

LONDON'S HEART-PROBE
AND
BRITAIN'S DESTINY

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BY
AYUBE M. EDUN



LONDON:
ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL, LTD.
29 LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 4.

**Printed and made in Great Britain by
BISHOP & SONS; LTD.,
28 NICOLSON SQUARE, EDINBURGH.**

This Book
IS DEDICATED .
IN THE NAME OF THE
GREAT BRITISH NATION.

INTRODUCTION

I WILL be brief in my Introduction. I went to England in the year 1928. I lived in London for some time ; and much of what I saw during that period has been written in the pages of this book, interspersed with my own thoughts, findings, and observations. It is for the reader to read through the pages, ponder over the thoughts expressed, and give his own verdict.

It is left to be asked, why have I written the "London's Heart-Probe and Britain's Destiny," and what is my qualification for so doing ?

I am a British Citizen by birth—a fact in which I glory. I was born of pure-blooded Indian parentage, in a distant outpost of the British Empire, on a sugar plantation, far away in British Guiana, the only British possession on the South American mainland, in a home that had for its floor the bare earth. British Guiana is a young and fertile country, blessed with a virgin soil, and free from the excessive conventional idiosyncrasies of the Old World.

My mind constituent is composed of a combination of the thought and culture of India, England, and British Guiana. In this curious make-up I think and feel pre-eminently British. As a Britisher, therefore, I, too, am imbued with the spirit of every Britisher—it matters not in what part of the world he may be—to do his duty towards the Mother Country ; and I have written with a motive pure and untrammelled by any other feeling

but sincerity, honesty of purpose, and affection towards Old England, the centre of every Britisher's thought.

I am not a scholar. My education begins and ends in the open school of the Universe—in the study and observation of human nature, with its experiences, environments, probabilities and possibilities. With this education I am painfully conscious of my own limitations ; but I am also fully aware of the fact that my limitations have been the chief source of the strength of my penetration, probity, and discernment ; and so, such an education is something not to be despised, for such qualifications are rare, and are to be found in the possession of but a few individuals of this world.

I have probed with the lancet of Rational-Practical-Idealism into the heart of the British Civilization. The reader is the sole judge and jury on the merits of my findings. If a little blood has been spilt in the probing attempt, then it must be remembered that in an operation the surgeon cannot help spilling some blood.

If, somehow, one tittle of good has been achieved by my little effort, then surely it will give me a profound depth of satisfaction that I, too, as a Britisher, have done my duty towards Old England, OUR COMMON MOTHERLAND.

AYUBE M. EDUN.

London's Heart-Probe and Britain's Destiny.

CHAPTER I.

It had always been my desire to visit England and its Metropolis, London, some day. In my mind I had pictured what London would be like, but I had been careful not to form exaggerated ideas about this great city of seven millions ; and hence, when during my stay in London in the year 1928 I found things less advanced than I imagined, I was ~~not~~ disappointed in my anticipations. London has its fascination, and so, too, have many countries one has read and heard of ; but fascination dwindles into nothingness when it comes in contact with everyday life reality which faces human nature everywhere under the sun, with its false conventions, paradoxes, contrasts, and enigmas.

On the whole, to the American-born, whether he or she be from the North or South, and of whatever class, creed or colour he or she may be, Asia and Europe hold a peculiar fascination and enchantment for the mind. Maybe it is distance which lends this enchantment, or perhaps it is the wide expanse of the waters of the Atlantic which separate the hemispheres ; but the enchantment is there, and it makes the mind itch to visit these countries. The psychologists will argue that it is

the dim home-call trekking down its hereditary channel of life from the ancestors of yore, who founded the Americas, or that man is a wandering animal by nature ; but the fact remains, this feeling is there, deep down in the mind.

In British Guiana—the country of my birth—with its British culture and civilization, the feeling for Britain and things British stands paramount in the minds of the Colonial-born. It is the natural outcome of being born and bred in British culture and tradition, that the mind yearns to learn and know more of the original of such culture. The same could be said of the Colonial-born in the French and Dutch West Indian colonies. Imbued with this feeling for England and things English, it was my lot to sail from Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, to London, via Trinidad, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Plymouth, on the 14th day of July 1928.

It was my first trip abroad, and the sensation I experienced on leaving the Demerara shores was a peculiar one. It was sad on the whole ; but as, mingled with eagerness to observe things, and the looking forward to seeing certain things for the first time, and there were very heavy responsibilities preying on my mind, together with the fact that I was leaving loved ones there for a destination of more than four thousand miles from home, the reader will appreciate my melancholy mood.

It was noonday, and the resplendent tropical sun displayed its splendour on the broad face of the water in the distant Atlantic. Here and there could be seen fishing-boats on the stream, and a few merchant steamers moored alongside the wooden wharves. On the city side of the Demerara River, which is the right bank, the scenery on departing is disappointing. Old wooden

wharves, with barnacle-eaten frontage, present a disgusting sight to the eye. But that changes as the ship passes Fort William Frederick.

On the northern side of the city of Georgetown, giant coco-nut palms, moving their mighty leaves as if waving farewell to the traveller, greet the eye. There is a stretch of about two miles of sea-wall, which serves as a promenade, interspersed by a bandstand, Police Barracks, Immigration Dépôt, and beautiful and stately wooden buildings. On the western side of the river can be seen in the distance the Pouderoyen House, Guiana Match Factory, and the Colonial Transport Department wharves and railway terminal, with the ferry-steamer moored alongside. In the immediate neighbourhood on this side the scenery is lovely. With the Anglican Church and Spire and Rectory, the Red Cross Hospital for Tuberculosis, and intermittent coco-nut palms and dense courida jungle acting as a background, and a stretch of mud-flat in front, in the centre of which a jetty runs right into the river, a pleasing landscape is thus possible and visible to the eye. This is the saving grace of the Demerara River scenery when one is leaving the country for abroad. To the incoming traveller or tourist, this low-lying mud-flat frontage, with a dense growth of courida running parallel with it, gives an undesirable appearance.

All this gradually disappears from view as the ship proceeds onwards towards the Atlantic. The bar is soon crossed, and as the ship reaches the lightship, the pilot disembarks and good old Demerara remains in name only.

After passing the muddy waters of the Demerara River, consecutive belts of pale-brown and pale-green

waters are passed, and finally the blue water is reached—which is called, in British Guiana, the Blue Jacket. When this, the Blue Jacket, is reached, the ship is within the threshold of the Atlantic Ocean.

A thirty-six hour run from Georgetown brought the ship into the Trinidadian harbour in the wee hours of the 16th July. The Customs was reached by tender at nine o'clock; and after satisfying officials of the Port of Spain Customs authorities, I was safely in bed in Tunapuna, at my good Trinidadian friend's residence, on the evening of the same day. On the whole, the voyage from Georgetown was an uneventful and pleasant one.

Trinidad owns a grand harbour, though the latter is not suitable for large vessels mooring alongside the wharves.

Port of Spain, the island's capital, is built on the front of a range of hills, which, with cloud-covered tops, add an imposing dignity to the city. As an airport it has no equal in these parts. It is a marvellously clean place; and the city and its environs (61,000), with their streets of asphalt, exhibit a bright appearance in comparison with the other West Indian towns—though the market-place is infested by myriads of flies, a fact which contrasts greatly with this sanitary appearance.

Situated as it is, Trinidad is a jumping-off ground from the Venezuela mainland. Its prosperity is dependent on its natural resources of pitch and oil, plus a certain amount of trade with Venezuela. It holds a key position in the West Indies, and its future expansion is only a matter of time. It has a cosmopolitan population of East Indians, Europeans, Negroes, and other coloured folk.

A motor car ride up the Lady Chancellor's Road on

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the hill at the back of Port of Spain gave me the opportunity of having a bird's-eye glimpse of this beautiful West Indian city. Looking down from this summit, the city stands at complete surrender at one's feet.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER spending a few days at Trinidad I sailed, on Friday, the 20th of July, from Port of Spain for Plymouth, on the s.s. *Flandre*, one of the fleet of the Cie Générale Transatlantique; and on the following day Fort de France, Martinique, was reached. .

Fort de France is the principal town of the island of Martinique—a possession of the French Republic in the Lesser Antilles—with a population of 248,000. It possesses an excellent harbour, which admits ocean-going liners of 15,000 tons displacement to moor directly alongside the wharves. The verdant hills at the back and sides of the town add an imposing picturesqueness to it. Cie Générale Transatlantique owns a big coaling station here, and one sees the West Indian negro workers, half-naked and as black as the coal, fetching coal on their heads to and from the ship. They could be seen going round in a circuit to receive their respective tallies from an old negress, who sits conspicuously in the centre. This mode of transportation has been in vogue from the days of slavery, and is still continuing.

Fort de France is a modest and unpretentious town, with loose stone streets. These, laid at right angles to one another, are fairly wide. The houses and public buildings are mostly of stone, and their structure is simple and grand. There are a Public Library, General Post Office, several monuments, a Cathedral, several churches, and a small promenade that looks out to the

sea. The sanitation is fair, and in the drains on both sides of the streets could be seen clear, crystal water, running down from the reservoir on the hills to the sea, thus keeping up a continual flow with its cleansing effects. Little fishes could be seen in the drains gambolling in sheer delight in the running water. Fort de France can also boast of possessing a Botanic Garden, and a Zoo consisting of three small monkeys !

No one who sees Martinique will fail to observe the characteristic dress of the women. It consists of a peculiar long dress, which has to be lifted up from trailing on the ground. A spectacular head-dress, with gay colours, adorns the head, and is tied in its own characteristic style. I think it is an old French mode of dress, which is still in vogue in this French West Indian colony, but is fast becoming extinct, and giving place to real Parisian style, cut and fashion.

As I sat on one of the benches on the promenade I saw some strong, sturdy negro women, with large baskets filled with coco-nuts and provisions, proceeding to the market of the town, where all kinds of West Indian products may be cheaply purchased.

Basseterre, Guadeloupe, was reached on the 22nd July. It is a small town of 8000 souls. Seen from the ship there are the same hills at the back of the town. There is not much sign of prosperity. Coco-nut palms are seen everywhere. Quaint-looking houses and a church could be clearly seen from the ship. The same negro and coloured element prevails.

On the afternoon of the same day, Pointe à Pitre, the capital of Guadeloupe, was reached. It has a population of 260,000. I did not go into the town on this occasion, but I did so on my return journey. It was just after

the town had been swept by a hurricane, and the effects of the destruction were seen at their worst. Here, there and everywhere were only ruins to be seen. Temporary sheds made from debris served as houses for the townspeople. No organised effort of reconstruction was there. It was all desolation, destitution and disease. It was indeed a piteous scene. The market-place was deserted save for a few negro women selling rotten corn and stale cakes. In its good days Pointe à Pitre could have boasted of its neatness and activities; now she was so poor and wretched as not to be able to look after her own sanitation.

In the distance, on the slopes of the hills, signs of fertility are apparent. Its excellent harbour facilitates much shipping activities, and on the perfectly placid waters could be found abundant landing bases for aviation. The scenery of Guadeloupe's capital from the ship is wonderful and remarkable. Without many exceptions, the West Indian Islands are beautiful lands. The perpetual sunshine, the pale green water, the verdant vegetation on the slopes of the hills, with cloud-covered summits, forming a serene and majestic background, coupled with a manifestation of cobwebby mist hanging continually on the face of the waters, and displaying perennial rainbow phenomena of fairy-like gossamer colouring—all these blended together form their own particular picturesqueness—a picture painted by Nature itself.

The splendour of this scenery, charming, bewitching, and enchanting as it is, creates in the mind a healthy and delightful sensation. This is indeed Paradise, if there is any such thing at all. It leaves an indelible imprint on the mind—one never to be forgotten. From

the ship the panorama is complete and beggars description.

On the other hand, there are other scenes that are storm-swept, dreary and desolate, with imposing ranges of hills bordering on the sea, and looking out into the Caribbean like so many grim sentinels. Some of these are crumbling down. The Atlantic winds have played havoc on the coast, the consequence being that the vegetation is of stunted growth. There is no habitation, which is due to the fact that it is difficult to build on the coast, on the slopes of the hills and on their summits. In an observation of this kind, a weird and dejected feeling lurks in the mind in direct contrast to the above. Nature's way is marvellous in its building-up and tearing-down process.

Of the economic and political phases of these islands a sorry tale could be told. A continual neglect of their progress and development on the part of their European masters has left these islands in an impasse ; and if the truth could be told without hurting the susceptibilities of some people, the real destiny of these lands lies in the hands of the United States of America. The European Powers possessing them have reached the saturation point of their expansion, and these countries are out of the ordinary run of their immediate surveillance, and have not much political and economic significance nowadays in the arena of world politics and economics. In short, they are considered as burdens ; but the Powers in question still hold on to these possessions with false pride, to the detriment of the inhabitants, who also are obsessed with this self-same false pride and empty loyalty.

Geographically situated as they are, within the im.

mediate homogeneity of the U.S.A., which is active, young, and vigorous, these islands could be made a veritable paradise to European, American and Canadian tourists during the winter season. Their progress and development will be assured under a kind of American protection. Taken in comparison with the neighbouring islands—Cuba and Porto Rico—these islands show an unhappy contrast.

It must be added, in fairness to the masses of the inhabitants, that years of contact with a particular nation and its culture and system, have inculcated a liking for such, with the result that the mind has absorbed all with the knowledge that they are the most perfect and best. The masses cannot help the situation. They are mere slaves of a slogan, while the leaders are fickle followers of the crowd, lacking initiative, and impotent to strike out an unbeaten path toward new trails.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER spending a few hours at Guadeloupe, the ship pulled up anchor, and the voyage to Plymouth began in real earnest. I travelled steerage. My mission to London, and possibly India, was one that was principally concerned with the lot of the working-man, and by conviction my duty lay in travelling thus. A steerage passage on a French ship is not a pleasant one. The Frenchman never understands others, and the lot of a passenger who cannot speak French is a hard one. The crew and stewards are unsympathetic, not over clean, and notoriously boisterous. The food was simply miserable. I lived practically on bread and coffee, and a little of the vegetable delicacies of the Frenchman, which occasionally came on the table, and which my palate could stand.

Sanitation in the steerage was horrible and unfit for human beings. The stench from the lavatory, where offal was also thrown, was abominable—and this was adjacent to a miserable apartment called an eating-room. A rancid smell of stew and engine grease pervaded the air, which was foul and stuffy, and unbearable. I could never have imagined that such outrage to humanity could exist on board a passenger ship flying the flag of a highly civilized maritime power, and in face of the fact of the incessant boasting and advertising of the ship's modern conveniences and excellent sanitary arrangements.

Of course, modern conveniences and excellent sanitary arrangements are for the other classes. Steerage passengers are beasts, and not human beings, and so can be dumped into any hole ; and one may as well dump a hundred or two of steerage passengers as go empty. They may serve as ballast—and ballast rarely pays dividends.

In comparison, the steerage standard is not even commensurate with the cost of steerage passage.

My fellow-passengers consisted of a few dozen coloured French West Indian soldiers proceeding to France. They broke the monotony of the voyage by singing and dancing and other pastimes on the deck. They were a jovial lot, as West Indians are always apt to be. Evenings, there were regular concerts, which I did really enjoy.

It was my habit of an evening to stroll up on deck and sit alone there, soliloquising. My thought was always centred round the tediousness of the voyage, and I saw the whys and wherefores of man's determination for more and more speed. Air transport engaged most of my contemplation, and with it, the very many sacrifices that were entailed in the conquest of the Atlantic by air. I understood then the world's progress and its corollary—speed, with its full meaning. What a source of relief it will be to the urgent business man to be able to cross the Atlantic in two days, instead of having to suffer the dreariness of fourteen days, as taken by the *Flandre* from Trinidad to Plymouth !—though air travel will be the choice of the few selected ones.

As I sat alone on the deck one moonlight night, with the stillness over the wide expanse of waters, broken only by the winds sighing and the vibrating and noising

of the engines and propellers as the ship pounded along at thirteen knots an hour, I felt an uncanny feeling of awe and weirdness creeping over me. I roused myself, and found that just a little while ago I had been overcome by the jubilant thought of triumphant man conquering over the billows, and soon destined to conquer the air, and that it was when the thought of his dismal shortcoming glared upon me as a phantom spectre—man exploiting his own self for transient greed and gain—that my heart had shrunk within me, and the feeling come. Is it not wonderful, this creative genius of man for conquering nature ! And yet it is awful to think of his futile efforts. While he soars to the sublime realms of Creative Will, he still clings to earth ; of the earth, earthy, he remains a brute. Even his passion he is not capable of controlling. He flounders on the deep in the reconstruction of his ways of living, and ends in baffling himself.

On the 30th of July the ship encountered a storm, and the portholes were closed. I did not stir from my bunk during the storm. To walk was impossible. The ship, the giant *Flandre*, rocked like an Indian canoe in a stream.

On the 3rd of August, Plymouth was reached. At about 8.30 a.m. I disembarked and landed on English soil. I was in England after all.

I did not manage to see much of the naval town of Plymouth, for, after satisfying the Customs authorities and purchasing rail tickets, I was immediately bound for Paddington Station, London, in one of the Great Western Railway expresses. After a little backing, puffing and steaming, the express left Plymouth about

9.30 a.m., running at an average speed of sixty miles an hour.

The journey to London was indeed a pleasant one. I could see the beautiful English summer scenery from the train. Patches of cultivation of second-crop wheat on the hill slopes, with high hedges separating property from property, interspersed with the intermittent green pastures, meadows, and fields, with cattle, sheep, and pigs, and ivy-clad houses, apple and hop-trees—all rushed into view and passed, all lending that characteristic Englishness of which one has read in books. Occasionally, at first, a glimpse of the sea was seen. Somehow I felt cold in the extremities. I guessed it was because it was my first contact with a climate other than the one I was accustomed to and made up of. Windsor Castle was also seen in the distance as the train rushed along; and finally, after having passed many provincial towns, Paddington Station was reached at about four in the afternoon. After having a cup of tea and a couple of cakes at the railway café, I went and engaged lodging at the Cambrian Hotel, adjacent to Paddington Station. My luggage was brought there by a porter, and after having a good wash I went to bed.

I was in London after all.

CHAPTER IV.

THE visitor's first impression of London is the immense traffic. Surface and underground trains, motor buses, cars, motor-cycles, bicycles, horse-carts and pedestrians constitute the utilities of transport. The incessant din of this gigantic traffic is terrific. It is a colossal system of unceasing mobility, making life an automaton—a machine. On the pavements of a street like Oxford Street, pedestrians rub shoulder to shoulder without any idea of class, creed, or colour. At least here there is no distinction. All are mixed up in one huge mass, each eager to proceed on his own way somewhere, somehow, to his own destination.

In this scramble to go on and on, in this hubbub of ceaseless traffic, life seems to be nothing else than a lunatic craze of haste and flutter. There is simply no break in its monotony. Hundreds of lives are sent to their eternal doom as victims of this maddening, tumbling human craze for haste. Millions of lives are being ground down, day by day, in the exploitation for more and more wealth, a corollary in the scheme of things, fulfilling Nature's edict of the survival of the fittest in its most glaring form. There is no getting away from this din and noise for the London residents. When one goes to bed, the jarring of the noise in the ear lulls the mind to sleep.

“Where will it end?” I used to ask myself as was my custom, I used to stand on the pavement and gaze

at this gigantic traffic. "Who am I in this vast course of things? A mere nobody from nowhere—a complete isolation from the other man that just now passed so near to me." In the London streets nobody knows anybody. It is all a complex, senseless, and tumultuous effort of life to exist somehow. It is devoid of the sense of human feeling and offers no scope for the tender side of human nature.

The London policeman is a marvel in the control of the stupendous traffic. One will see him standing, unassuming and dignified, in the centre of the road, his mind alert on his arduous duty. No sooner does he raise his hand, on the sleeve of which is a white band, the symbol of authority—which no one dares to challenge, for he is the sole dictator and judge of the situation—than dozens of vehicles and pedestrians, who have all been held up and eagerly looking for the usual sign, move on again to proceed towards their destination. One will notice him changing his position, closing this street and opening that, and opening that and closing this, like a piece of mechanism. One cannot help admiring him.

He is an unassuming fellow, the London policeman, and, quite unlike the policeman of the West Indies and British Guiana. He simply interferes thus far and no further; not until something becomes unusually wrong does he begin his investigating duty.

One day I was standing at the corner of Oxford Street and Charing Cross Road, when I saw a couple, a man and a woman, coming from Oxford Street, quarrelling. The woman seemed to be remonstrating with the man about drinking, and as usual, a crowd followed—the same inquisitive crowd all the world over. My friend,

the policeman in the centre of the road saw the commotion. At this moment the couple went into a boot store, still quarrelling and gesticulating, with the crowd at their heels. The policeman simply stopped the entire traffic, and rushed into the store; and in a minute I saw him coming out smiling. In a jiffy he had pacified the couple, chased away the crowd, and was back at his post directing the traffic. His duty is an arduous one. He is the victim of a system which multiplies evil, and he is much maligned for the defects of a system which he cannot ever hope to make perfect.

Moreover, he has not always the sympathy of the British public. At the time of my visit a strained relationship prevailed between the public and the police; and a Commission of Inquiry had been appointed to make extensive investigation, and to establish a new method, which was wholly desirable for the best working of the British Police Service, and which was essential to the well-being of the nation, according to its own sociological structure.

Of course, the British public must understand that a policeman is a human being, and therefore is as liable to err as anybody else; and that when there is a lapse in the matter of duty—as there was in the contemporary case of Helene Adele, when two policemen were sentenced at the Old Bailey to imprisonment for conspiring a false charge against the girl Helene Adele, the whole service should not be condemned. It is not fair play, nor is it just, for newspapers to exploit such rare cases for their own profit.

Amid his onerous duties, however, the visitor will find the London policeman his sure guide and courteous friend, for to him he will go for direction when he is in

doubt about finding the correct destination in the haphazard diffusion of the London streets ; for it is somewhat difficult for the newcomer to find his way correctly in this maze. Once a sense of direction is acquired, and a shilling map of London is purchased, then, with the help of the "cop," now and again, travelling is rendered easy ; but at first, to the colonial-born, who is accustomed to streets at right angles, and to cities made on a settled plan, the streets of older cities and towns are entangling and annoying.

The London policeman is trained to localities, and with his characteristic colloquialism, he directs the inquirer "Two right, one left," as the case may be, and this with a reassuring attitude that inspires confidence in the inquirer ; and he concludes by giving the parting shot—"Just a minute's walk—you can't miss it."

As custodians of law and order, the British Police Service is an efficient institution ; and thanks to it and its counterpart, the Criminal Investigation Department, with its world-famed sobriquet, Scotland Yard, life and property enjoy a profound sense of security. Robberies, thefts, and other crimes exist as elsewhere, but gang robberies have been greatly checked by the iron hand of the C.I.D. and the police. Spasmodic gang robberies do still occur, and an underworld class of gangsters exists in London and the larger provincial towns of England, but their ravages can never be compared with the gang and gun-men terror of the United States of America. In the matter of Police administration, Britain stands as a model to other countries.

CHAPTER V.

THERE is no diversion in the streets of London—no change of scenes, save only in the frequent changes of the fickle English weather. Everywhere the eye meets a sameness of things. Whichever street is chosen for a diversion, the same monotonous street-names and scenes occupy the attention—a similarity of houses, stores, factories, restaurants, hotels, pubs, and meat-shops exists everywhere.

The English are lavish in the use of what appear to a visitor as fantastic and high-sounding names for their streets, and these street-names are always followed by their general distinctions, such as Streets, Circuses, Squares, Terraces, Gardens, Greens, Parks, Roads, Lanes, Places, Mews, Avenues, Hills, Grounds, Villas, Bushes, and Commons. These are not unmeaning terms, but are significant descriptions of the localities. Years of usages and customs, engendered by the prevailing economic system and otherwise, have relegated certain areas to their respective particular stratum, and these strata have automatically adjusted themselves to their particular classes or spheres.

It does not require a very keen observer to ascertain the cause of this disparity. It is the result of an acute economic paradox which drags along its trail a mass of disproportionate conventional fetishes and debris. Even in the general appearance of pedestrians these differences are vividly apparent. I may endeavour, for

elucidation and example, to classify a certain portion of the principal business area of Central and West London for the benefit of the reader.

I put New and Old Bond Street, Regent Street and Piccadilly as the first stratum. New and Old Bond Street are always largely deserted, this being on account of their catering for the exclusively wealthy class and aristocracy, to whom it would be humiliating indeed to be found in the streets of any of the lower strata. One could walk here, right away from Oxford Street to Piccadilly, without any anxiety about the traffic. In Regent Street and Piccadilly one sees people with aristocratic faces, and in sumptuous attire, and Rolls-Royce cars flitting from store to store. If a lower stratum denizen is found here, it is merely for curiosity and sight-seeing.

Oxford and New Oxford Streets, leading to Holborn, and on to Cheapside, Poultry, and the Bank ; or, taking another direction, to the Strand, may be safely considered the second stratum. These are the regular haunts of the middle class. Here can be seen the most tastefully-dressed Londoners, and here the traffic is at its best.

I will place Tottenham Court Road, Charing Cross Road, Drury Lane, Southampton Row, Kingsway, Edgware Road, Shaftesbury Avenue, and Fleet Street as the third stratum. This stratum may be classified as midway between the middle class and the real bottom class. Here a mediocre attire is noticed, and the traffic may be ranked as equal with that of the second stratum.

I have taken some care in comparing the prices of articles in these different classifications, and I have found prices vary accordingly. The same pair of boots

in Regent Street may be bought in Tottenham Court Road for three or four shillings less.

The market streets, such as Farringdon Road, Leather Lane, the New Cut, Seaton Street, Exmouth Street, and so on, I will classify as the fourth or slum-stratum. One sees here dilapidated people and cronies, clad in weather-beaten garments, grimy with age, strutting silently along to make their purchases. Usually a handbag is carried under the arm, and occasionally there is a grandchild leading and prattling along. And here is to be seen the wife of the working-man—the nation's producing unit—with a baby or two huddled in a push-chair, going, bag in hand, from stall to stall, comparing prices in order to save a few pence on each article purchased. She condescends to this, not of choice, but of sheer necessity. She is a typical creature, the working-man's wife, and the victim of an unholy exploitation. With an overcoat of a cheap, heavy black tweed, which has weathered many a bitter winter, concealing a not very clean dress, a cheap hat, twisted shoes, and a pair of stockings that have not seen the washtub for many a week—thus clad, this forlorn mother seeks her purchases.

She pushes along the push-chair with her children in front of her. These children also bear the characteristics of the poor, and, with their dirty faces and hands, which show out so conspicuously in them—many being exceedingly fair and pretty—sometimes crying, and sometimes with their noses wanting wiping, they are a part and parcel of these slum markets. Their garments are of the usual type, and occasionally a doll may be seen in their hands.

My observation has disclosed that the teeth of the majority in the slum strata are bad—and as to this, I

cannot exclude the middle-class strata. Generally ~~speak-~~speaking, one might note a nice-looking lass, with ruddy cheeks, graceful form, and well dressed, and then have one's good opinion taken away as soon as the eye falls on the bad teeth. It is evidently the custom of using meat-food, hot food and hot tea, that is responsible for this; and undoubtedly the lack of care has also had its effects. Is this a prelude to the evolution of a race of toothless beings? I do not know. Maybe the biologist will explain.

The street markets are typical rendezvous of sales and purchases of the slums. They consist of stalls or booths built on push-barrows, and placed on both sides of the street. They remain there from the morning till late afternoon, when they are removed to the homes of their respective owners. The streets are deserted in the evening, save only on Saturday, when the municipal by-laws provide for late hours. All kinds of articles are displayed for sale, from rags, second-hand clothing, and old books to fruits, vegetables, soaps, and other toilet articles, ironmongery and mechanical devices. These markets provide interesting subjects for the student of human nature.

I remember strolling, one day, down Farringdon Street, and watching the street-market there. I saw a fellow, surrounded by a crowd, holding up a bottle to view. The bottle was sealed, and contained water, in which was a tiny mechanical dog; and the man was demonstrating to the crowd how obedient the dog was to his commands. He said, "Now you will bow to the crowd," and forthwith the dog made a bow. In the usual comic way of the professional juggler, he made the mechanical dog in the bottle perform several clever antics to the

satisfaction of the crowd, which stood agape enjoying the cheap entertainment. He offered to sell the whole concern for the paltry sum of one shilling and sixpence, with the promise to teach the purchaser how the trick was to be done. No one seemed eager to buy the outfit.

I left, and went on to another crowd which surrounded a fellow, in front of whom was a table, on which was a tub of water, some greasy old garments, a few dozen tins of soap, and a sponge. This fellow was haranguing the spectators on the marvellous qualities of his grease-removing soap. He took out a grimy cap from the bundle of garments, rubbed some soap on it from a tin, and then, dipping the sponge in the tub of water, started rubbing with it. In an instant the grease was gone. The spectators became interested, and in a couple of minutes he had sold more than a dozen tins, which stimulated his harangue to a higher pitch. I was satisfied with this soap-man, not because of his soap, but because of a few words which were used by him during his animated speech, and which amused me immensely. These words were:—"It does not require the eloquence of a Lloyd George or a Stanley Baldwin to convince you that you badly need this soap to make your dirty coat appear new." The irony of these words amused me indeed, though they were not used in irony by my soap-seller friend; and little did he know and understand that it was the policy of some Lloyd Georges and Stanley Baldwins to deny the working-man a new garment.

A little way off, a solitary man was exhibiting files for sale. He was kneeling on one knee on the bare ground, and offering seven or eight files for one shilling. He had a good lot of them, and of various sizes and

shapes ; and as they were all new files, I could not understand the cheapness of the price. Little attention was paid to him by the passers-by.

These incidents are everyday occurrences.

The organ-grinder and eternal street *habitué* of London is here also, in the corner, grinding away for pennies ; now and again a band of rusty musicians are seen enlivening the atmosphere with their rambling music ; and occasionally the piping of the bagpipe is heard somewhere—all imparting an animation to the general scene.

And these incidents tend to show that the English are a wonderful race of people when it comes to resourcefulness ; but these members of my fourth stratum are the victims of an unscrupulous economic system, to which they are wedded "for better, for worse," and which they accept as the inevitable sequence in the nature of things.

A sordid atmosphere of cheapness, dirt, and garbage, stench and uncleanness, prevail in these street-markets, which are sure breeding-sources of disease, and that the more so in the hawking of rags, old clothing, old books, old furniture and cheap foodstuffs. London abounds with them. At best, they are ramshackle, outlived concerns trekking down from remote antiquity, as open places of barter and bargaining orgies, now superseded in most modern cities by centralised sanitary market-sheds.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the residential areas this dividing line is just as marked. Unfettered, imperceptible, this unwritten law of segregation holds universal sway. It spreads its unseen tentacles on all, and sundry, without their knowing it, until they find themselves inhabitants of a particular class of society. None is immune from it. It pulsates unerringly as the sequence of cause and effect.

