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CANON STREETER returned lately from an exploring visit to Berlin and Dresden. He wanted to find out current German opinion, and to get the truth about social and economic affairs. For this purpose he took care to interview not only the leader of commerce, the banker, the trade-union official, the "Herr Professor," the clergyman, but also the "man in the street" or—as Americans say—"the man in the car." He was alive to the misleading quality of a conducted tour, and took precautions to see not only what Germans just now like to show to an English tourist, but also such things as they are likely to hide.

We learn from him that Berlin has lost its old characteristic aspect of aggressive efficiency. There is far less strict regulation than there used to be, the police now keep themselves in the background, an officer in uniform is a rare sight, and there is a good-humoured courtesy about the officials which was not known in pre-war days. Canon Streeter was prepared to find morose hostility towards an Englishman, but on the contrary it seemed to him that he was better received than on his previous visits in the years before 1914. He thinks that the mood of *Gott strafe England* has given place to a general conviction that the British are exerting themselves to moderate the fury of France. The good behaviour of the British troops during their occupation, and the prosperity of Cologne while our forces had control there, have not been forgotten and are not unappreciated. Moreover, better manners have resulted from the disappearance of the old régime. It used to be a sort of Prussian etiquette for the ruling class to adopt a hectoring and bullying attitude. The social "inferiors" now meet with a new consideration. Wealth, too, is a little more evenly distributed.

Though the Junker, the business man, and the Social Democrat artisan still live in different worlds, the chasm is not so deep and impassable as of old.

Canon Streeter has no doubt that the landed aristocracy still cherishes the hope of a monarchic revival. The Junker will not, if he can help it, even meet an Englishman on externally cordial terms. The still lingering hope of a restored monarchy leads those who cherish it to diffuse all sorts of myths about the real cause of the German defeat. They lay all the blame on the Revolution, declaring that but for this their armies would have retreated to the Rhine and could never have been dislodged. It was the Republican Government, they say, which allowed itself to be cajoled by President Wilson's terms of peace. Ceaseless talk goes on about the outrage of keeping black troops in the occupied areas, and about the probability of a fresh invasion by the French. Nor is the old pathetic belief in the divine right of kings even yet extinct among middle-class Germans. The Kaiser himself is discredited, and the Crown Prince is thought "impossible." But the principle is still believed, though the men to translate it into action are not in sight.

Labour leaders are distinctly alarmed about the secret accumulating of arms. They regard this as intended, not against the Allies, but against the Republic. The ordinary German seemed very eager to re-discuss the question of responsibility for the war. Canon Streeter found much indignation still alive about the stigma of being called "Huns," and stories of German atrocities are still discounted as "propaganda." The English visitor had an opportunity of a two hours conversation with Professor Delbruck, who was a confidential friend of the Kaiser, and who was deputed to draw up a statement of the German case for presentation at Versailles. He states his impressions thus:

I think I may say that our German friends did not succeed in convincing any one of our party of the innocence of the German Government. They did, however, quite convince us that, on the facts as presented to the German people at the beginning of the war, the German people not only believed but were justified in believing that the war was a war of defence.

It was clear to Canon Streeter that there had been an intense fear of Tsarist militarism, and that the Russian autocracy was regarded by the German working class as "a permanent support and inspiration for those features which they most objected to in their own Government." All this goes to lighten the guilt of the German people as a whole, at the expense of intensifying that of their former rulers. We hear that there is now general disillusion-

ment about the Kaiser and his advisers, but there is still lively belief that the Slav peril was very grave indeed. This throws light upon the anxiety of the German Foreign Office in 1914 to keep the menace of Russia before their public, for only by such means could the Social Democrats be induced to fight.

Canon Streeter found that the working people are in some ways better off than before the war. There is a universal eight-hour day, dismissed employees can appeal to a works council, and there is little unemployment. But while the average wage is twenty-five times what it used to be, bread is about thirty-two times as dear, pork about fifty times, and potatoes some hundred times. The cost of cotton and linen goods is prohibitive. "And the price of coal, due to the immense quantity that has to be delivered to France under the Treaty, causes great hardship in winter, not only in poor and middle-class homes, but in schools, hospitals, and similar institutions."

