

twelve hundred men to be our rulers, and all that we, the so-called self-governing people, are permitted to do is, in a muddled, angry way to strike off the names of about half of these selected gentlemen.

It is Everyman who must be the saviour of the State in a modern community; we cannot shift our share in the burthen.

We cannot put Humanity into a museum, or dry it for examination; our one single still living specimen is all history, all anthropology, and the fluctuating world of men.

Divorce, as it is known in most Christian countries, has a punitive element, and is obtained through the failure of one of the parties to observe the conditions of the bond, and the determination of the other to exact suffering. Divorce as it exists at present is not a readjustment but a revenge.

That is more or less the real Mr. H. G. Wells; a penetrating, but unprejudiced, observer of things as they are; with a scepticism just acid enough to dissolve gush without corroding enthusiasm, and a curious tendency to actual thought. One does not immediately recognise the author of *The Food of the Gods* and *The New Macchiavelli*. Yet both of these, and especially the earlier spirit of scientific extravaganza, are alive in him nevertheless. Those first wild science-stories were only his dreams. But dreams (as we have lately learned) are no bad index to the suppressed desires, the subconscious flaws and scars and leanings of a man otherwise in reasonable health. There is a mad spot in the mind of every one of us, as there is a blind spot in every eye. And when this very sane and human thinker does unbalance for a moment, he goes mad upon science and organisation. You will find him using undefined such words as "broad" and "progress" whose presence is a tuberculin test for the white plague of modern thought. He forgets occasionally that The State is a vain abstraction except as composed of you and me and Smith; and sets up as actually desirable that collective consciousness which we choose to impute to ants and bees.

He plots the social and scientific future along the curve of the immediate past, in defiance of the plain showing of all history that civilisation moves in a spiral with a very small pitch. And he bows down to a locomotive or an aeroplane as idolatrously as ever a Fijian kowtowing before the work of his own hands. Nevertheless, while he remains so generally saner than most of us, we need not feel very superior to him for showing some tincture of our own pet fallacies. His ways are pretty much our ways, and his thoughts (except for their greater frequency) our thoughts.

Bernard Keith.

X

GORDON LE SUEUR'S "CECIL RHODES"*

Cecil Rhodes was both human and great to his secretaries, and for this reason Mr. Le Sueur's gossiping reminiscences of his chief are full of frank and intimate interest. We have had a good deal about the political side of the Colossus of South Africa; here is the revelation of the man as he ate, walked, rode, talked and showed his temper and his genius. Like most of his calibre, he was an amazing contradiction. He would reject the most piteous appeal with brutal bluntness, but no sooner was the suppliant out of his sight than he ordered a handsome cheque sent to him. His many-sidedness made him fascinating. Indeed, when one has finished this very satisfying volume one feels that Rhodes was more of an institution than a man.

Since he was a man who clung tenaciously to his ideas it followed that he literally followed suit with his clothes. Though his valet bought him all manner of apparel, he clung to the same garments year in and year out. He had one favourite old coat which he wore day after day. Once he burned a large hole in it. Rhodes was in dismay. In vain the valet brought forth many others. He demanded that the inseparable garment be sent to the tailor's and repaired,

*Cecil Rhodes. By Gordon Le Sueur. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

whereupon the valet received the following note:

DEAR SIR: Herewith the Right Honourable C. J. Rhodes's coat uncleaned and unmended. We regret that all we can do with the garment is to make a new coat to match the buttons.

Rhodes had a habit of giving away all the clothes belonging to his associates. As a result more than one Matabele or Zulu chief adorned himself with Bond Street dress coats.

So much has been said and written about Rhodes's alleged intemperance that it is interesting to see just what the real facts were. The Great Man did drink a good deal, but he was no drunkard. Le Sueur says that his favourite drink was champagne, which he took in a tumbler. After his meals he had Russian kummel. His system required stimulant and he was fond of a mixture of champagne and stout. When very thirsty, however, he would take a long draught of pure water. On one occasion when he had slaked his thirst with a fine brand of South African water he said, as he wiped his chin with the palm of his hand:

"By Jove, if people had to pay five shillings a bottle for that, I don't believe they would drink anything else."