It will interest the visitor to compare the areas comprising Pall Mall, Park Lane, Bayswater Road, Kensington Park, Notting Hill Gate, and Brompton, with those of Camden Town, St. Pancras, Marylebone, King's Cross, Moorgate, Old Street and Farringdon Street and Road. He will then appreciate the social gulf that separates this one community of people into separate extremities.

And midway between these two extremes stand the suburbs which embrace the middle-class areas, such as St. John's Wood, Belsize Park, Kilburn, and Queen's Park.

The aristocratic areas are splendidly arranged. Sanitation, sunshine, warmth, air, with their equivalent culture and refinement, taste, and decoration, such as may be reflected by mansions, palaces, blocks of skyscrapers and flats with their pavilions, terraces, and enclosures, grounds, courts, gardens, and flowers, are all lavished in the make-up of these quarters. As a general rule, a pavement space and high concrete walls and ornamental iron railings separate these enclosures from the streets. In short, this ostentation embraces

everything procurable by wealth in the endeavour to obtain the best possible comfort which a twentieth-century civilization can afford ; and, not infrequently, on the interiors, in furniture and embellishments, is lavished an extravagance bordering on profuse vulgarity. Invariably these large dwellings are tenanted with but a few inhabitants, for it is the fashion among the wealthy and aristocratic to own a small family. Space is thus squandered and abused for mere whims and fancies.

The suburbs consist of blocks of dwelling-houses and flats, with intermittent self-contained and enclosed cottages with their adjoining small patches of grounds, gardens, and flowers, thus reflecting the suggestion that the idea of exclusiveness is the central thought underlying this sort of construction. A similar pavement space and wall of iron or concrete separate these compounds from the streets. Undoubtedly a pleasant atmosphere of modest refinement and culture, commensurate with a measure of decency and unassuming attractiveness, prevails in these quarters.

The middle-class element in the English social strata injects into the general whole a toning component of equilibrium, which to the careless observer may be misconstrued as a blessing to society ; but it is on the surface only ; and after probing down to rock-bottom facts, it is found to constitute the surest bulwark and upholder of a defective economic and social system of the British Nation.

The middle-class is steeped in a conservatism which is dangerous to free thought and reasonableness ; and, strange to say, this class suffers most from the buffeting of the others. The prosperous days of the middle class are gone for ever, with the result that it will have to go

under in the long run. It drags along an existence of poor-great sensitiveness, hanging-on to an empty tradition.

We now come to the bottom class or slums, as they are generally called. The West End slums stand in a different category from those of the East End. I will deal first with the former; the latter will come in subsequently.

The West End slums consist of blocks of tenement rooms, tenanted by the working-class, with their doors opening directly on to the pavement—that is, on to the street. There is no enclosure or privacy; and it is possible when walking on the pavements to see right inside the dwellings.

The streets are generally unkempt, and the garbage is carried inside the house by the wind and by ingoing people. The open streets constitute the common playing ground for the children; and these children, being shabby and dirty themselves, run in and out of the houses, thus carrying back some of the garbage that has recently been swept out. The majority of the tenements are dingy and musty, and dilapidated and tottering for want of repairs. One can imagine the inside of such a dwelling, where a whole family is huddled together in one simple little room. Sanitation is an apology. There is no question of ventilation and sunshine. The whole area is enveloped with foul air. It is indeed a marvel how these denizens of this section do exist in winter. How is it possible to think that human beings, who live and have their being from childhood to man- and woman-hood, in such miserable surroundings, can ever hope to aspire to culture and refinement? It is merely an existence of grovelling on earth. Children

may be seen gambolling in the streets, or sitting flat on the ground, playing with dust.

I have alluded to the peculiarity of dress of this class in a previous chapter.

In the corner is the district Post Agency. Scattered here and there are a laundry, grocery, meat shop, bread shops, vegetable and fruit dealers, bookseller, tailor, milliner, jeweller, manicurist, and a beauty parlour, with its lipsticks, paints, brush, pencil, and wax—for even this class may not fail to enjoy the idiosyncrasies of fashion. A picture theatre lies a little way farther on, and in the afternoon there may be seen outside it queues of eager pleasure-seekers—some sitting on chairs brought from their homes, with a piece of sewing in their hands, or novel-reading—waiting patiently for the doors to open and the coming of their turn to go in. The Pubs and Churches are also here. It seems as if these two go hand-in-hand, the one denoting damnation and the other Salvation—an incongruity indeed.

As I was walking along on the pavement somewhere in Camden Town, I happened to see an Englishwoman outside the door of her house, calling to her two little daughters and a son, to come into the house. These children were, as usual, playing on the street. Their pretty dirty faces and ragged clothing were apparent. Strange to say, my thought-trend was centred on the incompatibility of English society, when my eyes fell on the children and the woman. I felt like talking to this typical mother, but before I reached her she had darted with her children into the house. I waited outside for a minute, and then, to my surprise, and true to the characteristic English courtesy, she came out—this time

with an old shawl on her shoulders—and inquired if I wanted someone.

She was not cleanly dressed—poor woman!—and her garments were of the usual coarse home-wearing stuff. She was between thirty-five and forty years of age, and she wore a kindly face and sweet smile—this encouraged me. I accosted her thus: “You see I am a stranger, and I am interested and eager to learn a few things. Will you mind answering me a few questions? I may appear rude, but, believe me, I mean well.” She quietly answered, “Go ahead, I hope it will not be difficult for me to answer.”

I did not hesitate. My first question was, “What is your hope and ambition for your two girls and your boy?”

She replied, “Oh, I thought so! After seeing you staring at the children, I called out to them to come in, for I had the intuition that you were after something.” I was simply stunned and taken aback by the sensitiveness of this Englishwoman. In spite of it, however, she went on to reply to me, “My girls will have to go to the factories to earn a living. My boy will go to the mines, or learn a trade—that is, if we can spare something for him by the time he is old enough to go to work.”

I further queried, “What about marriage? These girls on coming of age may make good wives to some men of their intimate acquaintances.”

“It may be possible,” she said, “but even in that case they will have to work. Marriage in our class brings no happiness, but much misery and want. My daughters will be happier without marriage—at least they will be care-free.”

Her accents jarred upon my ears somewhat, but I

followed her speech and I have given the correct version of this little discussion. Her frankness, I admired. She smiled her sweet smile when she finished, and I thanked her, compensated the children, and proceeded on my way.

In the replies of this typical English mother may be read the destiny of one class of people of Old England. But the worst is to be told : this reluctance to marriage involves all the classes, and is resolving itself into a colossal problem for the State. It is the reaction and retribution of an insane economic and social order that is out of harmony with equity and simple justice as regards a vast majority of the people, the concussion of which has yet to spend itself.

There are certain exceptions in point of appearance and respectability in blocks of dwelling-houses situated even in the slum area. This is to be attributed to an agency other than that of municipal surveillance ; it follows the law of supply and demand. A class of people in London trades in letting furnished and unfurnished apartments to the vast transient population of the Metropolis. These select the best blocks and make them sanitary and attractive, and living themselves in the basement or ground-floor, hire out the rest of the apartments to others—mainly visitors and foreign students. In this way, and in conjunction with supplying meals also, these people acquire a considerable income and easy livelihood. The dilapidated buildings are thus left for the poor working-man and his family. These boarding-houses are also divided into their respective classes, and charges vary accordingly.

I pass now to the East End slums.

The East End is as famous as the British Navy. While the one delineates the strong arm of the State,

the other spots out an irritable ulcer on the nape of the neck, that is only to be seen when a collar is not worn. Originally the refuge of the fallen from above—those, in the gravitation process, going down from stratum to stratum, until the bottom is ultimately reached—the East End is now the regular rendezvous of a distinct underworld. It is the haunt of low-class Chinamen, Negroes, Lascars, Jews and half-breeds, with a jarring and profane dialect, and customs and usages all their own.

Robberies, murders and other crimes are abundant, and drunkenness and prostitution are rampant. I can remember while walking in Bickmore Street, Poplar, with my friend, a few girls yelled out to us from a house opposite. To our amazement, the girls lifted their dresses and displayed their bare legs to view. We proceeded on our way, to be accosted twice again by other girls.

Pubs, drug- and gambling-dens, and secret haunts of the underworld abound everywhere. Churches and synagogues, the latter with their miniature economic ghettoes, exist, and strenuously endeavour to shed religious light on a benighted environment of hopeless moral leprosy.

The same order of tenements preponderates here—though there is a lack of boarding-houses, for visitors fear the East End.

The Sabbath receives but scant recognition from pubs, where men and women are to be seen leaning on the counters obtaining drinks. The auction sale orgies of Sunday mornings at Petticoat Lane make the vicinity resound with their rumpus, clamour and noise.

The very atmosphere is tainted with immorality, filthiness, dirt, and disease; and for some time after

seeing these scenes, as they are enacted, a feeling of repugnance lurks in the mind. It is a riotous, disorderly, undisciplined nightmare of a hellish existence in the heart of an arrogant civilization, pampered by short-sighted wiseacres as a necessary evil and an immoral exhaust channel of a mighty Metropolis.

What does it matter, so long as it brings grist to the mill in certain quarters ?

CHAPTER VII.

THIS marked difference in the economic and social system is conspicuous everywhere, and is sometimes so protruding that it cannot escape the attention, and very little effort is needed to spot the defects. For the use of public lavatories and public chairs in the parks a charge is made. Urinals are free. There are also free chairs and lavatories, but I have seldom noticed either used; and whenever they are utilised, it is only by the very "down and out." I have observed that before using a free lavatory, the user will glance around to see if there are any acquaintances nearby, for no sooner is he known to have used a free lavatory than he is shunned by his companions as a "down and out."

It brands him as a marked bottom-man, and there is nothing more galling to the average Englishman than to be regarded by others as "down and out." He cannot help it. It is an inherent trait, this conceitedness and false pride. This showiness is commendable in its right place, but not among his own. But the Englishman would bear his misfortune alone, share it with no one, and face the world uncomplaining. I have seen fellows in Hyde Park, standing all the time, rather than sit on the free chairs. They would not barter their self-respect because it happened that society deals unfairly with them. This feeling of self-respect consciousness is a prevalent scourge in all English life, and the middle class are martyrs to this false pride consciousness; and

yet, going doggedly along, this class rears and nourishes England's best man- and woman-hood. It is in any case not fair to them.

It might be argued in favour of the charge system that all must pay, and that only those that cannot afford to pay may make use of the free services, thus rendering the services self-supporting. This is a very reasonable thing in itself. But in a country with three million people unemployed, entailing the pauperising method of distributing doles, this is an unsound doctrine. It savours of giving by one hand and taking back with the other by one and the same authority for the use of an essential of life. But notwithstanding this point of view, the charge system breeds class distinction and affords the possible tendencies of a banal influence on human nature.

These public utilities are the common properties of inhabitants of the State. The inhabitants contribute to their general upkeep and are entitled to their use without let or hindrance. The duty of the State is to ensure this to all, irrespective of class, creed, or colour, coupled with efficiency, and to bar their use only to those who suffer from very obnoxious diseases, and for whom special arrangements have been provided. But it seems that it can never occur to the authorities that the charge system creates anomalies. The ruling class cannot appreciate these tiny difficulties of the underdogs: this lack of appreciation, however, manifests their incapacity to understand the mind of their own people. The point of view of the ruling class is, in fact, the other way round: the person without money is without a right either. He merits no consideration other than that of

the charity department of the State—a free chair, or a free lavatory, for that matter.

The criterion of British Society is money. It is the standard of the measure of life itself.

Ofttimes I have seen lying on the pavement cigarette ends—some of them mere ends, others halves and quarters—thrown away by extravagant smokers. And I have also seen persons of respectable-looking appearance picking them up, while adopting the same glancing around attitude. Does it not tend to show that there are some people who can afford to be extravagant, while others are in real need of that which those others have thrown away? Cannot there be a middle course which will help to mitigate these paradoxes, inconsistencies, and contrasts which exist among beings living under one Government, and comprising one State, one country? As with individuals, so also with nations does the maxim, “Wilful waste brings woeful want,” convey its significance and retribution. These may be trifles, but surely trifles, as straw, show how the winds blow.

In England begging is an offence against the law. Yet people beg. The law does not help in reducing begging; it simply tolerates professional hypocrisy. Begging denizens adopt innumerable kinds of ruses in order to hoodwink the authorities—ruses which the authorities are fully cognisant of, but at which they shut their eyes. These ruses are of various kinds, some being clever, and others ludicrous. They may be a fantastic winking of the eye, some sort of gesticulation, the clapping of the hands to the tune of a song, or singing or selling matches. The most spectacular ones are the inimitable London Street Orchestra and Pavement Art Academy. The orchestra consists of the usual barrel-

organ, either alone, or, as is sometimes the case, accompanied with a set of rusty instruments and ragged musicians. There are many kinds and they seem to change according to localities.

One fine Saturday afternoon, my friend and myself were strolling along Oxford Street, proceeding towards Edgware Road, when, somewhere near the vicinity of Duke Street, we saw about half-a-dozen Englishmen standing at the side of the street. With them was the usual Street Orchestra Band. It was about three in the afternoon, when, in this principal street, there is, on Saturdays, a lull in the traffic. All the principal business places were closed, except the restaurants, cafés, and a few others. A lively tune commenced, and I anticipated the ordinary street music when I saw the men arranged in single file across the street; but to my pleasant surprise, they started a series of rhythmical exercises and antics with a set of table forks and spoons in their hands, which were rattled together as they struck the ground, their knees, their shoulders and their heads. It was all admirably done, and was the best street performance that I had seen during my stay.

The pedestrians, as was their wont, mostly passed on with their usual indifference and seeming disdain, but now and again one would stop, enjoy the cheap entertainment for a few moments, then go on his way. A placard displaying the words, "Ex-Service Men," was conspicuously placed on the drum. A cap for collection was ushered around by one of the men during the performance. No one contributed. I felt it somewhat strange, and I am glad to be able to mention now, as the incident vividly recurs in my mind, that my friend and myself did contribute a few pence each in that cap,

and that then, after seeing our example as strangers in London, the other onlookers also began to throw in pennies, with the result that a capful of coins was collected by our voluntary entertainers of that afternoon.

If these people were indeed ex-Service men, and I have no reason to doubt them, then I say unhesitatingly that it is a crime on the part of the State, on whose behalf they had risked their lives and limbs, to allow them to play the hypocrite—to beg on the streets by performing antics.

The Pavement Art Academy may be seen all over London on the principal streets and pavements. On the Thames Embankment these artists may be seen at their worst and best. Coloured crayons are used. Some of these beggar-artists show an innate glimpse of the real art; others are botchers and fakes. Occasionally may be seen a crisp saying in prose or poetry, depicting the life-history of the beggar-artist; but the one idea underlying all is the idea of begging.

These displays have become part of the London streets, and Londoners have become so accustomed to them that they cease to have any interest and existence for them. All attractions towards the Pavement Art Academy are lost, and an attitude of seeming callousness towards these beggars is noticeable; but there is no doubt about it that the perpetuation of the thing is making it a nuisance. But for the new-comer it attracts immediate attention. It is a pathetic figure who looks up in the eye of the stranger, as if to say, "My own have disregarded and neglected me; will you also?" No! strangers do always contribute to these street habitués of London.

And yet London streets would be incomplete without

the Street Orchestra and the Pavement Art Academy. They form a setting to the picture that can never be forgotten or ignored by the visitor.

And the Society of Tramps is not lacking in London and England. But why should people beg in fair England? This is the question of questions. Begging in England proves the inability of British statesmanship to grapple firmly and strongly one of society's greatest ulcers. No one should beg. It is the essential duty of the State so to order and distribute the nation's resources, to so evenly divide them, as not to allow any portion of its citizens to be in misery and want. Every citizen must work, produce, and augment the nation's resources. If the citizen is sick, disabled, or old, then the State must decently succour him. British statesmanship attempts to meet the problem by a defective solution of prohibiting begging, as if that will cure the evil. It is a blind diagnosis and an equally futile remedy. It is like applying plaster or ointment to an ulcer which has been caused by impurities of the blood. Present-day economic and political science flounders on superficial, obsolete, and irrational notions, so far as effecting a cure is concerned. A solution will only be found when the sociological structure is measured by a criterion founded on a rational basis of things.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE food problem of London is an immense one. The enormous quantities of food consumed by Londoners would make interesting statistics. Not the least among the food items is meat, which is a staple diet of Britishers. Numerous meat-shops abound all over London, and it is one of the commonest sights to see carcasses of animals hanging open to public view. This meat-eating habit tends to brutalise human nature. It kills the refined attribute blessed in man. It is a nauseating sight to see butchers, clothed in white spotted with blood, knife, in hand, ready to cut portions of meat for customers. Even children are sent to purchase meat on these premises. What sense of pity could they cultivate in a surrounding and atmosphere where these gruesome objects are exposed here, there, and everywhere?

The psychological effect of this open system of the meat trade is sure to lead to a mentality of pitilessness on a wholesale scale. Every sociologist who has had to do with reform of human nature is fully aware of the influence on the mind such undesirable sights may produce. London municipal authorities do not seem to understand this. The impression on the minds of children could never be pleasant.

Meat-eating is more or less responsible for bad teeth and animal habits and diseases. Man is but an adaptation of his environment and his food. Change his environment and food, and a change in his mind will be effected. Vegetable food, on the whole, contains just as many, and, in very many cases, better, first-rate pro-

perties for the nourishment of the human body and mind. No habit other than good can be acquired from its use. To the average Britisher this may be a novel point of view, but it is an accepted fact among those who know.

If meat-eating could be minimised in England, a race of gentler people would be the result. Of course, the consensus of opinion among western thinkers is that meat-eating breeds a race of fighting people—thus entailing the obvious presumption that a man must always regard the next man as his enemy, and hence he has to be strong, to ward off the attacks from his neighbour. This is an undesirable attitude of mind to adopt. It is an attitude of despair and fear on the part of man. Man must change his mind. The world must be made a better place to live in and he must endeavour to make it so. He must, then, change his very nature by beginning to change his food. While, on the whole, man has progressed scientifically, within the last century, by leaps and bounds, he is still grossly ignorant of the constituents of his own mind, and he still clings to the earth. He must leave off meat-eating, and the ultimate result will be that he will gradually cease to be like the brute.

During my wanderings in London I visited the municipal meat market at Farringdon Street. I saw hundreds of carcasses of animals hanging on hooks, dangling in the air. To every stall was a butcher—a man—a human being—adorned with a white apron spotted with blood, and armed with a glittering knife, ready to cut. All around only carcasses were to be seen, and a morbid smell pervaded the air. It was a horrible sight. I imagined I was in a dream—a terrible nightmare of a

dream, with all these gruesome butchering paraphernalia in front and back of me. I was eager to be awake, when a nauseating and miserable feeling engrossed me, and a thought flashed through my mind that I was a victim, and that at any moment one of the butchers might thrust his knife in my heart, and hang my carcase among the others. With an effort I roused myself, and fled from the place, trembling all over.

I would plead to every British lady of every class to take a mental walk with me to any of the slaughtering dens, and imagine the killing process, the skinning, the disembowelling of the entrails, and the welter of blood and blood. Thousands of innocent creatures are killed day by day to form food for man, and are used as delicacies of the palate and stomach. Does not the whole thing savour of a name I am loth to mention ?

From the bottom of my heart I admire England ; I admire the British people for the great lot of culture and refinement they are responsible for in the world ; but I vehemently detest the habit of colossal killing. It is a monstrous thing, and a contrast to real culture and refinement. I may be hard on this line of thought, but as one who possesses, somehow, a keen sense of feeling, I must be free to express myself as I feel.

I have had the pleasure of the company of many English ladies, and when speaking to them on this meat-eating business, I have read in their innermost minds the feelings of horror against it. English ladies are very susceptible to reason, and are sensitively touched in respect of cruelty of any kind. They will stand anything save cruelty, and especially cruelty to dumb animals ; and does not it stand as evidence in

their favour, the vast number of pets that are cared for by them ?

Some people seem to think that there is in vogue a humane way of killing, and that that is sufficient. This is a coarse way of thinking. No killing could ever be humane—unless such killing aims to end suffering. It is the duty of man to protect his dumb friends. When they become nuisances and pests, then, by all means, exterminate them in the ordinary course ; but to rear them to kill and eat borders on brute mentality.

British women may be called to share many responsibilities in the administration of their country, and I shall look forward to their doing, with their refinement and culture, their duty to their dumb friends. Nature has provided food abundantly for the use of man, without his having to kill to eat. Her bountiful resources are immense. Vegetables produce the same food element in a better and humane form. This is a scientific fact. Meat-eating is a fad and has its origin in man's ancestry, to the relic of which he still adheres. One can hardly walk down any street of London where a rancid smell of gas, fat, and the frying of meat does not hang on the air and pollute the mind and thought.

The drink-shops in London are called "pubs," and, like the meat-shops, are scattered all over the Metropolis. They are liquor stores, in which are arrayed a bottled display of their inebriating merchandise, opening their doors on the pavements of the streets. These pubs cater for the worst elements of the city. In the slum area they are pampered brothels of ill-fame. Customers may be seen knocking about the premises, drinking and drunk. Men, women, old and young, are seen leaning on the counters, drinking without any

sense of shame. Round about the premises are seen little street urchins with dirty faces peeping in. A prominent notice is displayed on the door with the words, "No drinking allowed outside of these premises." I have seen this injunction flouted with impunity. There is also the sign, "No drink will be sold to children under 16 years of age." How far this rule is infringed I am not in a position to say, but it is an undeniable fact that children are seen about the premises; and ill effects are bound to accrue in their minds by their witnessing the drinking orgies of adults. I have witnessed very many incidents of children waiting outside sobbing, while their parents are inside imbibing. Drinking squabbles are the commonest occurrences every day in the homes of the masses of Londoners. One cannot pick up a newspaper without reading of these unhappy things that mar the lives of the working-class.

It is only fair to mention that among the middle and higher classes no one hears of drinking orgies. Here again class distinction is just as marked. No better-class person will be seen near a pub in the slum area. For these, there are the numerous clubs and hotels, where they may drink and get drunk at will; but the masses only have the pubs, and these are foul concerns at their best.

Nobody hears anything of the higher classes when they get drunk and fight in their clubs, hotels and homes. They defy the penetration of the newsmongers; but the unhappy working-man and his family are the butt and ridicule of all, for his actions are open to public view in the public pubs on the public streets.

Where is the justice of all these discriminations? The majority of the citizens of the State are allowed to

imbibe and live a life of misery and degradation because the State must get money into the Exchequer in the form of excise duty—which is tantamount to setting a premium on drinking and vice. The more the nation drinks, the richer becomes the Exchequer; and, in addition, another class of its citizens reaps huge profits at the expense of this universal drinking.

The State as the super-custodian of all must never be financed from the revenue gained from the ill habits of its citizens; and no decent-minded person should ever make a living or existence from the bad habits of his neighbours. It is not only immoral in the extreme, but it is an unsound and faulty structure in the polity and economics of any well-governed State.

CHAPTER IX.

AN examination of the liquor traffic in England will disclose some unsavoury facts which will portray the incongruity in full meaning. The predominant class are large liquor manufacturers. They are also members of the British Parliament, and also dominate the policy of the State. They can pull great elastic strings, from within and from without, through innumerable channels, social, economic, and otherwise. They are the bosses, and they do no actual or direct work or producing. They simply batten and fatten on the labour of workers, who must also drink away the best part of their earnings to make profit for the manufacturers and the State. No Member of Parliament who owns a brewery, or a pub or pubs, will be foolish enough to agree to any legislation that will affect the consumption of beer and whisky.

The pubs are owned by politicians directly or indirectly, and the average British politician is not a philanthropist, or, at least, not a benefactor of humanity, to give up lucrative trade sources. He will endeavour to consolidate these sources by enhancing the consumption of his product; and if there are times when he has made huge profits, and his conscience pricks him, he will endeavour to gain absolution and solace to his mind by giving a few hundred pounds to some social service institution, so as to reclaim these very human beings whose minds were poisoned from the very drinks manufactured by him.

What a wonderful and complete cycle of hypocrisy this whole process suggests ! No one will question the right of anybody to make profits, but certainly the right to make legitimate-profits precludes the right to perpetuate the wrong of wrecking the minds of one's own kinsmen and fellow-citizens. And society condones and the State coerces this mode of taking much, giving little, and sending the victims to their doom.

If a plebiscite is to be taken on the Drink Question in Great Britain, the result will certainly be that an overwhelming majority of the people will vote in favour of drink. All kinds of arguments will be launched by the drink interests—and it must not be lost sight of that these interests always own newspapers. That doctrine of convenient accommodation, "Democracy," will be appealed to, the maxim, "Vox populi, vox Dei," will be invoked, and slogans upon slogans of the British workman's inherent right to have his national drink will be used as catchwords and claptrap on the minds of the masses, until they succumb to vote away their right to live as decent human beings, at the bidding of their masters. Yes ! drink will win in England.

The mind of the masses is not sober. Drink, for one thing, and oppression, for another, cloud their vision. They cannot think rationally, and, like drug addicts, they are hypnotised into the belief that they cannot live a day without their national beverage. They are under the influence of an obsession and a fool's fiat.

No well-governed State must allow the crowd to guide its destiny. If the crowd wants the moon, no State can procure it for them. It is the State's definite duty to mould the mind of the crowd to a given goal—an envisioned plan of progress. Human nature is physic-

ally diverse, and there is no possible physical experiment by which to achieve any sort of complete oneness or universality. This has been so for various and obvious reasons—hereditary laws, environment, and other things. But the human mind can conceive, accept and adopt a universal idea. For instance, Christian people have succeeded, among diverse peoples all over the globe, in accepting and adopting the idea of God and Christ. It is, therefore, not an impossibility for any well-meaning State to foist its will on the masses—which foisting, of course, must be to their moral, social, and economic interest. To make a policy universal, it has always been accepted as a principle that the minds of the people must be moulded to it: thus, if it is the will of the State to adopt Prohibition in England, no force can stop it; but it requires a strength of will and energy to achieve it.

Only a genius can succeed in killing the Drink Fiend of Great Britain. To fight against the liquor traffic is to fight against a prevailing system of combines and syndicates, with their giant tentacles tapping every nerve-centre of power. The British workers are amiable beings, full of conservatism and conventional idiosyncrasies, and they fear to strike out towards new trails—towards trails other than those handed down by tradition. And Labour leaders are either simple folks or quacks, hugging on to a Fabian creed, or are agents of Imperialism, or are rank opportunists. No hope can be placed on them. They are weak-kneed, chicken-hearted scapegraces.

A Labour leader will argue that he is a great believer in constitutional reforms and democratic institutions, and so on. He will argue that in the State all are free

to do as they like, providing that they do not commit treason, sedition, or crime. This is an archaic argument, and is as if to say, all are free to cut their throats if they like, though to cut one's throat is an offence against the law.

Drinking is accepted by every reasonable being as a curse to humanity. If an individual can control his doses of drinking as he can control a medicinal dose, then drink will become a boon instead of a curse. But human experience points the other way round. Once the individual begins the drink habit, he takes a slide down the declivity. He goes gradually down and down until the bottom is reached, and he becomes a drink maniac. As a drunken man, he loses the best human trait of consciousness and grovels like a beast. And when millions of these unconscious human beasts grovel, and grovel in a state of mind too beastly to be imagined, and multiply their species throughout the length and breadth of the State, what will be the outcome of such a kind of citizen? And the law of heredity never goes amiss!

The best and profoundest argument against drink is, *No drink will make nobody drunk.* This is sound logic and sane reasoning, which no fake philosopher, scientist, theologian, or constitutionalist can ever hope to refute.

To see a drunken man is not a pleasant thing, much less to see a drunken woman. I have seen many women in the London streets in a very bad state of inebriation. I can well remember one evening, when travelling by the Underground from Russell Square to Mornington Crescent, in the company of an English girl, I saw, on the opposite seat, two men and a woman, all three of whom were drunk. The two men were seated one on

each side of the woman, and were cooing dainty words into her ears. She had to give her attention to each alternately. By a coincidence I had been speaking that very evening to my fair companion on the drunkenness of English women in public, and she had boldly challenged my statement. That had led to some argument and discussion, but I was justified before her very eyes by this incident. But I can feel even now, as I write, the feeling of shame that came over me at my companion's witnessing the unsavoury conduct of these three persons. I thought of getting out at the first station, and I told her so; but she demurred to that, and calling my attention to the discussion of the evening, said to me, "I think you are right. You visitors see more than we. We can hardly see our own defects. I am glad to see these things for myself, so as to be sure, and I am awfully sorry for it—for England's sake." And turning and facing me, she appealed, "But, of course, you will not judge England harshly because of the sins of her few undesirables."

Her demeanour and pleading for justice for her country, race-conscious British girl as she was, captured my soul and my admiration, and in reply I said: "I admire Old England too sincerely to do injustice to her, but if I have my way, I shall endeavour to point out to her people—for whom I cherish the greatest esteem—the iniquities of a system which tarnishes the good name of a great country. You say you do not see these things. You do not travel in the hedgeways and by-ways of life where men and women grovel like beasts. If you are seen among them, then surely you will be taken for one of them, and thus lose caste and the esteem of your friends. And further, you only see things from your

own angle, and the world that is not of yours is simply shut off from your view."

"You are again right," she admitted, "and I believe you will do what you say. You will show my countrymen and women the faulty and defective basis of their social, economic, and political structure. Tell them how you, as a stranger and visitor, see them as they cannot see themselves."

I was indeed moved by this Englishness of this English girl, and in response I said :

"Your country people do not appreciate interference from without, and they are right thus far. But constructive criticism from any source should be welcome. One cannot be one's own judge, and it is a difficult proposition to cultivate a collective sense of introspection. Old England is drifting from the paths of glory, which is sacrificed at the altar of the selfishness of her politicians."

We parted that evening in great friendship. It was the friendship of two kindred minds. As I write, my mind goes back to that lovely evening spent in England, with one of England's own creation—the conscious mind of an English womanhood longing for a better England.

CHAPTER X.

ON a first impression, the English may be taken for an insular and reticent people, and this seeming trait has been the subject of much dislike by foreigners. It is misconstrued as a feature of bad manners. It is no doubt as a result of being surrounded by water that this insularity has arisen, but the peculiarity is fast becoming extinct. Speedy transportation and contact with other people have obviously changed the whole British mentality, and to-day the British look forward to grasping an "Empire" homogeneity that was once undreamt of. No sooner, however, does one get into the mind of the Englishman that all his seeming reserve vanishes; though he is not as blithe, boisterous, and mirthful as his continental neighbours.

The family life contains a circle of strict conventional usages. Iron-bound rules and regulations exist in the family, which, if deviated from, mean one's complete ostracism from the circle. While this still largely obtains among the better classes, and in the rural and urban districts, in the cities and towns, modernism has made inroads in the cherished English Christian ethics and customs.

The family circle of Old England is a byword of to-day. With the advent of restaurants, clubs, and boarding-houses, units of the family dine, and spend the better part of their time, elsewhere than in their homes. The "head of the family" is also a meaningless term now.

Industrialism and economic stress have knocked out the bottom of that close preserve of the eighteenth century, English Christians' ideals. Emigration, Empire expansion, and army and navy recruiting at home and abroad, have helped to smash the circle.

