

LONDON THROUGH  
CHINESE EYES

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LONDON THROUGH CHINESE EYES







The Author—MIN-CH' IEN T. Z. T'AU.



# LONDON THROUGH CHINESE EYES

OR

MY SEVEN AND A HALF YEARS IN LONDON

BY

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With a Preface by SIR JOHN NEWELL JORDAN, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.M.G., G.C.I.E.,  
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISS KONG SING.

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## Foreword.

In dedicating the present volume to the British People a word or two seems not unnecessary.

We have called it "London through Chinese Eyes" or "My Seven and a half Years in London," but there is no pretence whatsoever at discussion of serious or weighty subjects affecting politics, industry, commerce, etc. The chapters here deal only with superficial topics and represent merely one's impressions and reminiscences. The best title to this volume is the Chinese legend (to be read vertically from top downwards): *Liu Ying Kuan Ku'ei Chi*, which literally means "looking at London through the opening of a bamboo pole."

We started to write soon after we had returned from England and succeeded in getting through Chapter XVIII before we had to leave the quiet atmosphere of Tsing Hua College for the more exciting task of starting a Chinese daily newspaper in the English language. That caused an interruption of eighteen months, since a journalist's life is never one of ease and luxury. But the continuance of the submarine warfare has also been responsible for this delay: we sent off the first half of our MS. to the publishers in December 1917, but their letter of acknowledgment never arrived in Peking until November 1918, although it was dated February of that year!

This change of profession during the intervening period is therefore responsible for the "I" in the first half of the book and the habitual editorial "We" in the latter half.

We have to express our indebtedness to His Excellency Sir John Newell Jordan, His Britannic Majesty's Minister in Peking since 1906, who has been in China for over forty years and therefore one of the Republic's best friends ; to Miss Kong Sing for supplying the illustrations ; and to Messrs. Headley Brothers for doing the entire publication as well as proof-reading.

M. T. Z. T.

*Peking Leader,*

Peking, China,

August 4th, 1919.

## Preface.

The Author of "London through Chinese Eyes" is one of the brilliant band of young Chinese who have not only passed through a University course in England with great credit and marked success, but who have entered fully into the spirit of our social life and national institutions. All Chinese who have studied abroad are popularly known in China as "Returned Students" of whom there are now many thousands engaged in high and responsible work all over this vast country and to whom their compatriots generally look for national uplift and regeneration. America has been especially active and successful in promoting Chinese education, but no country can claim a monopoly of furthering a cause to which all have made valuable contributions. American and English trained students are to be found in every department of the Government: students who have received their education in France or Belgium are almost equally prominent in public life: and amongst the Japanese students is the distinguished Governor of Shansi who has shown what a Chinese province can become under modern administrative methods wisely and justly applied.

When I came to China forty-three years ago, the English language was practically unknown except in the jargon called "Pidgin" English, which was spoken at the Treaty Ports but is now disdained by self-respecting Chinese. The change that has passed over the country in this respect during the past twenty years needs to be

seen in order to be fully realized. Hundreds of Chinese youths now go annually to America and Europe and return fully equipped to grapple with all the problems of modern life. But it is in China itself that the leaven which will eventually leaven the whole lump is working with surest effect. Only a few days ago I was walking in a quiet part of the country, remote from any large town, and met a number of peasant children returning to their homes from the village school. They had each an English Primer in their satchels which they read with tolerable facility, and they assured me that their desire was, when they grew up, to go abroad and see something of the world. I question if an English village school would produce as many boys of the same class in life learning French.

China, it must be remembered, has always been a literary nation and when the masses of this people turn their attention to foreign learning and become imbued with foreign ideas, the Chinese problem, which is now so little understood, will compel world-wide attention. China, in spite of the unhappy dissensions of the moment, is still a virile nation and her people are as fully gifted as those of any other race. Their instincts are essentially reasonable and pacific, and if properly treated and wisely guided, they will yet play a great and highly useful part in the Family of Nations.

The Author of this Book, who has turned his journalistic adventures in London to good account and who is now the Editor of one of the most influential newspapers in the Capital, is perhaps foremost amongst those who are educating public opinion in China and preparing it for the wise assimilation of Western thought and ideas. In

heartily commending his Work to British readers, I venture to hope that the interest which the Author shows in things British may stimulate some of them to take an equal interest in things Chinese and in the Chinese people for whom, I, in common with all who know them, entertain feelings of genuine regard and affection.

J. N. JORDAN.

*British Legation,*

*Peking.*

4th August, 1919.





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## CHAPTER I.

### “A YEARNING LIKE THE YEARNING OF A WAVE.”

“When I was a boy,” said a friend’s cook to his young master, “a Mandarin came to our village and asked the parents whether they would allow their boys to proceed to the great ‘Mei Kuo’ (United States)” as students to be educated at the expense of the Government. Our parents knew nothing about ‘Mei Kuo’; nay, it was rumoured that, if we went, the wild men over there would skin us alive, graft the skin of dogs into our bodies and exhibit us as they would some uncommon animals. We were not allowed to go, and thus missed the opportunity of our lives!”

During recent years, when the provincial authorities decided to send students to Japan, Europe, and America to study, the number of candidates who took the examinations and competed for the distinction numbered by the hundreds and thousands, although only a few scores were to be selected. And on one occasion, the students of the Government schools in Wuchang (provincial capital of Hupeh) held an indignant meeting because the viceroy of their province had selected, among those to be educated in Japan, one who was not a native of their province!

These two pictures illustrate the enormous change that has come over the minds of the Chinese people as regards the question of sending their children abroad. Whereas formerly there were serious misgivings, and even grave apprehensions, as to the expediency of the adventure,

there is now an overpowering desire to brave the seas in order to study the civilizations of the West and ascertain the secrets of their strength and prosperity. Accordingly, in addition to those supported by the Government, many are sent and financed by their own parents, independent of all official assistance. The United States, England, France, Germany, Belgium and even Japan—each of these is to-day the Chinese students' Mecca; for there is "a yearning like the yearning of a wave that sees the shore stretch beautiful before it."

Let us look at another contrast. In 1872, the Chinese Government dispatched its first batch of students to the United States under Dr. Yung Wing. When these returned to China some six or eight years later, they were unceremoniously given the cold shoulder. As one author puts it:—

On their return the boys fell victims to official persecution, which was as bitter and unrelenting as it was unjust and tyrannical. They were confined in the native city of Shanghai in some discarded and loathsome quarters . . . and so men who might have become the statesmen, diplomats, educators, generals, admirals, builders of industry, and manufacturers of China, did not have their services and abilities properly appreciated, but were regarded as wayward and silly upstarts, if not dangerous rebels, not only unworthy to be placed in positions of trust and honour, but to be watched and guarded as so many offenders and criminals!

By way of parenthesis, however, it may be mentioned that many of those referred to above have since distinguished themselves in the service of their country: notably the late Sir Chen-tung Liang Ch'eng, K.C.M.G., sometime Chinese Minister to the United States, Peru, Spain, and Germany, and one of the members of the Chinese Mission to England, in 1901, to attend the Coronation

of King Edward VII, when he was awarded a knighthood ; Mr. Tang Shao-yi, the first Premier of the Chinese Republic ; Mr. Liang Tun-yen, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the late Manchu dynasty ; the late Tong Kai-son, China's able delegate at the International Anti-Opium Conferences at Shanghai, 1909, and The Hague, 1911 ; and Mr. Jeme Tien-yow, the "Father of Chinese Railways."

To return from our digression. About a year before I sailed for England, a friend of mine was asked by the principal of a school in Shanghai to find him a foreign-educated Chinese teacher. When a certain name was suggested, the principal asked, "Is he a Returned Student?"—meaning one educated and returned from abroad. "No, but he is as good as, if not better than many of the ordinary Returned Students." "Well, that may be true," was the rejoinder, "but very sorry we cannot accept him, because we want a Returned Student."(!)

Thus within the period of one generation, the Returned Student had acquired an enviable premium. In the eyes of the hero-worshipping public he was a demi-god, and his supremacy there was none to dispute. He was infallible and omniscient, and so *Ch'u yang* (going abroad) became the "rage." Yet to-day, after the lapse of less than a decade, the glamour of it all has disappeared, and Returned Students are the order of the day.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FOUR ENGLANDS AND A DREAM.

As regards those who intend to study in England, it may be said that in their minds there are perhaps two Englands. In the first place, if the student is a Cantonese, his England is the England of the "Red-haired" people, for it is by such a name that Great Britain is known in that part of the country. Otherwise, his England is the England of the "Opium War" with China—namely, the Government that compelled Peking to pay a ransom of six million silver dollars for the opium which, imported by British merchants in violation of the laws of the realm, had been seized and destroyed by the Canton officials, as well as to agree to the cession of Hong-Kong, not expressly as a British Colony, but, to quote the language of Article III of the Nanking Treaty of 1842, because it is "obviously necessary and desirable that British subjects should have some port whereat they may careen and refit their ships, when required, and keep stores for that purpose."

Then in the minds of those who are apt to confuse every alien in China as coming from the same country, or judge a nation by the irresponsible acts of a few individuals, the mention of England or any other European state will probably remind them of a people depicted as follows in a Chinese fiction called "The Magic Carpet," some two centuries ago :—

In the days of the Ming dynasty (1368—1644), a ship of the red-haired barbarians came to one of our southern seaports and requested permission to trade. This being refused, the strangers begged to be allowed the use of so much ground as they could cover with a carpet, for the purpose of drying their goods. Their petition was granted; and, taking the carpet by the corners, they stretched it until there was room for a large body of men, who, drawing their swords, took possession of the city.

This story is somewhat reminiscent of the Trojan horse, but such an impression is at best only vaguely entertained. For the England which is uppermost in the minds of all Chinese is the "Great England," the land of wealth and power, the heart of an immense empire, and the country which produces the best foreign goods in China, although in recent years the goods "Made in Germany" threatened to displace those "Made in Great England."

Now my own interest in this direction was the result of a unique personal experience. About two or three years before I sailed for England I had a remarkable dream. At that time I had read a good deal about King Edward VII and his trips to the Continent in the interests of international peace and friendliness. The *role* of this great King as a peace-maker aroused my keenest admiration and one evening I dreamed the following dream:—

I was summoned by King Edward. In the centre of the room was the King, surrounded by a small company of distinguished guests. As I was being slowly led forward, I felt confused and ill at ease, but His Majesty smiled and gave me a warm welcome. He asked me many questions on ancient Greek history, and particularly one concerning Theseus and the Golden Fleece. I answered all the questions correctly and my host nodded in approval. He smiled to his company of friends, and paid me com-

pliments. Then after a few more questions and answers, I awoke.

Now during my seven and a half years of sojourn in England I did not have the honour of an audience with either King Edward or King George; so to that extent my dream was just an empty bubble and nothing more. On the other hand, it was not all untrue. About fourteen months after my arrival in London, the great peace-maker passed away. The King lay in state at Westminster Hall, and an incessant stream of people from every walk of life filed past the catafalque in solemn silence. In this procession I was also a co-mourner, and there, in company with thousands of others, I too paid my meed of respects.

Such a *denouement* is certainly far from being a realization of my dream, although my residence in England in quest of higher education may be interpreted as a representation of Theseus' search for the Golden Fleece. But the relation, if any, between my interview at Windsor Castle and the King's lying-in-state at Westminster Hall seems at best to be remote. Perhaps those who are well versed in dream lore will be able to unravel the connexion. At any rate, the dream has furnished me with a fitting curtain-raiser for the actual scenes that were to follow.



## CHAPTER III.

### VISIONS OF LONDON.

“ When I study the Way,” said China’s greatest sage, Confucius, “ I never become weary of it ; when I teach others I never become tired. In the excitement of my emotional life I often forget food. The happiness of life is quite enough to make me forget its sorrows, and in this manner I do not know when old age is about to overtake me.”

In my juvenile days I was never more captivated and enchanted than when the “ Arabian Nights Entertainments ” occupied my spare hours. Those wondrous tales paralysed my sense of hunger and thirst no less than the Way did that of Confucius. The descriptions of gorgeous palaces and their magnificent interiors, of the limitless supply of gold and silver, of men lolling in silks and satins, and of women bedecked with all sorts of jewels—diamonds, rubies, emeralds, turquoises, sapphires, etc.—all these ate into my brain and transported me to Fairyland.

In those happy days, London loomed up in the narrow compass of my mental horizon as the city that possessed everything which human vanities could crave for—honour, fame, wealth, and what not—with the ease, as we say in Chinese, of turning the palm of one’s hand. London—the emporium of the world’s commerce ! London—the vortex of the world’s politics ! London—the idol city of loyal Britons, the fountain head of a language which

bids fair to be the universal language of the globe ! London—the heart of a world empire, the nerve centre of territories and dominions on which the sun never sets !

Aided and coloured by a fertile imagination, I pictured London as the embodiment of all the wealth and luxury that were so vividly portrayed in the “ Arabian Nights.” To be able to visit it would be the height of human happiness, and to be privileged to live therein, for even just a few days, would be to dwell in an earthly Paradise. How I envied those who had either returned from England or were proceeding thither ! But—a capital “ B,” of course !—would I ever have that great fortune ?

## CHAPTER IV.

### LONDON AT LAST!

When I was about six or seven years old, I was taken to a fortune-teller in my native village in Canton. The learned professor inquired about the exact hour and date of my birth, and then said :—" This young gent was born under a lucky star, and at the age of fourteen he'll be a Mandarin ! "

I have long passed the happy age of fourteen, but I am nowhere near a Mandarin ! Nevertheless, the forecast about the lucky star seems to have been correct, for on February 5, 1909, I embarked for London ! My visions were now to be realized, and so my feelings could be better imagined than described.

There's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip, and so I was not to reach my destination without the experience of a hair-breadth escape. Let me quote from my " Reminiscences " published at the time :—" Near the Bay of Biscay, one night, we met a bad fog and we had to blow the whistle every ten seconds. The fog increased in density. When we blew our horn we were surprised and terrified to hear our whistle answered by another steamer that was coming from the opposite direction. Each mistook that the other vessel was far away, although they both were going at each other like two mad bulls, rushing to inevitable destruction. Nearer and nearer the Angel of Death seemed to hover round us, but Pro-

vidence was merciful, or else I would have been already fraternising with the denizens of the deep. Suddenly the fog lifted itself and the two vessels saw that there was only a space of two ships' lengths between them and certain destruction. The collision was averted just in the nick of time, and I survive to write these lines."

On March 28, I sighted the white cliffs of Dover—those cliffs which are thus described in "King Lear," Act IV, Scene 6 :—

How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eye so low !  
 The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
 Show scarce so gross as beetles : half way down  
 Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade !  
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :  
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
 Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark,  
 Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock, a buoy  
 Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,  
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
 Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more ;  
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
 Topple down headlong.

Further south along the coast, I seemed to see the battle-scarred fields of Hastings, where nine and a half centuries ago William the Conqueror opened a new chapter in the annals of the Anglo-Saxon race. On the opposite shore, I espied the outlines of Calais . . . . the city which, in the spring of 1915, exactly eight years later, became the tantalising apple of the German Kaiser's army . . . . and beyond, the field of the Cloth of Gold.

My boat steamed up the Thames River, and I arrived at London at nightfall. Here was London, the city of

my dreams and the metropolis of the world's greatest empire! I was treading on holy ground, and a special fragrance seemed to fill the very atmosphere. Closing my eyes, I was rapidly conveyed to my destination, as if by the genii of the Arabian Nights. I was overpowered by a sense of bewitching bewilderment, and I seemed to be in Alice's Wonderland. The world around me was one tremendous buzzing confusion, and I knew not what to make of it all.

My first bewilderment over, a reaction set in. In my younger days I had portrayed my Mecca as a modern Ali Baba's cave, or as Peking was painted by Marco Polo in his remarkable "Travels." But I was soon disillusioned. The streets were far from being paved with rich marble or precious stones; nor did the inhabitants use or drink from vessels of gold and silver. As a matter of fact, London or Paris or Berlin is no more a fairy palace than is either Peking or Canton. Each is just as prosaic and unfairylike as the other, and the novelist's realistic descriptions prove after all no better than the mere gossamer of a summer morn. Of course, compared with Peking or Canton, London has much to boast of, but that is a long way from the city of my dreams.

It is often said that "familiarity breeds contempt." But in this particular case, this is hardly true. No doubt I felt genuinely disappointed that the city of my adoption was nothing like the city of my dreams, but my respect for it increased none the less with the lapse of years. In fact, before I finally bade it a long farewell, I had also come to regard it as the "dear old London town."

The fact that the Queen of the Thames is not an Ali

Baba's cave is no fault of the metropolis. Rather the fault is entirely due to the extravagance of my own imagination. As I now glance backward at the years of my sojourn in this historic city, it will be doing it a gross injustice to say that I wish I hadn't come at all. Comparisons are always invidious, but if London is to be compared at all with the other famous capitals of the world, there is never any need for it to blush and hide itself behind the others. Each city has its own advantages and disadvantages, and no two capitals are alike. For, as in civilization, so in town planning, "there is emerging a conception not as uniformity and conformity with any one standard, but as composed of varieties of cultures; not the pre-eminence of any one race, but recognition of the value, each in its own way, of many."

## CHAPTER V.

### ENGLISH WEATHER.

An American, it has been said, is a man who proclaims his nationality through his nose. But it seems that an Englishman advertises his nationality through something which has to do with the weather. This may be the carrying of an umbrella, or the making of a remark concerning the face of the sky. The vagaries of the English weather are proverbial, and so John Bull seldom goes out without an umbrella, or its substitute, a stick, if it is fine. The umbrella habit is ingrained in the whole nation, and so common-place an object as the umbrella has thus been elevated into a national symbol.

This national characteristic is interesting and sometimes very useful. For example, if I should travel on the Continent, and, seeing a European carrying an umbrella when it is not raining, desire his assistance, I would certainly go up to him and address him in his mother tongue. Similarly, if he should wear a felt hat and baggy trousers, I would do the same, for you can always spot Uncle Sam by his sartorial characteristics.

Strange as it may seem, the idiosyncrasy of the English weather is man's benefactor in more ways than one. For if two strangers should meet in England, or travel together in the same railway compartment, the avenue of mutual introduction is invariably either a favourable or an unfavourable reference to the weather. You agree with your companion that the weather is fine or miserable, as

the case may be. You compare notes with each other from your respective experiences and then branch off into subjects or domains in which you are both interested. Now this is a very sensible way of going about doing things. No formal introduction is needed, and yet you manage to spend an interesting hour or two with a congenial companion, the recollections of which may, perhaps, eventually ripen into friendship.

But in China such a thing can seldom be done. The weather is settled and generally puts on a good behaviour. The people are satisfied and therefore seldom refer to it. If you wish to talk to a stranger, you begin by exchanging your respective "honourable" names and places of origin. You exchange a few more polite sentences and then you get down to the real purpose of the conversation. That is to say, you must needs waste some time before you can get warmed up. More often than not the exchange of names is quite unnecessary, for, ere you part from him, you will have already forgotten his cognomen, etc. You remember, perhaps, the exchange of views about the different topics discussed, but you cannot be certain whether he is surnamed Wong or Li or Chang, and much less his "Christian" names.

Now apart from its utilities, the London weather is really very trying. Even after a residence of over seven years, I can even now still subscribe to the following opinions, confided to a *Daily News* representative who came to interview me on my first arrival:—"The thing that has amazed me the most is the perfect control of your streets by the policemen. It is simply marvellous, and I cannot understand it. But I don't like your climate.



You seem to have more rainy than sunny days. You never know when the sun is going to shine. In China we have our rainy seasons, and we prepare for them, but here the rain seems to take you unawares. I have never seen a full moon here with all the splendour we are accustomed to at home."

You are, we suppose, about to proceed on a picnic or excursion. The sky is fair and alluring, and you think that you may safely count upon having a fine day. You put on light garments and leave your raincoats or umbrellas behind. You prepare your luncheon basket and then set out in high glee. But Father Pluvius is mischievous and the temptation is too good to resist. You prepare your repast after your boating or excursion, and then suddenly the sky becomes overcast. The clouds gather together and then it begins to rain. Your luncheon is spoiled, and you get a nice shower-bath in the bargain. You growl and "fume," and finally return home in a murderous frame of mind.

Of course, I do not say that the English weather is *always* so perverse as this, but the fact remains that one never knows *when* it is *not* going to rain. There is no settled rainy season and Father Pluvius is free to work his whims or caprices on the heads and backs of poor, unoffending humanity.

Take, for example, the converse case. The sky is overcast and the clouds look threatening. You tap your barometer and it indicates "unsettled." So you abandon your excursion for the day. Picnic parties pass by your windows and you begin to commiserate them. They have, it is true, their raincoats or umbrellas with them,

but you say that those things are a poor protection against the wiles of Father Pluvius. Full of sympathy, you feel you would like to rush out and tell them to turn back ; for, you say, the sky is black and the odds are great. But the happy-go-lucky people do not seem to care about either the weather or your solitude, and singing and whistling they soon disappear round the corner of the road. After a while a few drops of rain commence to fall, and you begin to chuckle. " I told you so," you say to your departing friends ; " now you'll rue the day." You congratulate yourself on your own prescience and thank your stars, or rather your barometer. " Home, home, sweet home ; there is indeed no, no place like HOME ! "

An hour or so later, the scene changes. The clouds disperse and the sun slowly peeps out. It looks as if it is going to clear up after all, provided you are willing to trust to appearances. " But appearances are deceptive," you assure yourself ; and, so saying, you persist in keeping indoors. Then the sky becomes really clear and the sun shines forth again. Nature smiles and beckons to you, " Won't you come ? " You remember, perhaps, your last shower-bath experience and so decline the invitation : " Once bitten, twice shy."

Ultimately the fine day wears on until the returning picknickers re-pass your windows. Their spirits are high and their steps are light. You note their joy and overhear their remarks : " What a good thing we weren't cowards ! I pity the poor fellow who thinks he's smart by stopping indoors when it looked as if it was going to pour." It is now your turn to commiserate yourself, for your own prudence has, forsooth, robbed you of a nice outing !

As the merrymakers once more disappear from your sight, you mutter to yourself, " Done again ! Nothing venture, nothing gain."

Were the English weather only distinguished for its uncertainties, it would not receive even one-third of the attention which is habitually being paid to it. There are two other factors which also contribute towards this end—namely, the number of sunless days and the frequency of London fogs.

As regards the first, it seems that one can only see the sun and enjoy its beneficence between the months of May and September. During the other seven months of the year, the sky is either cloudy or misty, so that one almost instinctively begins to forget that there is ever such a thing in nature as the sun at all ! The second is a purely indigenous product. The weather may be uncertain, or the sun may not appear for days, in other places as in England ; but the fog that one sees in London is obtainable nowhere else. And if ever there is to be an exhibition of weather conditions of all countries, the London fog will no doubt be unanimously awarded the Grand Prix d'Honneur !

It is related that years ago a London fog was much worse than what it is to-day, and this improvement is generally ascribed to the fact that the metropolis is not half so smoky as it used to be. Whereas the people formerly burnt only the coal gas, electricity is now the principal illuminant. The amount of smoke in the atmosphere is considerably decreased, and so the city is comparatively cleaner. Moreover, in former days, the fogs were always of the worst imaginable type. That is to

say, even if you were to leave your door to go to post a letter in the pillar-box at the top of your street, the chances are that ten to one you will not be able to find your way home again! You will most likely wander round and round the neighbourhood, unless you chance to cling for dear life's sake to the nearest railing. If you can stumble upon a police constable, well and good, for he is sure to pilot you home. But if you happen to come across a footpad, then your fate is sealed!

That was the sort of story that I had heard before I reached England; so when I saw the first London fog, I became rather anxious. Being of a timid nature, I was not prepared to take unnecessary risks, and rather than lose my way in the vapoury shroud, I preferred not to venture on a trip to even the nearest pillar-box! My fears, however, proved exaggerated, for I had neglected the factor of changed economic conditions. In fact, during all the years of my sojourn, I experienced only two bad fogs, although time and again the newspapers contained doleful reports of the havoc wrought by them in different parts of the City and suburbs.

In an ordinary fog the sky is just one white shroud of vapour which shuts off from your view any object beyond a few hundred yards. When this happens, letters may still be posted at the nearest pillar-box. But when a fog is of the worst type, the shroud assumes what is generally described as a pea-soup colour. The very air becomes oppressive and your nostrils detect the presence of smoke. Your eyes begin to smart and your nose to get black. And when this happens, the pillar-box should in all cases be shunned!

It was while returning from Kingston, one December afternoon, about four years ago, that I had my first experience of a really bad fog. As I was out on a walking tour, I resolved to walk back to Kensington by a route different from what I had taken on the outward journey. And it was just as well that I did make such a decision, otherwise, I would surely have lost my way in the wilds of Roehampton and Putney Heath.

Without the slightest warning the sky suddenly became enveloped by a thick yellowish shroud, which gradually thickened with the darkness of the gathering twilight. A feeling of dread and anxiety slowly crept over me, and I began to think of Kingston as a modern Pompeii and the shroud as the eruption of a distant Vesuvius. I at once abandoned my walking project and hastily got into a crowded motor omnibus ; for if there was anything to happen to me at all, there would be others to keep me sweet company. As the fog thickened, our vehicle slowed down and crawled along at a snail's pace. The conductor walked along the edge of the pavement with a lamp and in this way warned the driver to keep away from the kerb.

This journey was exciting enough, for once in a while our omnibus would foul the kerb, and each time an old lady beside me clasped her hands in an attitude of prayer. But at other parts of the city where the fog was at its worst, there were numerous amusing adventures as well as collisions between different vehicles. For example, an elderly man who had lived in London all his life, on going to a tobacconist a few doors from his club, lost his way and had to be piloted back by a police constable !

And more than one motor omnibus lost its bearings and drove hopelessly round and round a lamp post !

The English as a race are very reticent. This is probably because of their environment. The vagaries of the weather tend to ruffle their temper, and the hibernation of the sun for fully seven months in the year only aggravates matters. To grumble is human ; but to hide your emotions under an exterior of quiet reserve is English. In the ordinary run of things, we grumble because we know that our complaints will be attended to. That is to say, there is a possibility of things being improved if we direct public attention to it, and so we lift up our voices against them. Not so, however, the Englishman, for as regards the weather he realizes that he is, to use an Americanism, " up against a big proposition." He ceases to complain, because he knows that no amount of kicking or fretting will ever move the skies. He, therefore, resigns himself to the situation and tries to make the best of a bad job by " lumping " it.

On the whole, it may be said that the English climate is not without its virtues. For one thing, it is never so hot or so cold as it is in many parts of the world, and, consequently, extremes of temperature are unknown. The air is bracing and conducive to doing hard work, and so is a superior asset over the enervating atmosphere of a hot climate or the painful numbness of a frigid temperature. This probably explains the vigour of the English intellect as well as the British love of sport at all seasons.

In comparison with many other climates, that of the English is certainly not the ideal, or even so desirable as that of the Hawaiian Islands, justly surnamed the



SOME LONDON CHIMNEY POTS.

From Chalk Drawing by Miss KONG SING.





“Paradise of the Pacific.” Nevertheless, excepting the vagaries of its weather and the frequency of its fogs, the English climate has many redeeming qualities which are not found elsewhere. And the best proof of this is the fact that, although I was far from being satisfied with the English weather as I had found it, yet my sojourn in these islands was by no means brief but lasted over seven and a half years.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE ADMIRABLE "BOBBY."

If visitors to London were asked what was the one thing they admire the most, ninety-nine out of every hundred would probably return the same answer. The public and private buildings are magnificent and will do honour to any city; the public parks and gardens are tastefully laid out and reflect great credit on the people's æsthetic tastes; the public monuments and statues are fine looking and bespeak volumes for the memory of those for whom they are erected. These, and many other things besides, do not fail to attract a stranger's attention, but they do not occupy the first place in the list of things he admires. That place pre-eminently belongs to the admirable police constable, or "Bobby," as he is affectionately termed.

When we see a machine running smoothly, we admire not so much its builder or designer as its operator. For a machine is pre-supposed to be so constructed as to do its work properly. But it depends upon the mechanic whether or not the different cogs and wheels will perform their allotted functions, for he it is who oils and regulates the various units of the complicated mechanism.

Now that seems to be the predominant feeling in a stranger's mind when he watches "Bobby" at work. The traffic is just one dull, continuous hum and roar.

It may be congested, but it is never plunged into confusion. For in the centre of the road, or at the strategic

points where more arteries than one converge and intersect one another, stands the faithful policeman to divide and govern. Cars and drays may lumber past him, or taxi-cabs and motor omnibuses may tear past him, but like the Roman sentinel in the supreme hour of trial, he seems glued to his post. He it is who controls the traffic and regulates the pulsating beats of human industry. He is neither excited nor flurried, but is as cool as a cucumber in the performance of his duties. He does not waste words or time unnecessarily; nevertheless, his sphinx-like silence compels universal obedience, and, consequently, ensures perfect smoothness in the running of the traffic machinery.

Before my arrival in England I had read in one of the London magazines about the exploits of "Bobby." I was particularly interested in a photograph exhibiting his marvellous control of this traffic. There, in the centre of the road, is the Londoner's "Bobby." His left hand is uplifted, and behind his stately form is an endless stream of vehicles. In front of him is the other stream of traffic which runs at right angles with the one he is keeping back. The crossing is clear and the second stream proceeds smoothly. Now all this is absolutely true to life, and so the illustration was appropriately entitled: "At the uplift of a finger the world stood still."

To keep the traffic in order is only what is expected of a police constable, but more often than not he discharges functions which are entirely beyond the scope of his duties. If you want to know how to get to a certain street, which Underground "Tube" to take, or which omnibus service to travel by, you need not consult your Baedeker. All

you have to do is to plant yourself before the nearest "Bobby" and ask him nicely. If he knows it, which he generally does, for he is a veritable peripatetic topographical encyclopædia, he will help you most willingly and without the least ceremony. If he does not know or cannot supply the required information, he will tell you frankly and, perhaps, also put you on to somebody else who he thinks will be able to help you.

"Bobby" is simple, honest and straightforward. He is polite and obliging, looking every inch of him a perfect gentleman. Through practice and experience he has acquired the knack of giving clear and concise answers: "First on the right, second on the left, and then first on the right again"—a method of direction which is decidedly superior to any yet devised. Moreover, he disdains all ceremony, but answers your questions in the most business-like manner.

In Paris, however, it seems that some show of ceremony is required on the part of the interrogator. If you were to march up to a French gendarme and question him without taking off your hat, you need not expect any answer from him. For he reasons that if it is too much trouble for you to be extra courteous, then he need not take any extra trouble about things which do not concern him in the least. But the London "Bobby" is not so snobbish; nevertheless, an extra show of politeness will not fail to be rewarded by extra attention and even solicitude on his part.

To assist a stranger to get to his destination by directing him properly which route or which road to take may, perhaps, by a wide stretch of imagination be included

within the ambit of the policeman's ordinary duties. But very often he does things which are quite outside of his routine work. For example, if the vehicular traffic is congested and it is difficult for the pedestrians to cross the road, "Bobby" will come to their rescue. And if the persons concerned are weak and helpless, our chivalrous "Bobby" will at once stop the traffic and himself conduct them safely across the danger zone. The taxi-cabs or motor omnibuses may be late, but obey "Bobby's" order they must, for an old lady, a child, or a nurse in charge of a perambulator, must be first helped across. The few seconds or minutes of waiting can do no harm to the vehicles which have to pull up at the raising of "Bobby's" finger, for they can easily make good the loss of time. But for any of those, who need the policeman's assistance, to get injured in the act of running across the road or dodging the traffic is a serious thing. No wonder, therefore, that "Bobby" is such a friend to all and sundry who require his help. And for these acts of gallantry he more than deserves the endearing compliments showered upon him by the grateful ladies and children.

The fact that the world of traffic can stand stock still before the policeman's uplifted finger speaks volumes for the respect for law and order on the part of the English public, and this latter fact in turn reflects on the amount of confidence reposed in the police force by the general public. England is, indeed, a free country and its people are in full enjoyment of their liberties. But freedom has its own limitations, and to enjoy true freedom is to know where that liberty ends and begins. Freedom does

not mean licence, and if a person were to confound the one with the other, he stands in peril of losing his present freedom or liberty of action.

Now to wait behind "Bobby's" uplifted finger for the crosswise traffic to pass first, or to keep to the proper side of a road, may be a denial of one's freedom of action. But if everybody is to disregard the rules of traffic or the warnings of the constable, then everybody will get into everybody else's way, and in the end there will be nothing but confusion, turmoil and even disastrous concomitants.

"Bobby" has proved himself beyond all cavil or criticism that he is quite capable of maintaining order and peace, and so a grateful public is willing to repose full confidence in the efficiency of the whole police force. Thus there exists between the public and those who are to protect its interests a cordial spirit of friendliness and co-operation. There is no obstruction or dissatisfaction on the part of the public, but every temporary inconvenience is accepted with good grace, so long as it is enforced for the greatest good of the greatest number. The man who has to catch a train, or to keep an appointment, may grumble in his cab behind the policeman, but he knows that he must make the best of an awkward situation. If anything, it is he who is to blame; for if he were wise, he would have allowed an ampler margin of time to catch his train, etc. The authority of the law must be upheld, and private interests must be subordinated to the public good.

It is related that some twenty-five years ago a number of French police officials arrived in London to study the

English police system, about the efficiency of which they had heard so much. They were taken to Hyde Park Corner to observe how "Bobby" would handle the traffic at that spot at its most congested hours. They took ample notes of the way in which "Bobby's" uplifted finger was obeyed, and how thereupon the cross-wise traffic was able to proceed smoothly. The visitors were transported with joy at the sight of such a phenomenon, and therefore resolved to introduce the English system into the streets of Paris on their return. But when a beginning was actually made, the system failed from the very outset. The French public objected to the innovation and, it is said, the gendarmes were secretly made away with the first night they employed the uplifted finger method!

Just how much truth there is in this report it is not easy to say. If it were true, the reason is perhaps to be sought in the fact that the Parisians were unaccustomed to the reign of just one innocent looking finger. To them the idea of submitting to an uplifted finger was ridiculous, and the thing was regarded more as a practical joke than as a serious business. Thus the French gendarme to-day has his baton and sword, whereas the London "Bobby" is only armed with a truncheon—a weapon which he never uses except in making arrests.

But the lesson which is deducible from the French story seems to be this: A law may be excellent and yet impracticable. From the legislator's point of view, the new enactment may be perfectly good; but if it is unworkable in actual practice, the enforcement of the same will only amount to a waste of energies. Therefore, the fact that such a unique system as the "Bobby" and his

uplifted finger is possible in the world's metropolis, reflects every credit on the excellent spirit of co-operation between the public and those who are to safeguard its interests.

In addition to his usual as well as unusual duties, "Bobby" is also a splendid relief-work agent. He ropes in all stray dogs and then looks after them until their owners come forward to claim them back. Therefore, if you happen to lose your dog and cannot find it, all you need to do is to report the matter to the nearest police station and give them full particulars. Similarly, if a careless mother should lose her child when her back is turned, all she needs to do is to confide her story to the nearest policeman and enlist his co-operation. In each case, if the loss is humanly recoverable, it will soon be restored, and the indebtedness of the public to "Bobby" becomes thereby further increased.

Accordingly, it is not uncommon to see such a sight as is here depicted. The waif loses his way and is being rounded up. He is under strict cross-examination, and so all the facts are duly recorded. Here we see an interesting example of "Bobby's" second nature—namely, taking down notes of the name and address, etc., of the party concerned, as if a collision or accident has occurred. We may, perhaps, smile at the over-scrupulousness of our "Bobby"; at the same time we cannot but admire his fidelity to his trust.

Next to "Bobby" the London traffic is, perhaps, the most interesting. Every imaginable sort of vehicle or conveyance is in evidence, and one and all, whether it is the millionaire's limousine automobile or the coster-



monger's wheel-barrow, each is equally entitled to the use of the King's highway. All around you there is nothing but an eddying whirlpool of unceasing traffic. Time and again the motley array of cars and vehicles seems to get tied up in the middle of the road, but somehow or other, after a few minutes, the pulsating streams automatically straighten out again. You expect a collision where the congestion is thickest, but nothing of the kind really happens. The pursuit after mundane glories spurs the traffic on to the vortex of the whirlpool, but an unseen hand seems always at hand to avert disaster and ensure tranquility.

The drivers are expert in their trade, and their control of the vehicles is truly wonderful. Accidents or collisions seldom occur, except in the rare cases when a driver had a "wee drappy" too much. Moreover, the buses seem to have a knack of getting very close to one another. In fact, the sides of the buses often narrowly touch each other, so that one can easily stand up in one's bus and shake hands with a friend on the outside of the next bus.

To a timid person, the spectacle of two vehicles coming so dangerously near to each other cannot be at all pleasant. He feels squeamish and is afraid that a collision may occur at the next moment. Accordingly, he closes his eyes and expects that, when he opens them again, he will be either thrown to the ground or buried underneath the *debris*. As a matter of fact, however, motor drivers are reliable men, quick of eye and steady of hand. The timid man, therefore, experiences a peculiar sensation at the crucial moment, not unlike that of one who in his dream falls suddenly from a great height. The dreamer's

body touches the ground or any object which intercepts his fall, but at the next moment it bounds up again like a rubber ball.

London traffic is at its best during the busy hours of the day, when enormous crowds of people either go to business or wend homewards after business hours. As one watches the surging tide of humanity, one instinctively wonders how London can contain so many people, although one is not unaware that the total population of London is estimated at over seven millions. It is, of course, an easy thing for the statistician to add so many zeros to his estimates, but to the ordinary mind anything beyond one hundred thousand, or even ten thousand, is not easy to grasp.

Therefore, the only way for a layman to form some idea of the immensity of London's population is to go out into the streets and watch either the incessant stream of wage-earners before and after business hours, or the huge crowds gathered to witness a royal procession, or even a Lord Mayor's Show. That is an object lesson which will bring home to him at once the vastness of the city he dwells in, as well as the insignificance of one single individual in an ocean of teeming humanity.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SUPREMACY OF THE RULE OF LAW.

Next to the admirable "Bobby" and his control of the traffic, the thing which most impresses itself upon the foreigner is, perhaps, the supremacy of the rule of law. In the universal obedience to the "Bobby's" uplifted finger we have already seen one proof of this truism. But there are other still more striking illustrations.

We are often told that the law is no respecter of persons, and this is nowhere more convincingly demonstrated than in the land which is justly acclaimed as the cradle of modern liberties. A man may be rich or poor, a nobleman or a common peasant; but there is only one law for every person, and the rich financier will get his deserts no less than the poorest tramp in the country.

Conversely, a poor man is entitled to have his wrongs redressed just as much as any rich person, although one is sensible of the fact that those who are too poor to pay the expenses of litigation are somewhat handicapped in this respect. But this is not the fault of the law. It is rather the fault of the system which requires that a litigant shall pay a certain regulated amount into the public treasury as court fees and also settle his lawyer's bills. The number of such needy persons, unfortunately, is not small, and so there is the Poor Prisoners' Defence

Act which, in effect, gives them each a lawyer to take charge of their cases or provides other facilities for them.

These cases, however, are exceptional, and from the nature of the circumstances, are inevitable, especially when one remembers that in any human society, as constituted at present or until the millennium is reached, there is always a section of humanity who is unable to obtain justice with its own little dependent means. These minor exceptions excepted, it is true to say that as the English law is administered to-day, Article 40 of the Magna Charta—the bedrock of all human justice—is still alive: *Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus, aut differemus, rectum aut justiciam.*

The supremacy of this rule of law connotes that the same laws shall be applied to every individual in the realm. This oneness of application we have already seen in the case of the litigant's unequal economic status, for rich or poor, he is alike amenable to the same jurisdiction and entitled to the same relief. But it comes as a surprise to a stranger to note that the same dispensation is also invoked in the case of the litigant's dissimilar legal status. That is to say, the same law is applicable equally to a soldier or sailor as to a civilian, to a civil service official as to an ordinary citizen.

When a member of the military or naval force commits an offence or crime, he is liable to be tried by both the ordinary court of law and a military tribunal. The plea that he has already been tried and punished or acquitted by the latter does not in any way deprive the former from any of its jurisdiction over the accused person or his property. For the law of the constitution ensures that

if a citizen has been wronged, the common law courts shall protect him from whatever attacks upon his person or property, irrespective of the status or condition of the aggressor. Such a phenomenon promotes a healthy respect for the rule of law, although it makes the lot of the soldier or sailor an unenviable one.

We suppose that the troops are called out to disperse a mob or riot. The commanding officer gives the order to fire, but the order is manifestly unwarranted by the circumstances of the case. If a soldier disobeys the command, he runs the risk of being court-martialled. If, however, he obeys his superior and kills a person in the crowd, he runs the risk of being tried by an ordinary civil court for manslaughter.

Now the object of such an attitude is not difficult to explain. It is true that a soldier or sailor is bound to obey his superiors, but the law also requires him to pay respect to the supremacy of the ordinary laws of the realm. His obedience must be rational, not blind. If the officer's command is illegal, he is to resist it. Otherwise such blind obedience will be a formidable weapon in the hands of an unscrupulous or over-zealous commander, and England will at least have also its Zabern episodes.

Perhaps the best reminder of this common law supremacy is the fact that the same laws apply equally to an ordinary individual as to a civil service official. This constitutes a remarkable contrast with the practice which obtains in many Eastern as well as Western countries. In the latter, those who are in charge of the administration of the country are a class by themselves. Their status is higher than that of those who are not officials and they,

therefore, enjoy special legal rights and privileges which are denied to the ordinary citizens, be they commoners or noblemen. Hence, in some countries there is a pronounced enthusiasm on the part of the people to enter official life.

For example, in France, Germany, or Japan, if an official commits an offence or crime, he is not triable by the ordinary courts, but is only amenable to a special court, known as an administrative tribunal or *Tribunal Administratif*. In such a special court, the ordinary laws of the realm are not applied, but the accused official is entitled to be tried by a special code of laws, known as the administrative laws or *Droit Administratif*.

In England, however, such institutions as the administrative courts and administrative laws are unknown, although in former periods of the English history they were not unknown. An official is not regarded with awe or envy. He is only a civil servant. His membership of the civil service confers upon him no special rights or privileges, except perhaps that of receiving a pension from the state after a definite period of faithful service. If he commits a tort or a crime, he is amenable, just as any other ordinary person, to the ordinary courts of law and the ordinary laws of the realm. His official status may exempt him from the obligation to give evidence, if such information is a state secret and, therefore, privileged from disclosure in the interests of public safety. But short of that, he is subject to the complete jurisdiction of the ordinary courts. If the offence is proved, he will suffer the penalty of the law like any non-official, and no plea of official duty or act done in the course of official

duties, will absolve him. He is a servant of the public, and not its taskmaster.

Accordingly, not only an official but also a department of state is liable to the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts. If the agents or servants of a government organ injure the person or proprietary rights of a private individual, in the course of executing their official routine duties, the department concerned is liable, like any ordinary defendant, if guilty, to make proper compensation. A government department, unless expressly sanctioned by the people's representatives in Parliament, has no right to violate the common law principle which guarantees to every private individual in the realm the full enjoyment of his personal and proprietary rights.

This supremacy is, therefore, productive of immense good in the public life. For when an official realizes that he is in no way different from an ordinary individual ; that for any omissions or commissions he is liable to be tried and punished by the ordinary courts and under the ordinary laws of the land ; that by being placed in office, he is merely appointed to serve the public and not to batten on its resources ; that he is retained, not because of his birth or ancestry, but because of his merit and good conduct ; that he is removable at the least sign of inefficiency or untrustworthiness on his part, so that a more competent person may step into the breach and continue his work for the good of the public ; and that, consequently, his merits or demerits are liable at any time to be dragged into the lime-light for public scrutiny and appraisal—all these cannot but inculcate upon the members, both high and low, of the civil service the necessary virtues

of honesty and integrity, loyalty and efficiency. And when the moral atmosphere of a state's civil service is so high, it is only natural that the country which is administered by such an efficient force is strong and prosperous.

Now that is the negative aspect of the beneficent consequence of this legal supremacy. But there is also a positive aspect to it. According to the former view, when the same law is applied equally to a civil servant as to an ordinary citizen, the former will honestly discharge his duties because that uniformity will penalise any departure from the strict standard of probity and efficiency. That is to say, the law is uniform because it cannot afford to be partial to an official. He is likely to be false to his trust and, therefore, a policeman must always, so to speak, be stationed at the corner of the street to see that he does behave himself.

According to the latter view, however, the official is not child or a rogue. He is a man of discretion and intelligence, capable of being trusted and worthy of the public confidence. He is a patriot and so can be relied upon to serve the state. If the public has sufficient confidence to employ a man and put him in charge of its interests, it will, of course, not question his integrity until the contrary is proved. And if the civil servant is worthy of being entrusted with the responsibilities of office, he will no doubt continue to live up to his reputation. The public feels assured that its interests will be properly looked after, and there is therefore no need for the law to be partial toward any member of the civil service.

Hence the law is uniform, not because it is demanded



by the irresponsibility of the civil servants, but because they are conscientious employees and there is no need to create a special body of rules or regulations to protect them. This, I suggest, is the truer view of the supremacy of the rule of law in its bearings upon English public life.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ENGLISH DEMOCRACY.

Of all Anglo-Saxon institutions that which is most universally admired is undoubtedly English democracy. The cradle of modern political liberties, it is only natural that the doctrines of liberalism and democracy should have their fullest development in the land which by giving to the world its Magna Charta and Parliament, etc., has long ago earned the undying gratitude of all right-minded humanity. The forms of this democracy are many, and in the supremacy of the rule of law we have already seen one signal manifestation. There are two others: the absence of class distinctions and the assurance of political and personal freedom. In this chapter we will notice only the absence of class distinctions, reserving the question of political and personal liberties for a separate chapter.

Generally speaking, we may say that the English as a nation are divided into nobles and commoners, officials and non-officials, employers and employees, rich and poor, capitalists and labourers, etc. But these distinctions are more nominal than real, although in the case of the economic classes, the line of demarcation is more marked than otherwise. The reason for this is primarily due to the supremacy of the rule of law, which rates every individual on exactly the same legal footing, without any partiality or favouritism. On the other hand, it seems that the members of the various classes themselves have done not a

little to obliterate whatever differences may still exist between them.

In many countries it is customary for the different classes not to mix or intermingle with one another. This is especially true of India, although hardly so in the case of China. In the former the caste are rigid and permanent. They are like so many vertical compartments which effectually exclude the members of one from intermixing with those of the other. In the latter, however, the class distinction is purely nominal, and the divisions are horizontal compartments. A man may be born a scholar, a farmer, an artisan or a merchant—the four classes in China—but there is nothing to keep him permanently in one or the other. If he is able and honest, he can rise from the lowest to the highest rung of the social ladder, for merit, not birth, is the royal road to success.

In its practical workings, the English system is similar to that of the Chinese. Whereas at the time of feudalism the different classes of society were kept strictly apart, this is not so to-day. But when a foreign student reads English history and gleans his knowledge of English life and manners from textbooks, he is often misled. In his mind the England of to-day is still the England of the Middle Ages, with its system of feudalism, knight-errantry and baronial landholdings. The present lords are the same barons of the old manors, and as before, so also now, they live an entirely separate life from the freemen or commoners.

That was the sort of notion which I had when I landed in England, but I was, of course, soon awakened from my dreams. I awoke to see that the lords and ladies were

just as human as the other commoners, and there was hardly any of that semi-royal atmosphere about them which one had so fondly imagined. Instead of always riding in imposing liveried carriages, gorgeously robed, and numerous attended, they would either walk or ride in a bus, train, or even the Underground "Tube," just as naturally as any other mortal beings. In fact, when one sees them on the road or in public, one can hardly distinguish them from the ordinary crowd, unless one happens to know their identities. And if one were to be informed that So-and-So across the road was a peer, he would perhaps be inclined to doubt the statement, because there is nothing in his deportment or dress to distinguish him from the other commoners similarly attired, so democratized has he become with the flight of time.

Furthermore, it may be supposed that being always secluded in their castles and manors, the peers when speaking with the common people, will preserve their lordly bearing and speak nothing but words of wisdom—very much like the average European's visualization of a Chinese gentleman. As a matter of fact, however, the nobility is never so exclusive. It may be their lot to be born or created a peer, but at heart they are just as plain and simple as the ordinary people. More and more they are identifying themselves with the ways and activities of a useful public life, and more and more they are proving that the wearer of a coronet is no lazy drone or parasite. Trade, industry, recreation, sport, literature, science, and even the stage—all are fields for them to compete with their compatriots, and many have long distinguished

themselves in their various walks of life. In so doing they contribute much to the breaking down of the barriers which may operate to separate them from the greater bulk of the population.

This is a welcome sign of the times ; for as the physical or geographical world is growing smaller and smaller, so the different classes of common society should draw closer and closer to one another. Whereas title and birth were not so very long ago accounted superior to merit, the latter is now the universal ruling factor in the life of a community. And as this levelling process proceeds apace, class prejudices and class animosities will soon become relics of the past, and then a Robert Burns of the future will not have to plead :—

A prince can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that !  
For a' that, and a' that ;  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher rank than a' that.

Now what is true of the aristocracy applies more so in the case of the royalty. Coming as one does from the East, where the divine ruler is worshipped almost as a God, whose face the common people are not allowed even so much as to see, but all shops and windows of the road through which the imperial procession is to pass must be closed, so that no unauthorized eyes shall presume to look at the sovereign's person—I say, coming from such an atmosphere, one naturally has some quixotic ideas about this subject on his arrival in England. In one's opinion, the King of the country leads a life of perfect

seclusion, and only a few of his subjects are privileged to see him. He never leaves his palace grounds, but all state matters are transacted within the Forbidden City.

As usual, I was, of course, soon disillusioned. The life led by the sovereign is not exclusive, although it cannot be so democratic as that of the nobility. The King and his consort, as well as the other members of the royal family often appear in public, so much so that perhaps few of his subjects can say that they have never seen their sovereign. It is true that he cannot be so free and easy as a peer and walk about the streets or ride in the ordinary vehicles unattended; nevertheless, despite his exalted office, the King does frequently come into close contact with a considerable section of his loyal subjects.

