has he excited 'em ? ' asked Mark.

[1] *Letters.* Vol. I., p. 66.

The Captain looked at him as if he were half inclined to unburden his mind of a capital joke.

"'You air a-going?' he said.

"'Going?' cried Mark; 'an't every moment precious?'

"'Our people like ex-citement,' said the Captain, whispering. 'He an't like emigrants in gin'ral; and he excited 'em along of this. Scadder is a smart man, and—and—nobody as goes to Eden ever comes back a-live!'"

In view of the enthusiasm with which America greeted Dickens it really seems a little unkind that he should have taken the *soirée* and given to it such a sinister ending.

But as we read these letters, and compare them with *American Notes*, we begin dimly to perceive that there were several features of American life which were gradually creating the hatred and aversion which found such violent expression in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It was not merely their manners that irritated Dickens, or their crowds that crushed him. There was one disease of human character which Charles Dickens profoundly detested, and that was hypocrisy. It was hypocrisy which he had begun to detect beneath the surface of American life.

It was in Virginia that he first came across the institution of slavery, and it seems to have aroused in him the same horror and hatred as it aroused in

Abraham Lincoln when he saw it for the first time travelling on the steamboat down the Mississippi to St. Louis. But what shocked Dickens was not merely the institution of slavery. It was the terrible contrast between that institution and all the spread-eagled chatter about rights and liberty which deafened his ears at every turn. For instance, take the talk of Colonel Diver in the office of the *Rowdy Journal*:—

> "'In general we have a hold upon our citizens, both in public and in private life, which is as much one of the ennobling institutions of our happy country as——"
>
> "'As nigger slavery itself,' suggested Mr. Brick.
>
> "'En-tirely so,' remarked the Colonel."

In *American Notes* Charles Dickens supplied the world with evidences of the horrors of slavery in America which stand for all time as justifications for the Abolition movement, and for the great war which ended that evil. If anyone to-day wishes still to sentimentalise about domestic slavery—and there are such people in the world even now—I would advise him to read again that terrible and scathing chapter entitled "Slavery" [1] (Chapter XVII.), in which Dickens merely gives the evidence that came to his hand in the course of his journey.

[1] Here Dickens collected instances of atrocity with all the care and method which gives him a claim to be regarded as the greatest of agitators.

Of course, Dickens could not then foresee that the great American people would, in the end expiate this crime in blood and tears. The extraordinary thing is that, when that great issue of humanity rose in America, Charles Dickens, like so many other Englishmen, took the side of the South and not the North, and threw his influence against those who were fighting for the abolition of that very institution which he himself did so much to unveil and expose in all its nakedness and horror. No wonder that even to-day the average American is a little puzzled by the attitude of Europe towards his institutions and his politics.

There was another issue on which Dickens felt very strongly, and which affected at that time the relations between England and America. It was the question of international copyright. In 1842, and for more than a generation afterwards, there was no law of international copyright in the United States, and every English writer visiting that country enjoyed the questionable experience of seeing his works sold in immense quantities at a mere song, without the smallest power of claiming any fraction of profit for his own pocket. Now Charles Dickens felt very strongly on the subject of copyright. All through his life he was a crusader for the rights of the author, both in this country and abroad. No wonder that when he was in America his deepest indignation was aroused, and in a letter to Henry Austin, written from Niagara

on May 1, 1842, he gave full vent to this fury :—

"Is it not a horrible thing that scoundrel booksellers should grow rich here from publishing books, the authors of which do not reap one farthing from their issue by scores of thousands; and that every vile, blackguard, and detestable newspaper, so filthy and bestial that no honest man would admit one into his house for a scullery door mat, should be able to publish those same writings side by side, cheek by jowl, with the coarsest and most obscene companions with which they must become connected, in course of time, in people's minds? Is it tolerable that besides being robbed and rifled an author should be forced to appear in any form, in any vulgar dress, in any atrocious company; that he should have no choice of his audience, no control over his own distorted text, and that he should be compelled to jostle out of the course the best men in this country who only ask to live by writing? I vow before high heaven that my blood so boils at these enormities, that when I speak about them I seem to grow twenty feet high, and to swell out in proporion 'Robbers that ye are,' I think to myself when I get upon my legs, 'here goes!'" [1]