The restaurant habit is a modern innovation. Its evil effects have overbalanced whatever good may be said about it. A head of the home who is out all day at work, and who lunches and dines in a restaurant, club, or boarding-house, seldom sees the others of the home. To his children he is unknown, for when he comes home late, the children have gone to sleep, and when he leaves home early for work, the children are still sleeping. He is no longer the "head of the table," where all the family sit at lunch or dine or sup; and thus attachment to home and its influence is lost. The same could be said of the other working units of the family. On Sunday when the working father is available to his home, wife, and children, he may be found either in church, or motoring, fishing, or hobbying somewhere.

On a general consideration, the English nation is fast losing attachment to children. This is an astounding statement to make, but it is the truth. If one is to heed the trend of newspaper advertisements regarding the conditions enjoined in the letting of residences, the unsavoury fact reveals itself that there is a seeming repugnance to children. One meets with conditions which read like this, "To let, a self-contained flat, with all modern conveniences. No children wanted; a dog may be allowed." Such advertisements may be seen every day in their thousands. There may be instances where an invalid resides within, who may be sensitive to noise;

but, taken on the whole, it portrays an open admission of an undesirable state of mind—a dislike of children.

Running parallel with this indifference to childhood on the part of the nation, the care and culture of dogs and other pets have an immense hold on the people's minds. One has only to see the dog shows and dog culture enthusiasm evinced by the English people. Dogs and kindred pets in England may be counted by millions, and the expenditure on the upkeep of these pets may be better imagined than described—and all the while millions of human beings go in want of the bare necessities of life !

If every person in England who owns a pet, be it a dog, a cat, or bird, were to lavish the same kindness and care on the less fortunate children of their neighbours—even the so-called illegitimate and bastards, who, through no fault of their own, have been ushered into the world, to be banned and ill-used by the conventional usage of a purblind social condition—what great good would be done to humanity.

Moreover, these people who can afford the meaningless pleasure of owning pets will only regard childhood as a background for vaunting a so-called philanthropic, but really hypocritical, display of sentiment at Christmas time. Even fortunes have been bequeathed to dogs ! The people of England seem to have gone dog-mad. A dog is wanted but not a child, because some eccentric freak of humanity cannot bear the pranks and buoyancy of childhood. Such is the trend of the social life of a great people. Remembering England to be a Christian nation, I cannot help recalling those beautiful sayings of Jesus Christ: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," and "Except ye turn, and

become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

It reminds me of a conversation I had with a schoolmaster of a Primary School at Camden Town. I was returning from Mornington Crescent one morning, when I happened to see the school-compound. I went in, and in a few minutes I was before the master. It was a typical London County Council School and a typical English schoolmaster. On seeing me, he rose from his seat, and we shook hands. He gave me a chair, requested me to sit, and I sat down. It was my intention to see within the school-compound and also to see the children in their classes. I informed him of my desire. He did not directly refuse, but promised to show me round another day, provided that I would call by appointment. The regulation anathema rushed across my mind, and seeing his reluctance I did not insist. He was very courteous, and had a pleasant way of speech. I enjoyed his hospitality for some time, and we spoke on many interesting topics.

I can recall the earnestness and depth of feeling of this typical English pedagogue when he spoke on England. He lamented the trend English life and society were taking. "England was fast losing her soul," he declared, "for mere tinsel glamour and ramshackle refinement. She was fast becoming a mechanised nation, and family life was ruined. The kind of education imparted to children of impressionable age has created an imagination more based on servility than otherwise. The conceptions and emotions of the people have all been conditioned by this pervading mechanised environment. In the past, Englishmen

were proud to be independent farmers and producers ; now they are inspired by an educational system which creates a feeling of repugnance for agriculture and that so much so, that young men burn with the desire to cram the parasitical professions and callings."

Continuing, he said, "English boys of to-day lack the spirit of their ancestors because of their servile occupation. The tendency of industrialism is to brow-beat the human into a machine, thus crushing the real English spirit which was a crowning asset of Englishmen of the past. And for the girls, there was an acute marriage problem, the end of which cannot be prophesied. A class of people—men and women, were to be found, who hated, deliberately hated, the opposite sex ; and their growth was continual."

I listened attentively to this schoolmaster and was struck by his frank admission of the problems of his country—the country for which he cherished an unbounded love. As he spoke I studied his mind, and found him to be in real earnest. He was like a prophet, seeing the abysmal pitfall to which his country was approaching, and he was eager to share his findings with the equally earnest inquirer. He was a man of good manners and good breeding, and was within the sunny side of his forties, and no older. He spoke on many countries and their problems, including those of the East—India, China, Egypt—and the United States of America. His detached mind, as he spoke on men and measures, was commensurate with his keen intellect and just proportioning, and won my esteem and approval.

The discussion with this schoolmaster provoked my appetite for observation and study, and my observation

has disclosed that conventional fetishes are the canker in the heart of the English social order. To British girls this is anathema. Every girl's ambition is to get up in society, and to this ambition there are innumerable barriers of gigantic economic and social magnitude.

Royalty, the nobility and aristocracy take extreme care with the training of their daughters. These are born and bred in wealth and luxury, and are lavishly cared for. Part of their training is focussed on the assumption that their class has been ordained to be maintained as an exclusive lot of pure-blooded people. This genteel, pure blood must never be contaminated by any inferior tie whatsoever. They look down from their high pedestal on the rest of the inhabitants as the mere necessary structure on which their order rests.

The wealthy, without rank, are well protected by the mere possession of the world's goods. Their only grievance and ambition is that their daughters must be brought up to be so accomplished as to be able to marry some man of rank. Wealth procures all this, for there are many instances where bankrupt scions of nobility have matched themselves with girls who are nothing more than American tin-pot heiresses. Many cases, could, of course, be cited, to which this stricture in no way applies.

The middle classes are the upholders of traditional ethics, which are relics of medievalism. These are impervious to rational usages. These are church-goers and supporters of all such pious frauds—as I term them—as Christian missionaries abroad, and so on. They are pillars of poor-greatness, which maintains an air of superficial elegance. They cling to their cherished

old customs, and endeavour to bring up their daughters to their mode of thought and ideal. They sacrifice their very selves to uphold this ideal, but when better cannot be done, they send their girls to work in offices, factories and restaurants.

With these may be classed the working man's daughter—the beast of burden of all England, who in any case has to toil. The man, the wife and children, have all to work, to sustain the home. With the exception of royalty, nobility, aristocracy, the wealthy, and some of the middle class, all British girls have to work—some in the Civil Service, some in commercial offices, and others in factories, restaurants, cafés, and farms. Accordingly, their vocations have conditioned their mental outlook in life. The restaurant girls are, indeed, a set of courteous and polite servants.

CHAPTER XI.

AMONG the serving class of Londoners the courtesy shown is indeed marvellous. From the largest firm to the small grocer in his shop and the fruiterer in the street, profuse use is made of the words "Thank you!" Somehow, it seems as if the copious use of politeness is an inherent trait, though sometimes it is so excessively used that it jars on the nerves and becomes ludicrous and banal. Occasionally one meets with a class of clerkesses in offices, who give a measure of service in their calling, which, combined with a polite and dignified aloofness, permits of none too much intimacy.

The restaurant girls are a class in themselves. London possesses a whole army of them. They are trained in their vocations. In many cases they are selected for their good looks, for good looks bring custom. In a few big restaurants they are peculiarly and tastefully dressed—a clean and appropriate dress, to wit, the costume and badge of servility. They are the victims of undue exploitation.

To the superficial observer, the general appearance of these girls testifies to a cheerful and exhilarating existence. It is not so. They appear cheerful and buoyant, for that is one of the necessary assets of their vocation; but glimpses of mind trouble may be always seen in their look and deportment. Among them tragedy frequently occurs. Polite, entertaining and winning as they are, they easily render themselves

susceptible to the attack of the gay admirers of the opposite sex. The gay wooers of women's hearts in London streets are not unlike their fellows elsewhere. Unscrupulous and callous, they are relentless in their game.

On the whole, the outlook on life on the part of the restaurant girls is narrow. Their sphere of thought, culture and general moral perception is limited only to the heart. The type of education imparted has only helped them the more to look at life through the spectacles of glamour and mere excitement and frivolousness. The influence of the cinema and literature consisting of cheap novels of questionable romance, have instilled their poison in their minds. These girls can never seem to be serious. Now and again some are met with, whose attachment to a lover or sweetheart is wonderful and uncanny. One wonders at the reiterated tragedy that occurs in London because of disappointments and sorrow in the minds of girls between the ages of fifteen and thirty years.

At the time of my visit, there occurred the sad story of an Indian doctor and his English sweetheart. She was of respectable parentage, being the daughter of a schoolmaster. It was a pathetic story. The doctor was an English-qualified medico. He was married in India, but had fallen in love with this English lass in London. He could not procure a job either in England or abroad, and did not want to go back to India, for fear of complete separation from his love, who was equally devoted to him. His money was exhausted, and his supplies from India were cut off. His sweetheart borrowed money from her parent on several occasions for him. But he could not bear her doing this thing over and

over again, and so made desperate efforts to procure work, but all to no avail. Separation, to both him and the girl, seemed impossible; and so at length and at last, with the means to carry on life exhausted, the climax was reached, and one morning all England learnt the sad news of the double suicide of the Indian doctor and his English sweetheart. They died together in love's fond embrace, each devoted to the other, as true lovers. The newspapers broadcast the news with typical headlines, featuring it thus—"True till death."

Cases like this are many, and they all point out a moral to be read by the wise. It is for the British people to find out the extent of the meaning of the moral, and act accordingly.

The following incident will tend to knock out the effect of gloom cast on the reader's mind by the above sad story. It was a cold day in autumn, and my friend and myself were proceeding along Edgware Road to Marble Arch. I was expatiating on the beauties of the English country lasses that we had both seen at the Zoological Gardens on Bank Holiday. About 60,000 people visited the Zoo that day, and they were mostly from the country districts. The bloom on the cheeks and lips of the country lasses was conspicuous, for in the London residents this was a rare thing. It is evident that so soon as one spots a ruddy cheek—not the painted kind of course—the possessor always hails from the provinces. The fog and soot in the London air are responsible for the lack of bloom in the faces of London girls.

As I extolled the merits of the country girls' beauties to my friend, I was at the same time denouncing, and complaining against, the English climate, for the cold

was getting into my very marrow. My friend thereupon retorted, saying, "How inconsistent you are! You decry the English climate, and yet in ecstasies worship the beauty of English lasses, the very product for which the horrible climate you complain of is undoubtedly responsible!" I was indeed beaten low, and admitted defeat; but soon afterwards we both had to retire to the warmth of our rooms, for, on that afternoon, the Hyde Park wind was blowing terribly cold.

Industrialism has made its mark in the night life of every city of the world, and London is no exception to this. Indeed, its case is decidedly an aggravation of the matter; and this aggravation could not be seen in a more naked form. The scenes at night in the streets of London are bewildering. Literally speaking, London does not sleep. A peep in the restaurants between nine and eleven in the evening will disclose a sea of heads of all sorts of people—all apparently well-dressed, as seen in the electric-light dazzle. A tumultuous hissing and gossiping is going on, combined with the knocking and jingling of wares and crockery. Here and there can be heard music, both of radio and orchestra, from big hotels and houses; while the traffic continues with its din and noise, and pedestrians flit about. Among these the organ-grinder may be seen in the corner grinding away for pennies. These scenes make an itching appeal to the fickle mind.

The working-girls, in order to meet the deficiency of comfort in their own homes, repair to these restaurants, cafés and fictitious clubs, for enjoyment. Their minds naturally crave for these things, and go they will—and who will blame them? The cravings for romance,

excitement and adventure, extenuated by the craze for fashion and clothes, created by the Cinema, and by a mass of fiction and novels which can be had for a shilling each at any bookstall, are not satiated by mere looking on and seeing things. These nightly excursions have their actual beginning in sheer girlish delight and curiosity ; but oftentimes they end in these unfortunate girls dearly buying experiences that are all to their own detriment. Thus fallen, they gravitate to an undesirable existence, and generally become denizens of an underworld.

What hope of reform is there for a girl who has thus fallen in London streets ? In almost every case she is shunned by society as a moral leper, and to hide her shame she commits rash acts. Very many times she leaves an unknown child in the gutter, to be picked up by the policeman, and destined to an orphanage, branded from the start as a social outcast. Institutions and social service associations exist in England which ungrudgingly endeavour to secure the uplift of these fallen ones ; but true to the English temperament, inculcated by the incubus of a conventional mentality, the average British girl will hide her shame, shun all relatives and former friends and seek seclusion anywhere rather than bear the gaze of an unsympathetic and tyrannical social incongruity. Yes ! she will hide from the gaze of the world of sunshine and carry on a pernicious life in the dark.

The sorry part of the story is that the co-perpetrators of these misdeeds are not called to book. The penalty is light, and in the social order they bear no taint.

Prostitution is rampant in London. One computer puts it at about 80,000. The trail of its evil consequ-

ences may be glaringly seen in the prevalence of venereal diseases which sap the vitality of the race. Legislation exists for the control of prostitution, but no legislation on earth can stop a nuisance in society which has been aggravated by the faulty construction of the social and economic life of the nation. It is an open secret that numerous fictitious clubs abound in London that are merely brothels in disguise and centres of white-slave traffic. As I write a clean-up of these ill-famed places has been effected by the police ; but this will prove a temporary expedient only, and a relapse to normal conditions will reappear. The disease is at the root, and extermination must begin from the root. The entire sociological order needs radical reconstruction.

There are also numerous boarding-houses in London which are tenanted by a low type of Continental people and where prostitution is carried on with impunity.

Occasionally in the nights one will encounter the "Old Miss Young Class"—old women who, using a make-up of lip-sticks, paints, and wax, console themselves by aping their young professional rivals. These are abominations and hotbeds of diseases.

CHAPTER XII.

As my thought recalls the statement made by the school-master referred to in a previous chapter of the growth of male and female haters, the questions of surplus women and the marriage problem protrude themselves. This is an abnormal condition created by the periodical devouring demon called War. Like the mythical dragon of old, which paid its periodical visits to man's habitation and carried off its victims, and man remained helpless against its depredation, so these cataclysms of war devastate the flower of the world's manhood every now and again, leaving trails of helplessness behind. If each marriageable man in England were to marry there would still be a surplus of women. One obvious conclusion is arrived at, and that is—if the conclusion could be based on the prevailing idea of democracy—that the women being in a majority, the men should by right give over the power of the State to them. But no ! our sisters are not yet physically and intellectually fit to taste power. It would be like allowing children to play with fire, to entrust power in their hands. That they are fast progressing is a healthy sign for all concerned ; but of the problem of these surplus women, a solution must be found.

No twentieth-century thinker would dare suggest polygamy, though the merits and reasonableness of polygamy are irresistible. On the other hand, it is common knowledge that polygamous practices abound.

in England. Married men in every class, from the nobility and men of rank down to the man in the street, flirt and pay for the sustenance of fashionable courtezans and "keep-misses." It is a human failing which ought not to be the subject of social ostracism of the virulent-prude type, and which by careful and reasonable handling may be minimised to a great extent.

Sex-relationship is a great complex human problem ; subtle, as it is full of intricacies, and only mature human experience would help the situation. In some eastern countries there is no marriage problem, and some of these countries excel as to their sex-moral standard. Let us therefore study the problem from the point of view and light of human experience as have always prevailed in a country like India. Of course, in India there is a majority of men ; nevertheless, we will give the matter a consideration from the Indian human-nature-experience.

In India parents are responsible for the marriage of their marriageable children. This is the custom, and it is absolute law. In spite of the fact that early marriages have resulted as an abuse of this excellent custom—and Indians have stretched the custom to an undesirable extreme, so much so, that it has carried in its practice wanton abuses—the fact still remains that there is no marriage problem in India. All other social abnormalities are the outcome of extraneous customs that are quite apart from the question of relationship of sex.

A system of Open Selection, in conjunction with the legal responsibility of every parent to get his marriageable children wedded, could be promulgated in England

as a beginning to a solution. A midway course between these two extremes of the East (as prevailing in India) and of the West (as prevailing in England), may work out to be the salvation of the English sex-problem.

A Commission of Enquiry on a scientific basis may be able to explore the possibilities of such an innovation, the recommendation of which will, of course, always have to follow the entire reconstruction of the British economic system. The moral, social and economic problems of a country are so indissolubly linked, each one being a corollary of the others, that only a corresponding solution of all will suffice. Divorce, Eugenics, Birth Control, and Freedom of Choice may all be included in the scope of inquiry.

The existence of the male and female haters is unfortunate. It is evident that if these social paradoxes can be minimised, this phenomenon will also gradually disappear, for it is undoubtedly the outcome of the disparity of sex and disappointment in sex relationship.

It is essential to the well-being of a modern and rationally governed State to make sex-relationship a national concern of exceptionally vital importance, and it should never be pampered or tampered with by religious and social prudery and fanaticism. Like the health of the citizen, so also his morals must be the concern of the State. And this important problem is a matter for expert guidance; it must be guided by a flexible plan of progressiveness.

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At Piccadilly the splendour of the night scenes of London is at its best. The open cafés and hotels with their lackeys at their doors, dressed in regulation attire,

ready to receive guests that have arrived in sumptuous Packards and Rolls-Royces, present a dazzling picture. Here and there will be seen crowds of people flitting from café to café, and walking to and fro, all animated with the desire to live life at its best. Buses and motor cars continue on their way, rolling on and on, with their human cargo, to their destinations; and the tooting of horns, the din and noise of traffic, together with loud-speakers and orchestras, enliven the scene.

Standing with my friend, one evening, at Piccadilly Circus, above the Underground station—at a point where the eye catches glimpses of Piccadilly, leading to Green Park in front, and Regent Street and the Haymarket on the right and left—and looking on to this brilliant spectacle, while around fantastic lighting illumined gorgeous advertisement signs, beautiful and elegant cars glided along with occupants dressed in sumptuous evening attire, and the air was pervaded with sweet-scented perfume, my mind wandered back to the magnificence of the Arabian Nights, and it seemed as if we were transported by some magic carpet to the realms of some oriental potentate of antiquity.

My friend spoke to me, and as I listened to him, he said, "See and understand. Here we are, standing, as it were, within the hub of the British Civilization, surrounded by real and tangible evidences of great wealth, and of comforts that could only be purchased and procured by the possession of wealth." Then, turning and pointing towards the East End, he exclaimed: "There you have seen with your own eyes the testimony of palpable want and disease caused by the lack of wealth. So we have the sure evidences of great

extravagance on one hand and extreme poverty on the other—one the corollary of the other. All these stand as an enigma and puzzle to the average mind.” He paused, and continuing said, “Is it any wonder that the average mind runs away with the idea that to be poor is a crime? thus perpetuating a lure for criminality. Man in his tenacious endeavour to aspire to noble things, has been beaten low, till he is a brute, by his own ill-regulated, irrational and absurd social and economic environment—an environment of his own making, which not only perplexes his fruitful mind, but keeps him in utter mental thralldom and subjection. This incongruity stands as a satire on his might and majesty.”

The awful and naked truth dawned on me that something was radically wrong somewhere in the nature of things, as they existed. Man's injustice to man in combination with nature's injustice to him, was enough to make me cry in despair at man's destiny on earth. Everything seemed to be wrong and topsy-turvy. But, to save me from despair, I was more or less overcome by the fact that man was at the least an inherently moral being, and that the great problems lay in his extraneous surroundings, and in his endeavours to direct his ways of thought and living, as a social creature, in a true, rational and practical way.

As a rational seeker after truth, as against the Sahara of conventional ill-usages and lies of civilization, I found solace and satisfaction on this rock of fact—that man's salvation lies in the lap of radical changes and revolution of accepted notions, ideas, thought and culture.

AND BRITAIN'S DESTINY

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It is the only cure, in spite of the abject pessimism of every deep thinker, for the more one thinks, the more an abysmal pessimism lurks in the mind, that is only to be overcome by this one ray of light and hope.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE question may well be asked, Who is to begin the moulding of the minds toward the dawn of a new era in Old England? Who is this great genius who will endeavour to reform all these sociological incongruities and lay the foundation of a rational, practical and ideal basis of the entire moral, social and economic structure of human life? England has always led in the vanguard of civilisation. Will she do so now, or lose her leadership for ever? Her political constitution is an archaic institution, full of old-fashioned and obsolete ideas which are legacies and relics of the middle ages. It has reached a point in a cul-de-sac where its traditions and precedents can go no farther in the evolutionary process.

The British Democratic Institution as it is represented by its various anomalies of King, Royalty and Nobility, House of Lords (Lords Spiritual and Lords Temporal), House of Commons (Parliamentary Heads of Department, Permanent Officials, Under-Secretaries), Party Politics, Elections, and a mass of others too useless to mention here, has ceased to lead the nation towards new trails, new conditions, new thoughts, new experiments and new visions, but has settled down, resolved to revolve in its evolution of archaisms, continual circuits, vicious circles, cyclic defeatisms, and eliminations without equivalent gains.

Nothing can be gained from the talk-shop of West-

minster unless it is made the workshop to mould the mind of the nation-to-be. The ramifications of Parliament have been colossal, and its blunders equally magnificent, and so there is the possibility that it may, in its effort to effect an entire change in its heart, collapse with its cumbersome and towering dead weight—for no piecemeal reform will suffice. It must reform absolutely and wholly, or sink. We will dismiss Democracy from present consideration.

There remains the British Press to be considered. Newspaper concerns in England are gigantic organisations, with immense capital invested in them. It is not difficult for any thoughtful visitor to gauge the whole trend of British newspaper policy. Each section of the Press serves the particular political ends of its own party or group, and every other thought is subordinated to party consideration; but while their political platforms are as diverse as their general policy, the British Press, as a whole, is united in one common platform—the platform of continuing the present order of things.

It is an accepted truism that the Press can indeed mould public opinion—at least, it was thought so, and in a sense this is partially correct. It is nevertheless a boasted axiom of the Press, that it is the custodian of the public's conscience and the champion of the down-trodden—though now, like the British politician, it has perpetrated a somersault.

The Press is a business. The owners are private individuals, who are out to make profits from their press-business. Editors and managers are men blessed with the gift of a highly-developed acumen for business. Editors are not only concerned with the policy of a

paper, but also with the task of effecting enormous sales, thus affording dividends to shareholders. The directorate are accomplished big newspaper-traders, and are past-masters of their vocation. No editor dare side-track the given mandate of a board of directors ; if he does so, he does it at his own peril.

Taken as a whole, from the owner-director, editor and manager, to the newsboys on the streets, the members of this circle of newspaper-producing people are all bent on the one united purpose—to sell their wares. Sales must be increased so as to secure advertisement-patrons. Like the politician—though every newspaper-man in England is undoubtedly a politician—the newspaper-man is no philanthropist. He does not do his business for the sake of his health, and not even for the sake of the down-trodden masses. The pressman's maxim is that the Press must pay—profits must be made ; and Press competition is notoriously keen in Great Britain. Every paper is on the alert for scoops and sensationalism ; and above all, the pressman knows that the crowd are his customers, and that to increase sales he must give the crowd value for its money. In short, he must dish out to the crowd what the crowd likes.

Scaremongering sensationalism and cheap jibes are the paraphernalia to satisfy the crowd's interest, and this the Press is out to do, so as to procure trade. Let me be more explicit. The policy of a paper is toned so as to gain the confidence of the crowd. The crowd will only buy that particular paper in which its mode of thought finds full expression, and the result of that is that the paper will endeavour to please the crowd, so that the crowd will buy the paper, and so on. The

tendency will be that the crowd will think as the paper thinks, and the paper will think as the crowd thinks, thus leading to nowhere—like the two drunken men leading each other home at night, of whom each in turn found out in the end, when he became sober, that he was still wandering in the street.

But the day of sobriety of the Press seems far distant yet. Present-day journalism in England is reduced into one hectic craze of heedless contortions, exaggerations, and commodious and convenient lies. Press idiosyncrasies and editorial susceptibilities are anathema to the profession. Scandal-mongering sensationalism, coupled with incessant displaying and featuring, are its essential traits. It will be difficult for the average intelligent citizen to probe through the mass of verbiage and debris that are dished out day by day by newspapers—those guardians of the public's conscience !

On a given subject of economics and politics the average intelligent citizen will have to abide with the views of his favourite paper or editor. He thinks according to the lights of his Tory, Whig, Labour or Communist paper or editor, thus designating his political creed or doctrine. In short, his thinking is done second-hand for him.

It is a notorious fact that British newspaper men have in the last decade amassed immense wealth at the expense of the British public, and consequently possess immense power. But newspaper magnates do not only possess the Press ; they are also the prime factors in the fostering of commercial and industrial combines and mergers, in which they are large shareholders and directors. Such a man may be the director of a munition factory or of a brewery, and in the latter event, he may

own several pubs, and hotels. In short, there is no choice of conscience in his investments. His ramifications may be seen in politics, international intrigues, finance, railways, merchandise, merchant marine and aircraft; and, not least among these, he may be interested in the making, meddling in, and breaking out of pestilential wars.

As a politician he shapes the policy of the State and hammers it in the minds of the masses, and thus, in the long-run, achieves his own personal ends. With every potent source of power in his grasp, the masses lie in complete surrender at his feet, following his whims and fancies, wills and dictates.

The working-man is thus hemmed in within a vicious circle. He is the real producer of the goods, yet he is not master to enjoy at will their benefits. He is led to believe that he is nobody in the nature of things as they exist, and he owns nothing. The Press continues to drub this into his ear, and he supports the Press, believing it to be the keeper of his conscience. Further, the Press encourages him to be cheerful with his unenviable lot; and he, poor fellow, seldom disagrees with his favourite paper.

The Press is all-powerful in Great Britain. It holds the sceptre of power in the hollow of its hands, and wields it, not in the interest of the masses, but to sustain the ascendancy of its own class. It can make, break and wreck ministries; and to differ from it is to earn the contempt of the crowd and be branded as a rebel by the State.

Not satisfied with this wonderful cyclic hypocrisy, newspapers have degenerated into a system of procuring sales by coupons, and these abnormalities have become

an art in England. Crimes, criminals, and the fallen who possess no influence at headquarters, are the butt of their depredations. During my stay in London a few trivial cases of indecent assault were the subject of unmitigated ridicule. In the case of Helene Adele her entire life-history was published. Her pictures were seen everywhere. Her little escapade had made her a popular figure, and she was acclaimed a heroine. In a case like this the editors play on the crowds' idiosyncrasies as musicians play on their harp-strings.

What does it matter if the psychological effects impair the morals of society? Psychological effects are made to be harnessed in order to produce wealth. Such is the present-day philosophy of the British Press.

The modern Press is undoubtedly the most efficient and convenient vehicle of thought. It will continue to be such until it is superseded by some other scientific method. As an institution its culture bristles with a wonderful capacity for good. It is a nation's bulwark against retrogression; but, like everything else, it has been abused for greed and gain. Political, social, and economic paradoxes have corrupted its most salient features. Founded and inspired on the excellent and noble principles of liberty, fraternity and equality, reared as a child of free thought and general progress, the modern Press has simply succumbed within narrow spheres of irrational vortexes.

In point of technique and general standard, the British Press is equal to any in the world.

I guess the reader may be well-nigh sick at heart of this Press-probing, but I will endeavour to take him on a mental walk in the London streets, to see and admire the British newsboys in his typical street setting while

hawking his goods. His peculiar and arresting cry rings out clear, and catches the ear above the din and noise of the traffic. It is difficult to understand what he utters in his piercing scream. It is just a news-cry to arrest the attention of pedestrians.

He has evolved his own method of selling his paper. Let us watch him in business. He has established himself in a peculiar haunt of his, the corner of an important street, or of a square or circus, for that matter. He has lined up a series of posters, depicting and featuring the news-items of the day. These are placed in rows, and conspicuously, too, so that the passer-by will see them at a glance, and be able to read their contents. He struts to and fro from one end to the other, shouting his usual news-cry which pierces the atmosphere around.

His manner of dress is characteristic of his humble calling. A leather-bag hangs across the shoulder. In this he keeps the cash from his sales.

He knows his job, this London newsboy, and he knows his customers. No sooner does he see one of them than he mechanically wraps a paper, hands it to the customer, and receives his penny or twopence. This is done in the twinkling of an eye, and he resumes calling his cry. He may be seen everywhere, and, like the inimitable organ-grinder he also forms part and parcel of the London streets.

CHAPTER XIV.

INDUSTRY in the British Isles is reaching a stage in its evolution that will necessitate, as a matter of course, a parting of the ways. It will lead either to a democratic rationalism or to a world-wide industrial despotism. All indications point towards the latter tendency, and this tendency, if allowed to develop unchecked, will obviously lead to an aggravation which may sweep every obstacle before it. It will be a source of extreme danger to the masses of the entire world, for boundaries, physical and political, will be no check to its universal sway. Hitherto intense nationalism has been the means of limiting its boundaries, but now the matter resolves itself into a question of self-preservation of a class of people who have everything in their favour to preserve themselves. As a class, they recognise as never before, their world-wide kinship.

It does not require a probing commission to find out and see the effects of industrial combinations in England, for they are only too evidently manifest in the recent combining and merging of various vested interests, not only in England, but also on the Continent and in America—interests which represent such immense collateral and financial securities, that the effects of the concussion in one country have been felt far and wide; and these interests are undoubtedly interrelated with the well-being of the inhabitants of the world. These combinations as they continue to extend, are regarded by British Socialists as the gradual process towards a Socialistic State, as if, by one legislative

enactment, the entire individual ownership could be changed into State-ownership. On the other hand, these vested interests regard the merging and combining as sure safeguards of the continuity of the existing order of things. The climax will be certainly reached some day in a testing of strength.

This point of view of the British Socialist is fallacious. Power once tasted by a class will not be easily given up. It will mean a struggle for supremacy. The capitalist system has ingrained itself in the minds of all. It has become part of man's nature. British Socialist politicians are half-breed capitalists. Most of them are rank opportunists, and are simply leaning on the labour organisation as means and supports that will lift them in their selfish interest from excellence to excellence. Few of them can claim to have actually worked. They know but little of first-hand labour conditions. Titled Nobility, wealthy members of Rank and Society, Baronets and their wives, professional parasites consisting of King's Councillors, Barristers and Solicitors, Bankers, and retired Army Officers, constitute the rank and file of the Labour politicians. How it is possible for these types of people to think out for themselves, is inconceivable! It is impossible for me to reconcile myself to the incongruous idea of a Labour Member of the Peerage.

Labour politics are a Chinese puzzle. Their inconsistency is marvellous. To depend on the British Labour politicians to maintain a principle is like depending on a mad clock that strikes twelve and points at one. Previously to the success of the first Labour ministry in England, Labour members made platform speeches that were bordering on rank Communism.

Their opposition speeches were "tall" and sanguinary. The masses hailed them as their saviours. All kinds of Fabian theories were spoken of and written about, and Fabianism was considered the criterion to the Millennium. The aristocracy and middle-class looked askance on their politics; but so soon as power was in their grasp, they succumbed to an influence that was beyond their control—the influence of heredity—and displayed their cloven hooves. Their pet theories were pitted against the embedded permanent-official despotism, the battering of which became insurmountable and beyond their ken. They cared more for the glamour of power than the betterment of the lot of the working-man.