Such appearances of the King in public are always appreciated by his people, for the latter genuinely desire to see as much as they can of the actual person of their sovereign. This explains why the roads and thoroughfares are always so very crowded, when it becomes known that the King and Queen are about to pass through them on their way to open an exhibition or visit a hospital. Nor is this desire a mere idle curiosity, for the cheers and shouts that ascend the skies from the thousands and tens of thousands of lusty throats, as the royal carriage passes within a few feet of them, testify to the heartiness of their welcome and the depth of their affection.

Moreover, the Prince of Wales and his brothers are educated at the same schools as the other boys of their own age. The people admire them and love them, for the latter know how to behave themselves like men. "Like father, like son," and so "Gentlemen, the King!" is more than a

mere formal toast. When the King is a King, one whose name is honoured and respected, abroad as well as at home, "For King and Country" is a powerful rallying cry. Accordingly, when at the close of any public performance, the audience rises to its feet and sings "God save the King," the words uttered are not perfunctory but come from the very bottom of their hearts.

It speaks well for the British people that their King and Queen can go about the streets among them without protection of any military guard. It is true that the King's palaces are guarded by soldiers and policemen and so are not open to the public; but these guards are more for the sake of keeping up a suitable appearance than for any real protection against anarchists or revolutionaries. Such a feeling of confidence cannot but impress itself upon the foreigner; for, whereas in some countries their sovereigns live in constant dread of assassins and are, therefore, heavily guarded, the King of England and ruler of the world's greatest empire goes about attended by only a few horsemen. He dwells in perfect peace and security, and in his case the old maxim, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," has lost its point.

In passing, it may be pointed out that perhaps the Norwegian capital is the most democratic of all in the world. Whereas Buckingham Palace is excluded from the public by a high wall, the royal palace at Christiania has no opaque wall but an iron railing. There are a few military guards doing sentinel duty at the palace gates, but any individual, foreigner or native, can walk through the grounds, and even beneath the very windows of the palace itself. Here is the anarchist's golden opportunity; yet

no one ever thinks of taking any precaution against that possible menace ! No questions are asked, but the pedestrian passes by as he would any ordinary thoroughfare.

So far we have confined ourselves to the democratization of the English nobility and royalty. But there is another contributory cause to the obliteration of class distinctions. Namely, the fact that the officials are not recruited from any one special class, but are drawn from all classes. Whoever has the requisite abilities, irrespective of ancestry or economical conditions, may rise and climb to the highest rungs of the ladder, and no one need be ashamed of his family history so long as he himself is accounted an honest and capable public servant. As in nations, so in individuals, and as in the other walks of life, so in the public service, only the fittest will survive. Birth and education may give a man a better start in life, but merit alone will keep him there or push him forward.

Moreover, it is within the reach of every deserving commoner to aspire to a peerage, if he so desires. Whereas it is true that "once a peer, always a peer," the converse is hardly true that "once a commoner, always a commoner." For when a man has distinguished himself in the service of his country, he deserves to have his services suitably recognized. So the King can exercise his royal prerogative and raise such a man from the common crowd to the peerage, not to mention the intermediate stages of knighthood and baronetcy.

In this way the nobility is democratized and their ranks are increased. The peers are no longer peers by birth, but more and more they are peers by merit. The class distinctions are in process of obliteration, not because



the aristocracy is pulled down, but because the other classes are elevated.

All these are steps conducive to the progress and advancement of the human kind. When men and men can live together contentedly, when class jealousies and class prejudices are eradicated, and when merit, not birth, is the royal road to success and reward, then we are already well on the way to the promised millennium. That ideal stage of the modern Utopia may be yet distant ; nevertheless, the signs of progress we see around us are so many steps leading steadily towards that goal.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,  
Shall bear the gree, and a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's comin' yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brother be for a' that.

## CHAPTER] IX.

### LAND OF FREEDOM.

“ Britons never shall be slaves.” In this familiar line we have the key to the spirit of freedom and independence of the British people. And of this spirit the stranger sees undoubted signs so soon as he lands.

The alien may be a Jew, a Zulu, a Pole or a Chinese, a labourer or a millionaire, but so long as he can show that he can support himself, he will not be denied a free entry. This commendable magnanimity is in striking contrast with the attitude of many countries which enforce exclusion laws, notably against the Chinese.

For example, not only Chinese labourers are prohibited from entering the United States, but only a few specified exempt classes, including students and merchants, are permitted to enter. A Chinese labourer may enter Canada on payment of a poll-tax of £100, but no Chinese other than a government official can enter the Union of South Africa at all. In the latter the right of exclusion is exercised under the power vested in the Immigration Department to deny admission to (a) “ any person or class of persons deemed by the Minister on economic grounds, or on account of standard or habits of life, to be unsuited to the requirements of the Union or any particular province thereof ” ; and (b) any person who fails to pass the dictation test “ in any European language,” including Yiddish.

If the stranger happens to be a merchant, the goods he imports will generally receive the same freedom of admission. For while in other countries imported foreign goods are heavily taxed under a system of protective tariffs, the same goods will be admitted into this country free, unless they happen to come under the category of luxuries, such as cigars, perfumes, sweetmeats, etc. It is true that when the alien immigrant lands, the Customs Officers will ask him, "Have you anything to declare?" But the question is merely a formality. If he answers "No," they take him at his word and will forego the examination of his luggage. There are no irksome or unnecessary restrictions, and all and sundry may enter freely.

In an earlier chapter I have referred to England as the cradle of modern political liberties. But it is also the cradle of modern personal liberties. English democracy is justly distinguished, not only because the rule of law is supreme, and therefore class distinctions, barring those imposed by the constitution itself, do not exist, but also because the ideals of political and personal freedom are best developed therein. This is why when men speak of liberalism and democracy, they invariably turn for inspiration to the nation that has given to the world its Magna Charta, model Parliament, Bill of Rights, and Habeas Corpus Act. For it is in these islands that a man pre-eminently enjoys the largest amount of political as well as personal freedom.

At this hour of the day the nations of the world are only too familiar with the nature of true liberalism and democracy, though in a few countries the tribute to them is but mere lip service. Nevertheless, we do well to

restate the principles here concisely in order to adorn our tale.

“The people,” declare the Confucian Classics, “is the root or foundation of the country; if the foundation is firm, the country is peaceful and happy.” Therefore, the people and not the ruler is the factor that counts in a country. “Heaven gives birth to millions of people, and for them it erects the King and teacher.” It is for the ruler to minister unto the welfare of his people, and not for the latter to gratify his whims or pleasures. The appointment of the ruler is divine, and his mission is to promote the well-being of his subjects. The latter’s interests are to be looked after and their wishes are to be heeded. *Vox populi, vox dei*. If the ruler proves unworthy of this great trust, he is unfit to rule and must make way for a more capable person.

Here we have, in embryo, the fundamentals of China’s unwritten constitution, and this fact is interesting in view of the present movement in favour of a written constitution after the model of those of her sister republics. The classical Chinese interpretation of the divine right of kings is constitutionally sound even to-day; but, unfortunately, it was misunderstood here in England as elsewhere, and Charles I paid the penalty on the scaffold.

As a stranger studies the English institutions, he soon sees that the British people are the real sovereign. Their representatives in Parliament are supreme. They tax themselves and they control the nation’s purse. They govern themselves as they like, although for the sake of convenience they delegate this authority to a small group of persons known as the Cabinet. The members of this

Cabinet are chosen from the people's representatives, and they administer the government for the benefit of the people. If they are inefficient or have lost the confidence of Parliament, then a new Cabinet steps in to take its place. For men may come and men may go, but Popular Sovereignty goes on for ever.

Now these political liberties of the British people are striking enough; but their personal liberties are still more impressive. In no other country can a man enjoy his personal freedom so completely as here, and this seems to be but a necessary corollary of the people's political liberties.

In many a country, a man is always confronted by the law wherever he turns. Here the law keeps itself in the background and one does not notice its existence until its aid is called in. Every person can do what he likes or does not like, so long as he does not exceed the bounds of discretion, for the law is, after all, nothing but the sum total of a man's discretion and good judgment. Such an unlimited freedom amounts almost to a licence and may easily be abused. But, here, it is not often abused, for liberty is judiciously distinguished from licence. Indeed, a people which is able to take such long views of its personal freedom is worthy of its precious heritage.

But the enjoyment of personal freedom does not stop here. It also protects a person even when his freedom is to be curtailed. If he is guilty of an offence at law, he has the right under the Habeas Corpus Act, to demand an early trial, so that he shall not be confined indefinitely without knowing what the nature of his offence is. And if he is found innocent, he is at once to be set free, because

no man shall be deprived of his liberty without due process of law. Moreover, if he is to be tried, he shall have every facility in the securing of legal aid, since it is repugnant to the ideals of democracy that a man may be condemned without an opportunity of defending himself. Hence, Article 39 of the Magna Charta declares in emblazoned letters that no free man shall be captured or imprisoned or dispossessed or exiled or in any way destroyed, unless by the legal judgment of his equals or by the law of the land.

Accordingly, there is no Press Law in England. Every man can say or write what he likes, so long as he does not damage another person's good name or incite his compatriots to revolt against constituted authority. The affairs of the state or the policies of the government may be discussed or criticised, so long as the elements of personal malice are absent. There is indeed a law of libel, but shorn of all legalisms or technicalities its injunctions are simply commonsense advice. If you yourself know when to stop, then nobody will ever stop you.

Now all this is in striking contrast with the laws of many countries, which impose one restriction or another upon the newspaper editors or publishers under the guise of Press Law. Here the law does not pretend to teach you what you may say or write. It simply leaves it to your better judgment as to what you ought not to say. It is only when you forget the high trust thus reposed in you and begin to cast dirt on your neighbour's good name or character that the law comes down upon you and tells you to stop. For if you do not know when or where to stop, then somebody must teach you.

Similarly, there is no law, as there is in other countries,

which restricts the citizens' right of public meetings, but each and every person is free to assemble where he likes and with whom he likes. As Professor Dicey, the eminent constitutional lawyer, puts it :—

The right of assembling is nothing more than a result of the view taken by the courts as to individual liberty of person and individual liberty of speech. There is no special law allowing A, B, and C to meet together either in the open air or elsewhere for a lawful purpose ; but the right of A to go where he pleases so that he does not commit a trespass, and to say what he likes to B so that his talk is not libellous or seditious, the right of B to do the like, and the existence of the same rights to C, D, E, and F, and so on *ad infinitum*, lead to the consequence that A, B, C, D, and a thousand or ten thousand other persons, may (as a general rule) meet together in any place where otherwise they each have a right to be for a lawful purpose and in a lawful manner.

Hence it is that one sees so many stump orators taking the platform in the parks or street corners and haranguing the crowds on the sins and follies of the Government, or a mass procession of people marching through the main thoroughfares to their appointed place of meeting and temporarily delaying the ordinary vehicular traffic. There are no laws to stop them ; for what laws there are, are bracketed within the golden maxim of ordinary life : "Live and let live." Everybody is put on his honour, and everybody, as a rule, is not unworthy of his trust.

In a word, there is complete and perfect freedom for every individual. Each may do or say or write what he pleases, so long as he does not injure another person's right or property or good character : *Sic utere tuo, ut alienum non laedas*. The law of the land is not a despotic law which prohibits anybody in the language of the Old Testament from doing this or that. It is rather

a patriarchal law which regards the individual not as a servant but as a co-worker. Each is given every freedom and responsibility, for each is regarded as capable of looking after himself. It is only when a few among the community prove false to their trust that the paternal law steps in to warn and correct their waywardness. Such an atmosphere inculcates a sense of honour and responsibility and thus promotes the maximum of efficiency and happiness with the minimum of control or interference.



## CHAPTER X.

### SIGHTS OF LONDON.

If the London weather is never attractive to the foreigner, the metropolis is, *par excellence*, the city for tourists. And this is attested by the number of Americans especially, who swarm over to "do" the sights of this travellers' lodestone. But in at least one case the perversity of the former has robbed a stranger of the attractions of the latter.

For example, a friend of mine passed through London on his way to China. Unfortunately, when he arrived, it was February and the weather was miserable and chilly. There was nothing much to be seen, and so he left for the Continent after a stay of only two days. When he was subsequently asked about his impressions of London,

he told his hearers at home that the world's metropolis was a city of muddy streets and dirty buildings. There was absolutely nothing worthy of the tourist's attention, and he was sorry that he had ever wasted so much valuable time in such a wretched place. This picture is, of course, exaggerated. Nevertheless, the speaker was only narrating his own unhappy experience. Such are the sins of London's weather!

To an Easterner this Queen of the Thames has all the charms of an Eastern capital. Not that it has any of the aroma of an Eastern atmosphere, but the similarity

lies in its unique, to invent a new word, "historicness." And yet as one walks up and down the streets, or watches the busy traffic from the top of an omnibus, and sees all the paraphernalia of modern civilization, one instinctively forgets that this city was ever historic. All vestiges of antiquity seem to have completely disappeared under the advancing tide of modernity, and the glory that was London's seems to dwell only in man's memory.

Such an impression is, fortunately, only transient, for as one wanders about the metropolis he is soon reminded of the exact age of his environment. This is best known not in the West End where fashion and society congregate, where comfort and luxury beckon siren-like to those who have money to spend, and where pleasure seekers find their earthly paradise. In such surroundings the ancient greatness of London is not to be found. To see the real London one must go into the city itself or its immediate outskirts. Here the streets are narrow and the buildings are unpretentious. The visitor walks upon a ground that has seen the vicissitudes of time, and every step he takes is hallowed by the consecration of centuries.

Modern edifices may stand side by side with the old structures and motor buses or taxi-cabs may ply their trade along the busy thoroughfares; but the city still retains its ancient atmosphere. As a tourist threads his way along the side-streets, the serenity of which is not outraged by such precursors of modern civilization as the motor omnibuses, etc., he inhales a full draught of the wine of London's ancient greatness. For, here, despite the depredations of a civilization which threatens to disown its very parentage, is the real London still

preserved and its banner flaunting in the air. The ancient city is intact and all its glory is not yet gone.

Let the tourist mount the steps of the Monument and he will know that once upon a time this rich city was a prey to the terrible devastations of, first, the Black Death and then the great conflagration. Let him visit the Guildhall and he will appreciate what it means to be privileged with the freedom of the City of London. Let him visit the old Tower with its picturesque "beef-eaters" and battlements; let him crawl his way up the dark stone staircase of the principal prison chamber and examine the inscriptions on the walls made by the unfortunate political prisoners; let him stand on the site where two of the Merry Monarch's queens, as well as Lady Jane Grey and others, were beheaded; and he will realize the old age of the world's metropolis. Above all, let him visit St. Paul's Cathedral or, better still, Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, and he will understand the full force of an Englishman's love for the "dear old London town."

I do not propose to go into the details of these and other places of historic interest. They can be looked up in any guide book, if the tourist will only take the trouble to do so. But I may record here my indebtedness to the authorities and employees of the Reading Room of the British Museum.

To those who have only a few days to spend in London, this Reading Room will not be included in their list of itinerary, although the Egyptian mummies, etc., will invariably be visited. Nevertheless, for those who can, the Reading Room should always be included, and if

possible, its gratuitous facilities also made use of; and many, no doubt, will appreciate the realism of this description by a reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement* :—

An eminent Frenchman once declared that on the principle of *ex pede Herculem* the whole British Constitution could be deduced from those two national institutions—Simpson's and the Reading Room of the British Museum. However that may be, it is fairly safe to assert that every one who has used a reader's ticket can recall the thrill with which he passed for the first time by the challenging sentries at the entrance, under the bust of Panizzi, and so through the swing-doors that give admittance to the great circular study in Bloomsbury. The soft, dim light that prevails even on a sunny morning, the peculiar odour that seems to be compounded of leather, cork-carpet, and damp overcoats, the unbroken rows upon rows of volumes reaching from the floor to the ribs of the dome overhead, the immensity of the dome itself (after that of the Pantheon at Rome it has the widest span of any in Europe), the silence of the workers as they pore over the padded tables or flit from shelf to shelf (like wasps flying up and down an apricot tree, as Butler put it), the hierarchic planning of the desks and cases to form a pattern that leads the eye more and more inward till at length it rests upon the little figure with the tall hat at the very hub of the concentric circles—all this combines to leave on the novice the impression of a strange cult, a mystic ceremonial organized for his benefit in some antique Temple of Wisdom. He has left the outer world behind, and the accumulated learning of the ages is at his disposal for the mere filling in of a few slips of paper.

Indeed, the visitor has left the outer modern world behind when he once passes the policeman at the iron gates of the Museum. Here, within a stone's throw of a busy artery (New Oxford Street) is a quiet sanctuary where he can behold and ruminate over the accumulated age and dignity of this great city. The atmosphere partakes of the character of the books and mummies, and Carlyle, for example, complained that he never went into it without getting "the Museum headache"—an opinion which I, for one, cannot endorse.

The eminent Frenchman was not far wrong when he declared that on the principle of *ex pede Herculem* one-half of the British Constitution could be deduced from the Reading Room of the British Museum. I will even venture further and say that one-half of not only the British Constitution, but also of the British character, is deducible from the "Old Curiosity Shop" in Bloomsbury. The treasures of its unique library are not exhibited promiscuously at the street corners for any passer-by to gaze or leer at, but the earnest student must himself go to seek for them if he really appreciates their value or pricelessness. Similarly, the age and greatness of London is not found in the gay and gaudy resorts of the West End; it is preserved in the sombre and austere precincts of the city or its immediate outskirts. Therefore, the Englishman who inherits his temperament from his surroundings does not come to the stranger; the latter must go to him. To those who do not understand, the former appears snobbish or forbidding; but to those who pause to consider, this quiet reserve is only a reflection of the bashfulness of London's greatness and dignity.

This is, however, anticipating our discussion upon the English characteristics, which will be dealt with in their proper place. Strange as it may seem, the average Londoner is a poor guide for conducting visitors around. Being a permanent resident of the place, he naturally feels that he can visit these sights at any time. With him it is just a question of time, unlike the American who, it is related, never saw a sight because London was so huge and the sights were so widely scattered about, that he could not find time to undertake the sightseeing journey.

He said he preferred death to Westminster Abbey, since Nelson and other famous sons of Britain never went there until they died, and what was good enough for them was good enough for him!

But this continual putting-off on the Londoner's part is disastrous, for "some day" in such cases means "never." Hence, there are many Londoners who have never been inside the Tower of London or up the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral. The case of the foreigner, however, is different. His time is limited and his stay is short, so he must make hay while the sun shines. He wants only to visit the most important sights and so cannot afford to spend unnecessary time over the lesser ones. For this purpose his best guide is, perhaps, one of his own countrymen sojourning in the place; for the latter being a foreigner himself, knows best how to help his compatriot under the circumstances. Thus it happened that every summer I made a pilgrimage to most of these sights, not forgetting, of course, Hampton Court or Windsor Castle, when friends passed through London and wanted a guide to show them around.

As one revels in the spectacle of these ancient landmarks, one admires the spirit of the legislators who ordain that these historic monuments should be preserved, if not in their pristine grandeur, at least from premature decay and disintegration. Such a spirit does justice to the genius of the past, and at the same time preserves for the present as well as future generations, a goodly heritage for their edification and inspiration. I think it was Tennyson who said that patriotism was nothing more than a veneration for the past. If this is true, then those

who scrupulously preserve such monuments from decay are doing great service in the promotion of the nation's patriotism.

On the other hand, the sight of such milestones cannot but produce feelings of humility and thanksgiving within the breasts of loyal Englishmen. The hands of time are slowly bearing these monuments on to the land of oblivion ; yet their own country is still immune from the selfsame devastating hands. The contrast is impressive and, there being no permanency or immutability in human affairs, the outlook for the future is problematical. Here is food for furious thought ; and in many a thinking mind these lines from Kipling's " *Recessional* " will doubtless find a sympathetic echo :—

God of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The Captains and the Kings depart—  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

Far-called, our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday,  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

## CHAPTER XI.

### STREET NAMES.

As a visitor explores the different parts of the city he is struck by the wonderful motley of names and designations with which some of the streets and places are christened.

In the first place, they are confusing and misleading ; and to the unwary stranger they are a fruitful source of complaint. For example, there are about half as many King Streets as High Streets, or Queen Streets as Upper Streets, and at least two North End Roads or Richmond Roads. Moreover, the different streets grouped under the same classified name are not all situated in one locality but seem to be scattered broadcast. Grosvenor Square, Grosvenor Gardens and Grosvenor Road may be quite near one another, but Finsbury Pavement and Finsbury Circus are miles distant from Finsbury Park. Highbury Park, Highbury Quadrant and Highbury New Park may be almost next door to one another, but Bedford Row and Bedford Park are quite four miles apart.

In the second place, these names are quaint and domesticated, but they do not at all follow closely the psychological law of the association of ideas. For example, there is a Bread Street, a Milk Street, a Half Moon Street, but no Butter Street, Cream Street, Full Moon or New Moon Street. Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without are now together known as Bishopsgate, but in their



halcyon days they never failed to excite the stranger's smiles and curiosity. As a talented lady writer, Eleanor Farjeon, has it in her "Nursery Rhymes of London Town"

Bishopsgate Without !  
Bishopsgate Within !  
What a clamour at the Gate,  
O what a din !  
Inside and outside  
The Bishops bang and shout,  
Outside crying, " Let me in " !  
Inside, " Let me out " !

The disease of quaintness is catchy, and therefore the names of prominent landmarks, especially motor bus stopping places or public saloons, are similarly afflicted. For example, there is a Nag's Head, a Tallyho Corner, a Highbury Barn, a Bull and Bush, an Elephant and Castle, etc. But the most quixotic of all are, perhaps, "The Angel" and "The World's End"—the names of two well-known public saloons. The second may, by a wide stretch of imagination, be construed as telling the truth for a determined Bacchanalian, but the first is just a huge joke intended more for the Olympian gods than the poor unhappy mortals.

Even respectable landmarks are not immune from the contagion, and so we have "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," Covent Garden, The Old Bailey, and Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields. Therefore, Clifford's Inn and Clement's Inn have also their share of Eleanor Farjeon's raillery, as follows :—

Clement and Clifford do not roam,  
When you call they're always Home—  
"Yes," says the Maid who lifts the pin,  
"Clement's In and Clifford's In."

Here, perhaps, a stranger may be allowed to offer a few suggestions, if the London County Council desire to rename the various streets and thoroughfares :—

1. Adopt the American method of numbering consecutively the different streets such as the Fifth Avenue, the Sixth Avenue, or Thirty-first Avenue. Better still, adopt the Washington model of order and system. For example, the avenues radiating at right angles from the Capitol are numbered from 1 upwards or A to Z, whereas those running diagonally with one another are named after the various states and territories of the Union.

2. If the numbering of the streets according to the consecutive figures is undesirable, and the High Streets, King Streets, etc., are to be retained, then the roads may be named North High Street, West High Street, South High Street, or South-West High Street, according to the direction of the administrative areas.

3. If familiar objects or household words are to be used, the law of the association of ideas should be respected. Therefore, a Half Moon Street is to go together with a Full Moon Street and a New Moon Street. Or a Seven Sisters Road should go together with a Seven Brothers Road.

An Englishman cannot get along without his afternoon tea ; so a Bread Street ought to have a Butter Street, a Marmalade Street, a Jam Street, or Honey Street, and a Milk Street should go together with a Cream Street. To a tea-drinker the last names conjure up exquisite visions not only of the beverage that cheers but not inebriates, but also of the nice spread before it. Thus we may also have Tea Street (and under tea we have the

different varieties of Indian and Chinese teas), Coffee Street, Chocolate Street, Sugar Street, Sandwich Street, Bun Street, Jam Roll Street, Cake Street, Tart Street, Pastry Street, Doughnut Street, Eclair Street, Charlotte Russe Street, *ad infinitum*.

4. The custom of dedicating a street to the memory of a certain person or hero is admirable and deserves to be largely extended. To be sure, after the present war there will be no dearth of names for such permanent and public commemoration, as the country's roll of honour, list of Victoria crosses, military crosses, distinguished service orders, distinguished conduct medals, etc., can amply testify.

In fact, the absence of more streets named after distinguished Britons, whether men or women, is a sad reflection upon the neglect in this respect of the London County Council. For, instead of the numerous High Streets and King Streets, etc., there ought to have been the following:—Shakespeare Street, Macaulay Street, Chaucer Street, Dryden Street, Dickens Street, Thackeray Street, and so on right through the whole list of the great English authors, or Nelson Street, Drake Street, Hawke Street, Hardy Street, and, of course, also Burke Street, Bright Street, Cobden Street, Gladstone Street, Disraeli Street, Pitt Street, Chatham Street, Fox Street, etc., etc.

Such a method will not only obviate the necessity of duplicating or re-duplicating a King Street or High Street, etc., but will also bring home to the people the greatness of their distinguished predecessors. These names will fill them with pride and inspire them with a resolve to acquit themselves worthy of their noble heritage.

That is the patriotic side of the matter, but there is also an educational utility in it. For such names will remind them, if they need any reminding at all, of their great authors, statesmen, soldiers, sailors, educationists, social and religious reformers, etc. Thus from the purely educational point of view, we may have in one district under Shakespeare Street, Bassanio Street, Portia Street, Antonio Street, Romeo Street, Juliet Street, Orlando Street, Rosalind Street, Hamlet Street, Ophelia Street, Othello Street, Desdemona Street, Cassio Street, Iago Street, Macbeth Street, Duncan Street, Antony Street, Cleopatra Street, Malvolio Street, Olivia Street, Falstaff Street, Mistress Page Street, etc., etc.

Now the practice of naming the streets after familiar objects is interesting, but in Peking we have a more noteworthy parallel. In fact, the streets or *Hu-t'ungs* are seldom named after persons, but generally after the most ordinary objects or household words. This is, perhaps, explained by the fact that there are only one hundred odd surnames for a total population of four hundred millions, although the number of ideographs or characters from which a person's names or Christian names may be derived is one tenth of the total of one hundred thousand.

In the West the number of surnames, ranging from a proper noun or double-barrelled combination, to a common noun or abstract noun, is legion; but the number of possible Christian names is strictly limited. For example, Gladstone or Macaulay is sufficiently distinctive to mark a man off from the crowd, but Li, Chang, Wong, Chen, etc., are not. Similarly, Hung-chang, Shih-

k'ai, Kuo-fan, Feng-luh, etc., are distinctive enough. (The first was Li Hung-chang; the second was Yuan Shih-k'ai; the third was the first Marquis Tseng of the Tai Ping Rebellion fame, father of the Chinese Minister to London in 1885; and the fourth was Sir Chih-ch'en Lo Feng-luh, the Chinese Minister to London in 1895-1901, and a fine English scholar, according to the testimony of no less an authority than Sir Valentine Chirol). But George, James, Henry, John, Mary, Lucy, Mabel, etc., are decidedly not.

Thus in Peking the alleys or Hu-t'ungs are named after these household words:—Mutton Hu-t'ung, Gold Fish Hu-t'ung, Cotton Hu-t'ung, Dog's Tail Hu-t'ung, Sheep's Tail Hu-t'ung, Coal Dust Hu-t'ung, Fish Eye Hu-t'ung, etc. As regards unusual names there are: Four-eyed Well Hu-t'ung, Five Patriarchs Hu-t'ung, Generous Man Hu-t'ung, Bitter Water Well Hu-t'ung, Big Ear Hu-t'ung, Octagon Hu-t'ung, Cosmetics Hu-t'ung, The Thrice Immortal Hu-t'ung, etc. And, as examples of logical sequence, there are the Big Tea Leaf Hu-t'ung and the Small Tea Leaf Hu-t'ung; the Big Five Patriarchs Hu-t'ung, the Small Five Patriarchs Hu-t'ung, the North Five Patriarchs Hu-t'ung and the South Five Patriarchs Hu-t'ung; the Wet Well Hu-t'ung and the Dry Well Hu-t'ung; the Bow-String Hu-t'ung and the Bow-Back Hu-t'ung, etc.

These quaint names of London streets and places may strike us of this modern generation as being queer and outlandish; nevertheless, they are not without their virtues. They are part and parcel of the dear old London town. The metropolis is not a brand new city, made

to order after the model of the United States Capital, but an historic city full of hoary traditions and stirring memories. It is like an old lady whose ways and manners may appear comical and antiquated to the generation of new and younger cities. They may laugh at her old-fashioned ways and habits, but they cannot crow over her in point of social standing or prestige. No doubt in many respects she is behind the times, but that does not mean that she is at all feeble or decrepit. As a matter of fact, with all her age and experience, she is still youthful and vigorous, and many a sister city can even now profit much from her counsel and experience.

## CHAPTER XII.

### TYPES OF LONDON LIFE.

Every great city has some special features which distinguish it from its companions. In the case of an individual we call such distinguishing marks his personality. In the case of a city the same word may not be inapplicable. In the former such distinguishing marks consist of traits of character ; in the latter, the types of life found therein.

Of London types our friend the admirable " Bobby " is *par excellence* the most characteristic. Not that there are no efficient or polite police constables in other capitals, but it seems that London will not be the Londoner's London without him. He is not only indispensable to the well-ordered government of the metropolis, but he is also its very life and spirit. He it is who towers above all other types and he, pre-eminently, is the best representative of the personality of this Queen of the Thames.

After " Bobby " comes the Cockney with his rough-and-ready manners and picturesque language. Just as the City is the old London complete and intact, so those born within earshot of the Bow bells are a chip from the old block. The face of London will be altered if it retains not its admirable " Bobby " ; similarly, the London of to-day will not be the dear old London town without its Cockneys. The trio are inseparable and must stand or fall together.

The Cockney may be uncouth in his ways or untidy in

his appearance, but he seldom strikes one as being a malignant or dangerous person. His habits may be untutored and his intelligence may be low, but beneath his drab exterior there beats the heart of a loyal citizen and a "good fellow." He possesses the stuff which can be made into useful material. And those who are inclined to be impatient with his superficial appearance are narrow-minded enough to think that they alone are worthy of attention or respect. They forget that all is not gold which glitters and many a knave is concealed beneath a top hat and morning coat. "Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made."

The Cockney language is a study in itself. To appreciate its beauties, a foreigner will have to prolong his stay in this city, but the reward is well worth having. The lingo is neither an outlandish importation, nor a new-fangled invention. It is simply the indigenous product simplified, although in the process of simplification the original has become partially corrupted. The study is interesting, because it shows the extent in which the English language has been, and also may be, developed.

It is a common complaint among the Americans that the popular "English English," or the English which is spoken in England, is not forcible enough owing to the lack of adequate slangs. In some respects this contention appears to be well grounded, for most things being equal, the "American English" or American slangs are, perhaps, more expressive. For example, "are you through?"



is better than "have you finished?" Or "Rubber Neck" is superior to "Nosey Parker."

But such deficiency seems to be fairly made up by the incorporation of the Cockney English. When an American wants to emphasize a statement, his pet slang is "You bet." This is equivalent to the Londoner's "Rather!" But that is not so expressive as the Cockney's "Not arf!" For example, if the question is, "Has So-and-So not altered?" The Cockney's "Not arf" (not half, but whole), is certainly more expressive than "Rather!" or even "You bet."

Besides, the Cockney lingo is more hearty since it is less formal. When an American meets a friend his conversation begins with "Say," and a Londoner, "Hello! old chap!" But the Cockney pitches right in with "Oi, Bill!" The first is decidedly timid in its advance; the second is slightly better. But the last is the heartiest, the "Oi" affording considerable latitude for muscular distension and lung expansion. Try it, ye of the sceptical mind!

By far, however, the most popular use of the Cockney English is its requisition as space-fillers for the delectation of the newspaper public. The following (I am speaking from memory) may be taken as fair specimens:—

With what does a Cockney use his hammer? The answer is the name of a river in Africa. Answer—a Nile (nail).

If King George and King Albert should get into the same car with the Kaiser, what is the number of their car?—281 (Two hate one).

Suppose the following should lose his or its knees, where will he or it go to get them back:

A man?—To Africa, because there are negroes (knee grows).

A monkey?—The Mint, because there are "ape knees" (ha'pennies).

A child?—A butcher's, because there are kidneys (kid knees).

What is the telephone number of Adam and Eve?—281 Apple (Two ate one apple).

The Cockney's habit of dropping the "h's" and inserting them where they are not wanted, is a favourite topic with the punsters. The best of the lot is, perhaps, the following about a horse 'bus cabby who might still be one of London's landmarks had it not been for the advent of the motor 'buses.

As the 'bus was jogging along the New Oxford Street towards the City, the cabby shouted out to the prospective customers, "Eye oben (High Holborn), Ludgate Ill—" "But, my dear friend," said a kind person behind a cabby's box, "you've lost something."

"All right, mister, I'll pick it up at Heast Hindia Havenue."

This dropping of the "h's" is sometimes contagious. A foreigner boarded a 'bus at Oxford Street. When the conductor asked for his fare, he answered:—"One eye open" (one High Holborn). The conductor stared at him in complete mystification. "Where to, sir?" "One eye open." Finally the conductor asked, "Why don't you open the other one?"

Next to the "Bobby" and Cockney, comes the newsboy. Visitors there may be who have not made the acquaintance of the admirable "Bobby" or in any way appreciated the Cockney and his picturesque language, but there can certainly be none who has not heard the newsboy's hoarse cries or availed himself of his usefulness. "Piper"—you hear it in the morning when you get up or go to office. "Piper—twelve o'clock edition"—you hear it on your way to luncheon. "Piper—four o'clock edition"—you hear it when it is tea time. "Piper—six-thirty edition"—you hear it when it is about the time for dinner. And thus

even if you have no watch, you are kept informed of the hours of the day.

The newsboy is a promising specimen of humanity. By his faithfulness to his work as well as his obliging manners, he contains within him the elements that go to make up a small successful business man. He does not wait for you to ask him first what sort of newspapers he has to sell, but displays in front of him a big bill or placard announcing the sort of news he has to purvey. By way of reminder, he may sing out lustily, one after another, the names of his goods. You do not need to beckon to him, but he will, in intelligent anticipation of your thoughts, himself come up to you with "Piper, sir?" And if you happen to be in a railway carriage, waiting for the train to start, and should want a certain newspaper, all you have to do is to buy it from the newsboy on the platform. If he has not got the particular paper with him, he will go to get it for you from the nearest stall. In this way you will not lose either your seat or any of your belongings, but your wants will be supplied by the obliging little gentleman with just the cost of the journal and nothing extra in compensation, unless you feel so disposed.

The newsboys as well as the newsagents are a deserving lot who contribute by their industry and painstaking troubles to the no small comforts of the community. The householder does not have to go himself or send his servant to the newsagent's shop every morning or evening to get his papers, but they will send to him promptly and, unless the distance is very far, there will be no extra charge for the delivery. They are, as a rule, reliable and trustworthy and enterprising withal. From news-

papers to books is not a far cry, and so the newsagents will supply you with any books or stationery you want. The newsboy or the newsagent, therefore, is the middleman between the newspaper or book publisher and the reading public.

These activities deserve encouragement. Therefore, one is glad to note that even so busy a person as the diplomatic representative of a foreign country can spare the time to attend and address the annual meeting of the Newsvendors' Association. And if the public will erect a statue to the memory of the newsboy, it will be an appropriate tribute to his unassuming usefulness. For if Peter Pan merits a statuette in Kensington Gardens—Sir James Barrie may be the donor, but the London County Council must have first given its consent—because he is the delight of thousands of children, surely the one who “pipers” to us, day in and day out, sun or rain, fine or fog, regardless of personal danger or discomfort, deserves no less a recognition.

In some quarters there seems to be a distinct aversion to patronizing the obliging newsboy, because the placards which advertise the contents of his newspapers are so many catch-pennies. For example, on one occasion I saw displayed in front of a newsvendor the following placard:—“The Queen's love for China. Latest News. The Globe.” As there were at that time (May, 1910) continual reports about serious food riots in different parts of Central China, notably in Ch'angsha, the provincial capital of Hunan, I was naturally much attracted by it. Unable to wait until I got home, when my evening papers would be duly delivered to me, I at once bought



A LONDON NEWSBOY.

From Sketch by Miss KONG SING.



a copy of *The Globe*. I had expected to read about the Queen's sympathy and solicitude for the economic unrest in my country; but I was sorely misled. There was nothing at all about the distress in China; instead, the paper contained just an account of the Queen's keen interest in English porcelain or china ware!

On yet another occasion many others besides myself were similarly deceived. It was at the time of the Crippen murder case when the doomed man was waiting in his cell for the day of execution. As he had not confessed his guilt and had been convicted on strong circumstantial evidence, the public was sceptical if he would ever make a clean breast of it all. So when an evening newspaper (long since defunct) came out with a flaming placard, "Crippen's Confession," there was a mad rush for its "extra special." The newsboys did a roaring trade, but it proved a false alarm. The reporter of the paper in question ascertained that the murderer had that morning made some sort of a statement to his own solicitor, and this was regarded by his news editor as something in the nature of a confession. That deduction, however, was erroneous, for it subsequently transpired that Crippen had never confessed at all!

There are some people, I say, who object to the newsboy's ingratiating advances on the principle of "once bitten, twice shy." But this is no fault of the newsboy himself. The blame is rather on those in the newspaper offices concerned, whose duty it is to compose those readable titles or suggestive headings for the bills and posters, in order to induce the public to buy. Or if we go back still further, the blame is also on those who directly or

indirectly encourage their employees to allure the public to buy their goods by any form or manner of persuasion or enticement.

The newsboy is just an innocent agent, who deserves all encouragement. The sins of the sub-editors should not be visited on his poor head, but his usefulness should instead be duly recognized and appreciated. He has to stand in the street corners in all sorts of weather in order to be at hand to supply the reading public with reports of the latest events of the world. Therefore, to buy the papers from him is to help him to earn a larger commission for his pains and thus enable him to earn a little more money to improve his economic conditions. Who knows whether the boy who sells papers to-day will not one day become a successful financier or politician? He has the patience, the industry and the determination to succeed. What he needs is simply capital and a fair chance to start a career for himself. Therefore, by all possible means, extend your helping hand to the news vendor and, perhaps, posterity may yet remember you with gratitude.

After the newsboy comes what may be called the civilized beggar, and it is surprising to see the number of disguises he may assume in this *rôle*. In the East the mendicant openly solicits alms in the streets or temples. Here there is a noticeable absence of such brazen parasitism. This, however, does not mean that there is no poverty or destitution in England as elsewhere; in fact a visit to the slums or outlying districts will soon dispel the illusion. But it is true that beggars as such are not much in evidence, although occasionally one may be accosted by a derelict specimen in a suburban thoroughfare or country road.



In place of the ordinary mendicants with their revolting exhibitions of disease and filth, there are men or women who endeavour to obtain charity by some kind of work or trade. They do not solicit openly, but do their bit of honest labour. If you think that their industry merits encouragement and you, therefore, give them a donation, well and good. Otherwise they must shift for themselves as best they can.

The chief of these is the street pedlar who stands by the kerb with his trayful of matches, shoe-strings, studs, buttons, or other small articles. He (or she) may or may not be blind, but he does not importune you to buy. He leaves it to your sense of charity to help him. If you think his goods are not worth buying, he does not show any sign of disappointment. And if you do buy from him, he merely murmurs a "thank you." But there is no whining or whimpering, bowing or scraping; everything is so matter-of-fact and businesslike.

Then there is the man or woman with the portable street organ which discourses some of the most popular songs of the day. Music, it is said, hath charms, and so you throw down your coppers to the enterprising grinder. Unfortunately, more often than not, these instruments are a real torture to the æsthetic tastes of the inhabitants. The organ is generally a sort of tin kettle and the songs are mere screechers. The noise gets on your nerves and, in order to obtain peace, you willingly bribe the conductor to take his nuisance elsewhere.

But such a send-off is often intentionally or unintentionally misunderstood. Consequently, the obliging worthy returns to the neighbourhood regularly with the

same tin kettle and the same pandemonium! The ordeal is genuinely exasperating and, therefore, many residential districts refuse to tolerate these visits.

Closely allied with the above was the so-called German brass band—a party of strong-lung and long-hair musicians with cheap cornets, horns, or other noisy instruments. In the beginning these muses seemed to have received some sort of encouragement from the good-natured public, but the pandemonium they created was ten times worse than that of the street organ. Ultimately they died a natural death.

Still another form of street music is that performed by a man (or woman) who in former days was perhaps some sort of a success in the social world but now has gone down in his fortunes. He cannot find any suitable employment, although he has himself, and perhaps a family as well, to feed and clothe. He is not allowed to beg, nor can he endure the strenuous life of a street pedlar who has to stand on the pavement all day long to ply his humble trade.

His luck is down, but he has not completely lost his former art. Therefore, he goes about the streets and plays his violin or flute or even a harp. The music so discoursed is presentable, quite unlike the unearthly pandemonium of the street organ or brass band. The pieces are generally classical and indicate that the player has had a fair amount of musical tutoring. So when you listen to a fallen "star" playing the "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana" on a good old violin, or a lady singing the "Rosary" to her own accompaniment on a harp, your heart goes out in sympathy for such

neglected talents. You unloosen your purse strings and then the musician wends his or her way homeward with a lighter heart and happier countenance.

Finally, there are those who come to your door and offer samples of stationery or little articles for sale "on approval." They leave the things with you for your inspection and promise to return the next day to call for them. If you wish to help, you will pay for them. If not, you will return them. Unfortunately, as a rule, the articles are poor, and so the trade is a failure. A charitable householder, however, may buy them for his servants.

Of these street vendors the most successful seems to be the one who sells lavender. For not only does the plant smell fragrant, but the seller has also an ingenious way of ingratiating himself (or herself) into the goodwill of his customers. He comes to you with a song, as follows:—

Who will buy my sweet lavender?  
Sixteen branches for one penny.  
You buy it once, you will buy it twice.  
It makes your clothes smell very nice.

It has a nice little lilt and melody, which is quite pleasing to the ear. Accordingly, for your pennies you get a quantity of the sweet lavender which does, indeed, "make your clothes smell very nice," and also a charming little song in the bargain.

Now apart from the newsboy's "Piper," the milkman's "Meeowlk" the coalman's "Co-al," or the song of the sweet lavender, the metropolis seems a quiet city from the householder's point of view. This is in marked contrast with the hum and din of Peking. In the latter, the householder does not need to go to the shops or

markets to do his small shopping. Instead, the vendors themselves will come to his door and offer their stock-in-trade for sale.

Each trade in Peking has its own distinctive war-cry, and it is wonderful to see how many varieties there are. Before the tradesman actually appears, you can tell what sort of goods will be offered for sale by the sound or cry of that trade. Here comes a man who blows a loud blast on his long trumpet and you know he is a knife grinder. There goes a man who clangs a cymbal and you know he supplies sweets and toys for children. Further on, a man makes a funny vibrating noise by separating suddenly the two prongs of an iron instrument, and you know he is a travelling barber. Yet still further, a man beats a hand drum and you know he is a cloth-seller. And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Here we have two famous capitals of two historic nations. In the former, most goods are bought directly from the shops; in the latter, a great deal of the small articles, and even provisions, are bought right at the door. In the first the standard of living is admittedly higher, although from the householder's point of view the latter method is perhaps more convenient and popular.

But of the two, the former is certainly more to be preferred, since in the shops one can always have a better assortment to select from than in the pedlar's box or tray. Besides, if the householder so desires, the goods he has bought at the shops can be sent him free of any extra charge. In this way one gets the benefit of a combination of both methods.

Now that the standards of living in all countries are

being raised and the various modern conveniences are being introduced into China, it seems inevitable that the Peking householder's buy-at-the-door policy will have to be superseded by the more universal buy-at-the-shops method. From the historical as well as the sociological points of view, the change will be interesting, and we, therefore, notice it here in passing.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### ENGLISH CROWDS.

Man, we are told, is a gregarious being. This is especially true of the Englishman, for on the least pretence or excuse (*vide* the messenger boy) he will identify himself with a crowd. And the orderliness as well as the good behaviour of a London crowd is truly wonderful.

The Englishman loves sport, and this is best shown in a football field. For there, on a Saturday afternoon, after the week's work is done, you see the Londoner at play. Long ere the game begins, the field is already crowded almost to overflowing. And as the struggle progresses, the fortunes of the contending sides will be watched with the keenest interest by their respective supporters.

This enthusiasm for football is not difficult to explain. In the first place, the "soccer" game is clean and scientific, not one which bristles with loopholes for foul play. Again, when a man has been cooped up for a whole week in an office and in the midst of dull and cheerless weather, he naturally will embrace the first opportunity in the way of a diversion. The ideal place for such a purpose is undoubtedly a football field. The game being played in the open, the poor jaded Londoner has his fresh air while he watches on. The spectators are numerous, and so there is sure to be plenty of fun and amusement. And all these for the matter of sixpence or a shilling as gate

fee ! No wonder then that every football field draws some fifteen to thirty thousand enthusiasts in all conditions of weather, according to the importance of the matches.

When one is accustomed to seeing the game played by school boys or college undergraduates, the spectacle of a football player being paid to delight the public appears quite strange. From that moment the interest in the game assumes a new aspect. The players no longer vie with one another to win the laurel for their own respective colleges or universities, but contend like game roosters or mercenary soldiers for the clubs or organizations which pay them highest for their professional services.

Such qualms, however, do not seem to disturb the average Londoner's equanimity. In fact, his appetite is whetted all the keener because he pays his sixpence or a shilling not to see a school-boys' game, but to see "soccer" as it should be played by trained, scientific experts, just as naturally as he pays his shilling or half-crown to see a play staged by professional actors and actresses. Hence, many thousands more will swarm to watch an inter-league or Cup Tie match.

The activities of the various clubs or leagues are closely followed. Consequently, the report that such-and-such a famous footballer has been transferred from one rival league to another, and that the transfer fee amounts to upwards of a thousand pounds, seems to be received with greater eagerness than the statement that such-and-such a cabinet minister has been promoted and that his new salary is now four or five thousand pounds. The latter is prosaic and lacks romance ; it is one of the usual occurrences of official life. The former, however, is a nine

days' wonder ; it creates a stir among many a football dovecot, and appeals to the public imagination. To think that a pair of fine calves should be worth one thousand golden sovereigns !

Moreover, there is this interesting development from the popular interest in the game. Namely, the custom of many weekly magazines to hold football results competitions. That is to say, if a reader sends in a sixpenny postal order and fills in a complete and correct forecast of the results of the ten or twelve inter-league matches to be played off during the season, he or she will receive from the proprietors of the magazine a cash prize of £250 or £300. The prize, of course, is one which is not easy to win, but it is tantalizing and the competition, therefore, makes the magazine a good seller.

Nor is the competition a bogus affair. Until recently it was generally understood that the number of competitors must be large, so that if there was only one competitor, the proprietors reserved to themselves the right of withholding the prize, even though all his forecasts should ultimately prove correct. In a recent case, however, the matter was dragged before the courts, and the judge there decided that, if a football enthusiast was clever and had brains enough to guess accurately all the results, he was legally entitled to the promised reward, irrespective of the number of coupons he or the other competitors had sent in.

If the size of a crowd is big at a football match, the number of spectators that watch the Varsity Boat Race between Oxford and Cambridge is considerably larger. The two universities, being the oldest seats of learning



in the country, occupy a special place in the esteem of the public. Therefore their movements are always noted with a peculiar affection. This is true, for example, when the two hold their Inter-Varsity sports or football matches, for at these occasions the gathering is always very well attended.

But in the Inter-Varsity Boat Race is best shown the universal admiration for their renowned "undergrads." For not only is boating a healthy and popular exercise, but the theatre of war, so to speak, is wide enough for every spectator to witness comfortably. The course extends from Putney Bridge to the winning post at Mortlake. From the spectators' point of view, this route is ideally chosen. The banks of the Thames, as well as the bridges which cross the river at different parts of the course, afford splendid opportunities as observation posts.

Under the circumstances, the number of people who turn out to enjoy the race is enormous. The crush, of course, is heaviest at or near the finishing point. As is only to be expected, the crowd easily ranges itself into two opposite camps, and the supporters of each university vie with one another in speculating on the fortunes of the race.

More than this, the duel—the consummation of months and months of hard training and anxious suspense—is not protracted, but is over in twenty minutes. The popular expectations run high, and at Barnes or Mortlake the excitement well nigh borders on frenzy. "The Light Blues are coming!" "No, the Dark Blues are leading!" And then—Oxford finally won.

Then, to cap it all, the two teams celebrate their event

the same evening in the Empire Theatre. They are the heroes of the day, so boxes are reserved for them by the courtesy of the management. If the audience of this house is generally a good one, then the audience on this particular night is considerably better. There may be many who, through pressure of time or business have not seen the race; but here is a last opportunity for them to feast their eyes on London's lions. And if the performance on the stage is, as a rule, good, then the entertainment on this particular evening is extra first-class, simply because the audience is an unusual gathering.

In the course of the performance a moving picture reproduction of the morning's race will be shown. Thus the audience will not only see the boat race re-rowed on the screen, but will also see, right in front of them, the actors themselves. There, sitting in the boxes, nicely groomed and immaculately dressed, are the heroes in flesh and blood who took part in that celebrated duel only a few hours ago. Can the experience of a thrill be greater?

Then what a feeling of contrast for the rowers themselves! A few brief hours ago they were exerting all their might and main to win the laurel for their respective Alma Mater. Then it was real hard work in a rather raw sort of weather. Now it is lolling in ease and luxury, enjoying the desserts of greatness. For when the screen goes up and the lights are turned on again, they will be cheered and honoured as they have never perhaps been before. What an ovation, and what a triumph! Can the Roman general returning victorious from the field of battle be received with louder acclamations?

That evening the rowers will taste the fruits of hero-worship. In an ordinary performance those who occupy the boxes do not, as a rule, come in for much attention on the part of the audience in the less expensive seats. The latter will at most throw to them an occasional glance of curiosity, unless one happens to recognize a friend in one of the boxes. But on this memorable occasion, the boxes, even much more than the stage itself, will be the centre of attraction in the whole house.