Trade, on a large scale, is a perpetual gamble, owing to the fluctuating value of the mark. Saving has ceased, because with a currency going further and further down the safest thing to do is to spend. "Widows and spinsters are selling off one by one their bits of furniture and family possessions, and slowly starve. The statistics of female suicide show an increase of some 45 per cent." Of course the profiteer is busy. The manufacturer in most trades has as many orders as he can execute, or more. Canon Streeter thinks the common accusation in the English newspapers that the German profiteer is insufficiently taxed has some basis, but less than is generally assumed. He formed this opinion from talk with half a dozen members of the Berlin Chamber of Commerce and with a representative of the Government. "No system of Government inquisition can check manipulation of accounts in speculative transactions largely based on a currency which fluctuates from day to day." The general conclusion of this article is that we are in danger of reducing Germany's power of payment by insisting on an impossible sum, and that her economic restoration is essential if we would not destroy an invaluable trade customer. There is the risk, too, of driving her into the arms of Russia, of reviving the credit of the Hohenzollerns, and of promoting a reaction which would serve nobody.

A VERY suggestive and illuminating article by Mr. Herbert W. Horwill appeared in the April number of the *Contemporary*. It is entitled "America's New Immigration Policy," and deals with the Dillingham Act under which the United States Congress adopted

a quite new system for selecting settlers. The Dillingham Act was tentative, and its working automatically ceased on 30th. June of the present year. Whether it would then be re-affirmed, or modified, or intensified, this writer could not predict. But the year's trial has been of much interest, and as the problem involved is one of serious import for Canada too, we may fitly consider this experiment in the United States.

Immigration policies rest on the principle that every nation has the right and even the duty of making sure that incoming settlers shall be of a desirable—or at least of a not undesirable—type. The principle is by no means quite obvious, and to many it has appeared very disputable indeed. To discriminate against any sort of people on the search for a home, was long held to be inconsistent with the fundamental faith upon which the American republic was established. Cunning precautions against admitting this or that suppliant for shelter in the land of freedom were repudiated as illiberal, undemocratic, inhuman. The danger of thus keeping an “open door” for all mankind was deliberately ignored, in the firm conviction that, no matter what a man's antecedents might be, he would become quickly “Americanized.” A proposal to insist that new settlers should at least be able to *read* was adopted three times by Congress, but was successively vetoed by Presidents Cleveland, Taft, and Wilson. It came up once more in 1917, and obtained a majority sufficient to over-ride the Presidential veto. The 1917 law excluded

all aliens over sixteen years of age, physically capable of reading, who cannot read the English language or some other language or dialect, including Hebrew or Yiddish.

Mr. Wilson objected to this, protesting in vain that “our experience in the past has not been that the illiterate immigrant is, as such, an undesirable immigrant.” But the Dillingham Act of 1921 imposed a test very different from that of literacy. It was prompted by the renewed flow of immigration after the war, and by the widespread alarm about the influx of “Bolshevists” from eastern Europe. To discriminate against nationalities as such was obviously objectionable, and—as President Wilson said—was likely to involve the American Government in “very delicate and hazardous diplomatic situations.” The risk was avoided by an enactment that not more than 3 per cent of the number of any particular nationality resident in the United States at the date of the 1910 census might be admitted in any one year. When President Harding took office, the chief obstacle to such legislation was re-

moved, and the law, having passed the Senate by the unprecedented majority of seventy-eight votes to one, came into force twelve months ago.

The sources of its popularity are clear. The cosmopolitan character of American cities, while it has been the proud boast of some, has been provocative of disgust to many. We hear that forty-nine different languages are now spoken in New York. A visitor relates that on a mid-day walk up Broadway he did not hear a word of English spoken from Tenth to Fourteenth Street. Humourists predict that before long there will be a district called "The American Reservation" in each great American city. And no one can any longer pretend that the foreigners are being assimilated with anything like the completeness which sanguine prophets used to expect. The extent to which such effective assimilation has been achieved is indeed good ground for glorying to the American people. But it remains a very grave problem whether the process is sufficiently rapid and on a scale sufficiently large for national safety. The alien in language is too often alien in those habits of thought and conduct which are essential to the success of democratic institutions.