There is hardly any difference of outlook between the politics of a Labour, Conservative or Liberal. If there is any, then it is negligible. While there might be trivial differences in domestic politics, all three parties suffer alike from Imperialism complex. The defection of the British Socialist is rather deep-seated. Anglo-Saxon mentality is responsible for it, and, unlike the Slavs and the Latin races, the British is not given to revolutionary tendencies.

Manufacture has killed the agricultural prosperity of the British nation. The production cost of any given agricultural product in England is higher than in most countries, with the result that, in the interest of cheap food, Free Trade has become the national fiscal creed. The British farmer is at the mercy of foreign competition and his creditors. Agriculture may be summed up in these few colloquial words of a British farmer—"Farming is a dying concern in England nowadays."

In order to understand and appreciate British domestic policy, one has to measure up world conditions to some extent so as to arrive at a true perspective. In the past England held the supremacy of being the leading manufacturing country in the world. She stood as a great purchaser of raw products from every available source, and the markets of her manufactured goods seemed inexhaustible. In her colonies her markets enjoyed protection. On the European Continent Germany was the only considered rival, and American mass production was yet to be. Her manufactured articles were indeed the pride of the world, and the slogan, "British and Best," reigned supreme; and in consequence of that she waxed rich and became a great colonial and maritime power. Her steady growth out-rivalled the ephemeral prosperity of Spain, Portugal, and Holland. She consolidated her Indian Empire, which added immense wealth to her suzerainty; and her influence in China likewise increased. Both these Eastern countries consumed her manufactured goods. Her studied policy reduced to impotency the Indian manufacturer. Her expansion and imperialistic policy in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and other colonies, not only increased her world-wide prestige, but all these units consumed her goods alike, to her great advantage.

Her mercantile marine ploughed every sea, and her commercial exploits became a byword, and thus she became a nation of shopkeepers in the proud possession of a great Empire. Prior to the Great War of 1914, Germany was the only rival of any consequence. The Great War ensued, and Germany was crushed. The war called forth her utmost resources, and every unit

of the Empire rallied round her banner, and gave their treasures and manhood. The intervention of the U.S.A. changed the fortunes of the war in favour of the Allied nations. The war came and went, and its aftermath was untold depression throughout the world. As political boundaries were changed by it, so also it changed accepted notions and ideas of the nations of the world.

The Dominions and the Irish Free State constituted themselves into co-equal partners of a Commonwealth of Nations. India has rebelled against British rule, and at the time of writing her greatest leader, Mahatma Gandhi, attends the Round Table Conference. India is in a state of turmoil. Gandhi's Civil Disobedience campaign may or may not succeed in wresting power from the British Imperialists—though its impotency against the Indian masters of the ryot seems manifest. This change of masters is the most disconcerting element against Gandhism—though the idea lurks in my mind that Indians cannot afford to fight a dual battle at one time. They are determined to fight against British Imperialism first; and when they become masters of their own home, they will, in turn, face the greatest menace to their liberty—the Indian princes and aristocracy and the Indian landlords and capitalists.

If India's freedom depends on the question of swopping masters, then surely India had better choose the British masters in preference to the type of Bengalee Babu officials that prevail in the circle of London. I would rather she remained in a state of perpetual British helotry, than have masters of the type of officials and representatives who ape an alien attitude towards their own people. A rigid official demeanour, an official brass-face, are the sole assets of these officials.

Clothed in brief authority, labelled and lettered as a Doctor of Literature and a Knight of the British Empire, they are found to assume a pompous air of official self-importance. They may be found in charge of responsible posts, like the High Commissioner's office, or Member of the Council of State for India, or at the Indian Government Hostel at Cromwell Road; but their sympathy and advice are too precious to help many a distressed Indian brother in London.

This type will sell their birthright for the proverbial mess of pottage, and they have rightly earned the censure of the learned Macaulay; and woe be to India if she falls a prey into the hands of these and official place-hunters. I certainly recommend these men to serve and learn the principles and precepts of brotherhood at the feet of that unobtrusive friend and benefactor of all Indians, Mr Henry S. L. Polak.

But knowing, as I do, the nobility of character and the true patriotic sense which prompt the Gandhis, the Nehrus, the Naidus, and their type, not only to do their duty towards India, but to give their lives wholesale, if required, I do not despair for India. Nevertheless, in the general clean-up these pestilential barnacles must be scrubbed off the bottom of the national ship.

While the Indian struggle looms on the horizon, the Imperialist mentality is suffering a change in connection with the self-governing Dominions. A recent Imperial Conference consisting of Dominion Premiers met in London. This conference ended in fiasco. It was disclosed for the first time that Imperial concern was of secondary importance to the Dominions. Reciprocal agreements could only be arranged so far as they would safely coincide—and favourably, too—with the domestic

policy of the various units. It opened the eyes of the British *confreeres* and of the British Government. They found that the Dominions did not share alike their Imperial notions. The airs of the Dominion Premiers touched the ire of the British delegates, and their attitude was alluded to as persistent humbug.

It is like the father who happens to meet his grown-up and prosperous sons in a straightforward business talk. He finds them not only possessed with their own importance, but also somewhat arrogant, and determined only to meet him on terms and conditions which suit their interests first. The father feels piqued at the onset, but, like a sensible and experienced man, he will overlook the impetuosity of youth, swallow his pique, and face the facts. He will certainly not, in the circumstances, endeavour to foist his will on the score of flimsy sentiment, which would be out of harmony in an atmosphere where practical realism prevails.

In the Colonies this change of outlook also discloses itself, though in this case it has been aggravated more or less by an interfering and tampering with their age-long constitutions. It seems as if it is a settled British policy for Britain to consolidate her hold on the colonies after every war—a policy that was responsible for the loss of the U.S.A. Considerable discontent has been engendered by this blind and misguided policy of the permanent officials. If these changes of constitution had the germ of progress, then by all means let them be adopted as changes for the better. But in every case the change has reduced the people's status to impotency, and added more burdens to the British taxpayer and the Colonials themselves.

As gifts of the victory of the Great War of 1914; the

Mandated territories of Palestine, Irak, Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika have been added to Britain's already heavy responsibilities. These are nothing more than self-imposed burdens of added trouble. In Palestine the clash between Arab and Jew is imminent. Irak has been granted a seeming independence, for the Arab resents British rule. Kenya and Tanganyika are in the throes of racial discontent. The rival factions are Whites, Arabs, Indians, and native Africans.

And last, but not least, comes some unreasonable and absurd grumbling from Wales and Scotland. This can only be answered by present-day realities. The Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr Ramsay MacDonald, is a bonny Scotsman, and Mr Lloyd George, the Leader of the very important Liberal Party,* and an ex-Prime Minister, also, is a Welshman. It would be superfluous to multiply instances like these. Suffice it to say that, with the exception of trivial out-country differences of the English, Scots, and Welsh, these races have been blended into a cognate homogeneousness, the separating of which would be like the dissecting of the living organisms of the human body.

The United Kingdom of England, Scotland and Wales, and Northern Ireland, with the Irish Free State, the self-governing Dominions, India, the Colonies, Dependencies, Protectorates, and Mandate Territories, constitute the present-day British Commonwealth of Nations.

As I write, the passing of the "Westminster Bill" in Parliament has removed every vestige of doubt on the question of Complete Equality of the various self-

* At the time when Author was writing.

governing units of the Empire. An amendment on certain reservations regarding the Irish Free State did not find favour with the Members of Parliament. Complete Equality may as well be regarded as Complete Separation.

CHAPTER XV.

IN summing up, the conclusion is arrived at that the geographical growth of the British Empire has outgrown the political constitution of the United Kingdom. In other words, the British Constitution has not kept pace with the expansion of the British Empire. There is no question about it that the British have succeeded in planting their ideas and culture abroad, in a manner second to none in the world. It is readily admitted that Great Britain has done more for world civilization than any other nation. The blunder in her policy is that she goes thus far and no farther in her experimenting process, and pins her faith on ultra-cautious dubiety. The means and measures of her planting her institutions abroad have shown some wonderful results—but ostensibly in surface value only. Moreover, it appears that the very means of success offer the surest means of the downfall of her political supremacy.

A one-time colony, the United States of America stands to-day her greatest commercial and political rival. Her Dominions are self-governing units, connected with the Mother Country by a simple, threadbare and sentimental tie, which may snap at any moment. The domestic policy of each is antagonistic to Imperial Policy. The British Empire stands to-day as a nominal concern. The much-talked-of Empire-homogeneity was exposed in its nakedness at the recent Imperial Confer-

ence, which succeeded in dispelling the atmosphere of doubt as to the political entity of the British Empire. Numerous dubious means are devised to bolster up the dying idea. The change of name, from the British Empire to the British Commonwealth of Nations, as one of the means to this end, has not helped the situation.

South Africa repudiates the Union Jack. The Irish Free State is a thorn in the side of England, abiding its opportunity to acclaim itself a republic. The Royal Family has been termed a social encumbrance in a resolution of Radical Socialists, and the Royal Princes act as ambassadors of trade to recapture the dwindling trade resources.

British Imperialism contrasts with the policy of the French. There is a fundamental difference between the methods of both in dealing with the colonies. The French Republic promotes colonial representation in the Chambers of Deputies in the French capital. It encourages representation from within, while the British system promotes representation from without. Both systems are defective and fallible—each has its own demerits. They simply undo themselves. The British scheme has created rival parliaments, each aiming at self-preservation. In the English case, if colonial representation from within had been substituted, there is the probability that the British Parliament would have been something equivalent to the Great House of Representatives of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

This Representative House would have been augmented by the best intellect from the British Dominions,

India, and the Colonies. Thus mingled—the best minds of Old England with the virile, young, and robust manhood of the various units, commingled with the best cultural traits from India, Egypt, and others—the world might have seen the dawn of a new era in this Comity of Nations. It might have been the nucleus and prelude to a World Federation. The scope of expansion might have been unlimited. But there might also have been the probability that, possessed as Great Britain is, of her white Dominions, a combined Anglo-Saxon race predominance against coloured peoples would have marred the general progress of this great racial-experimenting homogeneity. But London might have been the centre of all thought and gravity, political, economic and cultural. It might have been England's greatest achievement, this Racial-Conglomeration.

Fortunately or unfortunately for the world, this conglomeration does not seem probable. The separatist British policy ultimately defeats white supremacy. The germ of separation has already been sown without a plan, and without experience, either; and for what is yet known of human nature, this may be necessary for the good of the world.

The French case is the other way round. If Frenchmen persist in colonial representation in France, the tendency will be that, in the course of years, France will be ultimately ruled by coloured aristocrats from her colonies. France's misfortune is that she possesses no white colonies to act as a balance. Thus both systems defeat their own preservation.

The Frenchman, in any case, does not nurse a colour-prejudice; he simply cannot afford it. I have not noticed much colour feeling in London. In a few pro-

vincial towns of England colour-feeling has assumed some little proportion. The English colour question is a simple matter. If the Indian, the African, or West Indian, provide efficient educational facilities in their own countries—which they are capable of doing—to suit their own peculiar requirements, then they will bear no kind of colour prejudice anywhere.

British people have made the conditions such, that coloured students clamour to proceed to London and England, to qualify for certain professions; for there is no doubt about it, that the Indian, West Indian, and African blindly worship the glamour of the parasitical professions as against that of real work.

In other words, it means that the British encourage coloured people to come to England, and spend their money there in absorbing British culture and sense of things. Therefore British objection to colour in England is absurd, and simply means the cutting away of the ground on which British greatness stands; and some Britishers do not understand or realise that colour-prejudice in England will send, in the long run, all coloured people elsewhere for technical training, which their own countries, unfortunately, do not provide, and so will be detrimental to Empire interests. Of course, this lack of educational facilities in the British Colonies and Dependencies is inspired at the instance of the British authorities, and once again the vicious circle is met.

There are two principal sources that provoke colour objections in England. One is the influence of American Jim-Crowism and money, and the other is the question of culture. Coloured folks cannot burn money like the

Americans. When Yankees object to colour in certain hotels, it means the withdrawal of their patronage if the hotels persist in catering for coloured people. But no such objections are meted out to coloured Indian princes, who outspend even the Yankees.

And there are some good reasons for objection on cultural grounds. In most cases coloured residents in England do not live up to a given standard and sense of propriety; and that being so, they will encounter opposition anywhere in the world—even in their own countries. England possesses a minimum of colour-prejudice; but she cannot afford to cherish a colour-kink, or she ruins herself.

Colour-prejudice abounds in the Dominions over which the British Government has no direct control. Coloured people need not bother about them at all; their exclusiveness will react to their own detriment, while the growth of the coloured races continues unhampered.

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On the other hand, European nations have reached the zenith of their expansion. The culminating point has been reached, and the inevitable decline will be the result. They are an old race of people, while the Dominions and Colonies are virgin countries with their manhood and resources yet undeveloped. The virgin environment has enriched their vitality and virility, the like of which is fast diminishing in the older countries. A comparison of Europe with Asia, and of Europe with America, or a precise comparison, which could be easily

borne, between England and the United States of America, may not be amiss.

America, with her mass production and self-contained home market, competes successfully with the British. The Dominions are part manufacturers, and tariff walls of protection are raised against other competing countries, not excluding even the Mother Country.

India and China have sustained successful boycotts against British and foreign goods, with the result that these boycotts have resulted in serious unemployment in England. Hitherto these countries and Egypt had been her exclusive markets for her manufactured products. The Indian and Chinese boycotts have also reflected reactions in America and in the Continent of Europe.

As I write, the financial collapse of Germany is imminent. In the coming winter it is calculated that about seven million Germans will be out of employment. This is a bleak outlook, for British commitments in Germany are considerable, and desperate efforts are being made by both America and Great Britain to save Germany from chaos and Communism. Yeoman as are the efforts made in international affairs, the British Budget is causing anxious moments to the British Cabinet. A deficit of £120,000,000 is to be met. Drastic economies are contemplated. It may result in the fall of the Labour Cabinet.

All over the British Empire there are cries of acute depression. The West Indian Islands, British Guiana and the Colonies are sources of grave anxiety and concern to the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. At the period of writing a world-wide depression hangs like

a mist on the face of the earth, and a gloomier world could not be pictured. Amidst all this gloom, the rattling of the sabre is heard now and again from a few European bombasts and in the Far East.

The price of commodities is on the constant decline. The lot of the producer and the working mass is precarious. These are squeezed between the consumers and the middle-men. These measure up commodities in gold, and hoard it in bank vaults. The structure of the capitalistic system is on the verge of collapse. It is on the brink of a precipice, and world-wide chaos seems inevitable unless some moneyed group of nations or individuals save it from itself. But this salvation will be temporary only, for these financial cataclysms are bound to recur so long as there are the artificialities of tariffs, exchanges, irregular banking, underselling, dumping, false trade statements, and a hundred and one superficialities and multiplicities. No patching or plastering will do for this bulging capitalistic ulcer. The disease is in the blood—a complete operation is necessary.

The solvency of many a nation is doubted. Some exist on perpetual loans, and others multiply their budget deficiencies and spend these on armaments of war. Commodities are unsaleable and productions are restricted, while three-quarters of the world's inhabitants go in want of the bare necessities of life. They are half-naked and half-starved, while there is the general cry of too much wheat, too much sugar, too much cotton, and too much of almost everything. For example, instead of creating a world-wide drive for the cheap sale of an essential commodity like sugar, so that a great majority of the world's population may procure it

cheaply, and consume more and more, the sugar overlords have in their resourceful brains emerged only a Chadbourne plan of restricted output.

“The mountain was in travail, and it brought forth indeed only a mouse”—a Chadbourne plan.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE collapse of the British Labour Ministry seems momentarily imminent. It is straining every nerve to maintain itself in power. Somehow, the eyes of the entire stricken world had turned for light to this source. In the Labour Ministry of England the masses of the world found hope, but it appears as if this hope will have to die in shattered and sunken despair. Nothing extraordinary or outstanding has been achieved by this wonderful party. They have simply exposed themselves to the world as being just as impotent against the iron rule of the Permanent Officials as their Conservative or Liberal prototypes.

British Socialism has ended its career thus far. Has it metamorphosed itself into British Fascism? This question is likely to be asked. . . .

The Labour Cabinet and Ministry have collapsed, and a seeming three-party National Government has been formed, headed by the Labour Premier, Mr Ramsay MacDonald. This Government assumes as its principal duty the balancing of the Budget. Meanwhile New York and Paris contemplate a big loan to the British Exchequer. Political prophets predict the life of the Government from six weeks to six months. Mr Ramsay MacDonald and his immediate colleagues have been branded as traitors to the working-class. The Labour Party and organisation have assumed vigorous opposition to the Government, and they constitute the official opposition in Parliament—the very people on whose back Messrs Ramsay MacDonald and Co. rode from excellences to excellences. Mr MacDonald has been

requested by his constituents to resign his seat. He has refused to budge from his inconsistency—which has become proverbial.

The situation in England is dark. With the exception of a revolution, anything may happen. I exclude a revolution, because I do not credit the British workers with enough backbone to fight for a revolution.

The National Government has gone to the people, and a bitter election has been fought. The National Government has been returned with an overwhelming majority, and the Labour Party has dwindled into a feeble opposition of fifty members.

The Labour defeat has been complete. It has been swept off the board, defeated by its own impotency and weak-heartedness. Mr Arthur Henderson and a few other notable Labour Members of the Cabinet have lost their seats. The Nationalist wave, mingled with the glamour of a few personalities whose defection from life-long principles has survived deceptions as questions of honour, has swept the country from one end to the other in its highest tide, achieving victory at the polls, and leaving England to choose nothing but playing the fiddle to American tuning.

Meanwhile, in common agreement, all three parties have agreed to meet the Indian delegates at the Second Round Table Conference. Mahatma Gandhi's co-operation has been secured. This is in itself of happy significance for all concerned. And as a prelude to British-Indian amity, Lord Rothermere issues *A Penny Daily Mail Blue Book* on the Indian Crisis.

One can understand Lord Rothermere and his lamentations in the above book. A more lucid picture of

British capitalist mentality towards India has never been published. It is an outburst of helplessness and woe. Its best feature is that it is brutally frank. It openly and defiantly admits that it intends to flout "world opinion," and perpetuate the parasitical tendency of one class and one race of people to live off another class—another race. It is nevertheless a foolish and childish attempt to frustrate an unerring law of nature and the universe—the birth, growth, and death of everything. Lord Rothermere's pious bleatings about chaos in India after the withdrawal of the British is arrant nonsense, and is as graceless as is the attempt of the Mohammedans to regain a kind of supremacy by exploiting British sentiment on the urge of loyalty.

Lord Rothermere has forgotten his remedy. Let him assume power in England, become a dictator, gather the British Army, Navy, and Air Force, and with 60,000 British troops in India, reconquer and coerce the Indian people into complete subjection and submission. It is the best way to go about the matter. He has forgotten that had India been left to herself she might have been a greater Japan.

It is high time to remind the Mohammedans of India that they have lost the imperial sway in India through nobody's fault but their own. It is graceless indeed to expect to regain it by kow-towing to the British tender side. It is an unerring law of history that opportunities like those which the Mohammedans have lost in India, and elsewhere in the world, can never be regained. The Indian Empire was theirs for the asking—this glorious Indian Empire of which Lord Rothermere speaks and writes in glowing and fervent ecstasies, and which is even now slipping from the British grasp.

That the one has lost it, somehow, through their whims and fancies, and that the other will lose it through simple vaingloriousness of the type of Lord Rothermere's, is a fact which will be recorded in the historian's history.

England's withdrawal from India will be India's joy and her material benefit. This is the verdict of every impartial observer. Lord Rothermere seems to forget that he speaks not of the Middle Ages, when anything was possible, when any adventurer was able to found an empire. This is the twentieth century, and the eyes of every worm are open. Let me remind this Prince of Newspaper Magnates of the Indian bard who sings thus :

“ My eyes are open as never before,
 My intellect is even as never before.
 As I was beaten low, so equally have I risen,
 Like the wind-ball, which, the harder it is hit down,
 The higher it rises on high.”

(From the *Songs of Independence*.)

Is there any physical force existing which will be able to subdue and kill such immortal thoughts ? It is too late to think of Empire Free Trade. Lost love cannot be regained by a slogan, nor can England ever hope to reconquer India by physical force. The only salvation lies in the hope of a free and contented India in alliance with the resourceful British, both in mutual recognition of each other's rights.

The destiny of England and India as a world force is indissolubly linked, and as such, the possibility must be ensured of a free, contented, and harmonious working for the common good of both. And men of the type

of Lord Rothermere must never endeavour to tamper with any efforts toward such a harmony.

Indian affairs have turned out badly for England. Crores of rupees find their way yearly into British coffers in the form of pensions, dividends, and divers other ways. The Indian fight for self-rule will mean the extinction of lucrative and illimitable sources of revenue for Britishers. How true are the words of a Britisher who said not very many years ago, "India has been bled white by Britain's mendacious policy of exploitation." This policy has brought forth its own reaction, the eventual retribution of an irrational and suicidal policy. The problem will be difficult to solve when thousands of civil servants are let loose from the Indian service. Occupations must be found for these, while the millions of Britishers will continue to be out of employment.

India will be free for the Indians, and Britishers in India will be ultimately absorbed, in the natural course of things, in the Indian homogeneity; for, somehow, the absorbing influence of the East is wonderfully uncanny. It will be another instance of Egypt for the Egyptians.

In the struggle for freedom India has gained the sympathy of all. She has won immense moral support from every lover of freedom throughout the entire world. World opinion is in her favour. It is the outcome of the implicit faith in the gospel of renaissance from within.

The very unexpected thing has happened. Fancy the British Government taking the unprecedented action of appealing to the Indian Government for the modification of certain tariff proposals that were before the Indian

Legislative Council ! Years ago it was the other way round.

It is unfortunate, the communal spirit in India. But the man who did not expect communal strife in India is a downright fool. No country has ever achieved freedom without sacrifice, and India is no exception. I would rather see the possibility of a free fight between the two paramount communities, and a great shedding of blood, so that when both realise in the calm aftermath of war the futility of perpetual conflict, they will be glad to hug and embrace each other in cemented new love. Some little courage is no unusual thing in the struggle for freedom. History points this way. But what cannot be understood are the exaggerated reports of these little riots that occur spasmodically. It doubtless serves the interests of some people to exaggerate these trivialities. Moreover, some are sponsored by *agents provocateurs* of the bureaucracy.

Indians must learn to die for their country. To die for one's country is the supremest of sacrifices. How beautifully does the Indian bard sing it !—

“ Why gaze drowsily at the Martyr's Grave ?

Surely it is thy brother's blood shed not in vain.”

(From the *Songs of Independence*.)

No one can at the point of a bayonet cause another to purchase his goods. It is immoral in the extreme, and not even Great Britain, one of the greatest military powers on earth, can force an Indian or a Chinese to purchase British goods against his wish.

Reciprocal agreements are mutual concerns of States. They are the outcome of goodwill and common understanding between two or more States for the specific

purpose of intercourse and exchange of commodities. If one State does not desire participation for any reason whatever, it will be highly improper for the other to insist on participation. To do so will be outraging a highly moral principle of civilized people.

The Chinese and Indian boycotts are directed against foreign goods, and are aimed at the protection of their home industries. They also possess a political colouring—the endeavour to carry on a moral warfare against the influence of extra-territorialities of stronger nations. Gandhism and its doctrine of boycott, non-co-operation, and civil disobedience hit at Britain's most vulnerable part, without any hope or chance for Britain of retaliating without spoiling her own face.

Somehow, the sympathy of the United States of America synchronises with the aspirations of struggling people, while British policy is interpreted as antagonistic. Among Asiatic people, the name of England engenders a sense of danger, and a suspicious attitude is taken up even when a genuine gesture of goodwill is offered. It is no doubt bad for Great Britain. It is the result of a bad name created by unscrupulous and mercenary politicians at the head of British affairs in the past.

All these things spell a future of gloom and despair for Great Britain ; but notwithstanding all, Old England is rich in credentials in respect of valiant service to humanity, and can yet achieve what it has lost from the Lord Rothermere class of people, if it will envisage a radical change in India's economic and political structure, and adopt a rational basis of practical progressiveness.

It is not too late to mend, and, somehow, I still have great hopes in the resourceful character of the great British nation.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE average Britisher is ignorant of Empire politics, though in his immediate politics at home, where his bread and butter is concerned, he takes a lively interest. This interest is centred so far as the policy of the Government does not interfere with the taxation of his food, clothes, wages, and doles. To him, Imperial concern is an enigma and a humbug, for he is fully cognisant of the fact that he, an inhabitant of the British Isles, is merely a subject of the State, like the Indian and African abroad, and that he gains no special privilege for being such. He is not even aware of the fact that he is a spoke in the wheel of a system that has the self-imposed task of training other backward peoples into civilization.

On the whole the cultural level of a vast majority of Britishers does not compare favourably with that of other European States. Germans and Frenchmen are, on the average, better educated. If the millions of uncouth and uncultured fishermen that swarm the coasts of the British Isles be taken into account, then the comparison will run low down in the scale. The general outlook on life, and the mentality of this and other kindred classes, are prescribed within a narrow horizon.

How can these envisage the idea of their being the possessors of a vast overseas Empire? Their conscious participation is *nil*. The Empire belongs to the ruling classes—the permanent officials, the royalties, nobilities, financiers, and pressmen. The British masses are merely the convenient accommodation and prop on which rests

the foundation of a giant incubus—the supremacy of the ruling classes.

If anyone desires to measure the standard of intellect of the average Englishman, he must visit Hyde Park and listen to some of the soap-box oratory that obtains there. He will be able to form his own opinion on the question. Hyde Park is the rendezvous of all and sundry. Thousands of people resort here all day until late in the evening. All kinds of platform speeches are afforded the willing listener. International and Domestic Politics, Party Politics, Labour and Communism, Religion, Roman Catholicism, Protestantism, Salvation Army, Church Army and other sects, Indian Freedom League, Social Reforms, Prison Reforms, Science and Humour—all have their respective platforms.

Even a convict will speak in Hyde Park. "I am what I am!" yells out this unfortunate man, and he continues his diatribe on prisons and prison officials. He paints lurid pictures of prisoners and prison experiences. Hundreds of people surround him to hear what he has to say, and occasionally he gets in his flippant mood, and bellows out, "I am what I am!"

Hyde Park has a notoriety all its own. Social and religious prudes magnify seeming indecencies. In every dark corner there appears to be hiding some immoral demon. This is an obsession, and a deliberate stigma and slight on a class of people who cannot help frequenting Hyde Park. I have frequented Hyde Park every day, and also at night, during my stay in London, and, while I pride myself on being a keen observer, I have seen nothing that I could be ashamed of against my fellow-beings in London. All I have seen I can say here in cold print, and I dare say no decent-minded

person will shrink from seeing a couple cooing dainty words in each other's ears, with an occasional kissing. These are harmless pastimes.

Ah ! little do these prudes and emblems of self-righteousness know that Hyde Park serves as a kind of healthy meeting-place for those classes of people who can ill afford the luxury of a fashionable restaurant. Hyde Park must remain for such a place of bliss. One or two abuses may have occurred, but, after all, it is human nature, and these abuses could not be taken as the general standard of Hyde Park behaviour. On Sunday afternoons and evenings the crowd swells into gigantic proportions, and groups of well-dressed people, sprinkled with the red coats of the military, can be seen surrounding their respective haunts and platforms. The activities of the Salvation and Church Armies are conspicuous here, fishing for soldiers and converts of salvation. Some people may be seen enjoying themselves in the free treatises on religion, politics, economics, science, social problems, and so on ; others may be seen in groups, sitting or lolling on the green grass ; while others keep on a lively and humorous trend of discussion at the expense of the others—particularly at that of the Armies of Salvation. Humorous incidents are not lacking in this vast concourse of humanity.

Now and again one meets with a flashy intellect, or with a rare mind and deep thinker ; but, on the whole, the general tone and intellectual level is mediocre and commonplace. Hyde Park oratory is disappointing. In any case, it gives a fair indication of the general standard of thought, perspective, and imagination possessed by the average Britisher. Like everywhere else in the world, London has its intelligentsia. The intelligentsia

constitutes a rare type among every section, and no given country, race or class can claim to monopolise wholesale intelligence.

No one is allowed to solicit donations in Hyde Park, or to distribute literature, in consequence of which begging hypocrisy is absent, and much litter is not seen about. The general upkeep is excellent. The Serpentine Lake, the Achilles Memorial to Wellington, and Rotten Row, are appropriate adornments of the Park. As a place of recreation, with its 390 acres of space, it is the best possible gift to the working man, except that the working man can hardly afford the luxury of hiring chairs to sit on when he is tired of standing.

Regent's Park (470 acres) contains the Zoological Gardens. It is the largest collection of animal life from every part of the globe. It is, indeed, the pride of London. My friend and myself visited the Zoo on Bank Holiday in August. About 60,000 people visited it on that day. All sorts of people were seen, from every part of England, and a fair number of foreigners were there. We saw Indians, Chinese, Arabs, Africans and West Indians. British country folk could be seen in thousands, and the rubicund cheeks of the lasses were conspicuous. The weather was fair, though sultry. We made the round of the entire collection, and it took us the whole day to do it.

On our return from the Zoo, we saw an Englishwoman selling drinks in an open booth in the street. In a large globular bottle was seen a very tempting beverage. It was nicely coloured. At first we thought that the drink was something equivalent to Persian sherbet, for we saw from afar the woman throwing a kind of powder into a glass and pouring in the drink from the bottle,

which then foamed up, and was drunk by many of her customers, who were hanging around her booth. We were thirsty, and were out for novelties. It was a sultry day, and as our walk in the Zoo had practically exhausted me, I was in dire need of some cool and refreshing drink with which to quench the thirst that was consuming me. My friend was feeling the same way. We had looked for some time for a decent place where we could procure some aerated drinks, but had not been able to find any; and so, when this Godsend came to our view, the state of our mind can be better imagined than described. I practically ran to the booth, and ordered two glasses. There was a little delay, and I was getting impatient. My whole thought was centred on that drink. I felt I could have consumed the whole contents of that large globular bottle, for it really did look tempting, and I was ravenously thirsty.

But I was doomed to disappointment, for no sooner was the glass placed to my mouth than the horror of the taste staggered me. It was the nastiest thing that I ever tasted in my life. I threw away the whole contents. My friend uttered an unspeakable oath, and did likewise. We turned away from that goodly Englishwoman and her drink, which turned out to be nothing more than common soda thrown in the glass, on to which was poured some lightly-sweetened water, mixed with lemon juice, and highly coloured. Thus our Persian sherbet ended in the novelty of a London street beverage.

I could not understand how people relished such a thing, for we saw many people drinking and enjoying themselves, and this had lured us on. Of course, one

has to cultivate a taste for the food and drink of this class of Londoners.

The visitor will certainly admire the British bootblack. Armed with his shoe-cleaning apparatus, he will be seen all over the Metropolis—about every square, circus, railway station and other important centres. He cleans a pair of shoes for a penny or twopence. No sooner does one place one's foot on a stool provided for the purpose, than the bootblack gets busy. He knows his job, and he knows his customers. He brushes the shoes, taking off the coat of dust or mud, puts on blacking or brown-ing, as the case may be, and commences a regular rhythmical brushing on the shoes with both hands, with the result that in two minutes the shoes become shiny and glossy. He then receives his coppers.