There is no doubt that much of this fury remained

[1] *Letters.* Vol. I., p. 71.

with Dickens when he returned to England and that it partly inspired the vehement invective of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Perhaps it to some extent explains the following remarkable outburst of Martin himself :—

> " As Martin ascended to his bedroom his eye was attracted by the Republican banner which had been hoisted from the house-top in honour of the occasion, and was fluttering before a window which he passed.
>
> " ' Tut ! ' said Martin. ' You're a gay flag in the distance. But let a man be near enough to get the light upon the other side, and see through you, and you are but sorry fustian ! ' "

Or this other passage, which was Charles Dickens's last parting shot at the United States :—

> " Cheerily, lads, cheerily. Anchor weighed. Ship in full sail. Her sturdy bowsprit pointing true to England. America a cloud upon the sea behind them !
>
> " ' Why, cook, what are you thinking of so steadily ? ' said Martin.
>
> " ' Why, I was a-thinking, sir,' returned Mark, ' that if I was a painter and was called upon to paint the American Eagle, how should I do it ? '
>
> " ' Paint it as like an Eagle as you could, I suppose ? '
>
> " ' No,' said Mark ; ' that wouldn't do for me,

sir. I should want to draw it like a Bat, for its short-sightedness; like a Bantam, for its bragging; like a Magpie, for its honesty; like a Peacock, for its vanity; like an Ostrich, for its putting its head in the mud, and thinking nobody sees it——' "

But at that point Dickens obviously thought that he had gone too far. For he makes Martin interrupt Mark with this assuaging comment :—

" ' And like a Phoenix, for its power of springing up from the ashes of its faults and vices, and soaring up anew into the sky ! ' said Martin. ' Well, Mark, let us hope so ! ' "

It was indeed time that the great author made Martin interrupt his friend, whose famous geniality and good-heartedness had for the moment failed him. For in that correction of Martin's Dickens packed a whole world of insight and observation about the United States. Matthew Arnold practically said the same thing at much greater length in his famous speech on " Numbers " which he gave to a New York audience sixty years later; and all the shrewdest observers of America have noted this same remarkable feature in her life. It is her amazing power of moral recovery, this surprising reserve of national virtue, which again and again draws America back from the brink of ruin, and not once, but many times, in history has surprised

her best friends by the valour and splendour of her sudden deeds.

* * * * *

It was twenty-six years later when Dickens paid a second visit to the United States. Nearly a whole generation of human time had intervened, and both America and Dickens himself had passed through great changes. He was now well past middle age—bearded and grizzled. He had acquired certain gifts of patience and restraint that come with years. He was less liable to sudden storms, more tolerant of human feelings, with that wider vision that comes to a man who feels that his own pilgrimage is drawing towards a close. On the side of America there had been even greater changes. Slavery had vanished, and Dickens was to see the spectacle of the black man groping his way into freedom like a blind man who has just emerged into light. In spite of the immense losses of the great Civil War, the United States had also practically passed from one stage of civilisation to another. Thanks to her immense energy and resourcefulness, she had already almost repaired the terrific waste of life and substance which had taken place in the earlier 'sixties. The victory which crowned the efforts of the more progressive North had given to the people of the Northern States a more sober pride and hopefulness. For it was a pride based upon suffering and won by sacrifice.

We find, therefore, a complete change of judgment in the letters which Dickens wrote from the United States during this second visit. He is even inclined to retract some of his earlier judgments, and, indeed, before quitting America in 1868 he actually declared his intention to publish in every future edition of his *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* his testimony to the great and mighty changes that he had witnessed during his second visit to the United States.

Perhaps in this mood of repentance he forgot that the changes lay not so much in his point of view as in the facts of American life. For he stepped into the first phase of that marvellous new mechanical civilisation which America has since given to the world: the magnificent hotels, the steam-heated houses, the Pullman cars, and all the hundred and one trifles of life which make up together an easier and more adaptable way of living than we know in Europe. The invention of the telegraph was already the first step in that wonderful capture of electricity to the service of man which has now carried America a further stage on her triumph over matter, distance and time. Now Dickens loved all such things. It is the tradition of the *Daily News* office that, during the brief period of his editorship of that great journal, he filled the rooms with cushioned armchairs and was waited upon by footmen dressed in velvet plush.