And if those in the boxes like to be gazed at and admired by thousands of fair eyes, this will be their evening of conquest and perhaps also their proudest moments in life. They are the adored heroes, and it is they who stoop to conquer. And they too may claim laconically: "I came, I saw, I conquered."

This is not all, for during the evening they may do anything they like, short of actual violence or malice. They are the heroes of the hour, the demi-gods of admiring ladies. Moreover, they underwent months of laborious training, and at the no small expense of perhaps their studies also, just to add fresh glory to the name of their own universities and incidentally provide good sport for the edification of the London multitudes. Surely the management and the public will not mind if they go a bit out of the ordinary rules of theatre etiquette.

After all, they are sensible persons and not likely to lose their heads or self-respect. If so, a little extra mirth or jollity can do nobody any harm. Such is the adoration of hero-worship.

Above and beyond a football match or the Varsity Boat Race, the best thing to draw a crowd is pre-eminently

a royal procession. The former are effective substitutes at times, but they have at most only a local interest. The latter, however, is an entirely different matter. The event is unique, for the centre of attraction is no other than the people's King and Queen. The event is therefore national, not merely provincial or local.

Of course, it is not uncommon for the Londoners to see their King and Queen set out on a journey to visit an industrial or philanthropic centre. But these occasional glimpses occur during ordinary days and business hours when the greater bulk of the population is busy earning a living by the sweat of their brow. Therefore, the crowd is just the ordinary street crowd, although the concourse of spectators is greatly increased if their Majesties are on their way to open the Houses of Parliament.

The magnet, however, which draws together all classes of the London community as well as those of other cities, is the progress of their Majesties through a considerable section of the metropolis on the day following their solemn and impressive coronation. On this day all classes of society declare a national holiday, and one and all are out on the streets to greet and cheer their new sovereigns.

The route which the royal procession will traverse is packed with eager spectators. The pavement is a solid mass of humanity, and all available vantage points on the roof tops or windows are utilized. Even spacious shop windows for the display of goods are converted into grand stands!

Here we get some idea of the psychology of an English crowd. For the average spectator the pavement is his or her grand stand. So whoever desires a good place

on the pavement must needs get there early, if he is to obtain the best view of the day's historic scenes. And it is surprising to see how indefatigable some of the pavement front-rankers are.

For example, when King George and Queen Mary made their royal tour through the City in June, 1911, the procession was announced to pass the Strand at about eleven o'clock in the morning. On that occasion a Chinese friend and I were fortunate enough to secure two seats in one of the improvised grand stands in a window of a hatter's establishment. As the police had strict orders to stop all traffic, pedestrian as well as vehicular, after a certain hour, we were warned to be up betimes and get to our seats by eight o'clock at the latest.

Well, we got there in good time when the people on the pavement were already three or four lines deep. Looking down from our seats we particularly noticed that among the front-rankers on the pavement there were a few who looked rather tired and weary. We suggested that perhaps they had been too excited the previous night over the events of the morrow and so were deaf or insensible to the charms of Morpheus. Upon inquiry, however, we were informed that our theory, though reasonable enough, was yet inaccurate. The fact was that the tired people had got there in the early dawn of the morning, and some had even sat the whole night through, lest by going home they should return too late to occupy the coveted places of advantage! This patience, surely, is worthy of all admiration, when it is remembered that the royal procession did not actually pass by until about noon time.

Another conspicuous characteristic of a London crowd

is its good humour under trying conditions. Such a humour it may be easy to keep up when everybody is patiently waiting for the arrival of the royal procession or Lord Mayor's Show, as there are always a hundred and one things to interest the observer. For example, the soldiers arrive to line the route. Fresh people arrive on the pavement to take their stand behind the early comers, and a few may stand on the camp stools or sugar boxes which they bring along with them. Then there are the continual movements of reserved-seat holders in the grand stand. All these, I say, will provide enough incidents to create a diversion or arouse the spectator's interest in the world around him, unless one is a misanthrope and hates all human society.

But waiting at a football field is, in ordinary cases, a poor place for keeping up one's good humour. In front of you is an empty gridiron, with no sign whatever of the players, and all around you is an ever-ascending or descending mass of humanity, apparently all dressed alike in caps or bowlers and thick overcoats. The wind is cold and the weather is dreary. For the average spectator there are no seats unless he has reserved one in the grand stand. The game does not begin immediately after one gets on to the field—in fact, in order to secure a good view, one must arrive fairly early—and therefore the waiting is long and tedious.

Under such trying conditions it is, indeed, not easy to keep up one's good humour. But, strange to say, an English crowd can always keep up its good humour even here. The spectators may be a grumbling lot, but their gentle effervescences seem to accomplish the objects in

view. When one has to wait at least an hour, all the time standing in the cold and, more often than not, also in the rain, with naught to cheer one up save, perhaps, a newspaper, it is human nature to fret and curse. If the person keeps quiet and sulks within himself all the while, the accumulated internal fire will ere long result in a loud explosion. But if he occasionally gives vent to his feelings in mild murmurs and grumblings, much of the force of that internal fire will perhaps have been spent when the final explosion does take place. Therefore, he is always on the alert for opportunities to divert his smouldering feelings into other neutralizing channels.

This explains why the weary waiting spectators are easily humoured, for anything amusing will surely provoke a laugh. The incident itself may be trivial or even childish; yet, such are the idiosyncrasies of the human mind, it will be readily pounced upon and clung to, simply because it is a change, and deliverance from the opposite extreme.

For example, on one occasion while a crowd was waiting for the game to begin, somebody passed around a collection box in aid of some local charity. Near a gangway was a police constable. A wag suddenly asked the person in charge of the box, "Will coppers do?" "Yes, if you please." "Well, here is one," and the speaker pointed to the innocent constable who stood near by. The pun was a clever one, and so the whole company broke out into loud laughter.

On another occasion, among a crowd of spectators were two foreigners from Whitechapel. Just when everybody was getting impatient for the game to begin, they started to talk about things in which they were mutually

interested. Their conversation soon drifted into personal matters and both were discussing the ages of their spouses at home. The first suggested that he and his wife were an ideal pair, because she was only three years his junior. "Oh, that's nothing," answered the second. "My voife ist dirty and I am dirty doo." The bystanders, of course, understood what the latter meant when he said "dirty" and "dirty doo," but the accuracy of the description, as applied to his own untidy appearance, came in for a good deal of merriment.

Perhaps the most conspicuous virtue of an English crowd is its remarkable docility and orderliness. The concourse may number even half a million people, as, for example, at the White City Exhibition, but the Englishman's respect for law and order stands him in good stead wherever he goes. You do not see many policemen, but the crowd is left to take care of itself. There are no violent pushings or jerkings, but everybody seems to live up to the principle of "Live and let Live." If you can get to a coveted seat or place first, you are entitled to keep it, and no one will ever dream of wresting it from you.

This perfect orderliness is truly wonderful, and as in the other spheres of activity, so in a crowd, the Englishman is a past master in the art of self-control.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### AFTERNOON TEAS.

It is said that a German cannot do without his lager beer, or the American his chewing gum. Similarly, it seems that the Englishman cannot do without his afternoon tea. Wherever a stranger may go—high or low, rich or poor, at the busy office or at the leisurely tea-room—he will invariably come across the same delightful function at the appointed hour. No compulsion or legislation is required, but let the hands of the clock point to “tea time,” and everybody will obey the impulse with alacrity and enthusiasm. It is as if some unseen hand drags one and all from their work or task when the hour strikes four—a case, indeed, of willing compulsion.

This is an interesting phenomenon. For, as in the case of the umbrella, so such a common household utensil as a tea cup is sufficient to proclaim the nationality of its user. One may wander about the Continent and search in vain for this typical English institution. There is no other word for this afternoon tea ; it is an English *institution*. In the afternoon, or at any hour of the day, you can have beer, or coffee, or intoxicating drinks, on the boulevards or at the cafés in Europe, but you will not find the Englishman’s favourite beverage at the appointed time. It is true that in recent years some of the first-class hotels in Paris, Berlin or New York have started to serve afternoon teas, but the experiment does not seem to

be at all extensively followed by the other sections of the community. Or the afternoon tea may be just a ladies' function in some countries, but in England it knows no distinctions of either sex or wealth. Another testimony to English democracy!

As everybody knows, the tea originally came from China where to-day it is still the standing beverage of the day. The plant being a foreign importation, it is said that up to not so very long ago there were in England considerable misconceptions in the public minds as regards the exact method of using it. For example, even in these days, it is imagined in some quarters that as the chop-sticks are the sole implements for eating in China, so the Chinese also drink their soup with them. Accordingly, it was thought that the Chinese way of drinking tea was to decant away the actual liquid but suck the leaves instead!

How much truth there is in this popular legend it is not easy to find out, but it shows that somehow or other popular misconceptions will exist when a foreign custom is introduced into the country. In proof of this one need only to be reminded of the way in which the tobacco was first introduced into England. When Sir Walter Raleigh returned from Virginia and smoked his first pipe, the members of his household were mystified by the amount of smoke which issued from Sir Walter's nostrils. One, more faithful than the rest, thought that his master's clothes were on fire; so, without the least hesitation, he went and poured a bucket of water over the gallant knight!

In China, apart from convivial occasions, when foreign as well as Chinese intoxicants are requisitioned, the tea is drunk at all hours of the day and night, although lately

the custom seems to be growing up of drinking pure boiling water. When a guest calls at a house, either formally or informally, the servant always serves him with a cup of tea. This seems to be a much more sensible way of receiving one's guest than the Western way of not offering any beverage at all, unless, of course, it happens to be tea time, or the caller is an intimate friend, when perhaps whisky and soda will be offered. The Chinese way, however, is decidedly superior; for a cup of tea goes a long way towards refreshing a caller after his journey, or warming him up if the weather is wet and cold.

This tea is just the plain brewed liquid, without any milk or sugar. It is drunk undiluted, without any other accompaniment, although sometimes, especially if the guest is an old acquaintance, nuts and sweets are also served. The tea is just a refresher or thirst-quencher and nothing more, although a great deal of business may be transacted between the intervals of mutual drinking.

The English afternoon tea, however, is, to use an Americanism, quite a stiff proposition. It is not a mere quencher or refresher, but a meal in itself. The liquid is seldom drunk undiluted; there must be milk and sugar to go with it, if not also cream. Now this method of diluting the tea strikes an Easterner at first as quite improper; for all fragrance of the leaves is drowned in the taste of milk and sugar. It is not tea, but tea plus milk and sugar. But I for one do not wonder at it; because if the tea is Ceylon, I certainly prefer it with milk and sugar. The pure Chinese tea, however, has less tannin than the Indian tea; therefore, no milk or sugar is required.

Moreover, to drink just the beverage and eat naught

else seems insipid and unworthy of the occasion ; so there must be bread and butter, cakes and pastries to go down with the tea. This is not because the Englishman is a bigger gormandiser than any other European, but is due to the fact that the function happens to come between the two regular meals of luncheon and dinner. In China the staple food is rice ; so three meals a day seem sufficient for the needs of the ordinary man. But in the West, the bread takes the place of rice. The former is not so solid or satisfying as the latter ; hence the inner man demands a fairly substantial "half-timer" between the noonday and evening meals.

Apart from the fact that it serves the purpose of a third meal, this afternoon tea is also useful as a sociable agent. It does not come on till about four, so you can do a lot of shopping or other business before then. But once your shopping or business is over, you ask a friend or friends to meet you at tea in a public tea-room. And there you not only enjoy your rest, but also chat or discuss matters with your friends.

Besides, the intervals between a sip of tea and a bite of sandwich or cake are splendid aids to conversation. You do not need to cudgel your brains for subjects to talk about. The quality of the tea or of the spread on the table, as well as the movements of the other habitués and perhaps, also the orchestra, will furnish you with sufficient topics for discussion to make the meeting a pleasurable pastime and relaxation. Accordingly, one can appreciate Lord Robert Cecil's turn of mind when, confronted by awkward questions from persevering newspaper interviewers at the Foreign Office, he took temporary shelter

behind a cup of tea and then emerged therefrom ready to answer his interrogators.

In a city of the size of the metropolis there are, of course, all kinds of tea-rooms or tea-shops to suit every purse or satisfy every palate. For example, in an ascending scale, you may tea at Lockhart's or Slater's, or Fuller's, or the Criterion, or Rumpelmeyer's. Each has its own special clientele according to the length of each person's purse. But this much seems to be common to all of them: everybody seems to get what he wants out of his money's worth. Both the caterers and the customers are satisfied, and so the institution thrives and prospers.

Some of the high-class restaurants provide also other novel attractions, although their teas, cakes, etc., may be nothing much out of the usual run of things. For example, at Fuller's or the Criterion, a good orchestra may discourse a nice selection of music during the tea, and at the Trocadero, the music may be vocal instead of instrumental. Or at the Waldorf there may be "tango teas," when professional dancers will give exhibitions of the tango or other latest dances.

These extra diversions, of course, help the time to pass away so much more pleasantly than just the ordinary drinking, eating, and talking. Such a half-crown tea is interesting and seems to bear a close resemblance to the tea-drinking inside a Chinese theatre. For in China, you do not simply watch a play, but kill two birds with one stone. All through the performance you may drink tea or order a fresh supply, and you may crack nuts, melon-seeds, or even converse among yourselves. There is every freedom of action, and you enjoy the theatricals as well as the refreshments simultaneously.

In ordinary cases the English afternoon tea is a most enjoyable function, but at times the experience is far from comfortable. I refer to partaking of afternoon tea in a lady's "At Home" party. The function takes place in the drawing-room, where everybody is supposed to put on his or her best behaviour and, in the case of a lady guest, also her best hat and gown. You have no table where you can put your cup and saucer, etc., but all the paraphernalia must be securely perched on your knees.

As long as there is no one to disturb you, you are tolerably safe. You balance your cup and saucer in one hand, and use the other to act as the connecting rod between the delicacies on the plate, which is resting on your knees, and the cup of tea which is to wash them down. But you are neither free nor easy. You feel cramped and precarious, unless a considerate hostess will supply you with a small table for putting your plate, cup and saucer on.

In this uncomfortable position you may still manage to keep up a respectable appearance and even keep up some sort of a conversation with the person who is placed next to you. But woe to you if a newcomer, especially a lady, enters the room! If you have no table in front of you, then one of two things must happen. You either get up with your cup and saucer on top of your plate and remain standing until the new arrival finds a seat, or you sit tight in your chair and so avoid the risk of upsetting your tea on somebody else's dress or the hostess's carpet in the process of getting up. The experience is most unpleasant and you wish that you had not accepted the invitation at all. The anxiety is simply excruciating, and your nerves are all set on edge even though you may

manipulate your impedimenta without any mishap whatsoever.

An "At Home" tea is intended to be a sociable affair, but the function seems to fall sadly short of that high ideal. It is presumed that in the motley crowd gathered by your hostess, you may meet new acquaintances with whom you can chum or at least discover a mutual interest, but here is where a fine theory breaks down in actual practice. With a plate between your knees and your two hands busily occupied, it is rather expecting too much of you to converse in any animated manner, for you will be too much concerned with the safety of the tea things to think of anything else. If you can contrive not to spill your tea or drop your plate, you have good cause to thank your stars. Unless you are an expert in the art of balancing a plate between your knees, etc., you are generally nervous. The most you can do under such trying circumstances is to murmur a few monosyllabic replies. But for you to attempt anything more heroic is to cause a nervous breakdown, if not instant disaster.

Furthermore, even when two new acquaintances do manage by hook or by crook to get successfully started in a conversation, such newly-found interest is bound to be short-lived. It is the purpose of the hostess to introduce every guest to every other guest, so she will not permit you to monopolize the valuable time and attention of any one companion. Of course, the case is different, if your hostess intends that the acquaintance between you and your fair companion shall subsequently result in something definitely substantial! Otherwise, a hostess must be loyal to her duties and partial to none. Therefore,

just when you begin to get warmed up in a business proposition or some other mutual interest, the obliging mistress of ceremonies comes, marches you off and then puts you beside somebody else. The object of the hostess is to get everybody acquainted with everybody else, but just as you are getting acquainted, in she comes and spoils the fun!

From the social point of view, therefore, the "At Home" tea cannot be called a success. Surely so attractive a function as the afternoon tea ought never for a moment to be robbed of its charms by being partaken of in a drawing-room. Rather it should be enjoyed as any other ordinary meal with a substantial table and a substantial chair. Then you need not worry about the safety of either your or some other person's clothes, or even the preservation of your hostess's crockery and other property. You can be at ease and free to concentrate your attention on the conversation with your companions.

If the dining-room is not regarded favourably as a congenial place for afternoon tea, then the hostess ought certainly to provide each of her guests with a small tea-table. But whenever possible, it seems that the dining-room is the ideal place for the purpose. Of course, if the afternoon tea is not so substantial, but consists of just a cup of tea, like the Chinese way of drinking it, with perhaps some melon-seeds or other nuts as hunger-appeasers, the drawing-room may be a tolerable place. But, fortunately or unfortunately for the guest, an English afternoon tea is a small meal in itself. Therefore, to do justice to the hostess's hospitality as well as the spirit of the gathering, I suggest that the dining-room should always be preferred to the drawing-room.



Here in this tea-drinking habit we have a key to one phase of the English character. Just as the Frenchman is often of an excitable nature, because of his coffee or absinth, or the German is dull and heavy because of his beer, so the Englishman is of a quieter disposition because of his cup which cheers but does not inebriate. By this I do not mean that the Englishman is a teetotaler and abjures all intoxicating liquors. Nevertheless, it is true to say that he is more a tea-drinker than a wine-drinker. Accordingly, his nerves are not so highly strung. He is calmer and steadier, and more adapted to doing real hard work than many of his fellows.

On the other hand, the tea has a tendency to make one more serious-minded than one who is a devotee of the wine or spirits. This perhaps explains why the Englishman takes life so seriously, whereas the Frenchman or German is inclined to think more of the gayer side of life. Therefore the Englishman is serious and almost ascetic, whereas the Frenchman or German is light-headed as well as light-hearted.

With the former, life seems to be all work and scarcely any play; with the latter, life is more play than work. The former, more so than the latter, loves sport; but he regards sport or play not as such, but as work. As in work, so in play, the Englishman brings to bear the same seriousness of mind and purpose. Not so, however, the Frenchman or the German; for not only work is work and play is play, but it seems that with either of them work is also play. The contrast is instructive, for it is all the contrast between tea and wine.

## CHAPTER XV.

### ENGLISH COOKING AND RESTAURANTS.

From afternoon teas to solid dinners is not a far cry, yet the contrast between the two is great. It may sound almost inconceivable, but none the less true, that the Englishman looks forward with eagerness to the former and not the latter. The one may be less substantial than the other, but he regards the first as a treat, a pleasure, and the second only a duty, a drudgery. The element of bulk or solidness in the latter may have something to do with this comparative aversion for it, but the real reason seems to lie much deeper. Namely, the former can be varied or plain, simple or elaborate, but the latter is doomed to almost perennial monotony.

Just as the German food is reputed abroad to consist of only sausages and the sauerkraut, so English food is said to consist of only sardines on toast, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Such a statement is, of course, inaccurate, but it seems not entirely groundless. To be sure, the Englishman's diet requires much more than is provided by the above simple menu. But the comparative simplicity of English cooking as well as the paucity of change, after the list of possible varieties is exhausted, no doubt is responsible for such an impression.

It is inevitable that when one speaks of foreign customs, there are many misconceptions. For example, many

Westerners suppose that Chinese food consists either of such dainty and expensive dishes as the bird's nest soup or shark's fin, or such unsavoury things as the cat's and dog's meat. And even now there are foreigners who think that the Frenchman subsists only on the snail. Now while a great deal of this misunderstanding is the result of ignorance or unfamiliarity, a greater measure of the blame may be laid at the door of enormous differences between the Chinese and English methods of cooking. For it is human nature to infer that when somebody else's methods in doing a thing are not quite the same as ours, therefore everything connected therewith is bound to be strange or antipodean.

The first noticeable difference between Chinese food and English food is perhaps in the matter of utensils for eating. In the West the knife and fork do service for cutting up the meat or vegetables as well as conveying them to the mouth. In China a pair of chopsticks takes the place of both. We call them "nimble lads," and nimble they are indeed!

This is not because these handy implements, which are no longer than ten or twelve inches, or bigger than the ordinary lead pencils, are as sharp as, or are meant to do the arduous work of, the knife and fork. The truth is that all the meat, flesh, and vegetables, etc., have already been cut or sliced to the required dimensions in the kitchen. Therefore, when they come to the table, all the chopsticks have to do is to convey the morsels from the plate or bowl to the mouth.

Of course, one cannot expect impossible things out of just two innocent looking sticks. In fact, one of the

ancient Classics, the Book of Rites, which prescribes the etiquette for all acts or deeds, expressly enjoins that "Chopsticks are to be used for all purposes except for drinking soup"—thus consecrating the use of the spoon at least twenty centuries ago. So the notion that the Chinese also use the chopsticks to drink their soup with, can only occur in the mind of a person who believes that it is possible to empty the Atlantic Ocean by means of a mere pail or bucket.

Simple as are the chopsticks, which are generally made of wood, though sometimes of ivory, yet there is quite a halo of romance surrounding them, since their first requisition into use. For example, it is said that when, two thousand years ago, an emperor of the Han Dynasty decided to invade a foreign state, one of his ministers wished to dissuade him from the perilous undertaking but dared not speak out. The official bided his time, and finally resorted to disguising his own opinion in the form of a revelation by his chopsticks which were carved with engravings. The sovereign one day dined with his ministers. Suddenly the official in question rose to his feet and said:—"Your Majesty's cause is lost. I have just consulted my chopsticks." Subsequently it turned out that the emperor's plan for conquest had really failed.

Again, it is related in one of the anecdotes as follows:—

A sea-shell which had the elongated form of a stick, and which is known as the solen or razor, is greatly appreciated in China. It bears a mark on its side. It is said that an emperor having taken a solen up in his chopsticks, cast it into the lake. The mollusc multiplied, but each of its descendants preserves the traces of the chopsticks of Emperor Han Wu-ti.

Moreover, one of our Chinese philosophers has these lines about the chopsticks, which may be taken as a piece of allegory on life :—

I often wish to consult my chopsticks,  
Which always taste what is bitter and what is sweet before we do.  
But they answer that all good savour comes from the dishes  
themselves,  
And that all that they do is to come and to go.

The Westerner's knife and fork may be made of silver or even of gold, but it is doubtful if there ever was so much of the romantic atmosphere woven round them.

To return from our digression, the greatest difference between the Chinese cooking and the foreign cooking is perhaps in the way of preparing the food. In the West the meat is generally cooked separately from the vegetables ; whereas in China the different things are mixed together in their proper quantities. In the former the meat that comes on the table is tasteless, even though roasted, and one has to put thereon whatever salt or pepper or sauce is necessary. In China, however, the cook it is who sees to the proper seasoning of the food, so that one rarely needs any extra sauce or pepper.

It is true that different palates require different degrees of saltness, and what may suit one may not agree with the other. But a Chinese cook knows by experience almost the exact degree of seasoning which is acceptable to the majority of his patrons. If anything, he errs on the side of perhaps just insufficient seasoning ; in which case, any diner may call for extra sauce or pepper. In this respect the French cooking seems to come nearest to the Chinese ; for of all Western food the French

appears to be the most highly seasoned, although it still falls far short of the Chinese standards of seasoning.

The Easterner in England generally complains that the English food consists of a perpetual vicious circle of nothing but beef and mutton. There is no variety beyond the merry-go-round alternation between roast beef, stewed mutton, salt beef, and mutton chop, with perhaps cold meat and mashed potatoes for a change! The complaint seems to be legitimate, but the fault is not entirely that of the parsimonious boarding-house keeper or restaurant proprietor. The trouble lies more with the method of cooking than anything else.

If the same food were cooked in the Chinese way, there would surely be no complaint. Since almost every kind of meat or flesh can be cooked together with almost every kind of vegetables, plus the necessary condiments as seasoners, the desires of almost any kind of palate can be satisfied. The varieties of available meat or flesh being strictly limited, one cannot grumble; but one certainly dislikes to see always the same cold meat or the same grilled chop served on the table and separated from the boiled or mashed potatoes or carrots. Now if the same meat were cooked each time with different combinations, the simple palate can be easily deceived, and unless the cook forgets himself or herself, any dish thus prepared is sure to find ready consumers.

On the other hand, the English method of cooking or eating is not without its redeeming features. English food may not be so tasty or appetising as Chinese food, but it is not so rich or greasy as the latter. It is simpler and, perhaps, more congenial to one's alimentary system.

Therefore, there is less likelihood in the former than in the latter of one's system contracting dyspepsia, constipation, or other worse ailments.

Besides, the English way of eating is more sanitary. Here you eat or drink from your own plate of meat and vegetables, etc. In China, however, each person is only provided with a small bowl of rice ; so each must dip his chopsticks or spoon into the large common bowl in the centre of the table for the morsels which are to go down together with the rice. Since many contagious diseases are caused by the lack of care or precautions, the Chinese method cannot be strongly defended. Therefore, one is glad to note that many are now in favour either of serving the Chinese food in the foreign style, namely, each person to have his or her equal share on a plate or bowl, or of using a clean pair of chopsticks or spoon when meat or vegetables are wanted from the central supply bowl. For either method is cleaner and more hygienic than the existing practice.

What is more, the Western method of using a clean table cloth is decidedly superior to the Chinese way of having a table but minus a cloth. This is perhaps because the Chinese food is rich and greasy, and everybody has to help himself from the centre of the table. Accordingly, the cloth gets soiled in no time, and then the change will have to be daily instead of weekly.

In addition, the use of a serviette at meal times deserves to be encouraged, for it contributes to the appearance of cleanliness. On the other hand, the hot towel which a waiter or servant hands to each guest several times in the course of a Chinese dinner or banquet is an improve-

ment over the dry napkin. For the latter is a poor aid in wiping the grease from one's mouth, whereas the former can also perform the work of cleaning one's face, the towel being each time rinsed dry from boiling water.

If one were to compare an English dinner or banquet with a Chinese dinner or banquet, one would say that the former excels in the decoration of the table or room, whereas the latter excels in the elaborateness of the food for actual consumption. Thus a dinner or banquet in England with, say, ten or twelve courses is considered quite fashionable, whereas in a Chinese dinner of similar importance the number of courses will be thirty or as many as fifty! But in the former there are many valuable adjuncts in the way of table decorations as well as other artistic arrangements which are lacking in the latter.

For example, some years ago, an American millionaire gave a New Year's Eve dinner to a select company of over one hundred friends in the Savoy Hotel. The dining-hall was elaborately furnished, and the seating arrangement being oval in shape, the centre of the ellipse contained a realistic representation of Arctic life and scene. To cap it all, when the sweets were served, each gentleman guest was surprised to find on his plate a gold scarf pin inside an imitation cream cone, and each lady a gold brooch. No wonder that such a novel sumptuous banquet cost the host £60 per head! This elaborateness and expense is, of course, rare, but it shows the scope of the decorative accompaniments of an English dinner which are hardly practicable in a Chinese banquet.

If an Englishman cannot be called so great an epicurean as a Chinese, he is also not such a big consumer. It is



true that at least one half of the thirty or more courses in a Chinese banquet is barely tasted ; nevertheless, in an English dinner the food itself is not the principal thing. More often than not the company sits down not so much to enjoy the repast as to hear after-dinner speeches. The food is just a preliminary to the post-prandial function, and therefore is not so much emphasized as it is in a Chinese banquet. In the latter it is just eating and drinking or talking, but no speech-making. And in this respect the English banquet is decidedly superior. For when one is surrounded by an abundance of flowers and artistic decorations, as well as entertained by first an orchestra and then the post-prandial speakers, the whole atmosphere partakes of the spirit of a pleasurable dinner. The inner man is fed, but the æsthetic senses are also satisfied.

Moreover, there is also in a Western dinner or banquet an admixture of ladies. This is unknown in China, although in recent years, especially among foreign educated students, the old seclusion of sexes is slowly being relaxed and in friendly dinners the Western custom is more or less adopted. This participation of ladies deserves to be encouraged, for their presence not only contributes to the gaiety of the assembly but also produces a sobering influence on the deportment of the male birds. Of course, there are occasions when lady guests are strictly excluded ; but in such cases, the gathering is more a formal business meeting than an enjoyable social affair.

In the case of a mixed company there is, however, this drawback. Namely that, unless the hostess is careful in the selection of her guests, you may easily be placed next

to a lady whom you now meet, perhaps, for the first time but whom etiquette binds you to entertain. In these circumstances, it is rather hard on you. You do not know what to converse with her about, for all personal matters must be strictly avoided. Your talk is therefore one-sided, unless your companion is considerate enough to assist you. Consequently, the conversation drags, and no one is the better for it. You feel nervous and awkward, and wish that some one would be merciful enough to come and rescue you. The lady herself feels bored and tries her best to suppress her yawns or keep up an interested appearance. Neither the one nor the other is the happier for the ordeal, and the dinner becomes then more a torture than an enjoyment.

Now if I were asked to give an estimate of the English food, I think I can say that there is much in the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding to justify their being elevated into a national dish. But this pudding must not be cooked too much, although I prefer my beef rather "middling done" than "under done." The stewed mutton, cold beef, cold meat and boiled vegetables may not be tempting, but the sweets or pudding are most becoming. It may be that I have a "sweet" tooth, but the trifle, diplomatic pudding, or treacle pudding with plenty of golden syrup are certainly appetizing.

Thus there may be a dearth in English food of variety in the meat dishes which come under the second course in an ordinary household dinner, but not in the things which go to make up the third course or sweets. To be sure, there are good sweets and bad sweets. For example, the rice pudding with stewed prunes is a notorious



LADIES SMOKING IN PUBLIC RESTAURANTS.

Sketch by Miss KONG SING.



bugbear, whereas custard and rhubarb, if supplemented by cream and sugar, may be more than passable. Nevertheless, there is here a greater scope for alternation or something new than in the second course.

If an English luncheon or dinner is poor, the English breakfast is quite attractive. There are, of course, people who object to what they call the eternal bacon and the hard-as-bullet eggs, but comparatively, an English breakfast is more preferable than a Continental breakfast. In the latter, a roll and a cup of coffee are believed to be sufficient nourishment to break the fast as well as keep the human machinery going until luncheon time. But such a diet seems parsimonious and not so considerate to the inner man as the English breakfast with its eggs and bacon, toast or bread, and jam or marmalade. The porridge which precedes the eggs and bacon, kipper or haddock, may not be appetizing, but it is good nourishment on a cold winter morning.

The English breakfast is thus substantial and supplies enough nutrition to enable one to subsist on a light luncheon. And the lightness of the mid-day meal is compensated or counterbalanced by a fairly substantial afternoon tea as a "half-timer" and a solid dinner to wind up with. The arrangement as regards both quality and quantity seems to be fairly satisfactory, and this perhaps explains why the common-sense Englishman is willing to continue in the same old rut, day in and day out, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out.

It is, however, human nature to be tired of the same thing over and over again. Variety is the spice of life,

and so we like a change occasionally. This is true particularly of food, and since the English cooking is on the whole unappetizing, the Englishman feels that he must occasionally dine out, for example, at a restaurant.

In some cases a man dines out because the home cooking is tedious or monotonous. But in the majority of cases he goes to a restaurant for the sake of a change. However skilful a man's cook may be, the English method of cooking as we have already seen, does not admit of much variation, whereas the cuisine of a public eating-house is sure to have some sort of novelty.

Besides, we do not like always to be surrounded by the same dining-room environment. We want new cooking, new faces, and new decorations. All these we can have in any restaurant, and more besides if we are prepared to pay. Thus we may either go to a small quiet place where we can have our meal in peace, or to a more expensive one and get also music. At home we are alone by ourselves. But in a restaurant we will be numbered with the crowd where there is life, laughter and plenty of good cheer.

This aspect of human nature is inevitable, and so public eating-houses or restaurants thrive and prosper, multiply and expand. A stranger in London may easily conclude from the number of restaurants he meets with everywhere, that the Englishman is a gourmand. In fact, however the latter's capacity for consumption is no more extraordinary than that of others, and the number of restaurants only testifies to the immensity of this City of Cities, since it numbers over seven million souls.

Here we come upon the question of tipping or gratuities.

If there is one universal bugbear which is the most hated of all, it is undoubtedly this matter of tipping. It is a modern hydra, the heads of which you see everywhere you go—in the hotel, in the railway station, in the tea-room, in the restaurant. And it is a wonder that the community does not unite in one body to extirpate this insidious evil wherever it exists. It is not that you are unwilling to reward the person who attends to your order and does it satisfactorily, but it is outrageous that unless you are prepared to give a tip you can wait until everybody else has been served. You are quite ready to pay the management an extra sixpence or so for the service, but you cannot swallow without a fight, the challenge that you may be blackmailed with impunity by the employees.

This threat, more often unveiled than veiled, is monstrous. If you show any signs of independence, it hangs like the sword of Damocles over your head. It is true that if you do not tip your waiter or porter, he cannot do anything to you; nevertheless, he can give you a look which is enough to poison you. You can, of course, go elsewhere for the same money; but if you do return to the same place, then woe to you! Your meanness at the last occasion will have already been anathematised by the various employees. So when you appear again, vengeance is written large on their faces.

For this state of affairs the blame is not entirely on the employees, although one is not unmindful of the avarice in this respect of a certain class of waiter. The blame lies primarily on the management or proprietors, for they are only too well aware of the universal rebellion against this insidious form of social tyranny. Therefore, they

ought to pay their employees adequately in order to remove from them any temptation to batten on their indulgent public.

Accordingly, one admires the far-sightedness of the few companies which not only pay their employees properly, but also forbid them under pain of confiscation or dismissal to accept tips from customers. These mark their menu-cards: "No gratuities," or "Please report cases of incivility or inattention on the part of employees to the management." Such business methods are sound and sensible, and therefore the establishments adopting them are immensely popular. After all, it is the public who pays, and consequently it is entitled to get the most satisfaction out of its money's worth.

If some proprietors plead that they are too poor to pay their employees adequately, then the Berlin restaurant keeper's methods may perhaps be adopted. There, every customer is expected to order some beer or wine. If one is a teetotaler one must pay for it all the same, because ten per cent. of the total bill will be added to the amount one has to pay. Now if such a rule be adopted, it will be warmly supported by the public, especially as the present rate of tipping is ten per cent. of one's dinner bill. Then everybody can have his tea or meal in peace, and then there will be an end to the rankling feeling of outrage and injustice.

We do not wish to dilate further upon this question of gratuities. Nevertheless, it may be remarked in passing that Budapest seems to be the cheapest place in Europe for tips. Some six years ago, when returning from Constantinople, a Chinese friend and I had two hours to wait



for a train to Vienna. We happened to have as a cabin-mate a Turkish merchant who was returning to his business in Berlin, so we asked him what we should best do in that strange city under the circumstances. It happened that he also had to wait for over two hours for his train, so he offered to keep us company. He then handed our portmanteaux and suit-cases to a railway porter, with our instructions to deposit the same in the safe-keeping of a cloak-room until the train was to start, when he was to put our bags, etc., into a smoking carriage, and on top of two opposite seats nearest to the window. Then we sallied from the station and spent the time in "doing" some sights as well as coffee drinking.

A quarter of an hour before our train was scheduled to start, we returned to the platform. There, to our greatest surprise and gratification, we found that our admirable porter had obeyed our instructions implicitly and without one single mistake. Yes, there by the window were our bags; the carriage was a smoker, and everything was done just as satisfactorily as if we ourselves had done it. Then we asked our Turkish friend how much we ought to pay the porter, and he said fifteen pfennigs (two-pence) per head, or thirty pfennigs for the two of us. We demurred and suggested that that amount was surely unjust to the man for all his troubles, but our counsellor assured us that it was quite regular and in order. We did as advised, and then were astonished to see the porter bow and scrape most contentedly and effusively. And all this for thirty pfennigs or fourpence!

A dinner, we have said, is not intended primarily for mere gormandising. There are other utilities, the chief

of which seems to be its instrumentality for promoting good-will and good fellowship. It may be mean ethics, but it is none the less true, that a dinner goes a long way towards promoting friendship, or getting into somebody's "good books."

Such meat-and-wine friendship may not be worth much; nevertheless, it is human nature that when a man invites you to dinner you do think more charitably of him. This is another way of saying that you ought to give tribute to whomsoever tribute is due. For when a man goes so far as to invite you to dinner, it means that he has a good opinion of you and considers you as one who is worthy of being welcomed among his circle of friends. To be so highly thought of is indeed an honour, so it is only just and fair that you should reciprocate the honour he has done you. To feel otherwise is to play the part of an ungrateful misanthrope who is insensible to kindness and more fit to be shipwrecked on Crusoe's island than to mix with sensible people.

As an illustration, let me relate a personal experience. Some four years ago, I was invited to be one of the speakers at the first conference of the British National Laymen's Missionary Movement in Buxton. As the assembly numbered over one hundred, I, of course, made many new acquaintances. But there was one to whom I owe a considerable debt of gratitude. He is a sterling Christian, a prominent Member of Parliament, a baronet, and also a right honourable privy councillor. If the incident were not so trifling, I might perhaps disclose his identity; but as it is, I must here draw the line.

When the gathering finally dispersed, this English

friend and I returned in the same train to London, and on the way discussed many topics of mutual interest. Two weeks after, I was surprised to receive from him an invitation to dinner at his house, and a month afterwards another invitation to dinner on Christmas Day. Being just an ordinary foreign student who was a total stranger to him until we met at Buxton, I was deeply touched and flattered by his hospitality. Accordingly, before my final departure from England, I called on him and his family at his country residence in Surrey and spent a night with them. And to my surprise I found that the room I had was only that morning vacated by a British Cabinet minister whom two days afterwards I met at the House of Commons dining-room.

Frankly, I am at a loss to know what it was which had caused my distinguished friend to take such a kind interest in me. Nevertheless, the incident illustrates the benign influence of a kind friend's hospitality. In this case it is a prominent English gentleman befriending an unknown foreign student who is less than half his own age. It is not a case of friendship between two persons of the same age, interest or even temperament. It is just an instance of a generous heart bubbling over with sentiments of good-will and friendliness for all and sundry, foreigners as well as fellow-countrymen.

Therefore, a dinner is a useful agent for the promotion of friendships. Here is where the rounds of dinners and banquets or other items of entertainment for a distinguished foreign visitor have their place. If the representatives of different nations, like the different sections of a community, can only get together to discuss matters in the course

of, or after, a friendly dinner, it seems that the chances for international suspicions and misunderstandings will be considerably decreased. As long as both sides hold aloof from each other, each is bound to nurse its own grievances and disparage the merits of the other. But let them get together to explain their respective rights and wrongs to each other over a friendly meal, and it will not be difficult to find a solution for their problems.

This idea is not new; it has its prototype in a Chinese "peace" dinner. For example, if two persons quarrel and refuse to talk to each other, a mutual friend gives a dinner to which both are invited. The dinner is attended by both, each being cognisant of the real object of the festivity. As it does not do for them to sulk before the host, they converse as if their recent estrangement has never occurred. The dead past is buried and so the two are reconciled.

Now some such scheme is surely practicable. As in the later stages of an international dispute, so at its inception or beginnings, all that is required to effect a peaceful settlement is the good office of a mediator. I suggest, therefore, that a function after the model of the Chinese "peace" dinner should be adopted as such a mediator. For when the peace plenipotentiaries of two belligerents meet on a neutral territory to discuss the problems of post-bellum settlement, there will be dinners and banquets as well as other entertainments. If these dinners must be given after hostilities have been waged, surely it is more sensible to give them before the outbreak of hostilities. The scheme is reasonable and feasible. It deserves to be given a fair trial,

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS.

After a day's hard work the Londoner amuses himself at a theatre, music hall or moving-picture show. And it is wonderful to see how every one of these places of entertainment is always crowded, despite the great number of such rival establishments. This is explained, perhaps, by the fact that the average Londoner knows how to live his life. He takes life seriously, so while he is at work he does not do things with half measures. But the human system cannot afford to peg at it continually without rest or recreation; therefore, the Londoner must have his play time. To him, however, play is not mere recreation but another form of work, the only difference being that the activities of the mind and body are for the moment directed to another channel. So he plays as hard as he works, and works as hard as he plays. Accordingly, he loves his sport and enjoys his work.

Work while you work ;  
Play while you play.  
This is the way  
To be cheerful and gay.

The best proof of this is the long queue of people waiting to enter a theatre or music hall. To a stranger, such a spectacle is highly interesting, for it shows that the Londoner at play is no other than the Londoner at work. If in the morning he gazes in wonder and amazement at the vastness

of London's population, he stares now at the crowds of amusement seekers who are gathered in a snake-like formation before the theatre doors.

Here again is exemplified one of the virtues of a London crowd which we have already noted. As in the football field or royal procession, so in a theatre queue, the crowd is the same orderly crowd—easy to handle and also easy to humour. There is no need of any strict control or supervision by the police, but the sea of humanity is left very much to itself. As elsewhere, so here while waiting for the theatre doors to open, there is no pushing or shoving, shouting or disputing. "First come, first served," and therefore the late comer does not begrudge the early bird his or her place at the head of the queue. To appreciate this, a stranger should take his place in such a queue, for those who come after him will take their stand behind him as naturally and automatically as if each person has been specially assigned that particular place by a common superior. The latter never think of going in front or pushing others out of their places. All they say is, perhaps, "I hope there will still be room for us," or "I wonder how many more are coming to join this merry throng."

An interesting development of this theatre queue habit is the method resorted to by some people who are not prepared to stand there for an hour or two in order to get to the first row of the pit, but yet are prepared to pay a messenger boy for his trouble in so doing. This is mostly employed by those who make it a special point always to be present at the first performance of every new play. Just before the theatre doors are opened, these "first-

nighters " will come and step into the places occupied by their messenger boys. Those who are less fortunate and have to stand for an hour or so behind these " toffs," no doubt, are envious of the latter's good fortune, but no one ever thinks of disputing their right to those coveted places. Everybody regards the thing as natural and legitimate, and no one makes any fuss over it so long as his or her own particular right is not infringed upon. You may come early or you may come late. You may stand there or you may get somebody else to do it for you. But so long as one does not lose one's place, one need not bother oneself about what others do.

Still another interesting development from this theatre queue habit is the fact that some enterprising persons are not slow to take advantage of the arrangement. For here is a possible chance to earn a few shillings' worth of coppers by providing the people with some sort or form of diversion. For example, a man may stand in full view of the queue and impersonate himself as Napoleon Buonaparte or some other leading figures in the world's history. Or two men may tumble and knock about, or perform some other acrobatic feats, although the evening may be damp and wet and their clothes are partially soaked. Yet still another may essay to sing one of the latest songs of the season or fiddle something on his rusty, faithful violin.

Such side-shows seem to satisfy both parties. When one has stood in a queue for any length of time, one gets impatient and will welcome any diversion which will divert one's thoughts from the slow trickling of the sands of time. The antics or acrobatics of the entertainers

may be little better than a child's play, or the music may be just discord and pandemonium, but it is nevertheless a change. The distraction is a relief, for sometimes the ingenuity of some performers is really quite creditable. For example, a man once strung together the titles of the season's plays and then made an interesting narrative out of the whole list. Consequently, the purse strings will be unloosened and the entertainers rewarded. Besides, such patronage will encourage those needy persons to keep away from lazy begging, and thus the community will be rid of so many parasites.

Therefore, these side-shows live and thrive under the very wings of the places of entertainment. Strangely enough, these activities are not in the least interfered with by the police. In fact, the police constable will not hesitate to participate in the general laughter if the antics are really funny. At first sight this may seem inexplicable, but after all, the explanation is not far to seek. So long as the performers keep themselves sufficiently away from the queue, so as not to get into the way of those who wish to join or leave the queue, there is no necessity for the policeman to inter-meddle. And if you do not desire to pay for the uninvited entertainment, no one can compel you to do so. Of course, if any of the performers pester you or use abusive language, they become then a nuisance or wrong-doers. In which case the police constable may be requested to stop the nuisance and protect the public. Otherwise, it is a case again of live and let live.

The atmosphere of an English theatre is, of course, very unlike that of a Chinese theatre. In the latter, everything



borders on simplicity, and the building itself is unpretentious. The orchestra occupies a position at the back of the stage. The actors may perform in front of the musicians, but you are supposed to forget the latter's existence. There is hardly any stage scenery and much is left to the spectator's imagination. When the hero arrives at a house and makes the motion of knocking at a door, you are to suppose that a door actually does exist. And when somebody from inside, or rather opposite the hero, makes a motion of opening the gate and the hero lifts his foot in the act of entering the threshold, though there is not even a piece of wood to impede his progress, you are to suppose that the hero does actually make his entry.

All these may be so much childish make-believe, yet it seems to adapt itself admirably to the Chinese ways and conceptions. The Chinese are reputed to be an imaginative race, and so with them, stage acting relies more on the audience's imagination than effective scenery. An English or Western stage is, however, a marked contrast. Not only is the theatre building lavishly furnished and splendidly appointed, but the stage property is also unstintedly capitalized. Not only are the scenes different for the various acts, but the dresses or uniforms worn by the actresses and actors are gorgeous and resplendent.

This illustrates again, the Englishman's fundamental principle of taking life seriously. If a play is to be produced at all, let it be done properly or as magnificently as the proprietor's banking account will permit. Therefore, let there be fine dresses, gorgeous robes, rich uniforms and realistic scenes—of earthquakes or Arctic sea, of

early dawn or moonlight night, of a storm at sea or a house on fire, etc.—and all the hues and colours besides. Even these are insufficient ; so a real horse must run the Derby race on the stage, or an actual railway locomotive must lumber across the footlights in full view of the enthusiastic audience !

All these are attempts at reproduction from life, and when it is well done—for example, at the Drury Lane, the Hippodrome or the Coliseum—the effect is indeed wonderful. But it seems that there can be too much realism, and this is especially true of some of the cheaper music halls which supply poor stage properties. If, therefore, the Chinese stage is to a Westerner too much make-believe, the Western stage is to a Chinese over-realistic. After all, we go to a theatre not to see real life, since there is already in actual life too much pathos and drama, but to see only a portrayal of life. Therefore, the mind likes to be deceived or lulled to a sense of false actuality. Were the portrayal too realistic, as in a melodrama, the mind would have no room for imagining or building up its own details. This is a wrong ideal for the staging of a drama, for the trick is not to make a thing too realistic, but to prepare, by the aid of judicious scenic effects, a good framework so as to leave the spectator free to fill in the other details out of his own fund of imagination. Now such a criticism may or may not be correct. If it is, it seems that here is perhaps where both the Chinese and the Western stage have to learn from each other.

From the point of view of physical comfort an English theatre is decidedly superior to a Chinese theatre. In

the latter, everybody is free to smoke and drink or gossip, while the play is on, regardless whether his neighbours can or cannot hear what is spoken from the stage. In the former, however, there is respectful silence, and so all have equal chances of enjoying the play.

There is, unfortunately, one drawback in most theatres or music halls, namely the lack of proper seating arrangements. As constituted at present, the seats in the stalls or pit are arranged on a dead level one with another. So if the persons in front of you should be tall or fat, their portly forms will greatly inconvenience your view of the stage. Moreover, as there are no laws which impress upon the ladies the necessity of wearing their hair in a certain way, a fashionably dressed dame with an osprey feather projecting from her hair may also interfere with the visual comforts of those behind her. If, however, all the seats in the house are constructed like those in the dress circle, upper circle or gallery—namely, each row of seats being higher than the one in front—then everybody will get an unobstructed view of the whole stage. Then perhaps not even a lady's long feathers or an old gentleman's prosperous dimensions will mar the serenity of one's horizon.

The English stage is a big variety programme. For in both the theatre and music hall the entertainment provided is sufficient to satisfy almost every kind of taste or pocket. Of course, in a theatre, one expects to find a predominance of dramas, be they comedies or tragedies, and in a music hall a diversified programme of musical entertainment as well as pure acting. But dramas are not the only things which will be staged in a theatre, for

there are also musical comedies and, during the Christmas season, the delightful pantomimes.

On the whole, it may be said without any fear of contradiction that the moral tone of the English stage is high, if compared with that of some other Western countries. It is only in a very few cases that any ideas of suggestiveness or shadiness are much in evidence. This is partly due to the fact that there is such a person as the censor whose duty it is to veto the production of any objectionable plays and thus protect the public from all pernicious influences. But it seems that there is another reason, namely, the mental attitude of the English people themselves.

This does not mean that the average Englishman is an angel or a saint ; nevertheless, it seems that his ideas of private as well as public morality are admittedly superior to those of many of his Continental neighbours. Of course, there are some free thinkers who do not take the subject so seriously and, therefore, are in favour of making the English stage less restrained and more Parisian-like. This reasoning, however, does not seem to meet with much approbation or encouragement from the preponderating majority. In the opinion of the latter, the social as well as the moral atmosphere of the English people should emphasize right morals rather than gay living ; so the stage should reflect these ideas rather than imitate the Parisian model.

It is inevitable that the question of morality being one of great difficulty, different persons will entertain different opinions as to its extent or limitations. For example, the Lord Chamberlain may give his consent to the production of a play, whereas the dramatic critics may hold that

the same should have been prohibited from the very outset. This was illustrated when "Who's the Lady?" was produced at the Garrick Theatre. The Lord Chamberlain sanctioned its production, but the dramatic critics were almost unanimous in their protest against it. In their estimate, the drama being adapted from the original French, was a serious departure from the high ideals of the English stage and, as such, should have been unceremoniously blue-pencilled by the censor. In the end the latter's attitude was justified, for the public conscience asserted itself here as usual. Of course, the controversy between the critics and the censor did much to advertise the un-English production at the beginning, but eventually the production was withdrawn.

These differences of opinion are happily rare. The censor may sometimes exercise his powers arbitrarily, but it seems that he has more than justified his existence. Occasionally, of course, the watchful censor may be caught napping. Nevertheless, if the public is firm, the new play will soon die a natural death. This we have seen already in "Who's the Lady?" but it was still better exemplified in the case of another adapted French play called "The Crisis." When the curtain dropped after the first night's performance, there was not only no call for the author, but the production left an unpleasant taste, so to speak, in the people's mouths. On the second night, the ending of the plot was slightly modified, but the performance fared no better than the first. The public had declared itself unmistakably against it, and so it was discontinued after the third night.