I could never allow a bootblack to clean my shoes when they are on my feet. He could certainly clean them when I am not wearing them; but for him to clean them when they are on my feet savours of brow-beating human nature to undue servility and degradation; and this is not right, for I have reverence for human nature in any form. Even if I paid him, I should not be satisfied that it was right to sink him thus. Nor will I allow anyone to brush my trousers while I have them on. It is not manly, and it presupposes carelessness and thoughtlessness for the feelings of others, on my part. Though the British bootblack seems contented with his lot, I would rather see him in the rôle of an establishment of shoe-cleaners, when the shoes are not on people's feet.

The street screamers and criers are everywhere. Every line of trade has its peculiar method of screaming

in order to arrest attention in the hawking of its goods. The coal-man with his coal-cart, the greengrocer, the fruiterer, the dealer in rags and old goods, and the large army of middle-men, have all evolved their own method of selling their wares. It is the primitive type of advertisement. All these screamers, mingled with the loud speaker nuisance and traffic noise, penetrate and diffuse the London air, and create a din and hubbub which disturb the mind of the recent visitor, though he soon gets accustomed to it. The present restrictions to localities are insufficient means to ensure modifications of the London noise.

In the packing and sorting of their booths the greengrocers and fruiterers cannot be beaten. They are real artists, and their stalls on the pavements of the London streets are pleasant things to behold. But these small traders have the undesirable habit of sticking strangers in the matter of making money changes and overcharging.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADVERTISING in London is an accomplished art. It is a colossal business. It is one of the principal artificial vehicles of commerce, which has multiplied its superficialities and evil effects into the heart-core of trade. Advertising will make black white and white black. The cheapest trinkets can be sold as rare gems, so marvellous is this sententious art. All kinds of ingenious devices are obtained, so as to place before the public's view the extraordinary quality of certain goods.

The man who may have pure, unadulterated articles and has not advertised, is least likely to sell them, for the mere fact that the other man who has impure and adulterated articles, will keep on noising about them and secure enormous sales. The obvious result will be that both will advertise and both impure and pure goods will be sold, to the detriment of the consumer. It is an accepted fact, and those who know admit it, that it is difficult to procure any given article, pure, in any market of the world, and the more so in the kinds of goods that are easily liable to be adulterated. Painting artists complain that the purity of oils and paints is tampered with, with the result that first-class work seems impossible.

Stunt advertisements and clap-trap wordings and phrasings are the handmaiden of speculators and fakers. Ornamental lighting advertisements illumine the streets of London, and the eye meets with them everywhere. Every known article is advertised, and an army of people live by it, battenning and fattening on the work of the real producers and workers.

The visitor, when wandering at night along the Thames Embankment, will not fail to cast his eyes on those brilliantly illumined words, "Dewar's Whisky," on the other side of the Thames. It beckons to all to drink the inebriating stuff.

Even the novelty of air-plane advertisements is not lacking in London. I have seen an aeroplane high up in the sky, and watched it, by certain manœuvring and smoke trailings, display the word, "Player's." Everybody knows, as a matter of fact, that every cigarette manufacturer by the tobacco firm of Players' must end in smoke, and so, if Messrs Players advertise

their wares high up in the sky in smoke, there is nothing to wonder about.

Smoking may have its charms for some people, even as much as chewing tobacco or chewing gums. I do not know anything about the two latter habits, but I do know that smoking is harmful to the eyes, the brains, and to the pockets, and that once the vicious habit is acquired it is difficult to forego it. In British Guiana during the gold boom, many a lucky gold digger brought large remittances from the gold-fields. In a fit of spending, such as all gold-diggers get the world over, one gold-digger friend took a five-dollar currency note, rolled it into a cigarette, and puffed it out in smoke. He felt in this absurd action a seeming satisfaction of spending his hard-earned money. Even if it ended in smoke, it did not matter, provided it was spent by the earner.

To this very category I assign every smoker of tobacco, for he also ends his money in smoke, for the enrichment of the tobacco kings—which is the only difference between the gold-digger and the smoker. The tobacco lords are supposed to be the wealthiest group of people of England, and are not unlike the whisky and beer kings. And if fools will suffer to end their money in smoke, then it would be folly indeed on the part of some wise people not to take advantage of the fact, and accumulate money from these others' absurd habits.

Smoking is a nuisance. It destroys the nerves. It destroys accumulated energy, without giving an equivalent balance to the good. Millions of people work in the tobacco trade, whose energies are ultimately destroyed in smoke and ashes. This energy could have

been utilised in producing the essentials of life. Of course, there are other kindred lines of trade which also are superficialities, and which give no compensating balance to the credit side of human nature.

Some people will say they cannot do without their smoking ; others will say they cannot do without their drinking ; and yet others will say they cannot do without their drugging. Yes ! there are many things that many people cannot do without. Let all continue to do these things, and poison posterity with their perverse idiosyncrasies, and the world in due time will become a nation of idiots—a pitiable world indeed to behold.

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I have remarked in a preceding chapter that the English are very reserved and reticent until one gets in close contact with them. I did extensive travelling in London. I did much of it on foot, in order to see things closely. One day I was sitting on one of the benches at the Mall, when I observed an Englishman sitting on the other side of the bench. It seems to be an understood rule in London that two complete strangers must not speak, unless they are introduced to each other by a third party. I was to learn of this peculiar habit. I approached this Englishman and asked him to direct me to Victoria Station. He did so, and then said that it might surprise me to know that he had not spoken to any person for a fortnight, and that I had broken his long silence.

I became curious, and wanted to know more. He explained that he was an engineer, that he had fallen out of employment about two months back, and had

been looking for work ever since. Usually he came out early from his room and went back late. He paid his landlady at the week-end, took his receipts, and no word was exchanged. He went to his regular restaurant, and got his meals. They knew his wants there—it was a matter of routine every day—and so his meals were placed before him and he ate them and paid for them without saying a word.

He showed me his hands, and I saw and felt the hands of a hardy engineer and working man. He said he must find work, and that soon, for his funds were reducing. At this point I interrupted by saying, "You will get the dole all right—you need not worry"; to which he retorted in a quiet way, but one full of dignified rebuke, "No, my dear fellow, I cannot take the dole. I am too proud for that."

We continued our discussion in this strain for some time, when he stopped and said, "Look here! I see you are a stranger in London, and as I have some time hanging on me, I can act as a guide to you and show you the interesting places in London—free of charge, of course, and providing you trust me." I assured him that I was indeed grateful, and I agreed to follow him. In those deep-set blue eyes I saw the making of an Englishman who would inspire confidence in a piece of stone. The result was that we both visited every important place, historical or otherwise, where a visitor of London is likely to go.

That first day we went to his regular restaurant for luncheon. On finishing I was going to pay for the meals, when my friend, in his characteristic, civil, courteous, and dignified manner rebuked me, saying, "Look here, you are a stranger in these parts. It is

my duty to treat you to this first luncheon. I will pay, and you must not murmur, or our friendship ceases."

This Englishman became my devoted friend, guide and counsellor in London. During the morning he would be out, seeking a job, but the afternoons and evenings we spent together. Many a day we spent discussing very intricate subjects and propositions in which we both took interest. Many an English problem found solution from this English friend.

He was a typical Englishman, full of resourcefulness, of conscious strength in his own convictions, and willing to give and eager to take of knowledge. This man could have made a mark in the colonies, though England does not recognise the worth of his kind. He often spoke of trying his luck abroad, and I endeavoured to whip the idea into his mind.

His education was more natural than academic. He appeared to have been schooled in Nature's laboratory, and he knew many things; and some of London I saw through his eyes. But notwithstanding all this, he was steeped in English middle-class complacent and narrow respectability. He could not do this and he could not do that; he could not get out of his stereotyped middle-class Sunday School training. At times he was as broad as ever, and seemed to be on the brink of crossing the Rubicon; at other times he would wallow in his Englishness. He was characteristically English, proud of himself, of his race; though at times I caught glimpses of bitterness against the fate he had to bear as an Englishman. This man, though young, at times looked as old as Old England herself. I could not help admiring him. His was a friendship too de-

voted to be marred by little ruffles and caprices of the hereditary mind ; yet it was crisp and fresh.

He would not receive the dole. No ! if society played the tyrant with him, he would not barter his self-respect because of that. There are thousands of people in England who think and feel the same way towards the dole. They will suffer untold privations rather than touch it. It does not become their class to do so. They cannot suffer being reckoned as the wards of charity. This is indeed a cruel torture to the mind. It leads to suicide.

How appropriate are these lines, the identity of whose writer I have at this moment forgotten :—

“ Though poor, too proud to beg,
Too upright far to steal.”

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London possesses a great many exquisite architectural buildings, palaces, and mansions, and there are numerous public monuments. The museums are colossal collections of objects of every branch of knowledge. At the British Museum, in Great Russell Street, free lectures are afforded, and I had the opportunity of listening to a few. There is one common attribute to all these monuments and buildings, and that is, all of them suffer alike from the ravages of the soot. Built of pure white marble, the emblem of purity, they soon become victims of soot, and, without any exceptions, they are all as black as the ace of spades. It appears as if the soot from the London factories, which grinds the lives of millions of workers, wreaks its vengeance on the best emblems of triumphs of the British Nation—its consummate monuments, its matchless architecture,

its beautiful palaces and noble mansions—tarring them as black as black can be. After they become sable with soot no amount of cleaning will give back the pristine marble whiteness. They seemed destined to remain so.

During my visit, workmen were busy cleaning and scraping the Houses of Parliament—that Gothic monumental masterpiece that stands as a dark, grim symbol of British prowess and power at Westminster, on the bank of the British Nile, the Thames. Just near, the bronze statue of Boadicea rides on triumphantly—a befitting reminder of the fact that England, now an Empire on which the sun never sets, was once a slave to Rome. To clean the soot from off the buildings was a useless undertaking and a waste of money, for it has penetrated inches within the stone. Even if they were painted white, they would eventually become black.

Some of the monuments have been built without any idea of proportion. The Nelson Column at Trafalgar Square is an example of this sort. Others, like the Albert Memorial at Kensington, are overcrowded miasma. The Albert Hall is a monster building, like some giant Colossus; or an eastern mausoleum, or like the Great Pyramid of Egypt. It affords seating accommodation to 10,000 persons.

Marble Arch, at the gateway of Hyde Park, is a clumsy and heavy piece of stone-work. It serves no economic purpose, nor has it any æsthetic value. It could have been put to some better use.

The Victoria Memorial is of modern construction, and is of wonderfully exquisite workmanship. In memory of the great Queen, it represents an appropriate emblem of Empire. The Dominions and Indian section, with their characteristic local setting, are component parts,

which add to the underlying principle of the whole idea, in the centre of which stands the graceful form of the Queen-Empress.

The Picture Galleries contain a wonderful collection of the painting art of the world, representing the complete stages of its evolution from crudity to the present sublime heights of man's creative genius in the department of æsthetics.

Madame Tussaud's is a child's play and fancy.

The bridges across the Thames are masterpieces of engineering skill. The Tower Bridge stands unique in its class. Even here the stages of the evolution of engineering are seen. The Tower reminds the visitor of the cruel and unhappy times of English history—of England's change from semi-barbarism to her present-day position as mistress of civilization.

There are many places of interest in and out of London, like Kew Gardens and the Crystal Palace, which will excite the curiosity of the visitor.

All these consummate monuments, all this matchless architecture, all these noble mansions, beautiful palaces, and engineering masterpieces, coupled with British scientific achievements and creative art and literature, pale into insignificance when compared with the low and sorry state of the moral, social, economic, and political structure of the nation. The impact of the former seems to stunt the growth of the latter in its diminutive progress.

CHAPTER XIX.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL is in the heart of London, and it stands as Wren's masterpiece of architectural simplicity. The dome represents a wonder in symmetry and equilibrium. Exterior and interior simplicity is the underlying characteristic of St. Paul's. In the precincts, on a little patch of green, there are a few benches, on one of which I made my regular haunt. I always prided myself on being within the threshold of Old Engand's cultural, traditional, and sentimental eminence.

From here, my mind would wander retrospectively, back to her early history, when she was a mere nomad tribe and Roman province, and then turn to her present-day grandeur. I queried within myself, "Will this grandeur of a mighty Empire survive the vicissitudes of time?" And my mind would sink within me with a gloomy foreboding when I recalled those words of a mighty potentate of antiquity, who said, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built with my own hands?" And Babylon's destiny has been well read! These vainglorious words of a vain man ended in purposeless pomposity.

I would rather not see England's destiny as such. England is rich in credentials as to her valiant service to humanity. The credit outweighs the debit side of the ledger. If there are lapses in the long period of her service, some of these lapses are honest mistakes, while others have been occasioned by the attitude of some unscrupulous leaders of thought and seekers after personal aggrandisement. These unknowingly drag her

to destruction. I would rather see these sink into perdition than see Old England's great name dragged in the dust.

Unlike St. Paul's, my visit to Westminster Abbey disclosed to me a noble building converted into a huge mausoleum. The exterior Gothic architecture is grand, but the interior is crowded with the relics of the supposed past greatness of the British Nation—Kings, Nobles, Princes, Statesmen, Soldiers, Brigands, Heroes, Diplomats, Lawyers, Adventurers, and Scientists.

I examined every corner and crevice of that great house of the dead in the hope of casting my eyes on a memorial to one of the many millions of the humble workers who had toiled with their own hands, gathered the crops with their own hands and fed the nation. I saw none. I may be wrong—according to the current opinion of the present-day world-thought—to expect a humble Peter Farmer, a poor Paul Miner, a lowly James Digger, to aspire to this sanctuary of fame; but I lay the indisputable claim, which no reasonable or rational being can logically or justly dispute, that he stands undoubtedly the greatest of all—the feeder of the nation. Yet as he toiled, he died, unmourned, unnoticed, as something that belongs to earth and must necessarily go back to earth. “What right has this lowly creature of the earth with winged fame?” is the verdict of current opinion.

Let us pause, gentle reader, and sift this matter judiciously and dispassionately. The cut-throat rivalry of classes to-day is the result of the exclusive policy of reserving all the plums of recognition and honour to those who have worked least. The foundation of society rests on its producing units—those that add to the

wealth of the nation. The man who plants a grain of corn, or the one who digs out an ounce of coal, has added to the wealth of the State. The man who cuts down a tree and makes it into a plank, the man who digs out a piece of metal from the earth, has added to the country's prosperity. The man who takes a piece of metal or a pound of cotton or wool, and makes a utility, has enhanced the purchasing power of the State.

These people are called producers, and are the essential units of the State. There are others who act as middlemen, clerks, bosses, rulers, business men, commercial men, and a lot of others too numerous to mention, who do not produce anything. These are non-producers, and are non-essential units of the State. In the present structure of British social and economic order, we find that non-producers and non-essentials have usurped the fundamental right of producers and essentials. In the long course of time the multiplicity of non-essentials grew, and made an aggravation and a setback in the equilibrium of society. In its chance and wild growth, neither purpose nor order prevailed. In its senseless growth, no rational idea of things existed. Non-essentials climbed to the top and essentials toppled to the ground with their equivalent order of merit and significance. The mentality of the whole human race somersaulted. To be an essential and producer becomes degrading, and to be a non-producer and non-essential—in the ownership of a soft-collar job—becomes elevating. The consequence of this has resulted in a multiplicity of artificialities to such an overwhelming extent, that producers and essentials have been squeezed out of count, lost their just rights,

and are now nothing more than illiterate, uncouth, and uncultured workers of the soil and workers of the hand.

The essentials, thus constituted, have evoked a state of mind on the part of all to be treated as mere beasts of burden. The crux of the matter is, that this not only discloses the lack of sympathy and appreciation of the importance of the working class as an essential division of function, but it also portrays the lack of policy and vision on the part of the upper classes to stave off the future cause of trouble from this despised source.

If the powers that be had only a presence-of-mind attitude, or a sense of prescience, they could have made allies of the working-class instead of antagonists. Present-day Alfred Mondism does not ensure a change of heart. It aims at the changing of method, which is too flimsy a reed for any reliance of endurance to be placed on it. It has already defeated itself.

An entire change of heart is necessary. The working-class must share equal recognition, equal honour, and equality of status, as essential units of the State, in every phase of the nation's life. How appropriate and grand it would be if a quinquennial stock-taking could be proclaimed, amid national festivity and rejoicing—a day set apart—and the names of a few of the various classes of workers, which had been previously determined upon by approved authority, be placed in the great niche of fame and immortality !

These should be so honoured because of the transcendental fact that they live and work on certain given principles as workers and producers and essential units in the division of functions in the State. A kind of Nobel Prize regulation must govern this procedure.

This would engender a distinct change of mind and general perspective of all. It will then become a signal honour for anyone to be a worker and producer without carrying an undesirable taint. On this idea a rational and practical basis of culture could be gradually built.

I will not encourage the worship of any working-class fetish, like the old custom among eastern peoples, who made gods of their producing units and sources of industry, to wit, rivers, animals, and so on; but I will certainly endeavour to win back the right to honour, recognition, and renown of a class of people who have been unjustly denied them, because they are too much prone to large-heartedness.

In the scramble for supremacy the essentials have remained hewers of wood and drawers of water, and non-essentials have assumed the rôle of bosses and rulers. In due course a middle-class element appears on the scene, and the struggle becomes keener. As the natural sequence of all, the unequal distribution of wealth appears as the chief symptom of a social, economic, and political canker that baffles the best minds to probe and rectify. The law of property becomes the absolute law of the land. Not to own property is tantamount to having no right either, and millions are reduced to such straits that make it impossible to own property, while some people own properties like boys who own pins in the pin-game.

When I was a little fellow, boys of my age played a game with pins. Each boy had in his possession hundreds of pins with which to play the game. As usual, some won and some lost, with the result that some boys had hundreds of pins, others but a few dozen, and some none at all. I also played the game. I can well

remember that I had an insatiable craving for pins. I wanted to possess more and more pins, even more than all the other boys combined. The mania for pins gained such a place in my mind that sometimes my meals were forgotten while I played. Pins would have been seen, set in fanciful rows about my hat, the lapel of my coat, and my sleeves, though the real need for pins for my personal use was limited to one or two.

This pin-possession mania became an obsession. The same tendency was noticeable in most of my playmates. The game eventually became a desperate kind of gambling. Pocket-money was used in the purchase of pins, and the village shop flourished in the pin trade. Every boy was decorated with pins. All other games held no attraction. Proud owners counted thousands, to the chagrin and mad jealousy of less fortunate ones. In short, we became a community of proud possessors of pins.

Lessons were neglected and our gambling propensities grew, and cheating tricks made their appearance and quarrels ensued. These quarrels were many, until the climax was reached one afternoon, when one boy was severely mauled to unconsciousness by another. This quarrel reached the ears of our parents, and the pin game was exposed. It was indeed a sorry afternoon for all pin-owners, gamblers, and cheats. A vast quantity of pins were confiscated from every boy, and the pernicious habit wiped out of us by severe ordeals.

This story is the sum total of the analysis of the sorry tale of man's infant mind, the legacy of which he still inherits. The property-possession mania is instilled in him like a seeming second nature. Not content with a sufficiency of space and general utility for

his personal use, he, in his crazy endeavour to possess, tramples on the rights of others. This aptitude has multiplied itself into numerous complex channels. It is nothing more than extraneous and overgrown abnormalities. Moreover, in the epitome of man's existence up to now, it has resulted in the unsavoury fact that those on the top rung of the ladder have invariably multiplied the amenities of life, while those on the bottom rung are reduced to the struggle for the bare necessities of life ; and all this so much so, that the blessings and benefits of civilization are felt, tasted, and enjoyed but by few, while the majority look on distractedly and bemoan their lot.

CHAPTER XX.

As a civilized being, man has been able to improve his personal and physical appearance to an appreciable and agreeable degree, by limiting to certain proportions some of the relics of his brute-self—his nails, his hair, and so on, and by putting on clothes ; and so, perhaps at some distant future, he may be able to set a just balance against this possession mania that absorbs his very life and being. But, somehow, I am not enamoured of the rate of progress he is making, for that in relative proportion to his other achievements, shows a prospect too gloomy and foreboding ; and altogether, it is likely that this craze may have to be licked out of him.

Just as the sun is the central force around which the whole solar system rotates, so the law of property is the governing and central hypothesis round which

the entire sociological structure revolves, with, standing at its head, the subtle and ingenious tradition and precedents of law, as represented by a galaxy of Satellites—Bench and Bar, Law Society, Inns and Temples. This idea permeates into every phase of human activities. Science, art, literature, æsthetics, and other important functions are all subordinated by the law of property. British jurisprudence reigns supreme in Great Britain and all British possessions, and its supremacy has no equal.

The Law Society, Inns and Temples, turn out annually hundreds of students for the Bench and Bar who uphold the practice of law as the criterion of a noble profession. A few years of training enable the student to acquire the prescribed standard of law-culture and efficiency. In its evolution the Law Society has evolved its own model of behaviourism, culture, and morals, to which the outsider has no say.

The basic principle of law and lawyers lends no aid to the upliftment or the progress of the human race. Instead these upholders of law base their existence on the failings of mankind, thus perpetuating a premium on the evil side of human nature. In short, a lawyer's livelihood is procured from the misfortunes of his brethren; and yet the law profession is called a noble profession. Taken on its face value, the assumption seems correct, for the principle of advocacy is based on a noble assumption, indeed, for it is the most honourable duty of the learned, the wealthy and strong, to plead for and protect the unlearned, the poor, and the weak. But is this a truism in the matter of the prevailing practice of law in the British law courts?

An erring brother gets into trouble. He needs the

consolation and help of his brother. He seeks a lawyer brother. The first thing that the lawyer asks for is his brief. If no brief is forthcoming, then the lawyer will not plead. This brother may be innocent; he may be only suspected; but because he cannot procure the services of a lawyer, he is convicted and loses his liberty. Where does the noble profession attribute come in?

I once said to a lawyer friend, "How is business?" He replied, "Very bad. Nobody will steal and get caught, that I may plead for him; nobody will commit murder, that I may be able to get a tangible retainer to appear before the grand jury; and no landed proprietors will dispute their titles that I may mulct them in both fees and costs." This lawyer's reply needs no comment.

I have seen somewhere the picture of two contending farmers disputing the ownership of a cow, the one holding on to the horns of the cow, and the other to the tail, and each gesticulating at the other. At the udders of the cow there is a lawyer, in a top hat and a long coat, with a large bucket, milking. Subsequently in another picture the lawyer is seen making away not only with the bucket of milk, but also with the cow, while the farmers still contend.

Lawyers get rich when crime prevails. The whole law institution bristles with ignoble and inhuman principles. It is an archaic institution, which of its own volition creates an endless chain of subtle legal precedents and traditions for its own survival. How is it possible, in the interest of progress, for a decision of the eighteenth century to hold good in a matter of the twentieth century? It is as much as to admit

that the two hundred years of human progress has been wasted. The practice of law brooks no deviation from precedents. A precedent appears to have been clothed with transcendental authority and sanctity—even if such authority has been dug out from the catacombs of Rome. On principle, the practice of law baulks progress.

It has been a very common thing of late for conscientious judges on the bench to expose the shortcomings of law as it is related to the dispensing of justice. It has reached a state when a pennyworth of justice costs a pound. Law practice does not even spare the hands that give it bread, for clients who have won in a Court of Law have been mulcted in costs when learned Counsel could not get their costs from the losing side. How true is the street colloquialism on law: "If you win, you lose; if you lose, you lose."

I have known eminent judges who, blessed with a conscience, have advised litigants to make up their difference. I have known honest judges who, true to their own good nature, have set aside the machinery of law and acted as common arbitrators between litigants. I have known candid and outspoken judges to have condemned the practice of law as an institution that has lost all connection with human justice.

And the irony of it is, that this pernicious law octopus penetrates into and permeates every phase of human life. There is no finality to its ravages. To fully understand the relationship of law to the State, to the individual, and to property, I will ask the reader to procure two fair-sized mirrors. Let him place one in front of the other, and he will see an endless chain of reflections which have no finality. The reflection of

the one mirror reflects the reflection of the other, and so on, thus affording a counter-balancing continuity—never ending and endless.

The whole law system is based on false premises which usurp honourable impositions; and law savants continue to hold themselves as the lords of creation and members of a noble profession. How and where does the truth of its assumption come in? If deluded people still think so, then it is the absurd verdict of an incomprehensible, inconsistent, and perverse world opinion, which needs quick and radical change.

And British Law Courts may be briefly summed up as the counterpart in the scheme of incomprehensible and inconsistent perversity, with the rider that they uphold the financing of the State from the outcome of credit gained from the ill habits of the State's citizens.

And not unlike the lawyer is my doctor friend, who, to the question, "How is business, Doctor?" vouchsafed the reply, "Well, my friend, nobody will be sick, and there is no disease rampant or epidemic prevalent, or very many accidents, so that my practice might increase, and I make some money. The Health Authorities are usurping the close preserve of my domain; preventive methods have marred my cures; and personal sanitation and hygiene are learnt in schools, and, in turn, have knocked out the bottom of my practice. My patients are getting less and less, while younger doctors come in and share the little of what is left, and I fear that eventually I shall have to resort to farming to earn a living."

The British doctor is in a different category from the British lawyer. The former is, in principle, a

humanitarian, and the latter is not ; but the doctor should not be made to live from the fees of his patients. This is an administrative anomaly. The State must amply provide for the doctor. He should be made to receive periodical honorariums, these to be determined by the result of periodical health statistics of the inhabitants of his health district. On no account should he be made to receive fees from patients. Save for the defects in the administration, the medical science in England has in itself reached a high state of efficiency.

There are very many capable Hospitals, Clinics, Infirmarys, Orphanages, and Asylums which help to mitigate the physical sufferings of humanity. These do not receive the required support from those people in England who are best able to give it. The collection of tin-foil by hospitals amplifies this suggestion. Even in the hospitals the underlying principle of class distinction and pay-and-get-the-best attitude is noticeable. There are degrees of care and treatment, according to the means of the patients. This is an undesirable state of affairs to sponsor in a vital public institution, when diseases do not choose class or caste, and when, through want of means and through exposure, the working-class is more susceptible to disease than others. The services of eminent surgeons can be utilised for the treatment of the wealthy, but the poor can hardly dream of procuring such services—the consequence of which is easily understood—despite the fact that the working-man pays for all—from the labour and sweat of his brow.

Medical Research is sponsored by the State and wealthy patrons. There is a tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to archaism, which should be

avoided. The Medical Council appears to have acquired the propensity of exclusiveness, and a kind of orthodoxy which outlaws systems other than those that are within its fold. There are other methods of treatment of diseases, of equal merit, which do not come under the purview of the Medical Profession, and the practisers of which are slated by the Medical Council as quacks and mountebanks. This is an attitude of bluff and defeatism. It can never be in the best interest of all, and it simply opens the door to question the right and propriety of a group of people who can never hope to be the last word in the allaying of human suffering, pain, and misery.

The duty of the State is to ensure the free and easy access of the means of preserving the health of the citizen. Physical culture, personal hygiene, and district sanitation must be the subject of paramount interest, and must be within the reach of all; and when the citizen is stricken down with disease, then the State must procure him the best possible treatment, irrespective of his means.

But it is not quite so in England. The majority of the citizens are left to fight against disease the best way they can, according to their limited means; and when stricken down they are treated with a culpable indifference, and they die. British Health Authorities deal in half-measures on this vital question.

I think I have conclusively convinced the reader that the whole British social, economic, and political structure teems with incompatibilities and unrealities. It is rotten to the core. It makes the lawyer an embodiment of nobility, whereas, in essence and in truth, he

is a sworn upholder of the tradition of a Bar which feeds on the misfortunes of his brethren.

Such a rotten society tends to make the physician prosper when diseases are rampant and epidemics prevail. And last, but not least, this decaying society consigns the real producers and working-people into the station of under-dogs, while it elevates the social and economic parasites and barnacles as God's elect.

The question of Birth Control has agitated the minds of the British people. All kinds of prudery have been launched against it, and equally heroic efforts have been made by individuals to impress its benefits on the minds of all. All kinds of literature and appliances are seen in the show-windows and sale-booths of the London streets.

Birth Control is a necessity in the England of to-day, and is an urgent need to the working man and his wife, who, it seems, are predestined by some blind chance to rear huge families, and whose only destiny lies in work and the work-fields. It is universally conceded that this class can hardly rear many children for want of means, and yet they get many. What hope is there for these, save in Birth Control? The middle and highest classes appear to have developed an innate habit of limiting their progeny, and thus for them the question of Birth Control seems not to carry any meaning. To the working-man, however, it is a dire necessity and a blessing.

Even a reluctant Government has seen the necessity for a careful dissemination of Birth Control knowledge, and the British Theocracy has given it its sanction.

The greatest objection comes from Roman Catholic-

ism. As the champion of retrogression it would not be true to itself if it did not oppose a modern innovation. The middle-class abhors it as something foreign and of heathen cult. This class is impervious to modern thought. Nevertheless, Birth Control needs careful supervision from the State, lest it result in abuse, and bring forth undesirable symptoms of trouble which may not be easily overcome. It must be guided by experience, and must go gradually.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE official religion of England is Christianity. Famous cathedrals and churches are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country. The visitor will be able to see glimpses of the propinquity of English social life as connected with churches, cathedrals, monasteries, abbeys, and chapels. From the small beginning of a church and congregation, a cathedral and city sprang. In London this effect can be seen with little effort.

British Christians are no less pious than the adherents of religion elsewhere. This is only a matter of degree, and not in kind; though if one is to take religion literally, like the East, then I may claim during my visit to have seen not one Christian in England. Christianity is an Eastern doctrine with its Eastern setting; and coming in contact with the West, it has succumbed to Western influence. English Christianity is characteristically different from the Christianity of the Greek or the Abyssinian. English Christians have their own national saints and martyrs,

which have their peculiar English traits, even as the German Christians have theirs. The Great War saw not only the clash between Christians, but between Christian deities—not unlike the tribal warfare of uncivilized peoples, who also invoke their particular deities in time of war. The German Christians invoked their tribal Christian deities against the deities of the British Christians and their Allies.

The Church in England represents immense collateral interests, which are vested in the Governing Bodies of various sects. There are numerous sects, and sectarianism is still growing; and among them, Anglicanism and Roman Catholicism are the most important. While there is a basic unity underlying all, the differences among them are sometimes very trivial and sometimes very pronounced. The most common characteristic among them is their support of foreign missionaries. The Government of the Church runs parallel with the Government of the State. The Church tampers with education, and wields considerable political influence. Secular educational centres are few and far between.

The English child is the product of the Christian religion. From the child's early infancy, beginning from its baptism, Sunday School and primary education, it meets with religion in colleges and universities. Thus trained, what hope is there for it to raise its head above the religious horizon? The child's mentality is thus blurred with a religiously bent temperament. The upper classes are more strict with Sunday School routine and religious duties, while the working-class show some little indifference to religion—not of choice, but of necessity.