Thus it is clear that Dickens liked a comfortable

life, and it was indeed to obtain the money for that life that he had set forth on the marvellous and tireless lecturing tour which was the object of his second visit to the United States. He was, therefore, all the more relieved and pleased to find that after the winter rigours of the Atlantic he had landed in a country where the hotels were now well warmed and the railway trains were beginning to be comfortable.

On March 21, 1868, Dickens wrote from Springfield in Massachusetts a letter to his friend, the actor Macready, which was practically a recantation of the remarkable letter in condemnation of America which he had written to the same correspondent from Baltimore on March 22, 1842. Then he had placed upon paper that famous historic judgment :—

> " But however much I like the ingredients of this great dish, I cannot but come back to the point upon which I started, and say that the dish itself goes against the grain with me, and I don't like it." [1]

But now, in 1868, he writes to the same correspondent :—

> " You will find the general aspect of America and Americans decidedly much improved. You would find immeasurably greater consideration and respect for your privacy than of old. You

[1] *Letters.* Vol. I., p. 62.

would find a steady change for the better everywhere." [1]

Then he gives us a glimpse of what he means by some of these improvements in American life :—

"When the railroad straight away to San Francisco (in six days) shall be opened through, it will not only have drawing-rooms but sleeping-rooms, too; a bell in every little apartment communicating with a steward's pantry, a restaurant, a staff of servants, marble washing-stands, and a barber's shop! I looked into one of these cars a day or two ago, and it was very ingeniously arranged and quite complete." [1]

Thus did Charles Dickens, far out in that Western world, obtain the first glimpses of that new and wonderful civilisation which is now the marvel of mankind.

It is not recorded that the American public displayed during this second visit of Charles Dickens any resentment for the criticisms which he had uttered after his return from the first visit. They crowded to his readings in such immense masses that the sale of his tickets became a whirl of speculation. Thousands were unable to hear him and went away disappointed. They acclaimed him as if he had been a god. Crowds would assemble in the streets to see him pass. He toured throughout New England, and then visited Philadelphia,

[1] *Ibid.* Vol. II., p. 374.

Baltimore and Washington, afterwards travelling up north to Cleveland and Buffalo. His fatigues were immense, and undoubtedly laid the seeds of that fatal seizure which cut short his life only two years later. But he loved this existence, and it brought him gigantic profits. He was the first of that long line of British authors who have gone to America to earn the wealth which is denied to them in their own country. But it was not only dollars that Dickens was after. He loved the applause of the multitude with a great passion. His readings for the first time brought him face to face with that world to whom he always made his appeal. A great wave of affection seemed to pass between him and that great common people whose joys and sorrows he had depicted with such supreme pathos. It was the crown of his career—this discovery of that vast store of human affection that he had won by his life's work. Now that the sands of his life were running out we need not grudge him the joys of those last two years.

This tremendous experience seemed to draw him nearer to the heart of the American people. Perhaps it helped him to understand better that collective side of the American nature which is, if we understand it rightly, its most impressive feature.

* * * * *

It is now fifty years since Charles Dickens returned from this second visit. Unhappily, his life was too far spent for him to place on permanent

record those changes in his impressions about the American people. He was to produce no second novel on American life which would unwrite the harsh judgments of *Martin Chuzzlewit.* That was an unhappy accident. For it would have been better for the relations between the two countries if he could have built up into one of his immortal novels the various kindly impressions of the American folk which are now contained only in his Biography and Letters. There is nothing, for instance, in *Martin Chuzzlewit* to convey the judgment everywhere recorded by Dickens in his intimate writings, both in 1842 and 1868, as to the amazing courtesy of the Americans towards women. It was in 1842 that he wrote from Boston :—

"There is universal deference paid to ladies, and they walk about at all seasons wholly unprotected." [1]

A remarkable tribute to a rough and early civilisation. Or, again, his description of their habits at the rough meals which he otherwise loved so little :—

> "Nobody will sit down to any one of these meals, though the dishes are smoking on the board, until the ladies have appeared and taken their chairs" [1]

At the present day in America (1921), if a woman enters an "elevator," every man takes off his hat, and women travellers will tell you that America

[1] These passages are from the letters to Forster contained in his Biography.

is the safest country in the world for them to wander alone. Throughout that has been the high credit of that country; and it seems unfair that so little tribute is given to Americans in English fiction for this great quality of chivalry.