But how has the Dillingham Act worked? There have been numerous cases of individual hardship, and numerous unfortunate results from the insufficient notice that was given to the countries affected. Of course there has been an outcry from steamship companies that used to carry great multitudes of Italians, Poles, Greeks. Large numbers of intending immigrants, who were on their way to the United States before they knew of the legislative change, were sent back to their former homes. Mr. Horwill tells us that

An especially painful impression was produced in December by the news, communicated to the House Committee on Immigration, of the massacre in Constantinople of seventeen Armenian women and children who had been sent back from the United States because the quota from their country had already been completed when they arrived.

What solution for this problem should be reached in the United States, is not our special concern. It is predicted that a yet more severe restrictive law will be substituted for the Dillingham Act, and that the percentage of admissions will be cut down still further. Perhaps there might be a better distribution of foreign settlers, so that those who bring with them the impulses of disorder and crime from the chaotic regions of south-eastern Europe would not be

concentrated but scattered, and thus held in check everywhere by a still overwhelming mass of constitutionally-minded Americans. Best of all, of course, would be a more rapid and effective scheme of education in the use of free institutions. But at least America is awake to the gravity of the crisis, and is thinking out some way to grapple with it. Will Canada do the same? Will she realize, before it is too late, the dangers of her own foreign population in the west? Or will she just drift on, in a happy-go-lucky mood of feeling sure that she will somehow "muddle through"? When shall we adopt in our national concerns that practice of systematically looking ahead, without which even the smallest private business would be ruined?

THE strife of parties in England is the subject of an interesting article in the May *Nineteenth Century*. The writer is Mr. Gerald B. Hurst, professionally a lawyer, during the war a Lieutenant-Colonel, and now a Member of Parliament. Colonel Hurst points out that the main issues on which the last Old Country election was fought have now been decided once for all, so that the original basis of the Coalition of 1918 has ceased to exist. Consequently the Coalition Cabinet, while it is still in power, has now to meet a disintegrated body of its own original supporters. Mr. Lloyd George still calls himself a Liberal, but "The 'Wee Frees' have largely captured the party organization and funds, and secured the allegiance of the greater part of the Liberal press." The corresponding extremists on the Conservative side, popularly known as "Die-Hards," are in like control of no small part of the other wing of the Coalition. And by a curious paradox these two groups mutually strengthen each other. For each can point to the fact that the "Moderates" on the other side have given but slight help to the Government, and can insist that nothing further is to be gained from a suspension of "the good old party warfare."

Thus, according to Colonel Hurst, coalition has declined into mere co-operation. It would require a national crisis to infuse life into it again. Powerful and industrious sections of the press are pouring scorn upon the slender parliamentary achievements of the last three years; they harp upon the sacrifice of "convictions" which was made in 1918, declare that the sacrifice has turned out useless and even hurtful, and clamour for a return to the feuds of 1914 "as if there had been no war and no winding up of old disputes." Though the Government effected a net saving of nine hundred million dollars for the year 1922-23, this affords no satisfaction to the

zealots for economy. "Every item saved has involved criticism and protest." The hard times have, of course, intensified complaints against the men in power, and the complexity of the Government's problem is not appreciated. People like simple issues in politics. "It is so easy to decide how you will vote when your choice lies between a big loaf and a little loaf, between winning the war and forgiving the Kaiser." The Cabinet in responsible office cannot make the issues appear simple, and there is a rush to the extremist orators who at least pretend that they know how this can be done.

The article argues that in this state of the public mind the Coalition must inevitably pass away, but that no less inevitably another form of coalition must succeed it. The author foresees a period of groups rather than of parties, and—in consequence—infinite log-rolling and bargaining. One cause of this is that the great issues by which the House of Commons was split in two, such as Ireland and the fiscal question, have been temporarily removed out of sight. To Colonel Hurst the three biggest problems for England during the next few years are, (1) how Europe shall be economically so restored as to set British overseas trade in prosperous action again, (2) how trade disputes shall be prevented, (3) how taxes and rates shall be so reduced as to make it possible to produce goods at a price which will compete successfully against foreign rivals in commerce.