I have previously remarked that the middle-class is

the backbone of Church and missionaries. It is the middle-class child who is beset with ambition and aspiration. To achieve these, he will have to go through the mill of Christian routine education, intermingled with its by-products—Christian conventionalities—with the result that these run through the child's veins, leading up to his manhood.

English customs and culture have their inspiration from Romanism, which has its origin in paganism and heathen sources. English Christians think and feel in a mixture of English-cum-Romanism, and not in a Palestinian trend of thought. Christian missionaries which have their headquarters in England, whether of Anglicanism or Roman Catholicism or any other sect, succeed in proselytizing converts abroad, who look for inspiration not from Bethlehem, but from Rome and England. These absorb Western culture, which is a direct antithesis to the Jewish culture of Jesus of Nazareth.

If British history is to be written according to its religious vicissitudes, it will make a sorry story indeed. It has been a common mistake of people to attribute British progress to its religion of adoption. This is a fallacy, and is far from the truth. To be a true Christian one has to be meek and lowly and poor, like the fishermen disciples of Jesus. One must not acquire riches, lest one be sure to court eternal damnation, for "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."

Is not the phenomenal greatness of England a direct contrast with this meek and lowly mentality which Christianity enjoins? If British people claim to have progressed because of their religion, then it is obvious

that they are not good Christians. The success of the British nation lies deeper—in the inherent trait of the British race as a hardy, strong and adventurous people.

Some people also wrongly impute the progress of civilization to the Christian religion. This is an erroneous point of view, and is not founded on fact. Christian ideals are impracticable in an workaday world. Its primitive outlook limits its expansion to Church and Brethren, Saints and Angels, Heaven and Hell. How can it encompass a civilization that is represented by science and machinery? To say that civilization is the result of religion, is as much as to say that the sun goes down every day because man wants to go to sleep.

If a befitting example of an ancient Christian country and its progress be required, then I may cite Abyssinia. This ancient country's connection with Christianity is lost in antiquity. During the march of civilization this sacred country of the Cross hugged and clung on to Christian traditions and ideals. It remained aloof in the heart of Africa, and did not come in contact with the outside world where civilization raged its fury. The result could be easily compared. What is the reader going to say of Japan, and Shintoism and Buddhism, or of India, and Hinduism and Mohammedanism?

Civilization has been possible in spite of religion. Religion is not its sponsor. It is the outcome of the slow growth of man's intellect, which was able to discard superstition and unrealities for rationalism and realities.

I am not going to write a treatise on comparative religions.

Religion, on the other hand, has hampered man's intellectual growth and progress. A long series of ob-

stacles, some bloody and others too numerous to mention and reiterate, have been strewn across man's pathway by religion, while the intellectual giants continued their onward progress towards civilization. On this onward march the casualties were many: some faltered, though others, doggedly going along, took up the fallen torch, and blazed the trails like some celestial illuminations, with feet planted firmly on earth and head high up among the stars, pointers of the way to man's glorious destiny as an intellectual being. Man seems to be within the grasp of an ideal—one rational and practical, and too comprehensive and wonderful for even him to comprehend at this stage of the journey. And all the while religion, as his baby-crutch, has been left in the lurch—somewhere in the Church, with women and children—as a superstitious make-believe. In the evolutionary process of man's mind and intellect religion may have served a purpose. This is problematical and open to question, but to humour it as a means to civilization is ill-humour indeed.

Religion will continue to wallow in its peculiar culture. In the culture of a paradise of the Arabian standard of beautiful black-eyed houris and lovely islands where rivers flow; in the culture of a paradise of the Jews, where streets of gold, alabaster, and precious stones are lavished; in the culture of the Aryan Hindu, who, in his philosophical and listless mood, measures his *mukti* in the length and breadth of reincarnations, determined by his morals and piety; and in the culture of a paradise of the standard of the fishermen disciples, with a Kingdom of Righteousness and a congregation of saints, with the crucified Jesus as their triumphant King.

Religion cannot even claim to have improved the morals of society. The germ of improvement is lacking all along. Anyone can do anything, so long as there is the hope of buying it over, by performing certain rites, paying tithes, giving alms or doing penance. The prevalent idea of Christian charity, when shorn of its abundant superficialities, is nothing more than a mere sham, a hollow hypocrisy, and a mockery of truth. To a religionist in England there is no choice of conscience in the matter of trade or business. As an example, let us take the business of a Christian pawnbroker in relation with his religion and charity—for this man believes, as a good Christian, that to give to the poor is to lend to the Lord on compound interest, and a bonus of a place in Paradise when he is dead.

Let us watch the Christian pawnbroker in business. The article of a poor man is taken in pledge. Heavy charges for interest on loans and storage are made. To redeem the pledged article the pawnner pays about 40 per cent. at the end of a year. If the article is not redeemed within a year and a week, then it is confiscated and sold. On this latter transaction the pawnbroker makes about 90 per cent. There is absolutely no risk and no loss, and the pawnbroking trade is brisk, for the poor are always with us, and will obviously always have to pledge something now and again, so as to live. After making huge profits from the poor—for a rich man rarely pledges his goods—this gentleman pawnbroker, as a devout Christian, gives a dinner to the poor at Christmas time. At this feast he does not forget the priest, who blesses the whole ceremony; and there is universal rejoicing and goodwill. In doing this he not only escapes the judgment of his conscience,

but also earns the respect of the Church, Clergy, and his neighbours. In a little time he becomes a successful business man, a charitable person, a good Christian, and a prince of pawnbroking fame. Thus qualified, he may also seek to represent the poor and his people in the Parliament of his country.

Like him are other middlemen, who own countless businesses, and who squeeze compound usury, profits, and dividends from all, including the poor, and with this money pay tithes, give alms and charity. Of course, society condones these business methods of profit and loss principles of virtue. They are sincere in their beliefs, these middle-class Christian people. They feel they do no wrong, and thus the keen sense of human feeling when others are hurt becomes blunt and callous.

And, then, how is the large army of clergy that swarm the livings throughout the United Kingdom going to be supported? These Heaven-pilots do not work, nor produce anything, and yet they must live; hence their livings must be assured from the tithes of churchlings—especially from those who can afford the most.

The pawnbroker's example is but a miniature instance of that so-called Christian charity which is of a greater degree, and which is called by the fastidious and highfalutin' name of philanthropy. These philanthropists are gigantic exploiters. They are great Financial Wizards, Gamblers of the Stock Exchange, Brokers, Swindlers, Speculators, Railway Lords, Tobacco Kings, Oil Magnates, Newspaper Potentates, Whisky and Beer Monarchs, and Lords of the Manor. These are millionaires, and have amassed immense fortunes in diverse ways by the labour of work-people and at the expense of others. When they feel the qualms of conscience,

they stagger the world by spending a little of their ill-gotten gains, and acquire an odour of sanctity of the Most Exalted Order of Philanthropy, and become benefactors of humanity. This idea of Christian charity breeds nothing but compound lies. The whole thing savours of an unnaturalness and a farce.

The spirit of true charity is bartered away in this roundabout way of hoodwinking at truth—by taking by the right hand, giving by the left, and in the exchange keeping back the most.

The perspective of a religiously-ridden people is impaired. They see things from wrong angles, and think them right. This is made so by the faulty construction of the whole fabric of society, which has its origin in religion. This faulty construction breeds imperfect notions, which, helped along with superstition and make-believes, keep the mind in utter subjection. With clouded vision of this sort, which every religion enjoins on its adherents, how is it possible for men to think straight and accurate? Rare minds all along do sometimes raise their heads above this complex maze, and these are the real pioneers and true blazers of the trails of civilization.

CHAPTER XXII.

"THE CLERGY" is a class in itself. It is a distinct profession of stereotyped priestcraft, trained in the Christian doctrinal art of piloting people to Heaven. Roman Catholicism, with its saturnalia of priesthoods, monks, nuns, monasteries, and convents, stands in the foreground as the backbone of the above principles of religious virtues. It does not countenance lip-service or empty belief and formulas, but demands entire subservience in the practice and performing of rites, rituals, and penance. It is the one sect in Christendom that can lay claim to have cemented a world-wide Christian homogeneity, with, for its central thought, the Pope and Rome. Like the Caaba as the centre of gravity for Islam, so Rome claims the spiritual obeisance of all Roman Catholics. In the matter of rites and rituals it can easily bear comparison with Buddhism or Hinduism. The proud boast of Roman Catholicism is its hoary age, and its tenacity in holding on to traditions even against the impact of modernism. It has, no doubt, most truly clung to the Eastern cult of monks and monasteries, nuns and convents. These monks and nuns are listless people, full of antiquarian ideas, thought and culture, which are impervious to the best intentions of civilization.

These may be likened to Biblical sleepers, who sleep in a religious trance for twenty centuries, and expect to wake up, and find the world still throbbing away its heart in fervent religiosity—thus hoping to find a millennium, at the head of which is their God-King, Jesus. Let them sleep—the sleep of the deep—until

some human cataclysm overwhelms them, and they are swept away off their feet from earth, to find no place even in Heaven, and end themselves eventually in oblivion.

A not inconsiderable number of non-producers and non-essentials spend their existence in these religious hegemonies ; and a not inconsiderable amount of wealth is tied up in these antiquated and redundant institutions, in the form of space, accommodation, plate, jewellery and vestments, which could have been better utilised in the alleviation of the immediate economic ills of a downtrodden bottom class.

Every Christian denomination believes in and supports the gospelising of heathens. While, at home, the morals of the nation may go to pieces and need all the help of all, they content themselves with assisting to make Christian converts all over the world. It would not be fair to decry their excellent efforts, in some undeveloped countries like Africa and others, in helping to educate the savage tribes ; but, while they have succeeded along certain lines, they have also opened the way to an undesirable exploitation of the natives, which has considerably deteriorated the latter's morals.

This typical little story will portray my meaning to the reader. An old African Chief was once asked by a noted newspaper correspondent what he thought of the white man's religion. "Very good," replied the Chief. "Before the white man came, we owned the land, but we had no Bible ; now they own the land, and we have the Bible."

No other comment is necessary. The missionaries paved the way. Traders followed in their wake. All sorts of illicit trade were carried on, not excluding the

sale of whisky, rum, and drugs, which poisoned the morals of the natives. The missionaries were impotent to stop this illicit traffic, for it was the very trade from which they, themselves, got their support—the matter thus resolving itself into a complete cycle of hypocrisy. It did not end here. After trade and exploitation came annexation, which is the sum total of this African Chief's satirical lamentation. The result is that the natives are discontented against undue domination, and racial trouble is brewing in the Dark Continent of Africa.

There are many Jews in England, and a good many synagogues are seen in the East End of London. A few Jewish periodicals are also apparent. The Jews are a tenacious people. Their sojourn in England in the past was followed by persecutions; now they represent a community with an immense stake in the land. They are large money-lenders, and so their political and social influence can be well understood, for money is the criterion to power. They tap every source of industry, and very many pulse-strings of finance are determined by their whims and caprices. They may be seen in the East End on their lowest plane, while their highest pinnacle is reached in the person of a Prime Minister of England and a Viceroy of India.

The Jewish influence is felt far and wide. In every country they appear to be in closest touch with its finance and industry. They are also great philanthropists, secular scholars, and savants of science. The Jewish world problem has found a champion in the British nation. Even if Shakespeare, the Englishman, and doubtful historical personage, did give the unkindest cut of all—which made the word "Jew" a synonymous

term for "Shylock," it did not matter, for the Jews, as a people, were prepared to bear all until the justice of their claim to live as a peaceable, intelligent, and respectable community should be recognised. The Jews dared the world to despise them for all time.

In England, the "Land of the Free," Jews are afforded every right. They are not consigned to ghettos. There is no legal segregation for anybody in Great Britain—not even for the Jews—except the economic and social segregation to which Jew and Gentile alike pay homage.

The Jewish world-influence has been felt in the Balfour Policy, which stands as the British declaration for a Jewish National Home in Palestine. This policy clashes with the best interests of a people who have a religious affinity to the Christian people of England. The reason for this is easy to locate. Jews had no trouble of Government. Ever since their unhappy destiny, they became a scattered people without a State, without a home, without a country. All their energy was concentrated on one principal object—the object of making money. And that they have amply succeeded, is the verdict of all. The possession of money means the possession of power, and the Jews, possessed of money, have used this power to foist their ideas on the world. The wealthy Jews of the U.S.A. have also added their weight to this project. The Treaty of Versailles saw its climax.

Zionism may be a laudable concern, if it will add to the tranquillity and stability of the world, but it does not seem to possess this quality. Instead, it has burdened an overburdened world with more redundant problems. On the other hand, Jews have been stigmatised with a guilt that is more legendary, mythical,

and imaginary than real, but which there is but a faint hope of refuting. It is a collective sense of injustice of one group of people against another, that stands in the name of a whole race, who have every human right to the good and just opinion of the world.

Let us examine the logic of the case of the Christian charge and Jewish guilt. Christians admit that Jesus Christ was predestined to die for Adam's sins. The death of Jesus was therefore a necessary blood-atonement prologue, and someone had to do the killing. If the Jews did it, then they were the just instrument of God to carry out this divine plan of salvation. Where, therefore, is the logic and reason of the Christian charge and Jewish guilt? If England can erase this illogical legend of an injustice against the Jews, she will certainly do them a better service than trying to regain for them a lost sovereignty.

No one civilized nation or group of civilized people has the monopoly of everything that is wholesome or best. Every nation has its peculiar trait of a good side and a bad side, which proves conclusively that human nature is the same everywhere; and thus the Jews, as a people, are entitled to their just right, providing this right does not clash with the just right and interest of other people.

The Begum of Bhopal's Mosque at Woking, Surrey, represents Islam in England. The London Muslim Society, of which Lord Headley, an Irish Mohammedan Peer, is head, contemplates the erection of a Grand Mosque in the heart of London. The funds have been collected mostly from India, a country where Indian Mohammedans are densely illiterate. This fund could

have been better utilised in the education of the Indian people than in lavishing it on a mosque which will not assist the social and economic life of Londoners. Indian Muslims are simple folk, who feel that by Islamizing Christians, Paradise is theirs for the asking.

But why Islamize and Christianize, or why religionize at all? It is enough: the human race is heartily sick and thoroughly fed up with these multiple dogmas, formulas, and creeds. It is the wasting of valuable time and energy on the part of people who could be better employed than in working at these cross-purpose puzzles of religion. It will no doubt serve its purpose—the high purpose of a few individuals, whose desire is to gain notoriety at the expense of the deluded and illiterate mass of Indian Mussulmans.

At Belsize Park there is a branch of the Santiniketan of the Hindu poet and philosopher, Dr Rabbindranath Tagore, which represents Hinduism in England. Indian students in the British Isles are mostly Hindus. There are also some British Moslems, Hindus, and Buddhists, and many adherents of the Theosophical Society.

And not least among these sectarianisms is the fad of Spiritualism, a worn-out and decaying Eastern cult, which could be commonly seen in the streets and bazaars of India. The difference between them is that Eastern people, especially Indian women, have a monopoly of being mediums of ancient spirits, while in England the cult wears a modern garb. Here the spirits are the spirits of British soldiers and people who have recently been ushered into the Spirit World.

I must admit that it sometimes baffles me, to some degree of annoyance, to think of the fall of some of those rare minds of which England holds a fair share,

from a height that dazzled the world, to a feebleness that will accept the possibilities and probabilities of Spiritualism.

It is not consoling. Does it mean that, after reaching certain intellectual attainments, when realities could be discerned from unrealities, it is possible for a hereditary reaction to set it? If it be so, then it is not heartening to the world of intellectual thought, for this kind of charlatanism, which gets its impetus from rare minds and personalities, undoubtedly lives and fructifies, and the more so, when it evidently has to prey and feed on the rich soil of the superstitiously-minded crowd.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BESIDES sectarianism and Churches, there are also Lodges, Orders, Guilds, Associations, Societies, and Clubs, which augment the division of class from class. Some of these, like Freemasonry and its kindred orders, are world-wide organisations, which run their form of government parallel to the government of the State, with clandestine methods in their constituents, which give much food for thought and speculation from the outsider. There is nothing mysterious about them, except that seclusion breeds mysteriousness. They are nothing more than simple secluded meeting-places of a gang of people who desire to keep their deliberations secret from non-members. An array of rites and rituals, with unintelligible symbolism, no doubt lend an uncanny and mystic atmosphere, but they have no intrinsic value to morals or to intellect. Legends and

myths also play an important rôle in the ceremony of these assemblages.

Their common trait is that they cater not for the general good, but for the good of a section only. The good of members is their paramount consideration, which obviously means that to achieve this good, it must be necessarily achieved at the expense of other people. This is the only logical construction that can be placed on their status, for their deliberations are carried on in secret, and cannot bear the light of day.

Difficult stipulations are enjoined as a precedent to membership, which stipulations are conditioned by the set purpose of catering for a given class. The whole entrance proceeding is pursued to uphold a process of elimination of undesirables. In other words, if an ordinary man who is counted an undesirable has somehow procured the means to get in, and is in, and is able to cope with the general level of high living and convivialities, he eventually becomes one of them. Once he is in, there is every likelihood of his remaining, for he gets in touch with every available means that will keep him in. He is placed within reach of opportunities by which he can help himself—of course, in every case at the expense of the general population. These organisations are not, and can never be, in the interest of the working-man.

The Italian Dictator, Mussolini, uprooted Freemasonry from Italian soil because it was a positive menace to his pet policy of Fascism. British Permanent Officialdom and high-grade Civil Servants and the highest classes are the backbone of British Freemasonry. The middle-class possess their middle-mean organisa-

tions, like the Foresters and Oddfellows' Lodges. It is easy to locate the connection of class and class, and their secret workings against other classes, within the threshold of these secret conclaves. The connection of British Permanent Officials with Freemasonry brings them in connection, not only with British Masons, but also with Masons abroad. This connection could be made to work in harmony with the best interests of the State and the inhabitants of the State, but in every case it has been proved to be otherwise.

Let me give a working instance of how a Mason official may be able to exploit and pollute the public service. A public work department advertises a tender which involves millions of pounds. All the tenders that have been received are known to the head of the department. This head is a Mason, and he meets a brother Mason at the Lodge, who has also tendered, and, as brothers, they discuss the matter. At the end of the discussion, the tenderer says, "Look here, John Brown, we can both make money if you get me that tender." The result the reader knows. In almost every case when these clandestine outrages are committed, the brunt of the whole effect falls on the shoulders of the workingman, who invariably knows little of these secret machinations carried out at his expense.

This is only one of the many instances which give the reader a glimpse of the working of these secret societies and their secret depredations. Every known speculator, financier, syndicalist, and big bug are members of these Orders. Financial juggleries, gambling on the Stock Exchange, monopolising and cornering of markets, find inspiration from these secret sources.

The Government of the State becomes at times im-

potent and baffled at their wire-pulling, and even Ministries are known to have crashed at their secret biddings. They are known to have perverted justice, and job-pulling is their chief attraction to members. Members are sworn upholders of the preservation of their Orders and their brethren. No obstacle is too difficult to overcome when this preservation is in peril. In short, they are a positive menace to the greater society, and their principles are diametrically opposed to universalism.

The Stock Exchange and Scotland Yard are both famous institutions that deal with the preservation of wealth and its exchange. Scotland Yard maps out the world as occupied by noted criminals and illicit distributors and exchangers of wealth and property. A whole army of trained man-hunters is maintained, idling, overshadowing, and spying out the whereabouts of people who are supposed to be too dangerous members of society; and these man-hunters report their findings to headquarters, where they are recorded and docketed. Scotland Yard may be defined as an efficient man-hunting machine.

Both of these famous institutions form a counterpart in the scheme of the law of property, with its constellation of attending satellites, all intermingled, commingled, and indissoluble, one with another, and each with the rest, thus portraying a picture equivalent to the endless reflections of the reflections of the mirrors. Wealth stolen is not lost. It has simply exchanged hands, and Scotland Yard sees to it that this exchange is carried out according to the law of the land. A man may, at will, take a few pounds at the Stock Exchange

and exchange them for a hundred pounds, and yet not come under Scotland Yard's purview ; but woe be unto the same man if he happens to be hungry, and takes up a loaf from a baker's stall in London streets, and makes away with it. Scotland Yard hounds him down to his doom.

The Stock Exchange is a gigantic financial barometer, which indicates the rise and fall of the market price of Securities, Stocks, Bonds, Bank Rates, Exchange and Commodities. Its tentacles spread far and wide. Jugglers on the Stock Exchange may sit tight at home in London, and by some freak or device or some alternative deliberate act, either in collusion with brokers or otherwise, swop the value of hundreds of toilers for a mere song, and hoard it in gold at a bank vault, while these toilers starve in some distant plantation. Numerous devices are adopted by these clever wizards to enrich themselves at the expense of other people.

And Scotland Yard looks on with studied indifference at this unpleasant form of thievery. Steel-bound rules and regulations gird the Constitution of the Stock Exchange, and the process of elimination is complete, for no small or puny-moneyed fry need try to pass within its threshold. It is the exclusive privilege of a few big bugs to run the British Stock Exchange.

The average man of the street may be seen about the Stock Exchange in mere curiosity, or may be part of the tumbling and hectic crowd who hope to grasp the slightest opportunity to enhance their monetary value, without the faintest effort on their part to work.

The Stock Exchange is an artificial and abnormal growth of bartering. It has pursued a course in its evolution that has developed bulging and dispropor-

tionate symptoms of financial diseases, the effects of which, when set in at London, are felt right across the English Channel to the European capitals, across the Atlantic Ocean to New York and Ottawa, and down south to Buenos Aires. The concussion is felt all over the world.

The Bank is an institution that, with its incentive to individual hoarding, has been responsible for much human misery. It is an indissoluble counterpart to the Stock Exchange and Scotland Yard—which combination is the custodian of the law of property and sponsor of individualism. These are all interlocked systems which are the close preserve of the selected few, who jealously guard their domain from the public's interference. Like the Stock Exchange, the Bank heightens class distinction and inequality. As a matter of fact, these two together usurp an essential division of function to which the State alone, as the supremest power, is entitled.

The British Banking System, in conjunction with the banking systems the world over, has precipitated the contemporary world crisis. Many of the nations are fit subjects for the Receiving Order, and banking philosophy can find neither diagnosis nor cure for the world's economic ailments. Its philosophies are old-fashioned theorems and notions that can never hope to reconstruct the peace of the world. And above all, the banking systems afford moneyed traitors easy opportunities to change their moneyed allegiance to other countries, when the State is in dire straits.

Bankers rush in mad haste from country to country, in order to stave off a crash here and outwit a smash there, and are baffled in despair, while the world continues to sink into perdition. The Governor of the

Bank of England is a much-harrassed man, who shrinks from the gaze of other men, and who can scarcely have a moment's peace of mind or contentment. Bankers live in an air of dejection, though they still seem to be fooling themselves into feeling, like Atlas of old, to be carrying the world on their shoulders.

And then comes the bank account, which is the simple measurement of gentlemanship in England. The person who does not own a bank account is considered not to count in society's reckoning. He stands distinct in his no-count class. He may be a just man, he may be an upright man, and even a godly man, for that matter; yet society snubs him and dubs him a downright fool, for society counts it a folly to be poor and have no bank account. But the man who defrauds all, in speculation on the Stock Exchange, in the monopolising of the food of the people, and robs the poor, the widow and orphan, can masquerade in his ill-gotten wealth in the best social circles of England, without let or hindrance, because he possesses a solid bank account which could buy anything, from the souls of men to a sanctimonious self-righteousness, a pew in church, and a grave at Westminster Abbey. Yes! a bank account may also purchase a seat in the House of Lords.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TRAFFIC in Peerages was in the past a sordid feature of British political life ; but now it has changed from its aspects of sordidness and vulgarity to the refined method of bribing political rivals into silence and keeping them at arm's length, and to the interchanging of politicians' gifts among themselves. For the Labour Party this custom of elevation has had disastrous effects. No sooner does a Labour Leader soar higher and higher in the working man's estimation, gain some popularity, and become acclaimed as a tower of strength in Socialistic circles, than this elevation inducement looms before him, and causes a defection from principles. He eventually accepts an elevation, and thus further depletes the already much depleted ranks of the Labour Party. Current Labour leaders' antics serve as appropriate examples that fully bear out this contention.

In comparison with continental work-people, the British workman has a higher standard of living. This has made him somewhat less prone to discontent. The British worker worships pomp and power, and cherishes the Constitution which acknowledges as its supreme head the King, Queen, and Royal Family. He is unlike his continental brother in the matter of class-consciousness. The British workman has had but little to do with the collective Socialistic sense. Moreover, militant Socialism is foreign to his nature, and what little of this cult may be found in the United Kingdom has been imported from foreign sources.

In the history of political reform, the working man of

England played but a little share in the game. The struggle was centred between two powerful rival interests—the interest of the King in his own right, by the Grace of God, and the Nobles in their right as landowners. The working-man, as the right-down bottom class, was divided between these two factors. In the end the King always lost, and reform was gained—not, however, in the interests of the working-man, but in the interest of the landowners.

It was no class reform in England. Unlike the French Revolution, where the lower classes revolted against the King, in conjunction with his class, the *bourgeoisie*, the British succeeded in clipping the unlimited power of their kings. In the general *mêlée* the working-man was buffeted as a pawn in the game. Thus, whatever good was achieved also trickled down to him as a matter of course. While on the Continent the dividing line was sharp between two distinct classes, in England, because of her vast imperial connections and overseas trade, a giant middle-class inserted itself as a buffer between the two. Overseas trade flourished, and the upper classes waxed rich and workers got better wages at the expense of cheap native labour in the colonies, which was systematically exploited; and this prosperity for the workers at home lulled them into a state of quietism and indifference to serious class struggle.

The middle class sometimes feels the concussion between these two extremes. It acts as a component toning and tempering element of moderation. When the working-man wants to champion his own cause, he has to discard the working-garb, put in a middle-class appearance, and fight the issue. In the process of metamorphosis this working-man's champion eventually

forgets his origin. As the result of this state of affairs, there is the indifferent attitude of Labour-leaders towards their class; and it is owing to this that the working-man of England has hardly yet begun to learn and appreciate his own status and importance in the nature of things as they are constituted. In almost every case when a leader is adopted, that leader either gets out of his class or forgets his origin and joins the upper classes.

The prevailing system of the working-men's education is an apology. He is poorly educated, which makes him ignorant of his own significance. Ten years of uninteresting childhood education, half of which has been lost in religious instruction, make his world-conception narrow and circumscribed. Class indigence precludes him from enjoying a secondary or university education. But the general rule is that no sooner has he acquired a secondary or university education than he ceases to be a worker. From school to workshop, field or factory—this is his scheduled routine; and after school-days he hardly ever reads a book. He reads in his childhood imagination, one thing, and comes in contact, in his workaday practical life, with another thing. These two contradictions mar his mind and nature, and he becomes a callous and unconcerned being; and thus he indulges in drinks and other pernicious habits that lull the mind into a kind of quietism.

In the case of the French Revolution, the revolt was the result of the mad fury of the mob, goaded by tyranny and oppression from the upper classes, without any settled plan of action or construction. Anybody or anything became expedient to that senseless and tumultuous rabble of human passion. It ended as it

started, without any goal, any destination, in the hands of a strong man, and now, after a chequered career, it has reached its present form of Republicanism, without any pampered class distinction or superiority. Not that class distinction is extinct in the French Republic; but it has simply changed its form, and is just an irritation like that of the U.S.A. or Great Britain. But in England the symbol of class still remains—even caste, for that matter—a surfeit and an economic and social encumbrance, and a democratic anomaly.

“The world must be made safe for democracy,” was the rallying point in the fourteen principles enunciated by Mr Woodrow Wilson, the President of the U.S.A. The Great War saw the climax to this Democracy. It has been since hanging in the balance, being seriously weighed between Fascism and Communism. Time alone, its final and fatal arbitrator, will tell of its stability as a world force.

The British workman is left to choose between these two extremes. He might yet have to tolerate some kind of Dictatorship. But I see no one personality in all the British Empire, whom I would venture to even name as a possible candidate for such a signal distinction. Mr Lloyd George, the War Premier, is a spent force. Mr Ramsay MacDonald has reached the zenith of his career. He may be either metamorphosed into a Peer, or seek some high office, or remain a discredited and petulant politician. Mr Winston Churchill will simply wreck the Empire. Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere are not trusted by anyone. Mr Stanley Baldwin is too precious English to be a dictator. There remain the wealthy Sir Oswald Mosley, Messrs

Arthur Henderson and James Maxton, who need not be mentioned.

There is but one man in all the British Empire who might fill the office of a Dictator, but to mention his name will be committing political blasphemy. If the Prince of Wales were not the King's eldest son and the Prince of Wales, and if it were possible for him to renounce his right of accession to a throne for ever, and follow the dictates of his conscience, for the sake of England, then this comparatively young Britisher might lead England to a glorious destiny.

A splendid opportunity and a glorious destiny lie in the hollow of this young Prince's hand, if only he will grasp it. No sacrifice is greater than this, when a Prince of an illustrious house comes down, in common duty to country and Motherland, like a commoner, to lead a country like England in her dire need and necessity—which country has no cause to hang her head in shame.

But it does not appear possible. The experiment might be extremely dangerous at this stage of British political evolution. All man's experience seems to render every argument on this issue a nullity. But the Prince of Wales has shown his mettle as a man and a citizen; he is immensely popular, well read, and ambitious; he loves Old England above all: and if human nature could be trusted, I would say, by all means let this young man lead Great Britain, and England's people must suffer to follow him. But human nature is too flimsy a reed for it to be safe to entrust such a stupendous responsibility to one man—though I still feel like trusting the Prince of Wales.

And it will be superfluous for me to reiterate further

that the Labour leaders are not qualified to assume the rôle of dictatorship of the proletariat—and herein lies the puzzle of British politics. Labour must put itself in order, lest when the opportunity comes for it to lead Great Britain in real earnest, Labour will find that it cannot trust its own leaders ; and a trusted leadership is the essence of renaissance.

Man's noblest achievement began when he took it into his head to labour to eat. However remote this may have been, it still stands to-day as the greatest triumph of his race. To work to eat is the attribute of men, but to eat and not work is the character of a bug. What gods could not do on this planet, man seems destined to do from the day when he stood up on the soles of his feet, and ploughed the soil. He took away from the gods their kingdom, and means to reign therein. Only by work will he succeed, and it stands therefore as a fundamental law that all must work. No working-man need be ashamed of his noble calling. The British working-man must only reckon on himself to wrest his right of place in the body politic of the British Nation.

A workers' leader must always be a worker. He must by precepts and examples show that he does on no account despise his manly profession. In short, he must glory in it and believe in it as the only salvation from the mess created by an irrational and suicidal system. He must work even if he is made Dictator. Some little moments of his day must be spent in actual work. He must not make people believe that he will work because of necessity, and as a temporary make-shift, and that he only waits for circumstances to change, for him to cease to work. No ! this is not the kind of

gospel to instil and inculcate in a nation whose desire is for rational and practical reformation.

