

The abortive revolt at Munich last November divided these societies into hostile camps. Hitler and Ludendorff have the support of the National Socialist Labor Party, the Deutsch-völkische Freiheitspartei, and the Völkischer Kampfbund; while the German Social Party, the People's Social Party, the Pan-German Labor Party, the German Party, the O. C., the V. V. V., and all their subsidiary groups stand behind Kahr and his associates. Attempts to reconcile the two factions have not only failed, but have accentuated their mutual enmity. Theoretically, these organizations might prove a power to be reckoned with, for many lodges are armed, if only partially—mostly with blackjacks and knuckledusters. They might muster from

seventy-five to one hundred thousand men for a Berlin street demonstration, but more than half of these would be hangers-on. Their discord paralyzes common action. The only thing they agree upon is that the Weimar Constitution should be abolished. They have no common plan for something to replace it—in fact, they fall to fighting over every constructive proposal. Some want a monarchy, but the Monarchists are split into Hohenzollern supporters and advocates of other royalties, particularly the Wittelsbachers. Some even want to unite Germany with Austria under a Hapsburg Kaiser. But other large groups will hear nothing of a monarchy, and insist that Germany's salvation must come through a military dictatorship or a business directory.

## AWAKENING INDIA

BY PROFESSOR EMIL LEDERER

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TWENTY hours in Colombo teach a man that a tropical climate is a reality and no romantic dream; that countries actually exist where the sun always rises directly in the east, where palm trees are part of the ordinary landscape and not florists' decorations, and where the most energetic man feels lazy all the time.

Yet this land belongs to Europeans. They govern it. They have set up in business at every port. They occupy

the cool, spacious Government buildings; they command the army. Their merchant ships have enmeshed the country in a network of trade relations. A little English governess can walk through a city's streets at night as safely as a colonel marching at the head of his regiment. A native who wishes to advance in the world must speak the English language.

But when I drove from Colombo in the dewy freshness of a tropic dawn to

the suburb of Mount Lavinia, to eat breakfast under the palms, with a cool breeze from neighboring meadows fanning my brow, — a breakfast of luscious fruits, fragrant tea, fresh fish, and other delicacies dear to the Western palate, — I passed on the road hundreds and thousands of young natives of both sexes, whose graceful and dignified carriage aroused my admiration. Some guided ox carts, others bore peddlers' trays of fruits, vegetables, or cheap knickknacks; but a majority strode by unencumbered, as if they owed obedience to no man, like Oriental princes and princesses disguised in modest garb the better to study their subjects incognito. Unhappily, however, this sunrise procession has no such romantic errand. It consists of operatives on the way to the cotton mills, to spin and weave the cheap — and apparently inferior — fabrics in which they are clad.

Fifteen years ago their clothing was considerably sketchier than now, and they spent most of their time in divine idleness. To-day they toil, and adorn themselves with the fruits of their industry, delighted with this novel elegance. Truly God's command that man earn his bread by the sweat of his brow was not given in vain, but it has been considerably modified in human execution. The poor heathen have been driven out of Paradise to voluntary or involuntary labor, and white Christians have entered into possession, successfully defying the sword of the cherubim, and have made themselves masters of Eden and all its abounding wealth.

When I returned to the city through the sun-glare and the crowds of an Indian morning, native policemen cleared the way for my automobile, and I met detachments of native soldiers, commanded by noncommissioned officers of their own race. Then it dawned

upon me what a unique country this is, where old and mighty peoples, with a living culture surviving in a great language and literature, — not a merely mummified culture like that of Egypt, — are guided, directed, and ruled by foreigners as though they were negroes or fellaheen.

The white man came as a god to this country. What made him a god? The fact that his military forces, though otherwise weak, were organized — and his masterful will. Thus he impressed his dominion upon this plastic people like a seal upon soft wax. Virile will-power rules this country, and fashions it to its liking. Every white man is a master; he must will to command.