Many an ambitious playwright may complain that the

ensor is too severe. It is said that he administers his veto without any fixed rules or criterion, and approves or rejects according to the merest caprices of the moment. These charges may be true or exaggerated ; but even so, it assuredly is the safer plan for the guardian of public morals to err on the right side. The likes and dislikes of a few individuals are immaterial, but the safety or protection of the public morals is vital. The censor does not act independently, but reflects the mental attitude of the great majority. After all, it is the public who pays, and so it is entitled to choose the goods it wants.

In addition to the drama and musical comedy, there is also the foreign opera. And it is here that a stranger is most struck with a sense of wonder, for these operas are either French, Italian or German, but very seldom English. It may be that the English language does not lend itself to operatic singing so effectively as either the French or Italian ; but the constant drawing upon foreign sources seems to confess that the English cannot produce any high-class operas themselves. Whether or not such a confession will be admitted, it is hard to say, but the English as a nation do not appear to be so musical as either the French, Italian or German.

This is, perhaps, because the English people take life too seriously to allow them to develop their musical faculty. They prefer good acting to classical singing, although for a change they sometimes vary their preference for dramas with a liking for light musical comedies. A few years ago an attempt was made to popularize foreign operas, so that the delights of Covent Garden might be made accessible to a larger public by lowering the prices of

admission. But the opportunity did not seem to be appreciated, and the imposing-looking London Opera House, which had been especially constructed for the purpose, was finally sub-let or sold for other less ambitious undertakings. Therefore, the Englishman's serious outlook upon life is his bulwark against the contamination of his morals. On the other hand, this same solemnity handicaps him in the cultivation of a taste for music.

Many a foreign observer remarks that the difference between a Chinese play and a foreign play is the fact that the former can be played for one, two, three, or even four days at a stretch. This may be explained by the fact that a long Chinese play is generally staged after a historic novel; so when a foreigner witnesses the same play on the second, third, or even the fourth day, it is merely a continuation of a complete novel. A foreign play, however, admits of no continuation after one performance, and even an historical novel must be condensed into the space of three hours.

On the other hand, some of the English plays, especially musical comedies, are even more wonderful than the so-called long Chinese dramas. For such popular plays as "The Quaker Girl," "The Chocolate Soldier," etc., enjoy a continuous run of at least twelve months, while the life of "The Dollar Princess" or "The Merry Widow" extends even to two or three years! If the continuation of a Chinese play for a few successive nights is strange, what do we say when the same musical comedy is played to a crowded house, night after night, for two or three years, without any interruption or even material change of plot? The Englishman may not be quite in love with

the serious classical operas, but he certainly knows how to appreciate music which is not only delightful but also goes with a swing.

If the programme of a theatre is varied enough, it is, however, in a music hall that one gets the greatest variety of entertainments. For there you will have not only a short drama but also quite a mixed musical programme in the same performance. In addition, there are also acrobatic feats, jugglery and conjuring, ballet dancing and even cinematograph exhibitions. Thus a music hall combines the functions as well as the attractions of a theatre, a drawing-room, a concert hall and also a cinema house. No wonder that in the United States such a place is called a vaudeville or variety show.

In comparison with a theatre, the music hall is undoubtedly more popular. Not only is the programme more varied and interesting, but the prices of admission are also cheaper. Moreover, the etiquette is not so strict here as in a theatre, for not only need you not dress for the expensive seats, but you can also smoke freely. As the different items of entertainment are all distinct and separate, you can drop in at any time and still enjoy the show, whereas if you arrive late at a theatre you will probably lose the thread of the first part of the play. A music hall is, therefore, a place where you can go when you like and how you like, freely as well as unconventionally. Besides, some of them have two performances in one night ; so those who cannot attend the first performance can go to the second, or *vice versa*.

In China a play is only acted by men. There are no actresses, and the female characters are played by men



to the point of almost perfection, save for their falsetto voices. In recent years a few ladies have come forward to act as public entertainers. But in this case the show is entirely a woman's show, and the male characters are also acted by women. Moreover, the stage is always regarded as a low-class profession, although some of its celebrities may be often called in to entertain the highest classes of society in the land.

Here in England, as well as other Western countries, the popular attitude towards the stage as a profession is totally different. Not only is there a majority of actresses over the number of actors, but the stage itself is regarded as an honourable profession. Its members are recruited from the ranks of even the peerage, and there are not a few actresses who have married into the nobility. Besides, the stage is pre-eminently a woman's profession, for it is the sphere where she has her greatest triumphs.

Then there seems to be among a considerable section of the male community such a disease as the actress mania. Its symptoms are many. For example, some may keep a continual vigil at the stage door; others may keep a collection of post-cards surmounted with the photographs of famous actresses. And still others may subscribe to those monthly magazines which devote their first few pages to a pictorial description of the latest plays and their principal ladies.

In the minds of the average theatre-goers, the actress is a mysterious being, and so many are eager to see how she looks when she is off the stage, minus her fine dresses, paint and powder or the footlights. Therefore, when it is advertised that such and such a stage celebrity is to

be one of the programme sellers at a charity performance or to assist at the Botanical Gardens Fair, there is a great rush to see this heroine at close quarters.

Such a mental attitude is distinctly interesting from the psychological point of view. It shows that the more a crowd sees or worships its hero or heroine, the more it desires to see—a case of the appetite being whetted the keener by perhaps over-indulgence. At the same time, it also shows that the law of mutual attraction and mutual repulsion is true in the world of sexes as well as in the domain of physics. For there are not only men who are actress-mad, but also women who are actor-mad. What will the cynic say?

If the music halls are popular, the cinema shows are perhaps even more popular. Not only are the prices of admission exceedingly low, but the performance itself is continuous from eleven or twelve in the morning to eleven or twelve in the evening. In a theatre or music hall the hours for the performance are definitely fixed; here the exhibition goes on uninterruptedly for twelve hours. When the pictures for one show are finished, the series will commence all over again. Therefore, one can drop in at any time and, for a matter of sixpence or a shilling, enjoy the pictures for two or three hours. Moreover, there is also here all the freedom and unconventionality of a music hall; so one can smoke through the performance or come however dressed.

As in the stage, so in the cinema world, each has its admirers and heroes. But in the popular mind the cinema profession is perhaps more romantic. Not only are the lives of a cinema actor and actress more

strenuous and exciting but the tricks of the cinema photographer make their adventures look most realistic and sensational. When we see a man fall from the top of a cliff or being burned to death, we know that the tragedy is all faked and that he will soon appear again, safe and sound, in another part of the film. But for the moment our senses run riot, and we watch the result with bated breath and palpitating hearts. We half believe and half disbelieve, and we cry and laugh like children. Can a romance ask for more response?

Besides, some of the cinema stars are reported as being paid much higher than even the most famous actors or actresses, comedians or comediennes. For example, Charlie Chaplin—a name for thousands and thousands of people to conjure up visions with—is credited with having this year (1917) signed a contract to produce eight films a year at a salary of gold \$1,000,000 (£200,000).

Such a sum is almost fabulous, and it seems strangely grotesque that the art of making faces or tumbling and falling about, just to make people laugh for some thirty or forty minutes, can be so highly developed as to command a salary equivalent to that of forty British hard-working Cabinet ministers combined. Query: How much will a man receive who can outdo old Charlie and make us laugh all the year round? One's imagination seems to stagger at the figure which may be mentioned if the thing were at all a physical possibility.

It is suggested in some quarters that children should not be allowed within a cinema hall. The place is a business venture, pure and simple. So in order to draw the public and make money, the proprietor will exhibit films

which, it is alleged, work more harm than good on the children. For example, the films which show hair-breadth escapes or blood-thirsty adventures, etc., tend to unbalance the juvenile minds and produce upon them an atmosphere of nervous excitement. Moreover, the children often learn bad ways and bad manners from some of the lower class cinema halls. Therefore, it is advocated that children under the age of sixteen should not be allowed inside a cinema hall, just as those of the same age are not allowed by law to be within a public saloon.

This objection is not entirely unfounded, although possibly a little exaggerated ; for a considerable number of the films exhibited is indeed rather too exciting for the average boy or girl under sixteen, and in many cases the pictures err on the side of immodesty. On the other hand, it seems rather a weak-kneed policy to keep the children indoors just because in a show of two or three hours a few improper films may be exhibited on the screen. For in the average case, the entertainment is a real source of profit as well as enjoyment to the children.

The remedy, however, is not so much to prevent the children from going to these halls as to exercise a rigorous public supervision over the exhibition of all films. Thus, instead of allowing a cinema proprietor to put up indiscriminately any kind of catch-penny pictures, the public should for the sake of its own safety step in and prevent such mercenary spirit from going beyond the bounds of moral as well as educational considerations. The cinema has come to stay, and therefore the proprietor need apprehend no loss to his trade by this elimination of objectionable films. The new industry supplies a long-felt want, and so it will never lack patrons or supporters.

After all, the public is the real patron. For so long as improper pictures do not receive encouragement from the public, the cinema proprietor will assuredly not waste his money on the goods which will find no market. This explains why a cinema hall is well patronized when its films are all so high class that not even the most conservative of reactionaries in the moral as well as educational worlds can find any fault with them.

Still the need for a censorship of films is necessary. Consequently, one is glad to notice that ever since the institution of such a censorship by the National Board of Censors, the moral tone of the pictures has been much improved. So far so good. Nevertheless, it seems that perhaps an even stricter form of censorship is required in regard to the pictures exhibited in the cinema halls in some of the poorer districts in and around London.

Now a film may not be objectionable from the point of view of the average audience in a West End or fairly high-class cinema hall, but the same may not be suitable for an audience of inferior education. This does not mean that the latter audience are less intelligent than the former, but it means that the latter's particular environment and education may not fit them to appreciate a picture in perhaps its proper bearings. For example, a foreign film depicting a foreign custom may appear quite ordinary to the former who are more or less acquainted with some knowledge of foreign things, but to the latter it may appear quixotic and so produce false or wrong impressions. Therefore, it seems that a stricter form of film censorship is required for the latter audience than for the former.

That a public censorship is required appears quite

inevitable. The public is a varied conglomeration of people, and its tastes are never the same. It may or may not object to a film which comes dangerously near to toeing the blue pencil mark, but it will always be eager to see a film which is full of thrills and blood-curdling adventures. A film depicting, for example, the wonders of the submarine deep or some scenic views of a foreign country, is valuable from an educational point of view, but it does not seem to be so well sought after as one which gives the spectator thrill after thrill, or sets his nerves on ends. Therefore, the public has to rely upon the judgment of a National Board of Film Censors to sift and sort whatever are to be exhibited before the public.

In yet other quarters it is suggested that theatre-going is a bad habit. The actors and actresses, it is alleged, lead a doubtful life ; so to patronize them is to encourage them in their questionable ways of living. The atmosphere of a theatre itself is bad, for as in a bad novel, so in a bad play, there is the same element of suggestiveness. Besides, on the stage, the actresses are attired immodestly, and this cannot but produce false impressions of decency and propriety on the young people.

Now the above seems to be a rather harsh view of the stage and those who make their living out of it. It is not denied that, as there are always black sheep in a flock, so there are actors and actresses who do no credit to their profession. On the other hand, it is unfair to impugn the integrity or good name of a profession simply because a few of its members are unworthy of their trade.

Personally, I am not in favour of lowering the moral

tone of the English stage, but I for one shall regret to see it decline or decay owing to the lack of public support. The moral atmosphere of the English stage is comparatively superior to that in many other countries, and the public interests are fairly well protected by the restraining influence of the censor of plays. As in the cinema, so in the stage, it is a mere ostrich's policy to keep indoors and not to go near a cinema or theatre simply because one may be contaminated therein. The wiser policy it is to educate the public to insist upon its rights of moral edification and not of moral degeneration. It is the public who supports the trade and it is the public who pays for the goods. Therefore, he who pays the piper is entitled to call for the tune.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CLUBS AND SOCIETIES.

In an earlier chapter we have referred to English crowds. The same instinct for gregariousness is also noticeable in the matter of clubs and societies. If the Englishman loves to join a crowd, he also loves to join a club or association. This characteristic of clubability is much in evidence wherever he goes, and it seems that just as his laws follow an Englishman, so his clubs follow him to the furthest ends of the earth.

For example, ex-Ambassador James W. Gerard of the United States testified in his interesting memoirs, "My Four Years in Germany," that this national trait of the Englishman manifested itself even in such an uncongenial environment as a German internment camp. In one camp some ten or twelve British officers rigged up some sort of a wooden shanty and called it their club-house. And to add realism to the thing, one of their poorer fellow-prisoners of war was engaged to stand at the door of their club as the porter or commissionaire !

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home ; there is no place like home." This may be true in other cities, but not apparently in London. If one may judge by the size of what is called the Clubland, or the number of clubs in existence, it seems that the Englishman's ideal is "Club, club, sweet, sweet club ; there is no place like club."



England is essentially, as many another foreign observer has noticed, a man's country, not a woman's country. The female population of these islands may be one million more than the number of male population, but the atmosphere is a man's atmosphere. It is the man who has the greater voice in the affairs of the society or nation. So it is his place to be out doing his bit for the community or state, and not to stay at home all day and do nothing.

Of course, where there are clubs, a heartless husband may always excuse himself before his wife that he has been detained at the club. The story may be true, or it may be a pure concoction ; we will not attempt to pry further into connubial matters. At any rate, there seems to be an impression with the good housewives that if only the clubs could be abolished, all would have gone well with their admirable husbands.

Nevertheless, it is recognized that the club does fill a large vacancy in the daily life of a man who cannot stay at home all the lifelong day. For the club is pre-eminently a convenient rendezvous for meeting friends, transacting business or discussing politics with one another. Thanks to the numerous facilities provided by the club, it is here that a busy man keeps himself informed of the ways and thoughts of the world. When a financier, for example, has a hard day's work at the office, he looks forward with pleasure to dropping in at his club to look up a friend or consult somebody before he goes home. And very often the club contains a useful library, the need of which is especially appreciated by those who either do not possess such facilities or are too busy to make use of them.

It is in this matter of clubs that a stranger may detect

an exception to the reign of democracy already noticed elsewhere. The entrance fees of most clubs range anywhere from £3 to £40, not to speak of the regular annual dues ; so it is not everybody who can afford this luxury. Moreover, if the membership is strictly limited, it does not follow that because you are prepared to pay the high entrance fees and membership dues, you will be at once admitted. The chances are that many others, having applied earlier, are already on the waiting list. Money generally talks, but not in such club environment. Hence to become the member of a " swanky " club is considered a privilege, an honour denied to many.

From the foreigner's point of view, it is also here that he feels, perhaps for the first time, that he is a foreigner. The laws of the country may not discriminate between Britons and foreigners, but the rules and regulations of most clubs do tacitly maintain such a barrier against aliens. For example, of the numerous select as well as political clubs, it seems that the only ones open to foreigners are the St. James's and the National Liberal, and possibly also one or two of the sporting clubs. Such exclusion works no hardships or injustices on the foreigner, since he can never participate in the political activities of the people in whose midst he dwells. We do not complain, but merely note it here in passing.

As one wanders about the Clubland, one is struck by the fact that the clubs are always full at any convenient hours of the day. You may walk along Piccadilly or Pall Mall, etc., and you are sure to see these clubs bubble with life, animation, and good cheer. The question, therefore, is : Who are these club members ? Can they

possibly be the successful business men who are gathered here for a cup of tea or a perusal of the papers after their day's work is done? For at least half of them do not appear to have just come from their offices, tired and jaded, but fresh from home. Or are they the not inconsiderable section who constitute the leisured class? For we are told that as many as 140,000 of the population, or one man in every thirty of voting age, are club members, excluding those who belong to the working-men's clubs, etc. Perhaps the officials of the Clubland will be able to explain.

Next to the clubs, one is impressed by the number of societies or associations, whether learned, charitable, political or professional, etc. And to be convinced of this, one need only consult a London guide to find the names of at least thirty-three leading charitable societies, forty-two principal learned societies and institutions, and one hundred and thirty principal clubs. Furthermore, this instinct of clubability is not confined to the mere man, for the ladies have also their clubs. Thus of the one hundred and thirty London clubs, twelve are exclusively for ladies, while two or three are open to both ladies and gentlemen. The formidable list of names embraces the entire English alphabet and, therefore, we have also such peculiar fraternities as the Bachelors' Club, the Cocoa-tree Club, the Eccentric Club, the Eighty Club and the Savage Club!

Now this array of societies and institutions is interesting. It shows that the Englishman as well as the Englishwoman has a reserve fund of time and energy capable of being employed to the greatest advantage. John Bull is not a lazy, selfish loafer; therefore he makes use of his time,

energies, and money for a good cause, especially in the relief of the poor. The fact that there are over thirty leading charitable societies, most, if not all, of which seem to be doing really efficient work, is itself eloquent. It indicates that those who are well off or comfortable, are not oblivious to the hardships or privations of their less fortunate brethren, for more often than not the workers are voluntary helpers and not paid employees. This spectacle of so much public as well as charitable work being done gratuitously by the thinking classes, always impresses a stranger with admiration.

If a community knows how to make good use of its extra energy or surplus wealth for the relief of the poor and needy, it certainly deserves the promise that "To him who hath, more shall be given." For after all the purpose of life is not to live in order that an individual alone shall be benefited, but that the greatest good of the greatest number—the *summum bonum* of all philosophers—shall be attained. The poor may not constitute the greatest number, but it is surely a nobler ideal to assist and relieve them than to make oneself a dude or glutton and look on indifferently while the needy are perishing from cold or hunger.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### PARKS, EXHIBITIONS AND HOLIDAYS.

Apart from the theatres, music halls, and moving picture shows, there are numerous other places where the Londoner can go to seek recreation or relaxation. The chief of these are the parks and exhibitions. Whereas the theatres, etc., provide indoor entertainment exclusively, the latter may be outdoor as well as indoor. The former take place generally in the evening and the latter in the daytime. Consequently, a stranger as well as the Londoner himself can always find recreation or amusement at any hour of the day. But he must go and seek for it.

From an Easterner's point of view one of the most welcome sights is perhaps the number of large public parks. In China, these are unknown, and the inhabitants of towns or cities get what fresh air they can from their limited open courtyards or back gardens. Of course, if a man is rich enough, he can own a large private garden, but the ordinary man in the street is never so fortunate.

Here, however, a paternal government is more far-sighted and considerate. It is not everybody who can possess a private park, and therefore the local authorities must provide large open spaces or parks for the benefit of the public. Moreover, the Londoner has to pay rates and taxes for the upkeep of the roads, street lamps, police, and public works. Therefore he has a greater claim upon the local authorities for the furnishing of modern utilities

than a Chinese, whose burden measured in terms of local taxation is perhaps not so heavy.

This is where a Chinese city or town has to learn from foreign cities. As the modern ideas of hygiene and sanitation are comparatively new even to the West, it is not to be wondered at if the Chinese or other Easterners are backward in this respect. If this is true of the ordinary principles of personal as well as family hygiene, it is certainly truer of those of public sanitation. So the absence of public parks in a Chinese city is not because the Chinese are inherently unappreciative of such public utilities. The fact is that until recently they have not been given a chance to appreciate them. And this is proved by the immense popularity of such parks wherever they exist to-day—for example, in Peking, Tientsin, and Shanghai.

Accordingly, it seems that once the local authorities are in a position financially to carry out such public works, they will be done. Of course, in the present congested state of Chinese cities, large open spaces are not easy to find. Nevertheless there are always small empty spaces which can be rescued from the ignominious fate of a common refuse or dumping ground. Consequently, as soon as the local authorities are in a position to carry out these public utilities, the experiment of reclamation will no doubt commence with such vacant plots.

Considering how crowded London is, and how more and more people are moving out into the country, these public parks are indeed a great boon to the average Londoner. For not only are these places artistically laid out with flowers, shrubs, and trees, but pleasant music is also occasionally provided free by one or two of the military

bands. Here the jaded Londoner can stretch his legs and inhale fresh air to his heart's content. If he is a good rider, he can canter his horse along the Rotten Row. And if he is fond of boating, he can indulge in this form of exercise for just the cost of the hire of a boat. No wonder that these parks are always full, whenever the weather is fine or nobody has to go to work.

To a stranger, life in a public park affords plenty of material for observation. This is especially true on Sundays, when we see the turning out of at least one-half of London. The park becomes a sea of surging humanity and all available seats are taken. At a convenient vantage point a stump orator gets up to address the crowd. And the patience of both the speakers and hearers is really wonderful.

Unless an orator is well known, he or she will not draw a large crowd, but this fact never seems to worry the person who seeks to be heard. Very often the solitary figure of a man may stand beside a banner, on which is inscribed the motto of his pro or anti something campaign, (and the number of such possible campaigns or crusades is legion), the monarch of all he surveys. He may not get an audience even after a long wait, but he does not show signs of despondency. He is independent and imperturbable, and he will not relinquish his self-appointed task without a fight. In the end his patience is rewarded, and his audience will increase from one, two, three to about a dozen or two. Of course, if he proves himself a dark horse, the crowd may swell to fifty or even a hundred, since crowds always have the knack of collecting together easily.

If the patience of an unknown orator is interesting, that of the first two or three who gathered around him is even more instructive. Often have I noticed at the Marble Arch entrance of Hyde Park a few of these interesting individuals. At this favourite corner there are generally quite half a dozen speakers simultaneously haranguing to as many groups of people. Just as the ambitious unknown orator is contented to wait, so his two or three admirers are willing to keep him company, although the eloquence of four or five other speakers is all the time ringing in their ears. The apparent indifference of the orator is easily explicable, for he has either to go or wait. But what about his few admirers, since they can spend their time equally profitably in front of the other speakers whose powers of persuasion are already telling on their ever increasing audiences? Their own great man has, however, not yet spoken and he may after all turn out an utter failure. Yet they are prepared to stand by him for good or evil.

Such perseverance is interesting and shows that there are always a few individuals who admire the man who is willing to fight against any odds. The cause for which the latter is fighting may or may not be reasonable, but if he has the grit to stand before the public, he is good enough to deserve their support. Hence the preacher of any particular ism or doctrine can safely count upon making a number of such converts.

On the whole, it is not uninteresting to watch these stump orators and their audiences. Everything is taken in good part by everybody. You may agree with the speaker and clap your hands, or you may disagree with his views and heckle him.



This matter of heckling is, perhaps, the most exciting part of the meeting. The speeches are generally so many innocent, though flaming, torches of contempt at the speakers' opponents. To the average listener they are dry, and he listens to them merely to kill time. But immediately a speaker is heckled, everybody is on the *qui vive*. The challenger's voice breaks upon the monotony of the scene, and as it breathes defiance it promises plenty of fun and excitement. Of course, if the orator is a poor one at parrying these side thrusts, there will be no excitement. But generally the party challenged is an old hand at the game who is ever ready to meet all comers. The size of his audience is at stake, and therefore he is sure to put up a good fight. If he wins, he adds a feather to his cap. He is cheered and his audience increases.

But nobody thinks any the worse of the heckler for his intrusion, and whether he loses or wins does not interest the rest of the audience. You are at perfect liberty to do what you like. If you want to listen, you can stay; if not, you can quit. If you want to ask questions or argue with the speaker, there is nobody to prevent you. If you want to address the crowd yourself, you can get on top of a chair or table and collect your own audience. But as long as the speaker is addressing his audience, you must not obstruct him or break up his crowd; short of this you can do what you like. And this is the principle of freedom of speech re-illustrated.

After the stump orators and their meetings, the next thing to interest a stranger is the church parade on a Sunday morning. Here, after the morning service, you

see the *élite* of London society taking their constitutional in Hyde Park and getting an appetite for their luncheon. This gathering of the Upper Ten Hundred is always keenly witnessed by an interested crowd, especially of the amiable sex who desire to see the society ladies' latest hats and dresses.

As one watches the parade one is struck by the dignified deportment of these men and women born to a life of ease and comfort. They carry themselves easily and gracefully, while those who follow closely on their heels and ape them, are ugly and artificial. Their clothes are smart and becoming, while their imitators' are loud and gaudy. In a word, there is here all the contrast between the genuine and the faked product.

From the point of view of public decency there is one thing which seems to mar the beauty of these parks. Namely, the unabashed manner in which a section of the London community carry on their love-making in public. If the stump orators and church parade are interesting, such open flirtation is decidedly not. Love is blind, and so the lovers are indifferent how they appear to the public. Like the ostrich that buries its head in the sand, these people are blind to all pointing fingers. A whole crowd may pass by their way or it may not. That does not seem to bother them, for "two's company and three's none." They ask for no favours, nor do they fear any criticisms. They are trespassing on no third party's personal freedom and everybody is at liberty to do likewise.

After the parks one can go to the various exhibitions. Of these some are permanent, and some only temporary.

Of the former we have the different museums and art galleries, and of the latter we have the different exhibitions proper. These may last any time from one or two days to a week, a month or even six months. There are, for example, the cattle show at the Agricultural Hall ; the dog show at the Kennel Club ; the horse show at Olympia ; the flower show at Chelsea ; the exhibition of new paintings at the Royal Academy, etc.

Of these seasonable exhibitions the most instructive are the dog and horse shows. In the East one may perhaps have seen a few circus companies with their intelligent horses, but it comes as a surprise to one that there can be so many possible breeds of dogs as are exhibited. These range from the lady's sleeve dog to the great dane. And they are cute animals, indeed. The Londoner's love for domestic animals, especially the faithful friend of man, may be partly responsible for such a gathering, but it is to be doubted whether such a thing as a dog show is possible or so successful if the members of the amiable sex were not so passionately fond of them.

When a stranger sees how extravagantly some of these pets are treated, he is almost filled with a feeling of awe. These animals are no longer mere brutes but assume all the dignity and self-importance of the *genus homo*. They are not only properly fed and taken care of, but some of them are treated just like babies. They have their own coats and wrappers, toilet sets, beds and blankets, cushioned baskets, bow ties, etc. This is not enough, but their mistresses kiss them and cuddle them as if they were real babies, and in some cases even take these little darlings to bed with them. In these circumstances the

care of dogs becomes therefore a veritable canine cult or worship, which seems to be rather excessive. But these excesses apart, the holding of such a show is commendable, for it tends to encourage the love of dogs and also other domestic animals.

The horse show at Olympia is a popular event. The various uses of a horse and the keen interest in horse racing combine to make the public look forward with eagerness to this annual function. The hall is big enough to accommodate several thousand spectators, and the horses are well bred and well trained. In some cases the dexterity of these animals is quite wonderful. The exhibition reflects great credit on the trainer's painstaking labours and also shows that the horse, like the dog, is a very sagacious animal. Just as a dog can be taught to perform difficult tricks on a theatre stage, so can a horse be taught to multiply simple figures in arithmetic, etc.

Now this may sound incredible, but it is none the less true. We are told by scientists that a gorilla's brain comes nearest to man's, but it seems that the brain of either a dog or a horse is in these respects superior to that of the simian tribe. Moreover, given patience and skill, the intelligence of most animals can be developed, for even the clumsy walrus can be taught to perform the ambitious rôle of musician. Thus, once at the Coliseum, when the trainer gave a signal, a whole family of walruses, some ten of them, played their respective instruments. The music was, of course, not very grand, but the performance was fairly creditable. In other words, the *genus homo* is no longer supreme, and the lord of creation may be

overcome by brute force in more senses than one. What will the Darwinians say?

The White City, or Earl's Court, is pre-eminently the place for an exhibition. Considering its size as well as its attractions, it is easily the jaded Londoner's most popular amusement provider during the summer months, from May to October. It combines the attractions of both indoor as well as outdoor entertainment. In the huge grounds are gathered together all the amusements provided by a museum, a cinema show, a commercial exhibition, a garden fête, a funland, etc.

The entrance fee of only one shilling is cheap enough, and so there are as many as half a million people at one time inside the exhibition grounds. But to enjoy oneself in the proper holiday spirit one has to spend quite a number of shillings. There are numerous side-shows and attractions and these must all be paid for. Each may cost only sixpence, but sixpences have the knack of mounting up to a total of twenty shillings or so. Therefore, an exhibition has been rightly defined as a place where you pay a shilling to go in but a sovereign to come out.

Thus, to mention some of the sixpenny side-shows, you can try one of the gondolas and skim along the various canals of the wondrous City. Or you can sit on a rickshaw and be pulled round the exhibition grounds by a dusky individual. If this is too tame, you can try either the Giant Coaster, Scenic Railway or Mountain Railway. A light cable-operated open coach, capable of holding ten or twelve passengers, carries you up to the highest part of the artificial mountain and then at once dashes down again in a series of dips and plunges. The ride

is thrilling and exciting. To people who have weak hearts it is a real terror. The young people, however, enjoy it, and the sensational experience being novel, they will go on it three or four times in succession. And, of course, each additional ride means an extra sixpence per head.

If the summit of the "Mountain" does not give you a sufficient panorama—because the moment you get there, you prepare yourself for the downward plunge and are too busy to enjoy the scenery from that altitude—you can ascend the Flip-Flap. There at the highest point of its semi-circular curve, you can obtain a fine bird's-eye view of the whole exhibition; and if the ascent is made in the evening, the sight of the City illuminated is especially pretty. If all these do not provide enough excitement—the machinery of the Scenic Railway, etc., and the Flip-Flap may break down at any moment and then there will be a sad roll of casualties—you can try either the Wiggle-Woggle or the Crazy Bridge. There you will have more laughs than actual speed or progress. And if you want a good dose of laughing gas, you can go to the room of laughing mirrors, where you will find yourself distorted beyond all manner of recognition.

Moreover, if you are a henpecked husband, you can go to the stall labelled "Break up a happy home." At your own home, you may be too timid to rebel against the dictatorial government of your loving spouse, but here for a sixpence you can smash up all the crockery to your heart's content. Suppose at the end of your sixth shot your anger is still unappeased and the happy home is not entirely broken up, you can repeat the operation

as often as you like and, of course, with as many sixpences as you care to spend.

Then there are the different stalls for selling knick-knacks. According to the wonderful praises sung by their vendors, these goods ought to be the best in the market, but they never seem to meet with any great sale. Perhaps the most successful of all is the young lady who sells post cards or album views of the exhibition or its exhibits. For one always likes to keep a pictorial souvenir of the place one has visited, and these souvenirs are best obtainable at the exhibition itself, whereas the other commercial articles can be bought from the shops outside.

By this time your sixpences will mount up to a nice figure. But you get real enjoyment out of the various amusements, and so do not begrudge the money. On the other hand, you can either wander about the grounds or sit around and listen to the band. If you are hungry or thirsty, you can go into the tea-rooms or restaurants. In a word, everything is there provided for you—fun, frolic, and food. All you have to do is to help yourself and enjoy it to your heart's content.

After the parks and exhibitions comes the Londoner's holiday. This does not mean the periodic national holidays or Bank Holidays, etc., but the time in summer when he goes away for his rest cure. The function is an important one, and so the holiday-maker prepares for his annual migration.

Of course, those who cannot afford to go away have to content themselves with what they can get out of London itself. But we need not commiserate them. It is a common notion with some people that the metropolis

or its environs is a poor place for holiday-making. This is hardly correct, for the attractions of London are by no means inferior. It all depends on what one expects to get out of a holiday

If by a holiday the rich Londoner means a Continental spa, then he is asking something which is physically unobtainable in this great city. On the other hand, if he means a place where there are sights to see, the Queen of the Thames has more than enough of these to satisfy any ambitious explorer, as the annual invasion of Americans amply testifies. Or if he means a place where there are plenty of opportunities for relaxation or recreation after work, then London can easily hold its own. The jaded Londoner, for example, can spend all his leisure in the parks, on the river, or out sight-seeing. In this he will get as much relaxation and fresh air as he needs, and get them in the cheapest and most convenient way.

Of these attractions the river is undoubtedly the most popular. The foreign tourist may take a steam launch up the Thames in order to get to Hampton Court, but the true Londoner despises the launch. He prefers the graceful punt with all its attractions. It is true that in a launch you are propelled by steam and machinery, but you are one among a crowd of passengers. In a punt, however, you make your own speed, you develop your lungs and muscles and you are monarch of all you survey. Given nice summer weather, a congenial companion, and a good stock of provisions, you can tie up your punt among the backwaters and there among the overhanging trees enjoy the life of lives. There is no one to disturb you and you dream your dreams in perfect peace. You are at rest and



care not how goes the time. You taste the sweets of leisure and wish that life was always so roseate. What holiday among the Swiss mountains or sunny coast of France can be compared to this ?

If, however, one wants an entire change of air as well as of surroundings, then it is a different proposition altogether. And it is interesting to note that for this purpose the average Londoner prefers the seaside. There, one can have plenty of sea air as well as sea bathing, and the children can enjoy themselves on the sea-beach, bathing or building castles. If the resort is fashionable, like Brighton or Eastbourne, it is sure to have its pier, theatre, music hall or moving-picture shows. Besides, by way of variation, one can make excursions to the surrounding country. So there is a continual round of amusement for the holiday-maker.

It is generally believed that a man is always the better for his summer holiday and that he comes back to his work fresh, sunburnt, and completely recuperated. So he should in all rhyme and reason ; but in the case of the average Londoner, this is not always true.

In the first place, his time is usually limited, and no sooner does he get there than it is time for him to think about going home. Then everything depends on the weather. If the weather is good, all is well. But if it is bad, and the chances are that fine weather is a rare luxury, all his plans about making trips to this place or that place, etc., will be ruthlessly knocked in the head. Before he starts for his holiday, he is continually talking about it, as if that event is the one supreme object in his life. But when he gets there, he feels miserable and begins to yearn for home.

Then the food provided by the ordinary boarding house is unsatisfactory to the average Londoner. Moreover, the various little comforts that go to make a home sweet or holiday life pleasant are unobtainable, unless he is prepared to pay for everything he wants, and pay dearly. Above all, there is the endless drudgery of packing and unpacking and also the changing of trains and vehicles before one gets home, to say nothing of tipping and bribing the porters, etc. Therefore, when our holiday-maker does get home, he is no more happy or refreshed than when he first started. If anything, the only good that a holiday has done to him is perhaps the fact that it brings home to him that after all the best place in the world is his own little bit of territory dignified by the name of HOME. The sea air and the change of environment may dwell in his memory, but the sweet embrace of the arms of home is ever present.

Nevertheless, with some of the younger generation a holiday at a seaside resort has all its charms and attractions. The beach is a favourite promenade of those who have smart ties and flannels to display or pretty hats and frocks to enchant. Seaside etiquette is less rigid than city etiquette, and here the sexes mix and commingle much more freely than in a city. The smell of brine and the holiday spirit combine to make the rules of social intercourse unconventional, and acts regarded as impolite in a city atmosphere are considered here as innocent larking, to be taken in the spirit in which they are indulged.

For example, one evening a number of friends and I were sitting on the waterfront in a quiet seaside resort. A few girls passed behind us and threw confetti at one of

our party. The latter, being a recent arrival from China, misunderstood the compliment paid him. He felt greatly insulted and wanted to chase and lecture his tormentors. We hastened to assure him that it was all a joke and meant no injury. He was apparently in great demand, and the confetti might have been meant as an earnest of the real confetti. So if he felt inclined, he could follow up the lead thus given him. He was, however, too serious, and the girls' bait did not take.

In such an atmosphere the wheels of courtship run smoothly and no wonder Cupid is busy at his trade all the lifelong day. In some cases the new acquaintances here formed may never go beyond the stage of flirtation, but in many cases the intimacy thus begun subsequently ripens and finally leads to the altar of Hymen.

Apart from the change of air and surroundings, one generally hopes to get rest and quiet from one's holiday. But a seaside is not a quiet place. You go there for the sea air, sea bathing, country excursions, etc. But so do thousands and thousands of others. You meet them in the hotels, in the boarding houses, on the pier, on the beach, in the theatre, in the cinema hall, etc. Therefore, you escape from one madding crowd only to rush into another madding crowd.

If one wants an ideal quiet holiday in the United Kingdom, the English Lake District can be safely recommended to the Londoner. The resort is within eight hours' train journey from the metropolis, and the beauties of its natural scenery justify Wordsworth's encomium: "The loveliest spot that man ever found." There are enough hills round about the district for the holiday

maker to climb, or lakes and waters to fish or row or swim. The air is bracing and the surroundings are salubrious. If the district is good enough for the poets, it is certainly good enough for the town dweller. Can a holiday-maker ask for more ?

## CHAPTER XIX.

### FAMILY SYSTEM.

Broadly speaking, we say that the West is more progressive than the East. This is especially true of the former's material civilization, though not so much of its spiritual civilization. As an Easterner wanders about the cities of Europe, he notes that the West has made enormous strides in the development of man's material comforts. The existence of nice houses, fine roads, large parks, the invention of electricity and machinery, the improvement of communications, the protection of public health and sanitation, etc.—all these combine to make life in Europe under similar conditions more comfortable and more enjoyable than in the East. It was, indeed, the East which first saw the dawn of civilization, but it is the West which is now leading the vanguard of reform and progress. China, for example, had a considerable measure of civilization when the people of Europe still ran wild and naked in their primeval forests. To-day, however, the quondam barbarous Europe is civilized, while China has remained practically stationary all these centuries.

On the other hand, it may be questioned if the West has advanced in the moral or spiritual direction. In fact, according to the admissions of European thinkers themselves, it seems that the progress of the spiritual civilization of the Occident has not kept pace with that of its material civilisation. Western culture lays more emphasis

on a country's material progress than on its moral improvement, and so ethics and religion are relegated to a back seat. Before the fatal days of August, 1914, the average European was adjudged more agnostic than religious, and men now hope that after the terrible ordeal of the last four years, Europe will be recalled to a sense of its true relationship with the real Arbiter of human destinies. The East may not have advanced in its material civilization, but it seems that it has not yet lost its moral or spiritual stamina. If from the material point of view the East of to-day is the same as the East of a few centuries ago, from the moral point of view the East of to-day is also the same as the East of the dim historic past. Despite the vicissitudes of time, the old spiritual civilization appears to be substantially intact even to-day.

Here is where the East and the West have each to learn from the other. The latter's lead in things mundane will encourage the former to bestir itself, while the former's adherence to things moral and spiritual will recall the latter to a knowledge of its true self. Probably after this war men will be more moral or religious than before the war.

Now the key of the Westerner's marvellous material progress is found in the individualistic system of the European civilization. In the East, the unit of a nation is, as formerly, the family. The old patriarchal government is retained, and the individual is not his own master, but a member of the family. He may be quite competent to manage his own affairs, but he still has to consult or listen to his elders. The paterfamilias is supreme, and is the head of the family as long as he lives.

In the West, however, the individual is the unit. As

soon as he reaches his majority, he becomes emancipated from the parental government. He is free to do what he likes, and is the master of all he earns or possesses. He builds up a home of his own and has to fight his battles all alone. Competition is keen and everywhere there is the stern law of survival of the fittest. For the average young man who begins life, the world is none too kind. If he is not to go under, he must do his best to establish and also maintain his footing. There is no favour or favouritism for anyone, but each must shift for himself as best he can.

Accordingly, he is thrown on his own resources, and this develops the spirit of independence, originality, and self-reliance. In such a society, progress is sure to follow. The same competition which impels a man out of motives of self-preservation to do his best therefore calls forth the best energies of all individuals composing the community. And as the force of competition gathers momentum, so the race for the first place or to avoid the last place, becomes keener and keener every day. Consequently, the material civilization moves forward by leaps and bounds.

Each system has its advantages as well as its defects. In favour of the patriarchal system, it may be said that it engenders the spirit of mutual help as well as mutual responsibility. Since the family is the unit, all its members ought to work for the common welfare. Accordingly, each is bound to help the others, so that none shall be neglected or deprived of an opportunity to labour for the benefit of the whole. Moreover, the reputation of the family must be maintained or kept up; so nobody must do anything which is calculated to injure or besmirch

it. Consequently, each man is his brother's keeper and made to feel that he is responsible for the good conduct of all others.

Such a system, of course, is liable to be abused. For example, the reliance upon mutual help may encourage a profligate member to waste his money or to lead an indolent life. Since there are always others to help him, he need not exert himself or do any work. And if this example be followed by others, numerous parasites will be developed. This is a great injustice to the conscientious few who attempt to keep the family together, and it certainly does not promote the greatest efficiency if a few industrious ones have to support a whole crowd of good-for-nothing hangers-on.

In the individualistic system, however, there is no room for such mutual help or mutual responsibility. Each individual must be independent and shift for himself. In so doing, he develops originality and self-reliance, and there is no room for parasitism. If you want to eat your bread, you must work for it by the sweat of your brow. If you want to starve, there is none to give you a helping hand. A few charitable people may step in to relieve you from temporary starvation, but then you are no longer one of those who earn their living by honest labour. To live upon another's charity is to sell your birthright of self-respect and, in the end, you sink to the level of those who must either perish or subsist on other people's alms. Such a fate is never relished by those who prize their noble heritage of independence, and therefore everybody tries his utmost to avert it.

On the other hand, an individual works for only his



own benefit. He is concerned merely with the interests of himself and his family. He bestows no thought or care upon the welfare of others, for the latter will take care of themselves. In so doing, he becomes selfish and lives entirely for himself, his wife and children. If he succeeds, he gets all the honour and glory, not his parents. If he fails, he has only himself and no others to thank. He alone has to suffer the penalty of the law, and so he is apt to forget the duties he owes to his true self. He becomes less responsible, and therefore such a thing as mutual responsibility is unknown.

Under the patriarchal system the *paterfamilias* is omnipotent. He is looked up to by the whole family, and is consulted on all questions. He is the centre of gravitation, the one source from whom all influences radiate. A son may himself have a family and children, but as long as the *paterfamilias* is alive, the latter's word is law. Of course, a heartless father may wield a despotic rule over the rest of his family, and his obstinacy or imperiousness may block the way to all progress. But we are dealing with sensible people, men who regard the family not as an object to be exploited upon, but one which must be honoured and glorified. The members are like so many partners in a firm, of which the *paterfamilias* is the oldest or leading partner.

Accordingly, there is developed a sense of respect and veneration for one's parents and elders, which seems to be greater than the Westerner's love for one's parents. The latter affection terminates, so to speak, with the parents themselves, whereas the former regards the parents not merely as such, but also as the leaders of a house or

clan which must be perpetuated and made illustrious. The Fifth Commandment is obeyed even to the very letter, and this no doubt accounts for the longevity of the Chinese race. "Honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Therefore, when a young man marries, he does not live separately from his parents, but continues to live with his family under the same parental roof. The old people are taken care of by the new couple, but the father is still the head of the family, although he is only a sleeping partner, and it is the son who does all the supporting. In this way the parents are properly looked after, and there is no danger of their being neglected in their old age. If a man has several sons, these also marry and bring home their wives. The whole family becomes augmented and then the parental roof bends over in benediction upon a large, merry gathering. Hence the height of a man's ambition is to live to a mellow old age and be surrounded by a flock of children as well as grandchildren.

Accordingly, the memory of one's parents is revered even after death. In the opinion of many foreigners in China such veneration is a form of worship. This is, however, not quite accurate. In the West people put flowers or wreaths over the graves of their loved ones. Similarly, the Chinese burn incense and offer offerings before the graves of their parents or ancestors. Neither the one nor the other is a form of worship, yet there is this much in common between them, namely, the honouring of the memory of their loved ones.

But in China the reverence for one's parents does not

stop at their gravesides. It survives with their posterity until at least the third generation. For when a man distinguishes himself in any sphere of activity, not only he himself is respected, but his ancestors are also honoured unto the third generation. Conversely, if he disgraces himself, not only his own character is stained, but the good name of his ancestors unto likewise the third generation is also dragged into the mire. The consequences, one way or the other, therefore produce a healthy influence upon those of the present generation, and the principle of mutual responsibility becomes thereby amplified as well as intensified.

Here is perhaps where the Western individualism is morally deficient. In Europe, a man is supposed to go out into the world so soon as he attains his majority. He marries and sets up his own home apart and separate from the parental roof. In so doing, the ties that used to bind him to his parents seem to be severed. He has his own family to support and therefore cannot, in the average case, afford to support his parents as well. Accordingly, the old people are left to shift for themselves in their declining years, and this from an Easterner's point of view is almost inconceivable.

This may be partly because, in the majority of cases, the parents themselves are comfortable enough not to require any assistance from the sons, but it appears that the truer reason is to be sought in the atmosphere which enjoins that an individual is to be the supreme master of his own destinies. He is presumed to need all the money he can earn for himself; so to require him to allocate a portion thereof for the support of his parents or

other relatives is to impair his greater efficiency. This may or may not operate harshly on the parents, but it is considered that being brought up in such an atmosphere, the parents themselves know best how to shift for themselves.

Accordingly, a man has only himself and his family to look after, and the means of subsistence being always difficult to obtain, his poor relatives are regarded with anything but joy. As long as everybody is rich, it may be easy to help one's poor relatives, but in the ordinary household each man has enough to do to support himself and his family without having also to supply the needs of other persons whose claim can never be so strong upon him as that of his own wife and children.

It is true that a man ought to be grateful to his parents for the years of care and devotion as well as education they have bestowed on him, but in the eyes of the West, the parents have done no more than their proper duties. For if they were to do less, or if they were to neglect their children, such neglect would be punishable by law. Besides, when the parents bring up their children, they do it not to glorify themselves, but to serve the interests of the state. That is to say, a parent owes it to the state to educate his children, so that they will develop into useful citizens. And if he himself is too poor to give them proper education, the state will provide them free schooling. So it is considered that when a parent educates his children he does no more than what the state itself will do for them. In China, however, free education or education by the state is still unknown, and the children's education is left entirely to the initiative of one's parents. Conse-

quently, the children owe a greater debt to their parents for fitting them to undertake their duties in life as useful citizens.

There may be some truth in the above suggestion. Nevertheless, it seems that even in the individualism of the West, the respect for parents should be more strongly emphasized than it is being done at present. When one's parents have devoted their best years and energies to bring up as well as educate one, so as to be able to take one's place in life, it is but plain justice that that great debt should be repaid. To take care of them in their old age is therefore to repay what one owes them; but to neglect them is not only to be ungrateful, but also to be forgetful of one's origin.

The family system calls for filial piety, and a filial son in China is respected universally as well as in all ages. Here, however, the conception of filial piety is almost unknown. A man perhaps may not go so far as to abandon his parents; nevertheless the individualistic system operates to the great detriment of this respect for parents.

Therefore, in the West, when a man becomes famous, his parents hardly get any credit for it. No doubt he adds some lustre to the memory of his ancestors, but in the eyes of the public this latter aspect is scarcely referred to. He distinguishes himself by his own merits, and therefore he alone deserves all the honour and distinction. Conversely, if he misconducts himself, he alone is to suffer the penalty of his misdeeds. In so doing, a man very often becomes indifferent or reckless. Since he alone is to pay the penalty of his errors, he is inclined to regard the whole matter lightly. Whereas, if he knows that all

his sins and errors will, as in China, also be visited upon the vicarious heads of his parents and ancestors, he will undoubtedly think twice or thrice before he commits any act or deed.

Here we have the essence of these two systems. In the first, the love of parents connotes the spirit of mutual help and mutual responsibility. In the second, the spirit of independence, originality and self-reliance creates in an individual also a counter spirit of irresponsibility. From the political point of view the former makes for more law-abidingness, and the latter more lawlessness.

The custom of having the entire family under the same parental roof has, however, this disadvantage. Namely, the mater familias is supreme over the women-folk and so may abuse her powers. If the old lady is cruel, she can easily make the daughter-in-law's life intolerable. Nor will the latter's husband help her much, unless he has some pluck or courage. For, were he to take his wife's part, his irate mother might roundly accuse him of being an unfilial son, since the five relationships in China are classified in the following order :—(1) Sovereign and subject. (2) Father and son. (3) Husband and wife. (4) Elder brother and younger brother. (5) Friend and friend. This does not mean that a husband is not to love his wife, but it means that as long as a man's parents are alive, his private feelings or affections must be subordinated to their welfare and happiness.

Such an unenviable condition is exceptional, for in normal cases it is unthinkable that the parents will be so inhuman as to make their children's lives unpleasant or unbearable. After all, it is a joy to the parents to have

their son's family live with them to console and comfort their old age. Consequently, everybody will co-operate for the happiness and prosperity of all.

Nevertheless, there is a growing tendency nowadays for the younger generation to live separately from the old people, and this is especially true of the modern-educated Chinese. Whereas formerly all could live on the incomes of the family estate, to-day everybody has to go and earn his own living. Competition grows keener and keener every day, and men are gradually feeling the rigours of the law of survival of the fittest. Each has therefore to establish his own home in the locality where he has his business or occupation, which is generally some distance from where the parents live. This is part and parcel of the inevitable social transformation, one which no amount of parental authority can hold back or suppress. But this does not do away with the ancient virtue of filial piety, and the son who earns his living away from home still sees to the support of his parents by sending them funds regularly.

The individualism of the West, worked out to its logical conclusions, means that if a man is to set up a home for himself, he is to choose his own wife and have an absolute say in the matter. In other words, he alone is competent to decide with whom he is to share his life's joys or burdens. But in China, even this delicate matter is managed by the parents. The latter are responsible to both their ancestors and posterity for the preservation of the clan, and therefore it is they who must see to the proper safeguarding of the same. The young people themselves are not consulted, because they are not regarded as

competent to deal with matters which properly appertain to their superiors.

Such a system, no doubt, is open to the abuse of early marriages, since the ambition of the parents is to see their family increase and prosper as early as possible. Otherwise, unforeseen circumstances may arise to cut short a promising life and thus endanger the further existence of the family. On the other hand, it tends to remove from the young people all unnecessary thoughts or worries about finding partners for themselves. For very often, here in the West, as in China to-day with a few of the modern-educated Chinese, the standing complaint of so many bachelors is that they cannot find suitable companions, whereas perhaps all that they require is some third party's introduction or good offices.