Rhodes, of course, was not without vanity. There was a strong facial resemblance between him and the Roman Cæsars (his was rather the physiognomy of Nero, however), and he was rather proud of it. Personally, he considered himself like the Emperor Hadrian and he was once surprised by a friend standing and stroking his chin before a portrait of that august gentleman. In apparently small instances he was constantly revealing his bigness of outlook, as this incident shows: He was on terms of great intimacy with General "Chinese" Gordon, who once told him of having been offered a roomful of silver in China. "What would you have done?" asked the soldier.

"Why, taken it, to be sure," replied Rhodes. "And as many more as they

liked to give me, for what is the earthly use of having ideas if you haven't the money to carry them out?"

A little-known fact that is revealed in this book shows that for years there was a friendly rivalry for careers between Rhodes and Kitchener. It was an amazing combination too; both men were big, grim, aloof and taciturn. Neither married; each wrought a vast conquest. After Atbara Kitchener sent Rhodes a telegram which showed that he was thinking of their race for world-glory, for the wire read: "Have smashed the Mahdi—if you don't hurry up I will be through before you."

Rhodes had no illusions about the great, and he treated royalty almost with scant courtesy. His experience with the Kaiser illustrates this to an amusing degree. Naturally the ruler of the Germans and this South African constructor had much in common, and their conversation became rather prolonged. Suddenly Rhodes glanced at the clock; got up and without waiting to be dismissed (a formality which Court etiquette strictly demands) held out his hand and said, to the Emperor's great amusement: "Well, good-bye; I've got to go now, as I have some people coming into dinner."

When he visited the Sultan of Turkey he arrived at the Palace with his overcoat buttoned up. Fearful of allowing him into the Presence with a topcoat on under which deadly weapons might be concealed the attendants advanced to take it off. But Rhodes insisted upon keeping the coat on. In fact, he declared with vehemence that if he could not approach the Sultan with the overcoat buttoned up he would leave the place. As usual he had his way. Later he explained the reason, which was characteristic. He had not taken the trouble to put on court clothes, and wore a wrinkled old lounging suit under the overcoat that had caused so much discussion.

Rhodes's attitude toward women has been the subject of much comment. He

was generally regarded as an incorrigible bachelor with a deep-seated hatred of the other sex. Once when discussing this subject with his biographer he said: "Women! Of course I don't hate women. I like them, but I don't want them always fussing about." He preferred the society of men, but when the occasion required he could say and do the graceful thing. Once when he was talking to Queen Victoria, that prim old lady remarked that she had heard that he was a woman-hater, whereupon Rhodes made reply: "How could I possibly hate a sex to which Your Majesty belongs?"

Once some one asked Rhodes why he never married and he said: "You ask why I never married and do you know? I answer you very fairly that I have never yet seen the woman whom I could get on in the house with."

Rhodes used to say that the greatest of all life's pleasures was the faculty of creation. The man who had the genius of creation he regarded as the person who could contemplate his handiwork with the keenest satisfaction. "Creative genius; that's what I've got," he used to say. His method of work was interesting. Best described as "thorough," he gave matters his undivided personal attention. Le Sueur says that the widespread belief that Rhodes was no stickler for details is a mistake. As a matter of fact, he never neglected the slightest thing. He had an immense power of concentration; he believed in maintaining the utmost secrecy until all danger of check was gone; his sense of organisation amounted to genius and his memory was a marvel.

But best of all his qualities was his vision, a vast and thrilling outlook that added a whole empire to British Dominion. Nothing could more eloquently sum up this phase of Rhodes than the remark he once made to a native king when he was showing his famous house, Groote Schuur. When they came to his bedroom, he pointed to his bed and said to the dusky chief: "This is where I lie and think in continents."

The great and compelling force that

swung Rhodes through the darkest and most troubled years of his life was the desire of conquest. Even in his earlier days he would stroke the map of Africa and say, "Africa all Red; that is my dream." The red ink betokened the British territory. He always carried a map of Africa with him, and in those many long and brooding hours of meditation he marked it up with the plans of his restless conquest. In this he had a double in our own E. H. Harriman, who stood every day before a huge map of the United States on which he traced the path of his militant railroad way.

