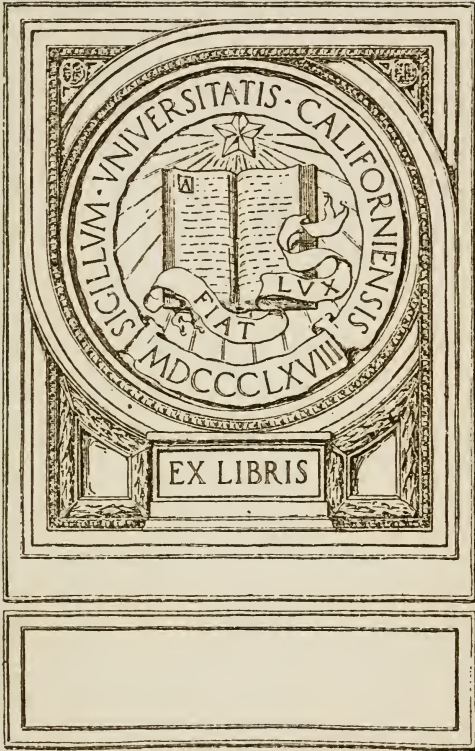


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THE MAKING OF THE  
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OUR SOCIAL INHERITANCE

# THE MAKING OF THE FUTURE

EDITED BY

PATRICK GEDDES and VICTOR BRANFORD.

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# The Making of the Future

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## OUR SOCIAL INHERITANCE

BY

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## INTRODUCTION TO THE SERIES

SINCE the Industrial Revolution, there has gone on an organized sacrifice of men to things, a large-scale subordination of life to machinery. During a still longer period, there has been a growing tendency to value personal worth in terms of wealth. To the millionaire has, in effect, passed the royal inheritance of "right divine."

Things have been in the saddle and ridden mankind. The cult of force in statecraft has been brought to logical perfection in Prussian "frightfulness." The cult of "profiteering" in business has had a similar goal in the striving for monopoly by ruthless elimination of rivals. Prussianism and profiteering are thus twin evils. Historically they have risen together. Is it not possible they are destined to fall together before the rising tide of a new vitalism?

The reversal of all these tendencies, mechanistic and venal, would be the preoccupation

of a more vital era than that from which we are escaping. Its educational aim would be to think out and prepare the needed transition from a machine and a money economy, towards one of Life, Personality and Citizenship. The war has been a gigantic Dance of Death, for which modern business, with its associated politics, has been the prolonged rehearsal. Is it not now the turn of Life to take the floor and call the tune; and if so, on a scale of corresponding magnificence? For the war was not merely the poisonous fruit of pitiless competition and machiavellian diplomacy. It was also a spiritual protest and rebound against the mammon of materialism. In its nobler aspects and finer issues, its heroisms and self-sacrifices, did not the war hold proof and promise of renewing Life liberated from a long repression? And may not the pursuit of personal wealth grow less exigent, as we gain a sense of social well-being expressed in betterment of environment and enrichment of life? May not the struggle for existence within the nations, and even across their frontiers, be increasingly replaced by the orderly culture of life, in its full cycle from infancy to age, and at all its expanding levels from home and neighbourhood outwards?

## INTRODUCTION TO THE SERIES vii

Those who foresee, in sequel to the war, a social rebirth, with accompanying moral purgation, will furnish to all these questions, answers coloured by their hopes. The fears of the pessimists will dictate a contrary set of replies. To substantiate those hopes, to arrest these fears is needed a doctrine that not only goes beyond the Germanic Philosophies, which before the war dominated our universities, but also is corrective of their defects. The "idealisms" of these recently fashionable philosophies were bastard offspring of archaic thought detached from the living world. Such abstract idealisms must be replaced by definite ideals, concrete and human, if all men of goodwill are to be brought together for the making of a new and better civilization. So may men inherit the ancient promise of "peace on earth to men of goodwill."

It is the aim of this Series to gather together existing elements of reconstructive doctrine, and present them as a body of truth growing towards unity and already fruitful in outlook and application. There are three schools of thought from which the Series will mainly draw. One of them lays stress upon family life, contacts with nature, the significance of labour, the interests of locality. Elaborated into a doctrine this becomes the

“regionalism” of France. Its scientific foundations were laid two generations ago by Le-Play. The influence of its many and diverse groups is steadily growing in France, and unobtrusively spreading to other countries; as, for example, in England, through the economic and social surveys of Charles Booth and Seebohm Rowntree; through the activities of the Regional Association and of the Oxford School of Geography.

Another guiding outlook, which is rather a tradition than a school, sees the progress of mankind as an unfolding of ideas and ideals. Two thinkers of post-Revolutionary France discerned this vision with compelling clearness. Auguste Comte saw it as a procession of great personalities, linked in apostolic succession. Joseph de Maistre saw it as a movement and manifestation of religious life. There have resulted two re-interpretations of life, mind, morals and society. They are divergent in appearance, but alike in essence. Both present a view of life and the world, inimical to the Prussian cult of force. The twofold influence of this humanist tradition is world-wide. Witness the writings of William James, Madame Montessori, Prince Kropotkin and F. W. Foerster of Munich—to name but four among the many recent and contemporary

humanists whose roots penetrate this fertile soil. The vitalistic philosophy of Bergson is manifestly racy of the same soil.

In the third place, there is the incipient Civism, of independent origin and rapid recent growth in Britain, in America and in Germany. This incipient Civism has been the parent of constructive Betterment and to no small extent of Child Welfare also. It is inspiring the repair and renewal of historic cities, the tidying up of confused industrial towns, the guidance and gardening of their suburban growths.

The Hebraic ideal of adjusting city life to the care and culture of child life was thus in active renewal before the war. So also was the Hellenic ideal of seeking the Good, the True, the Beautiful through a citizenship, active and contemplative. With the downfall, now achieved, of autocratic and over-centralized states, this civic renaissance will certainly continue; and not least splendidly in the ancient cities of Burgher Germany, released from their Prussic enchantment. From this source maybe will come even in the present generation, a formative contribution towards the sphinx-riddle of politics: How to federate Free Cities and their Regions? Reflecting in the tranquillity of peace, on the penalties of

imperial attachment to Berlin, will not these once free cities seek determinately for some form of union without metropolitan subjection? But that is the federal problem, whose solution—save indeed in Switzerland—has so long evaded the grasp of the western world.

Behind the rise and fall of states, nations and empires, may be discerned the struggle of cities for freedom to develop their own regional life. And again, around and within the civic drama is the play of the rustic elements from which the city's life is perennially renewed. Civic life is thus the crown and fulfilment of regional life. Their joint development makes a partnership of Man and Nature in a ceaseless game of skill with Interfering Circumstance. The stakes are cities with their accumulated heritage of art, learning and wealth. When the twin partnership is winning, civic life flourishes, as in Athens and Jerusalem of old, in Florence of the middle time, or in Louvain but yesterday. When Interfering Circumstance is dominant, then is the occasion for predatory empires to expand like Assyria, Macedonia, or Prussia.

As correctives of predatory imperialism, regional and humanist ideas naturally arise. But regionalism and humanism are not

mutually exclusive. On the contrary, they are, for the awakened and educated citizen, the two necessary and complementary poles of his civilization. The needle of the mariner's compass gains stability by oscillating between the two poles of the world of nature. So, regionalism and humanism indicate the two poles of man's world; and the art of civics is his mariner's compass. Through the making and the maintenance of cities, man is ever seeking a bi-polar stability. On the one hand he obeys the call of family, of neighbourhood and of region. On the other, he reaches out to the widening appeal of nation and federation, of civilization and humanity. In the measure that cities work efficiently on each and all of these levels, the progress of the world continues harmoniously.

The supreme triumphs of Art have been won in these manifold services of the city. Pyramid and Temple, Acropolis and Forum, Cathedral and Town Hall, are peaks in the chequered evolution of civic life. What of this evolution to-day and to-morrow? It is significant that in the development and decline of cities, Beauty and Efficiency have come and gone together. The cogent lesson for our own times is that Art and Industry, Education and Health, Morals and Business, so generally

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severed in the passing age, must henceforth advance in unison. But how in practice effect the mutuality of understanding and the unity of purpose, requisite for concerted activity? Surely by experimental but deliberate and continuous working together of all for the efficiency of city and ennoblement of citizen on each plane, domestic and regional, national and federal, international and humanist.

Behind the war of armies is a war of ideas. In the latter warfare the fortresses are Universities. They have in all countries in the passing generation been strongholds of Germanic Thought. Hence the boast of professors, that Teutonic *Kultur* was destined to rule the world, seemed not unreasonable. But the countering ideas, regional, civic and humanist, have also been fermenting in the universities. Therefrom is emerging a doctrine deeper, truer, and more creative than the mechanical and venal philosophy which has had its fulfilment in Prussian Militarism and Competitive Business.

The re-awakening movement of the universities has been slow, timid, blindfold, because lacking in civic vision. Now, therefore, is urgent an arousal of the universities to their spiritual responsibilities for the fullness of life, in all its phases, individual and social. In every



region is needed a comprehensive working together of city and university on each plane of the ascending spiral from home to humanity.

In spite of a political system democratic in form, the People have played but a passive rôle in the departing age of money and machine economy. In the coming age of life economy, the activity of the People will be creative in proportion as two conditions are satisfied. The inner life must be purified and enriched, and opportunities without distinction of class, rank, or sex, must be accorded for the development of personality through citizenship. In the needed intellectual and moral transformation, the university is called upon to play a part, simultaneously redemptive for itself, for the people, and for its city and region. It must not only aid the birth of the new doctrine, but also boldly suggest and even plan the practical applications thereof. Thus may unity of thought, and concert of purpose develop together in a common citizenship.

A sound psychology, for instance, teaches that the aggressive spirit which characterizes Militarism may be transmuted, not eliminated. Attempts at repression do but drive its manifestations into underground channels. Constructive outlets have, therefore, to be found

for the adventurous dispositions of Youth, the affirmative energies of Maturity, the political ambitions of Age. Towards this ennoblement of masculine passion, William James bequeathed to mankind the idea of inventing "moral equivalents of war." For example, consider how the Boy Scouts are helping to tackle that growth of juvenile crime which is one of the evil results of the war already visible. They transform the young delinquent into a Temporary Scout, and harness him to some simple constructive endeavour. Here, then, is a mode of Reconstruction, which also, and at the same time, exemplifies what the French call Re-education, and what moral teachers call Renewal. Out of the general principles here seen at work, may be built up a social policy. Thus starting from Regionalism, with its complement of humanist teaching, and proceeding through civic applications of both, we reach a policy of "the three R's," new style.

Through the redemptive quality of war, the nation shed not a little of its competitive individualism, and achieved a closer working together of all for the common good. How now to renew, maintain and advance the sense of community, the energy of collective effort, the self-abnegation of individuals and families?

Clearly, in the coming polity, there must be arousal among all classes of a personal sense of definite responsibilities, including and transcending one's own life and work. There must be some vision, clear yet moving, of a better future. And knowledge and goodwill towards its gradual realization must not be lacking. All these aims, the Series will endeavour to elucidate and advance, and not only through application of regionalist, civic and humanist teaching, but also by culling what is vital and essential from other schools of social thought.

The design on the cover of the books is adapted from a stained glass window in the Outlook Tower, Edinburgh. The window is a student's commemoration of teaching and research devoted to an interpretation of the Past and the Present for the foresight and guidance of the Future. The symbolism of this *Arbor Sæculorum* is explained in the companion volume: "Ideas at War," by Professor Geddes and Dr. Gilbert Slater.

It may be mentioned, for the sake of inquiring students, that each of the two Editors of the Series has elsewhere made an endeavour towards the popular presentment

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of Civism as a doctrine combining the regional and humanist approaches. The two resulting volumes are *Cities in Evolution*, by Professor Geddes, and *Interpretations and Forecasts*, by Mr. Branford.

## PREFACE

*A conquering race is wont to emphasize its common descent from a "superior stock." Its pride of tradition is in Heredity. These are the "Barbarians" of Mathew Arnold. His "Philistines"—more usually termed bourgeoisie—put their accent on wealth which they conceive as property. For them the centre of traditional interest is in the economic Heritage. Beyond that regiment of Barbarians and this multitude of Philistines is the noble company of Poets, Prophets, Philosophers. The Inheritance these value is the common endowment of Imagery, Ideas, Vision.*

*The contrast and complement of Heredity, Heritage and Inheritance may be viewed from the standpoint of individual change and development. In youth, the mind being open and generous, strongest is the appeal of imagery, ideas, vision. A certain touch of genius makes every youth, at least for a moment, something of poet, philosopher, and prophet. Then with advancing years there comes, for most, a fixity of habitual leaning towards property, and for*

many towards pride of race. To correct this bias of the body and to restore the moral balance is amongst the declared purposes of Education and Religion. In particular the exponents of a "Liberal Education" claim success in maintaining the supremacy of "spiritual values." They profess to unroll the high record of our whole social inheritance and lay it open for freedom of choice by the eager soul of youth. But in practice these liberal educators are seen to be doing something very different. What they offer to our students and young scholars is, for the most part, but a barbarian and philistine rationing of their rightful inheritance in the things of the spirit. That which passes for a liberal education, even in the most humanist of our schools of learning, is, in the main, a cultural adaptation to the requirements of a society predominantly barbarian and philistine. A suitable dilution of this "upper class culture" introduced into elementary schools has up to the present been moderately successful in orienting the minds of "the Populace" to the existing social order.

But suppose now, that the realities of education corresponded to its professions. Suppose that youthful minds, throughout the community, without distinction of class, rank, wealth or sex, escaping what Victor Hugo called "the

*spiritual night of education," were given generous opportunity of advancing into the full light of day. That would mean making good, in terms of mental habituation, their heirship in the kingdom of the spirit. A community of individuals thus educated would, of course, be still exposed to lure of property, lust of body, pride of race. But these temptations, instead of falling on a seed-bed prepared for their growth, would meet and struggle with countering mental habits. For the social inheritance, which is claimed by youth at its best, seeks expression in applying material property to noble use, in directing the body to high endeavour, in turning pride of race into obligation of service. Yet it is a common fact of experience that interest in the things of the spirit, in order to determine action effectually, must be deep-rooted in the routine of everyday life and its labours of maintenance. In other words, all education worth the name has been and must be at once realistic and idealistic. Hence our plea so often urged for associating elementary education with the productive work of field, fold and forest, of sea and river, as the one sure and certain way of transmitting that rustic and proverbial wisdom which is the unchanging foundation of right conduct. Out of this immemorial tradition has sprung all*

*enduring civilization of later times; so it would seem to be a law of social inheritance that from the same source each generation must renew its moral vigour. The penalty of failure to do so is written large in the diseases, follies, crimes and vices of this and every other age that has sacrificed country life to that of towns. Yet since the upward and onward path of civilization runs through the refinements, complexities, creative impulses of city life, these must supply for higher education that realism of first-hand experience, rising into mastery and idealism, which for elementary education comes from participating in the simple rustic occupations. What then are the civic contacts and activities fitted for this high initiation of the student? An education that aims at full social inheritance must answer the question—how to be at home first in the countryside, then in the city?*

*Before replies can be given which are practicable in application as well as sound in theory, great changes must without doubt take place in the existing social and moral order. What are these changes? How initiate and maintain them, and moreover in due correlation with the corresponding readjustments in our educational system? Here, assuredly, are vast and complex problems, which our generation,*



*perturbed by the troubles of transition, cannot be expected to solve. But at least we can try in sincere and dispassionate mood, to state these problems with growing clearness, more and more with precision to define the conditions of solution and to work with increasing co-operation at the implied tasks of experimentation.*

*To the discussion of such underlying problems the present volume is largely devoted, as also was its antecedent in this Series, The Coming Polity. But while that started from a standpoint mainly rustic, this sets out from the civic side. Hence the rustic conditions postulated in The Coming Polity are here assumed without further reference. In each case the mode of approach is the same, and as far as may be by observation of the everyday life around us, made when possible in the open air, and in face of what is to be seen and interpreted. While in the previous volume the observations were mainly of country walks, here they are actually or potentially of city walks.*

*It is necessary to say something further as to the plan and purpose of the present volume, if only in warning to readers what not to expect. First, let it be clearly understood that no attempt whatever is made to deal comprehensively, or even systematically, with our social inheritance.*

*What this is, and where found, are indeed questions that must find some sort of answer in any book dealing with the subject. Still, the main concern here is with the practical uses of this wonderful endowment that comes to us as a gift from the past.*

*Look back down the long roll of human achievement and you see it as the waves of an ebbing and flowing tide. The stuff of these waves is emotion and thought. Their crests break now and again into those outbursts of uncustomary activity called creative epochs. This occasional riot of genius issues in invention, art, literature, religion, polity, philosophy. The form and substance of all these, though infinitely diversified through the ages, are yet continuous as expressions of the human spirit. Once realized in a moment of intense life, each high achievement of the race goes to enrich the birthright of subsequent generations. In this unique privilege of humanity may perhaps be discerned the very purpose of life-in-evolution. It is the ever-growing body of traditional wisdom which at once differentiates us in kind from the animal world, and furnishes the warrant of hope towards an approximating "perfectibility," if not of the individual, yet of the community, and so of personality through communitary influences.*

*A systematic treatment of our social inheritance would show the historic sequence of these breaking wave-crests as each relevant to its own time and place, yet nevertheless leaving ever a crystalline deposit for all thereafter to enjoy and use. But so far from such systematic treatment, this volume offers nothing but merest outlines of historic interpretation, and even then, for the most part introduced into the text almost incidentally as pre-requisite to an understanding of practical issues, and their right handling.*

*If, however, at the outset, the reader demand a statement of the social inheritance as here conceived, a rough working definition may be offered ; but with a warning. For the definition runs not on the customary lines of reference to institutions and their social products ; it is in terms of life, its spiritual energizing, its creative process. Let then our inheritance be conceived as the common endowment of thought and skill in its application, of imagery and impulse to give it material form, of vision and its quest of achievement. But these are qualities of personality, it will be said in criticism. True, yet let us not forget that every personality is what it is mainly through the collective momentum of countless other personalities, alive and dead, around and behind, even of those to come.*

*Are not parents made in no small measure by planning for an imagined future for their children? statesmen by scheming for the future of their country, citizens by building for their successors? The urge and thrust and pull exerted by this far-ranging animated milieu goes on all the time like an invisible demiurge subtly, silently, ceaselessly striving to kindle the soul and cultivate its growth in each individual body. Regard it as a single unity and this cloud of witnesses becomes the voice of the past, speaking through the present, commanding the future in adaptation to our medley of hopes and fears, our desires and ambitions, our lusts and aspirations, our dreams and resolves. Its mode of working is through language, gesture, sex, dress, dance, song, music, architecture, ritual, painting, sculpture.*

*Such is the nature of our social inheritance, and the fundamental law of its transmission is that each one of us is human just in so far as he or she succeeds to this Great Estate of Man and takes possession thereof. Here is a public fortune that transcends all private ones, as national history surpasses family records. The abuses of this public fortune make the mounting burden of evil under which dead cities, nations, empires lie buried, and living ones stagger to their doom or struggle for mastery of their fate.*

*Its uses are the concern of statesmen, educationists, priests, philosophers, seldom informed by more than a modest acquaintance with its nature, laws, resources.*

*Of the three Parts into which this volume is divided, the first treats mainly of our recent inheritance; that of the Industrial Revolution and its associated Burden of Evil. Here the mode of treatment is in large measure critical. In Part II an endeavour is made to present Westminster as a type of historic culture city in which the social inheritance survives in buildings, monuments, vistas, street scenes, whose story may be read as in a living museum of civilization. Here the treatment is mainly descriptive and interpretative. It is more constructive in Part III, for there we offer suggestions for the ampler and finer use by the Universities of their privileges and traditions as trustees of the social inheritance. The contention is that as the universities awaken to their resources and opportunities they will increasingly co-operate with their cities and regions in order to equip the youth of each generation more fully and nobly, not only for the struggle, but also for the culture, of life, and this at all levels, ranging from home and neighbourhood, city and country up to the world and its envelope of human life.*

A word as to the order of reading. From criticism through descriptive interpretation to construction is perhaps for most a natural sequence. But many doubtless think otherwise. For them, nothing in the text forbids a reversal of this order, or indeed such modification as may be suggested by interest or inclination. Those who love the moving spectacle, have some acquaintance with modern history and a certain faculty of abstraction, will begin with Part I. Therein they will see the current crisis of our Western civilization, presented in historic setting, critically surveyed, and an endeavour made to interpret it as a climax of transition towards a society creative yet orderly. The picture, needless to say, is painted but in outline. It is, however, claimed for this picture that its lines follow approximately the course of facts and events and so yield a description of the current situation in which the world finds itself, that has the scientific qualities of objectivity, detachment and, in certain degree, system. For further details of the situation as analysed by this method, the reader may be referred to Papers for the Present, No. 9, "The Drift to Revolution" (Headleys).

Again there are those who prefer to draw their knowledge of the way the world works less from history, memory and reflection than from

*direct observation of men and things in the concrete. These will doubtless prefer to begin with our Westminster walks in Part II. For those who prefer to start from the educational approach there is Part III.*

*Running throughout the volume as one continuous thread is a constructive idea. The Past, whether cherished with the traditionalists, or scorned with the radicals, or ignored by the "average sensual man," yet descends irrevocably upon all of us alike. To the passive recipient it comes as a burden. But in mood at once reverent, active and forelooking each one may deliberately select from the past in the present, material for shaping his or her future. Similarly for the community, statesmen and educationists who would plan in assurance of harvesting much grain and few weeds, may within limits, make the future by wise selection from that surviving past which we call the present. There is no other way than this. How essential then the need to seek out and utilize all the resources available for transforming our social inheritance from burden to momentum, from repression to inspiration!*

*In a certain section of the volume an incursion is made into the thorny field of currency*

*and credit. A first proof of the chapter which deals with this was submitted for criticism to two of our friends amongst the Economists, Mr. J. A. Hobson, and Mr. John Ross. Their criticisms were of much value in the preparation of the final version. Our thanks are also due and are now tendered to Mr. H. F. Fermor, whose skilful pen has changed our rough sketches into the clear and vivid diagrams which illustrate Part I.*

*London,*

*May 1919.*



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PART I  
THE PAST IN THE PRESENT



## CHAPTER I

### THE CHOICE BEFORE US

EACH epoch contributes to the social inheritance of man some new vision of life; yet also adds its quota to the common burden of evil. The ancient Hebrews (to go no further back) enriched our civilization with the ideal of righteousness, yet also set examples of pharisaism of which the world seldom fails to take exemplary advantage. The ancient Greeks revealed the triumphs of reason, but also the uses of sophistry in the service of obscurantism. The Romans showed how justice should be conceived and how it may be attained; they also invented forms of social parasitism, hardly improved upon till our own times. The Medievals have left us in their cathedrals, visions of life which testify to the creative deeds of a spiritual power liberated from domination by the temporal. Yet the same civilization devised single-handed combinations of temporal and spiritual power which to this day are amongst the most seductive of temptations.

The Renaissance has bequeathed us ideas of marvellous clarity and images of incomparable beauty, yet also legacies of unmatched confusion and squalor. The Industrial Era has furnished undreamed wealth and boundless power, and at the same time abject poverty and the futilities of despair.

Awaiting each individual born into no matter what rank or class, nation, creed or race of our Western world, is this mingled inheritance of the past. The good, the true, the beautiful are presented in visions of life that all who walk in cities may see. Their record endures in the architecture of every historic city. To feel the radiant impulse, and to hear the appealing voice of these civic vistas is to make good our heirship in the glories of the past. For men and women of the English-speaking race there is one city above all others that speaks with peculiar intimacy and fulness. No small part of our volume will therefore be devoted to seeking out and interpreting the civic vistas of Westminster. From the dreams and the deeds of its past inhabitants, the spirit of the city created these ennobling delights. But Westminster is not only vibrant with opulent visions of life; it is charged with shattering legacies of evil. Like every other

great city it harbours and transmits to each on-coming generation of its citizens a virus of diseases and poverties, ignorances and follies, vices and crimes. Thus the child of to-day, as he grows into the citizen of to-morrow, inherits also a burden of evil compact of all that is sordid, base, confused, morbid, ugly. How to choose amidst this welter of traditions, in which the pure and the poisonous, the redemptive and the satanic are all interwoven to make the texture of our social milieu? That choice before us is perhaps the main issue of life and career. But already, before the possibility of personal selection by informed and considered judgment, the mind of childhood and youth is equipped and furnished with an assortment of survivals from this social milieu. How great, therefore, the responsibility of all, from statesman and priest to parent and teacher, who are the appointed guardians of our social inheritance.

First in responsibility must come statesmen, since they claim and are allowed to combine the influence of spiritual power with the prestige of the temporal. Let us therefore scrutinize the outlook of our European leaders in statecraft more definitely from the standpoint of social inheritance.

The political like the moral choice before

us presents itself in two contrasted forms. Europe inherits two divergent political traditions from its ancient past. The first is of free cities, uncentralized; primarily those of Hellas, but also in later history, of the great cities of Italy, of Germany, of the Hanseatic League and of the Netherlands; and each and all with their cardinal contributions to our common civilization. The other tradition is that of Rome; that is Rome centralized, over its immense area, from the Clyde, the Rhine and the Danube to the Euphrates, and with its many, yet kindred war-monuments, from the camps of Northern Africa to those of the Caledonian Wall, and thence again by the Rhine-Danube, to the Roumanian Wall, and those of Constantinople itself.

But the Mediterranean can never again be a Roman lake, nor the Latin and British world be under a single hand; while not only Germany and Russia, but the Latin nations, the two Americas, and Britain and the new Britains beyond the seas, must each and all retain their essential independence. Still, under the tradition and dream of Roman greatness, the name of Cæsar was till the other day worn by the two Kaisers, and, by the Tsar, not to speak of him of Bulgaria;



while not the least valued title of the Turk is the high-sounding "Sultan of Roum." France, too, has had her veritable Emperors, of whom Louis XIV and Napoleon were but the greatest; while our own king is "Kaisari-Hind" as well. Madrid has had its day of Imperial greatness; but Rome itself, after being so long the capital of the real heir of the Roman Empire—which is not the unholy Germanic Empire, but the Roman and Catholic Church—has again come forward as the imperial centre of a new great power, first by the unification of perhaps the most gifted of all living peoples, in the generation of the "Risorgimento," from 1848 to 1871, and now more fully through the War.

Consider, then, the map of Europe, and that of the recent war, and see its many great Romes standing or fallen. These are now not merely as of old, Rome and New Rome (Constantinople): note the next Romes—also long rivals for the hegemony of Europe—Paris and Vienna. Again, later Romes, each also great, London and Petrograd. Last, in our own times, arose the most formidable and ambitious of them all—Berlin. Here, then, but the other day were no less than seven Romes, and all in mortal combat—four against three, or when Petro-

grad fell out, three against three—yet each of these with its own interests, difficultly—all but impossibly—reconcilable. The United States, too, had its imperial dream under Theodore I, whose spirit may at any time reawake, as many things show.

The dream of Roman unity has by turns obsessed all the Great Powers, and, strange though it be, most of all the Germanic peoples. Why is this? Partly because of their immemorial intoxication by the greatness of Rome, their idealization of Charlemagne and of their own later Kaisers, with their long-continued dream-claims of a "Holy Roman Empire," though this was one of the purest illusions of history. And recent events have shown how deeply this dream was appropriated and renewed by Prussia and by the German people it prussicated.

Who is sufficient for these things? What statesmanship, what diplomacy? There is little promise in the records of either. Does it not rather seem as if something were wrong in this whole theory and practice of modern organization into great centralized states, with their megalopolitan rivalry? Must we not seek some better method of adjusting our human lives, if we would plough in peace and reap in safety again? If uni-centralization

be obviously intolerable, and septem-centralization be so instable and thus unpractical, must we not look not merely to a League of Nations, but to the decentralization also of these, as the true road to European peace and re-unity? And if modern politics and current diplomacy cannot give us peace, may it not be because peace needs more than material elements? Must it not have in it some fuller intellectual and emotional elements, to reach anything of that which men of old called "the peace of God"? Though this pass complete understanding, that is no reason why we should not again progress towards it, and not from it, as modern politicians have so manifestly done. It is another old saying, and not less true, that "whatsoever man soweth, that shall he also reap." And though urban populations and their preachers have commonly misinterpreted this, and read it as essentially a curse, every rural mind and outlook must see this, though warning indeed, as primarily and practically an experience and assurance of harvest and blessing. In our war-ward civilization, so long concentrated on machinery, material and political, on expansion and centralization, on power and conquest, on paper and on gold, the sowings have too long been of

dragons' teeth; and there would be no order in the universe if such sowings had not come to our recent death-reapings. But with other and peace-ward sowings, towards which a re-awakening civilization is turning innumerable anxious eyes, and even here and there competent and strenuous young hands, the appropriate reapings will come also—that of true peace; not merely passive peace, of internal safety and well-being, but also an active peace, of external goodwill and joined hands accordingly. The old peace was the peace which was no peace, but only internal and external war, latent when not patent. The needed peace is the Sacred War, war not with our fellows, but with the evils which alike beset us all. So recently were we at death-grips with the two Kaisers and the Sultan and the Bulgarian Cæsar, that it is hard to be thinking much of loving our enemies, yet all history stands to show that from the ashes of the past we shall see the Phoenix rise. What manner of fowl this shall actually be, again passes our understanding: but we cannot doubt that it will be a nobler bird than any extant eagle among the Powers. And thus much to appreciate our times, our neighbours, and to hope for humanity is the beginning of goodwill.

Returning to our map, or rather the actual visualization of Europe, which this but stands for, we see that Europe is not really seven-hilled, but rather is a vaster Hellas, her truer microcosm. She can thus flourish under no single centralization, however Augustan or would-be Augustan, but in Neo-Hellenic freedom as Amphictyony of free unities, regional and civic, united to each other, and to all the world by an ever-progressing culture, at once universal in principle, yet admirably diversifying in detail, and this throughout not only seven capitals, but cities without number.

Concrete illustrations are here needed, lest this seem a mere counsel of perfection. But for this we should need a volume. Yet consider, for instance, Trieste, so long the gage of battle between Italy and Austria. It is predominantly Italian in its people, language and culture; but outlying from Italy, and dependent for its economic existence in the future, as in the past, on continuing as the effective inlet and outlet port of the great Germanic and Slavonic hinterlands, to which it is really indispensable. It cannot live without the commerce of these, as a strictly Italian city. Whereas, as a Free City, it would have a limitless future, alike in com-

merce and in culture, and so might be the jewelled link between these Mediterranean and these inland peoples. And this is ever the truest of Italian traditions.

Apply now the same reasoning to Strasburg, and to Luxemburg, for France and Germany. To Dantzic for Prussia and Poland : to Salonika and Constantinople, to Fiume, even to Genoa, Antwerp and Rotterdam, and so on.

Great is the Empire of the United States, and its best Presidents, Wilson above all, will live in history with the greatest of "the good Emperors" of Rome. But is it not time for all who "seek peace and ensue it" to be looking also to the example of the Helvetic Cantons? That little Switzerland—microcosm of commonwealth—is politically far ahead and above all Great Powers, since alone reconciling regions and peoples of German and Austrian, French and Italian outlooks, languages and sympathies; and developing all their culture—cities, rural townlets and villages—thanks to keeping clear of any Imperial Metropolis, and so of Megalopolis, Strategopolis, and Canceropolis together. When the leaders of occidental statecraft come to see the political significance of this Swiss example, they will be Peace-makers indeed!

## CHAPTER II

### THE MODERN TRANSITION

THE coming of a League-of-Nations Politics may or may not mean a return to the Hellenic tradition of Free Cities and their Regions, accompanied by a more than Hellenic success in amphictyonic (or in plain English, *neighbourly*) federation. It certainly does mark a turning away from the later Roman tradition of imperial dominion. The present decomposition (with inevitable attempts at recomposition) of the three most Cæsarist of recent empires is the external and visible sign of an inner fermentation that is world-wide. Its outcome is even now being manifested in destruction of the old and adaptations to the new which call insistently for interpretative study. Such study is indispensable if we of this generation are to do our best in guiding to a safer course the ship of humanity at present seemingly adrift on a stormy ocean.

Supremely needed are two prerequisites. There must be a standpoint of wide, yet clear orientation. There must also be available

some apparatus of research, whereby the direction of tendencies may be observed and their civilization-values appraised. Of the many open approaches to these large issues, the one from which this volume starts has been broadly indicated in the previous chapter. Therein was affirmed a mass movement of Western civilization, along two diverging paths, which might respectively be called Hellenic and Romaic; or in more personal terms, shall we say, Socratic and Augustan? But within this historic bifurcation there are, to be sure, cross-tracks of inter-communication permitting of mutual adjustments.

Most accommodating, perhaps, of all the ways by which the modern mind has met the pull of opposing tendencies has been through the formulation of Personal Liberty as an ideal. Behind this ideal is a long line of ancestry, but it was brought into full light of day and added to the common stock of our social inheritance by the French Revolution. In that crisis of the Western mind, the old law of dead Guild-limitations was replaced by the new gospel of the Individual as a Law unto himself. This Evangel of Personal Liberty, as developed by the more social spirits of the time, became expressed for the community as a doctrine of Fraternity. By



co-ordinating this communitary ideal with that of personal liberty, there necessarily appears the third watchword of that revolutionary faith, Equality. The later criticism of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, naturally arose when the fruits of this compelling triad failed to reach expectation. But this subsequent disappointment should not be allowed to obscure the original fervour of the revolutionary gospel and its consequent impulse to great deeds. It was the working faith by which whole masses of the Western Peoples lived while adjusting themselves spiritually to the new world fermenting out from decaying survivals of medieval and renaissance times. In the glow of contact between on-coming ideals and the spirit of tradition, our race guides its onward path and sustains and renews its creative energies.

Among those who in that time of active transition markedly exemplified the truth that man does not live by bread alone, leadership fell to the Calvinists of France and Switzerland, and their religious descendants in Scotland, England and America. The clear yet fervid expression of this revolutionary faith by Rousseau, the Genevese, Parisian Huguenot, and emancipated Protestant, was naturally welcomed by progressive

Presbyterians, Independents and similar non-conforming groups everywhere. The idealization of self as the central and essential interest which is the individual strength and the moral narrowness of Calvinism, reappears in the Political and the Industrial Revolution alike. It re-emerged under the idealized forms of "Franchise," and "Vote," with corresponding enhancement of political individuality up to the rank of M.P. or even Minister. Again, as regards economic success, the impulse of "getting on" has its culminating perfection of the individualist dispensation in the Great Employer, and this is transcended in the financial order by the Millionaire whose radiance in the popular mind of to-day approaches that of mystic sainthood in earlier times.

The Christian man who is also the "successful man" with his career blessed in basket and in store from his well-invested talents, and with his political and social status accordingly exalted, becomes thus more simply intelligible; and his liberalism and philanthropy are seen as a unity in keeping with his character and not as mere mass-founding after a predatory life, to which it has sometimes been compared. The serenity of countenance and dignity of bearing which you observe in the portraits

of the Victorian aristocracy of commerce betoken that inner composure which goes with an unquestioning conviction of rightness concerning the relations of life in this world, and the next. One of the political sources which has fed this tranquillity of soul is in the smooth working of the Party-system. Given the Ballot-box as an organ for the expression of Personality, there follows the method of decision by Majority-voting. This again implies the habitual giving way of minorities to majorities; a custom supported by the idealization of the franchise and maintained by the ritual of Elections, rising under a highly organized system of party combat well-nigh to religious ecstasy. After tasting this almost sacramental cup, electors of both rival parties return tranquillized to their daily avocations and resume the round of routine.

How all these adaptations to an era of revolution, though seemingly transitory, were in reality deep-rooted in the nature of things, is set forth abundantly in the theory of the Constitution elaborated by reflective historians and jurists of Britain, of America, and to a less extent of France.

It may be that the roots of Liberalism, if they do not penetrate quite so deeply as the

constitutional historians and jurists have affirmed, yet ramify more broadly and nourish a larger growth. Liberty is assuredly a very ferment of change, whether for evolution or dissolution. From uncovenanted liberty are likely to issue movements of bewildering diversity. The social resultant may seem a chaotic phantasmagoria; but that Order is discoverable therein, we are bound to assume on pain of lapsing into a sterile pessimism.

Recall that the ideal of freedom for all, which has characterized our revolutionary era had for its preparation the prolonged struggle of aristocracies and dynasties to break away from the restraints and limitations of a Spiritual Power, which, for all its qualities, was too often a hindrance to real progress. Linking, therefore, the Renaissance with the Revolution, we may view the four to five centuries—a mere span in the history of man—that have elapsed since the medieval dissolution as a period of Transition, through troublous growth towards a more purposive evolution. Make this effort of imaginative survey and you reach a perspective that is both steadying and luminous.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For a fuller discussion of this concept of Transition see *Interpretations and Forecasts*, by V. Branford, Chapter VI, "The Present as a Transition." (Duckworth & Co.)

The present crisis of Western civilization may thereby be seen as no mere tumult of evils, but as a fevering patient, at the turning-point of illness, convulsively making the effort towards recovery that precedes and even perhaps creates the "thrill into well." If wars of transition, with their political revolutions are, like organic inflammations, manifestations of the *élan vital* in distress, then may our sorely tried generation be encouraged to lift up its eyes in search of the light that dawns at the outlet of a long evolutionary tunnel.

Throughout this protracted modern transition, hopes of a human Elysium have alternated with repeated lapses into a Hades of inhumanity. These heights and depths of experience have their uses as agencies of social education. They tend to discipline that habit of idealizing the future by which the spirit of the race stirs its lethargy into creative impulse. The hard lesson to be learned is in the choice of materials and means whereby the ideal may be fashioned. Let the desires of the heart play freely upon the unwinnowed products of the imagination, then are the objects of ambition and policy not less likely to be base or futile than nobly realizable. But choose from the treasury of the social

inheritance, its tested and accredited resources of spiritual energizing, then aspirations for self, group, and country acquire the qualities of the ideal, without losing grip of the real. This is no mere counsel of perfection or fine maxim of the moral philosopher. It is a return to the firm ground of earliest religion, searched and purified by latest science. Man created his initial gods by idealizing the life around him, first domestic and rural, then civic. But the recurrent efforts of priests and moralists, continuing through long ages, to purge the earlier heavens of grossness had bad as well as good results. The Divine grew more and more tenuous of real content, and became at length utterly remote from the here and now. In the sequel there opened an abyss between the cakes and ale of the mundane present, and the diaphanous glories of the theological future.

Throughout our modern transition, the idealizing instincts of the race have laboured with strenuous effort to bridge that abyss between earth and heaven. Two kinds of secular pontificate have marked this half millennium of passage, through the débris of the medieval synthesis towards the incipient re-synthesis. First there was the era of political Utopias which renewed the humanism

of the Greek tradition. But failing to idealize the city, these early Utopists ignored the crowning achievement of Hellenic culture, and so doomed their too abstract ideals to practical sterility.

In reaction from the disappointments of the grand and culminating political Utopia of the French Revolution, there followed a century of endeavours to rebuild Jerusalem in each green and pleasant land, but without general plan or design. It was tacitly assumed that if each earnest group of hodmen built with their own bricks and mortar as seemed good to them, an architect would not be needed, and all would go well with the general design. The outcome, however, was not the new Jerusalem, but Armageddon.

Are we then to despair of these practising pontificates of the everyday world? Not at all. The manifest course is to return upon the social inheritance and pick up the vital threads that have been omitted in the political weaving of the Transition, and try to introduce these into the more comprehensive and harmonious design of a new and better time. Happily, contributions to this architectonic endeavour are coming from many sources, and those, moreover, most needed. They are coming from the great traditions of literature

and the broad interpretations of science, as well as from a revitalizing of the high ceremonies of religion. The classicists of to-day, for instance, are repairing the spiritual rapine of their predecessors by restoring to us the gods and heroes of old Greece as idealizations of human life, no less vital even to organic well-being than are food and shelter. This Hellenic habit of mind and its accompanying exaltation are thus seen to be needed for the lifting up of sordid homes and so must be admitted as integral to a realistic policy for the better housing of the people. Similarly, for an effective revival of the country-side, the anthropologist is beginning to proclaim a recovery, if not of the old rural deities, yet of the social process whose expression and resultant they were. In other fields—even in the Market Place and the Forum—must increasingly be felt the influence of all such re-idealizations of actual lives and particular labours in all the vivid reality of the here and now. But the very same lessons of return to the present and the concrete, are being learned by those traditionally charged with the sanctification of bread and wine, and the idealization of child and mother.

As these lost, broken or worn threads of our social inheritance are recovered and re-



paired they become available to enrich the pattern of civic and regional life again to-day as of old, before the long sequence of centralizing empires depressed and impoverished the cities in their "provinces." The prediction may be hazarded that those Imperial States which have not been torn into their national and natural fragments by the war and its sequel of revolutions will survive and flourish in proportion as they adapt themselves to the growing renaissance of their many regional cities. This impending readjustment as it becomes realized in fact, gradually and doubtlessly intermittently, should mark at once the close of the modern Transition, and the more definite opening of an era in which vital, constructive and synthetic endeavours will increasingly predominate over mechanistic, analytic, imperialistic and financial ones. And the ideal of personal liberty so hardly won, and fitfully held, during the transition, will be maintained and strengthened in the degree of its correlation with the complementary ideal of civic and regional freedom.

Not the least of the dangers ahead is the customary vice of our pastors and masters so easily to forget that enrichment of social life must, as in all true progress, proceed from within, and according to its own laws of

growth. Like flower and butterfly, city and citizen are bound in an abiding partnership of mutual aid. Both associations are indeed but special cases of that interplay of organism with environment, and environment with organism which is the fount of life-in-evolution. Without the give and take that generates and moulds alike the individuality of city and personality of citizen, the latter is nothing more than a withering leaf on the tree of humanity. Personal liberty not at once thus limited and inspired is apt to be either a mirage of license or a veneer of slavery. The idealists of freedom for its own sake will doubtless take this generalization for empty metaphor. But that it has positive content we next proceed to show by illustrations chosen from current events or from recent history. In the following chapters, will accordingly be found numerous examples of how impulses of liberation tend to work when the social engine, as it were, runs free, through failure to insert the civic clutch. Yet all these illustrations of energies wasted or mis-directed are adduced by no means merely to exhibit the calamities of history, or the errors of transition. They are instanced essentially for a more constructive purpose. They necessarily go to fill in the framework of that

analysis of the recent and contemporary *ré-gime*, in politics, industry and society, which must prepare for the synthesis of the coming reconstruction. To such attempt at an outline of analysis we now turn ; with the proviso that neither analysis nor synthesis are here taken as ends in themselves but as aids in the choice before us. Both to be sure are valueless unless pursued in a spirit of detachment. But given such resources, it should be possible to unmask the repressions, reversions, perversions which block the way to that more creative epoch of which the modern Transition holds promise. From the same source we may perhaps learn where to seek for the lever and its fulcrum, which, reversing the dominant tendency to imperialize our social inheritance, will rather hellenize it. These two tendencies to-day have their clearest and sharpest expression respectively in the Balkans and in Switzerland, and current events would seem to indicate that unless our statesmen learn how to helvetianize Europe, they will end by balkanizing it.

## CHAPTER III

### THE VALUE OF A MAN

As a shopkeeper labels his goods according to quality and value, so each age stamps its valuations on its individual men. True, it is difficult to decipher their labels, and still harder to interpret their social significance. But these are tasks the sociologist is bound to attempt. Let us try to do so, of course but in outline, for each successive phase of that era which occupied the century and a half intervening between the Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth century and the world war. It will perhaps pass for impartial characterization, if we broadly describe these successive phases as first Liberal, then Imperial, and finally Financial, with the covering qualification that some observers would doubtless reverse this sequence of the second and third items. These three great social orders, Liberal, Imperial and Financial, have, of course, been substantially changing with the war and are now being more definitely criticized. They are also being modified by

other factors, those of the incipient future—and both for worse and for better.

The evolution from Liberalism to Imperialism and Financialism will probably seem to those who hereafter regard it in historic perspective as a single movement of sufficient momentum to sweep up in its progress, and absorb into itself all minor political parties of conventional order. This view we shall adopt and attempt to justify in subsequent chapters, but here we are merely concerned to note that as each phase of this threefold system has in turn become predominant the value set upon a man has changed, as one set of practices and beliefs has yielded the leading place to another. Thus for the stricter exponents of the mechanical age, a man was practically to be viewed as but an imperfect tool, and treated as a machine not yet invented away. In the corresponding Liberal order of ideas a man has the value of a voter for his M.P.; and so in time arose the analogous principle of "One Man One Vote." In the Imperial order, when this has been frankly and sternly stated, as so conspicuously by the Prussian, and thereafter compulsorily by us all, your plain man has also to be viewed for practical purposes as the unit in peace, and as cannon-fodder in war.

In the Financial order every man has his price, and so his pay. As this point of view becomes clearly and effectively stated, it becomes apparent that all will be well for the labourer if we can assure him a Minimum Wage. Quaintly enough this had come to be reckoned, by its best exponents before the war, at some thirty pieces of silver, as if these were appropriately the symbolic and accumulative reward of all foregoing negations of the divine, and of the corresponding degradations of personality.