For example, a Chinese diplomat in Washington was once invited to a fashionable American wedding breakfast. In a jocular mood he asked one of the young men present, "When is your turn?" "Oh, but I've not got a suitable young lady yet." The diplomat promptly went up to a pretty damsel and demanded in a good-humoured way, "Miss —, will you have that young man?" The situation was embarrassing, and she blushed violently. A few days later, when the latter met our well-meaning match-maker on the street, she rebuked him for his rudeness in that public company. "But, my dear young lady," protested the genial culprit, "I meant it for your benefit." Strange to say, some three months afterwards, the young couple were married, when, of course, their unintentional benefactor had also his share of the festivity and congratulations.



When a man has just himself to think about, it is perhaps immaterial to him whether he marries or not. In China, however, an individual is only one member of a family. It is the family which must be perpetuated. Accordingly, from the family point of view, his success in taking to himself a wife is vital and must be duly ensured. Nevertheless, from the eugenic point of view, early marriages are prejudicial to the best interests of a race. This fact is being gradually appreciated, and therefore to-day the custom of early marriages is slowly dying out and the marriageable age is increased to the vicinity of twenty and twenty-five.

To a Western mind the idea that somebody else is to choose a wife for a man is certainly distasteful, and this aversion will no doubt increase if it is learned that the prospective bride and bridegroom do not see each other until the wedding day. For there will be absolutely no romance or courtship. Love-letters, forget-me-nots, moon-light walks, lovers' sighs, "popping the question," securing the young lady's parents' consent, and the formal farewell to bachelorhood—all these will not be felt or experienced, but merely imagined. The question of matrimony becomes then a prosaic matter, reduced almost to a mere business basis. Intercourse between the sexes is rigidly excluded, and so there are no opportunities for the future man and wife to get acquainted with each other. Each may find a number of imperfections, whether physical or temperamental in the other, and the union may become an ill-assorted marriage. If so, to enter upon it is like putting one's neck into a yoke. And if a Westerner has to choose between a state of celibacy or being tied to a

partner whom he may have never seen before, and who may be either ugly or deformed, he will perhaps prefer a monastic life to matrimony under such circumstances.

Therefore, in the West, when a man marries, his partner must be a person whom he has seen and known and loved, unless it is a marriage of convenience. If he cannot marry the woman he adores, he may remain single for life, and it is indifferent to him whether or not the name of his family will perish with him. In other words, he marries for his own particular benefit, and not to please his clan or tribe.

In theory, a courtshipless Chinese marriage is doomed to failure. The negotiations are carried on between a young man's parents and his future wife's parents through the intermediary of mutual friends, go-betweens or match-makers, so the results may end in anything but a success. In practice, however, the thing does not seem to be so unpleasant. For no parents like to spoil the happiness of their children, and therefore they can be relied upon to do the best for them. The prospective couple may not have seen each other at all, but their respective parents have had ample opportunities of finding out whether or not the alliance is desirable or undesirable before they give their consent. Moreover, the reputation of the match-makers is at stake, and they will be held responsible for any fraud or deception. So it is surely to their interests to bring about a good alliance.

A Western marriage is supposed to be founded on love, but it is strange that there should be so many divorces in Europe or America. A Chinese marriage may not be founded on love ; at the same time, divorce is practically

unknown. This anomaly has been aptly explained, somewhat as follows, by the late Sir Robert Hart, the Irishman who had served as the Inspector-General of the Chinese Maritime Customs for the best part of half a century. Here a marriage is preceded by a long period of courtship, but in nine cases out of ten the love engendered cools off after marriage. This is like putting pans of boiling water on a fireless stove and then letting it get cold. Our marriage, however, is just the opposite. It is like putting pans of cold water on the stove and then applying fire to it.

The latter matrimony is entered into, not for the sake of the individuals themselves, but for the sake of the family ; so the young couple must take a common-sense view of it. Since they are already married, they must resign themselves to their fate. They cannot defy the authority of their parents and, therefore, they must work together harmoniously in order to make each other's life happy. The task may be difficult, but they must make the best of it. Love then begins and continues until the end of their days.

Now it takes time and patience for the couple to learn to love each other, but it also takes time for them to leave each other for good. For apart from personal reasons, the force of custom is strongly set against the dissolution of marriage. The cutting of the knot reflects on the honour and reputation of both families, and unless it is a case allowable by law, and the law takes good care that its rule is not easily abused, the idea of dissolution will never be tolerated. Such an atmosphere may indeed condemn a couple who ought never to have been joined

together at all to lifelong misery and bondage. Nevertheless, it acts also as a great deterrent upon those who may wish to put away their wives on the flimsiest of pretexts. The institution of matrimony is no trifling matter to be toyed about or discarded at pleasure, but one which is to be guarded as jealously as possible. Humanity being still imperfect, married life cannot be one long unbroken path of roses and no thorns. A Chinese marriage may not be ideal; nevertheless, the man and wife must grow to love each other, just as we must appreciate the rain none the less for its occasional untimely downpours.

In the West, matrimony is a matter of free will. If a couple find out after marriage that they are unsuited to each other, they can dissolve the marriage by mutual consent. For if life is uncongenial with one partner, it may be perhaps more congenial with a new companion. Therefore, you have separations and divorces, and these cannot but detract greatly from the sanctity of matrimony.

In a future chapter on social problems we will return to the subject of divorces; here it is noted to show the contrast between the incidents of Chinese and Western marriages.

Of course, the Chinese marriage system is not entirely defensible. It has its defects as well as its virtues. For however much individual wishes are to be subserved to the interests of a family, it will undoubtedly contribute to the greater happiness of family life, if the wishes of the people directly concerned are taken more into consideration. Moreover, the society in China to-day is rapidly going through a veritable metamorphosis, and old customs are gradually coming to be regarded as so

many irksome burdens. It is, perhaps, problematical whether or not the existing family system will in the end be superseded by the individualism of the West, but it is evident from the signs of the times that the old marriage customs are falling into disrepute. The innate conservatism of the race may not go so far as to imitate so slavishly everything European in such as well as other matters; nevertheless, it seems plain that the tendency of Chinese ideas of marriage to-day is to approximate something of the Western mode.

Despite these changes, the essence of the family system is still being preserved. More and more the young people themselves are free to choose for themselves, but the parents are invariably consulted. Of course, with the continued though slightly relaxed seclusion of the sexes, or within the narrow limits of the new freer social intercourse, the young people can never have so much freedom for indulging in open courtship as they have in the West. This is perhaps better and more becoming than the European licence to indiscriminate flirtation and promiscuous courtship—in the streets, in the parks, in the cinemas, on the river, the beach, etc., for then the preliminaries to matrimony are more genteel and not common public exhibitions. Marriage is a sacred rite, and when it has the approval as well as the benediction of one's parents, it indubitably assumes a more solemn significance than otherwise it will have. This is as it should be, for "those whom God has joined together, let no man part asunder."

Here is essentially where both the East and the West have to learn from each other. The former is too

conservative, and the other too radical. That the future man and wife should know each other thoroughly before they are joined in holy wedlock is only to be expected, but the Western freedom in love-making—unrestrained in point of place as well as methods—cannot be said to be conducive to the highest respect for the solemnity or religiosity of its consummation. To ensure the greatest happiness of married life the young people should indeed choose their own partners, but whenever practicable the parents should be consulted in this momentous matter. After all, two heads are better than one, and the inexperience of youth stands much to gain by the added wisdom of age. When these ideal combinations are obtained, it seems that the other social or family problems will be easy of adjustment.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

In the East the women are accustomed to a secluded life, and they only come out to do occasional shopping or to go to theatres. Here, however, you see them everywhere—in the shops, factories, tea-rooms, restaurants, theatres, banks, gardens, parks or other public places. If the Orient is a man's dominion, the Occident looks more like a woman's realm than man's. If an Easterner is impressed by the enormous strides which the West has made in the way of material progress, he is much more impressed by the spectacle of so many women appearing in public.

This seems to be another manifestation of the individualistic system of Western civilization. In the East it is the men exclusively who go out to work and the women folk who stay at home. Here, however, everybody has to be independent. Therefore unless she is married, a woman must also go out to earn her living. The parents do not find husbands for the daughters as they do in the East, so the women must seek employment until they succeed in finding their life partners. In the East, the women stay at home under their parental care until they are married off. Here they remain under the parental roof until they are old enough to go out into the world to seek their own living. If by that time the right man comes along, marries one of them and supports her, well

and good ; otherwise, the latter must resume her tedious plodding. And very often a married woman may still go out to seek employment so as to supplement her husband's insufficient earnings.

From the æsthetic point of view it appears to be a great shame that the weaker sex have to rub shoulders with the stronger sex in the race for the survival of the fittest. It may do them good to come out and identify themselves with social as well as charitable activities for the relief of the poor and needy, but it seems to be demanding more than they can possibly give when women have to do arduous labour, and in some instances compete with stronger men. The world, however, is not so easy a place to live in, and in the West especially, those who can must seek their own economic salvation. The harvest is rich, but the labourers are few, and so female labour must step in to supplement the insufficiency of male labour.

Of women in employment, there are at least seven well-known types—namely, the maid-servant, the shop-girl, the waitress, the typist, the stage-girl, the hospital nurse, and the school teacher or governess. The first is, of course, a familiar figure in all countries. The others are, however, unknown in the East.

The shop-girl is an interesting specimen of femininity. In her black frock she looks quite prim and businesslike ; as she receives and attends to the customers' orders, she is the picture of respectful attention. In many respects she is a better shop-keeper than her male colleague, for generally she is more patient and tactful. On the whole, she seems to supply a commercial want, since the male workers are needed in the many more strenuous forms of



employment. She serves her customers well and is faithful to her employers. She has her regular business hours and usual holidays—a kind of employment which is certainly more congenial than that of the maid-servant.

The waitress has her own peculiar sort of life. Her working hours are also regular, though not, perhaps, quite so long as those of a shop-girl. But she seems to have more leisure hours, for in addition to the usual holidays, she has also her weekly evenings off. Her life is comparatively more interesting than that of a shop-girl. The latter attends to the orders of a customer, receives his or her money, hands back his or her change, if any, and then all is over. In a tea-room or restaurant, however, the waitress has more opportunities to observe and experience life. She sees how different customers eat their meals, how they brood over their newspapers as they eat or smoke, and how a lonely customer either eats his or her meal in silence amid the general atmosphere of feeding and conversing, or stares around in search of a suitable companion. All these things, as well as many others besides, she observes and notes, and were she a philosopher or author she could easily write volumes out of her store of observation.

In the ordinary case a waitress's life is monotonous and uneventful. Occasionally, however, she catches a glimpse or two of possible better openings. In theory, a waitress attends to a customer's orders and then does the same with those of other customers. They are all strangers to her and so there is no mutual interest between them. But in practice, most customers have a habit of always lunching in the same restaurant and, if possible, they like to be served

by the same waitresses who used to attend to their orders. With some, the reason may be sentimental, but with many others it is just a habit born of convenience. For, if you go frequently to the same restaurant, and occupy as nearly as possible the same corner or seat, the waitress doing duty for that part of the establishment will know fairly well what are your needs and capacity. Unless you prefer a change of menu and give your orders accordingly, with just a friendly nod or smile to the waitresses who used to serve you day after day, you can get what you want without much ado. You need not look over the menu card in order to find out what is there good to eat or drink, but your desires will be intelligently anticipated.

In these friendly nods and smiles a waitress may catch a glimpse or two of possible future openings, for the acquaintance thus commenced may ripen into friendship and eventually be united in wedlock. The waitress has to be tidy and neat, careful and exact, patient and good-natured—qualities excellent in a housewife. Is it any wonder if amid such semi-domestic surroundings, many a man sees the true worth of the person who serves him well and, so admiring, finally proposes an offer of marriage?

The typist is, of course, a higher paid person than the above two types. She has to have a certain amount of education before she can get into the position, for competition is keen here as elsewhere. Moreover she moves among higher circles, and so always has to look respectable. She does not wear a uniform like the maid-servant, or waitress, but must appear in a clean blouse and tidy skirt. And just as her education and intelligence increase, so

it seems her chances of finding a suitable husband multiply. Her field of conquest is wider, and all other things being equal, a woman who can help her husband in his correspondence, etc., is certain to be regarded as a desirable wife.

The stage-girl, on the other hand, seems to lead a rather precarious sort of life. The employment is seldom permanent, and the income therefrom is meagre in comparison with the arduous duties which have to be performed. Unless one has good looks or special talents, the stage is generally a disappointing profession. Nevertheless, it is a career full of excitement and romance, and the glamour of appearing before the public, of being applauded by an enthusiastic audience and photographed as well as written about by the different papers and magazines—all these hold forth a fascination for many aspiring candidates.

Besides, once a person becomes famous, success is within easy reach. Then it is not so long a road to travel from one of the chorus girls to the principal lady. Success, like misfortune, does not come singly, and therefore offers of marriage will also come pouring in. For men love adventure and admire those who show real spade work. The life of a stage-girl is full of ups and downs, and a person who can survive all the ordeals must indeed possess plenty of courage, resourcefulness and perseverance. These qualities have sterling values, especially in the ups and downs of married life. Naturally these added to her acquired ability to charm and attract, command a good market in the world of eligibles.

The nurse is a lovable soul. She is gentle, intelligent,

tactful, and patient, qualities which are so necessary in one who is to take care of the sick and wounded. Her profession is arduous and the life she leads is one of self-sacrifice and devotion. Her duty is not so much to entertain the public or assist others in matters of business or housekeeping, but to relieve suffering and hardship. Hers is a great humanitarian service—that of bringing a man back to life who may lie dangerously near the door of death, or to make the lot of those whose lives are thus to be cut short, as easy and pleasant as possible. The work requires skill, patience, sympathy, selflessness, and even an all-night vigil by the patient's bed-side. No wonder that when a man recovers from his illness he is so grateful to the nurse who has brought him back to life. And if she is such a splendid companion in the hours of distress and suffering she, of course, deserves to be rewarded, wherever possible, by an offer of marriage.

Finally, there is the school teacher. Her life is prosaic and unromantic. Her duties are to educate the future citizens of the nation and her reward is to be found in the gratitude of posterity.

In this connexion a fairly accomplished woman may secure an employment as governess to a wealthy family's children or as companion to a titled lady. In the latter case she moves on a higher plane and, assisting her mistress in the various light household duties or reading and playing to her ladyship, shows her accomplishments. If she can assist the mistress in the management of a house as well as prove a useful friend and companion to her, she certainly possesses those qualities which go to make a successful housewife,

Here we have the various forms of employment for women. We have no desire to appear cynical when we mention that such and such an employment may end in wedlock. We merely mention this fact in order to emphasize the significance of the individualistic system of Western civilization as it affects the social conditions of the community. Each person is master of his or her own actions and property. There is scarcely any one to lend a lifting or helping hand and each must shift for himself or herself as best he or she can. Therefore, each finds his or her own means of support or livelihood, and the same thing is true of matrimony.

Men, we are told, are born free and hence this world is no place for either slavery or despotic form of government. Nevertheless, men, and especially women, are willing to submit to the tyranny of Dame Fashion, and this for no other reason than to gratify their vanities. And in this respect, those of the amiable sex are the worst offenders.

With the mere man a becoming hat, a nice tie and clean collar, a well cut lounge suit and a pair of durable socks and shoes are sufficient for his needs, but the lady's fashions are not so simple. To be sure, even in men's dress there are fashions and vogues—some quite as grotesque as those which pander to the vanity of Her Royal Highness the Woman—but ordinarily the mere man is easily satisfied and, above all, rational in his likes and dislikes. And here, perhaps, we are treading on thin ice and rushing in where angels fear to tread.

In the first place, there is the custom of tight lacing, which is often compared to the former custom of some

Chinese women binding their feet. If the binding of the feet interferes with the circulation of blood and injures a person's health by making it almost impossible to move about freely, the Western custom of wearing corsets appears similarly indefensible. They, too, seem to interfere with the wearer's bodily comforts, especially when the wearer sits down and has to be propped up. And it is strange to notice that just as in China a pair of feet reduced to a length of only three inches would be praised as "3 inch golden lilies" by their admirers, so a waist contracted to a girth of 22 inches would, in the West, be considered a perfect waist.

In some quarters the use of corsets has been defended on the ground that without them the wearer would simply have no form or "figure." This seems to be reasonable from the way that ladies are dressed here in the West. But compared with her Chinese sister's dress, an English lady's dress is not so comfortable or convenient. And to appreciate this fact, one has actually to see or wear the respective costumes, as no pen picture can adequately portray the contrast. Apparently, however, the corsets are not without their virtues. According to the testimony of some Chinese foreign-educated doctors, a number of modern Chinese ladies have also begun to imitate their foreign sisters and wear tight laces. In a few cases the lacing had been too tight and as a result injuries to the wearer's health have not infrequently occurred.

From the purely artistic point of view the foreign lady's dress at times looks quite pretty, but not so the custom of wearing evening dress in theatres or dinners. The masculine stiff shirt and black evening dress may look becoming,

though the stiff shirt and collar are a bit uncomfortable, but the feminine custom of wearing the dress cut low at the neck as well as at the back seems rather indecorous from an Easterner's point of view. At times the thread-like supports suspended over the shoulders look dangerously unreliable, and we often dreaded to see them snap or slip off at any minute! And this, even though the weather is freezingly cold. No wonder that so many ladies complain of catching colds after a theatre or dinner party.

But it is surely most quixotic to see ladies go about with furs round their necks when the weather is warm but sit about in an unevenly heated room with their necks and backs almost entirely bare in the depth of winter! A fine neck may be an object of pride to its owner as well as an object of envy to her friends, but the consequent attack of cold, etc., will be merely self-invited.

In the East, women do not wear hats, though for protection against the cold they wear some sort of a cloth band which fits closely round the head. Here, however, a smart hat is part of the indispensable paraphernalia of a lady's wardrobe. As with dresses, so with hats, there are fashions, and at one time there was the monster "merry widow" hat. In point of width and utility, it seems to protect the wearer's head from the burning sun as effectively as a Chinese farmer's sun helmet, but it is an unmitigated terror to the railway porter who has to carry a lady passenger's mammoth hat boxes, and especially to the bus or tube conductor who has to help her on or off the vehicle but whose hat is too large to be admitted conveniently through the door.

Then there are hats which are more like lamp shades, and also hats that are small but ornamented with fantastic figures at the crown, or long projecting feathers. And to sit in a bus or tube next to a lady wearing either a large headgear or one with saucy protruding feathers is a trying experience. For whenever your companion turns her head this way or that way her feathers are sure to knock against your face. At one time there was also a rage for wearing long hat pins which stuck out most threateningly. No wonder that cases of serious injury resulting therefrom were often brought to the notice of the law courts.

After hats come the lady's shoes. It is said that her ladyship will not be considered genteel or refined until she is well hatted and shod, and she therefore takes care that her hat is neither a "sight" nor her shoes are "down at the heel." So far so good, but there is also a none too wise tendency to wear extraordinarily high-heeled shoes which are plainly too small for their owner's feet.

Here is an interesting insight into the universality of human vanity. The African explorer Humboldt used to relate that, like other species of humanity, the African native loved his finery, so much so, that when it rained he would take off his gay-coloured clothes, tuck them under his arm and get wet himself rather than the skin protector should be soiled by the rain! Similarly here in the West, the same sacrifice is made to the fetish of vanity. The man's stiff collar and hard shirt look neat and smart, though uncomfortable to the wearer; the tight, pointed shoes look more *à la mode* than the square-toe ones;



and the corsets give her ladyship the proper "figure." Pains and discomforts? Well—but nothing worth mentioning, one is assured, and the glory of a smart appearance is accounted a fitting recompense for the martyrdom to vanity.

To be sure, shoes ought to have some heels, and experience proves that gentlemen's shoes in the West are much better for walking out than the Chinese low-heeled shoes. On the other hand the lady's high-heeled shoes appear very precarious for the wearers, and one always trembles to see the wearers walk about the street, lest they should fall over any minute. The wearing of high heels inevitably throws the weight of the body forward on to the toes. This no doubt accounts for some of the sufferings undergone by the wearer; does it not also partly explain why her ladyship is so impatient and hasty of conclusions?

Then there is the lady's skirt which is also swayed by different fashions. At one time it was the "hobble" skirt or tight skirt which rendered walking or mounting the steps most unsafe and dangerous—the antipodes to the balloon-like crinoline of the Victorian era. After the hobble came the slit skirt and later the "harem" skirt, which looked more like men's trousers than otherwise.

Now it is strange that the *genus homo* in this twentieth century should still be the willing slave of Dame Fashion. If the fashions are sensible, there is some commonsense in adopting them. But most of the newest fashions are not only insensible but positively ugly and grotesque, and it is a wonder that the woman who is generally so refined in her tastes should so forget her book of æsthetics

and indulge in an orgy of brand new novelty. Within reasonable bounds a woman may pander to her vanity, since it is this healthy desire which makes her dress nicely and look beautiful. But it is a great pity that the gratification should be carried to excess and what is ugly has come to be regarded as beauty.

Beauty, it is said, is best when natural or unadorned, and bright eyes as well as rosy cheeks are superior by far to pencilled eye-brows and rouged cheeks. But it appears that some women who have the misfortune to be born plain looking, like to court public attention when otherwise the male folks will pass them by unconcerned. And some men are perverse enough to pick from a crowd only those who are either the most pretty to look at or else arrayed in the latest styles and fashions. To be unnoticed is to lose a possible chance of embarking on the highway to matrimony. This is distasteful to the average woman who aspires to the noble status of motherhood, since the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Moreover, it is much harder to remain an old maid than an old bachelor. Therefore, to avert such a disaster, even if the chances to succeed matrimonially are slight, many will groom themselves according to the latest fads and fashions in order to attract and compel attention. This ruse would not have been so successful if the average man were not so keen on noticing or admiring new fashions. But novelty spells a change, a departure from the usual routine, and so the stratagem works.

This matter of fashions may or may not be childish; nevertheless, it is not without its effects on connubial relationships. Some men prefer to be bachelors because

they say it costs too much to support a wife, especially in consequence of the constant change of modes and fashions. Here we have an example of the inconsistency of the mere man. Most husbands love to see their wives look smart and well dressed—at least they do not wish their spouses to look like old frogs—yet they are not willing to pay their wives' dress bills! Of course, in the average case the commonsense of the husband and wife will enable them to make things look fairly respectable without getting into debt. Nevertheless, it seems that ladies who are accustomed to be arrayed in the latest fashions invariably frighten away many prospective suitors and thus spoil their own chances.

After the lady's fashions, the next thing that an Easterner notices in Western society is the respect for women. In the East the sexes do not mix or commingle with each other; here, however, there is every freedom for intercourse between the sexes. Instead of being always at home or, as it were, shut up in a glass case to be admired as an object of beauty, the woman here boldly presents herself before the public. Nor does her appearance in public take away the charm that the average man associates with a woman. She is the equal of man; she therefore demands her proper place in life whether at home or in business. She cannot be continually confined to the house, because she must come out to see what she can do. As a citizen of the state, she has also her duties to perform, and if she cannot be a mother she can at least find ways to become a useful member, not a parasite, of the community. Such a spirit of independence inspires the respect of the men folk and thus elevates her to a plane of common equality.

From the sociological point of view this is a great gain to the community, although the system is liable to be abused. For example, it may be quite proper for gentlemen and ladies to dine together in a restaurant, but it certainly does not seem genteel to see ladies smoke. We may be conservative, but the spectacle of women smoking in public, either among themselves or with their gentlemen friends, does not conduce to increasing one's respect for these lady smokers. And one's conservatism is reinforced when one sees that this habit of smoking in public is not practised by the preponderating majority of the fair sex, but is confined generally to those whose general behaviour and attire proclaim them as radical exponents of sex equality in all respects.

This independence of the woman is exemplified not only in her seeking employment to support herself but also in the management of her own property. For all practical purposes, she can make contracts or acquire property as if she were a man. But the most important of all is the right which the law allows a married woman to hold her property distinct from and independent of her husband. In the eyes of the law she must be protected in the enjoyment of such property as well as its proceeds. She may be the object, as one of the equity judges put it, of the husband's kisses in the morning but of his curses in the evening. To rely upon the husband's loyalty to hold his wife's property for her is therefore unsafe, so a paternal government steps in to protect her by the passing of the various Married Woman's Property Acts dating from 1881.

Nor is this all. For a married woman to hold her

property acquired either before or after marriage is a strict legal matter. But is the husband the absolute owner of his wife's body? In the East the answer seems to be in the affirmative; in the West it is a decided negative. Therefore if she prefers not to live with him any longer as his wife, he cannot compel her so to live.

In the recent (1917) famous unwritten law case when Lieutenant Malcolm was acquitted of the charge of murder of Baron Baumberg who, during his absence at the front in Flanders, had stolen his wife's affections, the learned judge observed pointedly as follows:—

A husband has no property in the body of his wife. He cannot imprison her, he cannot confine her, he cannot chastise her. If she refuses to live with him, he cannot, nor can even the Courts, compel her to do so. She is the mistress of her own destiny. If she decides to yield her body to another, then the husband is not entitled to murder the lover. The supremacy of the law is of more importance than the temporary indulgence of natural feelings.

This seems to be rather strange, but yet inevitable. As long as marriage in the West is regarded more as a social contract than as a religious ceremony, this conception of the law is unavoidable. Such a ruling may operate to protect a wife from the brutality of her husband. On the other hand, it may favour the wife too much. We do not mean to be harsh on either the husband or the wife, but from the moral point of view this system does not conduce to a respect for the integrity of the marriage ties. For when a faithless wife knows that her husband can never chastise her with impunity for her infidelity, she may play fast and loose with his affections. Were the law, however, to be otherwise, a wife would most certainly think twice or thrice before playing heedlessly

with such inflammable passions. Similarly, the same wholesome dread which keeps a good wife in check will also deter her paramour from participating in the conspiracy. But instead, we find a husband is helpless to chastise either his wife or her seducer.

It is true that he can petition to the court for a divorce which will be granted if the facts are proved. This is, however, no consolation. He may indeed be given the custody of his children and also a sum of money to solace his aggrieved feelings, but the man who has stolen his wife, wrecked his home and is cited as a co-respondent in the divorce court proceedings simply pays the fine, goes off, and then marries his wife! Is this not adding insult to injury? It may be divine to forgive, but it is human to give vent to one's feelings and indignation. And if, as in the above case of *Malcolm v. Baumberg*, the aggrieved husband prefers to take the law into his own hands rather than petition for a divorce and receive his wife-stealer's filthy lucre, the jury will certainly take cognisance of the so-called unwritten law and accord him their sympathy. (In this case the jury found that Malcolm merely lifted his riding whip to chastise the baron but that the latter died of heart failure. Hence the accused's acquittal of the charge of murder.)

Of course, as lawyers, we have to uphold the supremacy of the law and discourage any individual from taking the law into his own hands. Nevertheless, unless the legislature can enact laws to punish effectively those who violate the Seventh and the Tenth Commandments, man will always defy the law. And as long as there is no improvement, the outlook does not seem to be reassuring.

This problem is intimately connected with the question of divorce and divorce law. Whether the reformed divorce law will mollify or aggravate an aggrieved husband's impulse to take the law into his own hands is problematical, but the reconstruction after the war may suggest improvements in this as well as other directions. The question is vital. It concerns the very bedrock of human society and, therefore, deserves to be heroically tackled as well as squarely met.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### "VOTES FOR WOMEN!" AND WOMEN IN WAR.

If an Easterner is surprised at the high social status of the woman in the West—how she is respected by man, how she is treated as his equal in public and even as his superior at home, etc.—he is still more surprised at her claim to participate in the political activities of the nation. To his unaccustomed mind the sight of woman taking her place in society as the equal of man in arts, literature, science, business, sport, recreation, etc., well-nigh staggers his imagination. The invasion of this modern Amazon upon the sacred preserves of the male sex, disturbs his mental equilibrium and he gasps almost in fright, "What next?" But he does not have to wait long before the defiant reply is hurled back at him: "Votes for Women!"

At this hour of the day it is too late to discuss whether or not women should have votes. Prior to August 1914, many there were who could not be convinced of the justice or even expediency of enfranchising the female sex. The ordeal of battle has, however, revolutionized men's minds and so only a few months ago (August 1917) the House of Commons voted in favour of giving women their franchise, in grateful recognition of the splendid work which the women of Great Britain had performed during the preceding three years.

It may seem that the legislators' consent to such enfran-



chisement is due to the altered circumstances. In a way this is true, for the ordeal of fire and blood has to a considerable extent clarified the whole atmosphere and men have come to regard the claims of the opposite sex with a new sympathy born of companionship in adversity and suffering. But this fact alone will not hasten the advent of woman's political emancipation. The more substantial reason, however, lies in the emblazoned fact that the women of Great Britain have shown themselves during the war truly worthy of their claims, not undeserving beggars living upon the politician's charity.

Here we get the essence of the votes for women controversy. Man being an egoist to the backbone, it is not easy for his rival in creation to aspire to complete equality with him. He may be powerless to exclude the gentler sex from the domains of literature, art, business, etc., because of the omnipotent pressure of social growth and communistic development. This may be due to the perennial excess of over a million female population over that of the male, but it is also due to the process of social evolution which is incomplete until there is a judicious fusion in the activities of both sexes. Politics, however, has always been the holiest of the holies of man's preserves, and as long as the masculine sex is the stronger and the one to bear the brunt of the world's battle, man will always be supreme in the realm of politics. To dislodge him from his impregnable citadel requires something more than blind assault. For one thing the besiegers are unequal to the task of maintaining the siege, and very often they are caught between the fire of the beleaguered and that of their own non-sympathisers.

Such an assault to be successful can only be accomplished by peaceful persuasive means. And in the light of the events of the past three years (1914—1917) the ultimate triumph of feminism by pacific means is the fable of the wind and the sun re-illustrated.

When the wind wants the traveller to acknowledge its superior strength, it blows a cold blast, but the harder it blows the tighter the traveller wraps his cloak around him. On the other hand, the sun resorts to kindlier measures and, as it shines warmer and warmer, the unconscious judge of the duel between the elements gradually takes off his garment and revels in the benignity of its rays. Similarly, the more the women agitators attempt to take man's proud citadel by storm, the stouter is his defence. But the war has given women their long-sought opportunity and three years of unflagging patriotism, heroism and self-sacrifice in helping to carry on the war have won the gratitude of the whole nation. Surely the consent of Parliament to enfranchise some six millions of the female population is the direct result of this peaceful persuasive argument.

From the viewpoint of the enfranchised women themselves, it is easy to discover past errors, but to the stranger the ante-war "Votes for Women!" tactics have always appeared as the worst methods possible. To agitate in private or in public, in the Press or on the platform for the enfranchisement of women is legitimate, since it is part and parcel of the Englishman's or Englishwoman's freedom of speech, but the various excesses indulged in at times almost fiendishly by the more militant section of suffragists are suicidal. As long as a woman can plead

her cause well, and there are always enough arguments to substantiate her claims for enfranchisement, she need never stoop so low as to emulate the methods of rowdies and hooligans. In the former case there are many even among the male population who sympathise with the legitimate aspirations of their womenfolk, but in the latter the offending suffragettes only incur public reprobation and damage their own cause.

The militant tactics of the suffragettes infringe directly upon the rights of the public. For by pouring vitriol or sulphuric acid into the public letter-boxes or chaining themselves to the railings of the Houses of Parliament as well as smashing the windows of government offices, they constituted a serious menace to the safety of the public, let alone making themselves a regular nuisance to be firmly put down by the State. In addition they would lay siege to the legislators from the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons and rain down papers or pamphlets to disturb the well-ordered deliberations of the assembly. So in self-defence the Ladies' Gallery was transformed into a grille so that no fair spectator, however pacific, could further intrude upon the tranquillity of Parliamentary proceedings. And thus the majority of budding women politicians had to suffer for the sins and excesses of their over-zealous sisters.

As if all this was still insufficient to advertise their noble cause, the self-appointed martyrs finally resorted to a hunger strike. That is to say, they refused to touch the food supplied by the prison authorities, and so had to be forcibly fed. Doubtless they had hoped that in face of such determination to die unfed rather than to

live unfranchised, the Government and Parliament would cave in and yield to their demands. But the ruse was not successful although the Government of the day vacillated between determination and weakness. The hunger strikers were indeed liberated so soon as the prison doctors reported their situation as critical, but politically they remained unemancipated.

Now this is a most interesting phenomenon. If these self-appointed martyrs were resolved to die for their noble cause, it is certainly the height of cruelty for a weak-kneed government to deny them that glorious consummation. Indeed it may be asked: "How many of these hunger strikers really intended to be martyrs instead of keeping up the false appearance as long as possible?" But just as the law discourages the committing of suicides, so the Government was afraid to let them die. In so doing the Home Office only added oil to the flames, for the liberated martyrs would recuperate and then resume their militant tactics. And the added knowledge that the Government could only send them to prison but dare not let them die, would only embolden them to explore for fresh worlds to conquer in the way of bringing the Government and Parliament to their knees.

As already stated, all this is now a closed chapter in the history of woman's political emancipation, and the war has given women their long-sought opportunity. But the incident is not without its lessons, and perhaps when the next clash comes between masculine and feminine rights, the lamp of the past will guide the footsteps of the future.

It may be anticipating one of our concluding chapters

to touch now upon the subject of the war, but it seems best here to include our meed of praise for the heroic part played by British women during the last few years. That part pre-eminently stands forth as emblazoned for all posterity to behold and admire, both in respect of the things usually expected of the gentler sex and of those least expected of them. When we come to England at war we will dwell upon the marvels performed by women in the supreme crisis of the nation's destiny; here we will confine our attention to those capabilities generally expected of a belligerent country's female population.

It used to be said that men shall fight and women shall weep. This might have been true of past wars, it certainly is untrue of the present world-wide conflagration. We are accustomed to the sight of the stronger sex suffering indescribable hardships on the field of battle or in the internment camps, but it has been reserved for this war to show how the fighting men's wives, sisters and mothers could more than sustain their unenviable part at home. There is consolation in the fighting men's sufferings, for there is the exhilaration of going into and being engaged in stern grips with the offending foe, if not actually of dying for King and country. In the excitement of battle or preparing for the onslaught, the personal discomforts, the trivial hardships of the trenches, etc., are forgotten, and in laying down one's life for the noble flag, one has valiantly trod the path of duty which leads to glory and earns the undying gratitude of posterity. The same is nearly true of those interned in enemy camps, since there is the satisfaction to look back upon of having done one's second best for King and country—that is, just one short of holy martyrdom.

The sufferings of those who stay at home, however, are a hundred times more poignant, and it is women who are most fully capable of the situation. Theirs is not to do and die, but theirs is to pray and weep. Theirs is not to be accounted the privilege of martyrs, but theirs is to endure the pangs of disappointment, pain and blighted hopes. Theirs is not to carry forward the torchlight of humanity and civilisation on alien soil, but theirs is to toil and carry on at home. Theirs is not the lot of those who play to the gallery; theirs is that of one who goes about his work silently behind the scenes. Theirs does not win immediate applause or reward; theirs is simply that of the mute toiler who expects no reward save that of personal satisfaction in having contributed a no small share to the speedy attainment of the common end.

There is no need here to distinguish the relative greater value of the two: the British nation itself has already signified its appreciation of woman's part in the war. Nevertheless it is to be said to the honour of women that the war might not have been won if they had not done what they have actually accomplished to help carry on the war. It is easy for the men in the fighting ranks to ask those who stay at home to carry on business as usual, but it is only vouchsafed to the latter, especially the women, to know how mighty difficult it is to answer the brave lads' call. Were there to be no ups and downs, fears or anxieties, such as when a relative merely goes off to the seaside or abroad for a holiday, the one who stays at home could carry on as usual with a smiling face and light heart. In war, however, it is all different, and the stayer-at-home must suppress his or her grief,

however heart-rending this may be, and still go about his or her ordinary as well as extraordinary duties with smiles and laughter. This is, indeed, make-believe, but it is not everybody who can keep up such appearance amidst either wearying anxiety or gnawing grief. And here it is where women essentially shine. In the sublimity of their devotion they forget their own grief, and to carry on as usual at home they forget their own selves. In the munition shops, in the factories, out in the fields, as nurses, as "Waacs," as "Wrens," etc., they show their marvellous versatility and so efficiently assisted in the prosecution of the war. If so, could a grateful nation do less than by emancipating its women-folk from their previous shackles, political, economic as well as social?

"Carry on!" Indeed, carry on as usual, but only women know how to do it. For example, when the war first broke out it was feared that the militant suffragists might seize upon the opportunity and, committing awkward excesses, hamper the nation's feverish preparations for the war. But be it said to their credit, the suffragettes did nothing of the sort. Just as all party differences were to be sunk for the duration of the war in order that the nation might present a united front against a formidable foe, so "Carry on!" must come before "Votes for Women!" And instead of the women-folk striking in every walk of life—as nurses, as farm labourers, as munition workers, as aeroplane wing-makers, etc.—until they were first actually enfranchised, they had the patriotism to put everything less important in the background when confronted by a danger menacing the very existence of the empire as well as the well-being of the whole human race.

It may be inconsistent for the hunger-striker or window-smasher of yesterday to become a loyal "Waac" or "V.A.D." of to-day, but such sweet inconsistency is to be acknowledged in gratitude by an indebted nation. But is this not like the woman all over? A bundle of self-contradictions, of incomprehensibles, of childishness, but nevertheless a greater bundle of charms—pardon the coinage—of lovable, of adorable! In other words, whatever one may think of women's foibles in the love of finery in times of peace, they have unmistakably shown their sterling qualities as man's co-equal when the trumpet sounds for the supreme test. It is no longer the men who fight and the women who weep, but it is both who fight the same battles. The weapons may not be the same in both cases, but the ultimate result is never in doubt, and womanhood's answer is best epitomised in the fine lines by Ernest L. Haight, entitled "In Flanders Fields":—

Sleep on, brave lads in Flanders fields,  
 As year by year the poppy yields  
 Its wealth of beauty in whose blow  
 Your life-blood's colour seems to glow!  
 Your call was heard; 'twas understood  
 By freedom-loving womanhood.  
 We gave our men-folk—stifled pain—  
 So that great prize ye died to gain  
 Might not be lost on battlefield.  
 And 'mid the years that come and go,  
 Somehow we would that you might know  
 That womanhood with all its soul  
 Your deathless valor shall extol  
 And with devoted zeal will pray  
 That till dawns God's eternal day  
 Ye sleep in peace in Flanders fields.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND LABOUR STRIKES.

In an early chapter we said that before we left China we had the fond idea of landing in England and finding the streets paved with precious stones and people eating as well as drinking from vessels of gold and silver. But it was not long before we were disillusioned.

To be sure, London is a wonderful place, a lovable place, and few people have as yet been able to explain the exact nature of its lure and charm. But it is surprising to a stranger to see the amount of poverty existing side by side with wealth and plenty. One should have thought that in the metropolis of the world one would find the least signs of want and poverty; this unfortunately is another delusion. In Berlin, for example, one seldom sees a beggar soliciting alms in the thoroughfares: he seems to have been either driven out of the metropolis or rigorously suppressed by the police. In London, however, one does not have to wait long in order to be convinced that the world is yet far away from the promised millennium.

In the principal thoroughfares the shops, etc., are fine and attractive, but in the back streets the eyes alight upon sights which are pathetic in the extreme. Each city, no doubt, has its slum quarters, but somehow or other the squalor and poverty of London slums seem to be more accentuated than those in other capitals. It may be that the luxury and comfort of the West End make the emptiness

and cheerlessness of the East End look more conspicuous in the contrast ; or it may be that the stranger's impression is the deeper in consequence of the unexpected shock and disillusionment. But whatever the reason may be, not a few will agree that as regards the Queen of the Thames it would have contributed to the greater good of the greater number if one-half of the population only knew how the other half eked or failed to eke out an existence. Because so knowing there would be more sympathy for the unfortunate, and then there would be more concerted efforts to alleviate the poor and needy.

In so saying, we do not mean to imply that London is grossly callous about the hardships and privations of its poor population ; on the contrary the metropolis is not unmindful of its obligations. In fact, London seems to be remarkable for its generous dispensation of charity. For instance, there are over thirty principal charitable societies whose names may be found in any year-book : these include Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Church Army, Waifs and Strays Society, Deaf and Dumb Association, Epileptics Society, Foundling Hospital, Refuges for Homeless Children, Surgical Aid Society, Travellers Aid Society, etc. In addition, there are the usual free hospitals, asylums, blind institutes, poor houses and old age pensions. And of occasional dispensations there are the Fresh Air Fund in summer, and the Soup Kitchen Fund in winter.

All this is a great credit to the generous heart of the Londoner who does not begrudge his spare cash to relieve the needy in his midst, and it is always a wonder to the stranger where all the spare money comes from. " The

quality of mercy is not strain'd," says Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*; "it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath." Surely in this wonderful overflow of abundant cash to succour the poor and needy, the necessary wherewithal must have dropped from heaven rather than gushed from the bowels of the earth.

Nevertheless, the stranger cannot easily get away from the feeling that the generous Londoner could have done more to make the lot of the poor a happier and more contented one. It is true that the lazy loafer must not be pampered nor encouraged to solicit alms; this is why begging in public is forbidden by law. On the contrary, all efforts of the needy to earn an honest living are to be encouraged; hence the forms of what may be called civilised begging noted in an earlier chapter on types of London life. But beyond this attitude and the encouragement of charity there seems to be yet a wide gulf separating the poorer classes from their proper chances of living. A paternal government sees to their education by the establishment of free schools, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the philanthropist, participates in the good work by endowing free libraries and reading institutions. But the housing conditions of the poor are deplorable and deserve to be urgently ameliorated. As a representative of the miners recently (Spring, 1919) remarked to a witness at the coal inquiry in Wales:—"Have you ever had it brought to your notice that when a pig is rearing its family, or even when it is a single pig, it has a two-roomed dwelling; and if that is the condition of swine, do you not say that the miners who have been compelled to live in a one-roomed dwelling, living, sleeping, and eating in one room, are worse off than the pigs?"

We admit that not all housing conditions of the poor are quite so bad as those described in the above pointed question, but few will envy the lot of those who perforce have to breathe, move and have their being in the tenement houses which one sees about in the West End, not to say the suburbs or the East End. At any rate, one notes with pleasure that as a result of the War, greater attention is now (1919) being paid to this urgent question. Such places of abode need not be grand or elaborate, but they need to be sanitary, both from the physical and moral point of view. Then perhaps there will be a progressive diminution of crime among the poorer classes as well as elevation of their moral tone. And then they will be able to contribute more to the greater good of the community.

After poverty comes the problem of sex inequality. Fortunately, however, this problem will now no longer be acute. Not only are the women being enfranchised by a grateful nation but the former social and legal barriers are being rapidly thrown overboard. Henceforth almost all the professions will be within their reach, and women's share in winning the War is providing the necessary "Open Sesame!" As in other countries, there will be now real English Portias, lady financiers and lady politicians. But it has always appeared inexplicable to a stranger why the older universities like Cambridge and Oxford should (at least until the present political emancipation of women) have persistently refused to grant medical degrees to their women students.

There are, however, still a few inequalities which no doubt will likewise be remedied. We quote for example

from a notable maiden speech by Captain Elliott, the Coalition Unionist Member for Lanark, in the House of Commons recently (Spring, 1919) in the course of a debate on the Women's Emancipation Bill. The Captain is a Scotch doctor who has had a very adventurous career in the war, and this speech has attracted wide attention. He said in part :—

The tragedy of this war is not the tragedy of the young men between twenty and thirty who died with their faces to the foe in the full flush of their youth and glory. There is really nothing tragic about that. I have lost a brother, and many honourable members have lost their relatives. The tragedy is that of the women whose lives are wasted because of these men who have died. If there is one section of the community we can trust to defend us against the senseless anarchy of Bolshevism it is the section of young women between the ages of twenty and thirty who have seen most of their natural protectors—I may say their mates—slaughtered on the fields of France and Flanders, and I have no wish to see the small remainder killed in the streets of London and Glasgow.

On the general principle of this Bill the section of the community which it is proposed to enfranchise is fully qualified and fully entitled to the franchise. I think the Bill does not go far enough, and there are things in it which I should like to see added to. There is a most remarkable error in Clause 1, which says that a woman shall not be disqualified from holding any civil or judicial office. There it stops. It seems to me to leave out a most important thing which I should have hoped this Bill would have included—I refer to the insertion of the word "military."

It may seem ridiculous to honourable members, but I would point out that by the present Constitution, and even by the proposed amendment to be made by this Bill, a woman is incapable of holding the commission of his Majesty. We must look into these things. I should like to say, on behalf of the Royal Army Medical Corps and the people who have been at the war, that there was nothing that struck us more clearly than the fact that Canada, Australia, and the whole British Empire granted commissions to their nurses, but these commissions were denied them by our Army Constitution.

It seems to me that that is the most ridiculous thing that could possibly be imagined. I remember a lady, a most respected nurse, a woman with twenty years, in fact a generation of experience, who was subordinate in rank and had to defer to the office of a little pip-

squeak of a single-star lieutenant whom, five or ten years previously, she would have spanked and sent to bed. (Laughter).

The nurses were not entitled to hold his Majesty's commission, and, still more, women doctors were not entitled. If there is one section of the community, one group of women more fitted than another, apart from anything civil or judicial, to hold equal rank for equal work, it is they.

Equal pay for equal work is a good maxim, but it should carry with it equal honour for equal work, and that should be one of the maxims in future, and it made me ashamed of any decorations one might happen to carry when one realised that the nurses who had gone through a bombing raid in hospital—and anything more like hell with the lid off than a bombing raid on a Military hospital is still to be imagined—only get non-commissioned ranks and medals.

They are only entitled to get the Military Medal or the Distinguished Conduct Medal; they are not entitled to get the Military Cross because they do not hold his Majesty's commission. I do think that if there was one class of women who were entitled above all others to the utmost honour we could possibly give, it was our women doctors and nurses, especially on the Western front.

I take it that it is merely inadvertently that the authors of this Bill have omitted the word "military." I think that this is a matter that well might be amended in Committee, and for that reason I should not on any account vote against this Bill. But I do think that it shows a lamentable lack of a realisation of where the heroism of our country lies, that people should bring forward a Bill to remove the disqualification of women lawyers, and judges, and should omit to remove the disqualification of our women serving in the armies who are, I think, the very flower of our British womanhood.

They are not allowed to be given the medal, anyone who has seen the nurses' decorations will realise that we never see nurses wearing Military Crosses. Nurses are not allowed to wear Military Crosses because they are not granted his Majesty's commission. Though they may rank equal in status to the officers, they have no commissions.

The hardships that our women have to undergo are in no way inferior to the hardships that men undergo. I am at present working in a campaign against tuberculosis in the constituency of my right honourable friend the President of the Local Government Board, and the ordinary barrage on the Western front while it may make you shrink sometimes, does not make one quail as does the storm of coughing that greets one on his entry to a tuberculosis dispensary. These people are more dangerous to you than any amount of high explosive shells, yet the nurses will face this danger. They take it as part of their ordinary work.

The casualties in our battles are heavy ; but the casualties in these dispensaries are often very frequent and very well known.

It is not merely a case of tuberculosis. Everybody knows that our nurses have to undergo much greater risks. They risk far more deadly and far more loathsome diseases than tuberculosis. I know, and all medical men must know, of cases where women have contracted syphilis through the nursing of syphilitic cases. I say that women who are willing to take these risks and expose themselves to these dangers are worthy of the highest honour that this House or any body of British people could give them.

Nor is this all, for in the same speech Captain Elliott continued as follows :—

As a medical man I am strongly in favour of eugenics. I notice that the Labour Party confine this right to peeresses in their own right. I do not see why that should be so.

One has read in the columns of the public Press that peerages by marriage are more usually drawn and relate to the class which my right honourable friend opposite (Mr. Adamson) claims to represent. I am strongly opposed to the granting of such a right solely to peeresses in their own right. When a member of the other House marries a chorus girl, I assure you that the hearts of eugenists leap up, and there is nothing that pleases them more.

The refreshing of a jaded and outworn stock by the infusion of fresh blood from the strong ranks of the democracy is a thing that any supporter of the hereditary principle, and in particular any medical man concerned in the maximum number of healthy families, greets with joy. It seems to me an extraordinary reactionary step on the part of the leader of the Labour Party to suggest that only peeresses in their own right should have the right to sit and to vote in another place.

If I might be allowed to give a word of advice from the eugenic point of view, I would say there is no reason for cutting out the peeresses by marriage as against the peeresses in their own right, because a peeress by marriage is as likely to be a benefit to the deliberations of the tribunals of this country as one who has simply inherited the position by descent, it may be, from a previous daughter of the people.

Now these and other inequalities, we hope, will have been removed when these lines appear in print, but at the moment of writing they are cited to show the nature of some of the inequalities that call for early redress.

The questions of marriage and divorce, however, will not be so easy of adjustment. As regards housing conditions for the poor as well as the removal of sex inequalities, the legislator can devise means to alleviate matters, but in questions of marriage and divorce his scope is necessarily limited. You may lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. Similarly, you may pass laws to validate the wedding ceremony, or you may enact regulations prescribing the proper legal binding procedure, but no amount of laws or statutes will suffice to tie the marital knot for the couples. The necessary motive power must be left to the individuals themselves, although it is to the interests of the nation and race that all eligibles should get married before it is too late. But unless the couples themselves are willing to take that decision no Parliament, unless it is of Lenin's creation, will be prepared to do it for them.

In the communistic East, the families concerned, as noted in an earlier chapter, will pair off the eligibles for them, but in the individualistic West, everybody is master of his or her own actions. From the sociological point of view this unrestricted freedom is not without its obvious dangers, and it is from this standpoint of race perpetuation that the West must appraise the merits of the Eastern family system. A stranger consequently notes that there is a considerable aversion among some classes of intellectuals to "make the plunge" into the sea of matrimony. With some it is a case of not being able to afford the luxury of a wedded life, since the ever-changing modes of wifey's dress entail a not inconsiderable drain upon the poor hubby's banking account, and the in-



evitable increase in the size of the family must always be financially prepared for. With others it may be sentiment, since in fiction he or she who loves first and loves last is sung as a true lover. Truly a remarkable phenomenon, this willingness to go through life either celibate or wedded only to the object of affection. As in suicide, one may not agree with it; none the less one cannot help admiring such constant devotion.

