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The Latest Canadian Census:—Mr. J. A. Stevenson in the *Edinburgh Review*.

The Problem of Divorce:—Lady Frances Balfour in the *Edinburgh Review*.

What God hath not Joined:—Dr. J. Fort Newton in the June *Atlantic*.

The Miasma of Divorce:—Mr. Willoughby Dewar in the May *Nineteenth Century*.

"Harcourt":—Mr. Harold Spender in the May *Contemporary*.

WHEN payment for members of parliament was first proposed in England, a fierce protest was raised against "the scheme to make politics a profession". Predictions were ventured that the salaried M. P. would act with a single eye to keeping his seat, and that the standards of disinterested public duty would thus decline. Whether we can avoid this risk by calling the remuneration "sessional indemnity" instead of "salary", may be open to doubt. But it is interesting to find Mr. Lloyd George boldly writing on the parliamentary career as a "profession", and offering advice to those who would achieve such professional success.

Surely no living man knows better the conditions of triumph in this particular battlefield. Mr. Lloyd George's article in *The World's Work* is witty and serious by turns. He begins by vindicating political strife against that cheap abuse which is "one of the commonplaces of all smoking-rooms". The ex-Premier admits that party difference is often very hard to define. He has himself found it almost impossible to understand the conflicts in foreign legislatures, and can well believe that British disputes look no less meaningless to a continental observer. But the combatants are, at least, in process of training for battles that will be very real:

Just like armies, they have their firing practice and their sham fights and their great Autumn manoeuvres. No one is seriously hurt, everybody enjoys himself. There is the joy of conflict and the rapture of triumph exactly as if it were a real battle,—and the newspapers are full of the skill of the generals and the discipline and the gallantry of the troops. To the on-looker they all appear very ridiculous, and very wasteful of expensive ammunition and of time and energy. But when real

warfare comes, you will find that these years of drilling and practising have all served a useful purpose. So in politics, when great issues arise, you have a body of men trained to instruct, to appeal, to organize, and to carry through a great purpose or a great cause to victory.

We feel that the writer knows what he is talking about. He adds the very suggestive comment that the lack of such political discipline is seen to-day in Russia. And he reminds us how during the Great War the politician—with his gifts of appeal to the masses—was invaluable, when the national energy flagged, to rouse tired zeal and rekindle exhausted emotions. It was specially in this respect that Mr. Lloyd George found the Germans defective. "Conscripts were mobilized, but not consciences". The morale of the troops was weakened by discouraging news of the spirit behind the lines. Germany collapsed as a people before the resistance of her soldiers was broken.

For success in politics this veteran fighter tells us that the most essential endowment is *courage*. A political career is full of disappointments, and needs above all else the kind of courage which *lasts*. Partizan organizations are maintained with the single purpose of disparaging and fault-finding, and such criticism is directed chiefly against a few leaders. Some escape, as not worth the trouble of defaming them; others are watched with microscopic minuteness for the mere hint of an error:

Some could not walk across a golf course on Sunday without incessant reproach; others might tee their ball on the church steeple with hardly a murmur.

Why, we are asked, should this fierceness of criticism be directed against men in public life? Suppose a man in business were liable to have not only his transactions but the very words in which he transacted them subjected to close examination in public, would any escape reproof? But let a politician make a slip in action or in speech, and he will never hear the end of it as long as he lives.

A comparison is made with three other professions,—law medicine, and the church. Mr. Lloyd George supposes the parallel of a barrister who has to appear in court to conduct a difficult and complicated case. He does his best with it, and shows in truth no slight talent for advocacy. But, if he were treated as politicians are treated, here is the sort of editorial that would appear next day in the hostile press:

The opening of the case of *Brown v. Robinson* by Mr. Ernest Pleader, K. C., yesterday was by universal consent, to say the least, disappointing. As we have repeatedly pointed out in these

columns, the plaintiff's case was at best a bad one, but Mr. Pleader made the worst of a bad case. We are aware that a knowledge of law and its principles are not his strong point, but we credited him with the possession of a vein of crude emotionalism which appeals to a certain type of petty juror. Yesterday, however, even that resource failed him completely. He emptied galleries attracted by the interest of the case. The jury looked with envious eyes at those who were free to depart. His cross-examination was hectoring without being effective. Buzfuz at least won his case. Pleader lost his. We are not surprised that the popularity of this well-known advocate which was always confined to a certain class of client and case—not by any means the highest—is waning, even in that quarter.