Not that it means that women in America are any less beautiful or attractive than in other countries. Here, again, we have Dickens's judgment as early as 1842 :—

> "The ladies of America," he says, "are decidedly and unquestionably beautiful."

And Dickens had a distinct eye for beauty. Everyone who visits America to-day will bear evidence that there is here no falling away.

But it is even more remarkable to find scattered through Dickens's letters to Forster tributes to American men which certainly do not seem wholly consistent with the sketches contained in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. "Americans," he says, "are friendly, earnest, hospitable, kind, frank, very often accomplished, far less prejudiced than you would suppose. Warm-hearted, fervent, enthusiastic." After that it surely matters little that Dickens goes on to say that he does not want to live in America. because it seems a fitting thing that every man should live in his own country. The great fact is that he gives to Americans this great tribute, and no one who visits that country to-day will say that they have done anything to lose that praise. They are as a

people still as friendly, hospitable and kindly as they have ever been. Whatever faults they have seem the faults of excess in these admirable virtues. They are still " warm-hearted, fervent, enthusiastic," and if some of these qualities sometimes show themselves in excess, then they ought not to be judged too harshly by those whose hearts are more frigid and whose tempers are less eager.

But the most remarkable thing is to find in Dickens's letters some very notable tributes to American politicians, the very class which he has so bitterly caricatured in *Martin Chuzzlewit.* In a letter contained in Forster's *Life,* and written from Washington in 1842, he thus speaks of the very men whom he was so soon to caricature :—

> " There are some very noble specimens out of the West. Splendid men to look on, hard to deceive, prompt to act, lions in energy, Crichtons in varied accomplishments, Indians in quickness of eye and gesture, Americans in affectionate and generous impulse." [1]

That is certainly not the impression of these men which he conveys when he draws his pictures of General Cyrus Choke or Mr. Scadder. In those descriptions the men from the West are simply depicted as intriguing scoundrels, distinguished from that type in Europe only by the brassiness of their

[1] Vol. I., p. 330.

boastings and the insolence of their absurd self-esteem.

The fact is that the young Dickens of 1842 was essentially pugnacious and impetuous. He loved a fight, but he disliked contradiction. Thus it was that when he bumped into conflict with the America of that day on the questions of slavery and copyright, he met men of very much the same temper as himself, and this aroused in him an amazing bitterness. "I believe," he wrote to Forster in a very remarkable letter of February 24, 1842,[1] "that there is no country on the face of the earth where there is less freedom of opinion on any subject in reference to which there is a broad difference of opinion than in this country." But what Dickens forgot was that he was expressing opinions on definite subjects of acute domestic controversy; and few countries like to hear such questions discussed by a visiting foreigner.

That is still the chief danger to-day in the relations between Great Britain and the United States. We are both countries in which every man likes to "say the thing he will" and therefore we have always indulged in amazing freedom in our criticism of one another. A whole line of English writers have followed in the track of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and there have been some American writers who have retaliated. But these things do not add to the friendship between nations. It

[1] *Life*. Vol. I., p. 299.

does not follow that because there is kinship between men criticism is more readily accepted. It is recorded of Dr. Jowett that he said in a sermon to two young people whom he was marrying : " Above all, remember to be polite to one another." The same advice seems to be desirable for two nations of the same speech aiming at a friendship which is often achieved, not on account of kinship, but in spite of it.

Reflecting on the situation to-day between the two countries, I would suggest some such counsel to those writers and speakers who are now labouring to improve the relationship between Great Britain and the United States. Let them, at all costs, resist the cheap and easy temptation to mutual criticism. Let us remember that the depreciation of kindred peoples is not, as so many imagine, a mark of superior culture, but the common vice of uncultured humanity. Let us mutually learn to select what we can admire in one another— " whatsoever things are of good report "—and dwell on those. If Dickens had done so, then we might have lost a great satire, but he would have worked better for the things that belong unto our peace.