With still others, however, it seems the game is not worth the candle. Married life is sweet if the alliance is not ill-assorted, but as the following testimony by a West End doctor shows, you can never guarantee how the experiment will turn out to be. Asked why he had never married, he replied :—

Because of the awful warnings against matrimony that I have seen in the practice of my profession, especially among doctors, who seem to have a deadly ill luck in drawing jealous women for wives.

I have seen too many men working themselves to death in a vain effort to keep up with their wives' extravagance. I have tried to patch up too many men who have been nagged into nervous prostration by peevish and discontented wives. I have seen too many of my brethren hampered and held back from the careers they were fitted to fill by suspicious and jealous wives who regarded every feminine patient as a rival.

Of course, I have wanted a home. Of course, I should have liked to have a wife and children if I could have been certain that I would get a wife who would be a help instead of a hindrance. But there is no magic that you can apply to a girl before you marry her that will enable you to tell what sort of wife she will make, so I was afraid to take the risk.

I had my work to do in the world and I felt that I had time and peace in which to study and a mind unvexed by domestic worries. How is a doctor going to keep up with his profession if he is married to a woman who weeps because she is neglected every time he takes up a book at home? Yet I know a doctor who has that kind of wife—and he's slipping back every year. How is a surgeon going to have a steady hand for an operation if he comes to it with his nerves all

jangled from a scene with his wife? Yet I know plenty of surgeons who are handicapped that way too.

Women are always wondering why men don't marry. If they would look about them they would see that it is the awful warnings against matrimony they themselves hang out that scare off all but the foolhardy.

No doubt it will be acknowledged most willingly that not all marriages are so unhappy, but considering the very superiority, not to say equality, of the woman at home, one can at least sympathise with the fears and anxieties of this prominent English physician. In the East the women at home are reputed to be obedient and docile since the relations between husband and wife, as noted in an earlier chapter, come only after those between (1) sovereign and subject, and (2) father and son. In the West, however, it is individualism all over. The wife is treated on a plane of equality if not superiority, and is therefore mistress of her thoughts and affections. Hers is not to obey, but hers is to dictate. Accustomed to an atmosphere of adulation and adoration before marriage, she expects to be similarly petted and pampered long after the knot is tied. To be sure, a loving husband will continue to be a good constant lover, but the over-exacting wife generally expects too much of her poor husband who has to sweat in order to keep the family together as well as keep up appearances. And when he fails to come up to her expectations, she nags him and then a scene ensues. Under the circumstances, he who can truthfully say he is "happy though married" will be accounted as thrice blessed.

Therefore, it seems there will always be a considerable proportion of celibacy unless the following advice of a lady writer is taken to heart by the people of her sex:—

Women put such a fictitious value on love that they are apt to think that they do their full duty to their husbands if they love them enough. More than that. A woman will excuse the very sins against her husband that ruin his life by her affection for him. She even justifies her jealousy, her nagging and her refusal to let him stir from her side on the ground of her devotion to him, though her hatred would do him less harm.

Now in a practical world the only kind of love that is worth a button is the love that expresses itself in terms of service. It does not matter to a man what the temperature of his wife's affection is if she is a drag on his feet and a blight to his career.

Probably every woman in the world would like to help her husband if she could, but when she thinks of helping him she thinks of presenting him with a million dollars or being some romantic inspiration to him, and as she can't do either of these things she feels that there is nothing that she can do for him. She never thinks of the little things that she can do, and it is the little things that count and that the man needs.

The woman who is wasteful and extravagant doesn't realize that she is keeping her husband poor, but she is. The garbage can and the old clothes closet stand between many a man and fortune. His wife's thriftlessness prevents him from even accumulating the nest egg that would enable him to take advantage of the golden opportunity that comes his way.

The woman who lives up to her husband's income may write herself down as a hindrance to him, and one of the women who keep bachelors from marrying.

The woman who is peevish and discontented, and who makes of her home a place of discord diminishes her husband's power of achieving things by half. The man who starts out to work with his mind full of domestic worries and bitterness that he must put aside before he can give his attention to his business or profession has at least fifty per cent. less brain power, vitality, enthusiasm and ambition than has the man who has gone from a happy, contented home and from a wife who was an inspiration instead of a depressant.

In matrimony there is no middle ground. A wife is either a blessing or a curse, a help or a hindrance. Which are you? Are you one of the women who are a red lantern of warning against matrimony to bachelors, or a wife who makes them think lovingly of home, sweet home?

But granted that the above advice will invariably be adopted and men will no longer be afraid to take the

plunge, there seems yet to be the problem of the surplus women. How will this question be tackled, especially in view of the shortage of men who have perished in the war? Frankly, we are unable to answer the question, though it has been suggested that these surplus women should be encouraged to emigrate to the Colonies where there is surplus of men. Perhaps with the admission of women into the Houses of Parliament, new light will be shed on this intricate subject.

Rightly or wrongly, the connection here is more accidental than intentional, but the number of illegitimate children must ever be another disquieting problem for the social workers. Whether it is due to the preponderance in the number of women over that of men, or whether it is due to the unrestricted intercourse between the sexes it is not for a stranger to say, but to him the prospect is far from reassuring.

We have just referred to the legislator prescribing rules for a binding nuptial ceremony. This, of course, has special reference to the ceremony solemnised at the registrar's office in addition or in substitution for the religious ceremony at a place of public worship. For those who prefer ostentation, the former will appear too tame, but it is short and sweet to those who prefer to save their money. Considering that marriage is in the West regarded more as a civil contract than anything else, the simple ceremony witnessed by the registrar has much to commend itself, and since it costs only half a guinea to take out a licence, its popularity is not to be wondered at. But in the case of a foreign couple arriving from abroad who wish to get married, the registrar's fees would be

assessed in proportion to the length of their residence within his jurisdiction. Generally the minimum period of residence required is three weeks and the fee is half a guinea ; but if the parties' residence falls short of the required minimum by one week, which is permissible by law, the fee would go up to five times the ordinary amount. Yes, the law allows you to get married quick, but on your part you'll also have to stump out quick !

It is a thousand pities that those whom the Church or registrar has joined together cannot act up to the injunction " until death do them put asunder." In the East where marriage is not reputed to be founded on love and romance, it is easy to imagine the experiment not turning out happily, though this need not be necessarily so, as indicated in an earlier chapter. But in the West all marriages ought to be happy and ripen until serene old age, since they are professed to be founded on love and affection. Yet a stranger is shocked to see the number of separations and divorces reported in the daily Press as well as the annual returns of the registrar-general. Is this not another delusion born of putting the West on too high a pedestal ?

The first disillusionment over, it is not so difficult to understand the phenomenon of frequency of divorce in the West. As already noted, every individual is master or mistress of his or her own thoughts and affections, and even from the Bench it has been declared that " a husband has no property in the body of his wife. If she refuses to live with him he cannot, nor can even the Courts, compel her to do so. She is the mistress of her own destiny. If she decides to yield her body to another, then

the husband is not entitled to murder the lover," etc. So unless the marriage turns out happily, there is nothing to prevent either conjugal partner from drifting apart, whereas in the East there is the force of public opinion which serves to bind the marital knot even more effectively than does a proper *vinculum juris*. Where the individual alone is legally as well as morally responsible for his or her own actions, instead of their moral and sometimes also legal consequences being visited vicariously upon the doer's kith and kin, he or she is apt to make light of the marriage vows and traditions. The couple enter wedlock, not to please their respective families, but to build a happy home of their own. And when the venture is unsuccessful and there is dissatisfaction and unhappiness, there is nothing left but to petition for dissolution of marriage or temporary separation.

In some parts of the United States it is said that divorces are the easiest thing to get in the world, so much so, that if a wife proves to have dyed hair her husband has enough legal ground to put her away! Now this may or may not be exaggeration, but the impression of the public seems to be that divorces in America and elsewhere are comparatively easier to obtain than in England. Here, the only permissible grounds for instituting divorce proceedings are adultery, cruelty and desertion, and this stringency is said to have produced numerous hardships among people who ought never to have been yoked together. Moreover, the existing law is said to have favoured the male sex, so much so, that it is easier for a husband to put his wife away than it is for a good wife to secure redress against an unfeeling husband. Hence

it is that a Royal Commission was appointed to look into the question and suggest remedies, especially as divorce proceedings are always known to be expensive and hardly within the reach of poorer unhappy litigants.

How far the suggestions of this Commission have been carried out, it is difficult to say, but no doubt this vital problem will receive fresh attention in the process of reconstruction after the war. It is perhaps presumptuous for a stranger to butt in where he has no right to, but in this connexion the recent (June, 1919) remarks of Judge Charles W. Hoffman, of Cincinnati (U.S.A.), retiring president of the American National Probation Association, may be well considered by all social workers. He said :—

If a pathological and psychological investigation were made by the authorities of each case of domestic infelicity aired in the public courts, the whole question of marriage and divorce would probably be revolutionised. . . .

In some cases an attempt is made to bring about a reconciliation, but in many cases we have found it is inadvisable for couples to live together. It is absurd to imagine that divorce can be eliminated. Our court has made pathological examinations of 1,200 divorce cases, and we have found in the majority of cases the causes cited in the complaint are not the real causes for the divorce. The real causes are found underneath the surface. It is not possible to formulate the divorce evil.

In the East, matrimony is a sacred institution ; it is the vital factor in the perpetuation of the race. But in recent years, it seems the influx of Western civilization, especially its materialistic side, has produced a disintegrating effect on this aspect of Chinese social life. Divorce was almost an unknown phenomenon, for not only the law was strict but public opinion was sternly set against the idea of any invasion upon these sacred ties. Thanks,

however, to the introduction of Western learning, many shackles of the past are being unloosened, and with the dissipation of ignorance and superstition it seems that the halo which used to cluster around holy wedlock is also in danger of losing its lustre. The situation is thus admirably reviewed and summed up in the following article by R. T. Bryan, Jun., in the *Shanghai Millard's Review* (June 1919) :—

The divorce laws of any country are interesting as the strength or weakness of marital ties, the difficulty or ease with which they may be contracted or broken tend to show where a people are morally strong or weak. This is particularly so of China, as the whole world is watching her on account of her political chaos and unrest.

Until very recently China has had practically no statute law on divorce. Previous to the enactment of the present Chinese Provisional Civil Code the few meagre sections contained in the *Ta Tsing Leu Lee* or Manchu Code were followed. The present Code contains full and ample provisions on divorce, making it as easy for a party to obtain a divorce as could be desired.

The outstanding feature of Chinese divorce law both past and present is that a divorce may be obtained by mutual consent. The parties desiring to be divorced may, by entering into a written agreement, mutually agree to be divorced one from the other, and such an agreement may give either or both parties the right to re-marry. This makes court proceedings necessary only when no agreement can be arrived at. Under the old law there was no limitation on the right to obtain a divorce by mutual consent. The Chinese Provisional Civil Code, however, provides in Articles 1359 and 1361 that in the event that the man is under thirty or the woman is under twenty-five that the consent of the parents of both parties must be obtained, otherwise the divorce is invalid, and that when an agreement to divorce is entered into it must be registered at the office of the local magistrate before it is valid. Such law as this is absolutely at variance with the jurisprudence of most Occidental countries. The courts of America and England hold that marriage is a civil contract, yet it cannot be dissolved by the consent of both parties; while on the other hand, the Chinese law-makers have followed this theory of a marriage being a civil contract to its logical conclusion and said that, because it is a civil contract entered into by the consent of both parties, it may be dissolved by the parties who made it. The reason



for this, as stated in a note to Article 1359 of the Chinese Civil Provisional Code, is that when a married couple cannot live happily together they should not be compelled to go into a court of law to obtain a divorce and thereby have their family troubles published.

The Manchu law on divorce is found in Section 114 of the *Ta Tsing Leu Lee* which provides among other things that the wife cannot obtain a divorce unless the husband consents and: "If, upon the husband's refusing to consent to a divorce, the wife quits her home and absconds, she shall be punished with 100 blows, and her husband shall be allowed to sell her in marriage; if during such absence from her home, she contracts marriage with another person, she shall suffer death by being strangled after the usual period of confinement. The same law is not, however, so harsh on the husband who may obtain a divorce for a number of causes, some of which are very trivial. If the wife is unfaithful to her husband he is not only permitted to divorce her but must do so, otherwise he is subjected to a punishment of eighty blows."

The other causes for divorce are called the seven justifying causes which are chargeable upon the wife, namely: "(1) Barrenness, (2) lasciviousness, (3) disregard of her husband's parents, (4) talkativeness, (5) thievish propensities, (6) envious and suspicious temper, lastly (7) inveterate infirmity; yet if any of the three reasons against a divorce should exist, namely: (1) The wife having mourned three years for her husband's parents, (2) the family having become rich, they having been poor previously and at the time of marriage and (3) the wife having no parents to receive her back again—and in these cases, none of the seven aforementioned causes will justify a divorce, and the husband who puts away his wife upon such grounds, shall suffer punishment two degrees less than last stated (*i.e.*, eighty blows) and be obliged to receive her back again."

In theory a man had to go into a court of law before he could obtain a divorce if no agreement for separation was made. In practice, however, a man was permitted to turn his wife out of doors upon the slightest pretext and then if she thought that she had been wrongfully put out she was permitted to place the matter before the local magistrate.

With the advent of the Provisional Chinese Civil Code the old laws regarding divorce were swept aside and in its place was put a divorce law that is a perfect haven for all persons desiring to throw off the conjugal yoke. The present law resembles very closely the law as laid down by the legislatures of states who believe in making divorce easy. The Chinese Provisional Code has never been authoritatively promulgated but nevertheless most of its sections are enforced by native courts, especially those regarding divorce. It may be

correctly said that the present divorce law of China as laid down in Sections 1359—1369 is the law of the land.

According to this law, if a man and his wife cannot settle their matrimonial difficulties amicably by entering into an agreement, each to be divorced from the other *a vinculo matrimonii*, then in that event either party may institute an action for divorce in a court of law and obtain a decree, provided he or she as the case may be can prove and establish one or more of the following causes :

- “(1) Because one of the parties has committed bigamy.
- “(2) Because the wife has committed adultery.
- “(3) Because the husband has been convicted for committing adultery.
- “(4) When one party intends to kill the other.
- “(5) When one of the parties is ill-treated or highly insulted by the other, thereby making it impossible for them to live together.
- “(6) When the woman ill-treats or highly insults the kin or relatives of the man's parents.
- “(7) When the man is ill-treated or highly insulted by her parents or relatives.
- “(8) When either of the parties leaves the other maliciously.
- “(9) When one of the parties does not know the whereabouts of the other or that the other is living for a period of over three years.”

It is interesting to note that there are several defences to an action for divorce. Section 1363 of the code makes the consent of the other party to the act committed a defence, provided the act alleged to have been perpetrated is one of those contained in the first, second or third causes for divorce. A very common defence raised by a man when sued for a divorce and alimony, is that the complaining party is not his lawful wife and that as there was no marriage there can be no divorce. The Chinese Supreme Court at Peking has held that the divorce law as contained in the New Law does not apply to concubines or paramours. The old law in all its stringency applies to concubines. It is interesting to note in this connection that a man cannot be sued for divorce on the ground of bigamy because he has taken unto himself one or more concubines. A man can only commit bigamy in taking unto himself a second first wife. A man may take unto himself as many concubines as he likes and still not be a bigamist under Section 1 of Article 1362 of the New Code. Condonation by the innocent party of the offence committed and recrimination are also defences. These defences are derived from the decisions which are the outcome of following the common law of England and America.

In connection with defences to actions of divorce it will be well to notice especially the statute of limitations. Section 1364 of the New Code provides that a petition for divorce must be filed within

six months after the discovery of the cause alleged and within ten years after its committance. The reason for this is clearly stated in the section referred to: "If at a certain time one of a married couple discovers that the other is in fault, that one would naturally be angry, but after a short time one's anger will gradually disappear; so in law one is allowed to petition for a divorce only in the event that the petition is filed within six months after the discovering of the committance of the act."

The statute, if pleaded and proved, is an absolute defence to an action for divorce.

In English and American decisions relating to divorce the rights of the parents respecting the children are important ones. Under these laws the child or children are generally given to the party who can best take care of their interests. The guiding star that leads to the disposal of the children under the common law is "What is best for the child or children?" This, however, is not the case under the Chinese law. In the absence of special covenants in an agreement to divorce, the father has the right to the custody of the child or children provided, however, they are not under five years of age, then in that event the mother has the right of custody. Special covenants which are binding on both parties may be entered into when the divorce is made by mutual consent and in this event the court has no right to interfere, but in the absence of such covenants or when the divorce is made by judicial decree then only the father is entitled to the custody of children over five years of age. There is a proviso to this, however, for Section 1367 of the New Code provides that in the event of the Court deeming it necessary, a guardian may be appointed to look after the interests of divorced parents' children.

The common law courts have handed down many interesting decisions on the status of property rights of divorced couples. Sections 1368 and 1369 of the New Chinese Code provide that when a divorce is obtained by judicial decree or mutual consent, the property of the woman shall go to her. An interesting question often arises when the parties cannot agree as to who owns the wife's dowry. The International Mixed Court at Shanghai has handed down conflicting decisions on this point. In the writer's opinion the dowry should in the absence of mutual covenants go to the man. It is a Chinese custom of ancient standing for the parents of the man to give him a wife and dowry, and in pursuance of this custom the parents of the man select the girl and pay a sum of money (which is erroneously thought by some people to be the purchase price of the girl) to the parents of the girl. This money is supposed to be used in purchasing the dowry of the girl. The theory is that the man's parents select the girl, and purchase the dowry. Following this theory to its logical conclusion

we must find that in case a divorce is entered into by mutual consent with no special covenants relating to the dowry, or by a judicial decree, the dowry should go to the man. The judge of the Shanghai Local Chinese City Courts has held this, although the Chinese Supreme Court at Peking has not as yet decided this interesting question.

The reason that a good many unscrupulous Chinese wives institute divorce proceedings against their husbands is to obtain the alimony allowed to the woman under Section 1369 of the New Code. This section provides that in case the husband is guilty of one of the causes of divorce, the wife, if she is not guilty of a cause for divorce and is successful in her suit, may obtain alimony. The husband is not entitled to alimony under any circumstances. The purpose of alimony is to give the wife a means of sustenance. The alimony must be reasonable, being based upon the husband's financial and social conditions. A concubine is never entitled to alimony as there was no marriage, and she is not therefore entitled to a divorce. The International Mixed Court in Shanghai has held that the wife is not entitled to alimony. This holding, however, seems erroneous, as all the Chinese courts allow alimony to a petitioning wife.

This résumé of China's Divorce Law clearly shows that it is composed of some of the best and some of the worst of Occidental Divorce Laws. It is too radical and too liberal for a nation in China's state of unrest. The sacred covenant of marriage should not be lightly entered into, neither should it be easily broken.

We cite this summary here in the hope that those whose task it is to tackle this problem of divorce law may profit from the example of China which is no less conservative than England, although few will be prepared to endorse the old Chinese law that a man may divorce his wife because she is too talkative! To be sure, all poor henpecked husbands will jump at it, but the presence of lady members in the House will probably deter many an ardent advocate of this cause.

To dissolve the marriage ties legally is easily understandable; not so, however, the granting of a decree of separation. A judge has declared that "If she refuses to live with him, he cannot, nor can even the Courts,

compel her so to do." Yet after the period of separation is expired, the Court invariably compels the husband to return to his wife by allowing her to petition for restitution of conjugal rights. Otherwise, if he persists in disobeying the injunction for cohabitation, the Court will pronounce a decree *nisi* against him on the ground of wilful desertion. But if husband and wife have gone so far as to break out into an open rupture, it seems that the granting of separation will hardly salve either party's feelings. The temporary sequestration may provide a useful safety valve and absence may make each fonder of the other, so that on the expiration of the enforced separation period the parties may perhaps be reconciled, but in most cases the scheme does not appear to be workable and only ends logically in the institution of formal divorce proceedings. If so, the granting of a separation decree simply operates to prolong each party's agony, although it may increase the total cost of the legal proceedings.

The new social consciousness in China may approve of divorces on proper and reasonable grounds, but it is questionable if separation decrees, etc., will ever thrive in such atmosphere. At least such a thing at present is still unheard of.

After poverty and sex problems comes the perennial struggle between labour and capital. Such conflict may have been born of poverty, or it may have been born of sex inequalities: nevertheless, it is there and requires to be speedily attended to.

Every man has perfect liberty to choose his own calling or employment, but in the rise of trade unionism individual freedom is being considerably curtailed. Suppose

the union leaders should declare a strike ; then every member of the association must perforce obey the summons and throw down his tools. The grounds for such a summons may or may not be just or reasonable, but that is not material. What is material is the fact that labour is now organised and if its appointed leaders declare there shall be a strike, then there is no disobeying the mandate, however unreasonable the individual members of the association may think the pretexts to be.

Here is a menace to society. As long as the demands of the workers are just and reasonable, they will have the full support of all right-thinking people. Men nowadays are no longer to be treated as beasts of burden, but as conscious beings like the employers themselves. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and so there must be adequate remuneration for his services. Very often, however, it is most difficult for the capitalistic leopard to change his spots and hence it is that the state itself must step in to intervene on behalf of sweated labour. In consequence the employers have now to give their workmen not only proper wages but also due protection to them and their dependents, according to the Workmen's Compensation Acts, etc.

At times, there are cases where the workers themselves have to redress their own grievances, as the legislator cannot be expected to be always looking after their interests to the exclusion of those of all others. This is where the organisation of labour is effective to check the rapacity as well as callousness of capital. Unfortunately, such organised labour does not always know when and where to stop. The newborn taste of power begets a keener

appetite for more power, and it is here that organised labour constitutes a danger to society which inevitably reacts also to the serious detriment of the workmen themselves. In a way, the position of labour is similar to that of the suffragettes before the war ; as long as the campaign for reforms is carried on in a sensible way, the public will heartily support the healthy movement. If, however, the reformers resort to violent methods which in effect jeopardise the peace and safety of the community, they will only alienate the sympathy of the public.

Thus it is easy for the labour leaders to declare a general strike, but it is not the employers who suffer most. The greatest sufferers are the individual workers themselves. Their leaders can perhaps afford to wait for a week or so until the cessation of work does compel the employers to surrender, but the poor workmen who merely live from hand to mouth have to suffer. No doubt the ultimate results of the strike will be hailed as satisfactory, but if the families of the leaders themselves have to undergo one-half of the privations invariably borne by their rank and file, perhaps they will think twice, if not thrice, before they declare a strike.

In the case of most strikes, the employers themselves are never serious sufferers. This may be so if the employees of a large factory go on strike and the employer has either to get new hands wholesale or negotiate and capitulate. But nowadays when a general strike is declared, the number of men who go idle while their leaders carry fire and sword into the community is reckoned, not by thousands or tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. That means to say, so many men will be withdrawn from

the number of those responsible for the work of production and as many will be thrown into the ranks of consumers, but consumers with proportionately less stock for consumption. No wonder there is an immediate outcry from the public, not against the workers who are only innocent tools, but against their leaders and agitators. This does not mean to bolster up the strikers' demands, assuming that they are justifiable, but it is a protest against the leaders' high-handed actions. If there are grievances, let them be first negotiated or submitted to impartial arbitration, and there is always a Government arbitrator or arbitral board ready to offer its services in these awkward controversies. Should all pacific as well as legitimate means have been exhausted, then it is not too late to declare a general strike.

In the ordinary case, however, impending strikers will not have to resort to the final threat, since the prospects of a general stoppage of work are more than sufficient to bring public attention to their case and compel speedy adjustment. Unfortunately, the labour leaders most often prefer the line of least resistance; they declare a general strike and then let the deluge take care of itself. In so doing they seem to be above the law, and for such arrogance the vacillating government of the day must be held responsible. If, for example, these leaders were treated similarly to the strikers in Oporto by the Portuguese Government—namely, by banishing them to a lonely island until the disturbances are over—perhaps the agitators would not be so reckless in abusing their trust.

That organised labour is really getting to be above the law is shown by the impression among the strikers that



they could intimidate other non-union workers who refuse to join the strike and, in so doing, step into their shoes. This system of picketing is a positive menace to the freedom of labour, and the law ought to put down such unwarranted interference rigorously. It is bad enough for the public to be seriously inconvenienced by the cessation of production, industry, etc., but it is outrageous that a non-union worker can be successfully intimidated into obedience or passive participation. The Trade Disputes Act, 1906, already says that an action shall not be entertained by any court of law (a) against a trade union, or (b) against any members or officials of a trade union (on behalf of themselves and all other members of the union) in respect of any tortious act alleged to have been committed by or on behalf of the union. Were non-union workers to be also molested with impunity, would the situation not be drifting to the rocks of Bolshevism?

To be sure the claims of labour, if they are fair and reasonable, ought to be and will be squarely met, and this is why the world rejoices that the Allied Peace Treaty with Germany signed on June 28, 1919, also contains in Section XIII the Labour Convention providing for international concerted action in the amelioration of labour conditions in all countries. According to the official summary issued in May, 1919, the High Contracting Parties affirm that the following methods and principles should be applied, wherever possible, to regulate labour conditions, namely that :—

- (1) Labour should not be regarded merely as a commodity or article of commerce.

(2) The right of association for all lawful purposes for the employer as well as for the employed.

(3) Payment to the employed of a wage implying a reasonable standard of life as understood in their time and country.

(4) The adoption of an eight-hour day or a forty-eight hour week where it has not already been attained.

(5) The adoption of a weekly rest of at least twenty-four hours, including Sunday, where practicable.

(6) The abolition of child-labour and the limitation of the labour of the young so as to permit continuance of their education and proper physical development.

(7) The principle of equal pay for men and women for equal work.

(8) Any legal standard for conditions of labour is to have regard in each country to the equitable, economic treatment of all workers resident in that country.

(9) Provision by each State of a system of inspection for the protection of the employed, in which women should take part.

Accordingly, it is provided that an international conference should be held annually to propose labour reforms for adoption by the states composing the League of Nations, and hence the first meeting of the conference will be held at Washington this autumn (1919) to set up an organising committee. The agenda for this initial meeting will include the principle of an eight-hour day, the question of unemployment and employment of women and children, especially in dangerous trades, etc.

This is surely ushering in a new era for the deserving claims of labour, organised as well as unorganised. If so, the exponents of organised labour should be most scrupulous in their use of the double-edged strike weapon. Let us hope that as a result of the war and the increase of general enlightenment, there will be greater sanity among all classes so that the greatest good will really be done to the greatest number. After all, capital and labour are twin brothers, as is best exemplified in co-partnership

and profit-sharing concerns. All classes should work in harmony and co-operation for the greatest good of the community, especially now that war-experienced women will also take an increasing part in the achievements of society. If so, the words of Mrs. W. C. Anderson—founder and Honorary General Secretary of the British National Federation of Women Workers, Secretary of the Women's Trade Union League, Chairman of the Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Munitions and finally, the first woman endorsed by the National Executive of the Labour Party to stand as a candidate for Parliament—contained in an interview to the New York Press, may well be adopted as the creed of all who labour for the greatest prosperity of the community :—

The British Labour Party is founded upon the instinct of mother-love. For my little girl I dream dreams and see visions. I think of her as a noble woman who will do great deeds of good and mercy for her people. I look to her to enjoy and appreciate the best that is in life, in nature, in art, in science. Every mother does that. It is a basic and deeply ingrained instinct, but it may be turned into what is good, or it may be diverted to what is selfish and evil. The mother may want everything for her child alone, or she may want every mother's child to partake of life. And the latter is what the British Labour Party wants—life and happiness for every mother's child, and so I say it is founded upon the instinct of mother-love.

And so with patriotism. It is a great and noble instinct. My own heart thrills to the sound of the bagpipes and my whole soul reverberates to the echoes of the Scotch hills where I was born, and I love with a deep love all that is Scotch. And so do all people love their own land, and what is so keen in human nature should be directed into good channels. Because I love my country I need not want to make it dominate over every other country, or to seek for it territorial aggrandisement, or to dream of commercial supremacy. That is an unworthy way in which to pay tribute. I desire it to be great and noble and rich, certainly, but great because of its transcending humanity, great because of its wise men, of its education, its contributions to art, science, and literature, and, above all, because of the number of happy-hearted human beings that call it their homeland.

I should be ashamed that it might be said that 50,000 babies were allowed to die there in a year or that men and women workers were allowed to live in hovels.

We feel that the Labour Party is the most patriotic party in Great Britain, for it looks forward to and works toward the wisdom of its men, the beauty of its women, the health of its children, and the humanity of its laws. We have just finished a dreadful war, but now we are embarked upon another war, the war against poverty, disease, and ignorance, and in waging that war with relentless energy we feel that we are doing the finest patriotic service.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### LAW COURTS.

In an earlier chapter we referred to the supremacy of the rule of law as the one outstanding feature of English democracy. This is best evidenced by the pride with which an Englishman regards his law courts as well as, in a modified way, by the saying that he carries his law with him wherever he goes, even if it is the North or South Pole. And this is why a tourist to London makes a point of never omitting to see the Law Courts if he can help it.

Superficially the arm of the law is not autocratic but gentle and benign. This is best illustrated by the bewigged and berobed judges, for few will ever associate the old gentlemen dressed in those grandfatherly garments as the dispensers of stern justice : they seem better fitted to play hide-and-peek with little children in their Santa-Clausian get-up. Actually it is fair and gentle none the less. The grandfather is at times firm and strict, but that is benevolent not malignant justice. A man here is presumed to be innocent until or unless he is proved guilty. The proof of such guilt must be conclusive or satisfactory ; otherwise the accused must be given the benefit of the doubt. Even if the guilt is proved, the administration of justice is often tempered by mercy. And if the prisoner is made to serve his sentence, the place of confinement is not intended to be punishment in

itself, but as a means to reform the individual and restore him to respectable society. Can justice anywhere be more benevolent than this ?

To a layman secure in the enjoyment of his own rights and property, his interest in things legal is confined to reports of notable cases appearing in the daily Press. Of these, murders, divorces and breaches of promise seem to come in for the greatest share of interest. In itself each of these three is of intense human interest, but the undue prominence given to them in the daily as well as weekly columns is no less responsible for the whetting of such an appetite. No wonder that the courts where the cases are to be tried, especially the Old Bailey, are always crowded, although it is always a marvel whence come all these people of leisure in busy London.

Murder cases are sordid and too tragic, whereas divorce proceedings are melodramatic and too personal for the average individual, who prefers not to know the ins and outs of this or that scandal. So cases of breach of promise seem pre-eminently to be the favourites with most newspaper readers. The element of romance is not unknown to everybody and the reading of love letters in court provides a diversion for many a weary toiler. But a stranger wonders why the fair jilted one ever drags a personal matter into a public court. And more wonderful still it is to see the successful plaintiff being awarded damages of, say, £75 or £100, although if we remember rightly, in one notable instance the solatium amounted to £1,500. The thing looks so grotesque and unnatural were it not for the fact that an action for breach of promise is usually fortified by proof of seduction. But even then

it is to be questioned if such proceedings will ever be known in a Chinese court of law. Things, of course, may change later, but the traditional modesty of Chinese ladies will for long enjoin them to suffer in silence rather than air their grievances in public.

In addition to these the public like to read about those of special interest. Some because of the huge sums of money involved—for instance, in a famous probate case the litigation lasted over 100 days with as many witnesses in attendance—and others because of their general interest. In 1914, just before the outbreak of the War, a man paid sixpence to get into a cinematograph performance, but was unlawfully ejected on the plea that he had not paid for his admission. The jury found he did pay the money and awarded him £150 damages. The case went to the Court of Appeal and the decision of the lower court, overruling the classic case of *Wood v. Leadbitter* (1845), was sustained, namely that a visitor who had paid for his ticket had a right to retain it so long as he behaved and kept within the regulations of the management. Said Lord Justice Buckley :—

The argument put forward in support of the appeal, though ingenious and interesting, seems to me to be contrary to good sense and contrary also to law as administered since the Judicature Act in this Court. Mr. Mackinnon seeks to affirm that, if a member of the public has paid for a ticket to be present in a theatre or at the opera and see a particular performance, and has taken his seat and is behaving himself properly, it is competent for the manager to call upon him to withdraw before he has seen the performance. The argument is that what he has paid for is a mere revocable licence, and that the manager may at any time, merely because he chooses to do so, say to him : " I revoke your licence ; you must withdraw." If this were so, it would certainly lead to startling results. A well known and constant attendant at the theatre might say to the manager : " I don't like the person sitting next to me, please tell him to go."

And, if the manager complies with his request, he would be bound to go. And further, the manager, after having let a seat to A, might come to him at the end of the first act and tell him to go, and then let the seat to B, and at the end of the second act tell him to go and let the seat to C. That seems to be, as I have said, contrary to good sense. I also think it is contrary to law.

To be sure, many a theatre-goer after this experience would also like to be ejected in the same circumstances as the successful Mr. Hurst, so that the jury might likewise award them £150 damages! But the costs of litigation are never cheap, and it is only a rich picture theatre corporation who can afford to go to court as well as appeal to higher jurisdiction over a trivial sixpenny piece. Is the game worth the candle?

Then, too, there is the famous case of the Carbohc Smoke Ball, decided in 1893, which comes to mind whenever there is a plague of influenza about. The defendants, who were the proprietors of a medical preparation known as the "Carbohc Smoke Ball," advertised in the various newspapers as follows:—

**£100 REWARD**

will be paid by the Carbohc Smoke Ball Company to any person who contracts the increasing epidemic of influenza after having used the ball three times daily for two weeks according to the printed directions supplied with each ball. £1,000 is deposited with the bank showing our sincerity in the matter.

The plaintiff bought a smoke ball and used it in the manner and for the period specified, but, nevertheless, contracted influenza. On action brought, the Court held that she was entitled to recover the £100, the decision being finally upheld on appeal.

After this who will say that "flu" is an unmitigated nuisance? Should there be any more of such preparations



advertised with similar rewards for non-success, who will not rush for them ?

Justice is no respecter of persons, but the public always delight to honour the judges, especially those who are known to be witty, epigrammatic or always deciding important cases. Hence their dicta are always eagerly pounced upon, especially if they concern intimate human relationships. For example, the following declaration by the late Sir Henry Bargrave Deane, former judge of the Divorce Court, uttered in the course of a famous divorce suit, has become almost classic :—

I do not know that it can be said that a man who is married ought not to have an affection for another woman. We all know of cases where a man has a strong affection for another woman than his wife, and perhaps more than one. But a man should never allow a woman to come between himself and his wife in his affections. Directly he finds that the case he should not meet her at all. It is a proper affection, however, so long as it does not diminish his love for his wife. For a married man to flirt with another woman is not legal cruelty, although it may be wrong. If no married man were to be allowed to go for a walk with a girl, we should all be in a very uncomfortable position.

Lest it be supposed that the above learned judge was inclined to be "giddy," let us hasten to add that he has never been known to be given either to acting or speaking hastily. In fact, he was distinctly slow and punctilious in his methods, and it is said that during his time no such thing was known as one divorce judge clearing off a list of forty undefended matrimonial suits at a single sitting, which sometimes now—1919—occurs. And we well remember how so bent was he on retaining the judicial frame of mind which rejects bias and prejudice, that on one occasion he adjourned a case for a whole fortnight in

order to get rid of the prejudice created by the accidental witnessing through the window of his private room facing St. Clement Danes, during the luncheon interval, of the contesting parties in a suit engaged in animated conversation.

It is, comparatively speaking, a mere stone's throw from the Law Courts to the Inns of Court and Law Society where the budding barristers and solicitors are trained. The barristers of to-day will be the judges of to-morrow, but it always strikes a visitor as strange that it takes only three years to qualify for the Bar, whereas a man must wait five years before he can become a full-fledged solicitor. Yet a barrister is rated socially higher than a solicitor, and the man who spends two years less in his schooling is admitted to practise in a higher court than the latter! Why this inconsistency? No wonder an impression prevails in the minds of the public that all you need do to be called to the Bar is to pay your fees and eat so many dinners a term for twelve terms!

By the side of busy modern London, these institutions of legal learning look outlandishly quaint and antiquated, but their court-yards are delightfully quiet and secluded, notwithstanding the roar of traffic on the Embankment and Fleet Street, etc. This anachronism seems, however, too good to last, and with the admission of women into the legal profession, we are assured that the Inns of Court will present a renovated appearance. Said one who had spent ten years in these old-fashioned chambers—with no lift, no bath room and no electric light :—

When Portia comes to the Temple I have a vision of all manner of bright curtains and carpets and lampshades. I see spring cleaning

becoming a hardy annual just as the Flower Show used to be. In place of those attendant ladies of great antiquity, in bonnets and garments to which the adjective "fragrant" could only be misapplied, I see cheerful, neat, and pleasant maids, whose smile suggests the brightness they create. I see authority considering the question of lifts and bathrooms. There is only one objection to lifts. It is well known that solicitors will not climb to third and fourth floors; that is why these are let as living rooms. If the lift were instituted it might be that solicitors would travel as far as the top floors for consultations. Perhaps it would be well to remain content with bath-rooms.

Talking of lifts and bath rooms, it is a veritable shock to read of the following:—

London, June 4.—The residence of the British Lord Chancellor has five floors, 33 rooms, 125 stairs. But one bath-room and no elevator. Moreover the bath-tub is 40 years old, made of iron instead of porcelain. Therefore the Lord Chancellor refuses to live in the house which the Government provides for him unless an elevator is installed and two more bath-rooms are installed for his household of 20. He thinks it unbecoming that he should have to use the same bath as the maids.

Can this be true of the official habitation of a loyal government executive who is paid £10,000 a year? It sounds almost incredible.

Here we may be permitted to set down a few reminiscences of our experience as an occasional court interpreter in cases where there were Chinese complainants or defendants unable to speak the English language. And it is a pleasure to acknowledge that we have always received the utmost courtesy from the police and Bench, wherever we went. It is true that we did not always succeed in getting our poor Chinese compatriots to go scot free, but we never had cause to complain of unfairness or harshness, etc. On the contrary, we found the administrators as well as guardians of the law most sympathetic towards the

Chinese who were unfortunate enough to demand their attention.

Our journeys in this respect ranged from Marylebone to Bow Street, from Thames Police Court to Old Bailey, and from Newington Sessions Court to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Being a law student, one rather enjoyed these experiences. They imparted a bit of real life to the supposedly dry-as-dust legal learning. The court interpreter's fee is seven shillings and sixpence payable by the court, unless the magistrate decides that the same shall be paid by the defendant. But in our experience we were invariably paid out of the Court's bounty. On one occasion the defendant was an unlicensed Chinese lady hawker who had with her a little over ten shillings. As the magistrate was strict, he ordered that the interpreter's fee should be paid out of the defendant's money. We respectfully declined the honour, considering that she would then have only a few shillings to take her home to Poplar. Whereupon His Honour took compassion upon the poor woman, and said that as usual the services of the interpreter should be met out of the public funds.

In the case of the Sessions Court when the London County Council examines the property licences of the Chinese shops in Poplar, the Council's solicitor makes special arrangements with whoever will interpret for the shopkeepers. In that event the interpreter's fee will be a guinea, and sometimes plus car fare also. Here one does not have to wait so long before his services are immediately required, whereas in a police court the cases have to go by turn and, much as the court officials wish

to save the interpreter's time, all they could do is to request an indulgent magistrate to try our case next on the list and thus accommodate the poor student interpreter who has to come from another end of the metropolis.

The funniest and most pleasant experience we had, however, was once when we were asked to accompany a solicitor to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He was engaged in a Chinese probate case on appeal from Singapore, and the point at issue was his client's claim that there had been a mistranslation of the Chinese birth register by the respondent: otherwise his client would be proved to be the elder son and so entitled to the greater share of the deceased father's property. So we rode from Kensington to Downing Street, but only to find that the appellant's case had already been dismissed by their Lordships, without calling upon the respondents to reply. There was nothing left to be done, and our kind friend offered to settle up. Now it seemed to be a shame to have to charge for services not rendered after all, although we were there ready to render them, but it seemed a greater shame not to accept the guineas, which in course of business would be debited to the appellant, considering that we had wasted a precious hour over the incident. We therefore settled up in the usual way and parted as good friends, having in the taxi-cab journey from Kensington across the Mall discussed together the latest law reports.

Just before we left England (August, 1916) we had the following sad case to assist. A Chinese was charged in Lincoln with having in his possession another person's

passport, but he had travelled up from London. Upon inquiry, we found that this man and a cousin had arrived a few months before from Hamburg with passports signed by the Chinese Legation in Berlin. As some people would make it a point to keep all sorts of papers, regardless of their value, this man somehow or other kept his cousin's, and not his own, passport. He was a small pedlar, having journeyed all the way on foot across Siberia and Germany, selling small stone images, paper fans, knick-knacks, etc.

Asked where he had been since his arrival, he took out a fair-sized map of England from his leather bag and pointed correctly to the places he had been—namely, Reading, Sheffield and Lincoln. He could only say two words of English—namely his own name—so we were agreeably surprised to see he could identify his itinerary without making any mistake. He was arrested at Spalding for exceeding the five-mile Alien Registration limit, and at Lincoln the police found in his possession over six pounds in gold and silver—the proceeds of his sale. But in London they found he had with him only twelve shillings. This was somewhat suspicious to the police: could he be doing espionage for the Germans? When asked, however, to explain this sudden discrepancy, he produced from his bundle of papers a crumpled piece of paper which we read to the police. It was a letter in Chinese from his poor mother in Shanghai begging him to send her some money as she was in great need of the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. That meant to say, he had sent her all the cash he could scrape together; whereupon the police officials were visibly moved with compassion

and admiration for his self-sacrifice and filial piety. The mystery was explained, and all suspicion against him removed. Finally he was sent back to China at the British Government's expense as one who had no visible means of supporting himself.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

It has been said that if you want to ascertain the standard of intelligence of a people, just read their newspapers. This, it seems, is especially true of London and the English people. The Press of other countries may be sensational or indiscreet, but on the whole a stranger cannot find much to complain of in the London Press. Of course, there are black sheep in every flock, and there are Yellow journals in Fleet Street, but taking it all in all, London need not be ashamed of its Press. The best traditions of the British Empire are reflected therein and the best thoughts of the world are mirrored therein. Occasionally there are lapses, unfortunate excesses as well as notable omissions, but on the whole it is worthy of its far-famed prestige.

This may be partly due to the conservativeness of the men behind the Press, but the greater reason is to be found in the conspicuous absence of anything like a Press Law as is known in the Continent and other countries. As explained in an earlier chapter, the law in England keeps itself strictly within the background: so long as you do not abuse your freedom, you can do whatever you like or do not like. This attitude is partially reflected in the Brazilian Constitution, as follows:—

No one shall be forced to do, or not to do, anything, except by virtue of law. All persons shall have the right freely to associate and to meet together without arms, and the police shall not interfere except



to preserve public order. The expression of opinion on all subjects, through the Press or from the platform, shall be free without subjection to censorship, each one being responsible for the abuses which he may commit, in the cases and in the manner prescribed by law. Anonymous publications shall not be permitted.

Perhaps the specific provisions of Articles 4, 6 and 7 of the Mexican Constitution are more declaratory of the English attitude:—

Everyone shall be free to engage in any honourable and useful profession, industrial pursuit, or occupation suitable to him, and to avail himself of its products. The exercise of these liberties shall not be hindered except by judicial sentence, when such exercise injures the rights of a third party, or by executive order issued in the manner specified by law, when it offends the rights of society. The expression of ideas shall not be the object of any judicial or administrative investigation, except in case it attacks morality, the rights of a third party, provokes some crime or misdemeanour, or disturbs public order. The liberty to write and to publish writings on any object whatsoever is inviolable. No law or authority shall establish previous censorship, or require authors or printers to give bond, or restrict the liberty of the Press, which shall have no other limits than respect for private life, morality, and the public peace.

In other words, it is the honour system all over. If you behave yourself, no one will interfere with you; but if you injure another person's reputation, character, etc., then the long arm of the law will come down upon you. Accordingly, there is a healthy spirit of self-respect which operates to the greater moral good of the community than one born of artificial restraints.

Having said so much, we may be permitted to point out some of the features and idiosyncrasies of the London Press. One may not agree with Miss Rose Macaulay, the clever authoress of "What Not"—described as the wittiest novel in London—who objects to the chronicling of deaths, accidents, and weddings in the daily Press but

is very much in favour of leading articles—because as regards the former, “these functions lack even the interest of universal occurrence; they do not happen to quite everybody; and they do happen to so many as to miss the interest of singularity,” and as regards the latter, “nearly everyone likes leaders, for these curious effusions sum up our incoherent thoughts for us and give them shape—some people can only maintain themselves in what they consider sound political principles by regularly reading opposition leaders”—but certainly many will agree when she urges “all or part of the newspaper world to try the experiment of leaving out most of what they at present publish, of publishing much of what they now leave out—and see if it is not accepted meekly by the public and consumed with unquestioning relish. For the public are wonderfully tamed. Only they must have murders and leaders.”

On the average the appearance of the London Press is sober and its headings do not stare one in the face so blatantly as do those on an American newspaper; perhaps the visitor from the United States would call the London papers too tame. Its comments are fair and, allowing for party wranglings, temperate. Some of the papers, however, are prone to give too much space to sensational reports—especially of murders and divorces—at the expense of the healthy remainder which is generally left out but which ought certainly to be included, unless the Press intends to belittle the intelligence of its readers.

It is no excuse to plead that a paper only caters to the taste of its readers, for how does it know that the public is not interested in the thousand and one other things

omitted or crowded out by the long rigmarole about accidents, murders and divorces? If a man does not like the daily menu served up by his paper, he can indeed discontinue his subscription and take on another which he considers more respectable. But what is the mission of a daily journal? To be sure, in a city of London's immense size there are at least half a million people who will gloat over sensational as well as gruesome details, but this is no reason why the educator of public opinion should not direct that force to healthier and more useful channels. By all means a newspaper should give news and plenty of it, but by pandering to the baser instincts of the public a journal degenerates from its noble mission and status. If there must be details let the proportion be well maintained all round, instead of the present exclusion of the healthy remainder.

Fortunately this class of Yellow journalism is in the minority, and the greater majority of papers have more respect for themselves as well as their clientele. With the latter there is a better proportion to the whole day's consumption and one is kept tolerably well informed of the news of the day without getting unduly excited or morbid over the frailties of human nature.

If one were asked to advise a new arrival in London what papers to read, one might reply as follows:—All depends upon your taste and pocket. If you want to know as much as possible about foreign news, go to the *Times* or the *Daily Telegraph*. If you are of a literary bent, subscribe to the weekly *Literary Supplement* of the former, or watch for W. L. Courtney's weekly review columns in the latter. For fine character sketches read

A. G. G.'s articles in the *Daily News* ; and for full summaries of law cases read the daily law reports of the *Times*. If you want *multum in parvo* read the *Daily News* or the *Daily Chronicle* ; otherwise try the *Daily Mail*, but be prepared for more highly-coloured details. For sports, music, drama, etc., you can try almost any paper ; but for correspondence see the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *Daily News*. For trenchant comments read the *Pall Mall Gazette* ; for clever political cartoons, patronize " F. C. G. " in the *Westminster Gazette* ; otherwise, if you want a laugh or smile, try W. K. Haselden in the illustrated *Daily Mirror*. For really choice leaders in simple but elegant Addisonian style, don't miss the *Times* ; otherwise the *Daily Telegraph* in its own learned dignified way, is a good second. As an example of courteous retort in party quarrels, try the *Westminster Gazette* ; besides, its green paper is most soothing to one's eyes after the ordinary black and white.

If you want to be witty without being vulgar, imitate the almost inimitable *Punch* ; but for the absorbingly interesting " Agony Column " you must go to the *Times*. For liberal views in foreign politics especially, read the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily News*, or the *Nation* ; and for a good hefty pennyworth on a Sunday morning try the *News of the World* or *Weekly Dispatch* with its glorious yardful of details about murders, accidents, divorces, sport, property lost, property found, etc., etc. For the best Parliamentary news go to the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Morning Post*, the *Manchester Guardian* or the *Daily News*, but for a good weekly try the *Nation*, the *Spectator* or the *Saturday Review*. Finally, if all

this is still not enough, you may want to read *Tit-Bits* or *Answers* also : it is a newsy hotch-potch and, if you are lucky, you may win one of its competitions for a sixpenny investment.

We have referred to the correspondence columns, and it is interesting to see the number as well as kind of letters printed in the daily and weekly Press. We know well enough that not all letters sent to the editors are published ; even then it seems that many which were published would never have obtained publicity had the writers been mere nobodies. In other words, just because there is a great deal to "What's in a Name?" so many who are somebodies will rush into print, although the space given to them could perhaps have been better employed.

This criticism apart, however, the correspondence column does serve a useful purpose. To the public it is a medium for ventilating public opinion, and the editors see to it that such agency is not abused for private ends ; to the authors there is satisfaction in seeing one's name and thoughts in print for the world to admire or criticise, as the case may be. Of course, it is not every paper which can spare a column or so for correspondence, and even with those who can, there are varying degrees of prominence. For example, to get a letter inserted in the *Times* is always considered a distinction ; so when we succeeded in getting the third letter, each half a column in length, published by Printing House Square, that was sufficient to deserve a special mention. Thus when we were introduced on two different occasions by a journalist and a Member of Parliament to their friends, the formal introduction also included the following announcement : "He has had three letters inserted in the *Times*."

Undoubtedly the "Agony Column" is an extra special feature, and many would take an interest in the ups and downs of the personages concerned. To insert such clandestine messages is by no means cheap; the daily expenditure comes to pretty well five shillings an insertion. And we often wondered if they were genuine or only a faked "stunt." If they were real, one's sympathy goes out to the unfortunate couples who do not feel it is safe to communicate with one another through the ordinary post, for there must be some sort of tragedy behind the screen. But if they were faked, they are really clever and most diverting. In fact, when news was bad and the political clouds were dark and threatening, we often looked up this human column to see if "the lady in the taxi" did, or did not, finally keep her appointment with "the man in grey" at the "corner of Pall Mall and Haymarket, by the side of the Carlton," because the heroine had been disdainful of such attentions for the previous three or four days! Of course, in the ordinary case the hero was more fortunate, and the exchange of messages became progressively affectionate to the satisfaction of everybody—to the publisher because it meant so much increase in "unearned increment," to the actors concerned because the romance was getting on fine, and the public because all the world loves a lover.