A similarly humorous picture is drawn of a surgeon who has to operate under a fire of criticism from the press about the "scenes of horror" enacted in such and such a hospital. And how would the preachers fare if they had to expect in the morning paper such sensational headlines as "Even the deacons yawned", or "Why sleep at home?"

This is all admirable wit, and no doubt it is not without real instructiveness. One may be permitted to object, however, that the wholehearted will to "do his best" which the public attributes to a lawyer opening a case or to a surgeon operating upon a patient is—on at least plausible grounds—regarded as not equally shown by all politicians who profess to be seeking the public good. Have we just the same reason to look upon lawyer, surgeon, and election candidate as thoroughly disinterested? In the courts and the hospital "success" depends on getting client or patient safely through. Does success at the hustings equally depend on serving the deepest interest of one's constituents? A doubt will occur—at least to the cynic.

PROFESSOR RAMSAY TRAQUAIR is concerned to identify and define "the Canadian type". The "Uncle Sam" and "John Bull" of caricature are familiar all over the world. But no artist has drawn a figure that will be recognized as "the Canadian", unless the name is inscribed upon his hatband.

Writing as a comparative newcomer, and seeking for some distinctive characteristics, our critic first calls attention to the essential *conservatism* of this country. The tags and labels of party strife elsewhere have been adopted; but they do not here reproduce the historical contrast, for "there is no party of change at all". We are reminded how Nova Scotia has had a "Liberal" government for some thirty-six years, without seeing any very

violent changes, except a gradual weakening of the so-called "Conservative" group. Most people here, it seems, want to preserve the *status quo*; in other words, they vote "Liberal" because they are conservative! So, too, in Quebec, which has no fancy for reform, the "Liberalism" of their fathers is good enough for a later generation. Political views are hereditary.

This state of things, paradoxical though it may be, is maintained—according to Professor Traquair—because Canada enjoys stable comfort. "When we are comfortable, all is for the best; so we suppress any radical inclinations we may have, and turn conservative." We are told that there can be very few lands where a competent man trained to any calling (except an artistic one) can more easily earn a competence. Thus our most extreme "progressives" are very mild people indeed. Nor should we look in the prairie provinces for the typical "Canadian". Some epigrammatist has told Professor Traquair that no one is born in the prairies who can avoid it, and that no one dies there who can get out in time! People go to Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, in youth; in old age they retire to Montreal or Victoria.

We learn that the "Scotchness" of eastern Canada impresses a visitor strongly. McGill University, for example, is a Scottish university transplanted; it was founded by one Scot, endowed largely by another; its head is called "Principal", not "President"; the hospital on the hill above it is an architectural copy of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. And the Scot, says Professor Traquair, is a peculiar animal:

At home he is one of the most unpatriotic persons possible. He takes a delight in pretending that he is a "North Briton". He has even been known to assume a form of English accent. But take him away from home, and he immediately becomes a fervent patriot, discovers the date of St. Andrew's Day, and even eats haggis, a viand which he would never touch at home.

Among the things which—according to this observer—the Scot has brought into Canada are a certain logical and intellectual trend, clannishness, lack of appreciation for art, and "his dour religion"! This country places him on arrival upon probation; but, if he is found worthy, he will in later years be allowed even considerable latitude in his views.

Professor Traquair thinks that Canada has too few radicals and too few cranks. This genial Chestertonian paradox is explained to mean that a certain proportion of unusual people are required to preserve colour and individuality. It seems that "we have some cranks, but we have not enough, and we do not know

how to use those whom we have. For the crank is the salt of civilization. Too many cranks spoil the broth, but too few leave it tasteless." It is a bright sparkling article that this writer has contributed. But how did he dare to add a footnote explaining the ingredients of the Scottish "haggis"? This impiety will be specially resented by the many sons of St. Andrew who have no real knowledge of what they have eaten each 30th November. For the haggis is to be partaken, not explained.

AMONG other unremembered distinctions of this country we must, Mr. J. A. Stevenson tells us, include the fact that Canada took the first census of modern times. Its date was 1666. It was a systematic enumeration of the people of New France, made on a fixed date, recording each individual by name, with age, sex, place of residence, and occupation. Not until over a century later was there a like effort at census-taking anywhere else. The document of 154 pages reposes in the Archives at Paris, and there is an accurate transcript in the Public Archives at Ottawa.