All must work is the fundamental law ; but, unfortunately, all are not working. Three millions are idle and are subsidized against revolution, and unemployment has assumed an industrial status. What a calamity, indeed ! If all that cannot find work are men, then I will say to them, let the women stay at home, and let the men do their work, thus reducing the sting-in-the-tail of the dole system. If this were possible, then I will counsel every working-woman to lay hold on an idle man and make him do her work. If he is not skilled to do it at once, then teach him to do it in a little while, and let her remain at home and care for the men's comfort and rear the nation's children. This will set her on a pedestal of honour and recognition as to her real worth as the nation's mother, sister and wife, and for this receive from the nation's hands homage and honorariums.

This little story will add lustre to my meaning. In British Guiana, during the diamond boom, an American woman went into the diamond-fields to hunt for the precious stones. In a few months she returned. Her venture proved a success. As was her wont, she gave an interview to the local newspaper, delineating her prowess as the hardy American woman who was able to combat against treacherous waterfalls and rapids and strenuous jungle life. She indulged in a bit of crowing—and she would not be an American if she did not do that. The newspaper strongly featured the interview.

Just a week after, a veteran diamond miner replied to her at a large meeting in the following words:—

“A daughter of the U.S.A. comes over here and tells you that she can do what Guianese men can do in the British Guiana Hinterland. I do not grudge her, and I dare say none of you here envies her for her adventure, experience and success. But I must tell this American lady that we do things differently in British Guiana. We, the men, go into the interior, win the precious gems, come back and adorn our women with them. We do not allow our women to endure the hardships that naturally belongs to men, for we work, and let the women keep the home and the fireside.”

I must confess that I fancied the crowing of this diamond miner better, and I recommend him to the full consideration of the British people.

CHAPTER XXV.

BRITISH aristocratic life is full of luxury extravagance, and pleasantness. The King and Royal Family and Court represent the acme of culture and gentility. On the question of rank, after the Royal Family come the Nobility, the Wealthy and Clergy.

The Royal household derives its support from a Civil List granted by the British Parliament. No member of the Royal Family does any work. The Hanover Dynasty has taken root and hold in the minds of the British Nation. It has formed its own setting in the picture of British social life. The British people think and feel of the British Throne as much as they think and feel of the English seasons. An awe and reverence to the Sovereign is part of their nature and parcel of their creed, as enjoined by a conventional religion. The King is the fountain-head of all grace, and he is by God's Grace the King and Defender of the Christian Faith.

This idea of King by the Grace of God is as strong as ever. Its compact with modern notions and ideas has shown it up in specious relief as an extraordinary system of conventional usage, class distinction, and a paradox. A prince may be an eccentric or an idiot, but he owns by birth an inalienable and preferable right against that of any other citizen, even if that citizen be an intellectual giant or a Prime Minister. A whole galaxy of titles from His Majesty the King Emperor to the Reverend John Josephs, obtains in this aristocratic Christian pantheon, each bearing its own corre-

lative order of merit. The King does no wrong—not unlike the Pope, who also is infallible.

The King is head of the British Christian Theocracy, followed by a constellation of Lords Spiritual and Lords Temporal.

I need not enter into the history of British Kings and Royal household, and the part they have played in the mentality and make-up of the British Empire. Suffice it to say, that during the reign of the good Queen Victoria, British supremacy reached a high-water mark. It had found an impetus from that working-man, the Great Protector, Oliver Cromwell, and steadily grew to its present level. Save for a few ruling heads who actually led the nation, while others were Kings only in name, the whole prosperity of the British Nation was obtained from the efforts of the sons of the Middle Classes. This is no place to find a chronicle of the Court life and culture of Kings, Nobles and Wealthy. Aristocratic life is fully portrayed in cheap novels that are sold in any bookstall for a shilling.

The love-affairs of the working-man can have no glamour for the public. They are too commonplace and vulgar to ensure a theme for songs from novel-writers. Pick up a shilling novel, dear reader, and you will get a wonderful array of Court conventions and fashions, dances, balls, dinners, gardens, flowers, with a retinue of attending nabobs in gorgeous supercilious magnificence. The novel-writers sing like the ballad-singer of old, not of the rational, practical, idealism of man, but of his whimsical wooing sentimentality, coupled with romantic phantasy, falsehood and imaginary bliss. The common run of fiction-writers is based on sex-appeal. There is a raging plethora of them. Some

of these writings are mere trash. Some picture human nature in its worst aspects, and keep it around prisons, Scotland Yard and crime. Some are very cleverly written, and are excellent specimens of light reading material. Others are of a high standard of intellectual and educational work, of moral, historical and scientific value, blended with sex-attraction, thus rendering delightful reading.

But it is peculiar to note that nowhere have I seen or found a lore sung in praise of the working-man by these fiction-writers. If the worker is there in the plot then he is seen in his usual outlandishness, as the menial, the footman, the cook, the chauffeur, or gardener. Even literature despises the working-man as a theme. Upper-class mode of living and thought are indispensable factors to fiction. If the young heiress gets infatuated with the miner, she will lift him up to her class, and if the Earl's son falls in love with the milk-maid, the latter will cease to milk her cows.

In every case these escapades are a dead loss to the working-class, and, moreover, every fiction-writer has the inclination to treat them with a good dose of "cold douche," because of the fact that they make a demagogue of the upper class take a fancy to a working-man or woman, and then afterwards create class barriers of colossal magnitude against the ordinary simple mating of two people. And yet this kind of mating might have been the saving grace of the aristocracy. Their in-breeding has resulted in a degeneration of their class. They cannot point within a decade to have bred a personality or intellectual genius. They are a decaying people for that matter.

In the political arena the Conservatives and Liberals

constitute the representatives of the upper and middle classes. Communism is a smothered doctrine in Great Britain. Even Shapurji Saklatvala, the Parsi, and the indefatigable Communist die-hard, has succumbed to this smothering. Conservative policy has devoted itself to the preservation of the supremacy of its class. Its politics have been always determined to the detriment of the other classes. Had matters depended only on it, then England might have been another poverty-stricken Portugal. In the past a few brilliant leaders shone and graced the ranks, and they made some outstanding landmark in Britain's history, but now, with the exception of the Cecil brothers, there is no stalwart personality or intellectual figure among the Conservative Members of Parliament. They are all mediocrities. The fact must not be lost sight of, that I do not count multiple possession of the world's goods as the standard of intellectualism.

Die-hard Conservatism is a waning concern in the British political firmament, though it will in time adopt a flexible Liberalism by which it will sustain its own life, and will be able to assume power in a kind of Party-Fascism method. And, moreover, in conjunction with industrial supremacy, it will wield power to effect its solidarity to a degree such as was never before attempted. The depletion in Labour and Liberal ranks will assist it to set the balance in its favour ; and in the meanwhile the barometer of Liberalism will rise and fall between Conservative-Liberalism and Liberal-Labourism.

In due course two powerful parties will struggle for supremacy in Great Britain.

Liberalism, Free Trade and Cobdenism are more or less synonymous terms. Free Trade doctrine ensured

the expansion of Great Britain and her Empire of the twentieth century. Liberalism represents the middle class and the real pioneers of trade-development of the British Nation throughout the world. As Liberalism is dwindling, so it seems that a corresponding dwindling of British Trade begins as a sequence. Of course the Labour Party has taken up the cudgels of Free Trade as a measure to ensure the working-man's cheap food, and thus for a time Free Trade has been upheld as the Fiscal Political Creed of the British Nation.

It was the Free Trade doctrine of the far-seeing Britishers that brought the raw products from the remotest part of the globe to England, and which were sent back as manufactured articles, at great profit to the British Nation.

It was Free Trade that encouraged and built the British Merchant Marine, which has its own pride of place in the world, and which brought in the raw products and carried out the manufactured goods.

It was Free Trade that gave birth to the slogan, "British and Best"—a truism—and made the British manufacturers an unexcelled and exceptionally skilled people in the manufacturing art and made the British Navy the Mistress of the Seas.

Last but not least, Free Trade won England her Empire, which is being bartered for mere greed and gain by unscrupulous politicians.

Liberalism must be given its due. It brought England from being an Island Kingdom to be the British Commonwealth of Nations; and England may see her own decline in the abandonment of the Free Trade doctrine. The adoption of Protection for Great Britain marks the beginning of the decline and shrinkage of the Empire.

Britain's greatest political blunder lies in the policy of granting to the Dominions their Constitution with a separatist tendency, instead of making colonial Britishers equal sharers and partakers of the Empire's destiny from within and from home. This separatist policy has been Britain's undoing. It was a short-sighted policy, and without vision.

A few brilliant minds still follow the fate of the decaying Liberalism. The split and cleavage from orthodox Liberalism spells disaster to the party as a whole. Mr Lloyd George faithfully adheres to the sinking ship. One admires this war-time veteran Premier and Wizard of Wales for his faith, while the Liberal heretic, Sir John Simon, endeavours to paint black white and white black, in his lawyerly way. Sir John Simon is a famous lawyer and an illustrious scholar, but of a standard type; and the trouble about him is that his balance is disturbed by his law-mentality.

I see no hope for the present of an outstanding leader within the ranks of Conservatism and Liberalism. I do not mean that these parties do not possess their homely celebrities: they certainly do; but these celebrities, unfortunately, do not represent the type of leadership to which I make reference. And a leader must be found who believes that Great Britain's continued greatness lies within her own heart, and that she must begin by probing right down there, and cut out the offending abscess, and so let this great country wax greater as a power for the good of the whole world.

If there is to be a revolution in England, militant or otherwise, the good sense of the British People can always be relied on to honour and protect the persons

of the British Royal Family from harm. If there is one aristocratic family to which the world owes much, it is the Hanover Dynasty. That great-hearted, illustrious scion of an equally illustrious House, King George, has endeared himself to the hearts of the British Nation at home and abroad. His tender heart pulsates equally with that of his humblest subject at every crisis in which the nation becomes entangled. He has earned the admiration of the world by gracious gestures of goodwill and sincerity towards the Nation. And he represents the finest type of the term, English gentleman, which fact endears him the more to his people.

When the King was stricken down on a sick-bed, helpless—even as helpless as the occupant of the sick-bed of a poor working subject—the nation and the world yearned for heartening news from the bed-side. The King, in George the Fifth, might have died and the British Empire would have had another King and Emperor ; but it was to George, the English gentleman, to whom every section of the Empire's heart went out.

Queen Mary is an emblem of noble womanhood and motherhood combined, and the Royal Princes and Princesses are charming people. That they are part of a system in which they had no hand in the actual making goes to show that they, like others, are a part in the evolution of better things and are subject to readjustments for the well-being of all, and therefore must never be the subject of unjust persecutions of bitterness. The British Royal Family have amply shown and proved their mutual kinship to the British people as no other reigning house in the world has done, and for this alone they merit the just consideration of all.

Great Britain must find a way out to a better world of social and economic equality for every citizen alike, without persecution and bloodshed. She led the world along, and even now must lead—but her leadership has been too long delayed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BRITISH ARMY earned the contempt of the reigning Kaiser of Germany during the Great War, though to the ex-Kaiser's bitter experience. The British Army has always cherished its traditional efficiency, valour and chivalry. In every battlefield on which it was engaged, it left marks of these salient features in its character. The British Army is as good as any, and better than many; and the British Nation does not lack patriotism in the supporting of its Army at the time of a national crisis. The Nation and the Army have always lived up to their expectations. Britain owns a small Army, when this is on a peace-footing, which grows into great proportions, to meet any eventualities, at war-time; and every Britisher feels some degree of pride in the prowess of the Army and Navy. Every section of the Nation gives its treasures and blood, to preserve the national prestige and honour when called upon to face a common foe. Great Britain may be divided into a hundred domestic camps, but when the common danger confronts the Nation they stand as a united whole.

This example of patriotism is worthy of emulation; but it follows as a matter of course, that the Nation lives to rue the day when its patriotism was roused into action. The contemporary crisis represents the rueing of the aftermath of the Great War.

Patriotism is all very well and good, but it does not

stand the acid test of a profoundly well-balanced and collective social temperament. Patriotism is narrow, and it breeds its narrow kind. When Britain gets imbued with intense patriotism, the Frenchman becomes attuned to it; and the Germans and Italians do the same; and so on, until a clash in rival patriotism ensues to the awful bitter experience of the whole world.

Nationalism is the handmaiden to patriotism; and just after the War—which originated from a vehement nationalistic group of semi-barbaric people of the Balkans, and which has been pampered ever since by a defeatist policy of the Great Powers, into a cauldron of inflammatory material of war—nationalism began to spread like wildfire, and every group of people began to be obsessed with it, until now it has become another kind of religion of obstinate, obstreperous obstruction against true human progress. Nations began to rake up old models of ancestral barbarism and adopted them as modern usages; the world became vehemently active in the formation of groups and groups of Nationalists; and whole nations ceased to do real work, and began to revert to all kinds of new inventions of armaments of war in order to keep their nationalism intact.

In consequence every nincompoop nation is armed to the teeth, and spending above its income on military preparations, while the masses are dense illiterates. Big Powers sponsor these little buffers into the feeling of an inflated sense of importance of their little selves, and make them outspend themselves by borrowed plumes, ultimately making them financially-dependent vassals. A pace has been set in the multiplicity of armaments of war to which there is no likely check.

In this state of confusion what hope of peace and work is there for the world ?

The British Nation as a World Power is straining every nerve to keep its head above water, in the endeavour to retain its traditional supremacy of being the most efficient fighting power. The British Navy has been maintained as such. It possesses a world-wide fame and prestige. On its arm rests the whole edifice of British supremacy and trade. It is not a coastal defence force, but a world-wide system of distributing the warrior-sentinels of Great Britain across the seas.

And this supremacy has been ably and successfully challenged by the United States of America, a one-time colony under Britain, and this galls the Britisher. The U.S.A. is a no mean rival. In point of resources and man-power it far excels Great Britain, but it lacks the experience which Britain undoubtedly holds first and foremost. Nevertheless, Britain holds a Navy-tradition of which any nation may be justly proud. And the maintenance of this prestige and pride of place has been unduly out of proportion with present-day dwindling trade resources and national income, thus causing Britain to commit a breach of strict business principle—an act of bankruptcy.

And as the spending continues, a crisis is reached and wage-cuts become necessary and inevitable. These wage-cuts have reached the pockets of the bluejackets of the Atlantic ; and these honourable Navy-Marines, whose prowess has been sung for ages by the British Nation, as the bulwark on which British Power rests, and whose sense of discipline was in the past proverbial, committed simple mutiny, thus dragging the great

name and prestige of a Great Nation in the dust, before the eyes of an unsympathetic world.

And as if to crown the humiliation, the Secretary for the Dominions, Mr J. H. Thomas, has issued a somewhat belated appeal to the Empire for contributions to Navy expenditure, in consequence of which the Trinidad and Fiji Governments have each contributed the sum of £25,000 and £5000 respectively. One can understand the mental make-up and sense of introspection of Mr J. H. Thomas. He has failed to appreciate the fact that the psychological effects created by the wording of his appeal have caused untold damage to British prestige and interest abroad. A vital problem of this kind should have been a matter for cool, quiet and calm deliberations among Empire units, and anything but a subject for a brain-wave broadcasting. Or is it that the shadow of the last fiasco-ended Imperial Conference—when Mr Thomas alluded to the Dominion Premiers as “persistent humbugs”—lurks about his mind, and he feels that an appeal from afar might bring better results? If this is the policy of the National Government of Great Britain, then surely it is a bad beginning. Such a blunder is enough to send it back to the electorate.

This spending beyond her means is a positive danger to Britain and her Empire. To Great Britain disarmament is a necessity, though it is not of choice. It has always shown its desire to be in real earnest in Disarmament Conference, by concrete examples which are not followed by equally genuine responses from other nations. Too much stress is laid on the question of national minimum security when the problem of disarmament is being discussed among the nations.

Each emphasises that its limit of reduction has been reached, thus rendering a stalemate against true progress; and they all openly and clandestinely presage and prepare the psychology of a coming struggle and conflict. Each nation endeavours to outwit the other into accepting their make-believe sincerity with long talk and diplomacy.

The prime factor that spells disaster to the true spirit of the Conference is the prevalence of the brute-trait-in-man conception, that strength proves superiority. With this brute-principle pervading the Conference atmosphere, no wonder little had been achieved to make the world safe for peace and work. World Disarmament must be governed by a collective sense of a rational, practical and idealist measure of world-problem. Even the League of Nations is impotent against this unhappy, clawing, brute propensity which preponderates at its deliberations. Its machinery has been monopolised by the machinations of the Big Powers, while the little ones keep aloof in distrust and disgust. What right has a community of struggling mice with the deliberations of huge ferocious tigers? It is not commensurate with the dignity of Big Beasts to brook parlance with Little Beasts! They simply humour the Little Ones into the feeling of a smug complacent self-satisfaction of empty false pride.

There is one other aspect of the League of Nations which has certainly portended some little faith in the minds of well-wishers of mankind as to the potency of the League of Nations as a Peace Preserver of the world. It is the aspect of "open discussion" of the problems confronting it. In this matter the great influence of the U.S.A. is seen and felt, despite the un-

fortunate fact that the U.S.A. is still not an active member of the League. It is abiding its time in the hope of seeing a change of heart on the part of the European Nations which still wallow in their policies of secret diplomacy; but it is due time for the U.S.A. to claim the child of its own making—the League of Nations.

European nations and their Diplomacy are too well known a factor in World Politics to find reiteration here. Suffice it to say that the word "Diplomacy" carries with it its own system and generic meaning, which embody an entire conception of state-craft, internal and external, and which has its egotism based on deceit, hypocrisy, sagacity, treachery and fraud. In brief, diplomacy means duplicity, and with it is connected that dreaded secret system of espionage between nations. Spy ravages were seen in their worst during the Great War, and in peace-time spy activities are no less rampant.

Within these systems human nature is reduced to its lowest depth of degradation. A morbid sense of egotism prevails in certain minds that will do the most heinous and maddening things in order to achieve their objects. Spies and their machinations abound in every important city of the world, and their dens, haunts and nests are known only to secret service agents. And human nature is debased as decoys to lure men and women to their death and doom. And what a gentleman will not do in private life he will do in his other self as a dealer in spies. He will use the body of a beautiful woman to decoy a man-spy, and he will use a handsome young man to lure a woman-spy, because he believes it to be a public duty; and all these things

are carried on for a senseless folly of mad nationalism; which, in turn, reflects not one tittle of good to the world or humanity. And such is the mentality of supposedly civilized people who do not refrain from worshipping at the shrine of Diplomacy and Espionage. In Japan the spy-cult has adopted an Eastern garb : if a Japanese spy misses his object of attainment, he is not fit to live, and he commits hari-kari.

The world must be made free from War-mongering, Diplomacy and Espionage, so that peace and real work can be made possible. In the hands of the British workers and the workers the world over lies the key to disarmament. If they will only realise the enormity of their strength as the essential division of function from which wars and these pernicious systems get sustenance, and if they will only realize the workers' common world kinship and understand that when war ensues, they share the worst fate of all, then they will organize a common world-resistance, and frustrate the efforts on the part of the war-mongers against this rising of wars and preparations of wars. And thus they will do themselves and the whole world the greatest service.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHILE the British Nation is desperately fighting to regain her feet, some of the British people are sporting even fiddling as Nero did while Rome burned. Is it not marvellously ridiculous that while some are working, some are sporting, and others are idling, and can afford to pay to see others sporting? "Too much work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a colloquial truism. The constituent of the human system precludes working all the time. The human race is to have its leisure, its play, fun and sport; but that all must work, and all must play and sport, is the fundamental law.

National games play an important part in the upper-class British life. There are all sorts of games, and all sorts of clubs which cater for these games, though their scope is limited to members. These games come under the category of Sport. There are also a large number of Picture Theatres and Operas, and queues of theatre-fans may be seen eagerly waiting outside the theatre premises to gain admission.

All kinds of sports prevail in England. Sports generally help to destroy class susceptibilities to some extent, and assist in levelling class contour, but their scope in this direction is very much limited. They simply do not reach everybody. A game of cricket reaches only a small number of actual participants, while thousands remain idle and look on. Cricketing nevertheless instils disciplinary principles which tone

the morals and inculcate a spirit of *camaraderie* among the players. This game is also an inter-Empire sport, for one will see Australians, South Africans and West Indians in England, engaged in Test Matches, while teams of English cricketers visit the Dominions and Colonies.

Football is more a robust and manly game. It has an international character. It cultivates healthy rivalry, a strength of mind and determination to succeed and not to yield, and also the development of the physique. It is a game of great physical culture possibilities, and should be within reach of all.

Both Cricket and Football teem with celebrities of their own order and merit.

There are also other games too numerous to mention, which have their own peculiar merit and characteristics.

Then comes the Sport of Kings—horse-racing. I do not see how horse-racing helps anybody's physique, except that of the horse and the jockey. As to morals, it does not, in any case, help those of either the owner or the jockey; and I do know that it does not serve any rational purpose in the well-being of the State.

In short, it is a waste of time and energy on the part of some wealthy and idle people who can afford this waste. But that is not all. As they waste their own time, they also get others who can ill-afford to do so, to waste theirs. It is a specimen of sport where gambling and cheating are essential features. During the racing seasons any amount of money changes hands. World-wide sweepstakes are circulated, and large sums of money are won and lost at the expense of the majority. The hard-earned money of the poor working-man is lost in the hope to win some wealth. At times it is the last

few shillings he has got with which to procure the necessities of the home, and he swops it for a sweepstakes ticket ; and he invariably loses ; and his loss is more to him than to the others.

Sweepstakes gambling is a nuisance, for it inculcates the rotten psychology in the minds of people of gaining wealth without working ; and it should be checked. The Irish people, though devout Roman Catholics, run sweepstakes garbed in philanthropic sanctity. This philanthropic hypocrisy has assumed gigantic proportions by its pious presumption and get-rich-quickly propensity. It is nothing short of a pious fraud. It is common knowledge that the bulk of the returns goes to the pockets of middlings and winners, and that the Irish hospitals gain but little.

Thousands of British people glory in their hobbies of Motoring, Boating, Aeroplaning and the like, while millions go in want, and have not a semblance of anything called a hobby.

And last, but not least, there is another type of thing which people in England, and elsewhere, call sport, and which is nothing short of a kind of kinship to the gladiatorial contests of Ancient Rome. Its modern prototype is the Spanish bull-fight. It is called by the name of Boxing. It is nothing short of barbarism, and I cannot conceive how refined people can tolerate such a brutal thing in England. But some people gloat over it ; others go in ecstasies about it ; a regular trade is centred in it ; and a world-wide professional rivalry exists among the combatants.

One expects to find vents and channels through which the brute-attribute in man will satiate its carnal appetite of ferociousness, but to ape one's ape-ancestry in

perpetuity, is the least thing to expect in a 20th-century civilized world. It certainly jars on the culture and refinement of the British people.

The British people also have their religious and national Festivals. And Boxing Day in Christian England borders on the day when peace and goodwill was sung, for the day preceding Boxing Day is Christmas Day. As if to say, yesterday was the day for peace and good will, to-day is the day for strife and ill will. Boxing Day is "Patron Day" for the pugilistic art.

Besides the weekly Sabbath, three prominent religious festivals grace the Christian calendar, viz., Christmas Day, Good Friday and Easter-day, commemorating respectively the birth, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ—though these days still provoke chronological controversy among the different sects. A reform in the Christian Calendar has been suggested in the League of Nations circle at Geneva, but the League's Council has given it up in dismay. In England and the Empire these religious days are set apart as public holidays, when a complete cessation of public business prevails. There are also some lesser Christian festal days which receive a kind of half-recognition from the State.

The King's Birthday and Empire Day—the latter the anniversary of the birth of the good Queen Victoria—represent more a national strain than a religious one, and are observed by national festivities interspersed with military displays and manifestations of pomp and power.

On Christmas Day the culminating point of English festivities is reached. Weeks ahead there are signs of general activities and excitement, and as Christmas

approaches, expectations are heightened, intensified jollifications are presaged, and elaborate gormandising and banqueting preparations loom on the festal horizon.

Christmas presents and cards are exchanged among families and acquaintances. Even the social undesirables receive consideration in their miseries at this glorious festive season. The stores hum with trade, and to lose Christmas trade is tantamount to losing the whole year's best business plums.

Christmas possesses its own peculiar charm in England. Mingled with its folk-lore, song and setting, this charm envelops the whole festive season. Father Christmas, as the central figure in the setting, is befittingly seen in the stores and out of them, and overshadowing Christmas-trees laden with gifts and presents for children, which portray the counterpart in the Christmas picture. Many philanthropists, wealthy and charitably disposed persons, vaunt and glory in their homely pastime of humouring children of the poor on Christmas Day, while forgetting and ignoring them the whole year round.

Every section of the populace vies in the common endeavour to crown the day with success. Christmas Day represents the gathering of the clans, and the meaning of family life is fully portrayed in an English Christian home during this season. Everybody gets gifts from the head of the family, down to the messenger on the street.

On this day a universal rejoicing prevails throughout England. Amid this rejoicing there is much profanity, and drinking orgies are not lacking : but on the whole

a spirit of good will, reunion, hugging and forgiving diffuse the Christmas atmosphere. And amid all this, the lives of millions of dumb, innocent creatures are sacrificed to grace the triumphs of an English holiday. These are the slain victims of an unhappy custom, which has been in vogue from man's early history, to satiate an inch and a half of palate; and these slain victims can be seen, arrayed in their nakedness and barbaric splendour, on English tables in the form of turkeys, pigs, beef, veal, mutton, chicken and rabbits.

“ And the life of the bird goes as the plaything of a child.” Isn't the custom of hunting—killing for pleasure—curiously tragic and demoralising? And the hunting of birds and beasts for mere caprice is called Sport, in England. Who will vouchsafe to answer for this callous mentality on the part of the British people?

These national and religious festivities have all merged into one common designation of Bank Holidays, and they afford immense opportunities for extraordinary sporting leisure and pastime, for which, in successive anticipation, every section of the populace yearns: and all these form part in the British setting and make-up.

The post-war innovation of Armistice Day, with its background of Cenotaph and Unknown Soldier, does not lack its solemnity and sacredness in England. If nations will perpetuate this day for the revival of the spirit of national strife, feud and continued bitterness, then this two-minutes' silence as tribute to the dead is a hollow sham; but if they look back with a spirit of remorse and contrition on the futility of the assump-

tion that war will end war, and take for granted that war begets war, then they will certainly lament the logical and unsavoury fact that the best that can be said of the Great War is that those who died that others might live and that war might end—who died thinking that they died to end war—indeed died in vain.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BRITISH education is the result of British Institutions, and these Institutions are the result of British education. It is but another instance of the reflected reflections of the mirrors.

The teacher does not take a cupful of education and pour it down the throat of a child. He imparts and unfolds to the child's imagination his accumulated experience and knowledge, which were unfolded and imparted to him in like manner. In the interval both teacher and child acquire further experiences from actual contact and observation, and thus the general accumulated experiences of the world are stored in the imagination of mankind and handed down to posterity.

Education may be defined to mean a system of imparting the gathered human knowledge and experience to its kind; and man, in his ingenuity, has evolved a system whereby his accumulated knowledge and experiences find ample scope of common expression. Education therefore embraces a revolving cycle of acquiring knowledge and experiences by expression. In its evolution it must necessarily gain; and if it shows signs of no tangible improvement or advancement in a decade, then the probability is that something is wrong somewhere, either in the general process of acquiring and imparting knowledge and experiences, or in the manner of the expression of the said knowledge and experiences.

New growth is education's salient possibility. British educational policy has not shown an appropriate advancement and improvement in the British people as a whole, and it further has the inclination to impede new growth. British education has become a standardised process. There is no trailing off towards unbeaten paths. The colleges and universities mould, mint and stamp stereotyped scholars who cherish a swell-headed and inflated sense of merit and importance of their type. Like Henry Ford's standard mass-production models of cars, so these universities manufacture their standard gauge of thinking machines. These machines have to pass through a process—a definite series of acid-test and uniform examinations. Then they are patented, trade-marked and ear-marked by letters of degree and distinction as fit objects for the Press, Civil Service, Commerce, Banks and Professions. These standard types of manufacture do not fit the chassis and wheels of the mining waggon or workshop, lathe, or the farmer's thresher. They are distinct patent-productions that will only fit high-class services and soft-collar jobs.

When these become absorbed—for it invariably happens that they are absorbed mostly in the Civil Services, and become permanent officials, who guide the policy of the State according to manufactured mode of thought—then what hope of change, advancement, or improvement can the average citizen expect from such uniform thinking machines, and in view of the fact that untold disappointments in appointments create a mentality all their own in whatever spheres of life these uniformly-educated people follow ?

An academic man has had but little time to think for

himself, according to his true nature, from the observation of his environment from whence he may gather new experiences. He has not had much time to compare notes with nature or with common sense. He spends one-quarter of his time in religion, another quarter in the classics of Rome and Greece—all dead things, for that matter—the third in examinations, and the last quarter in seeking a job and making a living. When he gets his job he endeavours to do his honest best; but, after all, this academic creature is minted from a mould, and he succumbs to its influence. This university scholar rarely sees a world-problem or State-problem from any other angle than from the angle of his academic training. It is the natural sequence, and cannot be helped. His career is thus circumscribed.

British Universities will not mould the kind of leaders that England needs to-day. This leader will have to come from the rank and file. When a university man is in charge of education in England, what will education be but a recurrence of a vicious circle? The reader will easily see the glaring defect in the core of the system that has retarded educational advancement and improvement in England, and has reduced it to a mass-examination routine. This system can never hope to train British children to a conception of a Rational-Practical and Ideal sense of things. It permits of no flexibility and diversity, brooks no deviation from standard models and gauges, and eventually revolves into a cyclic continuity.

And there is another phase of the educational system which must not be overlooked. The essential question of equal opportunities for all is materially lacking in the system. Many a dunderhead has had to acquire the

best possible education, although it is of no use to himself nor anybody else, while many an intellectual genius has been smothered in the bud for lack of means, opportunities, and scope; and thus the benefit of the intellect of the latter has been lost to the world.

And, moreover, the British educational system is the root evil in the whole structure of British civilization, which makes the British youths despise honest and real work and choose artificialities, superficialities, and multiplicities. The evil does not rest or end here. It multiplies its evil in other branches of knowledge. The schools of political and economic science in London also perpetuate the examination drudgery. Present-day political and economic sciences have lost their flavour. They are archaic and obsolete theorems which cannot bear the acid test of rational and practical scrutiny. They hang on to precedents and traditions like the Law Temples and Inns, and, not unlike religious priestcraft, close their doors against rational and scientific truths, and delude students into accepting scraps of paper which sanction a scholarly passport to job-hunting and social distinction. They are useless, decadent concerns at best, which, if they cannot scrap their obsolete theories, notions, and methods, should be scrapped instead, and allow the full growth of the intellect of the modern British youths.

It is an admitted fact in engineering circles that British inventions in machinery have lagged and shown a marked decay within recent years. Except in aircraft and certain secret inventions in armaments of war, Great Britain's mechanical engineering lacks initiative and push. Obsolete methods are still obtaining in factories and mills, while other countries continue to

show vast strides and improvement. And, further, British inventors do not receive the required encouragement from British industrialists at home. These magnates cater for American and Continental patents in preference to British, thus killing the British inventive ingenuity in the bud.