Still, here we are; in the very midst of these three related valuations, of ourselves and of each other, as individuals and workers. Are we to get beyond them? And if so—How? The Radical returns to his “One Man One Vote”: and to do justice, not only to him but to his antagonist, the Tory, they have at length had the sense to see that the term “Man” does not exclude Woman. The Socialists, whose philosophy has been the proletarian reflection of the conceptions of “Empire” held by officials and soldiers (Mass-interests with the socialists, of course, claiming to predominate over Ruler-interests) cannot but help yet further to extend imperial bureaucracies, and to adapt the essential organization of armies to

productive functions. True, their enthusiasm of democracy, their insistence upon the struggle of classes, often obscures these martial tendencies, though more to themselves than to their antagonists; but their record—even that of their most gentle and would-be progressive sections, the mass of the Fabian Society (as, for instance, in the Boer War), for choice—amply justifies this criticism, without need of reminder of the adherence and loyalty of practically each and every group of socialists in Europe to its own national government during the early stages of the War.<sup>1</sup> Their claims, to obtain for the people in each country some share in the settlement of the terms of peace, some increase of security thereafter, have plainly had their effect. As for the Anarchist, he was, at least up to the Russian Revolution, comparatively little in evidence, and his past utterances

<sup>1</sup> Given the evocatory situation, these dormant imperial instincts naturally awaken in the Socialist mind. Of many recent instances note the writings of Paul Lensch, which seem to be providing the nucleus for a neo-imperialist grouping amongst German Socialists. The *Times* of April 29, 1919, reported, "There are many Germans who agree with Dr. Lensch, the new Professor of Social and Economic History in the University of Berlin, that there is no reason why Socialist Germany should not carry out the scheme of world-power which was the goal of the Imperialists."

have too much given the public an impression that he but outstrips the man of money in his claim to "do what he likes with his own."

But it will be said, a man has still some religious value, some philosophical value, even if his economic and political values at present be appraised too low. True, but these, in so far as they exist to-day, are little more than survivals, lingering inheritances from earlier social phases, in most other respects largely passed away. Thus Anglicanism and Nonconformity are alike inheritances from the strifes of the Renaissance and the Reformation. Catholicism is more emphatic upon its medieval and earlier claims, although undeniably coloured also by Renaissance strifes—witness the Jesuits, and the Counter-Reformation in which they have been super-eminent, almost from its very outset. Admittedly, then, these elder doctrines are all influencing life and conduct to-day. Their churches even include among their adherents, however imperfect or nominal, a majority from the Liberal, Imperial and Financial worlds, though they are conspicuously deficient in adherents among the respectively insurgent parties of these three orders—*i. e.* the Radicals, Socialists and Anarchists.

If we ask more definitely, where do these



religious influences intervene in our modern world?—must we not agree that their golden moment of revival came after the Revolution, both French and Industrial? In fact, as a Counter-Revolution, broadly and indeed strikingly recalling the Counter-Reformation? The Ultramontane movement is the prime illustration of this, especially upon the continent, and that its services were appreciated by Kaiserism was manifest. Wesley's great Revival in England and Wales was a much-needed spiritual rebound from the bringing in of the machine-valuation of man, by the new order and its philosophy, that of the political economists. But since this renewal of the soul's value was unwisely driven into dissent, the Church of England had to wait for its arousal until the Oxford movement of 1843; with its resultant predominance of the High Church, or Sacramentalist Party. In Scotland, the simultaneous renewal took predominantly, though not exclusively, Presbyterian and Puritan form; witness the "Disruption," with its rise of the Free Church, whose subsequent influence, not only in Scotland, but upon English Nonconformity also, has been deep.

It is to be noted that these religious movements were broadly contemporary with the

rise of "Social Philosophy"; and with its more definite formulation by Comte as Sociology, and also with that of Socialism. Though each of these two latter be still commonly viewed as a social philosophy, their essentially religious quality was felt, indeed often proclaimed, from the first, and has never been lost sight of by their respective apostles. So in the more obviously religious groups of the Counter-Revolution, there has been a good deal of social philosophy also. Witness Joseph de Maistre and Lamennais, Kingsley and Dr. Chalmers; or later Pope Leo XIII; and at present in all denominations, living divines without number, among whom the present Bishops of Oxford and Winchester, Dr. Jacks, Dr. Forsyth and Dr. Barry, are familiar and typical English figures. Each and all—to be sure with the best intentions, and in the best sense—are more or less frankly reactionary: that is, they seek to maintain, say, rather to revitalize, this or that tradition of the Christian inheritance, medieval or reformed, from its present neglect by the secular order—Liberal, Imperial and Financial—which they agree in believing would then be adequately reformed. In this predominantly mechanical, militarist and monetary world, they again seek to recall

the example of their Master in the Temple, albeit with more or less of the various limitations of His disciples as well.

The rise of these religious movements, subsequent to the political Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, came after the economic disorder of the first two generations of the mechanical age was passing its climax, and was showing many signs of equilibration. Yet the advance of the Railway Age, say from 1840 onwards, brought with it a fresh and further growth and intensification of the modern order in all its aspects—the Mechanical, the Imperial and the Financial alike—and chilled the progress of these Counter-Revolutionary religious movements, quite unprepared as these were for comprehending this second Industrial Revolution (as the Railway Age soon proved to be), much less for dealing with it. The respective flocks, even many of their shepherds, were alike swept into the new Railway Caravan, and thus soon were landed at various points along its triple destination, all alike unforeseen by such passengers.

What Church, what cleric, can claim appreciable success in interpreting, much less guiding, any one of these great aspects of the modern world? For a long time past

has not their essential endeavour been to maintain their church or chapel as a refuge from this world? It would be absurd as well as unjust to forget the social endeavours which are increasingly manifest in every communion; yet where is one of these as yet discovering how to deal, otherwise than by counsels of perfection or by palliatives, with any one of the three great elements of current civilization in detail, that is, with Mechanism, with Power, or with Gold?

Yet does not the Christian Church, and indeed every other great religion, owe its present standing in the world to its past achievement in these very respects: (1) the sanctification, and organization, of the industry of its earlier times; (2) the moralization, even conversion, of its rulers; and (3) the discipline, even the consecration, of its wealth?

These tasks of the Churchmen—who were the sociologists of the past—have now returned upon the sociologists of to-day: how far, then, can we rise towards stating and interpreting the elements of the present situation, though complete solutions be yet far off?

## CHAPTER IV

### THE GOLDEN CALF

IN absence of any vision into the future sufficiently definite and clear for practical guidance—the situation in which all schools of thought find, if not indeed confess, themselves—we must each of us all the more attempt some fresh analysis of the modern order in which we are living. For if this analysis can be clearly reached, we may then test it, by applying it to the interpretation of recent and current events in detail. Not until it can thus justify itself, dare we attempt any consideration of the future.

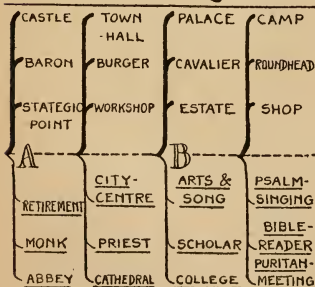
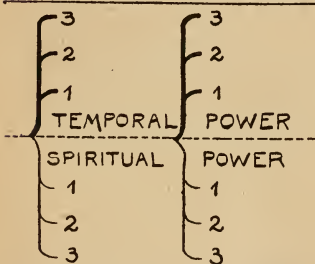
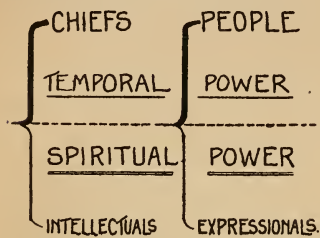
A little study of Fig. 1 will show how the sociologist looks at the world. This way of regarding a community as a two-in-fourfold working system—of Temporal and Spiritual Powers—was understood in the medieval past, witness Pope and Emperor, Guelfs and Ghibellines. Thus Dante's teaching was only revived and made explicit

"TEMPORAL POWER"

AND

"SPIRITUAL POWER"

(OF COURSE CONGRUENT AND INTERACTING)



I. In any given Social Formation, (simple or civilized, past, present, or possible, e.g. (Past) Classical, Medieval, Renaissance, e.g. (Present) Mechanical, Imperial, Financial the prime problem of Sociology is to distinguish its essential activities, Objective and Subjective as Temporal and Spiritual.

II. In the Temporal Power have to be distinguished its Directive types ("Chiefs") from its Operative types ("People"), with their respective Organizations.

In the Spiritual Power have to be distinguished its Theoretical types ("Intellectuals") from its Active and Expressive types ("Emotionals"), ("Expressionals").

III. In each of these four Groups may be distinguished (so far as developed) their essential

1. Place of Activity or Means of Action,
2. Types of Individuals,
3. Types of Institutions.

IV. For application of above towards past formations, take as simple beginnings towards outlining

- A. Medieval Formation (e.g. in old Flanders),
- B. Renaissance Formation (e.g. in England of Charles I) (with respective antitheses of "Aristocracy" and "Democracy").

FIG. I.—SCHEME FOR STUDY OF SOCIAL FORMATIONS.

by Comte, who defined any complete and full-orbed society as consisting of two correlative hemispheres, viz. Temporal and Spiritual Powers. The Temporal Power has also always its directive and executive elements, in plainer phrase (that of Comte), its "Chiefs and People": and the Spiritual Power similarly its respective predominance of thought and of expression, and this in all ages. For these two perennial elements of a Spiritual Power, we have always with us. We may call them monks and priests, or the Regulars and the Seculars with the medieval catholic, or divine and pastor with the reformed churches, or social philosopher and orator with the Industrial Revolution. Or again, researcher and popularizer in science, thinker and journalist with our own times. These are but the changing manifestations of the "Intellectuals and Emotionals" of Comte, or as we might now say, the Intuitionals and Expressionals of the time.

Tabulate now (Fig. 2) all these representative groups and types of action, of thought and expression as conspicuous in contemporary life. Set down also their respective Institutions. We see these primarily as Organizations, yet let us also visualize them, in their characteristic Buildings and

Monuments, and realize them in their various outputs also, of Words and Deeds.

The Institutions indicated in these three columns are all alive and active to-day. In

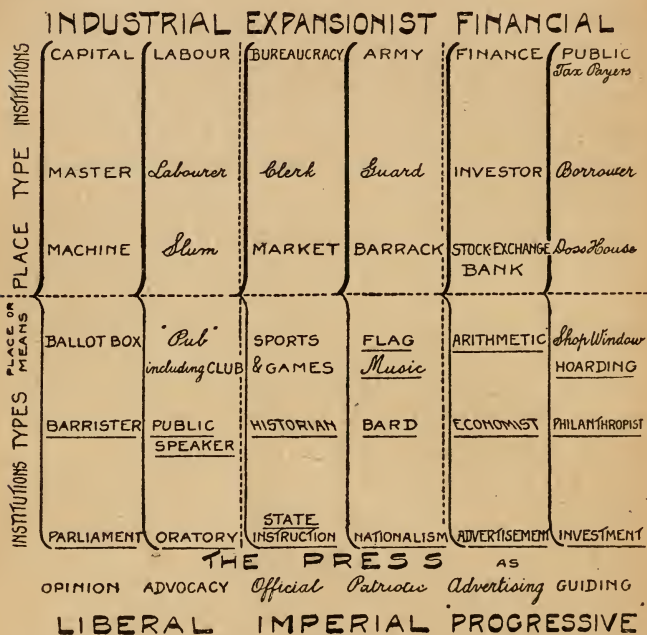


FIG 2.

life and action they are simultaneous and co-existent: they are inter-related and indispensable to one another: yet there is, at the same time, to be recognized a changing emphasis upon one or other. This is con-



spicuously manifested in the differences we recognize in different countries, different capitals and cities. Thus, we commonly think of Britain as fundamentally Industrial, of recent Germany as Imperial, and of America as especially Financial, in their prevalent life and its manifestations. Similarly Manchester is conspicuously Liberal: recent Westminster, still more Whitehall, predominantly Imperial: and "the City" obviously Financial.

Beyond such broadly generalized views we may recognize in any and every country—nowhere more easily than in our own—an historic transition. The Industrial Revolution, and its political expression in Liberalism, had its heroic age with Cobden, its golden age with John Bright, and the expression of both culminated (if not died) with Gladstone. Since their day, the greatness of Parliament as a gathering of individualities or of influential members, or as the arena of great parties and their champions, has notably diminished; and the predominance of the Cabinet Minister (and with him the permanent official) has become the salient feature of our current history. Again, since Disraeli, Rhodes and Chamberlain became Chiefs to their generation of the People, with Seeley and Kipling as repre-

sentative historian and bard (*i. e.* Intellectual and Emotional), our old "National" or "Party" Politics has been giving place to "Imperial Policy"; and the War has but emphasized this process, and completed it. Similarly in other countries. Germany would not have been the formidable Empire she was—with Junker-Chiefs riding a well-bridled People, with Treitschke to instruct them, with singers galore—without having first attained colossal industrial development; while France, here as so often the land of creative initiative, gave us all our lead in her rapid transition from her ultra-liberal and radical Revolution to the highly efficient bureaucratic and militant Empire of the great Napoleon, thenceforth imitated in other countries to this day. For what was Bismarck—what, too, in spirit were Crispi, Chamberlain and many more—but real or would-be wearers of his seven-leagued boots?

Enough, then, to illustrate the general transition from the Liberal to the Imperial order. How now does the Financial order come to have its turn? In every possible way; of which only some representative modes can here be indicated. Thus, through her national thrift France has largely led in the Financial world as well. Financial predomi-

nance was also latent from the very outset of the industrial and manufacturing order; even from its pioneers at the Reformation, and among the Puritans. Again, despite the fact that inventors and pioneers generally ruined themselves in their enthusiasm of construction, and that this constructive ecstasy pervaded the most successful cotton-spinning or railway-making, it is in finance that these culminate. It nowadays has come to be only too clearly realized by all concerned, that people are in manufacturing, or business, or the carrying trade, not simply to create, collect, distribute and "deliver the goods," but for money gains, for dividends. In fact it requires some acquaintance with the classical literature of political economy, some definite recalling of the Great Exhibition of 1851, to realize nowadays the old joys of manufacturing for its own sake. And if you recall to a modern captain of industry this old lyricism of his fathers, he is either incredulous, contemptuous, or both; and he assures you that he at any rate is not in business "for the sake of his health."

A corresponding change has taken place in the meaning of the word "Business," as used in metropolitan cities of finance. The term has, for many, shed its technical content, and

come to mean the "making" of money almost in the direct and literal sense of the coiner and bank-note printer. Success in this sort of business depends upon skill and boldness in initiating and carrying through a certain sequence of "Operations"—still another of the many terms transferred from the realities of the workshop to the phantoms of the city "office." These operations begin with the acquisition of what is called "Control." And again, "control" carries at best a second- or third-hand reference to the facts of productive industry. "Control" in the financial sense means a majority of voting interest; and is thus an idea and method imported from Politics into business. The next stage of Finance is the manufacture of paper claims on the "controlled" property, which may be a gold mine or a "concession"; a brewery or a casino; a steel plant or a ship-building yard; a cotton factory or a railway; or various combinations of these: or, again, the "controlled" property may be itself some mere fractional or paper interest in an actual or prospective "business." In this stage of creation, division, multiplication and compounding of legalized claims, the financier offers magnificent rewards to barristers and solicitors, and so engages the best heads in

that able profession for specialized manipulation of the "Company Laws."

The final and culminating stage in the sequence of the Financier's "operations" is the transformation of his paper claims into legal tender currency. It is here that the business of Finance blossoms into the high refinements of artistry. Just as it was in the preliminary stages the politician and the lawyer who were first the exemplars, then the allies, and finally the servants of the Financier, so now a similar transition from colleague to satellite overtakes and masters the Banker and the Journalist. For the Financier as artist it may be said that he, long before poet or painter, was a "Futurist." His "Prospectus" may indeed be regarded as a classic document of the somewhat uncritical "Futurism," which believes that the achievements of to-morrow must inevitably surpass those of yesterday. The fortune of the Financier comes in the last resort to be measured by his success in converting the public to adopt his rosy views of the future. For that feat of persuasion he invokes the prestige of the Banker and the ardour of the Journalist for "news." The resulting story of the Financier's mounting influence, reaching at times to domination over the Bank and the

Press, is one of the chapters of modern Romance, still largely untold; though Miss Ida Tarbell's vivid *History of the Standard Oil Company* may be mentioned as a beginning of this fascinating literature, before which all our present detective stories will fade into their proportionate insignificance.

Thus with Lawyer and Politician on his left, and supported on his right by Banker and Journalist, the Financier advances to his pinnacle of greatness and authority, his turn as Chief of the new Social Order, and was thus Super-Imperial long before we heard of the League of Nations and its aims. The public has been correspondingly "educated" into an acceptance of this social order, so thoroughgoing as to be not only habitually willing, but eager to exchange their coin of the realm for the financier's paper "claims" upon the land of promise, so enticingly pegged out in his prospectus. In short, this type of personage has in effect accomplished in rare degree that union of temporal and spiritual powers which Cæsars and Tudors have adorned before his day, and so he becomes High Priest of the Golden Calf he has set up in the market-place of each metropolitan and even secondary city. His practising worshippers constitute (or hope through his merits to attain to) that

vast and ever-growing "Leisure Class," whose habits and mode of life are so admirably described in the work thus named by Professor Thorstein Veblen, that rare bird, a naturalistic observer and interpreter amongst the economists. Furthermore, into these circles and companies of the materially blest, the social and even religious groups above outlined, have, as far as may be, comfortably adjusted themselves. Their historic reverence for the teaching and leadership of Israel was not abated, yet they gave little sign—until the War at least—of recognizing how such prosperity and promotion (in every sense) was obscuring their ideals. Hence—as the Devil quoted Scripture—one could safely cite to the respectable British, or still better Indian or Colonial Official after his return from church: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and also the things which are God's." And similarly to the prosperous manufacturer or shareholder after chapel and Sunday dinner: "Godliness is contentment with great gain." In no case, as far as our repeated experiments went, did either Official or Investor detect the modernizing of the version. On the contrary, a response of purring satisfaction was usually elicited.

Thus the emphasis and impulse of the

Industrial Age has long been in process of transition from Manufactures to Finance: in short, from the making of things to the Making of Money. The older concrete interest and pride in delivering the goods, has been increasingly replaced by that of getting in the profits. How the abstract and mathematical notation of money has come to predominate over the concrete producing of goods, is well illustrated in the corresponding change of education. In the Liberal and Parliamentary age, it was Reading that was felt most important among the three R's; but nowadays it is not merely the Financier who lays the main stress upon Arithmetic, but parent, teacher and inspector alike. An emphasis on Writing is appropriate to the bureaucratic and imperial order; witness the victory of "Civil Service Handwriting" in our schools, over the old "Italian business hand," so inferior as regards the slowness and the spacious paper-wasting which give dignity to the former. As to Arithmetic, some time ago we were interested to find a little boy of twelve, in a day school, painfully struggling with the mysteries of "Stocks and Shares," under the guidance of a young mistress of nineteen, who assuredly did not understand them much more than if they were stocks



and stones; the point being, in one case as the other, that woman can generally be depended on to teach to childhood a fuller and more whole-hearted reverence for the predominant religion than average menfolk can inspire. Again, when the teaching of Arithmetic became first insisted on in the public schools of England, about the eighteen forties, in due preparation for the coming of the railway age, their conservative old head masters protested vigorously, just as they more lately used to do, or still do, against "Science"—or what they think science—but then on the highest moral grounds, "the danger of soul-destroying Mammonism." Will it be denied that there was something in their obscurantism after all?—as there may again turn out to be in their "anti-scientific" obscurantism of to-day? For what most are pressing on them are but the husks of science.

Now a word as to the uprising of the Financial above the Imperial order. How are Empires to be estimated? In terms of square mileage and population? And, even more, in terms of their budgets? Or beyond these again, as "Fields for Investment"?

The process of evolution may also go the opposite way, *i. e.* from Financial as well as

Liberal to Imperial. Thus the Honourable East India Company developed into the Indian Empire; in which, however, the old financial requirements of London are not, of course, forgotten.

The main distinction of any and every Imperial system from previous social dispensations is a fundamental economic one. The Medieval and Feudal order was predominantly rustic, *i. e.* agricultural and regional: and the Renaissance order was conspicuously occupied with urban industries and luxuries for the new nobles who were replacing or transforming the ruder rural ones. The modern mechanical order of things became, far more than ever, one of urban production, though now chiefly of necessaries and "comforts"; and so it necessitated a vast agricultural development, and this a colonial expansion, to feed its ever-increasing city populations. Each of these three main forms of past or passing society has thus provided its own necessities—its food, its clothing, its shelter. But the unique peculiarity of an Imperial order, true of each and every one throughout history, as to-day, is that—in all its really representative ranks, from simplest of soldiers, humblest of clerkly bureaucrats, up to its generals and proconsuls

and ministers, with their instructional and inspiring spiritual attendants of course also—*it consumes, but does not produce*. It consumes superlatively : it produces not at all. Food, clothing, shelter and leisure have all to be provided for its swiftly multiplying temporal and spiritual members by the Industrial order. The Imperial Order had therefore been increasingly educating, subordinating, dominating, directing its working population for the generation or two before the War. This process of adjustment was obvious in Prussia-Germany, but may be also discerned everywhere else. How in war itself the Imperial Order supremely dominates, we have learned by experience to see.

The taxation of Industry can but rarely suffice for Imperial requirements, even in peace time; witness the long-expanding governmental and military budgets of all countries, and the corresponding and long-increasing indebtedness of most, so notably of France and Germany. Hence when a war comes, the taxation of past and present wealth is supplemented by ingenious artifices that create the illusion of meeting military bills by drafts on the future. Thus there develops a fresh and complicated system of mortgaging the Future; and of course not

without the parasitic refinements of High Finance. How our own National Debt dates from past wars, and has expanded anew in this one, needs no exposition here.

But there is an old saying, accredited to the wisest of kings, that "the borrower is servant to the lender." So, when the soldier has ceased his ever-increasingly colossal expenditure upon destruction, and ministries and diplomatists begin to clear up again, governments and their peoples find themselves necessarily in the power of the creditors of their immense war-debts. Particularly, therefore, in the power of those who combine the grasp and skill, the subtlety yet single-mindedness which distinguish the true financier. Less distinctly, of course, yet often not less really, is not the Financier to the minister much as is the potent minister to his constitutional king, "Intellectual and Expressional" together, thus becoming directive and so executive also? All previous social powers thus renew and concentrate in our henceforth true Lord and King the Financier; no wonder, then, that we elders have watched throughout our generation, first in America, but now also in Europe, the millionaire becoming both august and pontifical, and thus acquiring right divine.

We do not forget that the creditorship of these debts is largely participated in by the public, increasingly even by the small-investing public. Even the proletariat since the War, have made a good beginning here, like the peasants and servant girls in France for two generations back; but this merely enables the whole progress, from Imperial to Financial mastery, to accomplish itself more smoothly, in fact as an unrealized Transition, instead of being seen as a Revolution. Rothschilds and Morgans might readily become unpopular; but with these small investors in Weekly War Loan, and with *John Bull* and many more, calling to the People (thus further centralized to London) for a "Business Government," the effective predominance of the "financial mind" becomes every day more substantially assured. How all this perfecting evolution of "The City," as the hub of the Imperial universe—and of the Bank and its golden galaxy of planets and satellites, comets and meteors, not to speak of nebulae with their promise of the future—continues and popularizes this economic feature of the Imperial system, that of producing nothing while consuming much, in peace, and still more in war, it might seem unprogressive to enlarge upon.

In the meantime, does it not appear that these things have still more fully to accomplish themselves? We might note, for instance, the symptomatic significance of that admirable Survey of Outer London, undertaken by the Royal Institute of British Architects as a war relief measure for unemployed members of their profession. This survey is preparing for a London some three times greater than County Council London, into which the metropolis of Empire-under-Finance doubtless instinctively hopes to expand as an after-war development. And why not? The Provinces and the Empire are now through the War far more fully in hand than ever, for supplying such a super-metropolis with its needful "bread and shows" in the good times it sees coming.

## CHAPTER V

### THE NATURE OF ADVERTISEMENT

WITH the growth and onward progress of the Liberal and Imperial into the Financial order has gone a concurrent development of that public and private appeal called Advertisement. So let us attempt here an analysis of this type of influence, regarded as a sort of spiritual office, not to say Ministry of Propaganda and Information, duly adapted to the Temporal Power crystallized in the above threefold order, but manifested most conspicuously in its Financial stage. To give brevity and point to the investigation, let us take a particular concrete case, and treat it as typical.

Recently the head of a great Oxford Street Emporium wrote and published a book called *The Romance of Commerce*. Now the most interesting thing about this book was the reaction of the Press towards it. As for the book itself, its character and quality can be briefly defined. Its title, to be truly descrip-

tive, should have been "Tit-Bits of Merchant Lore." The book is an illustrated collection of anecdotes, always interesting and often lively, gathered from miscellaneous sources. The anecdotes are assembled without much sense of order or sequence, and entirely without interpretation. Naturally, therefore, the Press welcomed the book. For the Press likes anecdotes, is contemptuous of order, intolerant of sequence, and abhors interpretation. But the newspapers and the periodicals not only praised this book; the remarkable thing about their appreciation was the quantity of it. The superficial area of all their encomiums together would make a pretty calculation in the assessment of current literary values.

How explain this journalistic valuation? It must not be thought that the judgment of editors was influenced by the bias of advertising managers, anxious for their journals to stand well with an author who is also a very prince of advertisers. Such an explanation is clearly insufficient; for the volume earned panegyric, both ardent and lengthy, from journals which could have no expectation of advertisements from Oxford Street. It is evident that some interpretation of wider scope and deeper reach is needed.

The clue to the puzzle lies, doubtless, in



the nature of the thing called advertisement. What in its essence is this system of publicity that flourishes so luxuriantly in public life, and so fully penetrates the home? It would be a commonplace of psychology to define advertisement as an appeal to the will through the intellect and the emotions. The advertiser tries to persuade you to do something. Mostly the aim is to extract cash from your pocket. But by no means always. It is easy to cite exceptional instances. Recently one of the great Joint Stock Banks purchased twelve columns of the *Times* to give publicity to a speech of its chairman which was really an argument for altering the Banking Laws. Also quite recently the Archbishop of Westminster, or his representative, acquired four or five columns for the insertion of a pastoral letter.

An advertiser, in simplest guise, is a person who buys a place on the public stage. But it seldom happens that the purchaser of publicity delivers his own message like the Bank chairman or the Archbishop: The custom, on the contrary, is to buy space in the newspaper or on the hoardings; and then to hire skilled talent to fill it by putting the case persuasively to the public. The pen of the writer and the pencil of the artist are, for

the advertiser, instruments of his craft. In modern business there is no pretence that the argument or the picture of the advertisement are the spontaneous expression of the writer's or artist's personality. Contrast therewith the apparently kindred cases, *e. g.* the litigant who engages a lawyer to plead his case; the politician who appeals through the cartoonist or speaks through the pamphleteer; the statesman who employs a historian to compose a diplomatic document. In all these cases it is (rightly or wrongly) taken for granted that the presentation proceeds from a moral conviction of the soundness of the case. Now the advertiser is marked off from other users of advocacy by frank abandonment of this moral or spiritual factor. He has reduced advocacy to a sheer matter of business. He hires the writer or the artist as one hires a bicycle or a piano. The essence of advertisement is then, that it degrades the moral element in personality into a thing of the market. It acts rigorously on the assumption that every man has his price. The "Science of Advertisement" (as its expert practitioners call it) is, in short, the inevitable and characteristic spiritual institution created by and for the Financial Age. The present vogue of advertisement marks the historic

climax of the Financiering System. In establishing the prevalence of this vogue, that system has fulfilled itself by creating its own appropriate and accepted Spiritual Power.

William James remarked that "the intellectual leadership of the United States has been taken from the universities by the ten cent magazine." It is a common English belief that the political leadership of the British nation has passed from Parliament to Press. Both statements are currently read as an indictment. People instinctively feel that however poor and uninspired may be the leadership of University and Parliament, that of magazine and newspaper belongs to an essentially lower order. And why? Because behind the newspaper and the magazine they sense a dark, elusive, irresponsible power—the advertiser. This power they vaguely feel to be sinister as well as formidable. And indeed it works by the simple and massive modes of Natural and Artificial Selection. It eliminates the unfit amongst opinions, ideas, sentiments, news. The unfit is, of course, that opinion, idea, sentiment or news which does not conduce to the survival of the advertiser and all that he stands for. For instance, how in the nature of things should He, Supreme Patron of the Press, bestow his favours upon

newspapers and magazines that do not conform to his order of life and way of thought?

As the Great Millionaire has gathered to himself the prestige of aristocracies, practically even of royalties, so the Great Advertiser has subtly and imperceptibly acquired a certain mastery of public opinion. The Millionaire and the Advertiser, are not these (if you think in terms of reality and not of illusion) the effective working heads of our social system? They are respectively the most representative types of temporal chief and spiritual guide in contemporary life. Or, to speak precisely, they had well-nigh become so in the years before the war. And as we have seen above, we are by no means escaping from our thralldom to their dominance, but as yet the very opposite. Hence, when editors make obeisance to a book whose author is at once advertiser and millionaire, there is no need to impute venal motives. They are merely prostrating themselves in genuine faith and loyalty before their own particular Pope, who happens also to be their Cæsar. This is indeed the Romance of Commerce.

## CHAPTER VI

### REPRESSIONS AND REPRISALS

TURNING aside from the turmoil of the Forum, one may contemplate, as spectator, the drama of current politics. The air is tense with party cries. Conspicuous among the vociferating multitude are the Imperialists, a complex group of many colours ranging from the pale grey of commonwealth idealists to the ruddy purple of passionate tariffists. There are surviving Liberals, free and tied. Numerous, though less avid of attention, are the representatives of "vested interests," usually of the purse, sometimes of the person. All these groups, dissenting clamantly from each other, yet seem to be confederates in a common camp of Conventional Politics, in the eyes of Trade Unionists, Radicals, Socialists, Syndicalists. So, too, these latter, viewed together, appear as one great Party of Insurgent Politics confronting its conventional rival. A comparative survey of the Liberal-Imperial-Financial Order has been made.

We essay now a like examination of the leading insurgent groups. As before, the text may be relieved by relegating details to a schematic presentation, which in botanical fashion, one might call the Floral Diagram of

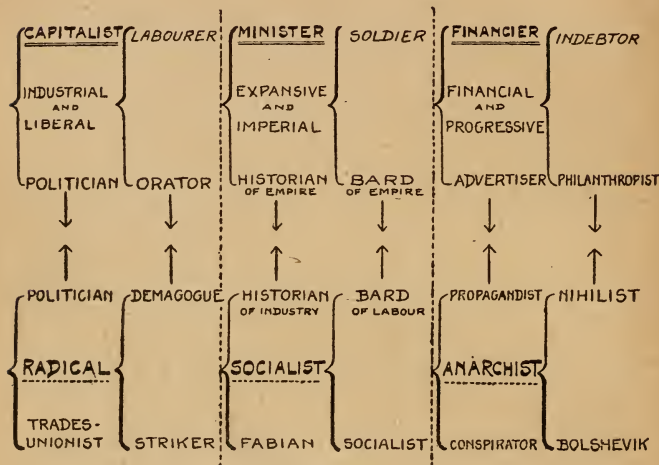


FIG. 3.

the Radical-Socialist-Anarchist Order (Fig. 3, lower part<sup>1</sup>). The elements of these several analyses, if well and truly made, should next recompose into a picture of our whole political system and its mode of working. Moreover, this picture should reveal, almost as it were by inspection, what the contemporary order,

<sup>1</sup> See descriptive note at end of volume.

known otherwise as the State, contributes to the social inheritance, and what to the burden of evil.

Following many other observers, we have already indicated how Socialism runs in contrast yet parallelism to Imperialism. That Radicalism bears a similar relation, opposed yet complementary, to Liberalism is fairly obvious. In face of the Financial order, we have a far less organized comradeship, though fearsome in its day of action, that of the Anarchists, who seemed disappearing and almost negligible until restored to activity in Russia through the Bolshevik Revolution. Even in their first active days, a generation back, they seemed seldom clearly against the Financier, but more commonly against Imperial government with the Socialists, and, as Ultra-Radicals, against the Liberals. Still here and there a financier may remember, that some of the more critical spirits among the Anarchists were wont to threaten the Bank or the Stock Exchange, as well as if not more than the Palace of the Ministry. It was one of their watchwords and aims, even in those days, to "incinerate the documents," so expressed as a countermove to the Financier's tendency to multiply indefinitely his documentary claims on the wealth and

production of the community. For when even Mr. Gladstone, at his most radical moment, blurted out his then startlingly sharp opposition of "The Classes and the Masses," it is not to be wondered at, that more extreme spirits, like even Mr. Lloyd George in his "Limehouse" days, should have laid stress on the clash between "the Haves" and the "Have-nots." Among such critics the Anarchist was the extreme one, at once complementing and countering the Financier; he saw the "Haves" standing on their pile of paper claims, which he proposed simply to cancel by applying a lighted match to them. But nowadays both Radical and Anarchist (Russian extremists excepted) have for the most part rallied to the more moderate contrast of Imperialism and Socialism, as of "the powers that be" confronted by the powers that desire to be.

Subordinating past differences, and notwithstanding the substantial potency, and the still unbroken contentment of the established order, its triple components—Liberals, Imperialists and Financials—have long been increasingly uniting towards forming a "Party of Order," in face of the "Unrest"—*i. e.* the enduring discontent and increasing aspirations—of the Radical, Socialist and Anarchist.



These, again, have been uniting into what they claim as the "Party of Progress"; and this has long been becoming more or less definitely Revolutionist in temper; and even in its gentlest members, such as the Fabians, it is frankly revolutionary in purpose. But this unhappy antithesis, of a party of order on one side, and a party of progress on the other, tends on the one hand to promote conservatism, and even encourage reaction, in the established triad; and, on the other, it tends to excite the extremer spirits of the would-be progressive party towards more and more unrest. This, again, naturally produces disquietude among the friends and supporters of Order. And from this unstable and more or less inflammable state of things we may readily go further in the study of Irish troubles, or of Labour troubles, of Indian unrest, and so on, in every country in degree and kind. For thus arises a vicious circle, at length, of Anarchy and Rebellion countered by systematic Repression which again provokes Reprisals.

These again are met with still sterner measures of repression to which in turn the more indomitable spirits of the other camp inevitably reply with deadlier reprisals. The limits of this ferocious interplay of repressions and

reprisals are reached in the outbreak of the most embittered kind of civil war. The tale of Russian, Finnish, and other atrocities, both Red and White, becomes thus more intelligible, since so far explicable in general terms.

But before the advent of such climax, two alternatives present themselves. The Party of Order sees release in a foreign war that unites the whole nation against a common foe. The Party of Progress is similarly impelled towards the stroke of force that gives into its hands the reins of Government. Thus deep in the logic of the situation is the alternative of War or Revolution.

Is it not this very tendency to explosive disintegration that you find if you plumb far enough in the constitution of the modern State? And why? Well, the modern State subordinates every kind of spiritual authority, in the last resort, to its own temporal Government. Next, this kind of Government is claimed by its ablest theorists (such as Anglo-Hegelians), as, in its essence, an "organization of morality." But there surely is a confusion of man's twofold nature as animal and human, which cannot continue indefinitely to masquerade as its harmonization.

In practice, especially in times of crisis, such

a system of Government tends to work out the logic of the situation by putting the brute to bridle and ride the human. In the face of this reversion, the gentler types, doubtless in the long run, tend to rebound into authority. But, it is apt to be a very long run. And meantime the more assertive types see a short cut to success, in this game of repressions and reprisals, by that perversion of the soul which idealizes Force.

Some such analysis of the constitution of the State in terms of psychology, is surely needed to supplement those juristic expositions which have too much held the field in the past. The latter, as befits the times of their origin, are more in terms of mechanics than in the language of life and mind. They describe the working of the State-Constitution, largely as an affair of checks and balances. As a contribution to this mechanical theory of constitutionalism we submit the summarized view presented in Fig. 4. There the intention is to show the State as composed of two pieces of machinery held together by a ball-and-socket joint. They are maintained in instable equilibrium by a constant pull to the right with its possible jerk into war, and a countering push to the left with its possible crash into revolution. In the detail of this

diagram are indicated the stages of reversion through which the modern State descends

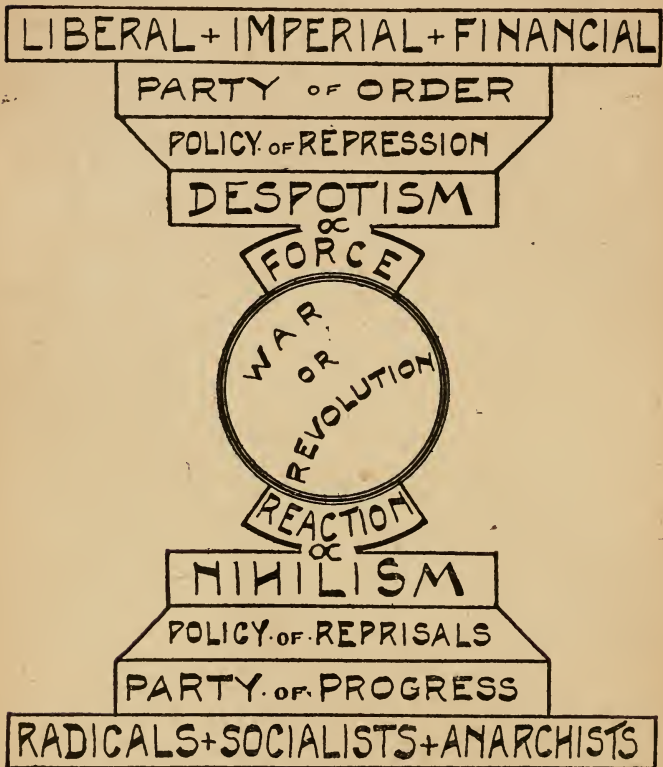


FIG. 4.

almost inevitably to that policy of Repression with its provocation of Reprisals to which recourse is had in times of crisis. Another

view of the same diagram is to regard it as presenting what students of mechanics call a couple. Equilibrium is maintained by two equal and opposite forces. But let one of them be increased and, the balance being upset, the mechanism begins to move. Militarists see this movement as a rise into war, others as a fall into revolution.

The extreme illustrations, at once most tragically and logically developed are those of Russia. The Revolutions of 1917-18 and countering movements have been but the continuation and development of the crisis reached in 1905-6. The storm of that Rebellion and the stress of its Repression show the pointer-facts of the issue. Hence the main features of that period may well be illustratively recalled, as typical of the eventualities which work themselves out logically from this given situation. Similar tendencies of political stress and social strain are now everywhere observable, and these even within the Empire, witness Ireland and India. Hence, as similar measures of repression and of reprisal become resorted to, the issues more or less exhibit the same general course, allowing for variations in accordance with the differing national characteristics and traditions. Under these circumstances it may be useful to

attempt a broad analysis of the predisposing factors as these manifested themselves in the Russian situation of 1905-6, for which we first thus clearly tabulated them. In that situation, we submit, lie the clues to an understanding of the immediate instabilities of European domestic politics, and which all the time underlay even the military situation of the Great Powers in conflict during the war, as Russia has especially shown.

See, then—and still from the Russia of 1905, to choose no later or nearer examples—how unrest breaks out in its many forms; as from industrial strikes to crowds, mass-meetings, and violent speeches; and how these come to be more or less sharply handled by the police, and subsequently by the minor magistracy. Popular feeling is thus excited, and mass-meetings increase. Disturbances, even tumults, tend to arise; which, even when not going so far as riot, may speedily approach this, and thus lead to more or less violent dispersion, even by the military, followed by trials and punishments of a sterner kind than those of the police magistrate. Against even such beginnings of martial law, mass petitions soon naturally appear, with yet larger crowds, alarming accordingly. Violence breaks out, and each side blames the other for its begin-

ning. Wholesale repression arises; this is confronted with outbreaks of insurrection; and this again is suppressed, sometimes with difficulty, with wholesale state of siege, or even by military force of the extremest kind. This, in fact, is Civil War, as it raged in Petrograd and Moscow for tragic weeks together, even in the risings of that earlier endeavour towards Revolution. Illustrations from Ireland and from India will suggest themselves, as also will similar beginnings even in the heart of the homelands.

Yet these are but the more open elements of the social tragedy, and the milder ones. It evolves also a long oscillation of secret terrors. The most ardent and outspoken spirits cannot but have their meetings in secret, while the more exasperated of these readily form into definite conspiracies. These in turn are met by police surveillance and espionage; they are broken upon by informers, and treated by arrests and trials, or want of trials. Deeds of violence may become thereby only more frequent; and bombs are hurled, again and again with tragic effects, indeed in Russia with assassinations, the most startling and dramatic in history. Hence repressions of unprecedented severity: then arrests, becoming so indiscriminate, punishments becoming so

severe and so arbitrary, as to intensify the widespread sentiment of tyranny, and so to evoke conspiracies more secret and more terroristic than ever. We thus see the Anarchist, undetectable in his threatenings even in the trembling palace, and on the other hand the Agent-Provocateur, at the very heart of conspiracies, sometimes even of successful ones. Only one step further on each side now remains logically possible; and even this is taken. The agent-provocateur, from posing as an embittered anarchist, may become converted by the comrades he would betray, into a traitor to his former cause; and conversely, the disappointed or offended anarchist may turn upon his brother conspirators, and become a revengeful agent of police, to deliver them to Siberia or the gallows. On the one side the assassination of tyrants becomes a new form of tyranny; and on the other tyranny stoops to what becomes felt as nothing short of assassination, military, or even judicial. Each too often was of the innocent; for probably no political tragedy of errors has ever gone so far.

The career and psychology of Father Gapon is not easy to understand here in the West, but what is to be said of the subtle and per-



plexing Azeff, apparently of all villains the most doubly dyed? Psychological puzzles are not confined to these extreme types of character or conduct; but were manifest in those dreadful years among all Russian parties. For the two poles of conservatism and progress, which seemed to the public eye so sharply expressed, so clearly specialized in their respective party representatives, were really strangely mingled in both. Tolstoy is, of course, the greatest and most familiar example of a mingling of these apparent opposites; yet popular and progressive sympathies were easy to find in the apparently conventional Russian noble and courtier, soldier or diplomatist, which Tolstoy himself had been. Social feeling was unmistakable, even in that most superlative of all counter-revolutionists, the late "Procurator of the Holy Synod," M. de Pobedonostzeff, who was no mean adept in modern history, and in social economy as well. Conversely, the elements of profound conservatism, in its best sense, that of loyalty to land and history, have never been far to seek among the most illustriously gifted exiles whom Russia has driven upon our shores. Indeed, to give these points the position they deserve, it should be pointed out (as has indeed been done in the standard

legal textbook of Prof. Jethro Brown) that the philosophy, and even policy, of Anarchism (as expressed, for instance, in the heroic life and admirable works of Kropotkin), has none of the crude destructiveness still popularly associated with that system. For his writings are founded upon a first-hand knowledge of the geology and geography, of the agriculture and resources, of the peoples and possibilities, of Russia and Siberia, which place them on a level with the best work of his lifelong collaborator, Elisée Reclus, the last "grand old man" of geographic science, in his *Géographie Universelle*, and *Géographie Sociale*. Again in his constructive proposals, Kropotkin in many ways resembles Sir Horace Plunkett, and indeed complements him, by not a little of the spirit of his poet-peasant companion, George Russell ("A. E."). Yet Kropotkin's bitter and lifelong antagonist, Pobedonostzeff, for all his reactionary and open hatred of many of our most cherished Western ideas and institutions, would also have warmly supported Plunkett. He was, moreover, steeped in, at any rate the earlier part of, the social teaching of Frederic LePlay, which to introduce more fully to contemporary British readers, is one of the best, because most truly evolutionary and deeply

progressive, objects of the present series, witness our *Coming Polity*.

Now, if these two sharply contrasted leaders of Russian thought, on its extreme left and extreme right respectively, have been alike based on some of the geographical and vital fundamentals of social science, is there not reasonable and growing hope that, with its further advance, their respective followers may increasingly come together? And this not in any mere compromise: but in complementary contributions towards the dawning synthesis of thought, the returning synergy of social action, the renewing sympathy with all parties of sincere endeavour. Is not this the hope of social peace? And even of the making of the future?

On the other hand might be observed and interpreted in all countries, tendencies of opposite direction; those which instead of advancing social science, promote and organize the impulses to repressions and reprisals. As a single instance of these reversions in domestic politics, with their inevitable accompaniment and sequel of perversions, take the recent announcement that the Special Service Branch of Scotland Yard has blossomed into a full-grown Department of State. This means the elaborate ramification, throughout

our community, of a political police whose efficiency will, in effect, be measured and rewarded by the amount of evidence it extracts from secret sources, and furnishes to the authorities for the repression of opinion and action adverse to the Government. The comment by a leading Liberal journal that the new Department is a "practical necessity of these times" is, of course, but an instance of the moral perversions that go with these political reversions. Of like order, under this politics of repression and reprisals, seemingly everywhere actual or incipient in sequel to the war, is the cynicism of official nomenclature which entitles this latest offshoot of imperial bureaucracy the New Home Intelligence Department!

## CHAPTER VII

### THE REVOLUTIONARY TYPE

THE revolutionary storm of 1905 could not but deeply impress and alarm each of the great neighbour-empires, Germany, Austria and Turkey; and the subsequent development and policy of each showed adjustments inspired by fear of kindred troubles. Increasing consolidations within each of these three Empires, their policy towards external expansion, even by war, and so also their coming together, were manifestly thus influenced. In these and other ways the Russian upset of 1905-6 became one of the factors in the Great War, and long before it renewed itself in the Revolutions of 1917-18. As to the outcome of these who dare predict? In the present scarcity of information it is hard to discern the immediate tendency of things. Yet let the previous outline be again considered in relation to recent and current events. Intricate and obscure though they be, their general movement along certain lines seems fairly obvious.