The one great drawback, however, with the preponderant majority of papers is no doubt their lack of foreign news, and excepting for an occasional paragraph about a riot in China or earthquake in Japan or Java, etc., one is kept entirely ignorant of vital doings of the world. If one hits upon those journals which more or less specialize

in foreign news as above indicated, the outlook will not be so bad ; but even then, such foreign news would generally be confined to either Europe or the United States. As to the Far East, only the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* can afford to maintain regular special correspondents in China or Japan ; otherwise the other papers have to depend upon occasional correspondence from abroad or the usual news agencies.

This surely is a mistaken policy ; it seems indirectly to mirror the apathy of the nation in regard to foreign affairs. Not every reader may be so complacent as the artiste in a music hall who says that China is situated 'over Shepherd's Bush way,' but it is true there is an appalling ignorance of things concerning the Far East. With countries whose interests are not intimately bound up with China and Japan such indifference may be forgivable, but it almost takes one's breath away to see the same phenomenon even in London, considering that British trade occupies the foremost position in China, which comprises one-fourth of the world's population, and England is supposed to be a nation of shopkeepers. We hope that after this war things will improve in this direction, especially as has so often been emphasised, the Germans are not to be allowed to regain their lost trade in the East and elsewhere.

We referred a few moments ago to our communications to the *Times*, but as most people are aware the path of a free-lance journalist is never strewn with roses, especially as in our case we are a stranger in the land and a mere Chinese student. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to look back upon those days of veritable uphill climbing ; and

does anyone wonder why there should be the Ludgate *Hill* continuation of Fleet Street? To be sure, one has to climb mighty hard, but the success of attaining the top is worth all the pains and perseverance. Perchance these reminiscences may be of some value to many an aspirant foreign student; if so, we will note down some of our experiences during our seven and a half years' sojourn in hospitable London.

The first paper we waged wordy warfare with was the redoubtable *Times*; but the first to receive us within its charmed circle was also the *Times*! When we first arrived, we were of course, a greenhorn in every sense of the term, and we actually waited for a whole month since the *Times* first published its correspondence from Peking, before we prepared our defence for the Chinese people. The burning topic then was the dispute between China and Japan over the Antung-Mukden Railway in South Manchuria where, as usual, the former was compelled to give way to the latter, and so we sent to Printing House Square our first salvo of over 2,000 words. We thought the evidence we had marshalled together would have even drawn pity out of a rock and so were confident that it would see daylight. Unfortunately, we had miscalculated on our self-importance as well as other relevant factors and so suffered the first great disappointment, which would not have been so keen if the letter had been merely one of a couple of hundred words instead of an essay of a couple of thousand words.

As we learned later, however, this was not an absolute defeat. For instead of receiving a printed slip—"The Editor presents his compliments and regrets that he is



unable to use the accompanying MS., which accordingly he returns with many thanks"—we received a handwritten letter much to the same effect as the above, but with the following semi-apology:—"The Editor wishes me to add that our Peking Correspondent is a hearty well-wisher of China." Now the first is the usual terror in store for the unsuccessful aspirant; the latter, we were assured, signified unusual courtesy and was distinctly promising.

And the eventful day came sixteen months later, on January 3rd, 1911. Nor was the letter a short one, but it occupied a good half column of the *Times*, on the subject of "National Education in China." As always, it was a reply to others who had preceded us, but compared with "China and Japan" it had the merit of an academic discussion, not political controversy. Then came the novel importunities by various news-cutting agencies offering to supply so many cuttings of the same subject at so much per thousand, and then it seemed the way was open for greater success.

Our next communication to the *Times* was published on September 25th, 1912, but (we had apparently climbed higher!) not in the form of an ordinary letter. At that time General Nogi, the Japanese victor of Port Arthur, and his wife had committed suicide in loyal sympathy with the death of their sovereign. The incident was, of course, much commented upon. Sir Valentine Chirol, the great authority on Far Eastern politics and former Foreign Editor of the *Times*, wrote to his journal and instancing the case of Sir Lo Fung-luh, Chinese Minister in London (1897—1901), showed how great was the gulf

separating the East from the West. Sir Fung-luh was "as familiar with Chaucer as with Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill"; yet he died attended not by a Harley Street specialist, but by a Chinese medicine man with his brazier and incantations. Said the diplomat to Sir Valentine:—"I thought, my dear friend, it might interest you to see how a Chinese steeped in your Western literature, saturated with your Western science and philosophy dies—a Chinese!"

Sir Charles Bruce, the eminent Anglo-Indian statesman, took up the discussion and thought that he saw "a fundamental law of humanity common to East and West" in both Count Nogi and Sir Fung-luh's deaths. For "surely the spirit of humanity that encouraged the Eastern customs of *hara-kiri* and *suttee* is the same spirit that finds general expression in the Western boast, "Death before dishonour," and found particular expression in the words of an Indian political officer who, setting out on frontier duty, handed a revolver to his wife with the parting phrase, "If they come, shoot the child first and then shoot yourself." Lastly, may I not, with all reverence, ask the Christian world whether the bodily fulfilment of the spiritual law of self-sacrifice was not consecrated by Divine authority in the central fact of Christianity of which the Cross is the symbol?

The discussion was getting more and more interesting and, having waited in vain for abler pens than ours to join in, we mustered enough courage to express the Chinese point of view. And our letter was published on the foreign telegrams page and in the form of half a column of news! We said:—

The subject of suicide is both repellent and fascinating at the same time. It has always baffled the efforts of philosophers and psychologists, and to-day its mysteries are still unravelled. In despair Confucius exclaimed, "When one knows not all about life itself, how can he pretend to know about death?"

Count Nogi died the death of a hero; more than that, he has also died the death of a virtuous man. It is this conception of death, not draped in black, but clothed in virtue and sanctity, which constitutes what Sir Valentine Chirol describes as a striking illustration of the gulf that divides the East and the West. Here, in the West, the motives that prompt a suicide are either emotional or economical; but in the East they are intellectual. With the latter the intellectual Ego predominates, and the very act reflects care and deliberation.

Of late in China, one finds many instances of a form of suicide utterly incomprehensible to the people of the West. They may admire it, but they cannot understand it. I refer to the tragedies of those who lamented the impotence of their country and deplored their inability to ameliorate its conditions. If in their lifetime they could not accomplish their cherished desires, they hoped that by their death the motive of their deed might fire the imagination of their compatriots and stir them up to vigorous action.

Then on the last day of the last month of the same year the same journal published our third communication. It was a veritable volley against the Indian opium traffickers and our letter was printed on the telegrams page just below a Reuter's message dated Peking, December 30th, reporting that "Great Britain contemplates terminating the Opium Agreement of 1911, in accordance with Article 7, unless the position of [foreign] importers is improved and the tension between British residents and the Chinese public relieved," etc. In view of the fact that shortly afterwards China won and the British Government announced that beginning from April 1st, 1913, the export of opium from India to China would be completely stopped, we may be permitted to append herewith the whole communication:—

SIR,—May I be permitted to say something about the opium question? The controversy has reached a stage in which the ultimate decision must depend upon an intelligent appreciation of the Chinese view.

The Chinese Government is being saddled with the charge of breach of treaty stipulations. Now the word "breach" may mean either an intentional and deliberate contravention or an unintentional and unpremeditated violation. As I understand it, the allegation is based on two premises: (1) There has been a recrudescence of poppy cultivation in the provinces since the revolution; and (2) the Chinese Government has imposed restrictions on the sale of the imported opium. What are the facts?

If it could be proved that the poppy cultivation was the direct act or instigation of the Chinese authorities, the latter would certainly stand convicted. The evidence, however, proves exactly the contrary. The renewed growth was purely the result of the Revolution or an act of God, something which was unforeseen and inevitable. As such it was not preventable, and it may be doubted if any other Government could have succeeded better than the Peking Government. The moment any semblance of normal order was established, the Central Government lost no time in taking measures to suppress the cultivation and smoking, and two months ago a dealer in Hunan was shot for disobeying the law and the growers in the district were threatened with the death penalty should they dare re-grow the confiscated plant.

In banning the drug, the Chinese are merely carrying out the spirit of the very agreements they are accused of having broken—to wit—the suppression of opium smoking. Their action is essentially one of self-preservation. Were China not to put in force the prohibition opium smoking would revive and continue unchecked, and then Great Britain would call the Chinese Government to account. Of the two evils, which is the greater? The Peking Government cannot under the present arrangement bar the entry of Indian opium, but surely it is competent to compel its subjects to obey its laws. If it could not prevent its subjects from buying foreign opium it would mean that it could not accomplish the very object which Great Britain was pledged to support and co-operate.

Let it be clearly understood once for all that China intends only to deal with its own subjects and exercise its jurisdiction over their person and property. Unfortunately, this has not been so construed. As an illustration in point, let me cite the instance of the recent Anking incident, which is still under negotiation. The [foreign] opium merchants set up a big hue and cry because the Anhui authorities confiscated and burned seven chests of Malwa opium, but before

long it was definitely established that the consignment was the property of a Chinese purchaser. Now they contend that the Chinese have no right to interfere with the opium of British origin, although its ownership was completely vested in Chinese hands! Imagine the consequences of this artful, but mischievous, argument. It signifies that, if the argument be carried further, China could not even prohibit its subjects from smoking Indian opium simply because it was British grown—a situation which is, to say the least, utterly Gilbertian. China might as well at once confess that it could not suppress opium smoking within its own borders, and that, therefore, it must commit a breach of treaty stipulations.

In your leading article of to-day, Sir, you truly remark :—"Great Britain falters, because, in the last resort, a war to insist upon the fulfilment of the agreements would be regarded as indefensible." Let me thank you for the courage of stating your convictions so bluntly. If there is a virtue which is lacking in diplomacy it is indubitably that of frankness, and many a hard blow would have been averted could negotiators but speak out their real mind. The Chinese are determined because they want to preserve their very existence as a race. They have to choose between either alienating the affection of [foreign] opium merchants or jeopardising their national vitality. Should the people of China for the sake of self-defence repudiate the agreements under review, which were entered into by a Government which they have since disinherited, would the British nation accept the act of repudiation? If the latter would not accept it, would the former be entitled to regard the refusal as a *casus belli*? The opinion of international lawyers on this particular point will not be uninteresting. I hasten to add, however, that the Chinese have no idea of acting upon the hypothesis. They prefer to adhere to their spirit of moderation, and place implicit confidence in the good will and friendliness of the British people.

Now after the third letter, could one, so to speak, rest on his laurels? At least we did not think so, and the war gave us the next opportunity. Our fourth was published in the *Times* of April 7th, 1915—on the editorial page (another feather in our cap!). But it took fully four months before the communication actually saw daylight! As the reply dealt with a matter of translation, we were first asked to send along a copy of the Chinese text so that the learned editor "could then discover how far our Peking

correspondent misrepresented the facts and, if necessary, publish a correction." We bowed to superior knowledge and a month after were next asked to condense our communication into "a quite short categorical statement on the subject," in view of the "recent great pressure upon our columns." We complied, but it required another two months and more than one personal visit to Printing House Square before the following almost irreducible minimum was inserted:—

Sir,—May I crave the indulgence of your hospitality to correct the lingering impression that the Chinese are "anti-British"? If the statement could be substantiated, it would spell the greatest of calamities. The insinuation, however, is a fiction. The Chinese have every reason to rely upon the goodwill of Great Britain, and her magnanimity in the opium question is still fresh in their memory. In the present hour of crisis their eyes are turned towards this country, and they rejoice that in the person of Sir John Jordan, H.B.M.'s Minister in Peking, their Government have found an unfailing friend and counsellor. China may be distracted by troubles, but she is certainly not so insane as to yield to German machinations or do anything calculated to alienate the friendship of trusted Britons. Her hands are more than full, and it is inconceivable that she will court complications from any quarter.

As frequent references have been made in public to the communication from a Peking correspondent entitled "Chinese Attack on England," which appeared in *The Times* of December 15th, it is perhaps not too late to adjust the perspective. In point of fact the extract from the *Pei Ching Jih Pao* was headed, "Some advice to our Elders in Shantung." The Chinese who had suffered hardships from the military operations around Tsingtau were in dire straits and needed encouragement. Their compatriot, therefore, asked them to remain calm, to keep up their courage, and believe that eventually Great Britain would secure a fair compensation for whatever losses they had sustained. To clinch his argument he said:—"When Great Britain has weighed the pros and cons she would so act, in order that she might be worthy of her attitude towards Belgium."

These communications to the Press, of course, are gratuitous; but they serve as a useful introduction to

elsewhere. For by the time we left these hospitable shores, we had had letters published in almost all the daily and evening papers, and also been paid for articles in some of the dailies, weeklies, and also monthlies. We never had much luck, however, with short stories for the magazines; this was perhaps because we had not got into the run of English fun or humour.

If we were asked to give a few suggestions to aspiring foreign students, we might offer the following:—When you do write, be sure you really have something to add to what has already been published; remember the editors are always pressed for space. Before you send it in, write to the editor first and ask if the article you propose to send will or will not be suitable for his purpose, and enclose an addressed as well as stamped envelope for reply. Be not discouraged by one or two or even three disappointments: perhaps if one paper sends it back, another may accept it. If the editor does not send your MS. back at once, the prospect is hopeful; go and see him, an interview with him in person may explain matters better. Study the different papers carefully and then place your articles accordingly: but the subject must be timely and burning. Be temperate in your language, logical in your arguments, concise in your statement and, above all, clear in your exposition. Preferably have your MS. neatly typed and enclose your card, a stamped envelope for reply, as well as previous literary records, if any. Never ask for payment but trust the guineas to the editor.

Finally the aspiring student must not be over-zealous in journalistic ventures at the expense of his own proper studies. Thus we were kept back one full year in our work,

although we confess with pleasure that this delay operated as a blessing in disguise. For had we succeeded in getting our first degree in 1913, instead of a year later, we would not have remained for the doctorate in laws but would have returned to China then and there. If so, we would not have tarried until 1916 or been led to write these impressions and reminiscences.



## CHAPTER XXV.

### ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

We said in the last chapter that if you want to ascertain the standard of intelligence of a people, just read their newspapers. Now we will go further and say that if you want to know what makes a man of a people, then go to their universities and educational institutions. In other words, as the universities teach, so the people think and act.

As will have been gathered from our impressions of the outstanding features of life and Society in England, the one fact which seems to stand out most prominently is the gentlemanliness of the British people. In their work, in their play, in their love of sport for sport's sake, in their passion for freedom and democracy, in the supremacy of the rule of law, etc., you see this characteristic writ large over the life of the nation. It has been lamented by the Britons themselves that life in modern England has sadly degenerated from the standard of the Victorian Era and that men as well as women have rapidly outgrown their former gentlemanly as well as feminine ways. How far this is true a stranger in the land is unable to gauge, though in the growth of trade unionism and the general levelling-up of social and economic class distinctions the change is not imperceptible. Nevertheless, even to-

day the English gentleman and his ways are still abroad in the land.

This may, in part, be due to inborn traditions and social environment, but the greater reason is to be found in the kind of education emphasised in the English universities—namely, the classical as contrasted with the modern practical education. Thus even to-day classics retains its supremacy in the older universities, whereas the newer universities like Glasgow, Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds and Manchester, etc., are essentially practical. This is why Latin and Greek are still compulsory subjects in Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh; whereas a stranger taking the London matriculation examination is permitted to substitute a modern foreign or even his own language for one of the classical languages.

Of late there has been an animated controversy among educational circles whether or not the older universities should discard their classical curriculum in order to fall in line with the present march of events, for it has been suggested that English backwardness in science as compared with the French or Germans is traceable to the fact that the English brain has been too much steeped in archaic classicism. How far the down-with-classicism movement has progressed we are not able to point out, but it seems that the best maxim for all reformers everywhere is always the golden rule of the mean or *via media*. For instance, a foreign student, especially from the East, may be easily excused from taking his "Little Go" or responsions in Latin or Greek, unless he proposes to take up the exciting subject of philology or goes in for the less exciting subjects of law and education. As regards other subjects,

such as medicine, science, engineering, or mathematics, a mild dose of Greek or Latin is useful, but certainly not too much of it.

This aspect of the problem seems to be best illustrated by the present (spring 1919) discussion in the American Press over a remark made by the late millionaire F. W. Woolworth—the founder and executive head of the great chain of Five and Ten Cent Stores whose phenomenal success has made his name almost a household word in America. He is said to have remarked :—“ The education I got in two terms in a business college at Watertown, New York, did me more good than any classical education I might have got.” Among the opponents of classical education, in England as well as the United States, such a pronouncement by one of the most remarkable organisers, implying that colleges and universities are rather useless luxuries, would certainly be hailed with delight, but let it be remembered that the men who to-day rule the Anglo-American democracies are essentially men who have had a good sprinkling of classical education. Probably the following reply by the *New York Outlook* is as effective as any :—

When a man of Mr. Woolworth's romantic, interesting, and in many respects highly creditable success condemns higher education, his opinion makes an impression upon boys and young men totally out of proportion to its real value.

As a matter of fact, we doubt if Mr. Woolworth ever stopped to think of the invaluable support directly contributed to his success by the higher education of our colleges and universities. Take the factor of industrial chemistry alone. Applied chemistry is the very foundation-stone of modern agriculture and manufacturing, and chemistry is the product of the most serious, painstaking, and self-sacrificing study and research in the libraries and laboratories of our colleges and universities. Chemistry is not merely a matter of acids

and test tubes. It could not have reached its present stage without the aid of literature, and even of classical literature.

If it were not for industrial chemistry, the billions of hairpins the sale of which contributed to Mr. Woolworth's fortune could never have been manufactured, nor could the wheel of a locomotive or freight car have turned, without which he could not have shipped his goods from his central purchasing office to the various units that made up his chain of stores. If it had not been for the classical and scientific work of our colleges and universities, Mr. Woolworth's "two terms in a business college" would have been of little help to him.

We do not say that he himself ought to have had a classical or scientific education, but we do think that the great men of affairs of this country ought to realise more than they sometimes appear to realise that arduous, faithful, self-sacrificing, intellectual training of the highest type is as essential to American business supremacy as the proverbial devotion of the budding office boy to the daily mercantile transactions in the village store in which he is employed.

Indeed, the great monument which Mr. Woolworth left behind him clearly demonstrates his dependence on the "higher education" and shows that in practice he respected it, whatever may have been his theoretical views expressed for newspaper publicity. That monument is the Woolworth Building, one of the most beautiful and famous productions of art and science in the modern world. Not only New York City, but the entire United States owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Woolworth for that splendid architectural creation. He conceived the idea of building the tallest building in the world as a symbol of what can be done with nickels and dimes.

Did he go for aid in this work to men who had spent only "two terms in a business college"? Not at all. He had the wisdom to select an architect and engineers who had spent many years of their life in acquiring classical and scientific education. The Woolworth Building is an embodiment not only of engineering, chemistry, and metallurgical science, but of classical art and literature.

Let us be fair to our colleges and universities. It is they who produced the Woolworth Building.

Comparatively speaking, education in an American university is less classical than it is in its English counterpart: in other words, American colleges are more democratic than the English. No doubt there are other factors at play, but this fact is largely responsible for the different

atmosphere in the two. In these isles the undergraduate in a university comes from a genteel family, and he is there to be educated as a gentleman. Over in the United States the same student hails from all classes of the Melting Pot, since apart from the moneyed and unmoneyed there are no formal class distinctions, and he is there to prepare as well as to equip himself for his future work in life. Accordingly, in an English university there is no such thing as "working through college," but every undergraduate is supported by his own family or guardian.

From the sum total of usefulness this American institution of working through college has much to commend itself. To a foreign student it is a great financial help, if one day his parents or relatives should be unable to support him any further; there will be no apprehension of being stranded abroad as has so often happened to many a promising student from China. To wait at table as an ordinary waiter in a public restaurant may or may not be degrading, but certainly there can be no social reproach in having to wait upon your own school-mates, if not class-mates. Consequently, the process of levelling up social distinctions would be further accelerated by the admission of men who could have such facilities as to work their way through college. Moreover, it would also exercise a beneficial effect upon the rich family's sons if such incentives to honest labour are daily put before their eyes; then they would not be so free with their parents' money or spend it on questionable items as well as persons.

This working through college is one of the differences between life in American and English universities.

Another would be the lack here of those rousing and sometimes ear-splitting college yells and college songs so characteristic of American institutions. This may be due to the fact that the Englishman as a rule is more sedate and solemn, not given to childish manifestations of joy and excitement. There are college songs also among English universities, but their singing is very tame compared with those rendered by American undergraduates as well as graduates. And it is interesting to see that an American, even after leaving college, is no less keen on his old college yells and college songs—a phenomenon very rarely seen among English university men. Then there are the numerous learned fraternities denoted by fanciful Greek letters for distinction in scholarship, science, engineering, etc., which are also conspicuous by their absence in English universities. So unless an Englishman has studied Greek, he will hardly understand such high-sounding honorific names as Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Xi, etc. If he is a non-Mason, he will probably surmise that they belong to the honourable fraternity of Masons!

College blazers are not unknown in the United States, but it takes an English college to show how to shine in this array of resplendent colour. As a rule, a man in the university team in America will have his "letter"—that is, the letter of his *Alma Mater*, such as "Y" for Yale, or "H" for Harvard, etc.—but here in England a "blue" in cricket, rugger, soccer, tennis, hockey, rowing, or even a "grasshopper" in tennis, will have his gorgeously "loud" blazers, and during the May Week in Cambridge these will be religiously trotted out for the fair visitors to admire and envy! The coat looks decidedly

pretty, and no wonder the public schools also have each their distinctive dress and badges. But these aids to pomp and circumstance are not at all cheap : hence the point of the following newspaper cutting (spring 1919) :—

During the war a good many restrictions have been imposed on the Eton boys in the matter of dress, partly on the score of economy and the saving of labour and partly because of the difficulty in getting certain woollen and silken articles that had hitherto been customary to wear.

In September last, it was decided by the Economy Committee, with the sanction of the Headmaster, that the following reforms as regards colours should be adopted for the purposes of economy for the duration of the war :

Articles not to be bought in the shops : (1) Coloured football shirts (except School, Field, College and Oppidan Wall). Black bands may be worn for purposes of distinction by arrangement between the captains of sides ; (2) XXII and college wall stockings ; (3) all blazers except VIII, XI, XXII, and Upper Boat Houses ; (4) silk scarves (but anyone may buy a woollen scarf in a fixed style of which notice has been given to hosiers) ; (5) coxing caps.

No more than one boat zephyr and two pairs of socks may be purchased.

Trimmed zephyrs are only to be obtained for House Fours, Junior Fours, and finals of School races. Silk flags for these races and also for the finals of Junior races.

Anyone obtaining a colour after January 1, 1917, is forbidden to wear any of the prohibited articles of clothing, whether they are in his possession already or lent or given to him by another boy.

Now that the war is over some of these restrictions have been relaxed. Shirts and woollen scarves are now permissible, but not silk scarves. Certain blazers are also permitted. Those who are entitled to do so can wear boat-blazers on the rafts, and other members of the Boats who have their House colours may wear the House blazer.

There is still a ban on the button-hole (at least on those which are purchased), once the pride of all " Pop " boys, but it was hoped that this ban would be removed on the occasion of the " Fourth " and " Lords."

Then there is the much-talked-of greater ease to get a higher degree in the United States than in England. For example, it does not take much more than four or

five years to get a Doctor of Medicine in the former ; in the latter, for the same period of time or even longer, your degree is only Bachelor of Medicine. The coveted M.D. will have to come later after at least two years of recognized research work. In the former you can study for the Doctor of Philosophy and, by submitting an adequate dissertation, the Ph.D. will be granted. In the latter, such a degree is unknown ; the nearest place to get it is from a German university. In the former you can also study for the Doctor of Jurisprudence ; in the latter the nearest approach is perhaps the Degree of Doctor of Laws from London University. Otherwise the doctor's degree is conferred honorarily in England—for example, D.C.L. by Oxford, LL.D. by Cambridge and other universities. The closest parallel to an American Ph.D. seems to be the various doctorates from London University : Doctor of Science in Engineering, Doctor of Science in Political Science, Doctor of Science in Chemistry, etc. In the Continent there is also a variety of degrees similar to the American system : *e.g.*, Doctor of Jurisprudence from Paris, from Berlin, etc.

Even in the United Kingdom there is no uniformity of standards in regard to the conferring of degrees. We have already mentioned the LL.D. which, generally an honorary degree, is likewise awarded for research work by London University. But a greater diversity seems to prevail over the Master of Arts degree. In Scotch universities, for example, the first degree is not B.A. but M.A., which is usually the second degree in English as well as American universities. Then there is considerable difference between a Cambridge M.A. and a London M.A.



In the first, all you have to do is to get your B.A., wait for two years, pay your fees (£20) and, without doing a single stroke of work, you get your Master of Arts. In the second, the process is much more difficult: when you get your B.A. it must be "B.A. with honours" before you are eligible to work for the Master's degree, and that requires another two years' solid work. In other words, in London you really have to work for your degree; in Oxford or Cambridge you need not work so hard, unless you aspire to get 1st class Tripos or be one of the senior wranglers. Hence it is said of the successful candidates in the civil service or foreign service examination, all other things being equal, an Oxford or Cambridge man will be preferred to a London man—the former is considered more of a gentleman than the latter; but if the examination had been for teachers and instructors, then a London man would invariably be chosen for his solidity of knowledge.

In the nature of the circumstances, college life in Oxford or Cambridge is much more congenial than it is in London or any of the other mercantile centres. For one thing London is essentially a non-college town, and the component colleges are too widely separated from each other; whereas in Oxford or Cambridge, you are all there. Thus in the former, the real college atmosphere is lacking: you go to attend the lectures or do your work in the laboratory, and then you come away; but in the latter, everything is all there—colleges, undergraduates, professors, dons and "bull-dogs," etc. To a law student in London (we refer to London University) the atmosphere is decidedly worse. An arts or science student is generally in the college during the greater part of the day; so there

is some sort of college life and activity, union meetings and social functions, etc. But a law student is almost a total stranger in the premises. His lectures do not come on until 6 o'clock in the evening, because his professors are engaged in the daytime; so he is there for at most two hours a day. Then his lectures are always intercollegiate: for example, Monday at the London School of Economics in Clare Market, Tuesday at University College in Gower Street, and Thursday at King's College in the Strand, etc. No doubt this system has its advantages also, but you break the continuity of life and atmosphere in so doing.

School life is, therefore, less strenuous in Cambridge or Oxford than it is in London. And this is well typified in the presentation of degrees ceremony. In the latter it is all solemn and dignified. In 1915 we had 1,000 students in the picturesquely colourful procession to receive our degrees from Lord Rosebery, Chancellor of the University; the caps, gowns and hoods were all in the proper style; before each batch of candidates was presented, we all sat like good school-children, so quiet and well-behaving; the University Orator addressed the gathering in Latin; very few of us, and still less of the visitors, understood what he said, but we kept respectful silence, so that those who could understand could still enjoy his eloquence, although towards the end of the thirty-minute address most of us got impatient and made a *gentle* slushing noise on the floor with our feet to beg him to stop (it was the middle of May and the hall was beginning to get close); the 1,000 of us marched up in an orderly manner, batch by batch, to

Lord Rosebery who handed to each of us our respective diplomas (this alone occupied nearly an hour !); then his Lordship delivered an eloquent address suitable to the occasion (remember that the War had already been fought for nine months and many London men were either serving at the Front or training at the different camps): and then the memorable gathering broke up after a sitting of nearly two and a half hours.

In Cambridge, however, it was all so short and sweet, the incarnation of simplicity itself. There were in the small hall the hundred or so of successful candidates; but they looked only half-arrayed, save their proper caps, gowns and hoods. No oration, no sitting down at all, except for the Vice-Chancellor of the University. The candidates were collected together in the centre of the hall; as each batch went up, one by one knelt before the Vice-Chancellor, who put his hand on each candidate's head and muttered an inaudible short Latin formula. All the time the hall was a hum of nonchalant excitement, with people loudly talking and conversing! And the whole thing did not occupy much more than half an hour!

The Latin oration is an interesting relic of the past, so typical of conservative England. It is immaterial whether the audience understands it or not, but the rule is prescribed and so must be adhered to. Thus when His Excellency Lew Yuk-lin, Chinese Minister to the Court of St. James's from 1910—1914, was conferred an honorary LL.D. by Cambridge University in December, 1914, the Public Orator delivered the following high-sounding encomium:—

Sinensium Reipublicæ maximæ personam inter Britannos nuper optime gessit patriæ legatus fidelissimus, quam hodie honoris causa merito salutamus. Olim et in patria et in republica maxima trans oceanum Atlanticum educatus, non modo trans oceanum illum sed etiam prope Chersonesum auream et inter Belgas et Britannos et in Africa Australi negotiis plurimis feliciter functus est. Patriæ vero commodis exteris semper devotissimus, patriam cum Britannia vinculis indies artioribus coniunxit. Idem patriæ inventutem Academicarum Britannicarum alumnis nuper additam, benevolentia singulari identidem adiuvit. Universitatis novæ Sinensis præsidem haud ita pridem titulo nostro liberter decoravimus; hodie vero alumnorum nostrorum Sinensium patronum et amicum benevolentissimum, patriæ denique legatum acceptissimum, auspiciis optimis iubemus salvere atque adeo valere. Ad rempublicam suam et rerum exterarum præsertim ad provinciam honoris causa nuper revocatus, sine dubio prudentia sua verba illa Tulliana denuo vera reddet :—" ad rempublicam plurima commoda veniunt si moderatrix omnium rerum præsto est sapientia."

Præsentō vobis virum in negotiis exteris gerendis sapientissimum, Lew Yuk-lin, Reipublicæ Sinensis nuper legatum optimum.

Lest the Public Orator's eloquence may be lost to posterity, we append an English translation as follows :—

The statesman on whom we are proud to-day to confer an honorary degree has recently in a most distinguished manner as Envoy Extraordinary supported the dignity of the mighty Chinese Republic in Great Britain.

His Excellency was educated, not only in China, but also in the mighty Republic beyond the Atlantic Ocean, where, as well as in Constantinople, Belgium, and South Africa, he has successfully fulfilled many offices. Ever zealous in the interests of his country abroad, he has constantly established closer relationship between his Fatherland and Great Britain. He has also likewise shown commendable spirit in the assistance he has repeatedly given to the Chinese students who have recently joined British Universities.

Not long ago we were pleased to confer our degree upon the President of the new Hong-Kong University; to-day, under happiest auspices, we proffer our heartiest greetings to the patron and kind friend of our Chinese undergraduates, and their country's most honoured envoy. Now that he has recently been honourably recalled to his Republic, and particularly to the Department of Foreign Affairs, he will, we feel certain, by his sound statesmanship, realise the ideal expressed by Cicero :—

“Very many blessings crown that state whose guide and handmaid in all things is Sovereign Wisdom.”

I present to you, Lew Yuk-lin, a statesman of wide experience in foreign affairs, lately the most distinguished envoy of the Chinese Republic.

To the modern ear the English translation sounds decidedly more interesting because it is more intelligible, although if the rendering of the Latin is in proper Roman or Continental as opposed to the lazy English pronunciation, its effect upon an appreciative audience would be superior. Yet the archaic custom is kept up in deference to age and tradition.

We have said that college life in London can never be so pleasant as it is in either Oxford or Cambridge. For one thing the buildings in the latter are more scholastic in appearance; their ancient architecture reminds one of the mediæval monks who probably had walked those secluded grounds and expounded their profound learning and erudition. There is not, as in London, the hum of pulsating finance or feverish politics to oppress the academic atmosphere. It is all so quiet and charming, far from the madding crowd. There you work while you work and play while you play. There you get the best of English University life—the bringing up of an English gentleman who, though no bookworm, is yet intelligent and educated in the best sense of the term.

This is why an Englishman looks proudly to these older universities—the bulwarks of the nation’s learning and traditions. This is why the Inter-Varsity Sports, football matches and boat races are always affectionately watched by a huge, admiring crowd. And this is also why the tourist must never omit to visit the fountains of know-

ledge of the rulers of the British Empire—rulers from the ranks of not only the commoners and peerages but also of the royalty. The time at one's disposal may not be overmuch, but the Mecca is worth all the pilgrim's pains and energy.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS.

It is almost impossible to refer to the Mother of Parliaments without plunging into reamsful of panegyrics on British freedom and democracy, Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, supremacy of the rule of law, etc., etc. These topics have been more or less touched upon in earlier chapters; we will simply confine our remarks to personal impressions gathered from frequent visits to the majestic St. Stephen's Palace on the Thames.

As it was our privilege to enjoy the friendship of a few M.P. friends, notably the anti-opium leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Theodore C. Taylor (then Liberal Member for Radcliffe-cum-Farnworth Division of Lancashire and a practical exponent in the profit-sharing movement), we perhaps had as good opportunities to observe and note as any stranger in the land. Occasionally we watched the debates from the Strangers' Gallery; but generally we preferred the privileged corner on the side of the Speaker's chair. The former is too far to be able to catch the remarks of most members; the latter is by far a better vantage point to survey the arena as well as to note the habits of the Empire's legislators.

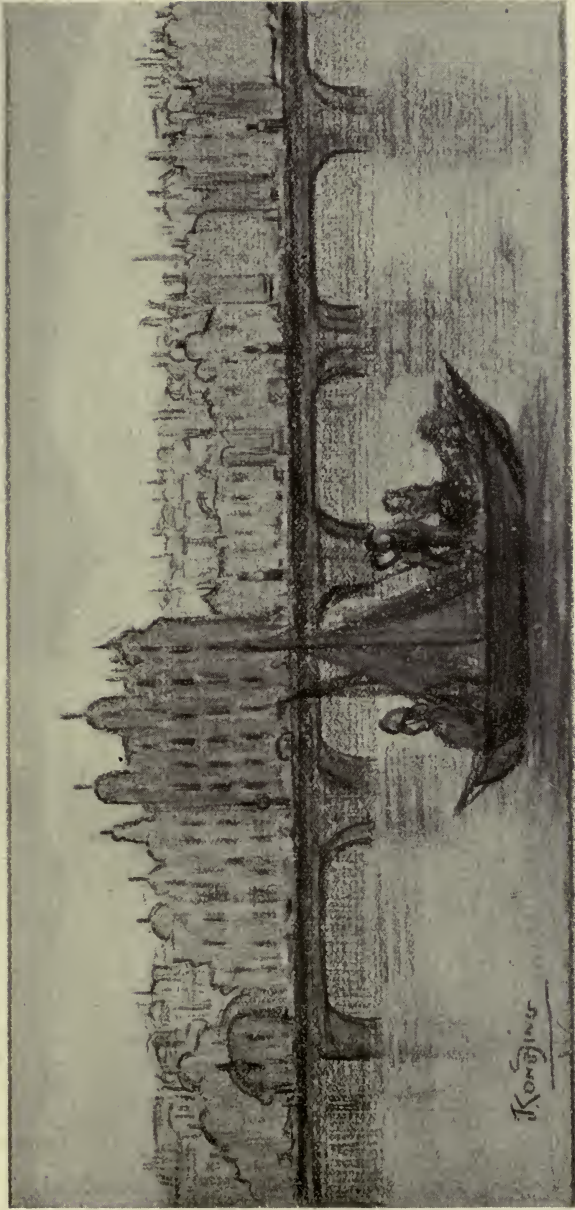
The first impression is one of almost shocked modesty! One expected that the House would always be full, that

every member would behave like a good school-child, engaged in rapt attention when volumes of eloquence were gushing from the floor. But nothing of the sort happened. Instead, one seemed to come upon a crowd of careless children—in fact, there is more attention in an ordinary class-room than at St. Stephen's. At least there are respectful attention and well-behaving manners which certainly is not the case with the honourable members in session.

Unless the speaker is a celebrity or unless his remarks are supposed to be momentous, the house is not even one-third filled: most of the members are down in the reading or smoking rooms chatting away until the bell is rung summoning them to cast their vote! Apparently the speeches are not meant to be heard; they can always be read in the official Hansard reports. Nor does everybody behave as a solemn legislator of an empire upon which the sun never sets is expected to. Instead, many would stretch out their legs and rest them upon the benches in front of them, including those on the Front Benches, both sides, with their hats on, and seemingly dreaming away! While a member is soaring to lofty heights of eloquence, the others would busy themselves about their own business: exchanging remarks with those in front, behind or beside them. In a word, there is an air of sweet indifference and even impatience at the slowness of "Big Ben's" movements way above their heads. The £400 a year is assured anyway, whether one pays more or less attention or makes many or no speeches at all!

The only exception would be when a new member is making his maiden speech or, better still, when a member





WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

From Chalk Drawing by Miss KONG SING.



of the Government is making an important statement. Then the chamber would be filled with a transformed air of animation and there would be something doing. Otherwise the atmosphere is almost dead ; the house is poorly filled : the speeches are uninteresting ; and very few, unless it is the members actually making their speeches, seem to care about the whole show.

At times there would be some excitement—when opposition members argue against one another. The language however, will have to be politely Parliamentary ; otherwise the Speaker or Deputy-Speaker will call the erring member to order. Yet once outside of the House, the antagonists who, a moment or two ago had been breathing fire and brimstone against one another, are friends again, whatever they might have said or implied about each other's arguments, etc., in the House. Like the opposing lawyers inside and outside the court, the argument is not *ad hominem*, but impersonal. This has everything to commend itself and should certainly be emulated by the ambitious parliamentarians of new democracies, because the very impersonality of the debates conduces to dignity and decorum, however staid or apathetic an appearance this involved, and since the destinies of millions of population hang on the very lips of the speakers. Yet most of the members seem to care more about their week-ends in the country or their articles to the Press. We are, of course, wrong in our impressions ; but this seems inevitable from the number of M.P's who write to the dailies as well as for the monthlies, and the dead-and-alive atmosphere of the chamber when in session. In fact, there is more animation in the reading room, in the dining

room, in the lobby, etc., than actually in the deliberative assembly.

It may be that this indifference of the members to the proceedings is due to the admitted fact that there are so few interesting speeches to listen to. There are so preciously few good speakers, it is said, and most speeches read better in print than when heard in the chamber. This is why the Press Gallery is so essential an institution to the House. As the Speaker, Mr. Lowther, confessed, the members of the Press Gallery put into readable shape the sentences which fell from the lips of members. They were not so perfectly framed as they ought to be, and if they appeared as delivered, they would form humorous, if not very literal literature !

This is the opinion of the present Speaker who entered the House of Commons thirty-six years ago. This (1919) being his fifteenth year in the chair he said he had heard 35,840 speeches, and he thought it a marvel that he had survived such a volume of oratory ! At a recent annual dinner (May 1919) of the Parliamentary Press Gallery held in one of the rooms of the House of Commons, Mr. Lowther indulged in some reminiscences, which seem to shed considerable sidelight on Parliamentary life and habits. He said that in the old days before the Press Gallery, the Pressmen used to write the members' speeches, and he believed Dr. Johnson composed far more speeches than he ever heard ! He was bound to confess that reports of Parliamentary speeches did not form any part of his light reading, and when he wanted to indulge in works of fiction he looked to other sources than reports of speeches in their modern House of Commons. The

Members may appear at times excited, but there can never be such undignified scenes as turning the chamber into a veritable fighting ground with fists and umbrellas and ink-pots, etc., as weapons of assault as well as defence—a phenomenon not unusual on the Continent in some of the new Parliaments.

As we had to attend to our own studies, we never could find the chance to listen to the debates when the biggest speeches were being made. Our closest glimpse of the Empire's rulers was when, in August 1916—a fortnight before our departure—Mr. Lloyd George, as Minister of Munitions, reviewed in the House the military situation along all the fighting fronts. Then it was a real sight to see the members streaming in just before he spoke and filling the one-fourth filled chamber, and the atmosphere became at once one of suspended animation. The present (1919) Premier entered and was cheered. My kind M.P. friend pointed out the various celebrities on the Government Bench, but we failed to see either Mr. Asquith or Lord (then Sir Edward) Grey. Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Austen Chamberlain with his orchid, and others, sat opposite. Then the Minister of Munitions spoke and everybody for once maintained respectful silence. The chamber was still and one could almost hear the dropping of a pin on the floor. Mr. Lloyd George spoke clearly and confidently: there was confidence in his voice and there was convincingness in his utterance. He reviewed the situation on the different fighting fronts, and his speech was punctuated by frequent applause. He spoke for half an hour and left the chamber almost immediately after. With his departure most of the others

also walked out, and the chamber once more assumed its dead-and-alive appearance. But until his departure, the attention of the House was palpably held ; and when he was speaking of the brave men dying for King and Country, one could instinctively, as when Bright made his famous speech during the Crimean War, almost hear the beating of wings as the Angel of Death passed by.

Such notable exceptions apart, as we have said, the House is usually very dull. What a sad reflection upon the Empire's legislators ! In passing, however, it may be observed that as regards the Speaker's advice to stand and speak up, the aspirant to oratorical fame will have first to " catch the Speaker's eye " ; otherwise he will not be heard. Apart from those who are fighters or keen advocates of their cause, the majority seem to take Parliamentary life easily like the lotus-eaters. At least it has been said that some are known to have made not more than one or two speeches during their years and terms in Parliament !

To be sure, the tourist will never omit the Houses of Parliament. For this purpose the summer is the best time to visit the chambers : then the careworn and tired-looking honourable members will have adjourned already for their summer recess. There is, however, not much to choose between the upper and lower Houses : the only difference is the colour and texture of the Lords' seats, for the peers born to a life of greater ease and luxury must needs have more aristocratic looking benches to recline their delicate limbs. But from the point of view of auditory effects especially, the existing rectangular arrangement of the seats leaves much to be desired. They

should have been arranged either semi-circularly or in the shape of a horse-shoe, with the Speaker's chair in the middle : then those who sit at the far end of the chamber would not have to suffer the discomforts of imperfect sight and imperfect hearing.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### ENGLISH CHARACTERISTICS.

In earlier chapters we have incidentally touched upon various traits of the Englishman's character—love of liberty and freedom, love of sport for sport's sake, respect for law and order, etc. There are others which may more or less be described as characteristics and even eccentricities.

A presentation of the bulk of these is interestingly set forth in W. L. George's "The Making of an Englishman." He says, "You (the British) are the dignity, the solidity of the world. The French are its passion, you are its reason. You are the bearers of restfulness." Then he postulates the following as the creeds of the British boy and girl :—

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY : " I believe in the gentlemen of England ; I believe that I must shave every morning and every morning take a bath ; and have my clothes made to order, in such wise that no man shall look at them twice. I believe in the Church, the Army, the Navy and the Law, and faithfully hold it to be my duty to maintain my caste if fate has called me to a walk in life other than these. I believe that I must have a decent club. I believe that I must not drink to excess, nor be a teetotaler. I believe in my father's politics. I believe that I must not tell lies, nor cheat at cards, nor apply the letter of the law in games. I believe that I must perjure myself to save a woman's reputation, even if she has none ; and respect all women except those who are not respectable, for they are outlawed. I believe that I must hold my feelings in check, and feel shame when they master me, and yield to them only in secret, because I am a gentleman of England."



THE ENGLISH SCHOOL GIRL : " I believe I must tell the truth, obey my parents and love them. I must conform to the rules of my caste, hold such ideas as it allows its women, and respect, in order, my father, my eldest brother, my mother and my sisters. I must be kind to my grandmother, to my other relatives, to friends and servants—that is, be kind to those whom I do not respect. I believe in the Almighty as stated in the creed I have been taught to profess. I believe that paint and false hair are sinful. I believe in courtesy and good clothes, which must be neither much ahead of, nor much behind, the fashion, and such as befit my age. I believe in baths and clean linen. I believe that I must like, in order, music, books and pictures, but my liking for them must not be hysterical ; also I must see to it that all my reading be not light. I believe in love, and that, in the name of love, provided my conscience tells me it is holy, I may transgress certain of my rules. I believe that love must be pure and noble, steadfast and true ; I believe that it comes but once in life, and that it must be sacrificed if it threatens the eventual happiness of the loved one. I believe that I must not tell the loved one that I love him, but must await his pleasure. I believe that I must wait for success, for love, for death and that I must not complain in the waiting. I believe that I must listen, not speak ; obey, not command ; respond, not exact. My life is not my own ; I believe that my business is to find its master."

Now according to those who are better able to judge than we, the creed of the English school boy is well expressed, though that of his sister is not so succinct. In the main, however, the portrayal seems to be fairly accurate.

But to a stranger from the East, especially, the British are almost a kinsman race on account of their traditional conservativeness. The Americans, the French, the Chinese etc., may use the metric system, but the Englishman must stick to his lineal measure and pounds, shillings and pence. If the English system is superior to the decimal system by virtue of its greater convenience, one may understand the English fondness for the ancient and archaic ; but in this case the former is admittedly out-of-date and cumbrous. Yet the Englishman prefers to be true to his first love !

Hence the various ancient customs are still being religiously kept up—*e.g.*, in state ceremonial, in parliament, in the law courts, in the universities, in private charities, etc. Most of these are quaint and give a pretty atmosphere of ancientness to their modern background : and unless the rites are outlandish, they are occasionally quite refreshing to the modern man's jaded nerves. Thus the ancient stipulation that a boy should stand on his head whilst portions of a will were being read was recently duly observed at Leighton Buzzard during the Rogation-tide celebrations of Wilkes's charity, for it was reported that the town crier, who was armed with a floral wand, held the boy's legs aloft at each point where extracts from the will were to be read !

Among foreigners it is usually remarked that the Englishman is the hardest to get on with. He is sedate and reserved and not given to making friends easily. With some people, this attitude is regarded as pride or snob-bishness ; with others it is put down to modesty or good breeding. But whatever the reason may be, it seems that a Frenchman or an American makes a better travelling companion, as either will open up more easily. But whilst it takes a longer time to know an Englishman, he can always be relied upon to stick to you through thick and thin once he has pledged his hand of friendship : the harder to win, the harder to lose.

On the other hand, behind this barrier of cold exterior the British heart beats truly and warmly. For example, Australia, Canada, and South Africa especially may legislate harshly against the admission of Asiatics, but the Mother Country of these colonies and dominions is the

model of large-heartedness. No one is denied admission to these hospitable shores, so long as he or she can show means to support himself or herself, and therefore there is here a most healthy absence of race prejudice so prevalent and virulent on the other side of the Atlantic. This is best illustrated by the following incident :—

In 1913 a theatrical company staged an Anglo-Chinese play known as “ Mr. Wu,” first in the provinces and then in London. Briefly the story is that of the diabolical revenge of an Oxford-educated Chinese for the seduction of his daughter by the son of an English shipper in Hong-Kong. Its plot is as follows :—

ACT I—In Mr. Wu’s gardens in Kowloon. Basil Gregory makes love to Miss Wu, his “ Celestial One.” He tells her of his impending departure for England. She asks him to take her along, since their terrible secret has already made them man and wife. He pleads that his parents will never consent to their marriage and, promising to return shortly, dissuades her from her intention. Mr. Wu, the merchant, appears and, brushing his daughter aside, orders his servants to seize her paramour and incarcerate him.

ACT II—Mr. Gregory’s shipping office in Hong-Kong. He is leaden-hearted at the non-appearance of his son. One of his ships is scuttled, his labourers go on strike, etc. In his opinion Mr. Wu, his business rival, is at the bottom of it all. At his request Wu comes to talk business. Gregory turns the key of his door and covers him with a Webley revolver. Wu reminds G. that people in England never do business in that unceremonious fashion and induces him, in proof of his good faith, to put it down and empty its contents. G. complies and Wu counts the cartridges one by one. All the while the latter transports them to his side of the table and inserts them into his own Webley. Wu covers G. and bids him ring for the servant. The latter appears and G. tells him in French that he is a prisoner. Wu exclaims in French : “ No, no ; I am the prisoner, not Mr. Gregory. Please ask Mrs. Gregory to come.” Mrs. G. enters and Wu explains the situation. He insists on G. leaving the room and prefers to discuss matters with her. Exit G. Wu tells her that if she will go to his house that evening, he may be able to inform her of her son’s whereabouts. She accepts and will not apprise her husband.

ACT III—Mr. Wu's drawing-room in Kowloon. He sends for Basil and tells him of his mother's coming. What will Wu do with her? Basil has no sister, so his mother shall atone for his sins. Exit B. Mrs. G. arrives, accompanied by an *amah*. Wu insists on the latter's retiring. Mrs. G. refuses. Wu reminds her that people in England never take their maids into their friends' drawing-rooms. Exit the *amah*. He explains to her his curios and estimates their values. She asks for news of her son. He heeds her not. He toys with a sword, one of his mural decorations, and remarks that his ancestor slew with it his child as well as the man who dishonoured her. He tells her that he, too, had a daughter (he had already killed her), that Basil is her seducer, and that in accordance with "an eye for an eye," he will wreak his vengeance. He states that her son is next door and will be restored to her if she will pay the penalty. She tries to escape but finds herself locked in. He indicates the only available exit, viz., into his bedroom. He enters his chamber and leaves her to make up her mind. She calls for her *amah* and the latter throws in a phial of poison through the skylight. She decides to face the worst and empties the drug into her cup of tea. Wu re-appears, arrayed in a state of partial undress. He notices her paleness of colour and suspects foul play. He exchanges the cups and feints that he wishes to drink from that which has touched her sweet lips. He drinks and gasps for breath. He clutches the sword and attempts to strike her. He misses and lurches forward—dead. In falling, his sword knocks the gong, the pre-arranged signal for his domestics to throw open all doors. Mother and son are reunited and make their escape.

The above outline is cold and bare. It is inadequate to convey to the reader those emotions he would have experienced in the theatre. The drama as acted is powerful and intense, and the playgoer will not easily forget its feeling of eerie creepiness or that of disgust and nauseousness. But the plot is un-Chinese and we were afraid that this attempt to foist it upon the British public as a specimen of modern Chinese civilization might engender prejudices unfavourable to the Chinese in their midst.