The policy of the Government on these three vital points is, we are told, indistinguishable from the traditional policy of the conservative school. But Colonel Hurst doubts very much whether on that basis a General Election could be won. Union between the "Wee Frees" and the Labour men is much to be feared. "The greatest danger of our age is in fact revolutionary Socialism." All over Europe the partition between civilization and culture on the one side and chaos and barbarism on the other has been worn very thin. "The tasks which have been undertaken by our delegates at Washington and Genoa are analogous to those which lie before us at home. If the Conservative Party shows itself uncompromisingly exclusive in furthering the national cause, the danger is that it will drive whatever is moderate and public-spirited in the Liberal and Labour sections of society into the arms of the extremists." Colonel Hurst thinks that Mr. Lloyd George's name has lost its magic, and that to many he no longer figures as a superman.

What he pleads for is a Conservatism that will show itself capable of growth, and he does not regard this as a contradiction in terms. The "Die-Hards" must give up their dream of restoring

the old social complacency in which they slept before the war. The general standard of culture and comfort must be raised, the dead weight of poverty and bad housing must be reduced, the idea of settling Ireland by re-conquest must be abandoned, and a union must be cemented among all—whether they describe themselves as Liberals or as Conservatives—who alike desire to ward off the social peril of the time. For this writer Communism is the spectre compared with which all other kinds of menace are trifling.

MR. Carl W. Ackerman has been foreign correspondent for the United Press Associations, and during the past two years has been directing the foreign news service for a syndicate of American newspapers. He has contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* a set of articles upon his experience in London and in Ireland, where he was in close association with Sir Basil Thomson, the Director of Intelligence for Scotland Yard. They reveal to us some hitherto secret history of the Anglo-Irish peace negotiations.

Mr. Ackerman's first visit to Ireland was shortly before Easter 1920, when there was much talk about a probable uprising in Dublin and Cork. He met Mr. Arthur Griffith, General Sir Neville Macready, Sir Horace Plunkett, and many others of various parties and interests. Sir Basil Thomson had impressed upon him the fact that the real leaders of Sinn Fein were not the men who were most in the public eye, and that documents which the British authorities had intercepted made it clear that not Mr. De Valera but one Michael Collins and one Richard Mulcahy were the brains of the revolutionary movement. Moreover, it was known to be financed in part at least by a group of five or six wealthy Irish-Americans. Mr. Ackerman was shown a photographic copy of the secret constitution of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and was permitted to publish it. Its authenticity was denied by Mr. De Valera, who however acknowledged that "there was nothing in it to which any Irishman would take exception."

It is interesting to learn from Mr. Ackerman that Colonel House—the intimate counsellor of ex-President Wilson—was earnestly importuned by Sir Horace Plunkett to act as mediator between England and Ireland. The proposal was warmly welcomed by Sir Basil Thomson, but Mr. Griffith laid down the condition that Colonel House must come as the official representative of the American Government. This condition, however, was declined. Colonel House had no idea of acting in any other capacity than that of a private American citizen who desired a peaceful settlement.

Sir Basil Thomson expressed a strong desire to be informed about the sort of man this mysterious "Michael Collins" was, and what were the sources of his paramount influence in Sinn Fein. Having obtained the necessary guarantees that he would not be "shadowed," Mr. Ackerman undertook to contrive some means of seeing Mr. Collins, and succeeded in carrying this out. He had so won the confidence of Sinn Feiners in Dublin that he was conducted to an old mansion in a Dublin square, and in a back drawing-room was introduced to "a broad-shouldered, black-haired, smiling young Irishman" who two years later was to be head of the Provisional Government of the Irish Free State. Those were the days of "No compromise." Mr. Collins, producing sheets of American newspapers with his visitor's articles in them, remarked "I see that you are publishing my private correspondence before it reaches me. . . . You see, I know you better than you know me." And he went on to lay down those "unmodifiable" terms with which two years ago we were so familiar. There could be no settlement except on republican lines, Dominion Home Rule was unacceptable, and the American people must recognize that Government of Ireland which Sinn Fein had already established.