The salient features of the situation are strangely similar throughout the Western world, and even beyond its borders. They show in active operation the politics of Repression and Reprisals, but with rôles reversed in those cases where the revolutionary parties have acquired control of the administrative machinery. There, Repression is the instrument of the Revolutionary Government and Reprisals have become the recourse of their defeated opponents or disappointed confederates. Grown up in the habits formed by this political *régime*, the revolutionary leaders naturally turn to the practice of repression after climbing into the seats of power. The mental habituation which characterizes a particular social inheritance normally persists throughout the life of its generation. And this is true alike of qualities and defects. Conspicuous amongst the qualities of the revolutionary tradition is that of doctrinal exposition and moral propaganda. Energies devoted to these purposes by the Bolshevik chiefs in opposition and in exile were continued in power and multiplied tenfold as to range and facility, by the prestige of established authority and the finance of state revenues. Thus has been presented to our generation the spectacle of a combined Temporal and

Spiritual Power unmatched in momentum of moral energy since the first ardours of the French Revolution; perhaps outrivalling that, even, it may be, challenging, in this respect the militancy of the early Muslim Empire.

It goes without saying that the moral value of a doctrine promulgated under such auspices is not weakened but augmented in a world which expects its statesmen to be both Pope and Cæsar. The perils and the penalties of joining temporal to spiritual power in the same hands are soon forgotten. The corrective experience was woven as a central thread into our social inheritance by the sages of the Middle Ages, only to be torn out again by their successors of the Renaissance. To pick up this broken thread and reweave it into the texture of life and thought was one of the great labours to which Auguste Comte set his hand. For the failure of subsequent sociologists to continue and complete that work, Europe is paying dear.

Nor is the revolutionary doctrine depreciated in the eyes of the multitude in all countries of the West by the inadequacy of its intellectual element, but rather enhanced since adapted by its limitations to the impoverished social inheritance which the "masses" everywhere

share with the "classes" since the latter were left mentally stranded by the ebbing tide of "classical education."

It is thus a lamentable fact that, with some notable exceptions, such as the Réclus in the last generation and Kropotkin in this, revolutionary leaders (and not only in Russia but in every country) tend to be equipped with a mental furniture that is to a large extent out-of-date. Their social inheritance, as the analysis of an earlier chapter disclosed, is too confined within the limitations of that Mechanical-Imperial-Financial order, from which they fondly imagine themselves emancipated. How grave a misfortune at a moment when, in the vigorous phrase of General Smuts, the tents have been struck and the great army of humanity is again on the march! The prospects of early escape from our present desert of Transition are not bright if the leaders be preoccupied less with the vision of a promised land and its viable approach than with the bondage of Egypt. A mind of the backward look suffers from habitual inhibition and so is constitutionally disqualified for effective leadership. Add to this disability the illusion of mistaking retrospect for prospect, and revolutionary policy is seen to be heavy with elements of tragedy.



But there remains still a final indictment; even more archaic than what they claim to be the "scientific" element of their social inheritance is its deepest spiritual factor.

To get this clear, one must sharply distinguish two radically different kinds of inheritance. The distinction is generally recognized in theory but far from always in practice. First consider those for whom inheritance means transferring from generation to generation the cake of custom unbroken. This conception increasingly possesses, as they grow older, the minds of persons given to formal and legalistic ways of thought, and not least those who never suspect themselves of these mental habits. The deadening effect of custom (especially when legalized) is seen at its worst when crystallized round the nucleus of Property. And the resulting perversion of the spirit may be not less poisonous if unconscious. Turn up, for instance, the word "Inheritance" in any secular encyclopædia and you find nothing but an account, more or less detailed, of the customary and legal regulations governing the succession to property. Editors of encyclopædias and their specialist contributors alike reflect the materialist bias of their times in leaving the reader tacitly to assume that the only kind of

inheritance that counts is concerned with the transmission of property. And the victims of this moral blindness are by no means confined to encyclopædic editors and specialists, or their docile readers.

Turn next from the writings of the Law to those of the Gospel; and there you see set forth the idea that the transcendent privilege, the real wealth, into which we are born is the inheritance of ideals. In these sacred writings we are told just how to inherit and take possession of this spiritual legacy to which every one is heir. The laws of its transmission are clearly stated, and its power to impart life more abundant is convincingly described and exemplified. We are even promised, if we seek first this kind of inheritance, then we may hope that, in good time, the other, the material kind, will be added unto us.

Merely to contrast the dead hand of the Law, and the vitalizing ideal of the Gospel, does not carry us far. The essential and practical questions are these: how to escape the former and acquire the latter? what are the particular ideals capable of doing their thaumaturgic work in our own given time and place? how can they be set to their proper labour of spiritual energizing?

When we observe an individual whose life

exhibits this sort of transformation, and we remark that he or she has undergone "conversion," we recognize and pay homage to a particular instance of the general mode in which the ideal operates. Moments when this social process is doing its work on, as it were, a wholesale scale, we call times of spiritual revival. Now, there are many signs that the world is to-day re-entering upon such a reawakening to "the things of the spirit." The outcome depends, to be sure, upon the kind of stimulus and direction applied to the mass-movement. With fervour and courage implying no lack of self-sacrifice, the revolutionary leaders in general and the Bolsheviki in particular apply themselves to these momentous tasks of animating and guiding the awakening masses. But is it not a fact of observation that their propagandism is so deeply tinged with ideas and impulses relating to property and its transmission, as to maintain the materialist habit of mind rather than transform it? And is not such a reading of the situation confirmed by the practice to which revolutionaries have prompt recourse when they secure the reins of government? Are not their policies and programmes to no small extent dictated by a meticulous interest in the phenomena of property, its distribution,

production, acquisition, tenure, transmission? Unavoidable is the inference that the revolutionary doctrine but too closely resembles conventional politics, in that its spiritual outfit savours more of the Law than the Gospel.

These remarks are not to be read either as a belittling of the social significance of property, or as a criticism of those who affirm that the use and abuse of wealth are potent determinants of social welfare. The intention runs beyond these points. Its purpose is to expose the peril of a leadership dominated (and the more fatally if unconsciously) by those traditions of political and legalistic formalism from which the awakening masses desire in the longing of their hearts to escape. Revolutionary propagandism if it is to take on the qualities of spiritual renewal must transpose the order of its going. It must first ensure its inheritance of ideals, and these must be drawn from a source uncontaminated by the politics of property.

The supreme truth that "unless the ideal build the house, their labour is in vain that build it" has of course to be applied. But this is likely to be a mere counsel of perfection, unless another lesson of ancient wisdom is also learned. The Burden of Evil which comes to us subtly blended with the Heritage of

Good inevitably plants its virus in every soul. In the consequent struggle for purification of the sinful self, victory has to be achieved before heirship to the kingdom of the ideal can be made good. Are we then to wait until moral purgation and spiritual inheritance have both been attained before dealing with the material heritage and attempting a right ordering of property? Assuredly not, for that would imply a fatal error, even a deadly sin—inaction in face of the enemy. If guilty of such inaction, revolutionary leaders would be but accomplices of the present possessors who sit arrogantly entrenched across the environmental approaches to “the good life.” The answer as in all moral dilemmas is to act and reflect, to work and pray, in a continuing sequence of resolve and effort to reach and maintain the high levels of one’s own personality.

The revolutionary type to-day as in former times is characterized by a triple endowment. It is inspired by a passionate sympathy with the sufferings of the People in the present : it is informed by an imperfect knowledge of evil origins in the past : it is directed by vision of the future illusory in so far as it is partial, abstract, confused. But defects that are intellectual tend to get self-corrected

when one plunges into the vortex of action. For action that is planned and purposive, even though it never reach its goal, yet liberates, as it proceeds, a train of revealing ideas. And what, above all, is learned from the experience of repeated trial and error by the man of good-will and strong purpose is moral insight. The sufferings that inevitably accompany misdirected action may thus yield in their crop of agonies the seeds of spiritual renewal. If, therefore, the world-stage were being set for experiments of power in revolutionary hands, the conditions would be given, it is true, for a phase of turbulence, yet also for a notable human advance.

But any forward movement must in the long run proceed on the main lines of our social inheritance, if it is not to fade into sterility or promote reaction. The next inquiry before us must therefore be with the student of the past, accustomed to sweep full circle from that into the present and thence-onwards into the future. What stars do such watchers of the social horizon see brightening in the distance for the comfort and guidance of the disoriented wayfarer? With eyes habituated to the high peaks of history, yet observant of contemporary outlooks and trained to forward vision, what may be discerned of ideals fitted

to transform creatures of Law and Custom into creators of Polity, Culture, Art? This latter form of the question is a modernized way of asking how to renew that standard conception of ancient religions, the Ideal City. How recultivate this old seed for current, everyday use? How make application of its beneficent germ to leaven the lump of revolutionary doctrine? Why also may it not be made to do like service of regeneration for conventional politics? All these we venture to say are inevitable questions, if not of to-day, yet of to-morrow. For their adequate answering is needed, to be sure, a coming together of many who are not at present in communion. Meantime let us follow whither it takes us, our own limited approach to these great issues.

## CHAPTER VIII

### EUTOPIA AND HOW TO PAY FOR IT

IN a crisis of civilization, not unlike the present, Sir Thomas More wrote his *Utopia*. According to one account he had been challenged thereto by his friend and admirer, Erasmus. As was the custom amongst writers in those days of commingled wit and learning, the challenge was at once expressed and concealed in the title of a publication. Erasmus called his book *Encomium Moriaë* (the Praise of Folly). Therein he lashed the follies of the foolish; but he also praised the humour and the wit of the wise. And since More himself was known as the very paragon of the jesting sage, it is clear that Erasmus with his double-barrelled shot squarely hit both his marks.

Such were the circumstances that evoked More's rejoinder with his *Utopia*. The pun inserted in the title by the author must have been obvious not only to Erasmus, the challenger, but also to all their studious con-



temporaries, since punning was the literary fashion of the day. The two contrasted meanings embodied in the title turned, of course, on the custom of representing the Greek *ou*, meaning negation, by *u* in translation, while the same sound might stand for *eu*. By the latter prefix the Greeks expressed the idea of the satisfactory, which for them implied a combination of the good, the beautiful, the true. Hence while *outopia* was the impossible ideal of no-place, *eutopia* meant making the best of each place in actual and possible fitness and beauty.

Subsequent generations seem to have increasingly chosen the sarcastic half of the meaning, and neglected the real and hopeful one, until in modern times the latter became almost completely forgotten, owing to the literary disuse of the pun.

In further evidence (if such be needed) of the double meaning conveyed in the alternative spellings may be cited an early Italian translation, in which the spelling was actually Eutopia. To renew More's twofold message, but now with emphasis on the encouraging half, what better device than to introduce that way of its spelling? Let it be agreed then that Eutopia stands for the realizable best that can be made of the here and now, if

we invoke and use all the resources available, physical, mental and moral.

Just as the sentimentalists of force love to call themselves "realists," while scoffing at ideals, so the dreamers of wild dreams (about the prospects of "business enterprise," for instance, or the results of legislation), are wont to scoff at Utopias, while calling themselves "practical" men. But if the eutopian habit of mind means persistence in seeking out and applying fullest resources for betterment of places and improvement of their communities, then every one not fixed in the apathy of routine will desire to cultivate it. How then to form and develop this habit? or say rather how acquire its moving impulse, the eutopian vision? That is a question for the educationist; and of what might come from the university in answer thereto, we shall have something to say in Part III of this volume. It is also a question for the plain citizen; how *he* may search out in the life around him the best of the past, and thus find material wherewith to fashion his ideal of the future; of this we shall treat in Part II. Here we put forward the converse idea, that as you explore the ways to Eutopia you rediscover the best of our social inheritance.

Take, for instance, the question of health.

About this the student who pushes on from physiology into psychology and religion learns two great truths. One is that man, like all the animals, except parasites and other degenerate creatures, may keep his body strong and his will firm by vigorous muscular interplay with his environment. The other is that, unlike the animals, the human being can only reach and maintain the high levels of his life-cycle by increasingly introducing as he grows older the element of psychic and creative purpose into his interplay with environment. But the difficulty of this spiritual achievement is augmented by an insidious and recurrent temptation. It is the fascination of things luscious to the taste and seductive to the eye. Yet fulfil the positive conditions and you are rewarded with health and also with wealth and beauty of surroundings. In other words, you realize the Domestic and Regional Eutopia; and at the same time you renew one of the oldest of human traditions, the story of the Garden of Eden. If, however, on the other hand, you yield to the temptations of luxury, it is less certain in these days of leisure-class morality and plutocratic law-givers, that you will suffer expulsion from your earthly paradise.

For another illustration take the great and

growing revival of civic interests and its mass of writings concerned with the origin and growth of cities, the repair and extension of old ones, the making of new. Survey the most recent output of this literature and it will be found to be more and more occupied with "the things of the spirit"; its Civic Eutopia becoming correspondingly idealized. In short, the modern science of Civics is approaching in grasp and insight the truth of the Psalmist that "except the Ideal keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." And if our reflective city builders are thus recovering a great Hebrew tradition, it may be that the best of our young citizens, even in Manchester, Birmingham and Glasgow, are perhaps not so far as they may seem to be from renewing the oath of the Athenian Youth. If, for instance, the Boy Scouts in this triple home of the Industrial Revolution, were to take the Athenian oath and keep it, throughout life, then the making of Eutopia there might overtake the growth of Kakotopia, even though the latter has had five or six generations start. This is how it runs—

"We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the

ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at nought; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty; thus in all these ways, we will transmit this city, not only not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

Illustrations might be multiplied to show that the eutopian habit when rooted in the firm ground of present experience exhibits a curious tendency to return upon the past for energy to leap forward into the future. But enough perhaps has been said to demonstrate that the conception of Eutopia has the poetic quality, amongst other merits, of presenting in vivid imagery the best of our social inheritance, at least from Adam to Sir Thomas More. But its historic outlook by no means stops short at the Renaissance, nor ceases at that point its power to transform the burden of inheritance into the momentum of an ideal.

Take next the Industrial Revolution and cast the mind back to the end of the eighteenth century. Suppose our then leaders of thought

and action, instead of taking their counsels from Adam Smith and Jeremy Bentham, had chosen their spiritual inheritance from the line of the Blessed Thomas More and the fore-  
looking Francis Bacon, him of the *Great Renewal*, not the facile lawyer or the sycophantic courtier. Entering into that tradition our statesmen and thinkers would have asked themselves, "What is the eutopian way through the Industrial Revolution?" Well, this question confronts us to-day: and with the urgency of an approaching avalanche, since the Western world is threatened with burial under the stupendous burden of evil, with its incredible wreckage, human and material, wrought by the selection of the Smithian and Benthamite paths.

Consider the present situation. On the one side, the demiurgic energies of machine production: on the other forty-five millions of people, for the most part without houses or furniture worth the name; clothed in garments that depress life instead of enhancing it; given to rude recreation; herded in the mean streets of dull and dingy towns. Between that material supply so bountiful and this human need so clamant stands in tragicomic idleness a multitude of masters in the arts of life, men and women with God-given

capacities for exalting well-being, quickening the spirit, dignifying labour, beautifying cities, ennobling personality. Of these poets, painters, sculptors, singers, musicians, storytellers, dramatists, architects, great numbers are left unemployed during the best of their years; and as a body it is doubtful if they are ever more than half employed. They, together with the cultivators of science in its whole range, from counting signs and symbols to estimating souls and societies, constitute the two advanced wings, respectively expressional and intellectual, of the Spiritual Power that should be. These are the marching torchbearers of our social inheritance. It is theirs, in the onward and upward movement of civilization, to lead the way and light the path. But instead of acting in unison they remain scattered in dispersive groups, or even isolated individually, used, misused or unused, at the caprice of a governing class sick with acquisitiveness.

Ask why these masters of the arts of life, all of them skilled guides in the ways to Eutopia, are not more fully engaged to design for the People, in workshop and factory, to refine their leisure, to aid in the education of their children, to decorate and furnish their homes, to dignify and adorn public places! Said

one of these masters with wistful pathos, the other day, "In village, town and city I see the Social Instincts walking the streets and I would that I could house them nobly." We are told (preposterous fable) that the People dislike all these fine things and do not want them. We are told (mystical shibboleth) that in any case such service of the people would not pay, and consequently the money could not be found. The same financial obstacle, we were assured, would prevent Armageddon, or if not, would soon terminate it. Nevertheless it occurred, and throughout nearly a full lustrum wrought its fabulous ruin. And the financial result? At the close of all the waste and carnage, the pockets of the People bulged with "Bradburys," and the manufacturers and traders found themselves endowed with credit reserves of undreamed magnitude.<sup>1</sup> So were the utilitarian

<sup>1</sup> True the £1 "Bradbury" is worth but about half a sovereign of pre-war money. But that has no relevance to the matters at issue. The points as intended to be brought out or implied in the text later on may here be sharply stated. They are these: (a) War finance incorporated the workers into the credit system more fully than before: (b) this was accompanied by a greatly increased national output of goods and services: (c) with this went an endowment of the workers with a larger share both absolutely and relatively than they previously enjoyed: (d) when a worker gets his wages in "Bradburys" he is in effect being paid by a Treasury



prophets confuted and once more proved by the logic of facts to be futilitarian.

True, there is another side to the picture. The public debt of several thousand millions is our price for preventing Prussia from completing the Kakotopia she began to execute in her neighbours' territory after forty years of assiduous preparation. There in a nutshell is the heritage of Imperial Rome, staged with all the resources of the Mechanical Age. And the financing of it, on their part and ours? How was it done? As you unravel the secret of this seeming mystery, you disclose the culminating heritage which comes to us from the Industrial Revolution—our Credit System. It is called also the Cheque and Clearing System. Both names help towards the understanding of this prodigious social invention. The latter title reminds us that cheques are the real money of to-day, coins and even bank-notes being survivals of pre-industrial ages. The manufacture and distribution of this cheque-money, the functional currency of the nation, is the business on which bankers have

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cheque drawn by the Government on a credit opened with the group of clearing banks and running without direct charge for interest: and hence (*e*) the institution of the "Bradbury" is thus itself a half-way house to direct usance of the cheque and clearing system by the working classes.

specialized. They and their customers, along with the ancillary trades (stockbroking, bill-broking, discounting, accepting, dealing in foreign exchange, in bullion, in coupons) which serve the same great body of customers, constitute a world apart. To this circle of maximum economic facility is practically limited the full inheritance of the Industrial Revolution. Over against these privileged legatees stand the wage-earners and petty traders whose sole currency remains the archaic "coin of the realm," and the hardly less archaic bank-note. To say that these wage-earners and petty traders are *discredited* is a factual statement of their failure to inherit the bounties of the machine industry and of its sequel and correlative, the credit-system.

In what precisely does it consist, this bountifulness of the credit-system towards its fortunate inheritors? Just how does the system work? What is the "go" of it? Well, note first that the members of this cheque-using world apart are all linked into one single body of mutual aid by a chain of Bankers' Clearing Houses. There are those of the "provinces," of Scotland and of Ireland, and all these are for practical purposes co-ordinated through centralizing activities, carried on in a modest building that hides in the seclu-

sion of a Lombard Street alley. So diffident in look and locality is the London Bankers' Clearing House.

Here then, in the far-spreading community, thus co-ordinated, is one of the vastest of economic organizations, and though the most unassuming in appearance, yet perhaps the most potent in fact. It acts, when it acts as a whole, more by instinct than by deliberation. Those who co-ordinate govern, one of the maxims of aristocracy reminds us. Well, here is a co-ordinating apparatus that complements and completes the system of machine production. By means of the Cheque and Clearing system based on Credit is recombined towards unity that infinite subdivision of processes and specialization of products, in which resides the power, yet also the weakness of the machine industry.

An industrialized community would doubtless drift into dissolution, if there were not some return movement of synergy at work correcting the dispersive fragmentation of machine production. But as yet the integrative movement, even more than the mechanical, has been left to the free play of instincts in which there is less of the altruistic than of the predatory. The qualities of this integrating process are occupational; its defects social.

The wholesale handling of money, most generalized of commodities, imparts a correspondingly general habit of mind. And when money becomes more and more mere tokens of unvalorized credit, success in its large-scale operation turns increasingly on skill in a widening forecast, and precision in estimating eventualities throughout the vast ramifications of business. Yet the banker remains too much of a mere empiricist to be conscious of his mental processes, and so but half develops his co-ordinating powers: he is too intent on the making or maintenance of his private fortune to be free from bias in the allocation of credit, even if trained to scrutinize its social repercussions. Nevertheless his occupation endows him with qualities of mind which, in science go to the making of synthesis, in philosophy unity, in business and politics co-ordination. So long as he is left in his position of power unbalanced by responsibility, a private trader with public functions, he stands, conspicuous in the market-place, masked in the forum, a figure perilous to the community yet rich in latencies of service. The social education of the banker and his colleagues in the control of credit is thus on the first plane of national need. But this education cannot be accomplished, per-

haps not even properly begun, until people understand how the masters of credit integrate the thousandfold specialisms which maintain the fabric of our existence on this planet. Enshrouded in mystery, as at present, the process is inevitably used less for public service than for the exaction of private tribute. From the resulting abuses has emerged a variety and multiplicity of social parasitism which adds greatly to the community's burden of running costs, proving once again how money is at the root of evil. Of this parasitic finance some analysis has been attempted in a previous chapter.<sup>1</sup> As to the direct use of the credit-system for deliberately planned social purpose, little study has been made and hardly any practice. The volume projected in our Series for survey of this field will have much uncultivated ground to plough. Meantime, here the intention is to expose in briefest outline the working of the system and to affirm a People's right of succession to a domain of the social inheritance whose usufruct has hitherto been denied them.

As the name, Credit-system, reminds us, the capital, or as one might more correctly

<sup>1</sup> For a fuller account see *Papers for the Present*, No. 9, "The Drift to Revolution." (Headley Bros.)

say, the Cheque Fund, of the banking community, is far less an accumulation of past savings than an anticipation of future values, nicely estimated by the traditional skill of hereditary bankers, assisted of course by accounting and statistical staffs. The Cheque and Clearing system manifestly depends for its smooth working upon the well-tested assurance that these future values will be forthcoming at due date and according to estimate. Without therefore belittling the banking elements of the situation, we still must recognize that the system draws its life-blood elsewhere. Its source is in the working classes. For if you think of it, the Cheque Fund is, in the first place, created by capitalizing their excellent habit of delivering the goods and performing the services to-morrow, as yesterday and to-day. In these goods and services reside the real and true assets of the banking business and its subsidiary trades. It is this flow of energies which the Cheque Fund, by its delicate mechanism and subtle fluctuations, registers and measures. That fund is the pulsometer of the machine industry. But it is a great deal more.

As the Cheque Fund is drawn upon by cheque-users, so the stream of energies is directed to this, that, or the other purpose.

These purposes are broadly those of (*a*) domestic and personal use, (*b*) business enterprise, (*c*) the ordinary public services, and finally, (*d*) the extraordinary schemes of Statecraft. To contract *a*, *b*, *c* in order thereby to expand *d* is, as we had recent opportunities of observing, the essence of War Finance at its cleanest and best, *i. e.* in its least corrupting aspects. To this process the cheque-users were impelled by voluntary effort, and educated by organized appeal aided by a little bribery and some coercion.

We are now ready for the question to which all this discussion of the Credit System has been leading up. If this masterpiece of the industrial era is so well adapted to the kaktopian finance of war, may it not now be adapted to the eutopian finance of a militant peace? For War, being the Utopia of the prussic type which graces every country, has its precise spiritual counterpart in a Eutopia sufficiently charged with emotion for arousal of combative instincts to contend for its realization. True, the question has to be sharply posed and squarely faced whether in fully modernized communities there is conceivable a spiritual power adjusted to suffuse all ranks and classes with the warmth for eutopia-building, which our now dominant

spiritual powers can arouse for their utopia of war.

Anyhow this war, by filling labour's pockets with "Bradburys," brought the People within sight of their full social inheritance from the Industrial Revolution. How now may they continue that progress through adjustments of the Credit System similar to those engendered by the war? There is, to be sure, a radical distinction between kakotopian and eutopian finance. The former feeds private credit out of public debt. The latter, as it works towards the bettering of environment and improving of population, creates reserves of credit, certainly for the public, if seldom enriching the eutopian financier.

How then to transform some portion of the "capital" that will be "fixed" in these future reserves (assuming them in process of creation) into the present liquid values of the credit-system which make up the Cheque Fund? That is the technical problem for the banker. And it would be no great problem, but little more than a matter of routine, if the banker did not belong by tradition to a group grown accustomed during the Modern Transition to think of public wealth in terms of debt. The first move to a constructive social finance is thus to change the banking community's habit



of mind from kakotopian debt to eutopian credit in thinking about public wealth. There are, however, it must be admitted, complications, and these come somewhat perilously into view with the discussion of Terms.

To bring together Banker and Eutopian on a conversational footing, we will venture upon a bold, even an extravagant hypothesis. We will suppose our Elder Statesmen, in rebound from prussic methods of kakotopia-making resolve upon the contrary policy. The sincere and studious preparation of Eutopia, thereby implied, would proceed by no mere chance assembling of fragmentary reforms, but by the comprehensive planning of a competent General Staff. In such a political atmosphere pervading Westminster but not yet reaching "the city" the following conversation is imaginable at the head office of one of our great Joint Stock Banks.

*Chairman of Bank, addressing Deputation of Eutopians.* I ought frankly to say at the outset that the business we understand you propose does not appeal to us. But at the request of the Chancellor of the Exchequer we have consented to receive you.

*Eutopian Spokesman.* It would appear, Sir, you are misinformed. We propose no

business. We come to inform you of our intention and to put a question. The working classes, acting through their Guilds and Trade Unions, along with a certain section of the professional classes in association with these bodies, have after prolonged study of ways and means reached a crucial decision. They have determined to divert a certain modest portion of their energies from "business enterprise," and devote it instead to the designing and making of homes and gardens, to the planting and culture of orchards and forests, to the renovating of decayed villages, to the tidying up and repair of dilapidated towns, to the building and decorating of recreation halls and civic theatres. In short, their intention is to set about the production of some real wealth of lasting value and life-giving impulse. Our question to you Bankers is this: given this diversion of energies from "business enterprise," to the making and maintenance of real wealth, how do you propose to adapt your Cheque and Clearing system to our wealth-producing activities? <sup>1</sup> We do not wish to be exacting. We are willing

<sup>1</sup> For a scheme worked out in detail for an application of the Credit System to Housebuilding see Appendix to "The Banker's Part in Reconstruction." (*Papers for the Present*, No. 2, Headleys.)

to grant you in security for loans a mortgage on the bettered environment which the application of our energies will create. We offer a fair payment for usufruct of your Cheque and Clearing system in application to our needs and for the skilled services which such administration calls for. Next as to what is ordinarily termed "rate of interest" on the credit issued to us. We are advised that this is compounded of several ingredients. In addition to the cost of administrative service there is included in your "rate of interest," we understand: (1) insurance against loss; (2) some participation in the value of the bettered environment when realized; (3) a payment exacted by privilege in bargaining for the sale of credit which is really public property. Elements 1 and 2 must, of course, be charged against us, the first on a footing of actuarial calculation, and the second by fair arbitration. For the third element we decline liability. Finally, there is the question of amortizing or cancelling the credit, and this we propose at a rate that is inversely proportioned to the estimated "life" of the security against which the credit will be issued and directly proportional to its cost of maintenance.

B. C. Gentlemen, there are two remarks which the situation seems to me to call for.

In the first place, we are talking of matters that concern not banking but rather investment. In the second place, perhaps you will not be surprised if I say that what you propose appears to me less like business than philanthropy.

*E. S.* I may reply, Sir, that our acquaintance with "business enterprise" has made us familiar with the language you have used; but deliberately, if you will allow me to say it, we prefer to deal with Jekyll of the Bank rather than with Hyde of the Finance House. And as for business and philanthropy, we admit that distinction, but with a difference. We do indeed ask you to forego the percentage, which is, as we see it, the "monopoly price" of what you call your "loan capital." But in our view that "loan capital" is just the national credit which supports and indeed constitutes the Cheque Fund. The abatement of your ordinary charges which we suggest, it is clearly open to you to regard either as business or philanthropy. If you choose the former designation, then it is a payment you are asked to make in return for the unavowed usufruct of the national "capital" on which you implicitly trade. Regard it as philanthropy and you are making an honourable sacrifice for the good

of the community, as improved by the real wealth we propose to create.

*B. C.* And suppose we decline both alternatives?

*E. S.* As you have been frank with us, I also will speak plainly in reply. We foresaw a negative response, and are prepared accordingly. But first let me explain. We Eutopians are a peace-loving folk of conservative tradition who prefer to go a-building rather than a-fighting. But our Radical and Socialist friends are militant fellows, spoiling for a fight. *We* desire your co-operation; *they* are scornful of it. We admire the long story of traditional skill which has built up the simplicities, complexities, ingenuities of the credit system. They are given to the criticizing of its past blunders and its present costliness to the community at large. Thanks to their economic specialists they are furnished with a detailed banking scheme of their own they would fain set agoing and if need be substitute for the existing one. In their scheme each regional federation of Guilds and Unions has its own Bank, all of course linked through Clearing Houses. I spare you the detail of these Regional Banks. But you may take my word for it that their principle is that on which your own Bank is so firmly established.

In other words, they will capitalize the future goods and services of groups A, B, C, and there-with engage and pay for the present goods and services of groups D, E, F.

*B. C.* May I, out of mere curiosity, ask how it is proposed to find the gold reserves of your Regional Banks?

*E. S.* We are assured by our economic specialists that the theory and practice of gold reserves is appropriate to a system of banks trading for shareholders' profit by the issue of credit manufactured in the secrecy of Bank Parlours. Against that resulting temptation to overtrading and consequent inflation or watering of currency which haunts Bankers and their clients alike, the device of gold convertibility has been, if not invented, yet developed. That is what our economic friends tell us. They further declare there is no need either of the dogma or the device of gold convertibility if our manufacture of credit is not only open and declared, but also based on records and estimates of costs and returns, vital and social as well as economic. Given statistical efficiency, full publicity, and adequate co-ordination of all the Regional Banks, we hold that gold convertibility would be as useless in theory as even now it is clumsy in practice.

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Needless to pursue the conversation further. Bank Directors, unless more changed by the experiences of the war than appears to-day, are not likely to be persuaded that eutopia-building is something that transcends both business and philanthropy. But many people are becoming reluctant to let their minds revolve in these mutually exclusive thought-cages. To them will, we trust, be acceptable certain broad conclusions as to practical changes of which the principle is clear though the details remain to be worked out.

Long overdue is an extension of the Credit System, alike to the everyday usage of the People, and in social application to betterment of environment and improvement of population. The consequent enlargement of the Cheque Fund would be in equivalence to the increase of energies thus released. What an immense power of production lies latent in the hands of the nation when the hearts of the People are touched and their minds awakened, the war has shown. To stir again into demiurgic activity these latent impulses and potent energies, but now for the making of Eutopia in each village, town and city, should be the objective of that militant peace for which the world is athirst. This means, in the language here used, trying clearly to realize and nobly to act upon the deliberately selected best of

our whole social inheritance. The modern age, by its historic research has unfolded that inheritance as on a scroll, thus opening to one and all the succession to an almost boundless kingdom. The same age by the immense productivity of its machine industry has furnished the material resource needed to take possession on an opulent scale. Finally, as the crowning legacy of Western inventiveness, has come the Credit System, which, given the other conditions of attainment, is the key of the economic entrance into Eutopia. True, the present possessors of this key have been too much inclined to use it for a "lock out" of the People. The spreading European revolution is but a variant of the customary rejoinder—a strike. The better way of a co-operant concentration on making the most of our resources would have more appeal if their bountifulness were generally known; and if also were mapped for the benefit of all, an open road to possession of its kingdom by the spirit creative. This mapping will be done when the cartographers of the inner and the outer world are able, all of them, to work in unison. In other words, the orderly march of the People towards Eutopia awaits the coming together for their service, of Chiefs, Intellectuals and Emotionals, old and new.



The moral and intellectual changes implied in any such concert of spiritual and temporal powers are, to be sure, formidable. But immense also are the visible rewards.

“ There is no great and no small  
To the Soul that maketh all :  
And where it cometh, all things are :  
And it cometh everywhere.

I am owner of the sphere,  
Of the seven stars and the solar year,  
Of Cæsar’s hand, and Plato’s brain,  
Of Lord Christ’s heart, and Shakespeare’s strain.”

## CHAPTER IX

### FROM POLITICS TO CIVICS

IN the foregoing chapter the somewhat hazardous enterprise was attempted of pegging out an economic approach to Eutopia, through territory jealously preserved by a privileged class. Bankers have built around their territory a high wall of mystification. Within they maintain in undimmed lustre what is perhaps the last survival in a long line of hieratic crafts. So effective is their tradition of taboo that even the specialists of economic science tread warily in the domain of banking and currency. But in all this lurking obscurity the detached social observer discerns the half-instinctive, half-reasoned defence of class privilege and trade prerogative. And in that reading he is confirmed when turning from the economic to the political performances of the same class and its confederates and allies, he discovers similar tendencies to mystification at work. Think of that legend of the "Governing and Administrative Classes," which surrounds these children of fortune as

with a halo ! Yet when you dispassionately examine into the facts of their leadership, as for instance, through the uncharted ground of the Industrial Revolution, you find their performance to be, in the long run, little more than a drift of the nation into chaos. Again, take the sedulous diffusion of their notion of the State as an Absolute supreme over all other interests spiritual as well as temporal (too much meaning in practice the subordination of the People and their associations, economic and cultural). With the course of this mystical Absolute we might parallel the rise and maintenance of their craft shibboleths such as that of Gold Convertibility. Or again, compare the Urim and Thummim of Departmental Formality with the cloud of obscurity which envelops the Banker's "rate of interest." In the latter confusion, a private charge for public credit is veiled by lumping it into one Indivisible along with half a dozen items of legitimate cost.

Enough has perhaps been said alike to justify a comparison of banker and politician as practitioners of the occult arts ; and also to introduce the specific criticism of conventional Politics as a transitional system whose prestige can only be upheld by obstructing the advent of its successors. Many to be sure, see

in the revolutionary type a natural successor to the conventional politician, predetermined by the laws of social evolution. In the analyses of previous chapters we have, on the contrary, tried to show that the revolutionary type belongs in many essentials to the *régime* of conventional politics, from which his emancipation is but partial and only to be completed at the cost of great suffering to all classes, and not least to the People. Here we repeat in a different form the gist of those foregoing analyses, in order to clear the ground for a further consideration of movements emerging into the political field from other than revolutionary sources.

From the standpoint of the student of civics, the transformation of the world's thought, now so plainly in progress at many points, may be briefly and clearly stated. It is, in fact, the progress from Politics—and this too much in the abstract—to Sociology, and this more and more thoroughly realized and to be effectively applied in the concrete. Generalizing the politicians of all colours—for their differences, like those of theological sects, are usually far less important than they think, their fundamental agreement far more thorough than they know—we find that they are all alike in having a characteristic theory,

a characteristic form of organization, also a distinctive mode of working. The theory is always more or less the Liberal one, that of the "Individual and the State." Imperialists and Socialists, indeed, prefer to speak of "the State and the Individual"; but this, of course, is the same view, but now in the socialistic or imperialistic perspective, instead of the Liberal one. The essential watchword of all alike is always the same, that of "Rights"; they only differ in the degree by which the "Rights of the Individual," the "Rights of the State," or "the rights of Man," "the rights of Woman," are emphasized by particular sections. Differences, no doubt, all important to them, among themselves, and for their party warfare; but not to us here, either for the present broad and classificatory purpose, or for the practical one which follows upon this.

Their form of organization, in general principles, is thus necessarily everywhere the same—that of Parliament and Party men; and this everywhere, from Old England to "Young Turkey" or New Russia.<sup>1</sup> The mode of working, too, is the same, by Elections and Votes.

<sup>1</sup> As to the Soviet type of Government, it would seem that this departs from the current Parliamentary model in (a) restoring the village meeting as a "primary" or initiating unit of government: (b) adding alongside this primary as its co-equals the regiment, the factory, etc.:

For all this, they have next a corresponding machinery of Education. For theory this is in the characteristic teaching of Universities, that of the older ones especially. For organization it is the Press : and for working it the caucuses, from the old Clubs to the new Labour or Feminist ones. For, as "Auld Lights" and "New Lights" in Scotland are, to the external observer, despite their differences, strangely alike—since all ministers or amateur ministers, little ministers—so the aforesaid politicians of all parties are similarly strangely alike, when viewed by the detached sociological eye. In fact, they are again all ministers or amateur ministers, though this time in the parliamentary sense of that word. Or shall we not say barristers and amateur barristers? The so-called "Working-Man" or "Labour" candidate, or Woman Suffragist are still, from the present external point of view, substantially of the same kidney; for if not each actually a barrister, still each essentially the amateur barrister, each an

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(c) on this basis, building (by delegation and federation) a nation-wide system of government : (d) reverting to the limited franchise, but now making the privilege of the vote more or less dependent on manual labour. It is clear that a system working on these lines is but a species within the same political genus as the Parliamentary *régime*, and differing from its fellow species essentially in variants of the representative principle.

understudy in the making of an Asquith, or a Haldane, or an F. E. Smith; each, in short, a pleader; and each for his own clients. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

Whence this irreverent generalizing of all sorts of politics and politicians? It is inevitable to the next phase of thought; *i. e.* the post-political, the sociological: for in this we escape from the abstraction of the State and the Individual; and with this from the attraction (or, as we now come to think, the obsession) of their "Rights" to a more concrete vision—that of "Society and its Members." For now the conception of "Rights" is no longer in the first plane; but increasingly that of "Duties"—and let us hope of their performance—though that, in the present state of science and morals, remains as yet more uncertain and also difficult. The essential mode of organization for thrashing out ideas is no longer that of Parliament and Party, but now takes the form of Societies and their Membership. Similarly the mode of working becomes that of Meetings and Discussions; and Elections and Votes now take but a very minor place, sometimes hardly any. In these discussions the old lines of party cleavage are greatly overstepped. If, for example, a list of the Presidents of the

Sociological Society be scanned—*e. g.* Bryce, Brabrook, Avebury, Balfour—it will be seen that it includes leaders of both the traditional political parties. For a scientific society has not a party view. What it desires is to have at the head of its year's discussions an able man of social experience, who has long observed and acted, read and reflected upon social questions, and who is willing to discuss these, clearly and temperately, in symposium with reflective men of differing views.

As regards this sociological movement, the old centres of education move but slowly. In Great Britain, Party-man and Journalist, University Don and Advanced Woman, are for the most part alike backward in their social thought and knowledge, as compared with those of continental countries. Hence education in the social field has still to be done by modest discussion and publications among societies, all still small conventicles, and not worth persecuting by politicians. For examples, notably the Positivists, especially in our fathers' time; the Socialists in our own, the Fabian Society, for choice; and of late years, though too mildly, the Sociological Society. Of course, also, there are free lances of all schools, and sporadic writing everywhere.

Is this progress final or sufficient? Are the



problems of the age to be solved thus, even by a universal extension of the Sociological Society, the Fabians, the Positivists, or the Suffragists—into some sort of new “Establishment”? By no means. Turning now upon our own friends, the sociologists—like wolves, they may say, upon their own pack—we cannot but think that the “Society” we study is still, for the most part, only society with a big S, too much like Humanity with a big H: and thus, again, too much like THE STATE (all in capitals)—that great abstraction of the socialistic, imperialistic, or other political phase of thinking. Without their notion of “Society” being quite so elaborately abstract as that, our sociological brethren appear to us as still far too little occupied with real societies. They seem to us too little observant of actual, living concrete societies, as in yonder village and that hamlet, in this city and that other.

As a recent effort towards a concrete and organic treatment, arising within the sociological fold, see *Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War* (Fisher Unwin, 1916), by Mr. W. Trotter, a new writer, but whose very name (if he will pardon us) suggests an inside knowledge. The psychology of national groups is here worked out in terms of the social move-

ment of an organic group, as though a "State," for example, were a variant of the wolf-pack. In development of Mr. Trotter's point of view, he might work out the psychology of various social forms, in simpler terms; as, for example, the city as a hive, the church as a flock, the tribe as a swarm, etc. But here, of course, Professor Espinas, M. Perrier, and others have been at all this long before any of us.

True, here and there the sociologist knows a good deal about primitive societies and their ways; yet of these—professed anthropologists, of course, excepted—generally only at second- or even third-hand, until recent years at least. Witness even Herbert Spencer, who had himself no first-hand knowledge, and whose great folios of "Descriptive Sociology" have failed—even in their classification—from which he hoped so much; and which his executors continue, in the full historic loyalty of every school and sect to the letter of their master's teaching, rather than to his aim and his desire. Whereas the only societies we ourselves claim to know of, or care much about, are those societies which are to us definite and real, because we have seen, observed, interpreted them in some measure. These real societies are, for the most part, not wandering tribes, still less floating book-

memories passing into abstractions. They are so many definite, local, human hives or ant-hills, great and small, dotted here and there over the world (some 15,000,000 in all, the Postal Union tells us), and each of the larger ones clearly marked down in its own place upon the shrunken world-landscapes of the Atlas, which we keep by us for their evocation. From this point of view—that of the human naturalist, the evolutionist in the concrete, in short the student of Civics—we can no longer take much stock in the too abstract “Society and its Members,” of the sociologists, any more than he could do in “the State and the Individual” of the politicians. What, then, is the Civic world of thought? In what terms? In those of Cities and their Citizens! in terms, that is, of definite Regions, and Region-centres, each with their characteristic Folk, with their Groupings, their varied yet kindred differentiations also. Hence we neither discuss “Rights” nor preach “Duties”; but survey and examine concrete facts: and from this we come to feel, to see, and even, at times, to suggest, very definite Responsibilities. Responsibilities here corporate, there individual; but these varying widely according to each place, each man. We have to investigate how these stand, and

how these differ, in Edinburgh and in Chelsea, in London and in Paris, in New York and in Chicago, or, again, in Fife and Brittany, in Languedoc and Lothian, in Lucknow and Lahore. It is from the study and the comparison of such cities, such regions, no longer as crudely and remotely as "Macedon and Monmouth," with too many would-be "comparative" (anecdotal) writers to this day—but in concrete terms of "Regional and City Surveys," geographic, anthropologic, demographic, historic, economic, and so on, and also through customs, institutions, and lands, through morals and manners, and with the psychology of all these—that any views to which we have attained about the nature of society are gradually crystallizing out. But in this way we are reaching a few, hard-won generalizations, themselves no doubt imperfect at best, indeed waiting manifold development by other workers, in their cities and regions, and in this and succeeding generations. To minds so prepared, the form of organization of these concrete human groups, these cities or real societies, does not seem essentially to be that of talk-shops, whether called Parliaments or even Societies, whether learned or practical: not even of Town Councils, moderate though these are in

thought, and in their practicality alike. Their mode of working—since, in cities, by “working” we mean getting something done—is no longer mainly of electing, speech-making, or voting, nor yet of meeting and reading papers, nor even publishing them in our own way, as we here are doing. It is above all regional, local, practical, like the work of doctors and surgeons, of architects and masons, of gardeners and housewives; in fact it is—as the war especially has shown—an enlargement of all such productive kinds of work. It is a continued activity of observation and of action, from home outwards to city, and back from city again to home. It is thus becoming literally economic, in fact, again as of old.

Applying such scientific lights as we can reach to the problems of action and of life, individual and social, we see our accumulating observations developing into clearer and clearer Surveys, our corresponding grouping of detailed actions into Plans. We may express the former as Diagnosis, and the latter as Treatment: and this is sometimes on the individual scale, like medicine, like sanitary repair, like pieces of specific art or craftsmanship; and sometimes it is on the large scale, for the whole group over the

whole place, or good part of it, at any rate beyond immediate individual interests: witness Hygiene and Town Planning, with their growing literature, and their " Reports " on Cities.

Wherever he happens to be resident, whether by birth and education, by the manifold choices and accidents of travel, or by direct responsibilities, the civic student has to make the region and village, the town and city, his very own by a gradual and discerning incorporation of its characteristic individuality. He tries to live in this, with this, and in increasing measure, for this. He thus not only observes, but tries to understand and interpret it all, in its qualities and defects: thus, too, he begins to see what may be done for it; and, above all, even with it. That, again, is not merely or mainly through State and Parliament, not through Press, nor through Universities, still less by means of their historic or contemporary thought-ghosts, their pet abstractions. Country and Town, Life and Labour, Woman and Home, these concrete living realities are what he tries to see, to understand, and to help forward; and this, we repeat, not by eloquence or votes, nor even by sporadic " Papers," but to begin with, in actual miniature, of Place, Work and Folk, in " Regional and City Survey."

And with corresponding "Report" thereafter, having its definite proposals and aims of service; and all as clearly as may be, even to Plans and estimates when practicable. And a point we would emphasize as particularly characteristic of this method is that such Reports, so far from being confined to matters of material betterment and improvement of health and economic well-being, disclose vividly and insistently the need for local development of a spiritual Power by spontaneous expression of the indwelling soul of the community through university, art activity, press and other culture agencies.

This seeing and showing of real societies is as yet but imperfect, all too imperfect. Still, with all the poverty, imperfection, even crudeness if you will, of such work so far, these sociological methods of Regional Survey and Civic Betterment express a less imperfect mode of social vision and of related action than that as yet reached and acted on by the organizations of the passing (essentially the past) Political phase, with its plans (called Bills) and its Estimates, towards Liberal, Imperial and Financial ends. Less imperfect, too, than those of the transitional "Economic" or (semi-) sociological phase, which as yet produces no plans at all (Fabians partially excepted).