The census of June 1, 1921, is the sixth to be taken since Confederation, and its results now available have some significant features. Mr. Stevenson points out that the sanguine prophets who predicted a figure of about twenty millions by the year 1920 were far wrong. The number is given at 8,788,483. The increase over half a century has been 238 per cent. Beginning with 1871 the first decade showed an increase of 17.23; the second, 11.76; the third, 11.13; the fourth, 34.17; and the fifth, 21.95. In fifty years Quebec has increased by 98 per cent. and Ontario by 80.99 per cent. But the sources of increase are different, that in Ontario being due to immigration, that in Quebec to "domestic fertility". The enormous rate of increase in Alberta and Saskatchewan between 1901 and 1911, amounting to between four and five hundred per cent., has of course not been maintained. These provinces have advanced between 1911 and 1921 by 57 and 54 per cent. respectively.

Mr. Stevenson points a moral from the cases of Prince Edward Island and the Yukon. The population of the Island has dropped in fifty years by over five thousand, despite that protective tariff which has so often been declared the guarantee of success in a rural community. The Yukon, whose inhabitants after the Klondike boom numbered 27, 219, has been reduced to fewer than five thousand. "Dawson City is like a graveyard".

New Brunswick and Saskatchewan are the only two provinces

where the rural population is still double the urban. In British Columbia the rural section has been considerably increased. But "at the other end of the Dominion, the Province of Nova Scotia shows a depressing tendency to industrialism". Mr. Stevenson's Free Trade enthusiasm finds food for reflection here. He reminds us how many Nova Scotians attribute the decline to the fiscal policy imposed on them:

In the old colonial days the farmers of the Maritime Provinces found a most profitable and stable market for their produce in Boston and other cities of New England. But the incorporation of the Maritime Provinces in the protectionist system imposed on the country by Ontario, while it may have generated a few industries, has been fatal to their agriculture, at least to that of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

The racial features are interesting. The preponderance of the British stock in Canada has been increased from 54.1 to 55.4 per cent. About one-half of this stock is of English origin, and the other half is almost equally divided between Scotch and Irish. The French population shows within the last decade a slight decline of relative numerical strength. The inhabitants claiming German origin numbered in 1911 nearly four hundred thousand; in 1921 this had been reduced by about one quarter. This is not due to any great emigration of Germans from Canada, or to any falling in their birth-rate. "The chief explanation of the decline is that many people of German extraction find it useful for business or other reasons to conceal the fact." Our attention is called to the fact that the lower-class immigrant population of cities like Toronto, Montreal, and Winnipeg is showing a tendency to multiply far faster than those who direct commercial and financial enterprise.

In religion, there has been a notable increase for Christian Science and Mormonism. Protestants are now 50.8 per cent. while Roman Catholics are 38.5 per cent. There are various denominations whose very names are unknown in Great Britain. And quite a goodly number describe themselves as Apostolic Brethren, Believers, Church of Christ, Church of God, Deists, Labour Church, New Thought, People's Church, Swedenborgians, Theosophists. Mr. Stevenson's summary of salient points in the census is full of suggestiveness, and one is grateful for the industry he has expended for our benefit on so important a Blue Book.

LADY FRANCES BALFOUR is one of a vigorous group of English writers who have been urging a change in the divorce law. The group includes also such men as the Bishop of Durham

and General Bramwell Booth. Mr. Willoughby Dewar in *The Nineteenth Century* has a caustic article dealing with the attitude of the daily press on this subject, while in *The Atlantic Monthly* Dr. Fort Newton has some novel proposals of his own. The enormous increase in the number of divorce suits within the last ten years has profoundly stirred thoughtful people both in Great Britain and in America.

Ten years ago Lord Buckmaster's Bill, based on the report of a Royal Commission, proposed to recognize as grounds of divorce some causes previously regarded in England as insufficient. Among these were lunacy, desertion, inveterate alcoholism. The Bill was rejected, and Lady Frances Balfour thinks it may have been just as well that it was not passed ten years ago. Otherwise the frightful state of things that has developed since then would have been ascribed to this "legislative weakening of the sanctity of marriage". What has happened?

During the past ten years the number of cases which have congested the Divorce Court has risen by leaps and bounds. Collusion and the "consent to do evil" have become more outrageous and flagrant every year. As matters stand to-day, it is under the old dispensation that these things were done.