And generally speaking, mechanical engineering has not kept pace with science; and the reason for this is not far to seek. Industrialists hang on to obsolete methods, not because of choice, but of necessity. To instal modern equipments the scrapping of existing ones is necessary. An initial cost of outlay is also necessary, and when this is measured with the scope of the output of the new equipments, it is found in every case not to be commensurate with the cost of outlay and the cost of upkeep. Industrialists therefore adhere to the line of least resistance, with the result that there is no general advancement.

The same tendency is noticeable in America. The U.S.A. possesses some modern equipped mechanical devices which have no scope in the U.S.A. for the advanced output they connote, and consequently they are on the scrapheap; but just recently these machines have been purchased by the Soviet Republic. It has been learnt that they are making good use of these improved methods over there.

All this visualises a common error on the part of these industrialists, the repercussions of which will be felt later. The scrapping day will eventually come, and then it will be a late beginning.

When three-quarters of the world's inhabitants go in want of the bare necessities of life, and are half-naked and half-starved, there is the general cry of too much

wheat, too much sugar, too much cotton, and too much of almost everything. And the industrialists yell out from platforms and council floors, their false economics and doctrines, to the effect that there is no scope for the output of modern scientific equipments. What a serious indictment against the world's combination of industrialism? It certainly discloses one salient factor of unfitness, and pronounces this stern judgment: that the people into whose hands fate has somehow placed the world's industries have not lived up to expectations and their responsibilities. They have been tried in the balance and found wanting, and are condemned as unfit usurpers of the right to guide an essential division of the functioning of the world.

In summing up the British educational system, it is not difficult to see the snake-swallowing-its-tail result. In the whole encircling process one thing above all protrudes itself, and that is, that the excellent ideal of Democracy defeats itself in the Permanent-Officialdom structure of the British Democratic Constitution. The Permanent Officials are the real rulers of Great Britain. Parliamentary Heads of Departments have but small chance of influencing the policy of a Department against the set and determined purpose of a Permanent Official.

In practice, the Ideal of Democracy does not work according to its essential and rational tenets. In all matters the minority or big interests receive more consideration and attention than the majority interest of the masses, because of the fact that, in practice, the big interests have direct access, social or otherwise, to Officialdom. What strength of penetration will a Parliamentary Head of the Labour Party have against the influence of a Permanent Official who has had years of

contact and connection with every nerve-centre of power ?

Let us assume that this Labour Party Head is a working man, and that he desires to make a working man principle of change in a particular department. Is there any possible hope of his succeeding against a combination of forces which have every contrary conviction against the given policy of the Labour Head ? The possibility is that his instructions will be thwarted. It is like kicking against the pricks or battering one's head against a stone wall.

A Labour Leader's attitude is more liable to be changed by this contact with a whole team of Officialdom, tainted with a whole-life, university-trained mentality, and who obviously despise, within their hearts, the dictating from Labour rustics. How truly does the contemporary attitude of certain Labour Leaders prove my contention !

Nevertheless, Democracy is worth all the human energy and sacrifice entailed to achieve it. It is the best product that the human mind has evolved, that has reached a stage near achieving a majority expression. It is the nearest approach to it. But it teems with defects in its core and on the surface. It is full of incompatibilities and incongruities. Some of these defects are the result of inexperience ; others are the result of wanton abuses, and deliberate attempts on the part of some people to wreck it.

But on the whole, Democracy has fallen short in giving to the world a Rational-Practical and Ideal basis of human life and its activities, and may be briefly summarised as the Mandate from the Crowd, got through electioneering rabbles and mob-stampeding. As I write,

the British Election rumpus and noise keep on reverberating their sordid mob-swaying propensities in the newspapers. This British Election goes down to history as nothing more than a mandate from a restless and unsober electorate fanned by the glamour of personalities and their wholesale defection from life-long principles.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I HAVE endeavoured all along to bring to the notice of the reader the findings of my probing at the heart of London, the Metropolis of the British Empire, the centre of British Civilisation, and the greatest city of the world. Every intelligent citizen, every sober man, every person with a scintilla of reason, will agree that the British social, economic, and political order rests on a profoundly ill-balanced and one-side-tilted foundation, which may slip its base at any moment; and that British Democracy, as it represents the basic theory of the greatest good of the greatest number, has not found the solution of life's real problem within its own practical functioning.

When this is said of Great Britain, it is also inferred to mean the kindred systems that prevail among other nations, for there is not much difference among them in kind, except the difference of degree. With the exception of Russia, which has innovated a *regime* of unique terror and extreme violence in its method of adaptation and procedure, all the other nations come in this category. Russia represents an extreme from the other way round. Both systems are undue extremes, and two extremes bring no wholesome and desirable sequence. Nevertheless the Soviet experiment is very interesting. But, somehow, I have no faith in its methods.

There must be a parting of the ways in Great Britain. I cannot get away from the feeling, however much I

try, it still remains lurking in my mind—that Great Britain has been destined for some great purpose in world concern, for a country that has, in its evolution, brought forth, moulded, and bred a Darwin is no mean country. It proves conclusively that the germ of greatness is there, buried in its heart. Of course, I am fully conscious of the fact that I open the way to the charge that this feeling of mine is the outcome of my being born and bred in British civilisation. But I am sure the tolerant and impartial reader has from the outset seen my detached mind from all the issues that I have put before him.

Great Britain has led in the vanguard of civilization. It has ceased to lead for a decade. What is the reason for this? Something must be wrong somewhere in the nature of things as constituted in her general make-up. This something-must-be-wrong-somewhere has been the subject of my exhaustive probing. I have, in my observations, disclosed how the progress of the British race has been cramped into definite grooves and channels, archaisms and *cults-de-sac*, which permit of no deviation from uniformity, standard, vicious circles and cyclic hypocrisies. Its Art, Music, Literature, Philosophy, Science and Science of Government have all succumbed to the influence of this something-must-be-wrong-somewhere, and through which everything has been subordinated to the glamour of gold, at the shrine of which everybody worships. Even intellect has been swopped for gold and its expedients.

It will be superfluous for me to reiterate further on the inconsistencies, paradoxes, anomalies, enigmas and puzzles, and, too, the ludicrousness, that permeate British life and Institutions. And Great Britain does

not lack her Jails, Prisons and Penitentiaries. And why should there be Jails, Prisons and Penitentiaries? Is it not sufficient to have the hundred and one inconsistencies that swarm and surround human life, without having to expect to meet with these phantom spectres and stinks that pollute the nostrils of this good world? And Jails are not found among the kingdoms of the animals; yet man boasts of his superiority above all beasts. Maybe his superiority is based on the assumption of his presumptuous possession of Jails. Unlike the hospitals and asylums, where the physically and mentally sick man receives the sympathy and care of his fellow-men, Jails, Prisons and Penitentiaries are not social hospitals, but are so many segregation dens—foul concerns at best—where the socially sick denizens are herded as social lepers, untouchables, pariahs and objects unfit for contact with their species, and receive nothing but antipathy from their fellow-men. And the irony of it is, that while Society condemns them, they are nothing more than the likely products of the imperfections of its own self—a well-merited indictment that can be squarely levelled against man's irrational and suicidal sociology.

At best, these are nothing but a blot on civilisation and a satire against man's might and majesty. Suffice it to say, that a way must be found out of this confusion and miasma, by which Great Britain will be able to find and reclaim her true destiny—in short, find her own true mind.

There is a small group of people in England who endeavour to carry on a free-thinking philosophy among themselves. Their objective is laudable and they merit

support from everybody, but they, too, are a listless sort. They are the watery kind of people who will not practise their conviction. They believe that Rationalism is the cure-all for society's ills, but they are willing to embrace and hug this belief only—as if by saying so, the ills will be cured, and that by a magic formula or by a miracle.

Doubtless their literature embraces a wonderful selection of thought. But it seems as if their objective is centred only in eradicating religion—as if they think that the rest of irrationalities will take care of themselves—while they blindly worship all the conventional lies of society. The action of some of these savants of Rationalism is reactionary enough to blast their good efforts in utter contempt and discredit. Nobody will condemn a confirmed rationalist because he suffers himself to be elevated into a Peerage—thus living a lie against his best convictions—but he certainly makes himself liable to be despised as a person who condones a conventional fetish as a rational truth, and who cannot control his mind against his hereditary self.

This sort of Rationalism without Practicalism will not do for a Renaissance in Great Britain. Nobody is willing to accept and adopt the practical idea of giving service without consideration of self. Service without attachment, gain or reward is an unknown quality nowadays.

Let me invite every British Rationalist to take a mental walk with me to India, and see for themselves services that are rendered selflessly and without the least thought for reward. Millions of acres of land are ploughed every year by those service-giving brutes, the Indian plough-bullocks. They are neither males

nor females, these unfortunate, but noble, creatures; but, without pleasure or gain, they work, as no being can work, patiently and doggedly along, year in and year out, giving service without the least hope of reward or gain.

Can man ever hope to emulate such a high quality of service? If brute can do it, why not man? I would not place men in the category of the Indian plough-ox, dear readers. I simply make the comparison, to feature and portray a service-without-attachment principle before the mind's eye. The reward bogey looms too much in man's social horizon, so that it creates a banal sociology. Of course, the fault lies in its structure. It does not in any way lend the sharpening effect of a magnanimous trend of characteristic on the human mind, so that it may be possible to give and not to take in return. The effects of this shortcoming in man's nature keeps him down to the earth.

I have persistently asked the question, who is to set the pace, and shape and mould the minds of the British people towards a Renaissance? The Political Forum, the Pulpit, the Press, the Schools, Colleges and Universities, the Bench and Bar, have all failed to give to the world a prescription of solace for the nation's countless ills. These institutions are not the outcome of planned growth. They have grown with humanity as products of his imperfectly-developed mind, and in their growth huge bulging abscesses have appeared that are now ripe for the lancet of the Expert Probing Commission.

And these institutions are still functioning, and they continue to sow undesirable symptoms and tendencies, while the human race grows along with them, with a

diseased constitution and scarred physical appearance. "How long will this diseased growth continue?" queries the thinking man; and, getting exasperated and impatient, he asks again, "When will a Renaissance begin and how shall it begin?"

To inaugurate it with a bloody revolution is not a practical ideal, and a revolution is impracticable in England. It will only add to the miseries of human life; and once blood is spilled, it will mean a continued spilling of blood—at least for a time!

To found a new race of beings and find a new world to put them in is out of practical reality. And to wipe off a whole race of people from this old world and create a new race of super-people is another colossal impossibility.

Weighing the pros and cons of all the possibilities of Renaissance, and seeking for new solutions of the great problems and not overlooking past human experiences, the thinking mind gets perplexed and bewildered; and after much serious thought, the possibilities are narrowed down to one or two ways. One of the two possible ways which confronts the thinker is that some great mind or personality must somehow usurp the power of dictatorship of some given idea of Renaissance, and whip his ideas into the minds of the people—something akin to the Dictatorship of the Proletariat of the United Soviet Socialist Republics.

The alternative is, that a group of good-intentioned, well-meaning, intellectual people, who are sincere in their convictions towards a given idea or principle, and, with an innate and cognate love for the human race for its own sake, are altruistic, selfless, giving service without personal reward, determined to achieve a

desired goal, start some purposeful movement towards a Renaissance.

Some people will begin straight away by objecting to both ways. But, as a general rule, there must be objections to every human effort, for it is, after all, human to object; but let us, as reasonable human beings, gifted with supreme conscious intelligence, test the pros and cons of both suggestions by some human-expression test or some kind of collective sense test.

In the movement towards a rational basis of life and world-thought a few outstanding personalities have emerged above the heads of the others, the impact of whose personalities and profound thought and inquiry have left an indelible imprint on the world. I will refer to a few of these great minds; and if others are left out, it is not because they are out of count, but because this is no place to chronicle their wonderful efforts towards a rational solution of the great problem of life.

Past and contemporary history points to a few thought-provoking schools of Renaissance, but, above all, the great Darwin stands pre-eminently as the founder of the rational basis of life, even though he did not attempt to stretch his profound knowledge a little farther afield in the realms of Rational Sociology. It was for Karl Marx to measure an effectual Rational Socialism. He did not in any case put his ideas to a practical test. And then came Lenin, during those fateful and gloomy days in 1917 of the Great War, when the whole world was in a welter of blood. Lenin succeeded, and subdued despotic Czarism in Russia—by blood and fire—and assumed the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

Lenin crystallized Karl Marx's precepts into examples and actions. His attempt is yet in the embryonic and experimental stage, and it may be defined as a kind of Rational Socialism. Its test against time will be proved. Mussolini's march against Rome has not escaped attention. Fascism is the antithesis of Sovietism, and has found its inspiration from Latinism blended with a little of the Teuton's *Kultur* of pre-war Germany. It will wreck itself on some battlefield as did the *Kultur* of the Teutons on the battlefield of France.

Fascism is a narrow, practical nationalist philosophy founded on force and discipline, which is out of harmony with the inherent traits of Italians. It holds on with Mussolini. Italians will soon get fed up with their bellicose, self-contained inflation, and provoke the world into a conflagration.

And India gave birth to a Mahatma Gandhi, who confuses the real issue with a Religious-Practical Idealism. Gandhism is an indigenous Indian product. It belongs to India and its philosophy. But it has given to the world the rational practicalism of Non-co-operation and Passive Resistance, all noble ideas and culture which any well-directed Renaissance movement will have to adopt.

With Great Britain's democratic institutions weighing in the balance against these aforesaid sociological experiments, the British mind is being set on the alert and on edge to acclaim anything as a salvation to her national ills, while the British politicians continue to keep up a hubbub of Tariffs, Protection, Free Trade and Budgets, and continue to multiply elections.

Britain will think seriously before she attempts to swap horses while crossing a stream. But a Renais-

sance is Great Britain's greatest need ; and not a half-measure Renaissance, but a Renaissance towards a Rational-Practical and Ideal basis of life. It must begin from within her own heart.

CHAPTER XXX.

My probing has no doubt left a bad taste in the mouth and a gloomy and depressed pessimism in the mind ; but I am a born optimist, and I have great faith and trust in the resourceful characteristics of the British Nation. Great Britain will win through any crisis, but there are some crises in the life of every nation which leave unsightly scars on the face. And if Great Britain is not prepared to choose a change of heart, and so continue her great course, but prefers to maintain her present indifferent attitude, she will carry not only scars, but also deep furrows and wrinkles on her face, which will set a climax to her greatness, and result in an inevitable shrinkage and decline of an Empire on which, it is said, the sun never sets.

With this prelude, I will endeavour to outline, and direct the reader's thought towards, a likely antithesis to the gloominess in which society finds itself. I will venture to introduce a Renaissance-test of a Rational-Practical Idealism to a critical world. It does not presage a Utopia, for Utopias are day-dreams at best, and outside of practical realities.

To visualise a Rational-Practical Ideal State certain transcendental fundamentals must serve as the basis of reconstruction. The term, Rational-Practical Idealism, must be accepted in its literal significance as the Renaissance-test which must measure all the problems of the new sociological order. Of course it is understood

that the term, Rational-Practicability, embraces its corollary, the generic term of Science, and its greater meaning.

The present stage of human progress must be accepted as a fit stage from which the R.P.I. State principles must begin. As the youth cannot physically return to its childhood, so present-day human progress and civilisation cannot revert to primitiveness. The generic term, work, must be changed to the term man-power, for mechanical or machine power will also be referred to. Intellectual and physical equality are irrational, impracticable, and unreal, and not an ideal, and must remain as such. Social and economic equality must be considered transcendental and inviolable.

The Rational-Practical Ideal Statehood must constitute the essential human division of the State—Supreme Council of Intelligentsia—Intelligentsia—Transitional Intelligentsia—Man-power Citizens (man-power of Brain and Hands)—Women-Citizens—Children of the R.P.I. State—Disabled Citizens of Mental, Physical, Social disabilities—Retired Citizens, and Essential Division of Functions.

Essential Divisions of Functions must be determined by the need of the R.P.I. Citizens for Space, Accommodation, Food, Clothing, Transportation, Study, Leisure, Literature, Music, Æsthetics, Sport, and Explorations of Future Possibilities.

Every citizen of the R.P.I. State must have unequivocal equal and fraternal right.

Every R.P.I. citizen must give a full quota of service in man-power. Man-power of the hands and brains must be inviolably equal, and must be designated as Man-power. Man-power must be equally divided. It

must be shorn of all wastage, irrationalities, irregularities, multiplicities, superficialities, and artificialities. Man-power must be divided by individual capacity and ability.

The R.P.I. State must be sole custodian of all utilities and R.P.I. citizens must own no individual utility save and except that they possess in their own lifetime an allotted facility of Space, Accommodation, Food, Clothing, Transportation, Study, Leisure, Literature, Music, Æsthetics, and Sport, which must revert to the R.P.I. State's custody at their death.

The need of the R.P.I. citizens must be based on the essential sufficiency of equality of facility of Space, Accommodation, Food, Clothing, Transportation, Study, Leisure, Literature Music, Æsthetics, and Sport.

Family life must be inviolable in the R.P.I. State, and the family kitchen must be in vogue except in emergencies.

Human life must be inviolably sacred, and the death penalty must be abolished in the R.P.I. State. The R.P.I. State must have no menials.

The R.P.I. State must mobilise the citizens' man-power according to the general need of all. Accurate, scientific statistics must determine the amount of hand-power or brain-power each R.P.I. citizen must render in his own division of function, so as to produce a sufficiency of any required essential commodity, to meet the equal requirements of all. The citizens' man-power must be mobilised in equally daily distribution throughout the year. The citizen's year must be interspersed with leisure and recreation.

Machine-power must break the ground, to be supplemented by man-power. Both must be utilised to pro-

duce the essentials of life. Machine must be subordinated to man-power, and not man-power to the machine.

The R.P.I. State must be the inviolable controller of the production of commodities, and must equally distribute to each citizen's equal need. No other medium of distribution must be allowed. The R.P.I. State must directly control distribution, and citizens must receive monthly coupons, the value of which must be expended during the month of issue, and unexpended coupons become valueless.

No currency other than coupons must be in vogue. The R.P.I. State must deal with other States by simple exchange of commodities. Small quantities of metal, like gold and silver will be utilised by the R.P.I. State for immediate industrial purposes, such as dentistry, etc.

No non-essential luxury must be permitted in the R.P.I. State.

Every citizen must give his man-power in his own allotted division of functions, from the age of twenty-one years to the retiring age of sixty-five years. Efficient disability provision must be ensured for disabled citizens. Supreme Councillors, Intelligentsia and man-power citizens must retire from active service at the age of sixty-five years.

The children of the R.P.I. citizens must be the children of the R.P.I. State. After the child is five years of age the State must entirely control the child's educational training. Parents will be allowed to have their children to sleep with them during this period, until the children have reached fifteen years of age. After reaching fifteen years of age, the child will be placed under scientific observation, so as to ascertain its ability

to give its quota of efficient man-power, which must be determined by competent experts. Children will be allowed to pay occasional visits to parents during this period.

No parent must tamper with the child's imagination. The R.P.I. State must be solely responsible for children's educational career, which must be constructed on R.P.I. principles.

No woman-citizen must give man-power service except that of domestic duties and feminine avocations. The women-citizens must own in their own life allotted utilities, and women-citizens must possess equality of status as man-power citizens. Sex-problems must be determined on R.P.I. principles. Girls' education will be general, except that girls will be also trained to feminine avocations. During the training period children must be fed and clothed at educational centres.

At the death of the R.P.I. citizen, the R.P.I. State must be solely responsible for the cremation of the citizen's body. No recognition must be given to the dead body of any citizen without the express desire of the whole R.P.I. Nation.

Equality in social and economic rights must eliminate all idea of litigation and strife. Simple communal arbitrators will correct human error and dispute. Every citizen will be the R.P.I. State's guardsman.

The culture of an intelligentsia must be inevitable in the R.P.I. State-hood. But the intelligentsia must have transcendental and inviolable qualifications. Service without gain or reward, service for its own sake and the love of service, giving and taking not in return, must be the unequivocal qualification of the Intelli-

gentsia, from which will be composed the Supreme Council of the R.P.I. State.

Man-power and women-citizens must select their own fellow-citizen of unquestionable ability for Transition. This selected man-power citizen or woman-citizen must be transferred from his or her division of function to some other division of function where better results will be achieved by their ability. If such citizen shows continual progress, then this citizen will reach the stage of Transitional Intelligentsia. Further continual progress will lead on to other divisions of functions, from stage to stage, within this Transitional Intelligentsia period. Such a citizen will eventually reach the Intelligentsia stage, and further progress will qualify for the Supreme Council of Intelligentsia, where the citizen will assist in the deliberations of the R.P.I. State administrative functioning.

No recognition, no distinction, must mark or attach to the Supreme Council of Intelligentsia, Intelligentsia, or Transitional Intelligentsia. These must have no other rights other than that of man-power citizens.

The State business of the R.P.I. State must be determined and measured by a Renaissance test of Rational-Practical Idealism, and this test must be transcendental and inviolable. Social and economic equality may be cited as an instance of the working method of this test. Social and economic equality is a rational proposition, and is considered a human ideal, but it is impracticable in the prevailing sociological order. But in the R.P.I. State it must be made practicable by the reconstruction of society so that the test stage must be reached.

The problem of meat-eating may also be deliberated upon. Meat-eating is a rational and practical habit

of man, but the habit does not attain any ideal stage in human estimation. It is an inhuman and barbaric custom, and therefore not in harmony with the R.P.I. test. It must be abolished in the R.P.I. State. But, on the other hand, meat-eating may be shorn from its barbaric setting by the adoption of such humane methods of procuring meat substances, that will make the habit attain an ideal stage. The culture of milk and eggs must be enhanced in such proportions that it will not only engender the welfare of the noble creatures, but will also ensure their so multiplying, by scientific methods, that milk and eggs, instead of meat, must meet the equal need of all R.P.I. citizens. It will thus reach the R.P.I. test.

The question of Alcoholism and Prohibition may also be decided upon in this said procedure. Drinking is a rational habit. It is generally practised; but it has lost the flavour of being a human ideal. It must be abolished. If the reconstructed condition permits the distribution and consumption in a humanly ideal form, when R.P.I. citizens have leisure and all can drink and convive, and there is no likelihood that the drinking habit will be abused, and the altered condition can reach the test, the question may then be reconsidered.

In like manner all problems of the R.P.I. State must be deliberated and decided upon by the Supreme Council of Intelligentsia. This process must be transcendental inviolable and unequivocal. As the State will grow from excellence to excellence, the ideal of the R.P.I. Nation will expand. But the counterpart of Rational-Practical proposition will ensure a combination that will meet any eventualities in any stage of man's progress.

This general outline will give the reader the essential

features of the R.P.I. States Constitution and mode of functioning. Detailed working of R.P.I. principles must be determined by the Supreme Council of *Intelligentsia*. Thus constituted, the R.P.I. State stands before the mind's eye of the reader against a plethora of incongruities in the prevailing order of things; but its practicability and achievement seem improbable and well-nigh impossible.

EPILOGUE.

THE Dictatorship of the Proletariat of the U.S.S.R. pins its faith on the child of to-day and the man of twenty-one years hence. Every effort on the part of the Soviet is directed to preserve this equanimity. The moulding of the child's mind into manhood is the goal and the rock on which rest the Proletariat's regime and the success of Communism; and this Communism is branded as a menace to the world of Capitalism. There are, without any doubt, some very interesting developments in Soviet Russia. They plan for five years and they achieve their plan in three years. Work on a concerted plan is instilled on the workers' minds; and concerted work has caused the dumping of Soviet wheat in the markets of the world, and has ruined the Canadian and American farmers.

They have purchased the most efficient mechanical equipments in the world from the U.S.A. They have succeeded in expanding, in Soviet Russia, the scope of the output of these highly efficient machines, which were lying idle on the American scrap-heap; and they supplement their output by the work of the hand. Workers are imbued with the idea that work is the magic of reconstruction. Bosses, rulers, officials, chiefs and middlemen have been eliminated, and workers feel a pleasure and enthusiasm to work for themselves.

But look at the toll of blood that was shed to achieve this, while the vigilance and sword of the O.G.P.U. hang over the worker's head ready to rush them to death and doom !

To die for an idea is simplicity itself, but to live to achieve an idea is the criterion of genius. It is the same with nations as it is with individuals. The Soviet's Rational Socialism stands condemned as a regime that has no heart, no human ideal. Its methods are heartless, cruel and inhuman. It is a grand Robot system—devoid of human feeling.

To Britain alone lies the choice of promulgating a Rational-Practical-Ideal Statehood. Founded, as she is, in a practically self-contained Empire homogeneity, possessing a Navy that will keep the foe from her shores and protect her commerce, and blessed with intellect that lies hidden in her heart, she can yet teach the world a lesson in the reconstruction of civilization, and yet live to attain it. She is rich in organisations. Two prominent ones claim the attention of the reader. These are the Trades Union Congress and the Rationalist Press Association. The former possesses latent intellect and man-power, and the latter possesses intellect of a rare type.

From this combination an Inauguration Nucleus could be formed, consisting of Supreme Council, Intelligentsia and man-power citizens. A state-within-a-state principle is the only course open for this Inauguration Nucleus to adopt, and that in the manner of an architect who builds from within, using old materials as well as new, with the result that in due course of

time the old building is superseded by an entirely new structure.

Once the Inauguration Nucleus has been formed, a plan of action will be necessary. On no account must civil war or revolution be resorted to by the I.N. An inauguration of bloodshed will be no fit jumping-off ground for the R.P.I. State. A bloody revolution or civil war will prostrate Great Britain, after which she will have no heart to think of ideals or reconstruction. And Anglo-Saxon mentality abhors Civil War and all revolution of blood and fire.

I would rather choose to see England continue to plod on her way in her untold miseries than inflict on her already top-heavy quotas the possibility of civil war or revolution. And R.P. Idealism does not countenance wars or civil wars. These do not embrace the Trio-Renaissance test.

The only Trio-Renaissance-test weapon that can be effectually used by the Inauguration Nucleus is the weapon of Non-co-operation, Passive Resistance and Civil Disobedience of Gandhism. These doctrines stand as the bulwark on which rests the consolidation of the state-within-a-state principle.

The I.N. must be empowered to use its own discretion to carry out the state-within-a-state policy, provided any methods used are not contrary to the R.P.I. principles. The I.N. must endeavour to use Parliamentary machinery of the existing constitution to win seats for R.P.I. Supreme Councillors and Intelligentsia. The I.N. must co-operate with Empire units to supply Intelligentsia at home from the Colonies, Dependencies,

India and the Dominions. The I.N. must give every help to Empire Units, through Parliament, and Intelligentsia from the Empire Units must reside in London.

The I.N. must exert every means to overwhelm opposition by R.P.I. truths, and by Intelligentsia service, man-power service, patience, sterling, manly qualities, and determination and doggedness to sustain and attain its principles. And when repressive measures are meted out to them, the I.N. must resort to Civil Disobedience as its only method of defence.

The I.N. must lend active support to the existing Government in common danger—an invasion, or protection of British citizens and legitimate Commerce. The I.N. must not embarrass the existing Government in honourable and straightforward Foreign Policy, and must non-co-operate against wars of aggression on the part of the existing Government. In short, the I.N. must continue to push its principle of state-within-a-state unhampered, without creating sedition or treason. It must essay to break down all obstacles, obstructions and impediments on the way to its goal, always adhering to the R.P.I. principles; and when the I.N. approves of its Parliamentary strength it must attempt to grasp supreme power. It must not test its strength without a certainty of results.

In the interim the I.N. must struggle and endeavour to construct R.P.I. divisions of functions; as defective departments totter to the ground construction on R.P.I. principles must take their places.

When complete power has been secured, then the Parliamentary system must be dissolved and super-

seded by the Inauguration Nucleus. Thus founded, the R.P.I. State begins its regime of reconstruction in full earnest.

In Foreign Policy, the R.P.I. State must deal with other States on the so-far-and-no-farther principle.

The R.P.I. State must essay to win the adherence of Empire Units by precepts and examples, and consolidate the Empire by an envisioned policy of achieving best results for all concerned.

On no account must the R.P.I. State make war to carry out its principles within Empire Units or Foreign Nations. The R.P.I. State must give unstinted support to World Institutions like the League of Nations and Disarmament Conference, and must endeavour to breathe R.P.I. principles into the atmosphere of such conferences of Nations; and it must lend its willing support and co-operation to any struggling people who desire to win R.P.I. principles.

And the R.P.I. State must, with the consent of all the Empire Units, change the name of Empire into the *United Rational - Practical - Ideal States of the World Units*.

The manning of the Army and Navy and Air Force will be inevitable. It must be manned to achieve the best results and for the good of the world.

In the R.P.I. State man-power will have its charm and flavour. It will supplement machine-power to enhance the utilities and commodities of the entire nation, and all citizens must equally taste the blessings of civilization and machinery. To groups of citizens must be assigned their communal giant Aeroplanes and

Charabancs, to cruise the air and run the earth, and absorb their beauties.

After man-power service by all, there must be Leisure, Sport, Literature, Art, Music and Æsthetics, free from the cramping condition of gold measure, and measured by the creative merit of man, and these will expand. And the R.P.I. State will cultivate its creative geniuses, who will explore the great possibilities of nature and the universe, and make them yield plentifully for the service of its citizens, all alike.

And the women-citizens will be care-free and will tend the homes, caring only for the men's comfort as the nation's mothers, sisters and wives, and doing other feminine avocations; and will share equal responsibilities as Intelligentsia and Supreme Councillors. Thus constituted in her natural sphere, the woman-citizen will be set on a pedestal of honour, receiving homage as the real preserver of the Nation's very life and its posterity. Hers is the most essential Division of Function.

And instead of Jails, Prisons and Penitentiaries, there will be Social Reconcilables for man, and mental and physical diseases will be reduced to a minimum. Science will probe at the sources of diseases, exterminating, preventing them, and help in building of the Nation's physique to overcome their ravages.

Earth will become a paradise to live in, and life will indeed be a glorious pleasantness, culture and refinement for all.

And the United R.P.I. States of the World Units will have their national holidays, fêtes and festivals based on R.P.I. principles.

LONDON'S HEART-PROBE AND BRITAIN'S DESTINY

And above all, One Great Memorable Day in each year, the United R.P.I. States of the World Units must not forget to gather in vast communities and mass meetings, all over the world, and, with bare heads, pay homage to an

UNKNOWN INTELLIGENCE.

On this human ideal are culminated all the transcendental acceptances, for it rationally represents the whole of a complete fact which is yet incomprehensible by the imperfect, embryonic half-a-brain of man.

The balance of this Memorable Anniversary must be spent in oratory and eulogy of the R.P.I. principles by the Supreme Council and Intelligentsia.

Thus far, the beginning of the Dawn of a New Era will arise in Old England; and Good and Truth, shorn of their conventional and religious relativity, and clothed in their setting of Rational-Practical-Idealism, will shed their illuminations on a world fit to receive them, entailing a process of elimination of Evil, and making life, encircled with its living charm, worth-the-while-living in Glorious Old England.

THE END.

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