Yet it is only fair to the politician to recognize that his advance, from abstract Politics to concrete Civics, is nowadays more in progress than his persistent conventions enable him fully to realize. The sanitary and housing schemes which already interested politicians moved by social reformers in the nineteenth century, have been developing, in the twentieth, into town planning schemes, as to which already one Minister in the Empire, John Burns, has taken the daring initiative of making himself competent. Such schemes are still further integrating into the higher arts of City Design and Regional Development by which latter President Roosevelt was reached some years ago, and towards which engineers, economists and sociologists, architects and artists, are rapidly uniting: witness these schools of concrete Civics which are beginning to arise at length even in Universities. An organized emotional impulse also is not wholly wanting to the civic revival, as city pageants and festivals bear witness, so that some day their rulers will make a step beyond the customary matter and manner of their speeches on Empire or Independence Days. In short, in these and other ways, there is a growing return to the old Greek conception of Politics-



as Civics, even among the hitherto conventionally political-minded.

But much remains to be done, both in education and in practice. To their eighteenth-century abstraction, of the Greek "City" into "The State," that capital blunder, not unmixed with pious fraud, one of us has attempted to do justice elsewhere.<sup>1</sup> Social education—insufficiently though many recent and well-meaning endeavours towards "Schools of Economics," of Social Science (or even Social Service), recognize it—must be founded like that given by all the "preliminary sciences," upon observation and experiment: *i. e.* on Surveys in the first place and Reports in the second. In this volume (Part II) we try to indicate the simplest beginnings of such Survey—for Westminster. Thereafter (in Part III) we offer such brief suggestions as space allows, towards further studies.

To recapitulate. The quest of life more abundant spurs us with an impulse, limited, defined, directed, by such vision of attainment as we may compass. Deep are the wells of inspiration and many the sources of wisdom, but rare the effective catholicism of life in all its being and becoming. The

<sup>1</sup> V. Branford, *Interpretations and Forecasts*, pp. 11 and 12.

doctrine and ritual of the churches, though valuable aids both for stimulus and purgation, are as yet defective in qualities that make for the concrete and the definite in application to this opportunity, that temptation, as these arise in the complex world of to-day. Current political philosophies, alike conventional and insurgent, by over-emphasis of the outer and the material leave the inner and the spiritual dwarfed and starved, or impassioned for partisanship. The actualities of education but too much tend to complete the bewilderment of the modern man. He, in the ardours of youth, struggles, through this welter of confusions, to realize the personal dream of Marriage, Career, Home! That vision is instinct with life because compounded of its three essential elements. Call these by the general terms of Folk, Work, Place, and you reach the standpoint of a science genuinely social because really vital. Try, in mood alternatively realistic and idealistic, to make the most and the best of this Indivisible Triad, not for a fortunate few, but for all and throughout life; engage in this uncovenanted service and you embark on a forward move through the Transition, because committed to the Art of Eutopia-building!

PART II

WESTMINSTER: A CITY SURVEY FOR  
DISORIENTED CITIZENS



## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTORY

OUR legacy from the past comes to us in three different ways. First of all there is the organic legacy, *i. e.* the Heredity of our ancestral stock. Next there is the economic legacy, or material equipment of which the part in private hands is called wealth, while viewed as a whole it is thought of as a common Heritage of Resources. The third kind of survival from the past is difficult to name, so varied, so stupendous is it. Its components are the wisdom of the ages, their sorrows and their hopes. These experiences and emotions of countless generations are transmitted to us through the social habituation we term custom, and the mental and moral habituations we term religion, knowledge, art. The precious things in this Treasure-house of the Spirit of Man are Ideals, Ideas, Imagery. In these imponderables is the best of our Social Inheritance.

Exploration into the thousand chambers of the spiritual treasure-house begun by the

child at its mother's knee is continued at school; and beyond this a fortunate few receive skilled guidance from the University. Institutions termed educational are essentially organs for transmitting the social inheritance. But the historic city which has kept alive its ancient culture by using it for modern needs is the spiritual treasure-house. For its own citizens and for the people of its region such a city is therefore both their school and their university. And for the studies, theoretical and practical, that educate and train for this high citizenship we would fain rescue the term Civics from its present misuse in textbooks of administrative politics.

Let it not be thought that Civics is a dull or ponderous study. On the contrary, its first object is to see and enjoy the beauty and the wonder of cities. It is an open-air study, suffused with life and delight. Consequently, Civics is well adapted to restore health and tone to a mind depressed or wearied. It is essentially recreative. We claim, therefore, for the civic survey a positive and reasonably certain value as a mode of spiritual healing. If so, it has an intimate relevance, and a useful application in that field of convalescence, wherein whole nations find themselves to-day. For who, after the

shattering experiences of the world war, has not suffered a certain disintegration of mind, body or soul? But the resulting fracture of personality may be mended and even a higher integration attained if one be willing to turn student of civics and submit to its regimen of spiritual healing. The patient may thus aspire to enjoy the delights and benefits of convalescence towards a state of health and sanity beyond his previous hopes.

Elsewhere we have presented civics, in the sense here taken, as a body of truth already developed, even to the point of systematization, and also attempted some outlines of the civic outlook and of its application to a wide range of current issues.<sup>1</sup> Here our purpose is illustrative, rather than expository. We wish to show civics more after the fashion of the Greek philosopher who, when challenged to define movement, answered by simply walking. We now therefore make an endeavour of this peripatetic kind. Then (in Part III) we—very briefly—outline further developments of the method and standpoint adopted in our survey, since for us the heart

<sup>1</sup> See "Cities in Evolution" (1915), also "Civics as Applied Sociology," P. Geddes, in *Sociological Papers*, Vols. I and II, 1906 and 1907. Also *Interpretations and Forecasts*, V. Branford, Chapters I, II, III, VI, VII.

of the University, the school, the college is in the very city itself. Already (in Part I) we have suggested civics as the objective of the great Transition now beginning from politics and its associated education, to a more excellent way, that of Civics, and this both for thought and life.

Running throughout the volume is this idea, of the Present, the recent Past, and the incipient Future as a more or less troubled, it may be even turbulent, transition towards a better and more orderly condition of our whole western civilization. In Part I the idea of the Transition is worked out mainly in reference to current political issues. In Part II the idea of transition is incidental yet pervasive; it is more implied than expressed. There the City itself is, as it were, the instrument of transition, guiding our choice of tradition, helping us to energize survivals into initiatives. In Part III the conception of the Present as a Transition is made the basis of our projected—indeed, long initiated—scheme of civic studies, which are put forward as no small part of the university of the future. Such studies are suggested as an active agent for transforming the social inheritance from a burden into a momentum.



The scheme of city walks here submitted is put forward with a double purpose. It stands as a concrete and practical introduction to the general idea of this great Transition of which London is so vast a theatre. It is offered also as a perhaps minor, but not negligible contribution to that problem of war-weariness which confronts the world to-day with urgency. Similar schemes of civic walks and studies have been and are being worked out for use in other cities, great and small. As an aid towards renewal of shaken or depressed personality we venture to commend such exercises, at once physical and mental, to the multitudes of the disoriented, to convalescents, nurses, and war workers, ay, even mourners, like ourselves, who find here our anodyne and hope.

For man, the civilized animal, there is an urban as well as a rural element in the "healing power of nature." All agree that the tranquil beauty of the countryside is good for the convalescent. But so also is the rich and varied scene, the changing panorama, of the city.

Westminster City, though ringed by bricks and mortar, remains nevertheless so happy in its internal economy as to combine both elements of this healing force in unusual

degree. Think of all the natural beauty and the civic wonder which lie before us within the boundaries of Westminster. St. James's Park and the Green Park, Hyde Park and most of Kensington Gardens; the great open spaces, some of them finely gardened, of Mayfair and Belgravia; a winding river-front with some two miles of superb embankment. Old buildings and monuments compact of beauty, memory and mystery; new edifices of stately magnificence; picture galleries, public and private, that are peerless; libraries to match (for the British Museum is but just over the border); and in endless profusion, recreation, dramatic and musical; in short, varied entertainment both observant and thoughtful, good for mind and body.

But all these several powers of healing, unless brought to bear in some sort of unity, are apt to bewilder the disoriented individual. He is over-sensitive and easily fatigued. The needed unity of impression should surely come from the personality of the city. That personality, in the case of Westminster, is, to be sure, far from evident, whether at first approach, or on the town plan. Nevertheless it exists. It is historical and spiritual; and to be effective it must be made manifest in these terms. To devise, therefore, a workable

scheme for the use of Westminster as a haven for war sufferers in general, and for convalescents in particular, is the fair task it sets before us students of civics. How, then, can we adapt our civic survey to the use of all who need spiritual healing? And how show the city as a vast open-air museum, in which they may saunter and loiter at pleasure, with opening eyes and freshening brain?

By way of answer to these questions our scheme of walks aims at presenting Westminster City as a living whole, one in spirit yet infinitely diversified in body. In detail its purpose is to help the pedestrian convalescent to see and enjoy the magic of street-vistas, the beauty of park and garden, to feel the fascination of historic memories; yet also to grasp the present trend of things, and so, maybe, to glimpse something of the opening future. In order that the mind may assimilate in tranquillity all this nourishment absorbed through the eye, suitable refuges must be found and used as stations of rest and contemplation along the line of perambulation. To ensure this element of repose is essential. It is, however, something more than mere passive tranquillity that is called for. There must also be present conditions

to evoke that active element of rebirth that is latent in complete repose of mind and body. It is this power of renewal which is the creative factor in spiritual healing. The French word *recueillement* expresses the two-fold agency of repose and recreation.

In these and other ways the City may be made to do its work of spiritual healing. The process requires an alternation of repose and gentle stimulus alike for mind and body. There is a rhythm or melody of healing. Further developed, the melody acquires the more tonic qualities of harmony. This civic harmony emerges from the subtle interaction between the personality of the Citizen and the individuality of the City.

From the civic standpoint, the problems to begin with are those of selection by interpretation. Buildings, monuments, street-vistas, and so on, must be chosen for observation, which are visibly suffused with vital elements of the city's individuality. Moreover, these architectonic elements then find their own way to recomposition in the mind of the convalescent. Images and impressions are thus implanted by the survey which at its close build themselves into a vision of the city, in all the manifoldness of its being and becoming. In proportion to the fulness and

opulence of this vision does the citizen take possession of his social inheritance.

Now it is a happy provision of nature that the convalescent's personality is by no means a fixed and definite thing. It is, on the contrary, marked by an exceptional fluidity and potentiality of change. There take place during recovery from disease—so the medical psychologists affirm—certain physiological readjustments. These are tantamount, they tell us, to a return of that plastic phase of youth when the personality is being remade. In their language of science, convalescence is a renewal of adolescence. Thus the presence of a whole population of convalescents in the midst of our ancient culture-cities, in Westminster and Oxford, Canterbury and Winchester, Cambridge and York, Edinburgh and Dublin, is an event of high significance. It means, for those who utilize the opportunity aright, the coming of a new harmony between city and citizen; so these may yet renew—why not surpass?—the historic glories of civic magnificence through a corresponding flowering of genius. Does this seem too hopeful? For the ravaged cities of France and Belgium all this has been preparing these four years; and by war-broken men.

A constructive phase of civic renewal will

come in due time: enough first to cultivate the receptive phase, of contemplation. Let the city feed the mind of its disoriented citizens with images of beauty. Thereafter, in its own good time these minds, healed and reinvigorated, will wake to activity of reflection and self-expression. They will then give back to their city works of individual distinction to enrich its civic life.

If there be any doubt as to the meaning of the word *contemplation* in the "trophic" sense here taken, it may be dispelled by the following anecdote related by Mr. C. R. Ashbee in his new and illuminating book, *Where the Great City Stands*. In a chapter telling how we may learn from the East its secret of Repose, Mr. Ashbee says—

"I was once in Seattle, where all the servants are Orientals, often with much greater refinement and sense of beauty than their masters. Staying one evening in an American house, I noticed a Japanese boy bring in a lamp; and he set it on the table with such grace and distinction that I asked about him.

"'Yes,' said my host, 'he is a charming boy, and we did him some kindness, and the other day there arrived this letter from his people in Tokio—

“ ‘ HONOURABLE SIR,

“ ‘ We are much touched at the kindness you have done to our son Shugio; we want to make you some return for your honourable kindness; and so I am sending you herewith my two most precious possessions, a drawing by Hokusai and a drawing by Utamaro. Will you do me the favour of giving these your honourable contemplation, and when you have taken your fill of enjoyment will you return them to me? ’ ”

The scheme of walks here submitted rests, as we have said above, on a belief that in the civic beauties of Westminster there are objects of contemplation which may bring delight to convalescents, aiding their positive healing; and lines of reflection which may thereafter help to make life in the coming times more hopeful, and work and citizenship more effective.

Precisely what method are we to take as guide in our present walks? There are good guide-books of many kinds—from the simple enumeration of places as we come to them, like “ Baedeker ” (or whoever may be his successor in the after-war times), to handy or special treatises, as on London architecture

in general, or, say, Wren's churches in particular. Literary associations may likewise be fully found; while for Government and Press, Commerce and Affairs, convenient books are accessible, from Whitaker's Almanac onwards. But with all their wealth of facts or memories, these books do not take us far into the present life of the city; their subject's relation to this is too much unexplained. The survey of the "Life and Labours of the People" has been the subject of Charles Booth's great work, and a fertile stimulus towards minor ones, but this, again, is avowedly economic and domestic, so that the connections with the former points of view are not made plain enough for our purpose. Nor can we—within these limits especially—undertake so great a task for our area, a world-city in itself: enough here to indicate, as we ramble, something of the inter-relations of these many points of view which appear upon our way.

Without a City Survey, describing fully, with plans and illustrations, all interpretation must be inadequate: here we take but what comes of the first and what suggests itself—conversationally, as it were—of the second. Our talk, like many an older guide's, may at times displease the reader, or here and there



perplex him, since it freely mingles that of many existing and distinctive schools. Such "sociological" conceptions as we are here applying are at first expressed without that measure of definite statement attempted in previous volumes of this series, though we return to these in Part III of the present one. Let us rather, before these rambles, explain ourselves in a simple way.

Let the reader recall with us, and from his own family experience, and his varied acquaintance before the war, the many points of view, the varied "criticisms of life," which used to come before him in the everyday way. There was one grandfather's Tory convictions; and the other's stalwart Gladstonian Liberalism: and there was further division among their sons. One became a Radical and was a prominent pro-Boer: another, who did well in the City, was as keen and convinced an Imperialist and as active a Tariff-Reformer: while the third turned Socialist, and flouted the family tradition with the reddest of ties. Among their sons, before the war one or two were with their fathers: others have gone their own ways. One, stronger on Tolstoi than on agricultural science, had gone "back to the Land": another, an art-worker, was

moving for Guild Socialism. One writes for the Press, moving, as most must do, along the lines pioneered by well-known writers, now from detective stories to picaresque romance, or from strange new devilries of science to its Utopias: or again to sardonic criticism of the medley and Babel around him. And so on: "it takes all kinds of people to make the world." All these views and more have helped to make and still are making the life around us, and swell or colour the thought-streams on which we are sailing or eddying; and so have to be reckoned with: alike as we look around in the troubled present, or peep into the cloudy future to see how it seems shaping, or how it may be influenced anew. It is in this mingled medium that the contemporary novelist and dramatist select and sketch their characters, and make them "talk to the very life."

We have grown up amid this turmoil of action and thought, peering into its many streams and eddies, trying to make out from this variety of past life something of its outcomes, and from this medley of current events something of their underlying ideas, and so reach such interpretations and forecasts, as may be, of the advancing stream. Life, as well as Nature, must have scientific

order underlying its Proteus-like transformations, whether these be in gradual everyday succession, as it seemed before the war, or to-day through the world-wide cataclysms and catastrophes, which we now see these quiet pre-war days were preparing and accumulating for us.

To search out this order is the task of sociology—youngest and most difficult of sciences. True, the historian has long been in the field; since Time grew memorial; while the fundamental textbook of Politics is Aristotle's, and the many attempts of theologians but follow or combine the lines initiated by prophets long before their day. Even the economist, so busy these hundred years past, has been picking up ancient threads, as well as spinning new ones. Yet the freshness and the value of sociology lies in its higher endeavour than any of these—not only to follow up and set more clear these separate threads of doctrine, but to make out their mutual relations, and so gain understanding of the many-coloured and ever-changing web of human life, as it issues from the loom of time. And though most sociologists, like Herbert Spencer, have sought to do this in the library and study, they were more indebted to the life around

them than they always knew : and at times they have realized this : witness Gibbon, and Comte, for conspicuous instances. As students of cities, we are more and more of a mind with the students of nature, and go a-roving like them, though now through cities, as they through the wild. In such direct observational experience carried forward from youth to age ("observation," says Meredith, "is the most enduring of the pleasures of life") the biologists and geologists, for instance, have learned the best of what they know; and hence their greatest theory as yet has come out of such naturalistic voyagings.

Out of doors, then, in city, town and village, we have not only to make our main observations for our social science, but even search out their meaning. It is as we watch the Present hurrying to and fro under the towers and shadows of the Past, and along its old ways out into new ones, and these diverging towards the horizon, that knowledge and interpretation best progress, and moreover together. Each and every city, every town, has thus the interest of a new forest of life, its similarity, yet uniqueness. Even the simplest village or hamlet may often yield us clues that guide us far and deep into the vast hives of men. But as

nature's great scenes are most arousing and impressive, so with Man's: where, then, better can we begin than with Westminster—whose local and historic evolution, its national significance, its imperial and world-wide influence, are so conspicuous to us all!

Here, then, in these chapters, are our suggestions for beginning the peripatetic study of this, our central city, a metropolis, if ever there was one. Our present walks and current talks are followed by suggestions towards further studies. They have been preceded and introduced (in Part I) by broadly outlined interpretations of the social stream, from the medieval and Renaissance epochs of the past into the mingled phases of the present, now in way of further changes in the opening future. Yet all in beginnings merely: for we must leave to a later volume<sup>1</sup> a further endeavour to treat its development in fuller and more orderly fashion.

<sup>1</sup> Of this future volume (*Westminster: Temporal and Spiritual*), long in preparation, an instalment, with a discussion of its method, appeared in the *Sociological Review* for January 1916.

## CHAPTER II

### A GENERAL VIEW OF WESTMINSTER

THE essential thing about each particular walk is that it should be a pleasant saunter from somewhere to somewhere. It should start at a place or building which has some meaning and purpose as a point of origin. The route should go on through ways that exemplify and unfold that purpose. It should terminate at a destination which exhibits fulfilment in noble architecture, in imaginative or commemorative sculpture, in a vista of civic beauty, or best of all, in some combination of fine buildings and gardened landscape. Hence the first two walks roam through the district lying between Piccadilly and St. James's Park, Leicester Square and the Green Park. The Spirit of the Fair is the leading motive of this perambulation. That spirit being most manifest perhaps in Piccadilly Circus, the itinerary begins there. It goes on to show in the Music-Halls of Leicester Square, the theatres of the Haymarket, the Clubs of Pall Mall, the festal elements of an

abiding Fair. But it may be that in the life and customs of these places the observer does not at first discern that these are the survivals and renewals, the elaborations and refinements of the pleasures, the feasting and the gossipings of the Fair; yet these very buildings stand to-day where once stood the booths of the medieval Fair of St. James, which held carnival for a week on the high ground outside the old city of Westminster. The first walk terminates in Waterloo Place, with its enchanting vista over the permanent pleasure-ground of St. James's Park, green and fresh against a background of grey towers and spires, recalling the glories of the old royal and abbatial city. A second walk concludes the perambulation of St. James's Fair with the vista of Burlington House seen from Duke Street. As official home of the artists who gild the book of life, Burlington House is manifestly a culminating expression of the spirit of the Fair. But its portico is also a gateway into Mayfair. So the next walk shows the grandeur and the dignity of Mayfair mansions, and observes the evidences of a social life enriched by resources of art and wealth. This walk ends where the Ladies' Mile debouches on Hyde Park Corner, and reveals in the always popular spectacle of

gallant riders and high-bred steeds, framed in a sylvan setting, something of the secret of aristocratic power and its long-continued permanence.

At Hyde Park Corner we are on the old Highway which connected the medieval Abbey with the Roman Watling Street, and so with the North and the West of England. Following this continuation of the Roman road through the Green Park, St. James's Park and Tothill Street, we may enter the precincts of the Abbey through the site of the ancient gateway. There is some compensation for the loss of the old gatehouse in contrasting the gardened charms of St. James's Park with the undrained swamp which was its medieval predecessor. And, moreover, we end our walk in a massing of lofty masonry, such as the old Abbey could not show. Its western towers have been completed, and the great Tower of the House of Lords adds grandeur to the scene that bursts upon the pedestrian as he emerges from the gloomy purlieus of Tothill Street. This triple-towered vision is the prize of the fourth walk. It is the architectural cake which our convalescent can both eat and have, as the laws of spiritual possession allow.

Next come two walks which, in space, are



only the shortest of strolls. But in time they carry us down the centuries. Within the precincts of the Abbey and around the Houses of Parliament, there is a concentration of historic memories which makes this speck of earth, and the buildings it bears, the sacred centre of Westminster, of England, of the Empire. Architecture, it has been said, is crystallized history. Well, here are deposited for us to see and enjoy, without fatigue and within the compass of an afternoon's contemplation, the representative crystals of English history, in length and breadth and clearness. In the measure that the visitor is touched, he repeats that contemplation again and again.

How to invoke the spirit of this sacred place and make it ours? How incorporate it as one's very own?—that is the question for the thinking convalescent. Instinct tells him he must perambulate the precincts in reverent and receptive mood; he must quietly contemplate the buildings within and without; he must absorb their beauty and their memories by turns and together. How best help on their spiritual interpretation? We suggest a clue here, a clue there, and for the rest leave him face to face with the inspiration of realities.

Whitehall cannot be separated from the Abbey and Parliament, so we begin the next exploration with the scene northwards from Parliament Square. Looking up Whitehall from the corner of New Palace Yard, one sees some half-dozen Government Offices—the Palaces of Bureaucracy—which compose into a vista of impressiveness. That vista may mitigate the prejudice against Whitehall as a mere nest of bureaucracy, which the convalescent not improbably harbours. He will make his own observations, as he walks up Whitehall towards Charing Cross. He may diversify the route by perambulating right and left the corridors of Bureaucracy that extend into St. James's Park on one side and towards the river on the other—a zig-zag course which has the advantage of approaching Charing Cross through the Admiralty Arch. But that is another walk. This one may fittingly close at Captain Cook's statue, finely framed between the Admiralty Arch and the greenery of the Park. This statue recalls an aspect of the Navy less in the popular mind than it should be. Before the seas of the world can be policed by commanders of gunboats, they must be charted by exploring geographers. It is the naval tradition of the latter which Captain Cook

represents. And his exploits are hardly less thrilling than those of Nelson—to some minds even more so. In the midst of a great and bitter war between two nations of hereditary hostility, he compelled the homage of the generous enemy. Commanders of French men-of-war carried standing orders from their Government, that if they fell in with Captain Cook they must not only refrain from acts of hostility, but even salute him. His belated statue is the long-overdue complement and counterpart of the Nelson Column which dominates the next walk.

The exploration of Trafalgar Square begins with a literally moving spectacle. As we contemplate the ceaseless stream of traffic, human and vehicular, framed in the opening of the Admiralty Arch, we realize the import of Dr. Johnson's saying that at Charing Cross is the full tide of life. But the Charing Cross stream is but one of half a dozen that flow in and out from the vortex of Trafalgar Square. In no mere metaphorical sense is Trafalgar Square a "hub of the universe." In its whirlpool there pulsates a traffic that is at once local, national, imperial and world-wide. The increasing installation of the great shipping companies in Trafalgar Square and its neighbourhood means that the ocean routes con-

verge there. As a creator of ocean mastery, Nelson, on his majestic pillar, overtops all else in the Square. His cult animates many a patriotic heart. But many doubtless pass through the Square unkindled by the older spirit of the place. The homage long paid to the civic cross that once sanctified this very human spot is extinct. Seventeenth-century Puritanism, having no use for that cross, except to make paving stones, destroyed it. Nineteenth-century antiquarianism rebuilt, but did not reanimate it. Forlorn it stands to-day behind the railings of the Railway Station, waiting some new breath of life from a generation that will combine passion for the present with love of the past.

In exploring the Strand, the convalescent has to resist the fascinations of the moving crowd, and be wary of the enticements of tea-shop and cinema. These are the back-door blandishments of the Strand; they are but the eastern extension of that perpetual Fair of St. James's which he has already traversed. He has to restrain also the allurements of Theatreland, which at so many points puts its magic touch on the Strand. That pageant of dramatic delights is also an annexe of the continuing Fair, and appertains more to Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square. The

route for renewal of historic Strand memories is now by the Embankment. The medieval and Renaissance sense of the word Strand was what its common meaning is to-day, viz. a foreshore or water-front. To the Embankment, then, we proceed; but walk not on the hard flags of the causeway. We go through the gardens, and not only because it is pleasanter. There flowers, foliage, fountain, bandstand, statuary, though recent features, help to recall the dignified gaieties of Renaissance nobles, disporting themselves in formal gardens that sloped from palace-front to riverside. The vulgar gaieties of the later "Strand" are derived from the jollities of lackeys and serving-maids at the back-gates of the palaces. The great hotels which from the site of vanished palaces overlook the river to-day, differ from their predecessors essentially in this—that for an aristocratic luxury of culture they have substituted the plutocratic cult of luxury. The Strand walk closes with an ascent of the Savoy slope, and so returns to the main street of commercial gaieties. From there the pedestrian, even amid the whirlpool of traffic, may seize and dwell upon the triple-spired perspective, of which St. Mary's is dominant. This opulent vista, like many others, needs for its full

enjoyment the quiet of a Sunday morning. Those who can afford the time will then find it well repays to duplicate these walks while the streets are some of them empty, and all comparatively quiet. There is no other opportunity, save before breakfast on summer mornings, really to see and fully enjoy most of the characteristic architecture of the metropolis.

The next walk is to the British Museum from Waterloo Bridge. From the south side of that masterpiece of combined engineering and architecture, one surveys the great arc of the river which is the chief natural feature both of London and of Westminster. The wonder and the beauty of both cities may be seen from here as perhaps from no other single point. And from this vantage-ground, too, one sees, with the aid of a little geography, the origin of the twin cities, as respectively Bridge-Town at one end of the river-bow, and Ford-Town at the other. The route to the British Museum, viewed at its best, may fairly be called London's "Parnassian Way"; and not only because of its destination in that "shrine of ancient sculpture and modern learning"; but also from its associations with Dryden and other poets of the eighteenth century; for we pass by the site of Wills's

Coffee House, that Pierian fount which succeeded the Mermaid Tavern of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

To reach the British Museum, we step just across the arbitrary boundary of Westminster City, and having thus transgressed, one may as well perambulate the tranquil squares of Bloomsbury, recall their culture-memories, and observe some present tendencies which give promise for the incipient future. This walk may also be taken as culminating in a way at the Foundling Hospital, which through the long-continued training of its foster-children as bandsman's boys for army and navy, has become one of the truest musical centres of the metropolis; and consequently, little though most Londoners realize it, a favourite haunt of the Muses, who mostly come to childhood, or else scarcely at all.

The next walk begins in the gardens of Gray's Inn (said to have been laid out by Bacon), and traverses the chief Inns of Court to end in the Temple Gardens. Here is a three-quarter mile stretch of almost continuous courts, cloistered or college-like, which with their halls, churches, and libraries constitute a culture-community unique in individuality and potent in history. Touching both business and politics with peculiar

intimacy, the barrister grasps "the City" with one hand and Westminster with the other. This long ribbon of Inns each of which is an almost independent and extramural domain, is thus at once a junction and a boundary of London and of Westminster. From this vantage-ground "Barristeria" has long been a dominating influence in both cities.

From the Temple Gardens a long walk takes us by the Embankment back to Old Westminster, where we cross the stream that once turned the Abbot's mill. The Tyburn rivulet no longer runs sparkling in the sunlight. It serves what Dean Stanley seemed to think the more correct modern purpose of a main underground sewer. The memory of its medieval rôle is preserved in the name Millbank. And if not a new kind of Abbot, at least a worthy and teaching friar has here appeared in the Curator of the Tate Gallery. His varied treasure-house, and the long stretch of river-front visible from the portico of the Tate Gallery, are among the rewards of this lengthy walk.

From Millbank the next walk takes us through the slums and semi-slums of Pimlico, mitigated by the green oasis of Vincent Square. But the monotonous dreariness of



mean dwellings is worth while, since it serves by contrast to enhance the mastery and splendour of floating domes, as around the corner of an abysmal alley there bursts on the astonished gaze Westminster's new Cathedral, a masterpiece in its strongly individual way. Next we traverse the later Georgian glories of Belgravia, first the rival, now the co-partner of Mayfair in the provision of seasonal homes for Olympian Families. Our route cuts across a corner of Chelsea, then returning to Westminster through a bit of Fulham, it finally debouches on the main portico and central tower of the Victoria and Albert Museum. One can hardly commend Sir Aston Webb's design; but there is a touch of elation, as turning from Fulham traffic into tranquil Thurloe Square, one sees down an avenue of foliage on one side and pillared porticos on the other this towering mass of statted masonry.

Therein dwells another fraternal Community of Curators charged with the sacred custody of spiritual treasures. But in the labyrinthine halls and chambers of this Treasure-house, one may only too easily lose serenity of mind: this is offered and better expressed next door, in the Brompton Oratory. By fortunate coincidence, most of our walks

have terminated in the vicinity of a restful church. Besides the Abbey itself, and St. Margaret's, there were at the terminals of two early walks St. James's Church, near Burlington House, and St. Martin's, next to the National Gallery. At the end of our Strand walk we have a choice of two fine churches, St. Mary's and St. Clement Danes. And almost next door to the British Museum is St. George's, Hart Street, whose doric columns bear in huge lettering this notice—

MUSIC AND SONG  
FOR  
SAILORS, SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS

The Foundling Hospital has its own Church, and for the Middle Temple, where ends our thirteenth walk, there is the famous Norman Chapel. In all these churches the pedestrian convalescent can find repose, and enjoy the composure and gentle stimulus our walks are chosen to foster. St. George's, Hart Street, is not alone among churches in providing music for soldiers and sailors, for which the walks may be timed. Organized in co-

operation, these efforts of the churches would add much to the civic resources of convalescence. That co-ordination is an obvious coming step in the ecclesiastical reawakening. In the strange whirligig of the time-spirit, the Church is thus renewing its youth; whereas the State, as if in abandonment of its long rivalry for spiritual supremacy, during the war shut up its spiritual Treasure-houses, one after another; indeed, was only prevented by an angry uprising of public opinion from carrying out a declared intention to bury, in underground vaults, the treasures of the British Museum, and "utilize" the building for Lord Rothermere's Air Office.

To return to our itinerary. We have reached the western border of our region. Recall the long ribbon of barristerial lawyerdom which we saw to be the real if not the nominal boundary at the east. Here at the other extremity of Westminster a short ribbon of Science and Art contrasts with the long legal one. The galaxy of Museums, the schools of Technology, the Colleges of Art and of Music, are grouped around the high Tower of the London University building, somewhat after the fashion called in America a campus. But here it is only an incipient and not a realized university campus; for the Museums

and the University as yet know not each other. They are controlled from separate worlds; in the one case from Whitehall and in the other from No Man's Land. And the great dome of the Albert Hall—which should unite all the dispersive Faculties of the University, and with these the Museums—appertains to a third world without discoverable relations to either of the other two. But these quaint ostracisms of the past need not prevent the observer from picturing the Albert Hall—one of the master-buildings of the metropolis—as a veritable Temple of Music crowning the University Campus of the future. We may be aided towards this glimpse into better times coming by a pleasing vista of things as they are, if, from the topmost step of the Albert Memorial, we watch the afternoon sun playing its fascinating game of light and shade among the mingled range of masonry and foliage from the Geographical Society to the Albert Hall. So endeth our seventeenth perambulation.

Next, an incursion into Kensington Gardens, and then into Hyde Park, which together we may treat as one for the broad purposes of our survey. More than the other parks of Westminster, this is the pleasure-ground of the Olympians during their seasonal

residence in their mansions of Mayfair and Belgravia. Hence a perambulation of its western end serves at once towards beating the bounds of our region and as balance and complement to the more Parnassian Way we trod on the eastern border. Let us enter beside that much-derided monument, the Albert Memorial. The Prince sits, a golden Teutonic Apollo, enthroned and canopied amid a great gathering of artists, sculptors, poets, musicians, collected from every clime and time, so that this encyclopedic frieze is better worth study than the monument itself. And since the traditional rôle of these, the true Parnassians, has been less to adorn and ennoble civic life than to make beauty and joy for the enhancement of aristocracies throughout history, it is evident the princely gesture is characteristically Olympian. So the monument makes a suitable starting-point for passage on our Olympian Way. The route passes by Watts's equestrian colossus, and the miniature gem of Peter Pan, which together express Youth and Childhood as aristocracies at their best should rear them. The walk culminates in a *crescendo* of beauty, urban and rural, of which aristocracies so far have monopolized the secret—at least since the middle ages. To keep within the bound-

ary of Westminster we strike towards the Serpentine and reach its shore a little south of the Peter Pan Statue. A sheet of shimmering water in the foreground leads up to the statuary and fountains of a formal garden. Through the rising background of sylvan masses there peep the turrets of lofty mansions. Crowning the whole scene is the spire of St. James's Church. There are few places outside Italy where can be seen grouped into a single composition a more entrancing harmony of water, statuary, foliage and architecture.

Designed as a Rest-house for weary passers-by, the Chapel of the Ascension, lavishly decorated by mural paintings, is near at hand. But our convalescent, however weary in body at the end of the walk, may enter the chapel exultant in mind, for this closing vista is something of a revelation of what man and nature may accomplish in unison.

There remain but two journeys to complete our perambulation of Westminster. One is along the great shopping thoroughfare that is its northern border; and the other is a diagonal route through Soho back to the civic centre. For the Oxford Street route we start at the Marble Arch. Incidentally we note that it is not, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton in a

careless moment has said, a gateway from nowhere to nowhere. If you turn westwards after passing through the Arch, from Hyde Park, it becomes the exit from Olympia into what it thinks a modern Bœotia, Bayswater.

The conspicuous feature of Oxford Street is the tendency for its sunny side to become monopolized by those emporia of feminine delights which the combined realism and imagination of the French permit them, without derogation, to name *Aux Bonheurs des Dames*. These bazaars of the west are interesting, not only for the Oriental splendour and richness of their stuffs, but also because they illustrate a characteristic distinction of London and Westminster, of the west-end from the centre and east-end. As Oxford Street goes west it becomes increasingly a place of pleasure shopping; while eastwards its utilitarian elements grow at the expense of the esthetic. More and more the former obliterate the latter as you proceed towards Holborn and Cheapside, which are, of course, the continuations of Oxford Street in the sense both of business and locality. Finally you reach the source of shopping commodities in the Docks, the Warehouses and the Factories of the East End. And there the traffic is wholly utilitarian, and life is at a

correspondingly low ebb. A parallel transformation is observable along the southern border. The "River of London" in changing to the "River of Westminster" substitutes for docks, wharves and warehouses a joyous fringe of mansions, monuments, palaces and gardens. Hence in order to understand what Westminster lives upon, both the Oxford Street and the Embankment walks should some day be continued by bus to their point of convergence in Poplar, some four miles east of London Bridge.

Our walk through the Oxford Street booths of Vanity Fair closes at St. George's, Hanover Square, the church of fashionable weddings. May we not say without impropriety that there also culminates the *Bonheur des Dames* in the ordinary course of nature, aided a little, it may be, by the life-enhancements of Oxford Street shops? In our closing vista the statue of Pitt must be included, for he stands there a perpetual sentinel of the festal processions that file past St. George's portico daily during the spring months. Whether his mien is one of regret, scorn or indifference, cannot be discerned. But surely it was the spirit of Vanity Fair that established the most resolute of bachelors a guardian over the wedding-church, St. George's, Hanover Square.



The Soho walk begins at the French Church in Soho Square. But for continuity of survey we may help our passage thither by bus along Oxford Street. The genius of Soho is concentrated in its restaurants. There as nowhere else in Westminster or London can you have a meal which is scientifically cooked, artistically served, and withal inexpensive. For that exotic blessing of the poor man, he has to thank the political revolutions of the Continent; for during more than a century, refugees seeking shelter in Soho have made it the continental quarter of Westminster. Our perambulation closes in Leicester Square, which with its public garden and commemorative statuary follows the open continental model, in contrast to the squares of Mayfair and Belgravia strictly preserved for their Olympian families.

For finish to the pedestrian survey of Westminster two Synoptic views may be had. From the flat roof of the Dental Hospital in Leicester Square one may see the Towers of Westminster not only massed to the south, but spreading to east and west in greater profusion than most people are aware. Finally, from the Clock Tower of the House of Commons one may realize the essential and abiding qualities of Westminster. Seen

from that height, the Precincts of the Abbey and of Parliament compose with Whitehall, Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square into a unity of vision, of memory and of aspiration, to which may be fittingly applied the great name of FORUM BRITANNICUM.

On the map Westminster city looks like a lopsided pear. Our itinerary will take the convalescent Rambler round most of the rind and twice through the core. He will look at the city from the outside, and with particular illumination, from Waterloo Bridge. He will try to focus it from high places. But most of all, he will turn to beauty of buildings and their setting, to harmony of architectural proportion, to subtlety of light and shade, to mystery of street-vista and ideal of design, in his search for the shining spirit of the living city.

## CHAPTER III

### THROUGH ST. JAMES'S FAIR

#### I

THE words Piccadilly and Leicester Square are much more than the names of places. They stand in the imagination of legions of men for a perpetual Fair. But a special kind of Fair. The genius of the place is festal in its own peculiar way. The ordinary Fair is a mingling of trade and jollity. Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square have made a speciality of trade in jollity.

In the centre of the Circus stands a great fountain rising through many tiers. The topmost is crowned by a statue bearing all the insignia of a Cupid. What combination of symbols could better tell of the stream of life which the Fair draws into itself, and—at best—restores to its source intensified, and enhanced, instead of exhausted. But the cunning of the sculptor's hand has shown forth the spirit of the place with even subtler intent. If you look carefully at the statue

you see it bears the face not of the lovely boy, but of the young man who knows how many beans make five. To guess the sculptor's double meaning requires but slight knowledge of classical forms and an acquaintance with the character of the neighbourhood. The body and movement of the statue is that of the god of Love, but the face is the face of the god of Trade. The sculptor has merged Mercury and Cupid into a composite form.

Leicester Square carries a longer and more varied tradition than Piccadilly. Its life to-day is richer in content, though poorer in the traffic of the streets. Hence the spirit of the place is less readily grasped. It cannot be so easily interpreted and so sharply expressed as by a cupidinous Mercury rising from the waters of a central fountain. As twin focus of a continuing fair, Leicester Square has also its central fountain, but now crowned by a highly complex figure, in fact the most varied and opulent in English letters. At a first glance it savours of insult rather than honour to set up a statue of Shakespeare between two music-halls, and with never a house of legitimate drama in sight. But draw a circle of half-mile radius

from Leicester Square, and you will circumscribe Theatreland. A diverting poster recently on the hoardings correctly showed Leicester Square Station as central to the whole region of the playhouses. So we may agree that on the whole they planned well who dedicated to Shakespeare the central fountain of the Square.

There the greatest of dramatists holds abiding court, in the select company of Hogarth and Reynolds, John Hunter and Isaac Newton, whose busts adorn the four corners of the garden. Each of these four notables recalls something of the former glories of Leicester Square. In Reynolds's day, the tide of fashion brought Rank and Beauty to his studio for commemoration on canvas. Hogarth, half a generation earlier, proclaimed his own faith and the contemporary spirit of the place by boldly affixing a golden head of Vandyck over the front door of his house. But in the later eighteenth century science hardly less than art flourished in Leicester Square. There lived John Hunter, greatest and most original of eighteenth-century surgeons. He was no mere dry anatomist but a thinker and organizer, and his house became, for his generation, a university-in-little. His garden he gave up

to the building of a Museum, which later on grew into ever-expanding galleries of the College of Surgeons; for which Sir Charles Barry had next to design the spacious building in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Of all the four worthies who compose this statued court of Shakespeare, Newton alone did not actually live in the Square. His house stood in St. Martin's Street just outside the south-west corner. It has recently been demolished; though that act of vandalism need not falsify Macaulay's prediction that the spot would continue for ever to draw the curious and the learned from the ends of the earth.

Leicester Square is a comparatively new name. Formerly it was called Leicester Fields. But who to-day, except the antiquarian, cares a fig for the Earl of Leicester that built a mansion there in the seventeenth century, and so gave his name to the place? To-day the Square is interesting for the brightness of its garden, its fountain and statuary, and the vividness of its dramatic associations. All these aspects may be fixed and crystallized, if we rename the place to express what it is, or at least may yet become, viz. the FORUM of SHAKESPEARE.

Many pleas might be advanced to justify this rechristening. For instance, the adjacent

statue of Henry Irving is a fitting link with Trafalgar Square, which in the days of Imperial Rome would have been called the Forum of Nelson. Again, the more civic title would serve as a standing reminder of certain urgent needs of local amelioration. One of these, is to dignify the City Hall, at present forlorn and outshone by music-hall, theatre and picture gallery. Its "Place" needs replanning as a Civic Forum, which would thus stand central between the Forum of Shakespeare on its right and the Forum of Nelson on its left.

Another thing which would be brought to mind by this civic title is the need for a College of Dramatic Art. In the south-east corner of Leicester Square, there will some day fall vacant the space now occupied by Archbishop Tenison's School. And as Town-planning advances, that day will come nearer. There are, for instance, American cities in which the trains that carry business folk to town in the morning do not run out again empty, but take urban children to suburban or country schools, and bring them home in the afternoon, instead of running in empty to fetch the business folk. When Westminster reaches that stage of civic development, there will become available a site that

runs from Leicester Square to Charing Cross Road. Even that is but an exiguous site for all that a College of Dramatic Art should be and do. To furnish ground needed for open-air pageant, masque and procession, the nearest place available is Regent's Park. Why not mark there a dramatic reservation sufficient for summer use by the future College in Shakespeare's Forum? And might not the spacious court of the adjacent St. Martin's Church, by renewal of the historic association of Church and Stage, become available? Perhaps that renewal is not so remote as some may think; witness the pageantry of recent ecclesiastical processions, and the historic tableaux, called "Soldiers of the Cross," so vividly and dramatically presented in St. Martin's Court in 1916.

The peep we took into the future Civic Forum was by the way. Our walk turns west again from Leicester Square in order to reach the Haymarket. Half-way between Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square the Haymarket is also intermediate in the character of its "place-genius." The strolling players have here also struck root; and their booths have grown into two permanent theatres. Also the more irregular gallantries of the Fair are not unknown in the night



life of the Haymarket. But neither of these things is most in evidence as one saunters down from Piccadilly to Pall Mall. The Haymarket presents itself as essentially a street of shops, copiously interspersed by houses of refreshment that vary from the old-fashioned tavern to the modern hotel. The shops, too, are visibly different from those that line Bond Street, Regent Street and Oxford Street. Here, for instance, saddlers and harness makers, cutlers and ironmongers are markedly in evidence. And you may see old shops which scorn the modern plate-glass, and cling proudly to their old-fashioned bow-windows, of many small panes. In short, you have the impression rather of a country market-place than of a metropolitan shopping street. Such is the tenacity of the old Hay and Cattle Market, where formerly rustic folk came to do their buying as well as their selling.

At the lower end of the Haymarket, one observes the Shipping Offices overflowing from Cockspur Street and Charing Cross. From these offices of the great Shipping Companies, which with their connecting railways encompass our planet like a spider's web, you may book a passage to see the wonders of Nature the Marvellous, and the

glories of Man the City-builder. Consider the ever-growing stream of "globe-trotting" tourists—the veritable pilgrims of our day. For them it is not only Piccadilly and Leicester Square, but the whole world that has become a perpetual Fair. Pause to contemplate the "Cook Building" (as they would term it in America), which is central to the southern vista of the Haymarket. Mark its skeleton globe hoisted for sign and token of a business prepared on demand to transport a Kaiser to Jerusalem, an artist to Japan, a mystic to Thibet, a climber to the Himalayas, or a sportsman to the Rockies. What is the bureau of this business but the standing booth of a super-Showman, specialized beyond "Foreign Curiosities" to foreign curiosity itself?

There are two other notable vistas from the Haymarket. Westwards down Charles Street you see the equestrian statue of William III, framed in a garland of greenery glowing against the setting sun. Here at once is the enduring symbol of aristocracy, and a gateway to the West End of stately squares, terraces, crescents and streets grouped around magnificent Parks. This glimpse into the abode of the Olympians is balanced on the east by the vista down Panton Street,

culminating in the turrets of the Alhambra with their gilded crescents. They are the architectural tokens of that Mahommedan Elysium to which the dramatic taste of Olympians inclines to-day more fully than in Hellenic times.

In addition to its weekly Hay and Cattle Market, the district between Piccadilly and St. James's Park had in olden times its annual Fair beginning on St. James's Eve and lasting for a week or more. Not a few instances of survival or renewal of both fair and market we have seen. Others we may observe in a walk down Pall Mall; "the finest street in the metropolis," as it has been called. One end is adorned by the oldest surviving royal Palace of Westminster. At the other there clusters a group of buildings, which, though they do not most of them belong to Pall Mall, yet give to its eastern vista some air of classic magnificence. All along between these two fine terminals run the palatial façades displayed by clubs of world renown. Two contiguous edifices, for instance, as the guide-books remind us, repeat respectively the Farnese Palace of Rome, and the Library of St. Mark at Venice. Halt for a moment to regard them from the south-eastern opening into St. James's Square. If you are not

a student of Italian architecture, assuredly you will fail to discover which is the Roman Palace and which the Venetian Library. For from their beginnings they have been social headquarters for the two great Political Parties which have so long divided the allegiance of electorate. But which is which? The stranger is no nearer solving the puzzle of identity. For what reason in the nature of things political should inspire the Liberals to import their architectural ideal from one great Italian City and the Conservatives theirs from another? Inquiry into internal conditions only elicits, as the best-known traditional distinction, a certain superiority in the repute of the *chef* at the Reform over his rival who feeds the inmates of the Carlton. But that differential item would only enable the observer to identify the buildings if invited to dine at each in turn; possibly not even then, for his gastronomic development might not so quickly reach the needed pitch of political refinement.