When the work was about to be produced some of our students were approached to see if we could lend its managers any assistance. It was suggested that three of us

might go and see what it was like. We went and had three interviews in all. We stipulated as a precedent condition that we must peruse their scenario and so have an opportunity to decide how to proceed. After some hesitation the scenario was forthcoming. We read it through, heaved many a sigh, and finally declined to help. We enumerated our objections and emphasized that the ending was un-Chinese. They were not prepared to alter their plot, and we therefore backed out altogether.

As it was to see daylight in less than a week we lodged a protest with our Legation and, setting out our grievances seriatim, petitioned the Minister to use his good influences and prevail upon the Lord Chamberlain to revoke his sanction. We hoped to avert the catastrophe even at the eleventh hour, but our efforts were abortive. The play was passed and duly staged. In course of time we received a reply from the Lord Chamberlain through the Secretary of our Legation, the material portions of which are as follow :—

Mr. Bendall (the Examiner of Plays who was requested by his Lordship to attend the final rehearsal and make a special note of the points raised in our protests) states that although there is no doubt that Mr. Wu of Hong-Kong devises a horrible form of revenge for the seduction of his daughter, the contention could not be upheld that Mr. Wu in his brutality is represented as a typical Chinaman any more than his daughter's seducer is represented as a typical Englishman. In Mr. Bendall's judgment the protesters are over-sensitive in fancying that the truculence attributed to this fellow-countryman of theirs is likely to prejudice any British audience against their countrymen generally. The picturesquely grim drama may be disliked for its inherent painfulness, but it cannot be justly condemned for any breach of international good feeling.

Should we assail it in public or heap coals upon it? That was the question we had to answer. We referred

the matter to the Anglo-Chinese Friendship Bureau and obtained their co-operation. The dramatic critic of a prominent Liberal journal was sounded, and his views are appended :—

My impression is that if no conspicuous advertisement is given to it, the play you mention will soon die down. It is, however, the kind that might be helped rather than hindered by any agitation against it. I believe that one or two people in Manchester were asked to give an opinion of the play to certain London actors who might possibly have taken it up, and I believe also that the reports were adverse. I thought myself that it was a stupid and ugly play, and hope that we shall not see much more of it.

We bowed to superior knowledge and left it alone. In the light of subsequent events our silence might or might not have been prudent, for strange enough, the play enjoyed a run of over twelve months! At any rate we were guided by those who were its best judges. We took to heart the object lesson of "Who's the Lady?" the critics' furore against which did much to boom and advertise it, and adopted the attitude of passive resistance. However, we had one consolation. It is true that we could not stop the play, but we succeeded in securing the elimination from it of a few of the more grossly repugnant passages. If our recollection of the scenario were not mistaken, there were in Act II *inter alia* two sentences to the following effect: "Never teach the Chinaman"; "Add Western knowledge to his native Oriental cunning and you make him a devil incarnate." In the interests of our fellow-students we deprecated such uncharitable thoughts, and these were eventually blue-pencilled by the Censor and omitted from the text as produced. Likewise did we suggest the substitution of "a Chinese" for

the universal but ungrammatical "Chinaman," but the forces of tradition and convention were impregnable and we failed signally.

In view of subsequent events it seems the Examiner of Plays was right, for our fears and apprehensions have not been substantiated. The British public enjoyed the play, but their large-heartedness towards foreigners, including Chinese, did not appear to be in any way modified or lessened.

Some people say the British are a rude race, but in the bulk our experience has been just the contrary. Wherever we went, we met with courtesy and consideration. Each man minds his own business, and no personal questions are ever asked. So we can well imagine the charming ladies' embarrassment when in 1896, Li Hung-chang, one of China's most famous statesmen, on his tour round the world, inquired their respective ages, etc., in front of the distinguished assembly. In China, for a person to ask you about your age and profession, as well as other questions, is to show he takes an interest in you and your welfare; here in the West, however, the same interest is regarded as rudeness, bad breeding and unwarranted curiosity.

Other races may be more formal or polite, but it seems that you get thanked more for what you do in England than elsewhere. In fact, there is hardly an act you perform which is not volubly thanked. Many of these acts are matter-of-course trivialities and if any thanking is to be done at all, it is you who ought to thank the other person and not the other way round. For example, the bus conductor asks you for your fare. You hand him the

money and he says : " Thank you." He gives you your ticket, and you thank him. He gives you your change ; you thank him for it, but he also thanks you for receiving it from him !

The love of freedom and the love of sport combined engender a sense of fair play. In ordinary language we call this justice ; but the Englishman calls it " playing the game." Once a Chinese hawker was charged at the police court with assaulting an English woman at a Euston Road public-house, when we had the pleasure of hearing an eye-witness story from an Englishman who happened to be on the scene at the moment. If he had not offered to assist the defendant, the case might have gone against the hawker ; fortunately the Englishman's sense of fair play came to his rescue. According to the eye-witness's story, the hawker looked in at the door of the public-house and asked if anybody inside cared to buy some of his stone images, etc. The company laughed and one of the women answered by throwing some water at him. Thus provoked he threw one of the images at his tormentors, but it hit the complainant, who was not one of those who had tormented him. Accordingly the magistrate dealt with the case as it should have been dealt with under the circumstances, and on leaving we thanked the Englishman for his generosity and noble sense of fair play.

Are the English serious or not ? Some say yes, because of their sedateness and impregnable reserve ; at least they are not so light-hearted as the French or the Americans. Others say no, because of their habit of muddling through anyhow—in national politics, in industrial problems, in social questions, etc. For example, even now



the Irish question is still unsettled ; it is only woman's part in the war which has accelerated her enfranchisement ; and the problem of unemployment is nowhere nearer settlement. Before the war many a discharged soldier could be seen drawing pictures on the pavement ; the "grateful country" no longer remembered their war services and they must appeal to the passers-by for their generous pennies ; yet the present Ministry of Labour is (June, 1919) asking Parliament to appropriate £25,000,000 in relief of the unemployed ex-Army men and munition workers.

Whatever the correct answer may be, this much seems fairly certain : the Englishman is a conglomeration of self-contradictions and inconsistencies. As the English school boy says, "I believe that I must hold my feelings in check, feel shame when they master me, and yield to them only in secret, because I am a gentleman of England." He does not usually give vent to his feelings, though he may grumble and complain, but his gruntings and murmurings are good-natured and harmless. One may not agree with his slipshod methods, his conservative ways, etc., but one can certainly admire his behaviour when he is put to the supreme test.

It is said that when French and English soldiers advanced side by side in the great push during the war the poilu shouted "Vive la France ! Vive la belle France !" whereas the Tommy exclaimed, "This way for the early doors. Sixpence extra !" Both battle-cries, of course, proved equally efficacious, but the latter hits off the Englishman's character to a T. Even in face of death he clings fast to his creed—"I must hold my feelings in check," etc.—and preserves his cold exterior of splendid indifference.

Or again take the following instance : after one of the minor sea-fights in the war, when as usual the German sailors were worsted, those rescued from the sea were taken down to the wardroom of the rescuing British destroyer and given warm clothing ; next their preservers, now become their hosts, offered them whisky and soda and cigarettes in all courtesy. The Germans were astonished at such treatment, and stammered out their lively thanks. It was not much they could do, they said, in such circumstances to show how very much they appreciated the kindness of their captors, but if the latter could suggest anything, they would be only too happy to do it. Then up spoke the irresponsible young Sub. :—" Well, yes, there is one thing you might do : just get up and sing us the ' Hymn of Hate ' "(!)

Here you have an index to the Englishman's greatness—as a gentleman, as a nation. He may not be so scientific as his French or German confrere, yet the British are admittedly the leaders to-day in the art of aviation. He may not be so inventive as his American cousin, and there may be only 50,000 patents taken out in the United Kingdom to 1,250,000 in the United States, yet British commerce to-day still holds the premier position in the markets of the world. His methods may be slipshod and his ways may be antiquated, but they have the stamp of well-tried durability and solidity.

To be sure, one cannot be too cocksure and one must always be alive to the changes everywhere. It is to be hoped, however, that with the reconstruction after the war and the gradual revolutionization among the various classes of society, the English will take care not to discard

wholesale the old, but will preserve what is still good and serviceable. Otherwise the world will be so much the poorer for the loss of those sterling traits of character which have made the British nation what it is to-day.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### CHINESE IN ENGLAND.

A narrative of our impressions and reminiscences of London, of course, will not be complete without a mention of Chinese in England, considering that there are some 7,000 of all classes in the British Isles.

Of these the great majority is composed of seamen and small shop-keepers who constitute the denizens of the "Chinatowns" of London, Cardiff, Liverpool, etc. Chinese students come next in number, and then we have the official representatives of the Chinese Government in London. The latter only number a score or so, all told; so we will confine our remarks to the first two classes, beginning with the Chinese students.

As regards the early history of this second stream of Chinese educational emigration to Europe (the first being to Japan, and the third to the United States of America) we may be permitted to quote from an article we contributed to the December, 1911, issue of the *Contemporary Review*, on "The Hope of China's Future":—

With reference to the second stream, it comes as a pleasant surprise that even as early as the eighties of the eighteenth century, two Chinese students had made their appearance in Paris and that Turgot (the renowned pupil of Physiocrates and friend of Adam Smith), economist and statesman, befriended them and kindly wrote his celebrated *Essai sur la Formation et la Distribution des Richesses* expressly for them. For purposes of convenience, students coming to Europe may be classified under four definite periods: (a) 1876—1881, (b) 1886—1896, (c) 1900—1907, (d) 1908 *et seq.*

(a) In 1876, the Foochow Arsenal sent out some forty-eight students to study navigation and shipbuilding. Some went to France, two to Germany, but the majority came to England. With the exception of three who were drafted into the Diplomatic Service (one of these three, Sir Lo Feng-luh, K.C.V.O., being afterwards Chinese Minister in London), all completed their courses. Admiral Sah Chen-ping, China's foremost sailor, and Taotai Yen Fuh, the premier Anglo-Chinese scholar, come under this group. Five years after, there were some fresh students in England and two in Germany, all pursuing naval or military subjects. (Sir Lo Feng-luh is the same diplomat referred to in Chapter XXIV on London Newspapers).

About this time, there was also a handful of self-supporting young men in these islands, who have since rendered notable services to their country. H. E. Wu Ting-fang, ex-Minister to Washington for three terms, Senior Vice-President of the Foreign Office, etc., is a barrister-at-law of Lincoln's Inn. H. E. Ku Hung-ming, the ex-Viceroy Chang Chi-tung's able secretary, Associate Commissioner of the Huangpu Conservancy Bureau, is an Edinburgh Master of Arts.

(b) In 1886, the Tientsin and Foochow Naval Colleges sent over here eighteen students to specialise in naval affairs, and between 1893 and 1896 the Peking College of Languages sent five to Germany to study law and modern philology.

(c) In 1900, four students were sent here by the Nanyang College, and they were placed under the charge of Prof. J. C. Lambert, of the Greenwich Royal Naval College. Three years after, the Nanking Viceroy sent eight to Germany to learn the art of military warfare. In the same year the ex-Viceroy Chang Chi-tung despatched twenty-six to Deutschland, one-half to be attached to the Prussian Army and the other half to specialise in law, medicine, and modern languages; another twenty-five to Belgium to be educated in natural sciences, particular emphasis being laid upon economics and railways; and still another ten military and naval students to France, and twenty for sciences, law, etc. In the following year the Nanking Viceroy sent another batch of twenty-six military students—sixteen to Germany and ten to Austria. Two years after, the Chengtu Viceroy despatched one, the Kiangnan Arsenal two (in addition to a further group of six or seven to this country), and the Canton Viceroy three, to learn the science and art of making guns and explosives. In response to an invitation from the French Government to send some students from the Tientsin Peiyang University, and some surgeons from the Chinese Army to complete their studies in France, for which the French Government having appropriated a moderate annual subsidy, the ex-Viceroy

Yuan Shih-kai sent over a few students. In addition to these, the Chengtu Viceroy sent fifteen to Belgium to qualify themselves in railway engineering; the Canton Viceroy, some eight to the United Kingdom and some six to France to take up scientific subjects; while the Governor of Shansi sent twenty-three to Great Britain to prepare themselves for undertaking electrical, mining, and railway engineering operations on their return.

Between 1887 and 1902, many Chinese born in the Straits Settlements, including eleven recipients of Queen's Scholarships, were educated here, chiefly in Cambridge, Edinburgh, and London. These include Dr. Wu Lien-teh (better known as G. L. Tuck), Chairman of the 1910—1911 International Plague Conference (Mukden), now Chief of the North Manchurian Plague Prevention Service: and Dr. Lim Boon-keng, Medical Adviser to the Sanitary Department of the Home Office (Mincheng Pu), and China's representative both at the International Hygienic Exhibition (Dresden) and at the first Universal Races Congress (London).

(d) Beginning with 1908, a Special Educational Mission was appointed with headquarters in London to supervise the whole body of students, as previously there was no uniform system of control. Those provinces that had been rather backward soon fell into line, until there are now some 140 Government students in the United Kingdom, seventy in Belgium, eighty in France, sixty in Germany, thirty in Austria, and fifteen in Russia, representing seventeen out of the twenty-two provinces of the Empire, and six of the Government Departments—Foreign Office, Ministry of Education, Ministry of Posts and Communications, Ministry of War, Admiralty, and Ministry of Agriculture, Works, and Commerce. There are some private students in each country, but the number of those in the United Kingdom alone, which includes some twelve young ladies, is greater than that on the Continent itself.

The Special Mission was recalled last year, and in its place a Superintendent of Chinese Students is appointed to each of these countries—the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Germany and Austria, and Russia. There is now a growing tendency, especially with respect to the United Kingdom, to discontinue the practice of sending out young men from China, but in lieu thereof to endow deserving private scholars already registered in universities and technical institutions of recognised standing under the faculty of either agriculture (or sericulture), or engineering (civil, mining, electrical, railway, etc), or science (pure or applied), or medicine and its ramifications, with Government grants, or nominate them to fill up time-expired vacancies.

Before the war there were over 350 Chinese students in British institutions ; by the time we left for China, however, *i.e.*, after two years of fighting, when those returning could not be replaced by new arrivals from the Homeland—the number had dwindled to less than 300. The following tables represent conditions at the end of 1916 :—

1. Classification of students according to provinces and their means of support :—

<i>Province</i>	<i>Government</i>	<i>Private</i>	<i>Total</i>
Anhwei ..	12 ..	10 ..	22
Chekiang ..	8 ..	11 ..	19
Chihli ..	— ..	1 ..	1
Fukien ..	1 ..	19 ..	20
Honan ..	3 ..	3 ..	6
Hunan ..	6 ..	9 ..	15
Hupeh ..	6 ..	6 ..	12
Kiangsi ..	2 ..	2 ..	4
Kiangsu ..	10 ..	14 ..	24
Kwangtung ..	13 ..	129 ..	142
Shantung ..	3 ..	— ..	3
Shansi ..	12 ..	1 ..	13
Shensi ..	— ..	2 ..	2
Szechuan ..	2 ..	6 ..	8
Yunnan ..	— ..	1 ..	1
	—	—	—
Totals ..	78	214	292

## 2. Classification of students according to faculties :—

Agriculture .. .. .	3
Architecture .. .. .	1
Arts .. .. .	7
Chemistry .. .. .	10
Commerce .. .. .	8
Engineering .. .. .	42
Flying .. .. .	4
Geology .. .. .	1
Law and Economics .. .. .	47
Leather Industries .. .. .	1
Medicine .. .. .	50
Metallurgy .. .. .	6
Military Science .. .. .	2
Mining .. .. .	22
Natural Science .. .. .	8
Naval Architecture .. .. .	5
Nursing .. .. .	4
Preparatory .. .. .	67
Sociology .. .. .	2
Wireless Telegraphy .. .. .	2
	<hr/>
Total	292



## 3. Classification of students according to institutions :—

Aberdeen .. .. .	12
Birmingham .. .. .	18
Bristol .. .. .	3
Cambridge .. .. .	18
Cardiff .. .. .	3
Cheltenham .. .. .	3
Dunstable .. .. .	2
Edinburgh .. .. .	37
Glasgow .. .. .	25
Leeds .. .. .	4
London .. .. .	116
Manchester .. .. .	7
Newcastle .. .. .	15
Oxford .. .. .	4
Sheffield .. .. .	5
Miscellaneous .. .. .	20
	<hr/>
Total	292

As regards the winning of distinctions these students seem to compare favourably with any group of foreign as well as British students. In the Bar examinations (1911—1913) at least two Chinese have been awarded the much-coveted Three Hundred Guineas Prize—one of them being the son of Dr. Wu Ting-fang (already mentioned), ex-Acting Premier and Foreign Minister; in the Law Society's examinations for solicitors, in 1915, another topped the

list and wrested the much-prized "Blue Ribbon." In the universities, there is a stringful of prizes, medals, scholarships, exhibitions, etc., awarded to Chinese students, from Edinburgh to London, and from music to international law, mining and engineering. In the realm of sport a Christ's man wore a "Grasshopper" tennis blazer—if he could have waited for another term when his contemporaries, stars of the lawn tennis firmament—Wilding, Lowe brothers, etc.—had left Cambridge, he would have got his "Blue" also—and more than this, he is the proud possessor of a collection of silver cups, etc., captures from the various open tennis matches. In "Rugger" as well as "Soccer" teams there were also Chinese representatives, and as regards the height of academic ambition, there are two Doctors of Law within six months of each other from the University of London.

The above list may be prolonged, if necessary; but it will suffice to indicate the mental as well as physical calibre of Chinese studying in British universities. As regards their collective activities, especially the Christian Chinese, they have their own periodic conferences, including the Easter Retreat at Haslemere, Surrey (this is possible through the courtesy of a gracious Christian English lady) and summer gathering at Swanwick, Derbyshire, and also their own publications—*The East in the West* (semi-annual) and *Ch'uen Tao* (monthly).

So much for Chinese students. Concerning the denizens of Chinatown there are some 6,000 to 7,000 Chinese sailors in England. They constitute a sort of floating population and are to be found in the East End of London, Liverpool, Cardiff, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Tynemouth.

They are mostly uneducated, but none the less law-abiding and orderly. They have no doubt their vices, but they compare favourably with any similar group in any part of the world. Take the East End of London, for example: here the Chinatown has a population of 1,000, one-half of whom are more or less permanent members of the colony. For an estimate of their conditions we can do no better than append the following criticisms contained in an article in the *Times* (November 25, 1913):—

We may call these places "dens" for all that they are so clean and orderly and so little withdrawn from public gaze. We may deplore the injurious physical effects which follow over-use of the drug [opium], however small the proportion of cases of definitely traceable injury may be, either to the number of smokers or to the Chinese population. But we have to recognize first the universal human tendency to some form of indulgence in stimulants, and secondly the fact that all the "dens" in these two streets together will not furnish from one month's end to another any such spectacle of "degradation" or rowdyism as may be seen nightly in almost any public-house.

So, too, with the gambling. The public playing of *fan-tan* was definitely suppressed by the police last year; and, so far as can be discovered, there is nothing in the nature of a "hell" now in existence in London's Chinatown. But on any afternoon the visitor can find the gambling even less concealed than the opium smoking, the most popular game being a simple form of dominoes, *ku-p'ai*, played by parties of from three to half a dozen for insignificant stakes. More money passes over the little tables in any City coffee-room at lunch-time than is lost and won here in a day at *ku-p'ai*. Neither in its earnestness nor in the size of the stakes does the playing compare with what goes on at 10,000 bridge tables in clubs and drawing-rooms in London every night. Sometimes there are quarrels, but in the vast majority of cases the spirit of cheerful recreation and the orderliness would compare only too favourably with the behaviour of any half-dozen English sailormen foregathering for a game of "Nap" on shore.

The police, indeed, give the Chinese in Limehouse an excellent character. Overcrowding, which, according to our ideas, has always

to be guarded against wherever the Chinese congregate, has been checked. The houses generally are extremely clean. Crimes of violence are rare ; and there is practically no destitution, the members of the colony being very helpful among themselves. Political feeling has run high during the recent stirring events in China, in which the members of the colony have taken an absorbed and curiously simple and uncomprehending interest. They appear to be exclusively Cantonese, as might be expected from the way in which the Kuang Provinces are monopolizing the outlets for emigration and business overseas. With the most imperfect knowledge and childlike views of public affairs, the majority profess themselves admirers of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who is generally believed, in some vague way, to have done much for China, and, as Cantonese, they are for the south, against north, to a man. The late Emperor was a very weak man and the present Government is vastly better than the old ; but Yuan Shih-kai also is old, very old, a quarter of a century older than his real age, and crippled, decrepit, and about to die. Much else the visitor may be told, equally remote from fact, and showing an elementary misunderstanding of the problems and situation of China ; but it is worthy of note that the colony no longer subscribes regularly to the Republican political funds.

Chinatowns all over the world have lost immensely in picturesqueness of late by the disappearance of the " pigtail " and the adoption of European dress. Now and then one may see here a small child gay in Chinese costume ; but most of the children are clothed like English boys and girls of the same age, while many of the men are neater and more dandified than are the same classes in a foreign port.

Perhaps because the community is small and because the Chinese in London are not all concentrated in one solid block (for these two streets are far from being all of China that there is in the East-End) there is nothing here of the ruffianism and thuggery which have given the San Francisco and New York Chinatowns such a bad name. The colony is orderly, clean-living, after its national ways, and very gentle-mannered. The visitor may guess that he is not over-welcome, for the intrusion of inquisitive strangers has too often been followed by an outcry in the Press, by routings-out of peaceful households, and fierce measures of reform. So the news that strangers are about soon spreads, and as they emerge from one door or another they will be conscious of being watched by little knots of idlers in the roads. But on the surface, the visitor will be met with nothing but smiles and courtesy. There is opium smoking, certainly, and there is gambling of a sort ; but one wonders whether, so long as the quarter is as clean and the community as decent-living and as orderly as now, there is not more to be lost than gained by harrying the pipes and

dominoes out of their present semi-publicity and driving them—for they cannot be exterminated—into holes and corners in the outhouses of the yards and to remote chambers in the upper storeys of the houses.

Have any efforts been made to better the conditions of these rough-and-ready men? Prior to the outbreak of the war a few spasmodic attempts were made in this direction, and many a hero and heroine—known as well as unknown—have gladly volunteered for this purpose. Then in 1914, the Chinese Students' Christian Union began to organize the various efforts in this direction. In conjunction with the Salvation Army the Union supports a regular Hall of Good News and sets aside a student to take charge of the work. In the Hall on weekdays, classes in simple English and Chinese; popular lantern lectures on hygiene, the government of China, the meaning of the war, etc., are given by students in turn.

“On Sunday,” so writes one who is the soul of the enterprise, “I preach the Gospel to them. The power of the Holy Spirit has touched many hearts, and the number of men who have received the Salvation of God has gone up to eighty. When they go away, they take a Bible with them. They write and tell me how they are enjoying themselves on board. They sing songs to the praise of God, and tell their fellow-workers of their discovery and possession of the pearl of great price. Although they may occasionally meet with persecutions, yet they stand fast joyfully in their unshakeable faith in God. . . . When they return to London, they like to tell us of their personal experiences in the different ports that they have visited. Their miserable life has changed into a really happy one. Judging by this criterion, Christianity is

not a religion of mere words but of mighty deeds. It has a power to change our lives. Some may ask whether that is a physical or chemical change. I am not in a position to give an adequate answer to the question here, except to say it is a new creation or mystery of God."

As has been stated elsewhere in these chapters, the reasons are many why there should be closer ties of union between the Chinese and Britons, considering that British trade occupies the premier place in China. Thus writes the former General Secretary of the Chinese Students' Christian Union and a member of the executive committee of the first of the undermentioned agencies:—

Realising the importance of their high calling to be mediators, the Chinese students in Great Britain as well as the inhabitants thereof have organized agencies whereby intercourse between them might be facilitated and the mists of ignorance and prejudice that still envelop the East and the West be dispelled.

Among the organizations at work may be mentioned:—

1. The Anglo-Chinese Friendship Bureau. A branch of it under the name of Anglo-Chinese Society exists in Peking. The Bureau was started in London in 1913, by a company of well-known British leaders in the realms of law, politics, commerce, education and religion. It had as its President, Lord Bryce of international fame, and as its Secretary, a well-known Liberal journalist. The aim of the Bureau, as its name indicates, is twofold: viz., to promote the welfare of all Chinese (not only students) in England and to inform Britishers of commercial, industrial and educational opportunities in China as well as to influence and ensure the sending of the right type of Englishmen to that country. The Bureau was born under an unlucky star; for its useful career was cut short by the great world-war. Let us hope that, with the advent of the period of reconstruction, this organization which bade fair to be of international usefulness will rise from its ashes strengthened and established.

2. The Foreign Student department of the British Students' Christian Movement. The Christian forces of the West, seeing in these young men the future leaders in politics and the learned professions, grasped eagerly the urgent and unique opportunity of safeguarding their character, which, owing to its being removed from the

old restraints and exposed to the fiercest temptations, is easily weakened or undermined, by putting it under the strongest and most constructive influences. These students, on account of their loneliness, are peculiarly susceptible to the good offices of friendship. Moreover it is not easy for them to find congenial homes in their new surroundings and, again, if both East and West are to benefit fully from this intermingling, it is desirable that they should come into the closest contact. To provide an opportunity for friendly intercourse, the Movement in 1913 opened a Hostel at 2, Hodord Road, Hampstead, London. Here in comfortable quarters, overlooking the historical and beautiful Heath, a small company of Eastern students live with a similar number of Englishmen. No one can gauge the far-reaching results of such work. Such an alliance secured on the foundations of goodwill and sympathy will usher in a new age in international relationships. . . .

3. The Chinese Girl Students' Aid Committee. All foreigners experience the difficulty of getting an entree into English homes without personal introductions—the impossibility of penetrating that wall of reserve with which the Englishman surrounds his castle; but the same lonely foreigner finds himself welcome within these guarded precincts if he can get the "Open Sesame!" To solve the problem and to ensure a welcome to Chinese girls a Committee has been formed. Primarily intended to act as an intermediary between Chinese parents anxious to send their daughters to England for education and schools willing to take them, this Committee makes a great point of serving also as a social link.

Ladies have kindly volunteered to invite Chinese girls to their homes and let them see something of their family and social life. Others are willing to take them as paying guests, and as one can hardly expect anyone to invite a girl for the whole holiday, these accredited families which take boarders supply a great need. . . .

One last word. China is in the course of reconstruction. Our education, our industries and our social and public works must be pushed forward with the greatest possible energy. China is looking to the West as her guide, philosopher and friend. She wants to learn some knowledge of efficient and scientific methods of organizing great and useful enterprise and of giving to all the activities of her religious, social and industrial life, orderliness and a distinctive and definite purpose.

China on her part can offer to the West the genius of her civilization—that underlying social justice and spirit of equity which has made her for thousands of years law-abiding and democratic; that high and discriminating appreciation of art and literature which has given refinement and grace; these qualities and dispositions—

her family life, the reverence for age and authority, her sober common sense, her untiring industry, her love of peace, her belief that the good of the state is founded on contentment among the people, her unreadiness to be swept away by the glamour of the novel from the well-tried paths of the past, her genius for making changes without violence—all these and many more qualities that have preserved her unity and vitality through scores of generations. Thus there can be give-and-take between China and the West. Through the comradeship of their students, the two countries—one a republic and the other a crowned one—working hand in hand with harmony and concord will bring in an entirely new chapter in Far Eastern politics.

The last paragraph above puts the matter succinctly, and the Chinese people therefore note with gratitude the adoption of the following Resolution at a meeting of the Cambridge Anglo-Chinese Society on February 15, 1919, in connexion with the numerous international questions affecting the Chinese Republic in this year of grace, Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen :—

That in view of the gravity of the situation in China, this Society wishes to express its deep sympathy and unreserved support for China's legitimate and just claim to rid herself of the suicidal obligations extorted from her by force and intimidation during the last four years in the form of treaties, conventions or agreements, secret or published, treaties purporting to impair China's sovereignty and integrity, contrary to the public law and morality of the family of nations and contrary to the new order of things under a League of Nations.

The above was forwarded to the Peace Conference in Paris and with it the following letter signed by Prof. H. A. Giles, of Trinity Hall, the eminent sinologue and President of the above Society :—

If you, Sir, will permit me to add a word in regard to the spirit of the Resolution, I would say that it is because we realize the supreme importance of China's integrity and independence, not only in her own interest but for the peace and development of the Far East, that we feel justified in appealing to you to reverse a wrongful aggression upon a most peaceful nation.



We are gratified to see, as we write, that the first fruits of your labour have been reaped in the adoption of a League of Nations Covenant, the primary object of which, "to respect and preserve as against external aggression, the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all States members of the League," is precisely the motive of this appeal. We are, therefore, the more encouraged to hope that you will not fail, in your noble efforts to establish the world's permanent peace, to ensure that Articles 24 and 25 of the Covenant just adopted shall be applied in considering China's case.

That was in February of this year. Since then the Paris Conference has decided against China's legitimate claims to her own province of Shantung; the Chinese Delegation has declined to sign (June 28, 1919) the Peace Treaty with Germany embodying the above decision; at the moment of writing (July 28) the American Senate and people are loudly criticising the injustice of the "Big Three's" award in this vital matter; and the Chinese people have begun to doubt the good faith and sense of righteousness of their fellow Allies in the War. This is most unfortunate, and we hope the British people will yet see their way to amend the injustice perpetrated on a sister nation by the Paris Conference of which their own Government is also a consenting partner.

This is, however, digressing from our subject somewhat and drifting into politics. To return: All along the relations between the Chinese and their hosts have been friendly, and discriminations against them have been conspicuous by their absence. Whereas in South Africa, especially the discriminatory enactment against Asiatics, including the Chinese, have been rigorous: they are not only denied admission into the Colony, but those who happened to have resided within the Union before the Acts came into force have practically to shut down and

leave its inhospitable shores. Again in Canada, a Chinese labourer may be admitted on payment of £100 poll tax, but in the Province of Saskatchewan, under the Female Labour Act (1912—1913), "no person shall employ in any capacity any white woman or girl, or permit any white woman to reside or lodge in or work in or, save as a *bona fide* customer in a public apartment thereof only, to frequent any restaurant, laundry or other place of business or amusement owned, kept, or managed by any Chinese."

This legislation is directly discriminatory against the Chinese, but has nevertheless been sustained by a majority of judges in *Rex v. Quong Wing*, Chief Justice Haultain dissenting. Three years later the Quebec legislature passed the 1915 Laundry Act, providing that a public laundry should pay a provincial tax of \$55 or £11; but a public laundry is not to include "the shop, dwelling of a laundress . . . nor the shops, dwellings, or buildings occupied by charitable religious communities or by incorporated companies paying the provincial tax upon corporations," etc.

This imposition is in addition to the annual licence fee of \$50 or £10, and as the United States Supreme Court held in *Quong Wing v. Kirkendall*, "it is a matter of common observation that hand laundry work is a widespread occupation of Chinese in this country, while on the other hand, it is so rare to see men of our race engaged in it that many of us would be unable to say that they had ever observed a case." Nevertheless, as in the case of Saskatchewan, the legislation was upheld by the courts.

[See the author's "Legal Obligations arising out of Treaty Relations between China and Other States" (1917), pp. 114—118].

In the United Kingdom, however, such racial prejudice is notably absent, and the continual efforts of the Shipping Men's Federation to debar Chinese sailors and firemen from taking service in British bottoms have so far not produced any appreciable effect on the British public. But as we write (July 28, 1919) it is reported in the London papers that in consequence of the recent colour riots against negroes and Chinese at Cardiff and Liverpool, the British Government have decided to repatriate as soon as possible aliens who came to England during the war. The people principally affected, it is understood, who will be dealt with as soon as the necessary shipping is available, are first the Chinese, when permission to stay will only be accorded in very exceptional circumstances to Chinese who have acquired businesses in Great Britain.

Moreover, there have been many outbreaks against Chinese in the East End of London, when the mob threw all their furniture out of the houses and wrecked the buildings, and then set fire to the furniture. Even the English wives of Chinese sailors and shopkeepers were not immune from the violence of the infuriated mob, and it is said that "there is a strong feeling among recently demobilised soldiers against Chinese occupying so many houses and letting them out in lodgings, while ex-soldiers experience great difficulty in finding even scanty accommodation."

All this is unfortunate, in view of the part which Chinese sailors have admittedly played in the War, braving the dangers of submarinism willingly as well as nonchalantly and thus helping to keep the British mercantile fleet going throughout the war. Let us hope that when the present contagious state of industrial unrest is over, things will improve.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### ENGLAND AT WAR.

We began this book when three years of the War had been fought and the Allies had still many a crisis to surmount : but we close these chapters when the Allies have won and the Peace Treaty in Paris has been signed by the Germans. In these circumstances we are saved much unnecessary surplusage.

Nevertheless, it is not unprofitable to retrace our steps and observe how England entered into the gargantuan struggle. Like all Europe and the world, except the authors of the past five years of terrible ordeal, Great Britain was caught unprepared. The first "Contemptibles" who went to the rescue of France numbered only 120,000, and had it not been for the glorious defence of Belgium, the ruthless German invader being delayed a full fortnight at Liege and Namur, he might have reached Paris according to his scheduled plans. With all his precision, however, the Disturber of the Peace miscalculated on the vital factors ; even then he succeeded in penetrating to the very defences of Paris itself before he was forced to recross the Marne.

One of these vital factors so miscalculated is the temper and genius of the British nation. The English, indeed, will quarrel among themselves over the Irish question and Sir Edward Carson will organise his Ulster Volunteers,

but when the war came these subordinate things paled into insignificance. The danger which threatened the very life of the Empire as well as the peace of the world was overwhelming, so trivialities must be relegated to oblivion. The English, indeed, will always be fond of sport, but when the choice had to be made between living in liberty or existing under bondage there could be only one answer in the breasts of free men. As in sport so in international relations, there must be fair play, and he who does not play the game merits universal condemnation as well as retribution. The English, indeed, muddle through anyhow in their own complacent way ; but when it came to a supreme test, the traditional genius of the race would be unstintedly thrown into the balance. The peril to the world, to humanity, to civilization, was unmistakable, and so it must be warded off as well as suppressed at all costs. The cost would be great, but the glory was accounted worthy of the sacrifice.

To be sure, the British are a peculiar race, full of self-contradictions and inconsistencies ; consequently it was natural for the Germans to go wrong on their cocksure calculations. For when the war first started, the Press predicted that it would not last for more than Christmas. Lord Kitchener, however, said it would occupy three years, and those in the British Navy, seven years. And for the first twelve months at least it seemed the British public had no conception of the seriousness of their task, due presumably to the fact that the fighting was not done on their own soil. London was full of pleasure-seeking people, and the restaurants as well as theatres seemed to be fuller than before the war. Consequently

an American visitor to London asserted in despair and horror that the English cared more about the antics of the cinema star, Charlie Chaplin, than the fortunes of the war!

But all this is just like the English. It is all on the surface, because they must keep their feelings and emotions in the background. They appear to be frivolous, but in their heart of hearts they are in grim earnest. It may be that such ways are born of self-confidence, but none the less Drake and his colleagues were still playing bowls when the Spanish Armada was sighted off the coast of England. Different people will respond to the same feeling differently, but in the case of the English, their semi-frivolous ways are equally effective.

Let the call be understood in all its grim reality and then the proper response will be forthcoming. And the reply to the battle cry "For King and Country" is thus immortalised by Mr. Robert Nichols in "The Summons," described by a reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement* (July 13, 1917) as one of the finest sonnets the war has produced:—

The whole world burns, and with it burns my flesh.

Arise, thou spirit spent by sterile tears;

Thine eyes were ardent ones, thy looks were fresh,

Thy brow shone bright amid thy shining peers.

Fame calls thee not, thou who hast vainly strayed

So far for her: nor Passion, who in the past

Gave thee her ghost to wed and to be paid;

Nor Love, whose anguish only learned to last.

Honour it is that calls; canst thou forget

Once thou wert strong? Listen; the solemn call

Sounds but this once again. Put by regret

For summons missed, or thou hast missed them all.

Body is ready, Fortune pleased; O let

Not the poor Past cost the proud Future's fall.

In a vague way most people understand what is meant by patriotism, but to few is given the privilege of paying the full sacrifice. The British Tommy, however, does not shirk his duty, and in "The Last Morning" of Robert Nichols he is represented as bidding this grand farewell :—

Come now, O Death,  
While I am proud,  
While joy and awe are breath,  
And heart beats loud !

While all around me stand  
Men that I love,  
The wind blaers aloud, the grand  
Sun wheels above.

Naked I stand to-day  
Before my doom,  
Welcome what comes my way,  
Whatever come.

What is there more to ask  
Than that I have ?—  
Companions, love, a task,  
And a deep grave.

Come then, Eternity,  
If thou my lot :  
Having been thus, I cannot be  
As if I had not.

Naked I wait my doom !  
Earth enough shroud !  
Death, in thy narrow room  
Man can lie proud !

The path of duty is the way to glory, and Tommy with a clean conscience knows how to fulfil his destiny (after "Fulfilment" by Robert Nichols), in these unforgettable words :—

Was there love once? I have forgotten her.  
 Was there grief once? Grief yet is mine.  
 Other loves I have, men rough, but men who stir  
 More grief, more joy, than love of thee and thine.

Faces cheerful, full of whimsical mirth,  
 Lined by the wind, burned by the sun;  
 Bodies enraptured by the abounding earth,  
 As whose children we are brethren: one.

And any moment may descend hot death  
 To shatter limbs! pulp, tear, blast  
 Beloved soldiers who love rough life and breath  
 Not less for dying faithful to the last.

O the fading eyes, the grimed face turned bony,  
 Open mouth gushing, fallen head,  
 Lessening pressure of a hand shrunk, clammed and stony!  
 O sudden spasm, release of the dead!

Was there love once? I have forgotten her.  
 Was there grief once? Grief yet is mine.  
 O loved, living, dying, heroic soldier,  
 All, all, my joy, my grief, my love, are thine!

There is no need here to sing the praise of the soldiers who die for their country, but the war which has just concluded heightens the lustre of men who have paid for the freedom of their posterity by their noble sacrifice. As E. W. Hornung has it in his "Wooden Crosses":—

Go live the wide world over—but when you come to die,  
 A quiet English churchyard is the only place to lie!—  
 I held it half a lifetime, until through war's mischance,  
 I saw the wooden crosses that fret the fields of France.

Who says their war is over? While others carry on,  
 The little wooden crosses spell but the dead and gone!  
 Not while they deck a skyline, not while they crown a view,  
 Or a living soldier sees them and sets his teeth anew!



The tenants of the churchyard where the singing thrushes build  
Were not, perhaps, all paragons of promise well fulfilled :  
Some failed—through Love, or Liquor—while the parish looked  
askance.

But—you cannot *die* a Failure if you win a Cross in France !

The brightest gems of Valour in the Army's diadem,  
Are the V.C. and the D.S.O., M.C., and D.C.M.,  
But those who live to wear them will tell you they are dross,  
Beside the Final Honour of a simple Wooden Cross.

That is the sort of patriotism which burned within the breasts of all free men in these silver girt isles until the ex-Kaiser had to regret he ever called the Tommies the "Contemptibles." As at the Front, so at home—it was the same spirit and atmosphere everywhere. "Carry on," "Deliver the goods" sounded their clarion notes high and clear, and suffragettes as well as Ulsterites rallied round the Union Jack. Even the labour strikers forgot their quarrels with Capital and "deliver the goods" they nobly did. And the result? Nothing short of a complete vindication for the stolid, phlegmatic and half-sleepy British lion! As Premier Lloyd George recently (July 1919) told the House of Commons, no country had a greater share in the tremendous victory of the Allies than the British Empire. It had raised 7,700,000 soldiers and sailors and raised War Loans to a total of £9,500,000,000. The casualties of the Empire totalled over three millions, not including sailors, of whom 15,000 had been killed. The British navy and mercantile marine had kept the sea and without them the war would have collapsed in six months. During the last two years of the war, Great Britain not only bore the heaviest burden of the fighting in France, but the whole burden of the attack on Turkey, which had crumbled to dust, and showed what could be

achieved by a great people united and inspired by a common cause, etc.

The war, indeed, is ended, and statesmen are preparing themselves everywhere to reconstruct the world on the ashes of the old. It is much easier to tear down than to build up, and with the hydra-headed monster of Bolshevism rearing its numerous heads all the world over, many a statesman may well quail at the stupendousness of the task set before them. At such times of fear and trepidation the world's rebuilders may take inspiration from the memory of those who have died for country and humanity, in the lines of Maurice Baring's fine dedication to Julian Grenfell, Lord Desborough's heir, who perished at Ypres :—

Because of you we will be glad and gay,  
 Remembering you, we will be brave and strong ;  
 And hail the advent of each dangerous day,  
 And meet the last adventure with a song.  
 And, as you proudly gave your jewelled gift,  
 We'll give our lesser offering with a smile,  
 Nor falter on that path where, all too swift,  
 You led the way and leapt the golden stile.  
 Whether new paths, new heights to climb you find,  
 Or gallop through the unfooted asphodel,  
 We know you know we shall not lag behind,  
 Nor halt to waste a moment on a fear ;  
 And you will speed us onward with a cheer,  
 And wave beyond the stars that all is well.

Of course the war is not without its lighter side, and of these the Press Bureau's antics are as entertaining as any. Early in the war it was reported that one of the Press censors blue-pencilled a correspondent's despatch containing Rudyard Kipling's well-known lines ending with "the captains and the kings depart" simply because there were no kings in the cavalcade, etc.! Which is

reminiscent of the Japanese Press censor's over-zealousness during the Russo-Japanese War (1904—1905): An American Press correspondent referred to General Nogi, the conqueror of Port Arthur, affectionately as a "brick." The Japanese censor looked up his English dictionary and found that his favourite general was "an oblong or square piece of burned clay." That meant great discourtesy to the gallant officer and so he expunged the offending epithet!

But surely it has remained for the end of the war to release the following joke about the over-worked Bureau, as revealed by the *Sunday Times* :—

The incident began with the publication of an advertisement in the *Sunday Times* of July 28th last, which commenced as follows :—

#### A DOWNPOUR!

Rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain—the rain it raineth every day—from Sunday morning to Saturday night—with just a glimmer of sunshine flicked in here and there to show there's no ill-feeling—allotment holders all happy with fine crops of carrots, onions, cabbages, and peas, but L.G.O. drivers hitching their capes up to their chins and the Specials wondering why in the name of St. Swithin and all that's holy they ever took the job on—

Four days later the following letter was received from the Official Press Bureau :—"On the front page of the *Sunday Times* of July 28, there appears an advertisement headed 'A Downpour,' which constitutes a serious breach of the instructions issued to the Press in regard to weather reports. We shall be glad to receive an explanation of how you came to publish this advertisement."

To this the editor replied as follows :—"Is your letter to be taken *au sérieux*? We cannot understand how the advertisement in question can be regarded as being an informative statement of the weather position and therefore as a breach of the instructions on the subject. Perhaps you will lighten our darkness."

Mandarins do not like to have fun poked at them, and the Bureau promptly replied as follows :—"In reply to your letter of yesterday, our letter of August 1 was certainly intended to be taken seriously, and we do not understand your inquiry. An advertisement which states that it has been raining from Sunday morning to Saturday

night, which is headed 'A Downpour' in large letters, and which is followed by the word 'Rain' repeated seven times, is as serious a breach of the instructions issued to the Press in regard to weather reports as can be imagined, and we still await your explanation."

The editor decided to await the consequences, but nothing more was heard of the matter (!)

To be just, however, to the officials in a none too enviable Government department, it must be stated that the Press Bureau was not without its usefulness. At the same time its task was considerably lightened by the self-respect as well as patriotism of the London Press; for

Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who ne'er to himself hath said:  
"This is my own, my native land"?

It may seem strange, but it certainly is stranger to us, that all the time we were in London during two years of the war we never saw a single Zeppelin! We heard the danger signals, we heard the booming of the guns, but as soon as we looked upwards the German bombers had fled and gone. We saw the havoc of the incendiary bombs, but we never felt so much as fear. Distance always enlarges things; so to those outside of England the Zeppelins were credited with having it all in their own sweet way. To the entreating letters and telegrams of their home folks a few fellow-students would rush across the Atlantic to supposed places of safety, but for our part we preferred to brave the peril. It seemed that if we had never seen an actual aerial monster above our heads, not much harm could come to us anyway!

It is difficult to say which of the minor war activities appealed most to strangers, but it certainly looked odd to have to issue war posters to remind the nation that the

empire was at war, and that they must not stand on the order to go, but must actually go to the front. It may be that this is a result of the nation's comparative ignorance of foreign politics; nevertheless the posters issued later were more telling than the earlier ones. Then there were the interesting recruiting scenes: as if the audience must be told bluntly that they must be patriotic and behave themselves like true Englishmen, not cringing slaves of an alien race! But as a matter of fact the public had to be so told and unreasonable slackers had to be taught the lesson of patriotism.

Talk of war songs and of course "Tipperary" looms up most prominently. It may not be a very creditable musical production, but it certainly has the merit of serviceability. The French "Marseillaise" may be more martial in its splendour, but "Tipperary" is more useful for marching and making the men forget their weary tramp. We doubt if there is any other song which is so popular all the world over; in fact, even before we left England we had seen a Chinese translation reproduced in one of the illustrated London dailies. Manfully we tried to sing this Chinese version, but we wished it had been more seriously undertaken. It was in Mandarin dialect, but even the most generous-hearted would begrudge Leicester Square as "Lay-ter-cooy" (literal English translation) or Piccadilly as "Pick-coy-dee"!

We close with a survey of woman's part in the war. We will not attempt to enumerate what she has done in the nation's fight for freedom and democracy; the question which is more suitable to be followed up is: "What has she *not* done?" Doubtless her work in the munitions

plant will always be accounted most meritorious, considering that the "goods" had to be "delivered" at all costs. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world"; but it has been given to this war to demonstrate this truism anew.

As L. K. Yates has it in her eighty-odd pages illustrated brochure on "The Woman's Part: A Record of Munitions Work" (1918):—

They have come from the office and the shop, from domestic service and the dressmaker's room, from the High Schools and the Colleges, and from the quietude of the stately homes of the leisured rich. They have travelled from the far-off corners in the United Kingdom as well as from homesteads in Australia and New Zealand, and from lonely farms in South Africa and Canada. Every stratum of society has provided its share of willing women workers eager from one cause or another to "do their bit."

Even in the early days of the advent of women in the munition shops, I have seen working together, side by side, the daughter of an earl, a shopkeeper's widow, a graduate from Girton, a domestic servant and a young woman from a lonely farm in Rhodesia, whose husband had joined the colours. Social status, so stiff a barrier in this country in pre-war days, was forgotten in the factory, as in the trenches, and they were all working together as happily as the members of a united family.

That being the case, do we wonder that the women of England have made good in the war? So much so that they have now been enfranchised. As Premier Lloyd George remarked in a speech in 1918:—

I do not know what would have happened to this land when the men had to go away fighting if the women had not come forward and done their share of the work. It would have been utterly impossible for us to have waged a successful war, had it not been for the skill and ardour, enthusiasm and industry, which the women of this country have thrown into the work of the war.

The part of women in the war, in the industrial revolution, is already being felt—for the better, and seers

are already foretelling that the England of the future will be a better place to live in. We doubt not that the prophecy will be fulfilled and, in the words of a golden sonnet,

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
Or like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes,  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### FAREWELL SCENES.

We arrived in London on March 28, 1909, and sailed from Newcastle-on-Tyne for Home on August 26, 1916—almost exactly seven and a half years in between the two periods.

What we have noted during the intervening years has been more or less touched upon in the previous chapters, and it remains for us to sketch some of the farewell scenes. In the ordinary case there would not have been much difference between coming and going ; but in this case it was war-time and the regulations had to be observed.

We obtained our LL.D. degree on July 19, 1916, and decided to sail at once for Home, but the earliest available accommodation on the Trans-Siberian express was September 1 from Petrograd. Passports, etc., being ready, we paid our farewell calls. At the Houses of Parliament we had a genuine surprise, for taking tea with us on the House of Commons Terrace overlooking the Thames was Miss Sylvia Pankhurst talking with Mr. John Burns, M.P., etc. Before 1914 there would have been the iron grille between herself and the defenceless legislators ; yet two years after the outbreak of the war she was admitted into the holiest of the holies ! Shades, indeed, of broken windows, destroyed letters, and hunger-striking ! Could the triumph of suffragettes be more complete ?

The personal examination at the dock at Newcastle-on-Tyne was most rigorous, and kodaks as well as electric



torches, etc., had to be confiscated. Of course, no notebook, no photographs, and every particle almost had to be studiously scrutinised. The spy danger was far from being imaginary, and there was every need for precaution. But the customs as well as military officials were courteous and considerate, and one and all submitted to the examination good-naturedly.

Before we left we tried to get a few publishers to publish our thesis approved for the degree of Doctor of Laws of London University, but none were willing to take on the offer unless we were prepared to contribute £60 to £100 towards the expenses. A departing student, however, can hardly be expected to be rich with spare cash; consequently the book has since been published at our own expense in China—and profitably.

Thus we set sail for Home *via* Norway and Sweden and Russia and thus our seven long years' pilgrimage to these hospitable isles is ended.

O England, be thou holy, be thou great,  
 And thy pure crown of most fine gold be made;  
 Pity and Love alone secure the State,  
 Pity and love and not be afraid.  
 And let thy hands be firm beneath the head  
 Of such weak children as cry out to thee,  
 O thou made wonderful with many dead,  
 And mighty with an island-majesty!  
 Thou angel of the guarded groves of even  
 And windflower-vales washed clean with silences,  
 Thou liest far too near the skirts of Heaven  
 To be content with any treasure less,  
 Within, within the expected Kingdom lies,  
 O lady of the calm dove-pinioned skies!

(Wilfred Childe, in *The New Witness*).

THE END.

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