Rhodes loved silence; it fitted his masterful mood and he was much alone. Mountains fascinated him with their bigness, vastness and solemn sense of infinity. His house was so built that he could see the great peaks from nearly every room. He had a special back porch, where he sat for hours wrapped in solitary contemplation. Here he worked out some of his most pressing problems. Though he was blunt and brutal Rhodes had warm affection. Perhaps he lavished most on Doctor Jameson, hero of the famous "Raid." They were great pals. Rhodes showed how much he cared for him when he received the news that Groote Schuur had been burned. He was away up country at the time and the word came by wire. The secretary who brought the message said that he was the bearer of bad news. Rhodes snatched the envelope; tore it open and then said with the utmost relief: "Thank God, I thought something had happened to Jameson."

Perhaps nothing that Rhodes said during his whole trouble-studded life was so eloquent as his last words: "So little done; so much to do." He had sadly under-rated his own worth, for he left a name at which a whole empire flushed with pride. Nothing is more in harmony with the man and his splendid vision than his place of burial, for it is high up amid the grim and solitary mountains where he loved to sit and think in terms of hemispheres. Here "the immense and brooding Spirit" was caged in

granite mould, but its influence remains, for, as his friend Kipling wrote of him:

Living he was the land and dead
His soul shall be her soul.

Isaac F. Marcossou.

XI

MARY HEATON VORSE'S "THE
HEART'S COUNTRY"*

"The years when women are in the making—that land of glamour—are the hardest thing for grown-up people to understand." Most grown people realise the truth of this observation which the author makes in her prologue, particularly those of us who have at any time tried to feel again in their real poignancy the emotions of our youth. Values and perspectives change with the added years. It is a rare gift to be able to re-capture even for ourselves the forgotten angle of our earlier point of view. Mrs. Vorse has not only achieved this, but has been able to place it before her readers, a far more difficult task. And she has done so with simplicity and charm.

Ellen Payne is a delicious figure, full of life and colour, standing out clearly in her grey New England setting. It is her love story that one follows with absorbing interest. And if at times she seems wayward, one can follow her with the patient eyes of Alec Yorke and realise with him that she was well worth waiting for and winning in the end. All the characters are well drawn: the outwardly harsh Miss Sarah Grant and her "do-less" sister, Ellen's mother who, when the day was too beautiful, subsisted on bread and milk so as not to lose a moment of its beauty in cooking; Roger Byington, sorry figure that he is, is finely done; last of all, Alec Gay, brave and tender, but never unmanly, he prepares to make the sacrifice of marrying a woman he does not love once he is convinced that his own love is not returned, on the principle that he can save another heart from

*The Heart's Country. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

unhappiness. The whole story is so human, so sympathetic, so full of understanding that it will live long in the memory of the reader.

Alfred Curran Petrie.

XII

ROWLAND THOMAS'S "FELICIDAD"*

Once more Mr. Thomas transports his readers to the land of nodding palm trees and perpetual sunshine which he knows so well. This time, his story has to do with the subjugation of a hardened and confirmed bachelor who believes that he has left romance behind him for good. The reader will readily recognise the type and know that he is only the more ripe for the picking because lulled into a feeling of fancied security. One awaits the arrival of the Destined Woman. This time, she is called Pepita. And with her coming, the interest of the story is more concerned with her particular method than with the result, a foregone conclusion, of course.

The author knows how to create his atmosphere. One feels the lazy charm of the tropics and shares the hero's inclination to postpone indefinitely the consideration of any really serious matter. One sympathises with his dilemma when, having set up a bachelor establishment in the Island of the Cane, he found that he had unknowingly apparently engaged a horde of servants. Although realising that such a scale of living was of course ruinous, he confessed to rather liking it after all. Anyway, it was too much trouble in that land where it was always afternoon, to make the exertion necessary to dismiss them. What he would have eventually done if Pepita had not rescued him, is a matter of speculation. But one is sure that Pepita would know how to arrange things with feminine skill and understanding. There is not much body to this little tale, but it fills the purpose of the author in that it is gracefully told in a light and pleasant manner.

Robert Linton.

*Felicidad. By Rowland Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.