The profound distinction which is supposed to separate Liberalism and Conservatism is thus undiscoverable in their external shells. Indeed these manifestly belong to one and the same stylistic species, that of the Renaissance Palace. And having got so far, the

common man will doubtless be content to stop there, leaving specialists to decipher varietal differences. Is it not possible that future interpreters, perhaps not so far distant, may go further than the common man, and infer from this similarity of shell a real similarity of type between the indwelling creatures? If so, we might come to look upon the fierce partisan strife of our election contests in much the same light as that in which historians regard the combative displays of historic Reds and Blues in old Byzantium. Those old factions seemed to their contemporaries fraught with profound political significance; but to us they are little more than the rivalries of the circus. So in the election contests of the parties there survives more than is commonly assumed of that spirit of the fair which draws the throng to the boxing-ring and the prize-fight. Assuredly, the palatial clubs of Pall Mall are, in historic perspective of origins, but one remove from the Coffee-houses of the eighteenth century. On this very site the quidnuncs of those days gathered for their gossip in the select circles of the Coffee-house, which came in between the old open Tavern and the modern closed Club. And as for the tavern, its pedigree clearly runs

back even to the pleasure-booths of the fair. It is, of course, no detraction from the dignity of the modern hustings and the grandeur of the Party Meeting in a Pall Mall Palace to recognize their origins in humble beginnings. What these august affairs thus lose in the mystical qualities of the unknown, they more than gain in the solidity of their human foundations. And, as Aristotle reminds us, the value of a thing is to be judged not by its beginning, but by the end to which it tends. And it may well be that in the future evolution of political systems, the historic parties have their essential contribution to national life and organization still to make. For some future liberalizing of the Liberals and conservating of the Conservatives we are thus encouraged to look forward as we stroll down Pall Mall.

Passing down the narrow street which separates the two political Clubs, one comes to a row of the representative mansions that house the Olympian families during their "season in town." In town they naturally desire conditions approximating as far as may be to those of their rural life. But the spacious privacy of a private park and the floral magnificence of great gardens, even nobles must forego in town, for there these

delights in their fulness are nowadays for royalty alone. The nearest urban substitute is a house fronting on a royal park, and for garden a generous patronage of the commercial florist. Between these substitutes and the aristocratic ideal of verdant privacy, a certain compromise has been found for the highest ranks of the titular hierarchy, as we shall see in our Mayfair walk.

In the domestic economy of the town mansion, limitation of space raises delicate issues. It compels, for instance, a nice balance of adjustment between the lofty dignity and grandeur of public rooms adorned by inherited or collected art treasures, and the demands of ease and comfort in the more private chambers. To meet these conflicting claims, builders have devised an ingenious plan of construction, whereby the train of servants are accommodated by day in a basement, and by night in attics.

By a happy accident, not in the original plans, Carlton House Terrace is bisected by Waterloo Place; and there is thus opened into St. James's Park a way fitted for the processional splendours of the future, when the days of pageantry return. Let us end here our first walk, and pause to enjoy a view hard to imagine excelled in any other

city. To see masonry towering out of green foliage is always to satisfy the mind and cheer the heart: but here, rising beyond a sea of verdure, we have the delectable vision not of one tower, but a whole succession of towers, spires and dome. In the foreground of the picture, where the southward way cuts the broad Mall, the Artillery Monument makes the beginning of a new Commemorative Place. Mr. Colton's design curiously resembles Stanford White's ingenious construction in New York, which is at once a monument to Farragut, a civic adornment, and a commodious public seat. The need for a rest-place on top of the steps from which to view the panorama suggests the duplicating of Mr. Colton's design in an adaptation to seats on either side of the York Column. The growing custom of providing special seats for wounded soldiers would thus be followed and even improved upon. And when happily there are no more wounded soldiers, the reversion to the seats will fall in to the public.

## II

At its west end, Pall Mall proudly bears the Tudor Palace of St. James. The right



hour to pay it a visit, at least before the War, was eleven in the forenoon, when there used to take place daily a military ceremony that served to recall the memories of the place, or some of them. What it did not recall was the connection of the Palace with the Fair. That is a continuing drama, for there are deeds and events which cling to a place, and remain an "unseen hand" in the ordering of its destiny.

The story begins with a pious citizen of medieval Westminster who founded a Hospital and dedicated it to St. James. The Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery, then at the height of its influence and wealth, supplied a site on the edge of his farm lands which stood high and dry above the swamp and waste which is now St. James's Park. The King from the old royal Palace of Westminster looked kindly on the deed of charity, and ordained an annual Fair to the honour of St. James and the profit of the new hospital. Several centuries pass of unbroken record in the quiet fulfilment of the Hospital's purpose, to shelter and care for leprous women. Then appears at the new Palace of Whitehall a monarch who feared neither God nor the Devil, he who despoiled the Church, robbed the Guilds and did his best to desecrate the

tradition and ritual of marriage. A lover of sport, he coveted the Abbot's waste for a hunting-ground, and this trifle was thereupon added to the vast booty of stolen monastic lands. The land was converted into a preserve by the erection of an encircling wall which kept the game in and the public out. The site of the Hospital was a tempting spot for a country house that should also be a hunting-lodge, so the inmates were ejected, and St. James's Palace replaced St. James's Hospital. The revenues of the Fair doubtless went to swell the pockets of some favourite courtier already gluttoned with the pillage of the Church.

Another century passes, and a more generous and sympathetic King appears at Whitehall, the first Charles. He restores to public use St. James's Park, but retains the Palace, and leaves the revenue of the Fair to flow into aristocratic coffers. Next the Puritans have their turn in the seats of authority at Whitehall. They suppress the Fair, and for half a generation sit heavily on the safety-valves of gaiety, with consequent subterranean explosions. Next returns the "Merrie Monarch" with his bacchanalian train. The Fair is restored; and during a few years of flickering life it adds its own brand to the

coarse jollities of Restoration London. This resulting blend of festivities survived the vicissitudes of fashion for two centuries; indeed, according to competent observers, it is far from absent in the contemporary customs of the place; into which, however, the wise convalescent will not farther inquire.

As for the fate of the Old Fair itself, the record is that an ordinance (of Charles II!) finally and for ever suppressed it, on account of its "debauchery and lewdness." To speak truly, the medieval fair was dying of suffocation. It was strangled by the tightening ring of town mansions which in the seventeenth century were gathering about the royal Palace of St. James, as later they clustered round the royal house at Kensington and finally round Buckingham Palace. What the Renaissance plutocracy wanted, as does the modern city, was not an annual fair, but an all-the-year-round one; not a weekly market, but an all-day and every-day one. So the ancient fair was born again in adaptation first to Restoration London, and then to the contemporary metropolis. And the old market reappeared in dispersal through scores of shops and stores since multiplied tenfold.

All these and countless other echoes from the past mingle in the city of to-day with

the quickening voice of to-morrow. There is thus generated a civic spirit which, with all its faults, strives ceaselessly for corporate and individual "life more abundant." And that quest is most manifest in the pulsating region of our itinerary, for therein the aristocratic and the popular pleasuring unite their courses day and night throughout a large part of the year. This civic quarter has become a perpetual fair with a fringe of palaces. How powerful is the spirit of the place let the story of Regent Street tell. For that purpose we must pass for a moment beyond the bounds of our present itinerary.

Early in the nineteenth century, Nash, the dominant architect and town-planner of the day, backed by the strong arm of royalty, threw his energies into the designing and making of a sumptuous boulevard. It was intended to connect the newly made Regent's Park on the far north with the Regent's Palace, which stood where is now the York Column at the lower end of Waterloo Place. In this grandiose design for Regency adornment he did not succeed. The spirit of the place was antagonistic and defeated the will of the town-planner and his royal supporter. What was actually achieved is that which the *genius loci* dictated. Lower Regent Street,

if you think of it symbolically, is a ceremonious Broadway linking into unity the refined luxury of Pall Mall and the commoner gaieties of Piccadilly Circus. Thus, by the construction of Lower Regent Street were the two foci of festivity made to work into more balanced adjustment. And with a certain rounded completeness, the new street, in cutting its Broadway from Pall Mall to Piccadilly, obliterated St. James's Market—solitary visible remnant of the medieval Fair and of the later Haymarket.

Nash, it is true, so far got his way as to build the Upper as well as the Lower Regent Street. But what has become of the massive arcading of the Quadrant and the projecting Spire of All Souls' Church, those two ingenious devices, on which he depended for continuity round the bends in his curving boulevard? As for the arcading, that was promptly assailed as an obstruction to shopping, and most of it was soon replaced by the inevitable plate glass. The essential civic character of Upper Regent Street was thereby revealed as nothing but a bifurcation and extension north and south of that traditional shopping thoroughfare, Oxford Street, itself a continuation of Holborn as that is of Cheapside, the general market-

place of London City from time immemorial. And to realize the frustration of Nash's design and the discomfiture of royal ambition, notice the fate of All Souls' Spire. It was first dwarfed by that huge caravan-serai, the Portland Hotel, and then reduced still further towards insignificance by the erection of an almost American building for the Regent Street Polytechnic.

Contemplating Waterloo Place as it is to-day and holds promise of becoming to-morrow, one is confirmed in the opinion that Nash planned better than he knew, and that in more senses than one. By the demolition of Carlton House (the Regent's Palace), a superb window was opened from Waterloo Place into St. James's Park. A first-rate possibility was thus offered to civic architect and sculptor, of making a "Grand Place," and indeed something more. One statue after another has appeared, and so there are gathering elements of what may yet be as fine a *Forum* as any. For where there is noble sculpture, there nobility of civic life should be not far to seek. A "Grand Place," one may say, becomes a Forum when it brings together the citizens in no mere assemblage of pleasure or of business, but in contemplation of the beautiful, in affirma-

tion of the truth and towards resolve of the good. It is of happy augury that the latest additions to the statuary of Waterloo Place appeal alike to the sense of beauty and to love of the heroic. There were set up just before the war, statues of Captain Scott, hero of the Antarctic, of Florence Nightingale with her lamp, and of her champion, Sidney Herbert. These monuments commemorate deeds as bright as any in history, and, to some critics at any rate, they are also admirable as works of art. This incipient Forum lacks, as yet, its dominant figure. For the rightly forgotten scion of royalty who stands 125 feet high on the York Column is surely but a temporary occupant of that lofty perch. He is the decorative match, if war-like antithesis, of the Nelson on the twin column in Trafalgar Square—as you may verify from one of the few spots where they can both be seen together.

The complete furnishing of this possible Forum of military and initiative idealisms, though well begun, belongs to the future. Should the War in its sequel produce a new Joan of Arc (for whom the times are surely ripe), the site of her statue is waiting. The spirit of the place is expectant and the company is in the main not unworthy.

To return from Pall Mall to Piccadilly, let us avoid the central boulevard of Regent Street, the shopping and theatre traffic of the Haymarket, and likewise the western passage by St. James's Street, which is almost as much a street of clubs as Pall Mall itself. Let us go by way of St. James's Square. Laid out and built during the Restoration, its houses gave relief to the congestion of Westminster City, filled to overflowing by the old and new nobles, merchant princes and adventurers who fluttered about Whitehall like moths round a candle. The list of celebrities who have lived in the Square fills pages of the antiquaries' books. It runs from Royal Dukes to their mistresses, and with many grades and kinds of distinction above, below, or between, as from Gibbon and Gladstone downwards. Of its present inhabitants, by far the most interesting is the occupant of the north-west corner house. For there dwells the London Library, begotten of Carlyle, who found the metropolis without a good lending library and left it equipped with the best in the country. There are other houses of interest. Thus No. 31 and No. 5 are samples of family mansions, the former that of an old line of territorial aristocracy, the Dukes of Norfolk,



and the latter, of a new one, at once cultural and mercantile (Lords of Avebury and Lombard Street). No. 32 is the town house of the Bishops of London, and recalls the time when the episcopal country seat at Fulham was distant from London a stage-coach journey with the attendant risk of attack by highwaymen. No. 15 is a plain brick house to which are attached the stone pillars and pediment of a classical façade. It is a landmark in the perennial Battle of the Styles. It was built in the latter half of the eighteenth century by the architect rightly enough nicknamed "Athenian" Stuart, and immediately became the fashion of the day. At the instance of the famous Dilettanti Society, Stuart had gone on an architectural mission to Athens to make precise measurements of ancient Greek buildings. On his return he crystallized his Hellenic experience in this building. It was acclaimed by contemporary critics to be the very acme of fine taste. It started a new wave of classicism in the ebbing tide of Renaissance building, with corresponding reaction against the plain and simple Georgian, exemplified in some of the houses surviving in the Square.

In King Street on our way to Piccadilly there are two notable buildings for us. One

is St. James's Theatre, westernmost of play-houses and the ninth theatre (counting in music-halls) within the area we call St. James's Fair. The other is the Renaissance façade of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods' great suite of galleries, known the world over as headquarters for the sale of works of art. Nominally a private auction mart, this building is, in reality, one of the greatest of public museums; for if you pay a visit to these galleries once a week throughout the year, you see displayed a more varied and extensive collection of art treasures than most metropolitan museums can boast. Indeed private enterprise, aiming at something else, has in a way achieved that desideratum of the curator—a museum of circulating contents. Through its galleries there flows a perennial stream whose source is in the old mansions of a decaying aristocracy and outlet in the new ones of a rising plutocracy. Those who sell for money, or buy for status or pleasure, alike here continuously contribute their quota. Hence you may see, purchase and carry home as a personal trophy, treasures that range from a medieval carving pillaged from a monastery in the sixteenth century to a futurist painting fresh from a twentieth-century studio. The quaint and

curious products of the East are there, mingling with those of the West and North and South in true museum-like profusion and confusion. If any doubt exist as to whether or not the spirit of the medieval Fair still broods over St. James's, it cannot but be dispelled by a study of Messrs. Christie's catalogues. Read the following enumeration—recited aloud it is as sonorous as a Homeric hymn—"the ebony of the Moluccas; the sandal wood of Timor; the costly camphor of Borneo; the benzoin of Sumatra and Java; the aloes wood of Cochin China; the perfume, silks and innumerable curiosities of China, Japan, and Siam; the rubies of Pegu; the fine fabrics of Coromandel; the richer stuffs of Bengal; the spikenard of Nepaul and Bhutan; the diamonds of Golconda; the Damascus steel of Nirmul; the pearls, sapphires, topazes of Ceylon; the satin wood of Malabar; the lac, agates, and sumptuous brocades and jewellery of Cambay; the costus and graven vessels, wrought arms, and broidered shawls of Cashmere; the bodillium of Scinde; the musk of Thibet; the galbanum of Khorassan; the sagepenum of Persia; ambergris, civet, and ivory of Zanzibar; frankincense of Zeila, Berbera, and Shehr." That is a list of leading Oriental

goods customarily offered for sale at one of the great Fairs of medieval Europe; but might it not pass for a selection from these modern auction catalogues?

After leaving this famous Auction Mart, the natural way to reach Piccadilly is via Duke Street, for that is practically an extension of these King Street galleries. It is lined with shops for the exhibition and disposal of what are variously called bric-à-brac, objects of vertu, antiques, art treasures, according to the mood and the upbringing of the speaker. And another reason for passing through Duke Street is that it fitly closes our walk with a view of the Guild Hall of those contemporary craftsmen whose excellence in painting and sculpture keeps alive the making of "art treasures." King Street debouches on Burlington House and frames a portion of its façade in a not unpleasing vista. The alignment of Burlington House portico with Duke Street is missed by a few feet; but that defect of civic adjustment need not spoil the vista if you take a little pains to find the compensating angle of sight. Too often in our walks we find street-vistas marred for want of a little town-planning; but that art long cultivated, then well-nigh forgotten in Victorian days, is now

reviving. It is an art which some, not knowing what it is and imputing to it what it is not, dislike; especially those who hold the mistaken idea that it comes from Germany. It is ancient and universal in origin, yet for the amateur it is a comparatively simple affair. It consists primarily in not regarding a street as so many shop-fronts or separate buildings, but as a unity and sequence of vistas. The town-planner's habit of mind may be cultivated by remembering, when one enters a street, to look along it both ways, and see what kind of view is presented at each end of the street, and framed by its terminal houses. Yet one of the most revealing discoveries of life is the number of undesigned scenes of beauty which the architecture of every great city offers to the observing pedestrian. And it is well to begin one's civic observations through the sense of beauty, if only to fortify the mind to pass on to the distasteful things of which every modern city is too full. Many prefer to begin their town-planning studies at the utilitarian end, as for instance by counting the pedestrians visiting the markets, estimating the traffic or measuring the breadth of the streets. That is excellent preparation for census collector, economist, and engineer.

But the wise town-planner comes to the dry facts in his own good time, which is after his mind is stored with historic memories and images of beauty. He uses all the resources of the material sciences, but each in its proper place. He will note, for instance, in the area of the present itinerary the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street. Yet he may defer his visit till the moment arrives for studying the site of London, of which there is a large model in the Museum, or of studying the available building materials along with his brother, the architect.

## CHAPTER IV

### MAYFAIR

THE Mayfair walk is from Burlington House to Hyde Park Corner. The precise route by which the destination is reached does not much matter, provided certain places of special interest are visited on the way. One of these is Shepherd's Market. A few small shops—mostly for the sale of vegetables and groceries, or other affairs of petty trade—open into a square where the temporary booths of long ago have established themselves as an intrusive row of permanent buildings. That is Shepherd's Market. It shows, as in a diagram, the evolution of the old-world Market into the modern system of Shops. But why begin our observations of Mayfair with what in appearance is the antithesis of all things aristocratic? Assuredly nothing could be in sharper contrast to the conventional idea of Mayfair, than is Shepherd's Market. Well, this is a diagram of economic evolution, and something more. Shepherd's Market is the

lineal successor of the great spring gathering which gave its name to the original May Fair. Down even to the beginning of the eighteenth century there was held in this locality a Fair which afforded the people of Westminster a fortnight of carnival each springtime. As St. James's Fair was the Summer carnival, so this was the corresponding Spring Festival. Rich and poor alike participated, each in their own way, in the gaieties of the old May Fair. Witness the following extract from a letter in the *Tatler* of 1701—

“ I wish you had been at May Fair, where the rope dancing would have recompensed your labour. All the nobility in town were there, and I am sure even you, at your years, must have had your youthful wishes, to have beheld the beauty, shape and activity of Lady Mary when she danced. Pray ask my Lord Fairfax after her, who, though not the only lord by twenty, was every night an admirer of her while the fair lasted. There was the city of Amsterdam, well worth your seeing; every street, every individual house was carved in wood, in exact proportion one to another; the Stadhouse was as big as your hand; the whole, though an irregular figure, yet that you may guess, about ten yards



diameter. Here was a boy to be seen, that within one of his eyes had DEUS MEUS in capital letters, as GULIELMUS is on half-a-crown; round the other he had a Hebrew inscription, but this you must take as I did, upon trust."

But the end of May Fair in its original and democratic form was rapidly approaching: for in a *Tatler* of less than ten years later, we read—

"Yet that Fair is now broke, as well as the Theatre is breaking; but it is allowed still to sell animals there. Therefore if any lady or gentleman have occasion for a tame elephant, let them enquire of Mr. Pinkethman, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable rate. The downfall of May Fair has quite sunk the price of this noble creature as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A tiger will sell almost as cheap as an ox; and I am credibly informed a man may purchase a cat with three legs for very near the value of one with four . . ."

. . . "Advices from the upper end of Piccadilly say that May Fair is utterly abolished, and we hear Mr. Pinkethman has removed

his ingenious company of strollers to Greenwich."

To-day the small and rather grimy shops of Shepherd's Market cater for the petty wants of charwomen, laundresses, caretakers, chauffeurs, coachmen and other "dependents" of the great houses around. Hence it is a place of respectability, but low vitality. Therein one might discover a poignant contrast to the intensity of life which once characterized this place. But assuredly that former intensity is transformed and diffused rather than departed. And the mode of its transformation, its current varieties, and their changing tendencies, are the topics of our present walk. The evolution of old into new Mayfair will be our Ariadne thread through this West End labyrinth.

Immediately adjacent to the Market, indeed occupying one of its corners, is a ducal mansion, restored from the fortune that came with an American heiress. The size and magnificence of this edifice testifies to one characteristic mode of aristocratic renewal. And the site of the mansion recalls another secret of patrician continuity. The two tap-roots of aristocracy are its inherent powers of social renewal and organic renewal. Declin-

ing patriciates renew themselves socially by marriage with the heiresses of commerce. They renew themselves organically by the selection of brides picked for beauty, health and charm, from no matter what class. Now it so happens that on or about the site of this ducal mansion stood once the most famous of all the chapels for celebration of "Fleet" marriages. Here officiated the notorious Dr. Keith, ever ready at a moment's notice, and for moderate fee, to administer the sacrament of Holy Matrimony to all and sundry. During the season of the May Fair there streamed into Dr. Keith's chapel a procession of happy couples, borne on the springtide of life. As many as six thousand marriages were said to have been celebrated in this chapel by the valiant Keith in the course of a single year. Nothing short of an Act of Parliament could stem this flow of vitality. But before recourse to that traditional damper, there had been tried in vain an ecclesiastical censure, and a public excommunication on the facile parson; who, nothing daunted, retaliated on his assailants by himself declaring excommunication on his bishop and also on the associated civil judge! Keith's chapel, while its day lasted, was a vortex of life, not only for the people. To it also were drawn ardent

aristocrats bent on renewing the vitality of their own families, and incidentally, that of their order, from the youth and beauty of less exalted classes. It was thus the scene of many so-called *mésalliances*. Here, for instance, was celebrated the marriage of a Duke of Hamilton, who, by espousing a beautiful commoner introduced into the Olympian circle a woman of abounding life. She became the wife of two, and the mother of four dukes.

An aristocracy has been defined as "*a group of families united by an epic urge.*" To be sure it is easier, by observation in Mayfair, to confirm the first part of the definition than the second. The family grouping is more conspicuous than the epic urge; though the latter is plain enough to the searching eye, as we shall later see. One may speak of the families of Mayfair as a group, in the sense that one speaks of a herd of deer, a flock of birds, a shoal of fish. They are creatures of seasonal migration, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Mayfair is but one of their many seasonal haunts. Here they assemble to make merry in the spring and early summer months. Their "season in town" is a time of effervescent activities, literally a prolonged May Fair; a continuous carnival of feasting,

gaieties, and "shows," of every order, ranging from an exhibition of Futurist paintings in a Bond Street gallery, to the classic races at Epsom and Ascot. As the heats of summer replace the quickening warmth of spring, the pleasure-seekers of the Fair become satiated. The season in town ended, there is a migration to the recuperative places of nature and to the *Kurörter*, or other healing places of medical art. To the continental spas go mostly the enfeebled and the overfed; but elsewhere the bulk of the migratory pack. The moors and glens, the streams and mountains of Scotland, are the nearest reserves of great natural solitudes. Hence these have become, partly by the drift of things, and still more, perhaps, by artificial processes, the great hunting-ground and autumn sanatorium of the English aristocracy, and their plutocratic understudies.

Between autumn and midwinter, the game coverts and the grasslands of English shires afford exhilarating occupation on foot and horseback, especially to the lusty young males, so Society scatters to its family mansions throughout the countryside. In the cold and dreary days of the new year they gather again for a flight in the wake of the swallow.

Their villas, coquettishly perched on sunlit spots of Mediterranean shores, intermingle with those of other European aristocracies. With these they sometimes play and make scandal: sometimes keep critically apart; in either case subconsciously preparing to fight, and so make history! But with the politics, foreign or domestic, of this strange species, alternately superordinary and subordinary, we are not here concerned: that belongs to another part of Westminster. Nor, indeed, are we concerned with their migratory habits, except to note in the round of seasonal haunts the place of Mayfair. What we have to observe and interpret is the mode of life in this habitat. Where, it may be asked to begin with, do we find the evidences of that epic urge which is the alleged bond of social union? It is not obvious, maybe, the epic element in marrying a tradesman's heiress, or the lyric with a chorus girl. True, though it might well be answered that the high adventure in that affair is mainly on the woman's part. Aside from these particular cases, are not patrician women ever inspirers and conservers of courage in their order? To the young male, courage comes as a natural function like digestion and respiration. But that kind of courage is material and episodal

rather than moral and sustained. And woman, whether in patrician or other classes, is, many believe, the main transformer of episodal into habitual courage. But in this matter the womanly rôle is far from being merely passive. Is she not herself the most frequent exemplar of that higher courage which is needed for explorations of the moral and spiritual life?

Of this let us take an instance from the neighbourhood of Shepherd's Market, where our walk was arrested by this discussion. Almost opposite the Curzon Street entrance to the Market is a great arched portico of carved stone adorned with the architectural symbols of life abundant. Flaming torches, ears of wheat, lamps of oil, proclaim a religious purpose. And in confirmation you read in sculptured letters that compose into the decorative scheme—

### THIRD CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.

The building is open, and there is that about it which invites the passer-by to enter. In the spacious hall, brightened by flowers and a glowing hearth, you are welcomed by a smiling lay-priestess, with friendly offer to show and explain. After a tour of the more sacred parts of the interior, you are put in

charge of another smiling priestess, the guardian of a soothingly decorated reading-room, where an arm-chair and a supply of sacred and secular literature are placed at your disposal. Whatever opinion you may hold of this new religion, you cannot but admire the courage of the women who thus administer the introduction to its ritual to the stranger within their gates.

But this incursion of modern woman into a world bristling with spiritual perils is only a sample of the moral and psychic re-explorations undertaken in recent years under feminist impulse and guidance. Other illustrations could be given in abundance, from drawing-rooms of Mayfair, and from the upper chambers of Bond Street, with their many sibyls of the occult; and these never so busy and prosperous as since the War. In short, there are many active centres of the current revival of explorations into the mysteries and the meaning of the inner life. The courage required to launch one's bark upon these uncharted seas is, of course, far from confined to the women of the aristocracy. But in the spiritual adventuring of the latter, there is a certain moral audacity which, in another field of exploit, is called epic. Especially is that so in the play of sex within the larger



social drama. To be sure, the man also acts his part in fitting fashion, where the issue is worth while. In illustration thereof take the following little history, with its Mayfair sequel and setting.

A younger son of a minor Scottish laird—one Duncan of Lundie—joins the British Navy to seek his fortune in the wars, French, Spanish and Dutch, which merrily continued throughout the eighteenth century. He serves with distinction in actions ranging half round the world. But promotion is slow for an unbefriended youth; and small is the share of prize money that falls to junior officers. Wearisome years are spent in waiting and pleading for the command that was his by right of prowess. He descends almost into mid-life without getting a ship of his own. Then he marries into that powerful family, the Dundases of Arniston. Quickly the scene changes. Rapidly he rises through rank after rank, to command of one of the main fleets. He was blockading the Dutch coast (it is said to have been one of the most effective blockades in history), when the mutiny at the Nore broke out. Insubordination affects Admiral Duncan's fleet with the rest. But by dramatic displays of the Herculean strength that went with his stature of six feet

four, the Admiral holds together the crew of his flagship and of one or two others. With these he keeps at sea and continues to maintain the blockade by a ruse. He hoodwinks the Dutch fleet into inactivity by a display of well-designed signals to that large part of his own fleet which was not there. The mutiny subdued and his squadron restored to strength, the Admiral returns to port, in order to refit. While still in harbour and his squadron only half refitted, word is brought that the Dutch fleet has come out. The Admiral puts to sea, only to find the Dutch fleet sailing close under a lee shore and making for their home port. By disregarding a stringent standing regulation of the Admiralty only to attack in line-of-battle formation, the reckless Admiral manages by a disorderly assault to squeeze in between the Dutch fleet and their own coast.

The result of the battle of Camperdown every schoolboy knows. What the history-books do not recite are certain details of information in the sequel, which incidentally throw some light on the problem of how aristocracies are made and maintained. They tell us, to be sure, that Admiral Duncan was rewarded by a Viscounty, and a modest pension to be continued for three generations.

The smallness of the pension consorted ill with the dignity to be maintained in perpetuity by the family of a Viscount. But one of the things the historians do not mention is that the Government in deciding the amount of the pension probably took into account the quantity of booty not unlikely to remain in the hands of a Scottish Admiral after many years conscientiously devoted to the spoiling of the three richest nations of the day, and the sacking of their colonial ports. Another item usually omitted from the narrative is that the women-folk of the family—especially, one may suppose, those on the Dundas side—were dissatisfied with the Viscounty, as being in their view inadequate to the merits of the case. One of the Admiral's aunts, when she heard rumour of the proposed title, squarely faced the Secretary of War, and told the Minister straight, "the least you can do is to give him an Earldom." But the Minister thus admonished was a kinsman of the Dundas family; and that perhaps is why the higher title was delayed, and only given to Admiral Duncan's son. For aristocracies, at their best, exercise a judicious punctilio in regard to these matters.

The Mayfair Mansion of the Earls of Camperdown, as we pass it in our walk through

Charles Street, will recall this story, so representative of that epic urge which is the core of the tradition that inspires and holds together groups of patrician families. And let us not forget the feminist factor in the narrative. We may fairly generalize its part; and perceive therein the providence that secures careers for the young men of its order and honours for the older ones.

This feminist factor works for the most part behind the scenes; and that doubtless is one of the reasons why it counts for so much in the renewal and sustenance of patrician distinctions. Niceties of difference in status, such as that between a viscount and an earl, may seem to the plebeian mind lacking in significance. But that failure of sensibility connotes, perhaps, nothing but our dulness in the appreciation of delicately graded life-enhancements. How different the mind of the patrician woman! How amazing her discrimination of vital values, whether in the titles of nobility, the etiquette of gesture, or the esthetics of Bond Street wares. And keen as is her sensitiveness to the *nuances* of life, it is yet equalled by her deftness in manipulating them. For this she has devised an art unrecognized in the schools, and elaborated a logic unknown to philosophers.

By subtle social readjustment, by her resolute personal choice of favoured individuals, and by her will to seek out and utilize to their full, the psychic forces of life, is not woman—plebeian and patrician alike—for ever at work silently frustrating the levelling tendencies of democratic institutions? Is it not largely hence that, even in democratic France, they have so often to say “*Cherchez la femme*”?

Let us consider some further illustrations of this hidden play on the chessboard of life, as revealed in the customs of Mayfair. One of the “*Season’s*” events is the annual show of pictures at Burlington House. The galleries of the Academy are then thronged with queenly women, gowned in spring finery, and crowned in all the glory of the milliners’ art. The attendant cavaliers also are many: and though decked in soberer hues, they shine, if not always in their minds, at any rate doubly so in boots and hat. As for the painted wares of the show, who shall describe their number, brilliance and variety? A well-known philosopher of art has essayed the task—

“*Imagine,*” he says, “*a building divided into many rooms. . . . Every wall is covered*

with pictures . . . animals in sunlight or shadow, drinking, standing in water, lying on the grass . . . human figures sitting, standing, walking; often they are naked. . . . Apples and silver dishes; portraits of Councillor So and So; sunset; lady in red; flying duck; portrait of Lady X.; flying geese; lady in white; calves in shadow; . . . portrait of Prince Y.; lady in green. . . .”

But all this confusion of presentment is not to be taken as impugning the taste of the patrons or the skill of the artists. For is it not inexorably dictated by the current mode of window-dressing? The aim of the showman (who to-day is the shopman) apparently is to overwhelm the spectator with so lavish a display as to distract the senses and consequently suspend the critical faculties. The customer is to be pardoned if, in the mental confusion of his sensuous bedazzlement, he does not discriminate nicely between quantity and quality. And it is not to be wondered at if, in consequence, he hands over his purse to the most vocal salesman. Thus are commonly accounted as neither well-founded nor in proper taste, the current gibes against the Royal Academy for overcrowding its walls with flaunting appeals to unrefined

sense, and with sentimental exercises in commonplace emotions.

A week or two previous to the opening of the exhibition, there may be witnessed a scene that is complementary to the fashionable assemblage of patrons. To see this other spectacle, one must go round to the back door of the Academy, through which the pictures are brought in. From Piccadilly to Burlington Gardens the change does not seem notable. But once inside the back gate, there is a startling transformation. Here is no stately portico, no spacious courtyard, no sculptured façade of Portland stone; and only a long, narrow, dark alley between two plain brick walls. That on the left is the western gable of the Academy building itself, and it stretches its great height and length unrelieved by a single decorative touch. If it were not for the magnificence of the Piccadilly front, the visitor might foolishly fancy from its back premises that the Royal Academy was a factory in a slum.

At the back door, then, we take our stand, to watch the stream of pictures passing all day into the building. In this procession, if you have the patience to wait and watch it, you may see a veritable model of our social world. Between the struggling artist

carrying hopefully his own youthful dream of beauty, and, at the other end of the artistic scale, the canvas of the lady-amateur borne indifferently by a footman, you perceive a thousand manifestations of life endowed with the gift of expression and only seeking for its joyful cultivation, an appreciative audience. But that simple and primary condition of life's fulfilment is denied to all but a favoured few in the competitive chaos of the Academy Exhibition. And the arbiters of the fate that select the favoured few, who are they, and what are their criteria of judgment? To answer these questions, one must trace to their source the styles and views of the elder Academicians, and not merely the fleeting vagaries of "taste." The origins are many. But is not one main concentration to be found in Mayfair salons and the corresponding country-house parties? In final resort, therefore, it would appear that the fateful shears are, to no negligible extent, to be discovered in the delicate palms of patrician hostesses.

Burlington House is the Home not only of Art, but of Science; and in the eastern wing of the quadrangle is housed the Royal Society. That august body is to the world of



science what the Royal Academy is to the world of Art. Without disrespect, and with truth, it may be described as a skimming of top layers. It is the scientific Upper Chamber or House of Lords. In point of constitution it is renewable by co-option, on a basis somewhat antiquated and correspondingly honorific. Elsewhere in the quadrangle are lodged the Astronomers and the Geologists, the Antiquarians and the Botanists. The Piccadilly front is also partly occupied by an organization which is, as it were, the scientific House of Commons. It is known officially as the British Association; and affectionately by its members as "the British Ass."

In a world woefully disordered, you would expect to find Order, if anywhere, amongst these scientific folk. As the Royal Academy is an Association for the Enhancement of Life through Vision; so all these scientific societies are collectively an association for the Ordering of Life through Knowledge. Hopefully, therefore, you inquire of the Royal Society and the British Association for some Scheme of Knowledge, something general and positive, which may help us to avoid and transcend the current conflict of ideas and the prevailing chaos of opinion. But the results are sadly disappointing. As for the

Royal Society, such Order as it compasses is got by formally and comprehensively excluding from its survey the most complicated things, such as the Human Mind, Social Organization, the Theory and Practice of Religion, and much else. Incredible as it may sound, it is nevertheless a fact, that this pontifical Society, which stands to the Nation and the Government as the embodiment of all scientific wisdom, has always officially boycotted the psychological and social sciences. Next, turning to the British Association, one discovers its sense of order to be too little beyond that of the Royal Academy catalogue. In other words, as its Sections A B C, etc., confess, it is also too much arrested at the alphabetical stage, and remains so far primitive and childlike. Still, it has in this the beginnings of a scheme of knowledge; and it admits, for instance, Anthropology and Education.

Now, in the matter of verified knowledge, this question of Order is surely fundamental. It is (to borrow a phrase of President Wilson's) the acid test. Make a ruthless application of this test; and you are driven to infer that the official or Burlington House science ought, taking it in its entirety as a system of mental illumination, more accurately to be called

Nescience. People blame the Government and the Nation for not being sufficiently scientific. The trouble is, that in this Burlington House sense, the Nation and Government are too "purely" scientific. Unless, therefore, this official house of science widens its ways, it is in danger of becoming Burlesque House to the rising generation, who are asking for the social sciences and their guidance.

In spite of official boycotts, the psychological and social sciences are, of course, pursued in other institutions. These studies are even penetrating the Universities. But everywhere within the circles of the learned, this culture is dominated by the essentially machine-science of the Royal Society. Hence in college and university it has been arrested for the most part at the study of dead or sterile forms. There it is too seldom animated by the breath of life. Even at its best—say the Economics of Prof. Marshall's school at Cambridge, or of Lord Acton's History school, it is still essentially pre-sociological. And so even is "Mind," despite exceptional articles. These, too, are samples of the green tree: we have not space for the faggots of the dry.

Hence those who would seriously explore

the realities of the social or the inner life and the mysteries of the living soul, are consequently deprived of the scientific discipline and skilled guidance which should be available. So it has come about that vital investigation into the field of psychic realities has fallen into the hands of amateurs (even great physicists may be examples of this), and sometimes of charlatans. For moral courage, however abundant, and spiritual insight, however gifted, are no substitute for positive and verified knowledge of the way the world works. Hence the crudities of drawing-room séances, the quackery of Bond Street witcheries, the simplicist posturings of "new religions," and the bland sophistries of "higher thought" systems. Yet all these manifestations of psychic activity are the defects of qualities. And while the qualities are their own, the defects are demonstrably the correlate and counterpart, if not wholly the consequence, of the ban and boycott of things social and spiritual by the scientific pundits of Burlington House. In what it fails to do, as well as in what it does, the science of Burlington House thus exercises a deep and far-reaching influence first of practical obscurantism in these studies, but also in the false perspective in which the

physical sciences stand, so long as we leave out the higher ones.

How the serio-comedy of science is played in its front buildings we have just seen. Next, passing to its rear we observe this serio-comedy turning into solemn (even tragic) farce. There we are confronted by a building of impressive façade decorated by a whole gallery of statues. In a long double row, the heroes of scientific research, from Aristotle to Lavoisier, are presented in life-sized figures. Contemplating this historical vision of progressive thought, this moving spectacle of experimental discovery, you infer that here indeed is a veritable Temple of Research—perhaps Bacon's "Solomon's House" at last—and that within its halls the lamp of truth burns brightly. In point of fact it was thus built as the examination-centre and record-store of the University of London; and it has now become the Testing-house for our official Mandarinate. The Civil Service examinations are held here. Their processes are well known, if not adequately appreciated. Candidates are first drilled throughout their best years in the memorization of dead knowledge. Then they are tested and measured as to fitness for national service, by their skill and facility in disgorging the pellets of

information with which they were previously crammed.

In a completed Temple of Parnassus, such as the University must yet be, the Poets, with their attendant musicians, dramatists, dancers and actors, historians, story-tellers and scholars, may well occupy the central building. Artists, sculptors and architects would inhabit the right wing, and scientists range along the left. Judged by this standard, Burlington House, for all its size and magnificence, is but a pair of wings for a body still to be created. True, the new (and doubtless some day to be august) British Academy has been recently constituted, and given a lodgment in Burlington House. But these are for the most part the grammarians and the commentators of literature; and, as is well known, grammarians and commentators have the unhappy knack of converting any building they may chance to inhabit into a mausoleum. The nearest approach to a home of living poetry in Westminster is perhaps at Mr. Elkin Mathews's place in Vigo Street. But just outside Westminster is the Poetry Bookshop in Devonshire Street which answers better to that description, and appropriately comes almost within the precincts of the British Museum, or not too far away.

Withal, Mayfair is not without its touch of the Parnassian spirit. Where Hertford Street debouches upon Park Lane, there is a bay wherein has been erected a monument to English Poetry. It is a fountain with three tiers of statues. First there are the Muses of Tragedy, Comedy and Lyric Poetry; next above these are placed Shakespeare, Milton and Chaucer; and the whole is surmounted by a Victory, winged and golden. Here, then, on the western fringe of Mayfair, stand the poets, though seeming a little dubious of their footing. The artists and the scientists, with their more appealing gifts—as respectively of paint-box for women and children, and of explosives for sportsmen and warriors—have their firm lodgment, as we saw, upon the eastern fringe. But that the poets have here a footing at all is an achievement to be credited to the feminist factor. That designation is, to be sure, a dull name for the Muses themselves. Throughout the history of aristocracies have not their womenkind ever had Parnassian associations? How often you find them in couples, the great lady and the minor poet; the great poet and the minor lady! But to whatever originating influence may be due the erection of this Parnassian monument, there is evidence of

the womanly touch in the drinking-trough attached to the fountain, for on its granite are inscribed the words—

NEW DAYS, NEW WAYS PASS,  
LOVE STAYS

The quality (or defect, as some may think it) of appreciating and establishing subtly graded distinctions of status is sometimes made the very basis of social organization. An army is the best-known example of such a hierarchized society. Another well-known one is the Roman Catholic Church, whose ministrants rise in ordered rank, from choir-boy to Pope. The hierarchy of the British aristocracy falls far short of these perfected social forms: but so far as it goes, 'tis well illustrated on the town-plan of Mayfair. Consider, for instance, the plan of that section which runs from Piccadilly to Berkeley Square. First comes Devonshire House, facing the Green Park, and looking towards Buckingham Palace. The ducal mansion stands in grounds which extend to the dimensions of a miniature park; so only by comparison with the spaciousness of the adjacent royal parks does the ducal domain seem small. Next behind the Duke comes Lansdowne House, with private walled grounds which



are also park-like, as befits the dignity of a Marquis, but their size is appreciably below the ducal standard. Finally comes Berkeley Square with its central garden which is to be considered as the Collective Park common—the faithful guide-book informs us—to three Earls, five Lords, two Baronets, one Dowager Duchess, one Countess and two Right Honourables. All this titled constellation is crowded incontinently into Berkeley Square by the harsh limitations of urban space. Thus we see how the town-plan adapts itself to the requirements of status, from Royalty to Right Honourable; so that the plan of this section, extending from St. James's Park to Berkeley Square, is a diagram of our titled hierarchy. Some explain these hierarchical tendencies as the reflex of military grading; and doubtless with justice, for even an aristocracy like ours is not without likeness to that of the Kingdom of Prussia, of which war is the business. But that there are other influences at work also, we have already suggested.

To complete our study of family adjustment to site and space on the basis of status, a visit should be paid to some representative "Mews" of Mayfair. A typical case is provided in the planned walk. So far we

have seen only the fronts of Mayfair mansions. What of their backs? In passing through Queen Street you have on either side the customary Fair frontages. But turn into the archway that opens inconspicuously to the left; and in a moment another world appears. You find yourself in a slum. The high grimy walls and frowning casements of the mansions' backs, rise over a congested mass of low buildings and mean alleys. The buildings, indeed, are more closely packed and gloomier than in the ordinary East End slum. There the congestion comes from the crowding of small cottage-like dwellings. The sky of the East End slum is not darkened, except where Business has planted its Warehouses, Enterprise its Factories, Philanthropy its Model Dwellings and the London County Council its Schools. And even then it is an old and general practice to leave some space between one dwelling-house and another. But here in the heart of Mayfair you see the two-storied and even three-storied dwellings of the Mews flush against the lower stories of the family mansions. The poisonous system of back-to-back houses is thus not altogether, as currently supposed, an evil monopoly of the industrial hives of the north.

The coachmen, grooms, chauffeurs of the

Mews have wives and children. You will not see the children at play in the Parks of Mayfair. They are often too far away for the younger children, even if the Keepers were encouraging, which they officially are not. The natural playgrounds of these children of the Mews are surely the gardens of the Squares. For simple folk of rustic origin, such as doubtless are most wives of coachmen and grooms, the garden of the neighbouring square would, but for hindering conventions, be like the village green, a place for games of children, and for gathering and gossip of elders after the day's work. But this conception of the urban square clashes, of course, with that which sees in it a collective park. And while that contrast of ideas lasts, no mere unlocking of gates nor removal of spiked rails would bring the folk of the Mews out into the open lawns of the Square. Something that goes beyond material considerations is needed to bridge the historic abyss between Olympian Park and Village Green. Of what that something consists, we shall find a hint and more in the closing vista of our walk.

Our destination is Hyde Park Corner. We reach it by a roundabout route from the Poets' Monument; there turning north again in order to take a glance at Grosvenor Square.

That with Berkeley Square make the two social foci of Mayfair. As Devonshire House, with its outlook on the Green Park, is the dominating centre of its district, so Grosvenor House, with its spacious grounds looking into Hyde Park, radiates to its own quarter the prestige of a ducal tradition, whose amplitude of ground-rent roll compensates a certain modernity of title. Crossing Park Lane, we turn into Hyde Park through a footway opposite the lower end of Grosvenor House grounds. Avoiding the broad road that conducts to Hyde Park Corner, we seek a more delectable path through the green-sward. An arrow-straight avenue lined with overarching trees runs parallel to the road, but separated from it by masses of foliage and a broad belt of turf. Along this "Lovers' Walk," as it is well called, we take our way. At its southern end the avenue frames a statue of Byron. When near enough just to discern the bare outline of the statue—say at fifty to a hundred yards according to the state of the atmosphere—let us pause. The vista is one of great beauty. Its placid charm is well calculated to dispel any jarring of feeling lingering from the less pleasing spectacles of our walk. The Byron statue is the centre of a scenic panorama of which the detail as

well as the whole enrich our stores of mental imagery. It is in such treasures that the real wealth of aristocracies consists. To the right is the colossal statue of Achilles, clearly outlined through the foliage. In the background, shining through the trees, are the white pillars of the marble screen at Hyde Park Corner; and beyond this, tower the dark masses of lofty Belgravian mansions. Further to the right, one may dimly trace, through leafy branches, the moving figures of riders in Rotten Row. To the left are just perceptible traces of the variegated architecture which makes Park Lane, in point of styles, the most interesting of Mayfair streets. And between this and the Byron statue, the picture is completed by the dense shrubberies of Hamilton Place gardens, vivid against the grey stone walls of Piccadilly Mansions.