Lady Frances Balfour faces the question raised by the apparently strict New Testament rule. On this point she quotes the authority of the Very Rev. Professor W. P. Paterson who told the Divorce Commissioners that such literalism would equally exclude oaths on the witness-stand because Scripture says "Swear not at all", would condemn all legal actions because we are told in the New Testament not to go to law with one another, and would forbid under any circumstances the waging of war. This witness said:

A distinct feature of the Christian religion is that it is a religion of maxims which lays the responsibility on people of doing a lot of hard thinking as to how the principle works out in certain cases. I believe the Christian ideal is we should not go to law and that we should suffer the spoiling of our goods gladly; but we have courts where people go to redress their wrongs. . . . There is nothing more certain than that our Lord inculcated the principle of non-resistance, and yet we do take steps in practical life in self-defence.

Professor Paterson's argument seems to have been that the New Testament principles are those of the ideal, and that in a perfected Christian society they would be observed. How far they can be literally applied in *our* society, without doing more harm than good, is a subject for "hard thinking".

Lady Frances Balfour reminds us that such reflective Christian intelligence has been exercised in other fields, such as the gradual apportioning of punishment for crime. And she regards the divorce law in its present state as an enormous stimulus to perjury. It has proved futile for its professed purpose. While it has not safeguarded the sanctity of marriage, it has to an appalling extent destroyed the sanctity of an oath:

The two parties come together, the collusion is agreed upon. Perjury and hard swearing lose all their meaning and apparently their sinfulness in the eye of the law, when they are practised in the divorce court.

The writer seems to think that the situation would be improved if divorce were granted on the ground of certain gross faults or infirmities which make the partners radically abhorrent to each other. A great deal can be said in support of such a change, for reasons quite different from Lady Frances Balfour's. But one may well doubt whether it is chiefly the "hard cases"—such as incurable lunacy or inveterate alcoholism—that prompt to collusion and manufactured evidence. It is not these that "congest" the courts.

DR. J. FORT NEWTON points out how on the one hand we have still some who teach that there should be no legal divorce on any ground whatever; on the other hand, writers like Mr. Louis Post recommend that anyone who asks for a divorce should be allowed to have it! Dr. Newton deplores the fact that the Church should so often reply either by falling back upon "an ancient formula of doubtful exegesis", or else by spending its time on the debate whether the word "obey" should be retained in the marriage rite. This critic reminds us that very many marriages celebrated in our churches are not Christian in any sense, since the persons married do not even profess Christian belief, and he holds it "open to debate whether it is right to impose an ideal, meant to apply only to followers of Christ, as a law upon those who do not take upon themselves the obligations of His faith". The only honest thing, in Dr. Newton's opinion, for the Church to do is either to distinguish between Christian marriage and common marriage, or else to refuse to be a party to any marriage except between those who make open avowal of Christian principles. One wonders what exactly would happen to the "non-Christian" or "common" unions if either of these alternatives were adopted. So rigorous a separation

between the Church and the "world" might surely cause more disasters than it would remedy.

Dr. Newton's view is a little like that of the famous "Gentleman with a Duster" who regards the divorce court as one of the most merciful of our humanitarian and philanthropic organizations,— "indeed the kindest of all rescue societies". In *The Glass of Fashion* that vigorous critic declared his own agreement with Coleridge in looking upon marriage by the Registrar as "reverential to Christianity." For the fashionable marriage of our time should have "no more religious pretensions than the hiring of a piano":

It seems to me the very height of blasphemy that people who marry without the noblest conception of love in their souls should approach the altar of God and there make vows which only the sweetest purity can consecrate and only the most religious virtue can hope to keep. As soon as the unhappy couple have come to their senses, and realize that to live together in daily communion of mind and soul is an intolerable torture, they should be set free to make, if not a wiser choice, at least another shot.

This is the eloquence of the satirist, and one can see all sorts of practical objection. But who will deny that he has good cause, and that he does well to be angry?

MR. WILLOUGHBY DEWAR is a satirist too. The object of his invective is the Sunday newspaper, which retails divorce court garbage to the English public. The old pretext that publicity would act as a deterrent has, he thinks, broken down. For at the conclusion of one of the grossest divorce trials of recent times roses were thrown to the woman by others of her sex, whilst the husband was loudly cheered by a company of men! The late W. T. Stead's idea of the fierce light of public opinion acting as "a temporary substitute for the Day of Judgment" cannot any longer be defended:

The pillory has ceased to be a pillory, and has been so upholstered as to resemble a throne upon a dais, whereon the occupants may conveniently sit to receive homage. As to the Day of Judgment, the solemnity of the idea has always depended on the singularity of the occasion. When the opening of seals is made a matter of use and wont, it is too much to expect a constant succession of apocalyptic horsemen. The boys who run along the streets yelling their special editions are unimpressive proxies.