Sir Basil Thomson enquired from Mr. Ackerman whether he thought that Mr. Collins was bluffing, and General Macready remarked that an Irishman always asks one hundred pounds for his horse when he expects to sell at twenty-five. In a long letter Mr. Collins ridiculed the idea that there were "Moderates" in conflict with "Extremists" within the ranks of Sinn Fein, declaring that "we all stand together by our common Election Manifesto of December, 1918." Yet, Mr. Ackerman remarks, there were real differences then, as there are to-day. It was antagonism to the common "enemy" that caused a temporary appearance of union. And the times were very exciting:—

Day after day the military forces in Ireland hunted the Republican officers and scouts, captured their papers, closed their secret offices, and arrested them by scores. Mulcahy escaped one raid in his night clothes. Another time the military found his secret headquarters, and entered his room, to find the ink still wet on a letter he was writing to his wife; but he was gone. Collins had similar close calls. To avoid capture one night he jumped into a well. Another time he was buried under the floor of a country cottage. Each time I saw him he bore a new scar, but on each occasion he refused to talk about himself. "My life doesn't matter," he used to say.

Mr. Ackerman thinks that, of all the Sinn Fein Ministers, Mr. Collins understood Mr. Lloyd George best. He tactically

declared that he would never compromise, "although I knew all the while, from Collins's private remarks and attitude, that if he could obtain for Ireland control of finance, army, and courts, the name of the government would not be a handicap to peace." Neither Mr. Griffith nor Mr. Collins, according to this critic, was ever wedded to the idea of a republic. But it was judged to be the best counter demand to the British policy. It was a curiously mixed social life which Mr. Ackerman led in those days, interviewing Griffith in gaol, Collins "on the run," dining with General Macready, carrying messages from Sir Hamar Greenwood, and arranging that meeting between Mr. Lloyd George and Former Governor Glynn of New York "which marked the climax of the Irish negotiations." Dublin, at that time, he says, "was a murderer's paradise and the hangman's stage." The beginning of the final Act in the drama was the agreement to a conference, and in this the intermediary was Governor Glynn. Mr. Ackerman quotes Mr. Lloyd George as saying that when he met De Valera there would be on one side a demand and on the other the refusal of a republican settlement, and that then there would be a basis for negotiation. As it turned out, the meeting with Mr. De Valera came to little, and pessimists still think that the meeting with Mr. Collins did not effect much more. But Mr. Ackerman is hopeful. He looks for the slow forces of economic life to bring the North and South of Ireland together, and declares that two men—Governor Glynn and General Smuts—brought about a treaty which has met with the approval of the whole world.

Mr. Ackerman's articles, although concerned with so tragic a theme, are not without flashes of humour, and there are some very amusing stories. He tells, for instance, of a friend who went to Londonderry in quest of news, and was arrested but soon released by each political faction in turn. To the question "Are you Catholic or Protestant?" he replied "Neither: journalist." It seems that both Sinn Feiners and Ulsterites accepted this as proving he was harmless. We hear, too, of a recruiting advertisement which the British Government had displayed in Ireland, calling for men for the Royal Air Force, and promising a life of adventurous travel. It appeared just at the time when members of the Royal Irish Constabulary were being assassinated in large numbers. The original poster read "Join the R. A. F. and see the world." But Sinn Feiners changed it overnight, and next morning it read "Join the R. I. C. and see the next world." And we hear of a "dignified but irate old lady in Dublin" who told Mr. Ackerman that she would approve of no mediation by Americans, for her household had suffered much at American hands. All good Irish servants were going to

the United States, where they were being corrupted by absurdly high wages.

One feels about these articles that the writer is, like his friend in Londonderry, of no creed, but just a journalist. He has an eye for the spectacular, for "good copy," for sharp and clear-cut contrasts. The reader will be extremely interested in the confidential letters from Scotland Yard that seem to be here given to the public for the first time, and in the vivid intimate details of many a dangerous mission undertaken between one party and another. It will surprise many persons to learn that Americans were so much relied upon as envoys by the British Government during the most troublesome period. But one feels that the writer's occasional moralizing is of far less value than his picturesque narrative. Ireland, he says, is now a republic in all but name. Let the recent elections supply a comment. And with confident journalistic emphasis he tells us that the MacSwiney incident "cut all the peace cables between Ireland and England." It may be so. But those cables at the moment were exceedingly fragile, and it takes a bold man to be sure which particular blow it was that broke them.

H. L. S.