With this vista imprinted on the memory, let us close our walk and return another day to interpret the significant items of the final scene.

What of the return visit of interpretation? The Byron statue came into the focus of our vista because we abandoned the customary thoroughfare for the less usual one of Lovers' Walk, but the Achilles statue is more central

to the Mayfair standpoint. In an attitude of menace, sword poised for thrust or parry, the colossal figure flaunts its nude muscularity from a pedestal, raised on a mound at the public focus of the Park. Deeply carved in great letters of gold, an inscription tells that the statue was set up by the women of Britain,

TO ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Impossible not to think that when the subscribers contemplated the gallant figure created at their desire, the image that arose in their minds was the living warrior hero rather than the mythic one. This Achilles stands for the Duke himself, stripped of conventional wrappings, and seen as the Olympian ideal of the youthful patrician trained to war. That ideal is central to the cult of western aristocracies. At once in enforcement and in answer to its challenge, the statue is now confronted by an anti-aircraft gun, mounted on the pediment of the Hyde Park screen.<sup>1</sup> That gun is the token of a new ideal of military prowess. Whether we consider the soldier mechanics who work it, or the flying invaders who are their target, it may be safely affirmed that neither have

<sup>1</sup> Removed since the close of the war.

won their battles on the playing fields of any Eton. Not a few laurels of the air service have been won by youths rejected for the army by reason of this or that "physical unfitness." Yet though we assume that the victories of the future will fall to mind more than to muscle, that does not necessarily mean a waning of the patrician ideal. It might happily mean that this gifted order, without ceasing its cult of courage, would cherish and glorify and make to prevail its own more fitful Parnassian strain. Think, for instance, of the Byron statue and what it portends. Seated in musing posture, pen in hand, scroll on knee, his favourite dog looking wistfully up, the poet seems to contrast in every respect with the Achillean type. But in point of fact the youthful Byron combined with his Parnassian gifts those of the Olympian ideal. Notwithstanding his slight deformity, he was agile, strong, and handsome; capable of feats like the swimming of the Hellespont, and a great traveller; ancient of lineage, titled, proud and masterful, possessed of demonic energy, a born leader of men. He crowded into his brief life half a dozen careers—man of fashion, satirist, poet, politician, friend of Freedom, revolutionary leader. Verses he threw off

with the facility of an improvisatore, the skill of a master, and in such prodigious quantities that the number of lines written during the ten active years of his life exceeded those of the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, *Paradise Lost*, and the *Divine Comedy* all added together. His type is thus Parnassolympian, and in rare degree. That his statue should stand midway between the Achillean Wellington and the monument of the Poets in Park Lane is thus a felicitous piece of that undesigned town-planning we are so often finding along our way. It is not quite midway, but as it should be, nearer the Achilles. There is room in Hamilton Place Gardens for others of the patrician poets of England who approach nearer to the Parnassian ideal. So let statues of Philip Sidney and Shelley be set up to mediate between Byron and the group of pure Parnassians in Park Lane. Sidney would stand in the centre as perfect type of the Parnassolympian, and the sequence, if we contemplate it in political mood, would remind us that the reconciliation of democracy and aristocracy must come by developing each in its kind, to that high level where differences are transcended and discords merge into harmonies.

In conclusion, to return to the question



of a page or two back—how to build a passage between mansion park and village green, between the Mews of Queen Street and the garden of Berkeley Square? There is no short cut to be constructed, by political or other machinery, though that is not to deny the use and expediency of these methods of social road-making. But the route that is permanently viable must go by the Parnass-olympian way. How shall we find this? What is Education?—say, rather, National Re-Education?

## CHAPTER V

### RENAISSANCE PHASES

ST. JAMES'S PARK is an embroidered mantle fringed with jewels. To be appreciated, such a mantle must be contemplated as a treasure yet worn as a garment. To speak plainly, the Park is first to be enjoyed as a Pleasance; then when the mind is stored with its images of beauty, one may study it as a Museum, of Renaissance relics, remnants, and renewals. There are some of fortunate habit of mind who can enjoy and study at the same time. That is a habit to be acquired by practice; and there is no better place to begin its cultivation than St. James's Park.

A spring day of blue sky and drifting clouds is the best of all times for a stroll in the Park. Crocus and daffodil are peeping through the unmown grass. The yellow note, taken up and repeated by the generous gilding of the Palace railings and of the great iron gates, swells to a pæan from the golden figures that crown the marble fountain. The lawns, shrubs and trees of the middle greensward

compose into masses of subtly graduated greens now darkened to olive, anon brightened to gold and auburn under the capricious sun. The long lake winds amongst these central masses of verdure, reflecting foliage and flowers amid the mystic blues, purples and greys of shimmering water. Encircling this garden of enchantment runs a high wall of grey or golden masonry, indefinitely varied in form and design, breaking now into tower, column and spire, now into pillared façade, and further diversified here and there by the mellowing tones of brickwork, ranging from Tudor to modern. High above all, sun and cloud play in concert their ceaseless game of enhancement, by adding to central landscape and surrounding buildings the infinite wonder of light and shade.

Such was this paradise of a park before the rude hand of war was laid upon its charms. How melancholy its appearance to-day. Air-raids compelled the draining of the lake. The ever-growing Bureaucracy of Whitehall has thrust out repellent tentacles which month by month crawl further into the Park. If the hideous things continue to grow, a time will come when the place will be all tentacles and no Park. At first these hutments for the bureaucrats were of wood, but now of brick,

so the prospect of their removal does not improve. The visitor of to-day must be content with what remains of former beauty, and exercise his imagination in conceiving the vistas of delight which will again be possible when the lake is refilled, and the tentacles withdrawn.

Include the Green Park as a mere forecourt of St. James's, and you have three entrances to the Park through monumental arches, two being of triple span. There is something of elemental appeal about a great archway. There is in it that which, like rhythm in language, soothes the mind, and like climax in oratory, lifts up the heart. The monumental arch has always been one of the permanent resources of spiritual tonic:—"Lift up your heads, ye gates!" Amongst other traditional forms is one which, though historically associated with the monumental arch, is, we may hope, of less enduring character. This other spiritual tonic is, as we most clearly see when reviewing German history between 1866 and 1914-18, the memory of the last successful war and the forward-looking to the next one. The association of the militarist tradition and the monumental arch had its most conspicuous manifestation in Imperial Rome. Paris, following that tradition in one of her recurring

moments of classical renewal, adorned herself with monumental arches during the Napoleonic wars; and Berlin followed suit during a prolonged period of Napoleonic mimicry.

Of the three archways into St. James's Park, one only, the Wellington Arch, is explicitly of warrior origin. Of the other two, one is usually called the Admiralty Arch, and the other appears to be as yet practically nameless; but since its central span frames the first conquering hero of our Indian Empire, it might be called the Clive Arch.

Here, then, in the three monumental gateways of the Park are the first specimens in this Museum of Renaissance survivals and renewals. Yet the finer essence of the classical revival we call the Renaissance—its Hellenic element rather than the Roman—need not limit the use of the monumental arch to the triumphs of war. Flowers adorn feasts more often than they mitigate funerals. Renaissance poetry—and still more modern poetry—tells of lovers more frequently than warriors. So it would be classical in the best sense to celebrate some notable civic achievement by a monumental arch. Suppose, for instance—if it be not too extravagant a supposition—that the East End Park which has been talked of for Shadwell, be actually made;

suppose, too, that the proposed Garden Suburb, far down the river, to relieve the congestion of the Dockers' quarters, be also built. Would it not be a true classic and Hellenic—because civic—renewal to celebrate these beginnings of the better East End—the future “Eastminster”—by a pair of worthy, even if modest gateways—one for the Shadwell Park, and its fellow for the Dockers' Garden Suburb?

But to return to our West End observations. After the Mayfair walk, we enter the Park by the Wellington Arch, and turn to admire the fine proportions of Decimus Burton's design and the vigorous life of its crowning group of statuary.

Framed within the arch is the classic portico of St. George's Hospital; so with undesigned symbolism bringing together in art things closely associated in present-day life—the warrior's triumph and the sufferings of war's victims.

The avenue down Constitution Hill is at once a public road and the approach to a royal palace. The Queen Consort of one of the Georges had the natural woman's desire for greater privacy at Buckingham Palace. She consulted one of the Ministers of the day as to how the approach might be made into

a private avenue and the cost of the same. He replied, "Madam, the cost would be only two crowns." Whereupon the Queen thought better of it, and changed her intention, if not her mind.

Buckingham Palace is the fourth in succession of royal residences in Westminster. The royal family has moved round St. James's Park in the wake of the sun. Whitehall, the first Tudor Palace, stood almost due east of Buckingham Palace, touching the river on one side and the Park on the other. Into this Whitehall, Henry VIII moved from the medieval confinement of the old palace of Westminster, which stood where are now the Houses of Parliament. Between Whitehall and Buckingham Palace, the half-way house was St. James's Palace, which has sacred memories for Jacobites since Charles I spent his last days there : and scandalous memories for the gossips because the early Georges there kept their mistresses. Finally was acquired for the King's use Buckingham House, into which, when altered and adapted, George III was installed.

Buckingham House was built for a great nobleman of the later Renaissance by one of the Dutch architects who came into fashion with the advent of William III. The problem

set to this architect, at once by the spirit of the times and his patron, was this—to design in an urban setting a *milieu* worthy the dignity, the gestures, the speech, the title of John Sheffield, Marquis of Normanby and Duke of Buckinghamshire! The solution achieved in this particular case is interesting because it shows as in a mirror some essential characteristics of that prolonged epoch, which in its totality it is convenient to call the Renaissance. To begin with was acquired on easy terms the lease of a spacious area of “crown” lands, *i.e.* land despoiled from the Abbey. Next, in order to get a better frontage on St. James’s Park, about three-quarters of an acre of the public Park itself was taken in and enclosed in the “private” property. Of the house built and the garden laid out on this site, we have two contemporary accounts. One is by the noble owner himself, and the other by an observing traveller. The two impressions are supplementary, and must be taken together in order to get a full and vivid picture of the Elysian delights attained in house and garden.

Says the traveller :—

“Buckingham House is one of the great beauties of London, both by reason of its



situation and its buildings. It is situated at the west end of St. James's Park, fronting the Mall and the great walk; and behind it is a fine garden, a noble terrace (from whence, as well as from the apartments, you have a most delicious prospect); and a little park with a pretty canal. The Court-yard which fronts the Park is spacious; the offices are on each side divided from the Palace by two arching galleries, and in the middle of the court is a round basin of water, lined with freestone, with the figures of Neptune and the Tritons in a water-work. The staircase is large and nobly painted; and in the Hall before you ascend the stairs is a very fine statue of Cain slaying of Abel in marble. The apartments are indeed very noble, the furniture rich, and many very good pictures. The top of the Palace is flat, on which one hath a full view of London and Westminster, and the adjacent country; and the four figures of Mercury, Secrecy, Equity and Liberty, front the Park and those of the Four Seasons the gardens. His Grace hath also put inscriptions on the four parts of his palace. On the front towards the Park, which is as delicious situation as can be imagined, the inscription is—*Sic siti lætantur Lares*—(The Household Gods delight in such a situation); and fronting the garden,

*Rus in Urbe*, (The Country within a City) —which may be properly said, for from that garden you see nothing but an open country, and an uninterrupted view, without seeing any part of the city, because the Palace interrupts the prospect from the Garden.”

From the Duke's account read the following :—

“ The avenues to this House are along St. James's Park, through rows of goodly elms on one hand and gay flourishing limes on the other; that for coaches, this for walking; with the Mall lying between them. This reaches to my iron palisade that encompasses a square court, which has in the midst a great bason with statues and water-works; and from its entrance rises all the way imperceptibly, till we mount to a Terrace in the front of a large Hall, paved with square white stones mixed with a dark-coloured marble; the walls of it covered with a set of pictures done in the school of Raphael. Out of this on the right hand we go into a parlour 33 feet by 39 feet, with a niche 15 feet broad for a Bufette, paved with white marble, and placed within an arch, with Pilasters of divers colours, the upper part of which as high as the ceiling is

painted by Ricci. . . . Under the windows of this closet (of books) and greenhouse is a little wilderness full of blackbirds and nightingales. The trees, though planted by myself, require lopping already, to prevent their hindering the view of that fine canal in the Park."

Now these impressions should be received in no mere spirit of antiquarian curiosity nor as evidence of how stately gardening continued in practice long after Bacon's magnificent Essay. They tell what was going on, not only in Westminster but throughout rural England during the centuries that intervened between the break-up of the Middle Ages and the rise of the Industrial Revolution. The results are abiding: and they constitute one of the two dominant factors in the life of today. The other, of course, is the Industrial Revolution itself. The driving power of the Renaissance was the quest of life more abundant, by resolute men who saw the fulfilment of their ambition and its ideal in a Palace of Art and a Garden of Delight, set in the sylvan wonderland of a verdant Park. The Industrial Revolution largely transformed urban England, witness its capital city, of Manchester, into the least delectable of countries.

But before this (and also through the substantial sharing of Land with Capital in this new-made wealth) the pursuit of the Elysian quest transformed rural England, and its capital city of Westminster, into the most delectable of countries—at least for the privileged inmates of this Elysium.

Here is the practical division of England into two nations, because two distinctive cultures. The Westminster nation is even more widely separated from the Mancunian than are the Rich from the Poor. Judged by the standards of money, it is Industrial England which is the rich nation. But from the standpoint of real wealth what are the industrial cities? Have they not too much been places for the making of private fortunes, and public misfortunes? Who of us that knows and cherishes real wealth, and shrinks from its material deprivation, would not rather be an under-gardener in Hyde Park than a Cotton Lord in Manchester?

It is well to recall the original appearance of Buckingham House and the story of its making. It is a clue to many things and especially to understanding contemporary Westminster. The many mansions that ring the two royal parks of the city and thence expand into the vast ranges of Olympian

habitations, are surviving or renewing products of the Renaissance quest. Certain variations of architectural type have thus arisen. Not a few of their characteristic varieties, imitations, departures may be seen in a walk round the outer margin of the Green Park and St. James's. Leaving fuller study of these to specialists, note but a few conspicuous instances, and those only which have some contemporary appeal.

Eastwards beyond the brick walls of St. James's Palace and Marlborough House may be seen an excellent example of the use of stucco, and on a fully Roman scale. By means of central pediments, and a liberal application of pillars, cornices and balconies, the two rows of dwellings called Carlton House Terrace are each of them given the dignity and unity of a single façade. It is the fashion nowadays to scoff at stucco, despite its Roman and Italian Renaissance traditions, but the generation that built Carlton House Terrace used it deliberately, and for several purposes. At no great extra cost a row of standardized houses could thus be diversified, yet within a unified scheme of design for the whole street. A striking example of this variety in unity got by the use of stucco is the Adelphi Terrace, a masterpiece of the Brothers

Adam, which we should see, and fairly admire, in the Strand walk. Again, the stucco front was hygienic, since, if properly made, it not only carries a coat of paint but demands it; and herein was an opportunity of introducing into the grey monotony of northern cities the much-needed element of colour. Many suggestions for the increased use of colour in London buildings have been made of late years; as notably by Mr. Halsey Ricardo, in one of those early papers of the Arts and Crafts movement, which if now reprinted would find a wider audience in these days of growing attention to Town-Planning.

Stafford House at the corner of the Green Park and St. James's is a second Buckingham House, built for another noble family, and, after various vicissitudes, now become a public Museum of metropolitan antiquities, thanks to the public spirit of its last owner, Lord Leverhulme. It is now called the London Museum; but the civic Muse will not permanently be content with what is but a mere gathering of archaic relics, and later fragments and bagatelles, however interesting or beautiful in themselves. This transformation from an aristocratic regime to a democratic use is interesting as an example of tendency. On the opposite side of the Park that tendency

—in a very different form—is illustrated by a high structure of grimy brickwork, that looks for all the world as if a Factory had breached the aristocratic rampart and inserted its frowning face in the circle of smiling palaces and mansions. The building is a co-operative tenement of “Flatland” dwellers; constructed to give a window into the park to many members of a colony of middle-class families, where otherwise only one Olympian family might have enjoyed that privilege. In symbol, indeed actually, the edifice is a specimen of the Industrial Age thrust incontinently into our museum of Renaissance relics and renewals. Its shapeless mass, with its distorted skyline, looms threateningly over the southern-horizon of the Park, counterfeiting, as it were, the wave of industrialism that surged into the ebbing tide of the Renaissance. And to complete the parallel, and perfect the symbolism, there breaks into the horizon near by, a pathetic pepper-pot of a spire. It is the architectural feature of “Westminster Chapel.” In our mental civic museum it may stand as spiritual counterpart of the industrial specimen, since it wistfully expresses the non-conformist striving to rise in the twofold world of inner and outer life.

Deep in the shade of Queen Anne’s Man-

sions, as that block of flats is called, there runs a long row of low buildings. Between them and the verdure of the Park stretches a wide gravelly desert. The range of buildings is the Wellington Barracks, which house the Foot Guards; and the gravelly desert is their drill-ground. Now the true park of aristocratic tradition is incomplete without its lodge-keepers and their cottage habitations, so the Radical's eye is increasingly seeing in this range of barracks an elongated, overgrown set of lodge-keepers' cottages—and in these a picked group of the People in proper traditional guise, drilled into due docility. His museum picture of Elysian Society, as the Renaissance patricians have had it, and more or less in all lands, is thus becoming dangerously completed, as recent Russia has been showing.

Walking across the broad eastern end of the Park, we pass one after another the spreading palaces of bureaucracy, that have given to old Whitehall its modern meaning and orientation. The Whitehall of Henry VIII was but a modest residence for an ambitious prince as standards of luxury then were. Stuart successors planned one to rival in size and grandeur the vast city-like palaces that rose amid the building rivalry of Popes and



Emperors, of Cardinals and Nobles. But in England the whirligig of politics brought it about that Kings planned and nobles executed. So nothing but the Banqueting House (now the United Service Museum) was achieved of Inigo Jones's grandiose design for a Whitehall rebuilt on the scale of a three hundred yards façade. Instead, the nobles erected for themselves an extra supply of palaces such as Buckingham House. Incidentally may be recalled as an anecdote of nomenclature the story of Queen Victoria's first visit to Devonshire House in Piccadilly. To the Duchess said the Queen, "You live in a Palace and call it a House. I live in a House and call it a Palace."

In our own time the less adventurous offspring and milder successors of those Renaissance nobles have compounded with the democracy, for a new Whitehall, which has far outbuilt the largest dreams of Stuart kings. Before the war, the innumerable Departments of Whitehall were housed in edifices, monumental without however dreary within. To-day their ramifications and extensions are darksome buildings that threaten to convert Whitehall into black hole. But on the present understanding that these are temporary, we need not here further com-

plain; though how to demobilize this recent growth of official army is proving one of the toughest of after-war problems.

St. James's Park, if we picture it in all its charm of combined landscape and architecture, is, without doubt, the finest Pleasance of the metropolis. How to renew, and increase, its use and enjoyment by the citizens without detriment to its tranquil beauty?

If one asks who in point of fact derives keenest delight from the Park, there can be no doubt of the answer. It is those who at one remove or more, are the actual makers or inspirers of such beauty, the artists and poets: and the rest of us in proportion as we contain and carry within our soul something of artist and poet. But all men have a share in the Parnassian spirit; and women often a larger share. What, indeed, are the Muses, but just the moods and the gestures of woman at her finest? If so, she is the Parnassian being *par excellence*. The chief use of Buckingham House to John Sheffield was doubtless just this:—that it gave him a stronger pull in the choosing of his Duchess. For the most important thing in a man's life, next to the kind of mother he has, is the kind of wife he gets. Hence it is, or should be, the aim of men eager to mitigate and ameliorate the

struggle for life, to promote the supply of noble wives and good mothers. It is perhaps the deepest truth about aristocracies that, for and within their own order, they have oftenest practically solved this problem. Hence the Olympian calm of their men in peace at home, and their equally Olympian fury in battle abroad. The secret of the matter can be simply stated. Patriciates have learned how to dignify and glorify their women; and that traditional knowledge is their most valuable entail. From generation to generation they continue more or less to supply their womenfolk with those gifts of art and resources of nature which are needed for the high functioning of the womanly spirit. That they do all this less well than they might, with quite unnecessary over-elaboration, and consequent cost and burden to other classes is true; but beside the point of the present argument. The present point is that the inner mystery of the aristocratic cult resides in a continuing creation of life-enhancements that develop woman, and even kindle in her, Parnassian flame. For that purpose have been associated with patriciates throughout history, poets, painters, musicians, sculptors, dramatists and all the trained bands of Parnassus.

It is indirectly through their City that the

People have received the organized service of the Arts, when they have had it at all. After a long lapse this civic co-operation is again beginning. Along with the increase, within the civic domain, of woman's influence and that of her friends and allies, the artist, the poet and the educationist, we see ever-increasing attempts to provide public parks, gardens, picture galleries and concert halls, libraries and assembly rooms. All these are *milieus* of amenity, they make in their degree and kind for the liberation and adornment of the spirit. But though these do in part supply for the women of the people the place of the noble lady's park and gardens, they do not provide a substitute, or at best a very incomplete one, for the mansion itself. At the very core of her social need is a withdrawing-room, wherein she also on occasion, as hostess of entertainment, may express and be herself. All the requisite background and apparatus of art and beauty must be there as a personal setting, for these are an essential part of the very means by and through which her personality works, and exerts its spiritual effect on man and child, and on other women.

The vast spread of the suburban villa, with its comparatively spacious and decorative drawing-room, its lay-out of miniature park

and wood and garden, are evidences of some success of the well-to-do middle classes in dignifying their womenkind, in giving them these ceremonial surroundings. The "Garden City" and "Garden Suburb" movement is extending the same principle, and applying the same uplift, to the possessors of slenderer purses; and is happily doing it with much more recognition of civic needs and interests. But nowhere is there as yet adequate recognition of the need to provide the women of the people with this cultural environment, necessary, on occasion at least, for her full dignity as a spiritual power.

The foregoing is no digression, but introductory to a practical suggestion for increasing the popular use of the Park without detriment to its quiet beauty. There are houses round the Park held from the Crown on leases which have not much longer to run. As this property falls in, it would, under current custom of Government Departments, be treated as an object of commercial exploitation. But surely the time has come for the Government to initiate a new and more social type of landlordry. Our suggestion is that such crown property be taken over by a Civic Trust, of declared purpose to raise the standards of

housing and life among the People. Let the specific object of the Trust be defined by an intention to elevate the people's housing, to what might be called, not by quantity of bricks and mortar, but by quality of environment, the Park Standard.

Who should be the first Trustees? Whoever they are, they will give an impetus of lasting effect: their impulse will determine in no small measure the character and tradition of the Trust. It is easy to see what kind of persons are *not* wanted as Trustees. At all costs must be avoided the Pompous Non-entities and the merely Titled Personages whom convention designates for such honourable responsibilities. Almost equally must be shunned most of our wealthy philanthropists and leading politicians. Most of all are needed those who recognize the importance of "the play element" in life. But there are many different sides to this play element. The esthetic, the ceremonious, the dramatic, are ingredients in play no less indispensable than the muscular, the hygienic and the social. We must therefore have trustees nominated by, let us say, the Kyrle Society, the National Trust, the Stage Society, the Guild of Play, the Arts and Crafts Society. It goes without saying that the Garden Cities Association,

the Housing Organization Society and the National Housing Council must also be represented. And finally, standing for social interest in general, there is the Sociological Society.

Audaciously foreseeing, let us picture the first meeting of the Trust. An unconventional member puts forward the following project :— “The gist of my proposal,” he will say, “is that we proceed by the method of leaven. Give the woman of the People a taste of the Park Standard in housing. That personal experience she will carry with her into her own home, street or district. It will prove a leaven to lighten the lump of inertia with which the People have been burdened by several generations of abominable housing. We have come into possession of a number of large mansion-like houses fronting the park. We will, if need be, let some of them to the highest bidders. With that income we will maintain the others as Parish Mansions. Let each Parish of the city of Westminster have one of the houses rent free and maintained, as far as may be, at the cost of the Trust. The clergy of the parish—all denominations being represented—will be invited to cooperate in an organization for the use and enjoyment of a Festal House, common to all

members of their joint congregations, and usable in turns. The utmost liberty of action we will leave to each parish, subject to one major stipulation as to principle, and certain minor ones as to detail. First as to the larger condition. The drawing-room of the Mansion shall be retained, and put at the disposal of any and every parishioner, on the simplest conditions of application for use for a short period of hours morning, afternoon or night, there to entertain at her or his own pleasure and in their own way, instead of in their own homes. And to this general principle, two other conditions attach. Each plain working woman of the parish who chooses to claim her turn of this drawing-room and organize her own social function, thus for the time being, shall take first social precedence of all others in the parish. She thereby becomes, for the time being, the Lady of the Mansion-house, the first lady of the parish, representing not only the Civic Trust, but even the national interests which that Trust exists to promote. And again, it shall be stipulated that special preference be given for Wedding applications, since in no respect is the spaciousness and beauty of a mansion-like house more at advantage over the ordinarily too narrow and small-roomed dwelling. As for the minor



stipulations, it suffices to mention such common-sense regulations as a trifling registration and cleaning fee, order of priority by ballot, and so on."

To this proposal, put forward by a Trustee of exceptional unconventionality, a score of substantial objections may naturally be raised by fellow Trustees. As nineteen of the twenty objections will at once occur to every well-regulated mind, there is no need to mention them. As for the twentieth objection, that is akin to the reason which made the schoolboy dislike Dr. Fell. It consequently remains unexpressed.

Now the Trustees are, as we have taken pains to secure, all of them persons of sincerity, goodwill and something more. They were chosen because to these common qualities they added the uncommon one of being habituated to think in terms of vital economy. Their minds work habitually less in terms of money, prestige and politics; and more in terms of beauty, health, play, housing, clothing and mating. In other words, they are vitalists, and sincere ones. The most unconventional Trustee of them all does not press his proposal. He leaves the idea to work its own way. The result is that in a year or two the Trustees adopt the project, with certain

modifications, to make it even more genuinely corporate.

Thus may be laid the first course of another Parnassolympian way between democracy and aristocracy. One such way we saw at the close of our Mayfair walk. That started from the patrician side; this from the plebeian. The practical pioneer of the latter kind of pathway was Octavia Hill. Her statue, therefore, may well be the first to adorn the new Commemorative Place, which, in the fulness of time may face the first People's Mansion in St. James's Park. And beside her, as by the side of Florence Nightingale stands Sidney Herbert in Waterloo Place, will be John Ruskin; who was both the financial colleague and the intellectual champion of Octavia Hill in her first essay towards the Better Housing of the People.

Our walk is arranged to end at the old western gateway of the Abbey, through which in medieval days went and came a stream of traffic across the waste that is now the Park, to and from the main highway of Watling Street. To reach the site of the old Abbey gateway, we leave the Park at Queen Anne's Gate. If designed for the purpose, the street called Queen Anne's Gate could not better

serve as an annex of our Renaissance museum intended to exhibit and explain the decline of that gorgeous age. The street is a veritable sculpture gallery of late Renaissance types. Throughout its length run two parallel rows of well-modelled heads, each wrought upon a keystone to each ground-floor and first-story window. The series is extraordinarily arresting. There can be few things in architecture anywhere, more calculated to fill the sensitive spectator with shuddering horror. The faces are those of satyrs, mostly old or ageing men in every mood and manner of vile and lecherous expression.<sup>1</sup> Nothing could be more striking than the contrast of these repulsive old despots in whom the Renaissance closed (or the Restoration ended) and the young Apollos and Admirable Crichtons of its opening.

At the end of the street is a statue of Queen Anne, flanked by two Renaissance heads. Here the Queen, for all her insignia of orb and sceptre, is but woman putting before pomp of courts and crowns the hope and desire of maternity. And the masculine gesture which this womanly aspiration evokes,

<sup>1</sup> The north-west corner house has recently been rebuilt. The architect (Sir E. Lutyens) has retained the principle of decorating his exterior with Renaissance heads, but now reduced to more or less colourless respectability of the familiar kind.

how is that shown by the sculptor? He has made the two attendant heads the very personification respectively of Mr. Sneering and Mr. Leering.

Here then in this group is the spirit of the declining Renaissance presented with the uncanny fidelity of art. The satyric heads are the fruits of egoist ambitions, pursued unchecked for generation after generation by men of ardent life. Recall some representative contemporary victims of this Cæsarist temptation. Kaiser dazzled by dreams of world-dominion, monarch combining headship of Church and State, proconsul dominating colony and dependency, nobleman determining canons of art, squire dictating to parson, employer adjusting the political colour of his workmen, newspaper proprietor realizing power by manufacture of opinion and fortune by its sale, schoolmaster holding cane in one hand and book in the other, millionaire philanthropist, domestic despot—all these are illustrative samples of the infinitely diversified Cæsarist illusion. For formal definition of that ever-present human temptation, let us say it is the belief that spiritual functions may be made an appanage of temporal power and prestige. The nearer to success a man, when young or mature, pushes the ambition to be at

once, in however small a way, both Pope and Cæsar to those under his authority, the more he prepares for himself an old age of tyrannies, lusts and cruelties. Imagine the heirs of this tradition after generations, even centuries (so long did the Renaissance continue) of accumulated impulse and opportunity. We think of them in other countries, say in old Russia, or in Slave states. But a walk down Queen Anne's Gate renders that mental exercise unnecessary. For it is English faces that are sculptured in that double row of statuary. Unfortunately they did not all die off with the eighteenth century.

From these decaying fruits and withering husks of the Renaissance we pass into the sunless abyss of Lewisham Street. This so-called "street" is a narrow passage between an eight-story building on one side and a seven-story one on the other. The latter is the new house of the Ministry of Reconstruction. It might have been better for more light on its councils.

The dark alley of Lewisham Street may stand in our museum as a symbol of the interval of chaos between the Renaissance and the succeeding epoch of the Industrial Revolution. A good sign of this confronts us as we emerge

upon a factory-like building. Over its entrance are inscribed the words—

### H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE.

For the correction of those cynical persons who regard "stationary" as the general adjective for all Government offices, we mention that this building is the official stationery warehouse. But if they reply that this industrial age is also the Paper age, it is more difficult to confute them. Without pausing to regard this or any other manifestations of the industrial era (that not being the object of the present walk), we double back a few yards to get into Tothill Street, which is the actual line of the old roadway from the western gate of the Abbey. The nightmare of Queen Anne's Gate, the gloom of Lewisham Street, the grime of the Stationery Office are wiped out and forgotten in the heartening spectacle of the Abbey west front, further enriched by the House of Lords Tower, which cunningly composes into the picture.

This final scene has also its definite place in our open-air museum. Discredited by the baseness of later Renaissance phases, the classical traditions fell out of favour. Imagine the position in which men of esthetic temperament and serious mind found themselves

in the first generation of the nineteenth century. Messrs. Sneering and Leering behind; in front an endless succession of Lewisham Streets and Stationery Offices. Where under such circumstances was a reinspiration for the inner life to be sought? For answer look at the Abbey, and you realize how and when the Gothic revival arose.

## CHAPTER VI

### PRECINCTS OF THE ABBEY

#### I

By general consent the sacred centre of Westminster, of London, and even of England and the Empire, is in the precincts of the Abbey. What spot can we find from which to compress into a general survey, and a single memory, the essentials of these precincts? What are the architectural elements which enshrine its living traditions, its awakening impulse and spiritual call? In short, we seek a viewpoint from which may be read the full tale of those sanctities which are the gems of our social inheritance.

We may try the outlook of any one of the high towers of Westminster, as for example, from the Clock Tower. But such a view does not sufficiently concentrate on the items of the foreground. It rather encourages the eye to wander afield. No; we desire a standpoint which focuses the gaze on the grouped buildings, yet also selects for us those which are most symbolic. And moreover, this



outlook should present to us the story of the place in an orderly way. Philosophers and teachers have wondered whether history could not be better taught, as it were, backward, beginning with the familiar things of to-day and ending with the survivals of antiquity. In point of fact, is not that very like what the uneducated man does, on the infrequent occasions when he turns his mind to the passage of time? But he does not call it history, and does not usually carry it far enough to meet the historian, who beginning at the other end usually stops short of recent times. If, then, we could work the method of the uneducated man with the mind of the historian, we might walk as in a procession back through the centuries to the origins of civilization.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his *Short History of England*, declares that the proper way to write a popular history is not only to do it backwards, but to start with the common objects of the street and explain how they came into being and fashion. He disclaims ability to write history backwards, but tries to fulfil the second of his conditions. He illustrates the latter method by recounting the genesis of the top hat and the columnar trousers of contemporary habit. But build-

ings, no less than men, have their garments of combined use and decoration. Thus in the structure and the ornaments of public edifices, one may read the story of the times that gave them birth. And this, indeed, is just what the civic observer tries to do. While as for reading history backwards, that comes almost naturally to the student of Cities. For him, there is no division of the record into a past called History, and a present called Journalism, and therefore taboo to the punctilious historian. On the contrary, he can start with the ornament on contemporary buildings which everywhere compels attention; and this ornament is, essentially in more than nine cases out of ten, a historic survival. As soon, therefore, as you begin to observe and interpret contemporary buildings, you are plunged into the reading of history backwards; though, like Monsieur Jourdain talking prose, you may be unaware of it. Every street prospect is thus charged with the beauty and the mystery of a long human story.

For such a symbolic vista let us try the approach from Victoria Street. This is very nearly that of the old highway by which the roads of northern and western England converged on to the Abbey, just as the branch

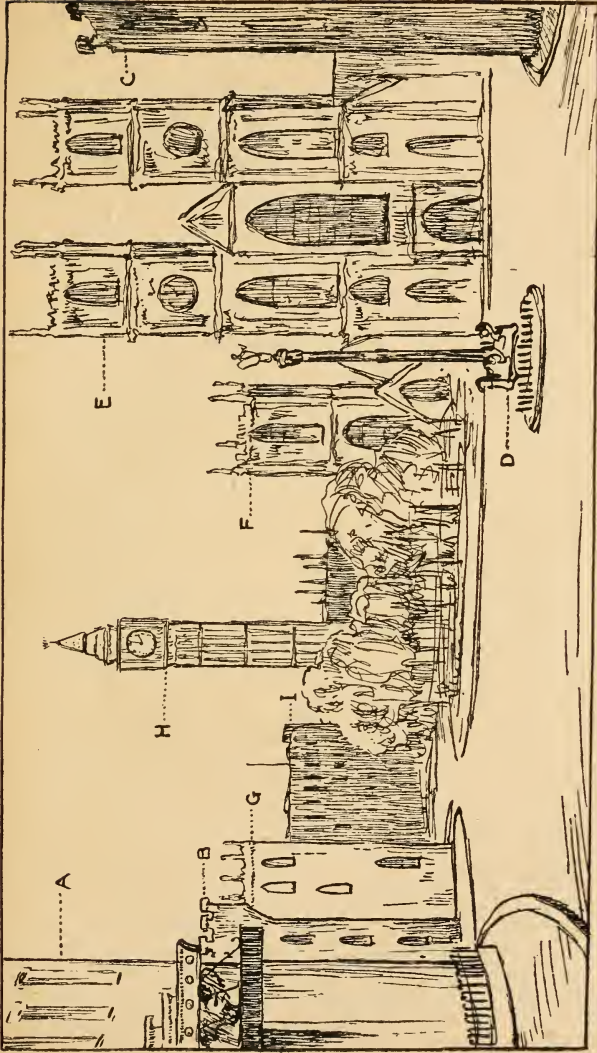


FIG. 5.—PRECINCTS OF THE ABBEY: APPROACH FROM VICTORIA STREET.

A. National Liberal Club. B. Corner of Westminister Hospital. C. Church House and Dean's Yard.  
 D. Westminister School Column. E. The Abbey, West Front. F. St. Margaret's Tower. G. Corner of  
 Middlesex Guildhall. H. Clock Tower. I. Office Buildings.

and trunk lines of a railway system converge on its main terminal. However, the Abbey precinct now is no terminal, but a busy cross-roads, as indeed also in the past. That is necessarily the first impression of the observer, for he can only reach his vantage-point by safely dodging many streams of traffic that here gather and disperse. Now, at a busy cross-roads, one expects to find an inn or tavern. And here it exists in a form appropriate to the locality. We have indeed taken up a position at one of the four corners of Clubland. We are at the portal of the present location of that caravanserai of recent democracy—the National Liberal Club. But why should fate have established on this spot, the National Liberal, of all Clubs? Do we find a symbolic clue to that riddle in the architecture of the building? Looking up at its façade, one sees a multiplicity of pillars, pediments and other classical adornments, literally plastered on to the front of the building. And moreover, the placing of all this would-be “ornament” has been done with the mechanical precision and the punctilious regularity of an engineer’s blue print. Stripping the façade—in the mind’s eye—of this adhesive ornament, and its connecting stucco, we discover a vast space of plain

brick wall, pierced at uniform intervals by lighting apertures. How, then, shall we describe this architectural type? As a provisional designation call it factory-touched-with-classic.

Turn now to the great portico and its "entablature" supported by carved figures. Look at the detail of the latter. In place of the conventional caryatides, we see the figure of a modern man of contemporary mien. His face is that of the cultivated classes, but his back, bent under the weight of superimposed stone, suggests rather the labouring type. Is he not a symbol, all the truer since undesignated, of the modern factory worker educated mentally, but physically bowed and even distorted by the drudgery of machine production? He has been taught by the orators of Liberalism to look always to the Legislature for mitigation of the burden under which his shoulders bend. And as it so happens that these Preaching Friars of the Liberal faith are the present occupiers of this building, do we not detect the finger of destiny in their recent removal from a real though recent palace to an edifice of more appropriate symbolism?—a former Hotel in which the fundamental function of a Club, as Super-"Pub.," can be frankly continuous

—and one, moreover, without that tower of aspiration, which expressed and glorified Liberalism in its golden age.

Looking down our vista, we see just beyond this present National Liberal Club a projecting angle of the Westminster Hospital. As the former is a monument of the Industrial Revolution in its moments of political aspiration, so the latter is a reminder of the obverse picture. For these great modern Hospitals are the veritable Temples of Suffering, into which drifts multitudinously the human wreckage of the Machine Era, for restoration to an enfeebled life, or to await a more lingering death. Across the way, facing this melancholy institution, we see the gable-end of a building whose battlementings and pointed windows sharply contrast with the architecture of the National Liberal Club. The "Gothic Revival" of which this "Church House" is a sample, was not, of course, a mere architectural reaction against the classical fashion of its time. It was far more a revolt against the drab and dreary commercialism of mechanical production with its "progress by leaps and bounds." The Gothic Revival sprang from the same idealism that made the Oxford Movement, but here expressing itself in stone and leaded glass.

Sensitive, pious and ardent men, with backward look, sought escape from the horrors of the factory age, and simultaneously a pathway to romance, through the pointed arch of medieval mysticism.

At the entrance to the Church House, there rises a granite column, crowned by St. George and the Dragon. Let us leave our viewpoint in Victoria Street and examine this monument. But on the way there, attention is arrested by an edifice of well-nigh Assyrian massiveness and ornament. Behind the National Liberal Club it rises from the earth like a Temple of some Imperial State on which is piled a pantheon of strange gods. Towards the Abbey it thrusts forward a spacious columnar limb, which, in letters of gold, declares that portion of the building to be a Bank. Thus frankly, if not for the first time in its history, is the once sacred Sanctuary of the Abbey precincts invaded by the money-changer's stall.

This megalithic building has many limbs, of which but one is put at the service of the Bankers. The dome that floats over its stupendous body culminates in a sort of tower. That, again, is capped by an urn, through which rises a strange finial, crowning the colossus, as with a myriad-rayed star

darkened to blackness. So striking is the resemblance, it is impossible in viewing that black flattened finial not to think of a sweep's brush, as its head emerges over the top of a chimney stack. How explain this curious and doubtless unconscious symbolism?

This wonderful monument is no ancient edifice, but one of the most recent within the Abbey precincts. It commemorates, defines and fixes the social maturity of Nonconformity. Without disrespect to the other Nonconformist bodies, we may award this distinction to the Wesleyans, and the more since they alone have thus achieved a central footing in the spiritual centre of the nation. This Wesleyan Central Building (or Church House, as it is sometimes called, challenging comparison with the Anglican Church House across the way) is a representative monument—one is almost inclined to say *the* representative monument—of the Reformation. Now an intimate connection is often pointed out between the Reformed Churches and the Industrial Revolution. The inventors and masters of the latter, the manufacturers and merchants of the eighteenth century, and the railway magnates, bankers and financiers of the nineteenth, were in considerable preponderance members of the Nonconformist



churches; and how their theology chilled and settled into their political economy is a familiar story we have already alluded to. Even more were the corresponding "People," the factory hands, labourers and artisans, gathered into the flocks of Nonconformity in the days when its shepherds were inspired. Upon its churches and chapels, therefore, devolved a main responsibility for the spiritual guidance and the social course of the Industrial Revolution. To moralize modern manufactures and commerce—was not that the historic mission, or at least opportunity, of Nonconformity? And if so, then for the centennial commemoration of its greatest denomination, with the high ardour of renewal it sought to express, what more appropriate object wherewith to crown its Central Building than the instrument that cleanses our domestic hearths' and their ubiquitous chimney-stalks' pervasive soot? How more simply yet subtly signalize the needed correlation of external and internal purification?

Be this interpretation acceptable or no, we may recognize the whole group of buildings, Club and Hospital, Church Houses, Anglican and Wesleyan, as outlining in brick and stone the main story of our own times

and even back to the Reformation. And for hope of the incipient future, we must not forget the new Guild Hall.

Returning from this group to the tall granite column, penetrate a few steps within Dean's Yard, and you see it finely framed within the archway entrance, as its architect, Sir Gilbert Scott, designed it to be seen.

Read the inscription on its base. It runs thus—

To the Memory of those  
educated at Westminster School  
who died in the Russian and Indian Wars

A.D. 1854-9.

On the field of battle  
or from wounds and sickness  
Some in early youth  
Some full of years and honours  
but who all alike  
gave their lives for their country.

This column was erected  
By their admiring school-fellows  
In token of sorrow for their loss  
Of pride in their valour  
And the full assurance

That the remembrance of their heroism  
in life and death  
Will inspire their successors at Westminster  
With the same courage and devotion.

Nowhere surely is better expressed the record and the ideals of a social caste devoted first to courage, and thereafter, though at some distance, to learning. That our Public

Schools are the organs of producing and continuing such a caste, the world War has again, and far more fully, shown.

On the other sides of the hexagonal base are engraved the names of the heroes thus commemorated. They run through all ranks of the Services, from Commander-in-Chief Lord Raglan to Midshipman Madan.

Passing from Dean's Yard into a forecourt of Westminster School, we may see something of the present generation of boys who inherit these high traditions of valour and patriotism. Watch them at play in the Fives Court. Lithe and sinewy forms show bravely through slender flannels. The glowing handsome faces are alternately alert with the excitement of the game or relaxed in careless repose. Each boyish athlete is vibrant with life, instinctive with promise. Here manifestly is the stuff and making of aristocracy. In no metaphorical, but in a very real sense, we have the vision of young Olympians at play.

Close by the Fives Court is the College Hall. It was the Abbot's Refectory before that representative medieval figure gave place to his Renaissance successor, the Public School Head Master. Those performances of Latin Plays, for which Westminster School is famous, continue to-day the early spirit of

classical renewal. And if you are fortunate enough to be a spectator at one of these plays, you witness the public school gesture complementary to that of the Fives Court. For the public schoolboy inherited the Renaissance ideal of being at once "Gentleman and Scholar." The realization of that ideal in the romantic adventures of patriotic service not only in the Crimea and in India, but in the planting of British Dominion ubiquitously, is the meaning (if you interpret it broadly) of the high granite column. That column, then, romantic and recent though its style, is therefore the essential and abiding monument of the long continuance of the English Renaissance.

It is worth noting that of all the heroes commemorated by the column, not one is given in graven image. From Commander-in-Chief to midshipman, they live merely in a few plain inscribed letters; for it belongs to this, as to other high orders, that the individual is merged in the tradition. Of emblems there are plenty, from British Lion to St. George and Dragon. But most significant is the sculptor's presentation of the two great Queens of England at the head of the shaft; for it is in the service of queenly woman that the cult of courage best justifies

itself. The medieval Knight fought for his Lady. In her presence he was perhaps a trifle ungracious, and in her vocal worship apt to be a little lacking in refinement. But the Renaissance gentleman fought bravely and sang exquisitely in her honour. And, what doubtless pleased her not less, he graced her assemblies with the gestures of courtliness, and beguiled her tedium with witty conversation. And if the modern public schoolboy has somewhat lapsed from this level of all-round performance, yet its renewal lies at the core of his tradition, and must not be forgotten if the present searchings towards the improvement of our schools are to attain a fresh success.

If older reminders of the Renaissance than this granite column be wanted, we need seek none better than the memorial windows of Raleigh and of Milton, in St. Margaret's Church close by. Nothing could be more representative of the humanist expansion than the adventurous explorations of Raleigh in the outer world, save the yet wider-ranging travels of Milton in the inner world of memory and imaginative creation. Again, a visit of homage must be paid to the Great Dead of the English Renaissance who live on in the monuments of the Abbey. This Renaissance

did not end with the seventeenth century : its bright meteors continued to appear in the eighteenth and even nineteenth centuries, and are perhaps far from finished. He, for example, who most of all our poets reincarnated the pure spirit of Hellenism, has not as yet been given his due niche in Poets' Corner ! What evidence could be more cogent for the work the Humanist Renewal in this generation has still to do ? Has Keats, who was scorned by the pundits of his own time, but acclaimed by all the readers and singers of a later generation, still to be discovered by the authorities of our national *Campo Santo* ?