This critic points out that the nauseous cases which are most widely studied belong to fashionable life. The reports of these

are devoured by "the same people who devour descriptions of weddings and other entertainments of the *beau monde*, and have an insatiable appetite for all items of information appertaining to royal births and betrothals". What is wanted—according to Mr. Dewar—is an Act which shall limit reporting of divorce and other matrimonial suits to a bare statement of the names of the parties directly concerned and of the result of the trial. Such an Act, he thinks, will be hard to procure. "Dealing in muck has come to be a huge vested interest, and an assault upon it will rouse fierce resistance." There will be plenty of talk about "freedom of the press". Of course, as everyone knows, the liberties of private individuals are constantly being limited by authority. "Only when big corporations are concerned are there these hesitations and quibbles".

IN the May *Contemporary* Mr. Harold Spender recalls many points of interest about the late Sir William Harcourt. The occasion of his article is the recent appearance of the biography by Mr. A. G. Gardiner, which—this critic assures us—is a great work of its kind. This will be good news to the devotees of the biographic side of literature, for there is much to discuss in the life of the sagacious Victorian statesman, and Mr. Spender's word that the discussion has been well done is good guarantee of a literary feast.

Harcourt was a curious figure in politics. He was a Liberal, even a Radical, yet full of the pride of ancestry, and boasting his royal blood. "There was in his carriage and general demeanour always a touch of kingship". One cannot think of him as chuckling, like George Meredith, over the levelling effect of the process of time, over ducal blood in business, or the fact that we may easily find ourselves buying butcher's meat from a Tudor or sitting on the cane-bottomed chairs of a Plantagenet. Harcourt was thus, Mr. Spender tells us, imperious, a little tyrannical, but always commanding obedience and respect. Late in life he refused a peerage, saying "I prefer to remain an English gentleman". The suggested contrast is odd. One motive for the refusal was his desire that his son should have a career in the House of Commons.

The biography, we learn, contains some new disclosures. One of these is the fact, often conjectured, but now proved, that Sir William had an intense ambition to become Premier. Another is the information that it was his special friend—Lord Morley—who prevented this purpose from being realized. "Well" writes Mr. Spender, "might he say with the Psalmist—"Mine own familiar

friend in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me." But the critic adds that beyond doubt it was honest disbelief in Harcourt's capacity for the post which determined Lord Morley's action.

He guesses with some confidence at the ground for this. Harcourt had some qualities unacceptable to the English people:

Probably what kept Sir William Harcourt from the Premiership was his roistering passion for fun. The average Englishman likes humour and loves a joke. But he prefers that his rulers should have a basis of gravity. They should only play the fool now and again. Now Sir William Harcourt could not be grave for long. He was a born jester. He bubbled all the time. His numerous chins—it was difficult to say how many there were—would shake like so many great layers of jelly when a joke was coming. The only other man of the kind is Taft, once President, and now Chief Justice of the United States.

This is a little hard. It leaves us wondering about Mr. Spender's comparative estimate of the personal qualities of Harcourt and Taft, and of the good judgment of Great Britain and the United States.

The article dwells upon Harcourt's well-known antipathy to Lord Rosebery,—so acute that when the latter was Prime Minister and the former was Leader of the House of Commons in the same government, for a time they were not on speaking terms! The difference was one of principle. Harcourt put it thus:

When the whole truth is known, it will be discovered that Lord Rosebery is the greatest Conservative of our day. No man opposed the Death Duties more bitterly than Lord Rosebery in Cabinet, and I shall never again believe that he can be a Liberal.

One can understand this vehemence from the follower who coined for Gladstone the title of "the Grand Old Man". And, although failure to be a Liberal should not of itself involve one's personal and final reprobation, it is at least a grave fault in one who has accepted and continues to hold the office of Prime Minister in a Liberal government.

Mr. Spender's article ends with a terse characterization of Harcourt:

Like so many other of our English squires, his roots were deep in the soil of England; his affections centred round a home and the memory of a home. He loved England because his feet were planted on English soil, and his mind was steeped in English memories.

He was an Englishman.

H. L. S.