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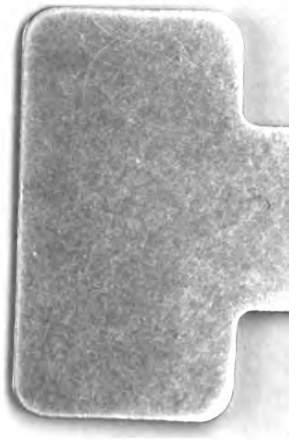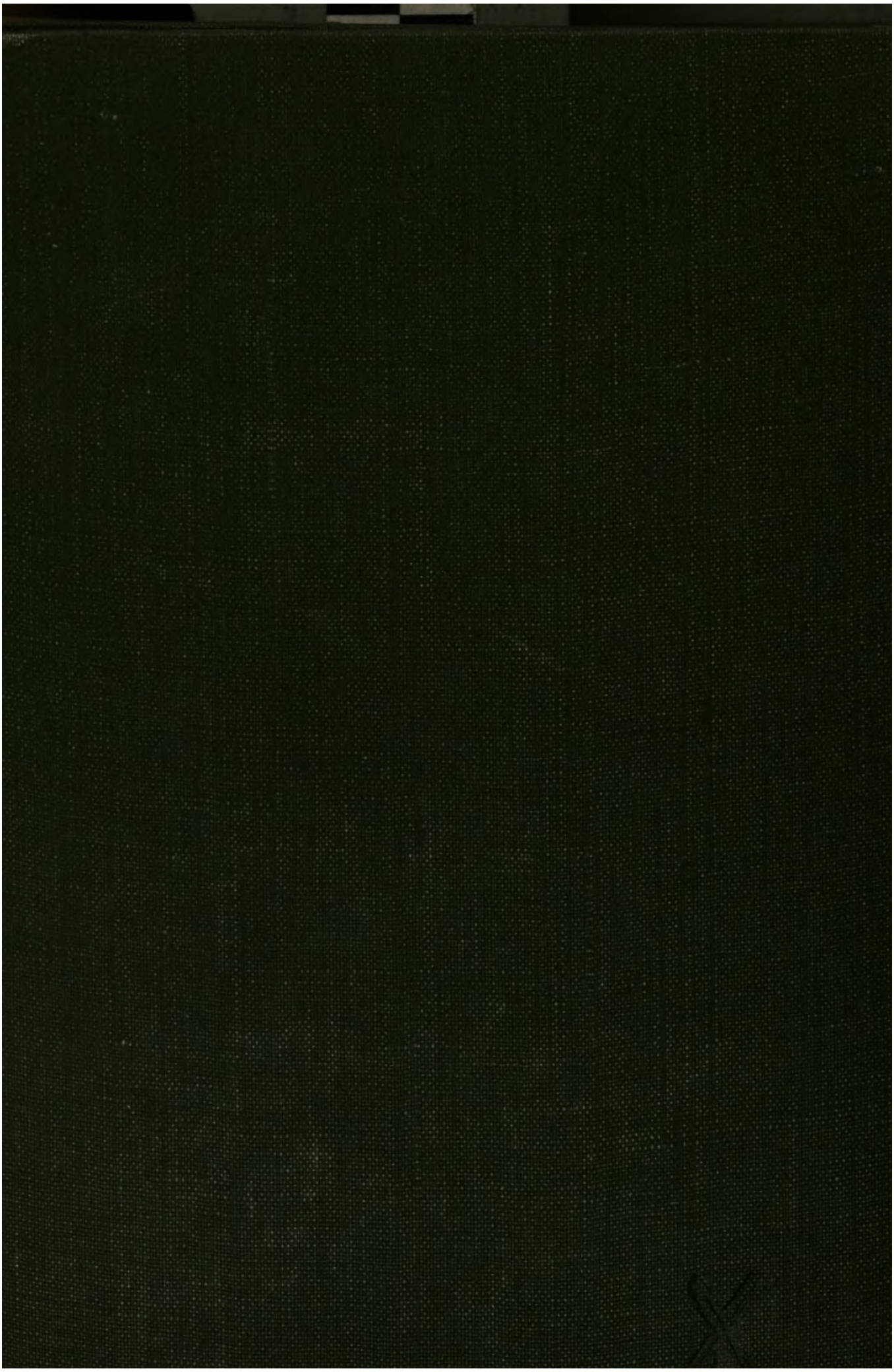
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