## II

Returning to our original viewpoint in Victoria Street, we notice beyond the granite column, on the right the twin Western Towers of the Abbey, the tower of St. Margaret's in the centre, and on the left a projecting angle of the new Middlesex Guildhall. Running through the middle distance of our vista, this line of Towers and Turrets recalls also the Middle Ages.

Now in thinking of the Middle Ages, let us beware of a widespread illusion, since it affects the ignorant and the scholarly alike.

Nearly all who are not actual partisans of the Gothic, see medieval times through the distorting medium of eighteenth-century rationalists or seventeenth to nineteenth century dilettanti. Both of these short-sighted types had reasons for disparaging the work of the medievals. Hence there grew up and still flourishes a tradition of contempt and even of abuse, to which the Jacobins and Radicals gave fiercest expression, but which even otherwise educated Liberals and too many others continue to this day. This historic misunderstanding thrives on a confusion of three distinct phases in the thousand years that separate Roman civilization from the Renaissance. There was the long Winter of the Dark Ages proper, that of the Barbarian invasions and settlements. Then there was the Springtime of Feudalism, with its Castles, and of Catholicism, with its great Abbeys. Then the Summer and early Autumn of Faith and Thought, of Cities and Citizenship; with Cathedrals, Friaries and Universities; with civic Belfrys and Town Halls. Not until Autumn decay was passing into a Winter of men's souls did the Renaissance come, nor was the Reformation inevitable.

Perhaps nowhere is there a finer Abbey; but St. Margaret's Church is all that survives

of the civic phase of medieval civilization in Westminster, where, indeed, that phase never rooted with vigour. For various reasons, of which the nearness of London was one, no great Civic Hall reared its stately height in Westminster, as in the cities of neighbouring and allied Flanders. This Middlesex Guildhall recently erected is rather a general renewal than a local tradition. But it will help to restore the medieval conception of the City, as being, like the Roman *Civitas*, something that includes the adjacent countryside as integral to civic life, and vice versa. For a Cathedral, as civic complement to the medieval Abbey, Westminster had to wait till our own day. By turning back from the eastward look of our original viewpoint, we see the dome-crowned tower of the new Catholic Cathedral silhouetted against the western sky. But even here, the civic conception lags: the historic Church has still to adapt itself. Yet there are renewing signs of this, as Dr. Barry, for instance, could tell.

Taking medieval civilization at its best (the only sure way of appraisal), one discerns two characteristic features. In every parish, from village to city, it provided a permanent centre of spirituality and beauty



to draw the public gaze and hold it in contemplation. The Church provided an ever-open release from the fears, fatigues, anxieties, ennuis of the outer life: moreover, it furnished an alchemy which transmuted them into their opposites of the inner life, hope, joy, ecstasy. Thus it worked towards the harmonizing of the inner and the outer, and the simultaneous ennoblement of both. This twofold aim of medieval culture may be tested and verified by the contemporary citizen of Westminster whenever, for quarter of an hour, he puts off the garment of superior modernity and put on that of receptive humility, unfamiliar though it may be. Let him take his stand opposite the north porch of the Abbey, say at a distance of some two hundred paces, and from there—forgetting Wren's unsuccessful treatment of the Towers—contemplate the beauty and the dignity of the Abbey's being. We choose this spot, too, because it was there the main street of the medieval city opened on to the Abbey, its North front framed between the terminal houses of the street, as at Strasbourg to this day.

For internal vision we may take a place just inside the north transept, and yield ourselves to the spirit of the building. The

eye is led gently captive by the magic of slender shafts rising into mystery of vaulted roof. In the dark space of the high lantern, small windows, inserted by some masonic Rembrandt, shimmer with purple, and glow with red. Organ notes peal forth passion towards divinity, and from the choir flows the healing of song and the ecstasy of praise. With such spiritual quickening and more the Middle Ages gradually developed their cult towards sanctity. Through this they not only shepherded their people, but brought together nobles and commons, and well-nigh moulded all Europe into the unity of Christendom. Through sanctity was their avenue to that "Peace of God which passeth understanding"—of us moderns, no less than of the ancients; and which it is so hard for us to find. (Our own would-be volume of *Science and Sanctity* does not prove easy to write !)

Next penetrate to the eastern extremity of the Abbey, stand expectant in the apse, and wait in reverence for the genius of the place to work its miracle in its own way. Soon will your heart be lifted up by the poem in stone, and wood, and glass, which the undying makers of the Lady Chapel chant afresh day by day. To the work of mason, woodcarver

and glazier, there is added the enrichment of heraldic blazons and pennants of a Knightly Order. The spirit of chivalry was thus fitly evoked in the shrine of Divine Womanhood. That spirit may or may not be reincarnated in the present-day occupants of the venerable stalls. Their deeds alone can tell. But this at least is certain; that every youth who in reverent mood visits this shrine, will be touched and inspired by the living breath of chivalry.

Feudal chivalry was the half-way house between that long disorder of the Dark Ages into which its roots were struck, and the Catholic and Civic magnificence into which medieval civilization flowered. The later barbarians who continued this disorder by breaking up the endeavours of religion and civilization towards the end of the Dark Ages and the beginning of the medieval order, happily have not left their mark within the precincts of the Abbey. As to their renewed continuators of to-day (for the world War was fundamentally a renewal of the barbarian invasions, and from their largest continued home in Prussia), their nearest missile of destruction fell on the steps of St. Thomas's Hospital across the river, in one of the air-raids of 1917.

If one asks for evidence of civilization antecedent to the medieval, within the precincts of the Abbey, the answer is: "Look around"! In the mechanical pillars and pediments of the National Liberal Club, for instance, there is a relic of Vitruvius. Something of the spirit of the Latin poets has lived on among Westminster Scholars, and, as we have seen, still more of the Hellenic Olympians. The Roman toga that drapes the statue of Canning in Parliament Square reminds us that the House of Commons, in the palmy days of oratory, drew its flowers of imagination from Virgil, and the polish of its periods from Cicero. The very name, "Westminster Hall," was for generations of Englishmen proudly described as the Temple of Justicia, highest and wisest of the Roman goddesses. That old fashion of speech has subsided since the removal of the Law Courts to their new home in Fleet Street. True, the Roman (or ought not one to say the Græco-Roman?) ideal of Justice leaves many men cold; but quicken it with the Liberal (*i. e.* essentially the Revolution's) ideal of Freedom, and there come together, and fuse to intenser glow, the first and latest in our island succession of firmly established culture epochs. Their actual union in the heyday

of parliamentary life was a genuine cross-fertilization. It generated a new flowering on our old root-stock of humanity. Thus one begins to understand how in the early flush of Liberal fervour, the great Clock Tower reared heavenward its golden crest, as the national Belfry of what was vaguely but deeply felt to be the national Cathedral, and full of promise of being even more democratic than were those of old.

The place where stands this "Big Ben" tower is called New Palace Yard. It was so called in the twelfth century when William Rufus built Westminster Hall beside his old Palace that stood where is now the House of Lords. The newness of this Palace Yard is thus several centuries older in time than most of the present Abbey building. But what is oldest in history is often youngest in spirit, and therefore most capable of renewal, provided we can throw ourselves back to its origin. Therein lies another justification for reading history backwards. For by retracing the steps of national development, the student is exercised in shedding the prejudices with which each age views its predecessor, and bequeaths to its posterity. From age to age these prejudices may accumulate, and generate that many-headed monster of Historic

Distortion, which poisons the springs of our social inheritance.

Before quitting the neighbourhood of New Palace Yard, throw a glance northwards up Whitehall. On the left runs that stupendous range of edifices which in Latin-speaking countries are called Palaces of Government. At the upper end of Whitehall these Palaces overflow from the west to the east side of the roadway. There the vista is closed by the massive bulk of the War Office. The building is crowned by turrets (with no access for outlooks) culminating in domes curiously recalling a Prussian Helmet, spike and all; not the flattened infantry helmet, but that of the Prussian Horse Guards: but the interpretation of these spiky domes we leave to the respective advocates and critics of the strange thing called "militarism." But notice rising above and beyond the War Office the slender spire of St. Martin's Church. That conjunction recalls the age-long association of war and religion. The destructiveness of war has been intensified throughout modern culture. But older cultures dealt more vitally than has ours of the Press and War Office with the power of war to thrill the individual with heroic impulse, and to impassion the community with the zeal of a

mighty effort. The long traditional alliance of priest and warrior thus was (and again is) a natural partnership of man's two complementary governing powers, spiritual and temporal, in the enhancement of life through its contrast with death, and in the corresponding uplift of the soul.

One may or may not like these portentous palaces of bureaucracy which line Whitehall. But there are certain things about them as to which all may agree. At a certain distance, their colossal masonry often composes into a stately perspective; moreover, at close quarters their variegated towers may charm even the critical eye, especially where a suitable framework happens to be furnished by some neighbouring outlook. Thus the south-west tower of the new Local Government Board makes a fine feature as seen framed by an arch of the Fountain in Parliament Square.

Again, as to historical and social interpretation. That, more than esthetic aspect, essentially concerns us as we increasingly take possession of our social inheritance. Are not these ever-growing and multiplying palaces of bureaucracy a new kind of "Reception," comparable to that which acclaimed the triumph of Roman over Customary Law?

If so, they are tokens of a full and frank acceptance by the Capital, if not quite so heartily by the "Provinces," of the heritage of imperial and centralized Rome. This, to modern statesmen, has been the most alluring of the many Romes which collectively make up the larger part of the occidental inheritance from its past. In that medley of still appealing survivals, there is road-making and colonizing Rome; there is world-conquering and centralizing Rome; there are Juristic Rome and Christian Rome. There is even Roman or civic Rome. That, too, is not absent here, if we look upon the Abbey precincts, as comprising, with Whitehall and Trafalgar Square, a civic unity comparable to the Roman Forum, though as yet lacking its developed consciousness.

In the upper vista of Whitehall there may be seen dimly in the background something of the three notable buildings of Trafalgar Square, itself the northern or popular Forum, contrasting with the southern, more aristocratic and historic Forum, of the Abbey, the Parliament Houses and the Whitehall Palaces. From the front of the National Gallery look down towards the Abbey over Trafalgar Square, so as to see on the right the Nelson Column and on the left the spire of St.



Martin's Church. Are not these two outstanding monuments of the Popular Forum just where they should be to express and symbolize the scheme of things we call "Government"? The permanent essence of that scheme through all its changing manifestations, if it is to be at once strong and wise, just and merciful, is twofold, and like the hemispheres of a globe. On one side is the strong right arm of Temporal Power, but balanced on the other by the correlative yet independent arm of Spiritual Power. In what forms are these Powers to-day? To answer that question would be the interpretation of the Present. What forms may they, should they, take for to-morrow? To answer this would be the discernment—even the making—of the Future.

The majestic stature of the Clock Tower closes our vista of the Abbey precincts, but does not complete the tale of historic sanctities. Beyond, our picture fades into the distance. That, too, is as it should be; for shadowy is the inheritance of sanctities that descends to us from the remoter past. Celtic Britain is commemorated in the statue of Boadicea and her war-maidens. Contemplate these as queens of life and therefore of

romance, they symbolize our culture-heritage from the race that created Faerie. The Embankment on which stands the statue reminds us of prehistoric man; for that engineering work of our own times continues those stupendous earthworks which are the monuments of ancient human skill. The embankments of unknown date and origin which, lower down the Thames, retain the river in its course, seem in their beginnings to be the handiwork of prehistoric man.

The most primitive of our British architectural monuments is doubtless the standing stone; and then the ring of these with which early man centred his astronomic cult, and sanctified his burial-places. That, too, may well have existed before London's Dun, now St. Paul's hill, but at Westminster we must be content to ask if it was not some Welshman who built us the rude half-circle of miniature obelisks which surrounds the Abbey on its northern side, placed at intervals in the iron fence! When this is truly replaced by a historic symbol, such as an Eisteddfod erects to this day to commemorate its bardic meeting, it will complete our well-nigh continuous reading of our historic record, from our modern age of Industrial Revolution backwards to Early Man.

This walk down the centuries, as well as from Victoria Street to the Embankment, may well close with a moment of musing on Westminster Bridge, recalling the high rapture of Wordsworth's sonnet—

“Earth hath not anything to show more fair.”

Yet from there the irony of Gibbon, on his last journey to Lausanne, bade a long farewell to “*fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.*” There, too, the wrath of William Morris, reflecting on the futilities of legislation, and the limitations of his predecessors, was stirred to decry the masterpiece of Barry as “fit only for a dung-market.”

Leaving these literary memories to the pieties of their respective partisans, let us complete our pilgrimage with the historian by taking counsel with his modern complement, the geographer. What will the latter discern, as from Westminster Bridge he watches the moving spectacle of men and things? He sees there the crossing of two world-highways. The Thames has always been for him the link between the waterways of the world and the land and waterways of England. The Bridge itself he sees as modern substitute for Ford and Ferry, carrying across the river, and into the heart of England,

that main highway whose terminus and starting-point at Dover collects an immemorial continental traffic. At the crossing of that waterway and this landway throbs the systole and diastole of Westminster's heart to-day as it did a thousand years ago and more. Hence those perennial springs of life and intercourse, both material and spiritual, which gave origin to the Abbey, the Palace and the City, nourished them through the ages, and accumulated their tradition of dignities and sanctities.

However dignities may change, future generations will continue the cult of these sanctities, and even add to them. Will they not recover our lost outlooks into the wonder of the city and the mystery of the world? Something of these may even now be won, as by a vigil from the windows in the turret of the great Clock Tower. Like the venerable Abbey itself, that synthetic tower seeks to express its part in the spirit of this variously sacred place; for what wider range of ideals than that which runs between Liberty and Justice? Note even the symbolism of its clock! Regulated from Greenwich Observatory, it does its work with the utmost perfection of adjustment yet attained between man and nature. Its revolving hands are the

Representatives of the Astronomer-Royal in Parliament. Their message is that as the Statesman absorbs more of the Astronomer's spirit—his reverence for truth, his scientific precision and foresight, his practical efficiency accordingly—he will become no longer open to the classic reproach of Oxenstiern—"With how little wisdom the world is governed!"

So far, then, these walks for the present. The reader, if interested, will continue them for himself, and will find them profitable in all directions over this vast province of London, or in smaller cities and towns, in villages too. As observations extend, fresh interpretations will be needed surpassing mere initial suggestions, such as most of ours, with ideas towards these accordingly—now appreciative, artistic (why not even poetic)—now critical of evils, again sociological and so on. As regards this last line of interpretation especially, we hope to submit to our readers before long various more ordered analyses of the City, and largely with Westminster for type, and this time with the general principles which are broadly indicated in Part I, applied in such detail as to admit of orderly illustration, of typical buildings, types and scenes.

A final word on the spirit of the city and the way it works. When lovers meet, instantly there passes a spark of life, which kindles in each face the lamp of ecstasy. Deep has called to deep: something of the wonderful, something of the creative has happened. What it is belongs to the mysteries of life: but the poet in moments of inspiration catches its essence and gives form to its outcome.

“Said Solomon to Sheba,  
And kissed her Arab eyes.”

In the clumsy language of prose, we say personality awakens personality and brings into play the dramatic gesture, the expressive act. So it is, or may be, with personality of city and citizen. From their contact issues also the marvel of transfiguration; and the condition of fulfilment is the same. There must be the intimacy of communion that comes from common memories and joined hopes. The dramatic gestures and expressive acts of a long line of city-lovers survive in street vistas and public monuments, in buildings old and new. In these exists that social inheritance which, when it awakes, is the spirit of the city. But this spirit lies dormant awaiting rebirth in the responsive souls of

individual citizens. From such union of the past with the forelooking present is reborn the spirit creative. Thus, at the quickening touch of community, personality awakens into the ecstasy of life whose forms are dramatic gesture and expressive action. In dull terms of scientific precision we try to express that truth as a working formula in the saying that Civic Survey leads to Civic Service.

The concluding generalizations of our Westminster studies are these. To each oncoming tide of youth the social inheritance brings increasing promise of life made more abundant as, generation by generation, the roll of historic achievement grows. But the penalty of failure to inherit and awaken into life triumphant is, for some, repression of personality, for others its perversion, by the tyrannous hand of dead and decaying survivals accumulated through an immeasurable past.





PART III

RE-EDUCATION, NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL



## CHAPTER I

### THE DISINHERITED

HALF a century ago or more, in the early days of the Health movement, there appeared a vigorous paper by Miss Martineau on "How to Make Home Unhealthy." In general tenor, its recommendations may be easily recalled; for they are practically nothing more than a description of the ordinary conditions of the homes of respectability and comfort of their time, and of the accepted beliefs of good housekeepers. Windows, of course, must always be carefully kept shut, by day for fear of draughts which are so dangerous, and by night for fear of "night air," something unspeakably terrible. One must be very careful about going out of doors and exposing oneself to the weather, one might be caught in a shower, or the sun might be unpleasant. We must be well wrapped up if we do go out, and put on a warm dressing-gown and a smoking-cap when we come in. A warm bath occasionally may be an agreeable luxury; even a

cold one is perhaps no great harm if you are one of these "muscular Christians"; but working people have no use for either of them, and should not be encouraged to ape their betters. Comfort demands ample carpets, rugs and curtains, above all round one's bed, which should be in a recess, now that boxes have unhappily gone out of fashion. Drains are, of course, kept out of sight, as vulgar; but otherwise they are unimportant, and money need not be wasted on them. But it is necessary to have polished mahogany and white marble well in view. Meals cannot be too frequent, provided they are substantial enough and hearty, of course washed down with plenty of good beer, and with a little spirits, at least for the gentlemen—tea is womanish. Children especially must have "substantial food," like their elders; but sweets are very bad for them; vegetables are unnecessary; and fruit must be supplied with great caution, in fact only given as a reward, or on special occasions, say a little in summer, and at Christmas time. School hours must be long, and with plenty of lessons "to train the memory." And so on indefinitely; all exactly as our elders used to believe, as even now we still too much practise.

Now is it not fairly obvious, at any rate increasingly plain, as we reflect that Miss Martineau's ironic mode of criticism as regards Health in our Homes is no less applicable to what is our very largest problem of the opening future, that of Morals in our Towns? If we were to take for a title, "How to Make Town Demoralizing," we need not seek out any inventions; it would suffice to describe the existing state of things as we all know them, yet practically ignore them—that is, tolerate them—each in his own borough. It all seems so "natural": that is, we have grown used to it, dulled to it, acceptant of it.

We see in town the confused pressure of business and the drudgeries of industry, the long hours, the cramped, dull and ugly homes, the food so often poor, unsuitable, or both. We see in school, despite mitigations and even constructive beginnings, that in the mass dull memorizings and examinings are still suppressing thought and starving emotion; and that such garnishing with facts, such sweeping out of feelings, is preparing for more than inspectors to enter in. From workshop or from school, our only choice on the way back to the home, if choice there be, is between the

deadening dulness of some streets, and the flaring garishness of others (again through sweeping and garnishing respectively) or, meaner and perhaps deadlier than either, the struggling admixture of the two.

The rustic mind, limited though townsmen think it, unsafe either from our urban debasing elements or its own, is at any rate built up out of impressions and experiences of which many, at least, are worthy; but here in town shops replace nature; and what town-grown minds are not largely moulded by them? These women fascinated in crowds by the sex-adornments of draper and jeweller, these young folk parading the streets, these men in their public-house, are natural one and all. Are they not making the best of life under the circumstances? At any rate, they think so; and what have we to say?—at least, till we have realized their points of view, their lines of adaptation? To understand them fairly, return to the prosperous home of Miss Martineau's Victorian housewife. Even her dread of "night air" was not from its origins an imaginary bogey; it expressed an old and once-needed precaution, that against malaria, prevalent formerly as "ague" on low-lying land anywhere. Her overstock of upholstery and carpets was

largely developed as means of repose for her men-folk, as well as herself, after the fatigues and noises of their day, just as were her massive meals for their renewal: even the corresponding overdosing with alcohol not only aroused conversation otherwise dulled by repletion, but stimulated the clearing of the respiratory system from its modern load of town dust. And so on. People are seldom entirely fools; indeed, never. Hence, given our existing towns as they stand—half survivals from the historic past, half expressions of a rude industrialism, of a crude commercialism—is it not plain that a corresponding rudeness and crudeness of pleasures and recreations is only too closely bound up with these? And if so, that our difficulties—whether as educationalists endeavouring to raise the present too low culture-level, or as moralists seeking to combat its various degenerations and their consequences—may be, can only be, got over as we raise ourselves to a fuller civic outlook; and as we there and thence combine our too scattered or too specialized endeavours towards the much-needed Civic Renewal.

Where there is life at all, there must always be some adjustment of Environment to Organism, and conversely of Organism to

Environment. When this adjustment is once a working one, each keeps the other in its accustomed place; hence it is but folly to think that our mere criticism, or even improvement of organism here, or of environment there, can permanently affect either of them. The problem is to deal with both. We may even have a true vision of a more excellent way of life, but how to bring this about? "We only destroy what we replace."

The problems of bettering life, and its environment, are thus not separate ones, as political and other mechanically educated minds constantly think, and as religious ones have also too much come to believe. Nor is it, as politicians especially think—now with mistaken hope, or again with unnecessary discouragement—a matter of moving great numbers and masses before anything can be done. It is not a matter of area and wealth. It is at bottom an experimental problem, that of starting a readaptation. This once properly established, on however small a scale to begin with, as real adaptation, real life, its multiplication will be comparatively easy, may even take care of itself. Here is the large element of truth in the doctrines of *laissez-faire* and natural selection, though long ago better expressed in



the parable of the leaven, devised for the encouragement of the simple housewife, and that of the mustard-seed, for her husband labouring in the field.

There are, however, many by whom these propositions will hardly be granted; indeed, many whom such discussion, savouring of science, repels altogether; who are yet as open as any to the interest of their city; still more to a simple and sympathetic presentment of its needs, and especially those of youth in it. For knowledge and understanding of the great city and its young life, for experimental initiative, for germinal endeavour, and now also, happily, for growing success, even national influence and also international example, we know of no one in Europe—save, indeed, that late veteran initiator, Canon Barnett of Toynbee Hall, whom we can here compare with Jane Addams, that virtual Abbess of Chicago, whose “Hull House” has become in its turn foremost among city centres of social endeavour and civic uplift, of individual training and of general example. Of her few books, each more valuable than its predecessor, there cannot be too highly recommended—first for all who would handle civic

questions with efficiency, and next for the fellow-citizens they have still to arouse and interest—her *Spirit of Youth and the City Streets* (Macmillan, 1910); so that it is the firm conviction of the present writers that there is perhaps no social task more promising, more likely to be directly and vitally fruitful, whether for Civics or Eugenics, for Morals or Ideals, than the millionfold diffusion of this little volume, and that among all classes, by all possible resources of publicity and cheapness, teaching and influence.

To give brief extracts after this intentionally superlative eulogy is, of course, dangerous. For simplest introduction, however, take only a few sentences from the first chapter. "Let us know the modern city in its weakness and wickedness, and then seek to rectify and purify it until it shall be free at least from the grosser temptations which now beset the young people who are living in its tenements and working in its factories. The mass of these young people are possessed of good intentions, and they are equipped with a certain understanding of city life. This itself could be made a most valuable social instrument toward securing innocent recreation and better social organization. . . . And yet the whole apparatus for supplying

pleasure is wretchedly inadequate and full of danger to whomsoever may approach it." For historic plain speaking, take the following :—" Since the soldiers of Cromwell shut up the people's playhouses and destroyed their pleasure fields, the Anglo-Saxon city has turned over the provision for public recreation to the most evil-minded and the most unscrupulous members of the community." For direct observation and economic interpretation :—" Apparently, the modern city sees in these girls only two possibilities, both of them commercial: first, a chance to utilize by day their new and tender labour power in its factories and shops, and then another chance in the evening to extract from them their petty wages by pandering to their love of pleasure." For the need of adolescent guidance, sex-education :—" At the present moment every city is full of young people who are utterly bewildered and uninstructed in regard to the basic experience which must inevitably come to them, and which has varied, remote, and indirect expressions." For criticism yet hope :—" Is it only the artists who really see these young creatures as they are—the artists who are themselves endowed with immortal youth? Is it our disregard of the artist's message

which makes us so blind and so stupid, or are we so under the influence of our *Zeitgeist* that we can detect only commercial values in the young as well as in the old? It is as if our eyes were holden to the mystic beauty, the redemptive joy, the civic pride which these multitudes of young people might supply to our dingy towns."

For any who ask further, the mere titles of her remaining chapters must here suffice. For clear descriptive insight, "The Wrecked Foundation of Domesticity." For sympathetic psychology, "The Quest of Adventure," "The House of Dreams." For foresight and statesmanship in economic development, "Youth and Industry." For the doctrine, reproof and correction of us elders, and for youth's instruction, "The Spirit of Righteousness."

These straying and neglected adolescents of Jane Addams's great town, and ours, and all others of the industrial age, are the disinherited children of the City, as it has been and should again be. How restore to them their birthright in the social and civic inheritance?

Church, university and school are institutions developed and organized for this purpose. What an indictment, then, of these institutions as they exist to-day that whole

masses of the population should be kept out of their spiritual estate ! As regards churches and schools we have little to say in this volume, and that more by implication than directly. Here we briefly address ourselves to the question of adapting the universities to better fulfilment of their traditional office. More than all other institutions the universities are charged with the comprehensive Trust of our whole social inheritance. What are the shortcomings of their trusteeship as now practised? Of what larger and more vital activities in the care, the transmission and the practical uses of the social inheritance are the universities capable if awakened to their opportunities and aroused to their responsibilities? How wean the academic mind from its tendency to a fixed and sterile habit of retrospect, and quicken it with an eager interest in the application of its golconda of spiritual resources to the making of the future? Of these and kindred questions we hope to treat more fully and systematically in a special volume. Meantime we conclude this by outlining such criticisms and suggestions as are relevant to the limited purpose in hand.

## CHAPTER II

### THE UNIVERSITIES AS THEY STAND

THE sorrows of the city, which we have last been considering, have ever moved men in their generous youth. Our philanthropic foundations of the past, and our University Settlements of to-day, look back to more or less recent founders; but these had a long line of predecessors, who struggled to abate the poverty or pain, the ignorance, vice or crime of their great city, and by works of charity or mercy inspired by pity. A heroic line—for the most part leading back through saints of all denominations (as so notably in England through the Society of Friends) to deeply kindred spirits in Catholicism in each of its ages, and thence back to their common Master. And the like in all faiths more or less: thus six centuries before Jesus, young Siddartha, moved by the suffering outside his palace gates, resigned love, home, and princely career, for the high quest of meditating out some solution of these insistent human problems: and so not only attained

his own illumination, as Buddha, but founded the widest of human faiths, the most numerous and long-continued of endeavours, and both still to be reckoned with. From the present viewpoint, these high Avatars for West and East were alike social thinkers and endeavourers, and to a degree far fuller than is realized effectively by the morals and theology, or speculatively by the philosophies which look back to them as founders. But the deepest criticism of their typical continuators is that they do not adequately follow their founders in striving to make the Kingdom of Heaven come, here upon Earth.

Thus there is no disrespect to the great initiators in here recalling that ours are times of Science, and its applications. On the contrary, it is the plain duty of our own times, for the greatest in all lines of religious, moral and social evolution have exemplified that very principle in their times, and would again exemplify it were they with us to-day.

How such ideas are spreading through the world is manifest in every city. Yet, alas! in Westminster less than most; and for various reasons. Of these the first may be that here, in this old centre of Rule and Law, and now of Politics, Legislation and Administration, an older and pre-scientific

atmosphere survives. Hence neither Tory nor Conservative nor Liberal, Ulsterian nor Home Ruler, Liberal-Labourist, Imperialist nor Financialist, nor even the individual philanthropist who occasionally appears among their ranks, in one House or the other, has yet attempted any adequately comprehensive study, nor demanded it, of the social evils around them; and their detailed efforts have seldom been expressed in ways related to the sciences. The more democratic parties and members, Radical, Irish or Labour—from whom more might have been expected—have been too specialized in criticism to accomplish constructive enquiries, though from the last at least there must be admitted hopeful signs.

True, there has been the frequent appointment of "Royal Commissions of Enquiry" into this and that: and of these the office door, with seemly brass plate, may be observed in course of perambulating the precincts of Parliament; and this symptom may be noted appreciatively, as proof of the growing feeling and parliamentary admission, that Social Surveys are required. So we leave things here at that, postponing any further enquiry into their methods, pretty uniformly pre-sociological as these have been,



and are; and correspondingly the appreciation of their results. Enough here to note that we owe to private endeavours, like Charles Booth's *Life and Labour in London*, or again to collective ones like those of the Fabian Society (as we can say all the more warmly, since not sharing its membership, and accepting its outlook to a very limited degree), results towards social knowledge are usually beyond comparison with those of Royal Commissions. Indeed, such improvement as some of the latter have of late years been showing, are due not a little to such unofficial examples and influences.

Disappointed, then, by Royal Commissions, shall we look for social knowledge to the Universities: and if so, to which of their schools, old or new? First naturally in London, we turn to the School of Economics: but—at least when we last consulted its library—this had practically no books on cities, nor on civics in its literal and proper sense, nor any help for us at all with such a question as the present, viz. how better to prepare ourselves and others for the study of social evils, considered generally: *i. e.* comprehensively, comparatively, sociologically, above all, civically: though, of course, for various special economic studies, as notably

of problems of poverty, of industrial unrest, and better possible organization, and the like, neither learning nor productivity have been lacking, and with results happily becoming appreciated and utilized. Still, economics is not yet sociology.

Shall we return, then, to the older schools of learning, and search among their many colleges? With all our varied personal attachments and contacts at times suggestive, we have in the main found little, and so had to return from universities to their cities, once more to search there for our social clues. Yet for thirty years one of us, and forty the other, have been seeking to understand the growth and nature of Universities, their qualities and defects and possibilities, as custodians of the social heritage, and the main ones for youth: and further to realize and apply such of their varied resources as bear upon cities and city life with which universities are more fully related than they nowadays realize. Later we hope to express what we can of this in a kindred volume to the present, yet beginning at the university end of the story. Still, some essential outline is necessary, which may be best begun by the recognition of their prevalent defect. Here is a brief story which may bring this out.

In a northern University city, which may be left nameless, since typical enough to be anywhere, the writer of this chapter met an acquaintance of youth, thirty years before, a lady who had married an active and useful social and political worker, and had fully shared and helped in his effective career. After talk of old times and friends, and then of our respective young folk at College, she said: "Do you know, when I was a girl I was keen to go to college: but my man would not wait, and I gave it up: so I have never set foot in such a place in my life! I should still so like to see what really is doing there: could you take me over?" "Certainly, come along! This is the school of medicine: we may as well begin here. Medical studies commence with Anatomy, and here it is": but of course the faintest peep through a half-opened door sufficed for the dissecting-tables with their lethal burdens; and little interest was aroused by the adjacent museum with its skeletons and dissections. "I spare you the Pathological department, but here is that of Eye-diseases" (again a peep and shudder, at a tray of bullocks' eyes). "This is the museum of surgery: that is the collection of fractures." Gynecology we passed by (there was no

statue of mother and child to indicate it). "Oh, Physiology; let me see what they are doing." After rooms of chemical and other apparatus, we came to the students' laboratory, with a dead frog or two and microscopes: "They are studying the microscopic anatomy of muscle." "Still post-mortem!" said she to herself, quietly, in a puzzled way. "Well, let us see elsewhere: here are the scientific departments which prepare for medicine: this is Zoology: perhaps the museum will interest you." But again the skeletons and the pickles, even the stuffed animals left her cold, and at the laboratory, with more dead frogs, there was silence still. Further on a Botany class had finished its work, and the attendant was clearing up their mess of torn flowers. Then she broke out—in disillusionment and indignation—"Then is it all post-mortem?" A brief flash: but to her guide the very spear-point of Pallas, the protest of Alma Mater, no longer the mere official ghost of speech-time, but Woman, with her direct common sense, that is, life-instinct, acting here as University inspectress-in-chief, seeing more keenly into the present condition of higher education than any University historian or Commission has yet done.

"Well, here are more of the Science Schools."

Mathematical departments, pure and applied, with their diagrams and strange models said nothing to her, nor yet the chemical museum, with its crystals and tubes. In the laboratory—"What is he doing?" "Analyzing a mineral." She said nothing, was plainly thinking, "Post-mortem again!" In the Physical department the spectroscopes were out—post-mortem of a beam of light! It was clearly time to be leaving Science for the Humanities.

Here seeking a subject at its living best, we began with the department of English: but, alas! for visitor and guide alike, the lecture was on Anglo-Saxon grammar. Classics and Sanskrit were passed by: but hopeful of modern languages, we tried the German classroom: but there the blackboard was inscribed with something in early Gothic, and even the class-syllabus promised no author later than Goethe. "Let us try French: surely something alive there!" Better certainly: the course came down two generations after Goethe's death to Victor Hugo's! The Education Department was not attractive: she knew its courses are mainly on past educators, and its management by a Government bureau: and, moreover, by this time it was late: the gates were locked for the

night, and we had recourse to the janitor's back door. There the sweepers' accumulations were before us in the big dustbin : and at this point the guide had fuller vision of the current academic synthesis, and confessed it. " Here are material results of the day's works, the flowers and frogs, and exercise papers." " A great many ashes for summer? It must be a cold place!" " This reminds me, you have not seen the Engineering department." Scraps of paper with legal verbiage—whereas, and so on—" We have forgotten the school of Law!" Other papers pertained to Philosophy. " Stay, here is a clue! This string, knotted, cut and tangled, evidently represents logic—tough, flexible stuff, but not used in our day to tie subjects or studies together!" We went out into the street, and there, waiting for the dustbin, to seek in it the lucky sixpence that probably wasn't there, was a forlorn old woman, whose dust and grime showed how busy she had been farther down the street. " Here, now, is the latest I can show you—the Pallas avatar of the proposed Department of Commerce!"

" And are the Universities all like this?" " Yes, more or less all of them. . This sort of thing is what we are doing everywhere."

Still, not only to soothe a friend, thus

sharply disillusioned of her girlhood's dream, and of her later reverence for the Universities as fountain of living learning, but also to do them justice, and to say what we can for ourselves, it was only fair to add: "Mark you, what you have seen in brief is the Official system—of our Faculties and Governing Bodies, and Programmes controlling the Departments. But you have not seen such life and discussion as there is among the students themselves. Moreover, in the actual teaching, nearly every one is more alive than you think. Every botanist takes his class not only into the botanic garden, but far afield over the countryside, and even to the hills on holidays: the geologist has long excursions too, with maps and hammers: the zoologist takes them shore-collecting and dredging. The engineer has them in the workshop and visits outside works as well. The educationist sends them to observe and help in schools. And those whose books keep them indoors often talk freely enough: old Blackie was but the best case of this." "Then why don't you do more of it?" was the natural enough answer. "Because it is still contraband; tolerated, of course, though more or less disapproved. Moreover, we don't yet see clearly enough how to bring our studies into

order; we have no agreement among ourselves: I fear we hardly try. The fact is, we don't clearly know how modern medicine should be taught, or science, or languages or literature, in their living and united way: and thus each leaves his fellows alone, and does whatever he feels he personally can. We have the old and recent philosophies, you may say, but they are preserved in their department, and no fresh philosophy to help us has yet come adequately into view. So in our big would-be education-machines, the best we yet see our way to do is each to work far away in his own little department, and therein carry this or that problem nearer solution, or towards application if he can. But under these conditions we go on diverging: our old common language has mostly disappeared: for after colleagues have exchanged 'Good-morning!' if not reduced this to a nod, each disappears into his own den, to work between his lecture-hours at some problem his fellows, correspondingly self-absorbed, seldom think of desiring to understand. It is into this detailed Encyclopædia, with little or no order beyond the merely alphabetic, that all universities have been moving, following the nineteenth-century leadership of the Germans." This character,



too, it is which has made German specialists such obedient worshippers of "the State"; and their Empire, with its mood of expansion and conquest, afforded them a conception of Unity, and, moreover, in Action, to better forms of which their too restricted studies had lost alike the inward and the social clues. The ascendancy acquired by bureaucracy and militarism in Germany over its culture and education in these dispersive forms, is thus explained: and we may well look into their extending mastery among ourselves, and especially through the War.

Where, then, shall we look for progress in and indeed beyond these Universities of ours, for the most part sub-Germanic at best efficiency, so far as not still pre-Germanic, in their arrested development? That is the too largely unsolved problem which has delayed our own efforts to write constructively, and not merely critically, as above. In a word, the difficulty is to see our way towards realizing the Post-Germanic University.

Still, many are working, and that practically as well as studiously towards at least partial solutions. For instance, as just noted above, the natural sciences are studied out of doors, and thus they are increasingly realizing

themselves as in no "separate fields," but as analyzing their part in the greater science of Geography—indeed, that of the Cosmogony in evolution. Geography in this large sense is now beginning to absorb all the special surveys of the natural sciences. Such surveys are now of strata, of landscape configuration, and earth sculpture, of climate and weather. But all these elements are again surveyed, now as determinants of plant life, and these further in their influence on animal life. Next all the foregoing are collectively observed as conditioning man himself, as so obviously in his rural life. Thus the advancing conception of Regional Surveys, and these as covering the great Globe itself, is making for unity in the vast and varied field of Natural Science. Note, too, how the physical sciences have not only been unified in great measure in the past generation or two of the nineteenth century by the doctrine of Energy, but again notably developed with the opening age of radium.

So far well: but how are we to get even so much unity for the Humanities: how reach a science of them? The doctrine of evolution does so far help us, though as yet less comprehensively than in geology and biology. Still, the naturalists have profited by evolutionary impulses from the humanists:

witness philology, with its tracing of varied languages to a common stock, not only as of Romance languages from Latin, but of what seemed distinct stocks, like Latin and Greek, Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic and more, to common origins with Sanscrit, and also its modern Indian derivatives. The economists, too, have given potent suggestions: thus Darwin and Wallace alike loyally avowed their identical debt for their theory of Natural Selection to Malthus *On Population*. In such ways, then, and many more, our varied university studies are more akin, and more mutually helpful than our too traditional and too narrowly specialized teaching and examining allow the student to see. Especially if he be "docile and hard-working," and not one of those free and active spirits who can really utilize and employ the University—as their *table d'hôte*, as it were—instead of its always overfeeding them with stereotyped rations (whose bulk so much exceeds their nutritive value), of its faculties and examinations. After these war-times, soldiers who go back to the University will, we trust, be more frequently ready to recruit this latter type.

Such thinking fellows may next go further, and upon a fuller quest, a bigger and bolder one—that of helping to realize the needed

Post-Germanic University; in their own studies first, and thereafter in the world. How shall we express its beginnings a little more fully?

Yet before attempting this, it may well be first asked how higher studies and education, with their Universities, have developed in the past. What are their many stages of advance, on which all agree? Starting in the Middle Ages, in which our elder centres arose, it is agreed that this took place essentially round the then central problem of how to reconcile the teaching of the Church with that of Aristotle, then rediscovered: to reconcile, in short, established religion with Greek philosophy and science.

The story of the Renaissance influence in modifying and supplementing old centres, and founding new ones, was again largely Greek; but now above all Platonic, with its returning idealism—of beauty, truth and goodness, realizable in human life, thus not hopelessly fallen. Potent elements also came in from and with the Reformation, and its diffusion of the Biblical classics, with their impulse, at once profound and elevating, upon our modern tongues.

The next great movement of Universities arose from the *Grande Encyclopédie* of the

eighteenth century, that active ferment towards the French Revolution; but this in double form, on the one side sterilizing, on the other fruitful exceedingly.

The first of these—the third, then, of this series of Educational Revolutions—was naturally chosen by the French Empire, for Napoleon saw in these clear-cut summaries the very type of his needed textbooks and codes of examination for his public services: and thus he created the University of France. From its scheme of standardized and well-canned information, to be memorized and thrown up intact at the examiner's call, there arose a generation later the University of London; and on its model again, those of India, in which the perfection of cram has reached the limits of endurance, and even exceeded them: so that a little group of progressive educationists—the Calcutta University Commission, with Dr. Michael Sadler at its head—have been recently at work towards mitigating and improving the present lamentable situation.

So far, then, the three historic University movements, which we may call pre-Germanic; and if space allowed references to Oxford and Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin, and others of our old centres—not to speak of

newer ones—we might trace the characteristic individualities which these present back to their respective origins in medieval and Renaissance times. True, the influence of the Napoleonic textbook and examination machinery has, of course, overspread them all, via London, and so far independently also, as from the corresponding State-requirements as well.

But all our Universities claim more modern elements, and show them in varying proportions. What are these? What but the Germanic? As the great Encyclopædia came to Edinburgh and there called into being the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, prominent for the next century and a half or thereby, so it was welcomed in Berlin, then the other city of Europe intellectually most open to French influence, thanks notably to the golden age of the *Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV, and his expulsion of the Huguenots, who largely settled there. The French atmosphere was maintained and freshened by Frederick the Great, with his devotion to French culture, versus German. Furthermore, the ferment preceding the French Revolution, and the corresponding up-clearing and illumination of Germany's own intellectual fermentation in those times, then the overthrow of the in-

numerable German princelings by Napoleon, and finally the arousal of national life and consciousness against him, were all powerful factors towards a new University development—the fourth of the historic series. How, then, did this arise? Essentially from the *Encyclopédie*—of which the main articles were, so to speak, handed over each to a given teacher, who henceforth became no mere examiner, but increasingly a specialist upon the subject. But this new conception of progressive study and research in any and every direction, involved nothing less than complete individualism and democracy of studies throughout the intellectual world. All the trammels of medieval and Renaissance curricula were thus broken, and the examination machine was not introduced. The watchword of the real intellectual and educational revolution, “*Lehrfreiheit und Lernfreiheit*” (complete freedom of teaching and learning), became as dear to the German professor and student as had been “*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*” to the French people.

With the whole encyclopædia open before him, the German student of the nineteenth century was free to find what interested him, and to work at that. With such active interest he neither needed nor would bear

those supervisions and coercions which arose with the decline of medieval and Renaissance activity, and he rightly scoffed at the examination method imported by Napoleon from China to drive the cramming machinery so necessary alike to the production—and the power—of the bureaucratic spirit he was then creating.

Not, then, for the German the modest aim of the Paris or London crammer and cram-mist, to get 51 per cent. as a passman; nor even the petty ambition of 76 or 81 per cent. for "honours." With his interest kept fresh and living upon the kernel of knowledge, instead of its external shell, his scientific curiosity and criticism—his real ambition also—awoke together; and he recovered, and in each of these ways, that child-like eagerness of asking questions; which had been too long lost also in his own universities, like those of other countries; but was never barred and banned, as in these latter, by the dead weight of fixed programmes, textbooks and examinations. Not simply, then, to know the subject as presented to him, and up to its 100 per cent. level, but next with personal contribution, became his working ambition; and this he found, as every active mind must ever do, to be more or less possible according



to his labour and powers. Often, therefore, he notably increased his subject in its value, even doubled it; in the great cases multiplying it manifold, with flashes of intuition, applied throughout a lifetime's strenuous, yet patient, studious or experimental labour. At the very least, and even as an undergraduate, he could do something, say, to search backwards into the origins and bibliography of his subject, to amplify its contemporary aspects, glean illustrations, make comparisons, and often, too, to search forward and find something really new, perhaps some application instead, or as well. Towards such maiden effort his professor helped him, and not merely as consulting tutor, but in library or laboratory, and best of all in keen and collective discussions. Of these some, as *Seminar*, were presided over by a teacher; but many were free, among the students themselves, in weekly or fortnightly gatherings of each intellectual group—its *Verein*. There, brightened by initial and final song, and with the day's fatigue washed off by help of a light (if capacious) glass, the problems and suggestions of each were thrashed out into the fuller sustenance of all; and thus with better grasp—even life-saturation—of their subject thereafter.

Of course there were abuses. The harshly drilled and crammed school-life, which Prussian war-needs had successfully imposed, tended to have its rebound, too often into intemperance (recalling that from Puritanism in Britain), and also its exaggeration, which turned young courage towards barbaric rites of face-slashing, called duelling. Both these evils have gone on as curses up to war-times, and have there borne their appropriate and conspicuous fruits. But in those great last-century days of German world-leadership, temperate living, hard study and thinking were in real predominance: and that they still had their compelling share in university life and work up to the war, and even in Berlin itself, deteriorated though this had become, has been demonstrated to the world by the intellectualized endurance, the varied inventiveness, the general efficiency which none can deny to the enemy—qualities of this great University system without which we would have defeated the mere drilling and bullying Junker, and the docile legions of their Kaiser-godding in half the years our victory required.

Return, however, to the better Germany of a century ago, with its worthy planting and tending, throughout well-nigh thirty univer-

sities, of this new and fruitful tree of higher education, which was faring so poorly in other lands, but here bearing copious and varied fruit. Seeds and grafts were soon in demand : not only Austria, Switzerland, Holland, but all Scandinavia, even Russia, followed suit. Coleridge and Carlyle discovered for us German philosophy, literature and history ; and next Scottish and Nonconformist divines began with Oriental scholarship, and came to modern criticism. Young America came over, and soon by hundreds and more ; and went back to Germanize their own colleges and universities to a freshened vigour ; and even our own more enterprising graduates discovered where best to learn their chosen subject anew. German missionaries increasingly stirred us up at home, young Max Müller at their head, whose call of " Philology ! Sanskrit ! India ! " into the ears of sleeping Oxford marked a new epoch in her intellectual history. The manifold advances of Cambridge schools, as notably of Biology, Economics, Philosophy, History and more, are even more deeply indebted to their fruitful importation of modern methods. In summary, then, our pre-Germanic education has everywhere advanced more completely towards an often sub-Germanic stage ; and, moreover, with a

general devotion to the pan-Teutonic interpretation of our island, as dating and owing everything of human value in race, language, character or evolution to its Anglo-German conquest—which might now be a little embarrassing to its exponents up to 1914, were there critics enough to remind them of their former allegiance.

It is time, however, to reassure the patriotic reader that, while the above appreciation must be put forward even in 1919, its writers' "spiritual home" these forty and thirty years past and more has essentially not been in Germany, despite these loyally acknowledged debts, but in France. For this very reason they feel more free to speak—and because—once more to do Germany justice for her past—they have learned, and in both countries, what a French History-professor friend (whose long life-work has been dominated by preparation against the always clearly foreseen German purpose of renewed invasion) once well and truly expressed:—  
"Every one of us, in all the Universities of Europe, who really knows his subject, and works at it, with full modern equipment of bibliography, criticism, comparison and detailed research, must honestly confess himself as for these the intellectual son or grandson

of a German!" What wonder, then, that such substantial learning, such progressive science, not to speak of philosophic systems unparalleled since ancient India, should have stirred the universities of the other nations from their academic routines. Still less should we wonder that the corresponding technical efficiency, and in directions without number, has imposed respect upon the world—the more since manifested in commercial results, and if not in national life, at any rate in the great "Imperial State" which held this in its hands! Where, then, were we to look for escape from this long-growing ascendancy of Germany? And by what fresh lines of advance? Where but to her continuous antagonist, her frequent leader also, through great initiative, France?

In summary, then, as the medieval university took its form and centre in Paris, so also did that of the Renaissance, at least after the decay of Florence; and while the third development, that on the wrong lines, was due to the Napoleonic misapplication of the Encyclopædic movement (in terms of facts to the learned), it is to Paris again that we trace the development of the encyclopædia of knowledge as matters to be investigated, which has given us the fourth type, the

University Germanic, and compelled our own medleys of the three previous systems to become more or less Germanic—that is, sub-Germanic. For France, however, the story does not end here: and for ourselves also a new chapter is opening.

## CHAPTER III

### THE UNIVERSITY IN PROGRESS

THE ship on the shield of Paris is not the galley of War, nor yet the river-barge of the old commerce of its isle. It is the bark of Isis. It rides on stormy waves—and bears the motto *Fluctuat, nec mergitur!* How many the fluctuations of the city's bark, how often near submergence, yet not submerged! That is the terse condensation of her history from early days: but enough to recall 1789-93, 1800-15, 1830 and 1848, 1870-71, and now 1914-18. And these we recall not only for Paris's dramatic history, nor as determining that of France, but also (as little history reading or reflection is needed to see) peculiarly entering that of all Europe, even of our own would-be detached island.

Now just as the political history of Paris or France did not end with the Revolution, nor with the Napoleonic Empire, neither did their intellectual life merely settle from the encyclopædic ferment into the two generations of official cram, much though this

depressed it. Even at its worst, French clearness remained; this machinery and its mind-packing materials called itself "Public Instruction," but never "Education"!—a confusion only possible with our loose use of English, a language we do not learn, nor respect, as the French do theirs. French criticism (and what Frenchman or boy is not something of a critic, what woman above all?), looking as such critics do, through and from a city life which, with all its faults, unsparingly exposed as they ever are, is fuller, deeper, ay, and nobler, than any other country has yet developed, could not but see limitations in the German culture as well as the excellences to which we here, as they, have done justice. What, then, were and are these limitations? And how shall we transcend them? And why not even advance beyond the excellences also?

Again a long story: but one limitation stands first and foremost, the lack of adequate sense and search for Unity in all their science; since their metaphysical systems, with all their grandeur, failed in the needful realism; and hence have increasingly been left aside by active German workers themselves. We know their familiar sneer—"When our German philosophers die, they go to Oxford!"



Despite his great elements of scientific initiative, even Kant too much continued in the philosopher's besetting sin, that of drawing vast cheques on the Bank of Facts, without sufficient assets; and in this weakness later philosophers—witness Hegel's History or Esthetics for choice—have not only followed but far surpassed him. We have all more or less admired these changing cloud-castles, these alluring mists; but we have also seen their opening gleams of luminous heavens, their glimpses of a world interpreted and of an individual life enlarged to the same scale, give place to the more enduring rain-clouds of pessimism. With all this philosophizing, too, there grew the philosopher's vice of megalomania, one only too easily communicated to his disciples: and complementary to this speculative enlargement of the individual, there grew into, and out of, this philosophical culture, in well-nigh all its schools, as its social and practical complement, a veritable super-deification of "The State" (of course in concrete terms, the German State), as ultimate Authority infallible, as Power uncontrolled, as Justice supreme in its own cause. The union of these two megalomanias, of Individual and of State, their enlargement beyond all familiar use in French

or English, gave magniloquence in Hegel and his peers, not a little impressive to the world : but all this became popularized, egoized, idolatrized, by smaller minds. Thus was magnified, even multiplied, the jealous vanity, the militant aggressiveness of the Prussian ruling caste. Similarly was justified and strengthened their "national industry of war," in their own eyes, in those of the ever-enlarging bureaucracy (university trained to a man), and thus in time of the German people, for too many of whom such congruent philosophy and politics became also their veritable Religion, with Treitschke as its major Prophet, but also with innumerable minor ones. In these ways there emerged a national congregation of well-illusioned Faithful—not only Junkers; but People; not only philosophers and historians, but the Universities with too rare individual exceptions. All this has been plain enough to the warmly democratic but coolly critical spirit of Paris : though too long it has been having its effects (and its more insidious parallels) among ourselves.

Return, however, to the organization of knowledge, thus seen as a social and political need, as well as a philosophical one. Our Universities and their associated education-systems cannot be allowed to go on in their pre-

sent mingling of pre-Germanic survivals with sub-Germanic specialisms and philosophies. But looking to the past, one must admit that it was only too possible, even logical, natural, increasingly easy and attractive, for them to follow such eminent leadership towards the analogous apotheosis of The State and The Empire. In this debasement or perversion of the university spirit Oxford has unceasingly led the way, with Cambridge, London and more, following hard in her steps. Where, then, are we to look for fresh light and towards ideals other than those which have brought Germany to her present ruin? Or are these now fully to dominate us in turn, the end for which so many among ourselves have been and still are labouring!

In our *Coming Polity* we have already pointed out, that the needed outline of a modern organization of knowledge has been clearly initiated, not by German philosophers, nor yet by our own, but by Auguste Comte. The reaction of this on schools and universities is that education is no longer viewed as alphabetically specialized on one side, and polarized by and to the State on the other, but is morally and intellectually, socially and esthetically synthetized, and thus becomes increasingly and comprehensively human.

It is a consequence of that virtual boycott of all but the most conspicuous and compelling research and thought of France in which England and America have for the past half-century and more followed the example of Germany, that we still realize too little of the pioneering work France has been doing in this period. Lister was both proud and loyal in describing himself as the disciple of Pasteur, and we have also heard Kelvin as frankly relating the impulse of his own essential career from Biot and Carnot in his student days in Paris: but both surgeon and physicist were of the Scots universities and traditions, which have far stronger ties with France, and moreover less broken, than has unhappily been the case of the predominant partner. Nowadays most plainly since the discovery of radium, and since the advance of automobiles and aeroplanes, French initiative has been in the way of recognition; and now after the war, closing proof of our realization of this better understanding all round may be reasonably anticipated, and we may also hope with advantage on both sides to our intellectual commerce which ever gains by interchange.

Comte's fertile impulse has ranged far beyond his immediate followers, the professed

Positivists in France or Britain; for as expressing this wide influence every continental historian reckons not simply those who like John Stuart Mill and Bain acknowledged him, but scarcely less fully Spencer and Huxley, who alike fiercely criticized him; for their sharpest dissents are now seen as magnified personal equations, and as but of minor difference within substantial agreement. And similarly for Darwin himself, and substantially for our other scientific leaders, little or nothing though they may have read of Comte's writings. For his view and system was essentially the rebound of the scientific mind from all preceding metaphysical systems: in fact to what are now current conceptions, as notably (1) that the sciences have to be systematized and unified within and among themselves; (2) that they are thus no longer limited to mathematics, physics and chemistry as so many think, plus biology, or at most with their respective applications; but that they must also be related to all "the Humanities," and these to them, in terms of a further science—Sociology. That physical science prepares for biology, and even that both may be fruitfully applied to the social sciences, may seem to many nowadays almost commonplace; so that there are substantial

beginnings thereof, even in our own university curricula, to say nothing of current books. But our social studies are still too isolated; with Economics and History as yet less related than even in Germany, and so with Geography and Anthropology, with Law, with Morals, and so on. To these sterilizing isolations, our "Honours Schools" and "Learned Societies" still testify, so wide and long-enduring has been our submission to the German intellectual empire, as most graduates of the former and elders of the latter so plainly show.

In the gradual reunion of all these sub-sciences of man into sociology, and this as Mistress-Science (because profoundly also, however long unseen, their Mother-Science), France has naturally long been leading, though also too incompletely; yet the long and gallant efforts of the small English Positivist Society and its *Review* of that name, throughout the past generation and more, and the advent (however lamentably recent) of the Sociological Society are evidence that France has not been without allies even amidst our long-predominating sub-Germanic culture.

But Comte, while most comprehensive among the pioneers of a new education, thereby remained too much in the abstract;

his great outline, despite its diffused influence, has lagged in realization accordingly, partly also through his too early death. Let us come down, then, half a generation later to the debacle of 1870-71. Among the various social bankruptcies thus disclosed, that of "Public Instruction," and on all levels, was far from the least. In the consequent reconstruction the primary schools were first reorganized, revitalized also, and to a substantial extent, the secondary: so that between them, though still far from perfect, they have now probably on the whole the largest proportion of truly educative teachers, uniting intellectual qualities and moral purpose with local and national outlooks, and both oftenest humanized. But here our presentment is essentially of higher education, and this reached its next movement with the dissolution of the University of France in 1878-9, and the renewal of most of the historic and regional Universities in its place. Montpellier, older even than Oxford, has perhaps specially vindicated its independence from Paris, to which not a few of its greatest teachers no longer think it promotion to be invited; but increasingly over the length and breadth of France—from Lille and Nancy to Aix and Marseilles, from Bordeaux and

Toulouse to Grenoble—their universities, re-nascent or new, have been developing with returning vigour and increasing (albeit still insufficient) freedom. Thus Rennes for Brittany has been reviving Celtic studies; but among them all the recent history of Clermont-Ferrand is peculiarly encouraging, and the more since this is one of the smallest and poorest: said its group of teachers—“ We are not here merely to lecture and examine, nor even to make scattered personal researches in the old fashion: this Auvergne of ours, central mountain mass and plateau of France, is a region well worth exploring and interpreting: and through this its education will best be advanced, and its constructive developments also prepared for. Let our geologists survey anew and more fully its ancient rocks, its magnificent earth-sculpture, from snows to plain, and re-examine those many extinct volcanoes great and small, which make our region one of the wonderlands of geography. Let our botanists and zoologists study its flora and fauna, as notably of its crater-lakes, each a long-isolated basin, and with who knows what evolutionary change. Our anthropologists have before them in their many valleys a medley and museum of race-migrations and survivals from all periods of the past, prehistoric



and historic, so that not only graves and ruins, but language, in its dialects, legends and folk-lore, customs and manners, offer rich and varied gleanings, interpretations, comparisons."

As these concrete researches went on, and the reading of all these evolutions advanced among their workers accordingly, the young philosopher of the University acquired his more general vision—"Creative Evolution"; and thence has stepped rapidly to his present position as the most initiative thinker of our times.

Here, then, at Clermont-Ferrand is an example of a new type of University—worthy to take rank as fifth in our historic series; unquestionably post-Germanic, since at once regional and interpretative; and with its concrete and abstract studies advancing towards harmony. That this is no exceptional case is evidenced by the (probably quite independent) rise of the same regional outlook and activity in the United States, and especially among the State Universities, of which Wisconsin may be named as representative and carrying on the work not only in studies, but in applications also; above all in the diffusion of higher education throughout its vast rural area.

In that vivid time above referred to, from 1878 onwards, when the French regional Universities were reappearing, Paris also was rising with them, not falling, as the senile among her authorities had feared. Among the many active little papers which rise so frequently in Paris, and run their course with their new, active group—without the financial overlord, and the advertising backing which still seems so indispensable in London or in America—one bright little weekly boldly called itself *L'Université de Paris*. Why so? It explained broadly to this effect :—“ Because it is time to see, and to say to all, that this University of ours is not merely the Sorbonne renewed from the Middle Ages, the Collège de France continued from the Renaissance, the Schools of Medicine and Law, the École Polytechnique and so on; in short the established centres of higher teaching. It includes, of course, the great institutions of science—the Observatory, the Jardin des Plantes, the Pasteur Institute and the like; but it is more than all these. Spiritually and educationally it has also a focus in the National Library, and another in the yet vaster treasure-house of the Louvre. Its school of literature and language is not merely of lectures: it is above all the House of

Molière, the Comédie Française; and with this many a minor theatre of living art. It is the French Academy too; and the free writers as well, the young poets even more. Music, too, is part of this true modern University, as of old: and not only in the Conservatoire, but in the Grand Opera, the concerts and more, wherever a young composer can express his dream. The visible arts, too, are part of this University proper; and not merely in their great School; nor even in the Salon, the rival and minor exhibitions; but above all in the studios. And there not merely collective, but individual; witness the Impressionists; witness the sculptors; witness too the architects, who are striving to raise our city beyond the meretriciousness and monotony of its Second Empire style. The University, then, is wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of Pallas or of the Muses, wherever Prometheus brings the spark of thought and invention to Vulcan at his forge; wherever Esculapius inspires the physician with a fresh idea to help his patient. Our true University is thus in the City; nay more, it is the City, great Paris herself. She is ever stretching out for us her fresh ideas, in the bright conversations of the salon and of the café; and so she

diffuses them into the intellectual atmosphere and at every social level. The University is thus no specialized caste of culture: it is *solidaire* with all true citizens in all their occupations, all their classes, above all, then, with the People, whose sons we largely are, from whom all classes rise, and whom we students are in training to serve. Their direct thought and forcible talk, their homely wit and wisdom, are not indifferent to us: that Voice of the People of the City, far more than the eloquence of its Deputies and Senate, expresses the essential spirit of our city and nation. So in this faith let us work on, to develop City and University together, augmenting, multiplying all their culture-institutions, farther and without end, yet never forgetting in our academic life their larger civic and social purpose; so that every citizen, that is every worker, woman and child among us, shall increasingly enter into their manifold inheritance, and continue it for themselves in their own day and way."

What wonder, then, that in such formative atmosphere, with such spirit around us, we should look back with more satisfaction to student days in Paris than to those spent—albeit happily enough in their way also—in

the chillier atmospheres, in London or Edinburgh, in Oxford or Cambridge, in Jena or Freiburg, in Harvard, Columbia or Chicago, though there was something to be learned in each and all. For was not this Paris programme, the University post-Germanic, let alone post-American, post-Britannic?

But so thorough has been the sub-Germanic training and loyalty, direct or indirect among our University teachers, so enduring, alas! our old hostility to France, our caricature of Paris, and at its worst alone, that forty years of subsequent effort on the part of one of us to turn more of our students to France, has been but of little success, numerically reckoned. Still, so far as immediate personal influence could go, we have been sending students to Paris, Montpellier, etc., all this time, one's own young folk as well. Why? Not only to be more fully aroused, awakened, educated in this and that career before them, but above all to be moralized more effectively than has elsewhere been possible, either at home or abroad. How so? First of all by contact with those who had gone more deeply than any others through the furnace of affliction, and who were occupied thereafter in "remaking their country," as Ger-

many had done two generations before, and so their pupils accordingly. Wherein else does this moralization consist? In many things: but briefly take three. First, in acquiring, in such peculiarly hard-working and clear-thinking environment, an insight into the nature of a day's work, with development of habits accordingly. Secondly, to acquire the desire and habit of seeing the thing as it is: and thirdly, the corresponding purpose and endeavour of making it more nearly what it should be. Without any exception, the results of this oft-repeated experiment have been successful, indeed most encouragingly so: and it has been no small loss and delay to our higher education and its outcomes that the like have been as yet so few. Now, however, after the war, these vivifying contacts will become frequent, with invaluable and much-needed effects upon our intellectual and professional life, our social and political outlook also.

With the Peace, for instance, the time is auspicious and ripe to renew the Scots College of Paris, a foundation so old that Balliol College, Oxford, was established as its competitor, in the interest of that Anglo-Scottish unity it has ever since less or more continued to uphold. Robert the Bruce thereafter

strengthened the Collège des Écossais, and it continued as a living educational force—giving some seventeen rectors to the University in the Middle Ages—and also serving as a bond of the Franco-Scottish Alliance, not only until the Union of the Crowns under James VI and I, but until Jacobite days, and indeed until the Revolution. It is still preserved as one of the National Monuments; but by its revival, and now in the spirit of the renewed and enlarged Alliance which these four years of comradeship in war have been cementing, it may again be made notably an active centre in that interaction of French culture with Scottish which has in the past been helpful to both—and this not only up to the sixteenth century, as many think, but increasingly in the seventeenth, and eighteenth, up to the days of Hume and Adam Smith, of Scott and Burns, and so on to Lister and Kelvin, each an example at once of the educative impulse of France on Scotland, and its effective reaction as well. So in these days of the renewing consciousness of small nations, and their enhanced significance in all eyes no longer prussianized, let it be the part of this venerable and renascent foundation not only to minister to Scottish students as of old, but to take the like initia-

tive for their sister Universities as well, even throughout the Empire. American students have had, for a good few years past, their Institute in Paris: and the development of both alike, and of more as needed, is thus no trifling matter of that truly practical politics which looks beyond the present generation in power to its successors, and which thus realizes that the vital League of Nations lies not with us, but with them: and that this will be far more strongly held together by men of varied origins, brought together in their active-minded youth and formative years, than by the best elaborated of legal conventions, treatises and courts, or by legalists who think of "international police" as supporting their system. But is there not something in reviving the "student-nations" of old Paris? They did, indeed, survive until the other day in Scotland, as still in Scandinavia; and now there would be means and opportunity of giving them fuller meaning and responsibility than ever. Without such renewals of intellectual and moral understanding among the nations, their lawyers will league in vain. But after even a moderate experience of the life of the wandering student one is thereafter more of a European: yet returns to one's own country



to appreciate its qualities more clearly, not merely its limitations. And thus it is, even in the nationally too separated past, that for so many of us the poet's boast has come true—

“ Un homme a deux patries ;  
Le sien, et puis la France ! ”

Before the war, though the English student wandered too little, and Germans too seldom left their varied homeland, there were 200 of the latter at Grenoble. Portuguese students were many in Ghent, Bulgarians in Brussels, and so on. Switzerland was, of course, peculiarly attractive. And now after the war, such international ties will begin to reopen anew, and if we are wise we shall help to multiply and vary them.

## CHAPTER IV

### STUDIES AND POSSIBILITIES

BUT it is not enough to go to foreign countries : each country must all the more develop its own possibilities. The great and famous German Universities have seldom been as rich as ours, and have never approached our richest : so with all credit to their initiatives, they are not so much better equipped nor more largely staffed than our own. But one great superiority of theirs lies in this fact, that there almost every senior student one meets (*i. e.* of third, fourth or fifth years, let alone the junior teachers) has been at more than one University, and is usually meditating some scheme of yet another fresh experience before he graduates and settles down to his profession. Thus he has been widening his studies by the viewpoints of the successive masters he has elected to follow, or the one to whom he looks forward. Of the definite values and places of the eminent teachers within the circle of his studies he has commonly an intelligent and

critical knowledge, in our experience practically unknown among the undergraduates of other countries. Moreover, he is repeating and increasing for himself, several times in his student career, that main stimulus of any and every University, the sense and impulse of personal responsibility in the fresh environment of a new culture-city, an experience which our British students seldom get more than once, and then when too young fully to appreciate it. So rare indeed is this freshening experience, that when with us a student goes from one University to another, there are too often people who ask, "What had he done to make him change?" There was deep truth in Emerson's saying that the essential University experience is for the youth to find himself in a strange city, where he has a separate chamber and fire of his own; but it has mainly been the Germans who have fully utilized their opportunities, by adapting to their Universities from yet earlier times the wandering tradition of their prentices and journeymen before their master-ship. Academic degrees, of bachelor, master, and doctor, directly derive from and correspond to these: why should not they be in this respect of at least equal value to those of widely experienced workmen? In short,

then, to promote and encourage this free migration, and not merely of junior graduates, but of undergraduates, too, instead of everywhere impeding and discouraging it, as at present, is thus one of the definitely needed vital elements for our incipient educational freshening. In editing a record of the great names of Edinburgh University for its tercentenary a generation ago,<sup>1</sup> it was noteworthy how many of these had also benefited by experience of other Universities as well.

Students cannot afford this? Nonsense; a third-class fare anywhere, or better still, a good bicycle journey, a tramp with camping out, costs little, and teaches much; indeed, the more the expenses, usually the less the learning. Thus, for instance, it was, in long vacation foot journeys, from their famous Moravian High School of Neuwied, on the Rhine (where at that time George Meredith was one of their class-fellows), to their house at Montauban in Southern France, that two of our old masters, Elisée and Elie Reclus, served their best apprenticeship, the one for his *Géographie Universelle*, and the other for his vast grasp of history, even his wealth of

<sup>1</sup> P. Geddes, *Viri Illustres*. Edinburgh, 1886. (Pentland.)

illustrations from folk-lore and customs, for his chair of Comparative Religion. But the most familiar illustration is the life and work of Goethe, work so fully prepared for and stimulated not only by knowledge of Germany and of Strasbourg (then French Alsatian, as again happily now), but above all by his later journey to Italy. This is plain in *Wilhelm Meister* and elsewhere in his works. How the life and work of Heine, of Nietzsche (who with all his faults and shortcomings was no mere Chauvinist Treitschke, but in some ways a prophet, although a minor one), were thus stimulated, is known to many readers: but this selective variety of experience is commonly missed in our Universities, which therefore prefer to reproduce the stagnation of routine with which they are wont to reproach the convents of the past; and which indeed is going on in these days (and beside us as we write) in the neighbouring peaceful Tibetan monastery, which only too quaintly recalls home-universities.

Returning to economics (in which the lesson of monasteries may now with advantage be recalled to Universities), there remains yet a fourth method for the poor Wander-student (and one no less advantageous to the rich, as per Kipling's *Captains Courageous*), that

of working his passage. Though of the very opposite camp to that of the classicists, our studies of cities have taught us what they failed to impart, the enduring significance of Rome, of Athens, of Jerusalem. So if they will not revive these pilgrimages in due scholarly fashion, but still go on teaching from books (with at best a few casts or photographs alone), we outsiders to their verse-making will have to organize pilgrimages for our boys ourselves; and run a trading-ship, with British goods from Forth and Clyde, Mersey and Thames, and so bring back Italian and Greek wares, and Jaffa oranges; and manned by mingled College crews from the Universities of all these countries, exchanging lessons in languages ancient and modern, in the intervals of the watch. Live tutors will soon not be lacking: and time will be given to visit appreciatively the conspicuous shrines, or even between voyages, to spend a term or more, say, in Edinburgh or Athens for Greek and Scot respectively, or in Oxford or Jerusalem for Zionist and Englishman. There are no limits, in short, to the wandering student: with the will he will find the way.

Returning to the example of Paris as City-University, how can that ideal be expressed

among ourselves? The University of London has of late years set great examples of development beyond its traditional sub-Napoleonic examination machine, of which the defects so gravely exceed the advantages. The initiative taken for higher studies and for public education, by its federation of London's colleges (the great research-centre of the Royal Institution unfortunately excepted, perhaps by its own caution), and by its University Extension system, is one of the most notable of recent advances. But its great task still lies before it—and on the line just suggested—above all by incorporating into its active life and higher organization that supreme University of London, which is still only known by the too static name of the British Museum. For of this, the whole effective staff should be recognized as “Professors Extra-ordinary”; for thus would be far more fully utilized their services as consultants, their impulse as investigators, such being indeed their essential status at present as eminently learned public servants.

Again, in this connection the University Settlements must not be forgotten: for though unfortunately for Westminster, Toynbee Hall lies far outside its limits, its example has been widely followed throughout other

cities, and even in other lands : indeed to a degree almost recalling the spread of the Franciscan friars. Though eulogy here be brief, it is none the less real ; and Canon Barnett's career of influence is now too well known to need exposition.

Still, even the Franciscans had their limitations, and so have these. Varied, loyal and helpful though have been their contacts with the east ends of great cities, there is room for improvement. First in making the Settlements more definitely scientific on one side, that is not merely economic here and ethical there, but sociological, expressing all this and more, and through definite observation, interpretation and application. In this way they would become more truly practical ; for beyond the many individual impulses they have so usefully given (and received), they would thus become definitely civic, and their work of betterment and service become enhanced accordingly, just as public health saves more illness than medicine cures. That the active members of Settlements have thus educated themselves towards social and civic service is common knowledge, but a fuller policy is still required, that of the Civic Settlement of sociological outlook, and initiative action, and thus a Civic college and Civi-



centre in one. And where a better field for this than in Westminster—where even a grander field, as its statesmen should long ago have seen, and now after the War may see?

Of such endeavours there have also been beginnings, more definite than at Toynbee and its congeners, though indeed latent or incipient in them all. Here Chicago is peculiarly fortunate in civic workers under their head and leader, Jane Addams, whose truly civic book has been noticed above (page 304): while our own little group of University Halls in Edinburgh has also for the past five-and-twenty years and more been working in its Outlook Tower at the civic studies and endeavours, and sociological interpretations and experimental initiatives, of which the present Series is largely an outcome. Both Hull House and Outlook Tower thus stand for a programme of regional and civic surveys and reconstructive endeavours, even as far as Town-Planning and City Design. Thus Burnham's famous plan of Chicago has been largely initiated from the one, and the itinerant "Cities and Town-Planning Exhibition" from the other. A scheme of such a civic observatory and laboratory as Civiccollege and Civicentre require to be, was also outlined to the Socio-

logical Society a few years ago;<sup>1</sup> and the present writers have pleasure in offering the reader all the service in their powers if he will now, in these more auspicious times, take up the idea and purpose of its better fulfilment. For such a Westminster Outlook (why not, for instance, from a tower of one of the great institutions we have in the previous Part been surveying from below?) might soon make the Survey of Westminster—in its local detail and its wider relations as well, not only an element in the growing University of London, but its foremost Extension centre, educating even some of our legislators as well as our fellow-citizens?

How different such neo-academic outlooks as those above outlined, from that of the London or Edinburgh student where his contacts with his teachers, his associates, and the culture-city around him, are still commonly so slender and so few; while, if a studious fellow, his social experience is only too easily limited to exchange of greetings with his landlady. Or again from those of Oxford, where, despite far more brightness so far as college life and its contacts are

⌈ <sup>1</sup> P. Geddes, "A Civic Museum," *Sociological Papers*, Vol. III. (Macmillan & Co., 1907.)

concerned, his knowledge of city and citizen is too often confined to their luxury-shops, and depends, as to the people, upon that "hasty generalization from his scout" which so readily acquires fixity throughout his career. For here it may be said, and with certitude, that the separation and the tension which have so unhappily arisen between the Indian public, the intellectuals especially, and their in many ways justly distinguished Civil Service, have arisen far more largely than is realized from the too frequent standardizing by the latter of this unfortunate element of public school and "Oxford manner" than from larger administrative criticisms; for to a sensitive and high-bred people, proud of their ancient culture and traditions, as well as of their castes and families, assumptions of superiority are ever affording the pin-pricks of enduring and spreading exasperation; whereas blunders and errors, even when serious or extravagant, are far more readily forgiven in an easy-going way than they would be in Europe. There are now many signs of readjustment upon the large matters of Indian Government; but not less urgent is the timely acquirement, by our next generation of administrators, of something more of that truly democratic, because social, feeling,

which the student learns so much more easily and naturally in France than as yet at home, or elsewhere, not even excepting America. So if Lord Curzon can here exert some influence from his Oxford Chancellor's throne, it may well be the main service to the Empire of his distinguished career: and the expiation of one of its main limitations as well. Furthermore, that for India in the above paragraph one may also read Ireland, will before this have suggested itself to the reader from the sister isle. It is, however, only just to point out to one's Indian and Irish friends, that there were notable elements of this needed mending of manners in Oxford and London too, before the War; and that these may be depended on to prevail more extensively after it.

Here, then, are such outlines as we have space for as regards some of the educational possibilities and outlooks which lie before the studious convalescent in body and mind after the War. For resuming and advancing his general or professional education, such added variety of experience, at home and abroad as well, may be found profitable. Thus, though Germany can no longer in our time be expected to attract or to welcome him,

the surrounding countries present the same advantages, and often more; and our old intellectual and other contacts with Holland and Scandinavia, with Switzerland and Italy, will all be more open than ever. Above all, we repeat, those with France. And if science be his aim, it may be worth his knowing that he may at once realize his intellectual freedom from that pressure of examination machinery which will still for some time survive to repress personal thought, and postpone original work till it is often well-nigh or altogether too late to undertake this with youth's freshness. For if he has an idea of his own, and prefers to employ his time, with courage and patience, to work this up to satisfactory demonstration, let him present this as his thesis for the *Doctorat Étranger* of Paris; and so win this highest of degrees in the true medieval fashion; that which by its wise preservation has given freedom and productivity to the Universities of Germany. This is now in Paris renewed upon a higher modern level, and by that mother-University to which our own oldest ones owe their birth in the medieval past, their best stimulus in repeated ages, and which now, in our own day, has been rejustifying its leadership of the opening future. The World-Amphictyony

of Peace to which all peoples are now looking forward will thus be increasingly fortified; and by ties deeper and more enduring than are even the strongest of national ones, and thus most fully tending some day to make the whole world one. As such truly post-Germanic university life develops, not merely international, but of the Internation, even the present imperialized German culture will be liberated into that humanism which in better days was its virtue, and enrich this again by its contributions in better times than have been ours.

But if all this hope of Universities, as elements of the spiritual power needed to complement and educate all temporal ones, is to be justified, they too must rise to the occasion, and this more fully even than in the Middle Ages, at the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Revolution, or with the scientific and scholarly researches of the nineteenth century. What fifth and even greater world-impulse to outlook and to policy is now before them? at once more synthetic and more synergic than heretofore, more widely and humanly sympathetic also? That of the opening Age of Reconstruction.

## CHAPTER V

### RECONSTRUCTION

RECONSTRUCTION. Reconstruction first, of course, for the ruined lands, the burned villages, the violated and plundered homes, the wrecked towns and cities; and this not only in Belgium and northern France, but in Serbia, Roumania, Poland, Russia and beyond. Reconstruction as material regeneration of soil for houses, for gardens, for agriculture, for orchards and forests; Reconstruction for the industries and the crafts. These plainly need the help of all the sciences, of all their organizing skill, all the energies that can be mobilized, all the resources that can be developed, all the natural powers that can be utilized: and for this mobilization, all the clearness and intensity that united national characters, economics, aptitudes, and inventive originalities can muster; exceeding therefore in complexity even what they have accomplished for the War.

Along with, yet above these vast material tasks, costing their hundreds, even thousands,

of millions, stands the yet more difficult task of the renewal of the human societies and groupings shattered, disintegrated, ruined. Though family losses are so far irreparable, Life does not end with retrospect; and the needs of the rising generation are thereby the more clamant upon us as survivors; and the consolation best worth having comes with the call and the response of the children. Towards this human and social renewal our mobilization has to be more thorough still: all of goodwill are ready, and even those too embittered or too apathetic have to be aroused to it anew. What are our civilization-resources for this? The religious, whatever may seem to us their limitations, ever produce individuals and groups of high social effectiveness towards abating evils: and if the sciences, so plainly needed, have also to take adequate part, their exponents will need to gain a kindred fervour of spirit, even to arouse them to thought and effort more searching and intensive, more comprehensive and profound than ever before in their history: in short, more synthetic and more synergic, because more sympathetic also: in a word, as science socialized.

No longer, then, can we proceed on the essentially paleotechnic lines so predominant



before the War, of Industry here and Art there, or nowhere: but now both together, indeed, with the spirit of Art guiding all material reconstruction, all technical renewal, of industries and of homes alike, in true neotechnic and eutechnic fashion. Why so? ask the would-be utilitarians and economists? Because these things are effective utilities to life, true economies as well. Similarly Public Health is not one interest and Education another, as wooden Ministeries and frosted Faculties maintained them before the War: for life in its full activity of body and brain together, is neither merely organic nor merely mental, but is both in one—in a word, psychorganic: soul and spirit directing, energizing and conserving body, and thus reinvigorating them in turn. Above all, Economics and Ethics are for Reconstruction no longer distinct, like the "Business" and "Philanthropy" of our past paleotechnic century which in separation became the first sordid and the second mostly futile. Their future is as Ethico-economics, that is Civics: it is in proportion as this social renewal becomes manifest to all concerned, that individual lives best and most speedily return to vigour and health, and that arts and industries will advance together. For civics—

thus raised beyond its too aldermanic associations—has to be seen and shown (that is planned) at its highest, recalling the noblest past of human life: a past increasingly inspiring as we look back through history, not only to Renaissance cities in their stately beauty, their joy of life, and art, but to those of the Middle Ages, in their communal and their corporate life, their lofty spirituality, which were at best together. Beyond all these, beyond even great Rome—which has indeed too much served as model for modern Imperialisms with their conquests and expansions, without, and their decadence within—let us look to the cities of Hellas, with their freedom and beauty, their individuality, yet also their multiple external ties, Olympian, Delphian, above all, Athenian. True, the Spartan, the Macedonian, the Roman, each in turn overthrew them, as the modern would-be imitator of all these—the Prussian—had fain done for our cities, and even in part has done for the moment: yet what real life can there ever be in the League of Nations, if it be not also again a League of Cities, an Amphictyony indeed, and in spirit Olympian, Delphian, Athenian and yet more?

This War, we all hope, may now end the long cycle of the Barbaric Invasions which

have wrecked, or striven to wreck, the Mediterranean civilizations once and again for these three thousand years and more. Yet even if this be so, what shall guard us against the internal decadence, which has ever tempted the invader—that worst of barbarisms and tyrannies which only too readily arise within, and of which the elements are festering, now deep, now manifest, and often both, within each and every town and city (alas! too much in every village) of our Allied civilization, and by which we all stand dishonoured in each other's eyes even more than in our own. Witness Paris herself, and London, New York and all the rest, great and small as well.

For Reconstruction, then, we need nobler examples than our current civilization can yet offer. Recall, then, Athens after the Persians had done their worst, leaving on its shattered Acropolis no single sign of life among the ruins; for even of Pallas Athena's sacred olive-tree there remained only the charred stump. Yet from its base there sprang one small green shoot: pointing to this as sign of hope, one brave spirit inspired the rest: and it was in this high rebound from despair that the Parthenon was built, and the nearest to the golden age in human records was begun. Again, from yet older days, recall Nehemiah's

sage counsel in the rebuilding of Jerusalem's walls, for though his external perils will not now be ours, the kindred discouragements may still appear within. Here, then, in such tales—and there are many, and nearer our own times—lies a vital lesson for us of the high significance of history: here, too, one of the brightest inspirations for religion, for education: or if these terms be chilled, since too long degraded to priesthood and to prigdom, like that of university itself to cramdom, let us vitalize them anew, as Re-education, Re-religion: with idealism, ideation, and imagery renewed to create things good, true, and fair. This great human heritage, Hellenic, Hebraic and more, it has long been the essential service of the University to continue; but now is the opportunity for the whole education-service, and in the widest sense, from simplest village and school-masters, to highest man of letters, effectively to renew the essentials of this for the sons and daughters of every land in these opening reconstructive years!

In every age, the wreck of war has been repaired: too often, alas! but imperfectly; yet at times sublimely. Thus for single instance among many the great Cathedral of small St. Andrews took its rise as national

memorial of recovered independence after twenty years of wars had left her well-nigh as bare as Serbia to-day: and Mestrovic's noble memorial design for Serbian victories of a few years past will in the same way yet arise, and in even more glorious form. This time we have more resources than ever before, and these at once material, scientific, and technical; so why not also, and on the same enhanced scale, the moral intensity, the corresponding genius; and thus an age of Reconstruction at once constructive and creative, architectonic and evocatory? Let each and all of these desolated regions, then, though to-day a veritable Golgotha, be seen by all awakened and reconstructive eyes, as now offering at once the vastest and the highest of opportunities before humanity in its chequered history.

In this way, too, may best be initiated and advanced that more general movement of renewal, regional and civic, material and spiritual, which is needed for each and every country and its peoples.

“The New Age stands  
Half-built against the sky.  
Open to every threat  
Of storms that clamour by:  
Scaffolding veils the walls,  
And dim dust floats and falls,

As, moving to and fro, their tasks the masons ply.”

It is in these days, of course, already manifest that all who are wont to veil from themselves their dulness as "common sense," their routine habits as "practical," and their ineptitude as "moderation," must naturally for self-preservation's sake, sneer at all these legitimate hopes, defining purposes, and even actual plans and beginnings, damning them with the epithet, "Utopian," meaning realizable nowhere. But that they are, on the contrary, Eutopian, realizable, that is (and even partly in the way of realization, and in the definite regions concerned), may be shown to any needing change or convalescence from the doubt, discouragement and depression of the atmospheres generated by such deteriorated minds.

For a single illustration (one not specially chosen, but simply that nearest at the moment), we take up a recent number of the *Revue d'Économie Politique* (July, 1918), a journal and a science, certainly, not hitherto reckoned Utopian, nor even idealistic, and look through its contents. Here are, of course, papers of the usual technical and statistical type, but now of larger import than before the War: one, for instance, explaining much of that gigantic and thoroughgoing internal economic organization by which

Germany has borne up her unexpectedly long and heavy strain of war, and yet another the colossal and keen-wrought scheme of one of her master-minds of industry and commerce, by which he hopes to repair her fortunes, and largely may do so. Another deals with French railway systems, and with much of the same comprehensiveness and lucidity.

But beside such economic developments for the future, brief notes are given of two notable civic developments to which Paris is giving her stamp, and so will contribute, before long, as is her wont, her world-persuasive example. One is her "École d'Urbanisme," now started and with tenfold larger staff, and purpose also, than those of our two or three earlier established British or American university departments, efficient though these are in their smaller way. Beside this a further organization is arising concerned with that general and comparative study of Cities towards which we have been striving and pleading so long. This movement has not only scientific purpose, but also views towards guidance and application, alike in the Reconstruction Area, to Paris, and throughout France. Even it will doubtless influence the world, which now needs the refashioning of

Cities, from pre-technic or paleotechnic to etho-politic and eutechnic forms.

So much for Cities: but, since most still think in national and political terms only, and with little regard to any cities, save, of course, their metropolitan ones, let us see what is said of the national, political outlook in France. Well, in this *Review* is a detailed exposition of the next great transformation which France is now clearly preparing for herself, the most important since the Revolution, so why not also in time, like that, the most world-influencing also? France has long been more or less coming to realize that through past centuries she has been over-centralizing government and all else to Paris, and thus to the grievous detriment of her provinces. But here a well-informed writer quietly makes a clear summary of the progress now being made, of the legislation and the preparations being planned for a thorough-going decentralization—towards the renewal and regional reconstruction of the essential and natural provinces, from Brittany to Provence, from Pyrenees to Alsace-Lorraine, which will, of course, especially need, and demand, a Home Rule as full as may be.

Here, then, is the needed complement to the otherwise too abstract League of Nations;



by the renewal of that essential Life—that of Regions and Cities—which we are constantly pleading for in these volumes. The War, let it here again be said, has not been in its essential and intimate origin and spirit that of Germany, nor even Prussia, however fully these have contributed: but profoundly that of the hunger and pride of Berlin, so long the most predatory of all great capitals: and ably seconded, of course, by the corresponding spirit of Vienna, and to be sure also by Buda-Pesth, Sofia and Constantinople, as smaller eagles. Petrograd has had only too much historic similarity with these; and so is falling first into utter ruin, not so much by Bolshevik misrule, but because the withdrawal of its conquered kingdoms, its exploited and misgoverned duchies and provinces—from Poland to Siberia, from Finland to Ukrania and Georgia—leaves it without its economic means of support. It is kindred ruin which Berlin has to resist; and this is plainly overtaking Vienna and Constantinople in no small measure also. But Paris (*Fluctuat nec mergitur!*) will again adapt herself to this opening situation, one for the allied Powers as well. She can safely send back many of her sons to their native provinces and towns; for her most vast financial centres will now

cease their wholesale exportation of the national savings to be lost in Russia, or spent against her in Germany, as so much hitherto; but will direct them to the recolonization of the French provinces, the renewal of their villages, towns, and cities. Yet—indeed thus—as world-metropolitan culture-city, she will become all the more eminent and esteemed as a leader and foremost exemplar of the Allied nations; alike as purified centre of sister-cities, no longer bled white for her over-luxurious abundance, but stirred to new activity; and also in the reuniting world of peace as “Ville-Lumière.” More fully so even than Hugo deemed, since not only leading in arts as in his day, or in ours so magnificently in arms and in victory; but as pioneering once more in Reconstructive Peace. This, too, not only by creating Eutopia from her ruins, but in her ever-growing fulfilment of the high ideals of her great past at each of its many crises and turning-points, by her emancipation and renewal of her lands, cities and peoples, their reconstructed and renewed civilization.

Such matters are plainly not irrelevant in Westminster. Where better should they be discussed, understood, considered for adaptation? For here, for single instance, there

comes from France (instead of from Germany) what must surely soon be seen and grasped (in all three kingdoms alike for themselves) as the long-sought principle of solution of the Irish question, which has too long been Westminster's standing failure and disgrace, and now more than ever awaits solution before the world.

On all sides people are anxiously asking, Watchman, what of the night? And though it may be that many hours of darkness must yet pass, youth at least will not weaken in its unfailing expectation to hear that the morning cometh. And for all, the keeping of the vigil may be a means of possessing one's soul. The universities may aid this vigil by correcting and supplementing their habit of the backward look by the forward vision. That they may even hasten the coming of the dawn, by preparing the translation of dream into deed, is the thesis of this section of our volume.

## ENVOI

AWAKENING to their deprivation, the Peoples are everywhere demanding their birthright in the Social Inheritance. To make good the inheritance of the People should in the nature of things be constructive of the social order, not disruptive. But with the present demand for restitution goes a grave indictment of State and Church, of Education and Business, as they are and have long been. The Chiefs, Emotionalists and Intellectuals of the existing social order are accused by the People whom they should serve, of betraying their Trust. A court has been opened by the Peoples of Europe for the Grand Assize of Western Civilization. But indictment is one thing and restitution another. And beyond both is the vision of a new world, which could it unite all men of goodwill, all parties of constructive aim, might be realized by an architectonic handling of the materials available. For this let Chiefs plan and organize; Emotionalists dream and energize; Intellectuals think and scheme. In the measure of their

attainment will be restored to the People that birthright in the Great Estate of Man, from which they have so long been disinherited.

True, the criticism that is tonic must not be neglected, nor the scrutiny and punishment of evil be omitted. Least of all can we afford to forget the impoverishment and suffering of the People, or fail to practise those personal exercises in sacrifice and purgation which are at once the test of sympathy, and the spiritual preparation for synergy. Given these moral and intellectual prerequisites, the imperative call of our times is for a mobilizing of the resources available for rebuilding. And that, as we see it, means the preparation of definite Surveys, Reports, Plans, for Regional and Civic Eutopias; and all the time their concurrent application by experiment, steady, judicious, bold, to this, that and the other, village, town, city, countryside. Surely it is through this vibrant impulse of the eutopian vision that a community, awakening into an age of science humanized, must act, if it is to obey the inspired injunction that bids us seek first the kingdom of the ideal.

## NOTE ON FIG. 3, CHAP. VI

The conventions used in these diagrams have doubtless become familiar to the reader from a study of Figs. 1 and 2. As to Fig. 3, it will be seen by inspection that each of the six social orders (three conventional and three insurgent) within the larger system is represented by a pair of brackets. As before, it will be noted that (a) an outside bracket stands for the Chiefs and Intellectuals of each order, and an inside one for the People and the Emotionals of the same order. (b) The Temporal couple (Chiefs and People) are indicated by a thickening of the arms of their respective brackets, and similarly the Emotionals (Expressionals) and Intellectuals of the corresponding Spiritual Power are indicated by slender arms. Ordinarily the temporal half of each pair of brackets stands uppermost, the spiritual power being shown below like an image reflected in a mirror. But this convention is reversed for a special reason in Fig. 3. There the intention is to show the opposition, yet parallelism, of Radicalism to Liberalism, of Socialism to Imperialism, of Anarchism to Finance as essentially one of ideas and emotions. Hence the respective spiritual powers of all these social orders are brought together in the diagram, and the arrows in each case emphasize the clash of moral and intellectual interests. The suggestion is that from this conflict of mind and heart issues a revelation which sharpens and defines the antagonism of other and more material interests. Accepting an economic interpretation of history, one may still claim a certain initiating impulse for the more human and psychic aspects of life.

To compare all these diagrams as above with the *Arbor Sæculorum* (on the cover of the volume) turn the diagrams sideways (through a right angle). Thus looked at the brackets have the appearance of branches, as in the *Arbor*. It will be seen that the medieval,

renaissance, and later branches of the *Arbor* are analyzed in detail in Figs. 1, 2, 3.

Again note that the *Arbor* gives a generalized presentment of the inheritance of occidental communities, in each of whose historic cities occurs a local variant, presented for instance in the case of Westminster, but without analysis, in the pictorial diagram on p. 265.

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