This is a peculiar psychic influence which a visitor feels from the moment he sets foot on India's soil. The colored races treat the whites much as a humble civilian in old Prussia treated a great general in uniform. This attitude reacts upon the white man, who feels forced to play the master, if only by accepting subservience as his natural due. To be sure, he is encouraged by the climate. It is a great comfort here to have a servant carry even the most trivial burden. A white man does not walk; he rides. The most trifling services are performed by others. When I entered a post office, it seemed quite natural that a native attendant should slip up, show me the stamp window, — a special window for Europeans, — take my stamps, put them on my letters, and deposit the latter in a mailbox. Thus the European is encysted in a protective covering of valet attentions that colors his whole outlook.

Yes, every white man in India is a little god, and must act the part. Racial solidarity demands this. Rules of hospitality require a stranger-guest to observe the customs of the country. He must be reserved, distant, masterful. He must cast no doubt on the

great lie upon which English rule in India is based — the lie that the white man is a superior being. Furthermore, it is easy to acquire the manner of a master when that status is unquestioningly conceded, when one need not exact respect from others by his manner or by an effort of the will. It is astounding how quickly a person acquires the master-habit. When he steps out of his ricksha at the hotel, he finds it perfectly natural for servants to pick up the tiniest parcel and carry it to his room. Moreover, these servants are always on the spot to perform this duty. They rush breathlessly down the steps in order to be at hand the minute your conveyance stops. Prompt service everywhere, a spanless gulf between yourself and the man who serves you, a world organized to obey your will — it takes only a few hours for the average white man to feel perfectly at home with that.

None the less, this miracle of human organization and political art rests on fragile foundations. A king is a king only as long as men so regard him. He loses his rank the moment his subjects refuse to pay him allegiance, his officers to salute him, his ministers to consult his wishes, his people to obey him. If that happens, he becomes a private person overnight. This seldom occurs; it generally takes a revolution to demote a king to a private citizen, partly because the masses are unorganized and unable to act together, and largely because ministers, officers, officials, government contractors — in short, a whole hierarchy of political, commercial, and industrial cliques — are interested in maintaining the monarchy, and consequently in preventing a crystallization of the public will against it.

English rule in India is supported by all these motives. But they are weaker than in ordinary monarchies. The Government does not draw its strength

directly from the masses. To be sure, many natives have been shrewd enough to find berths in the Government, as soldiers, policemen, and civil servants. Large and influential sections of the population owe their wealth to British rule. More than that, the English have unquestionably introduced great improvements in agriculture, manufacturing, and transportation. The country owes its prosperity largely to British administrators and engineers. They have brought modern science to India; they speak the native languages and hold intercourse with Indian scholars in their own speech. The British Government has established universities in India, where courses are given in English by British and Indian professors; and the sons of wealthy native families are educated at Oxford and Cambridge.

Thus an alien rule has skillfully and tactfully penetrated the land, not only to exploit it, not only to bind certain classes to itself by common material and cultural interests, but also to make the country, so to speak, part and parcel of the British world. A German may well regard with mournful self-examination the tremendous results achieved by these skillful administrators, who select unerringly the right channels to reach the native mind and to transform alien races into British subjects. In spite of their masterful manners, in spite of their brutal employment of force upon occasion, the British do more than merely rule this country; they truly mould and lead it.

At least, they have done so up to the present. But how long will this continue? That is a question now stirring the whole Orient, and openly or tacitly on every lip. These peoples of ancient culture have conceived a new passion for autonomy, which has found at least provisional expression in a constitution that may — though this is

uncertain — reconcile for a period English rule and leadership with the native demand for self-direction. But many Indians want more; and will the English Government be able to compromise with their insistence? When it comes to methods of compulsion, all technical and special troops in India are English, but they number only two hundred and fifty men to a million population. Their total strength is less than eighty thousand.

We see the same process repeated in India to-day that destroyed the local independence of the feudal barons in mediæval Europe. This process has been set in motion by the same forces, although not in the same succession: military service, war, industrial development. India is on the road to becoming a Dominion. Will it stop there? Can India become a member of that Commonwealth of Free Nations into which the British Empire is gradually evolving? Is not the so-called Indian Constitution rather the first step toward complete independence?

Military service takes a man first to the barracks, subjects him to strict discipline, makes him submissive, teaches him automatic obedience. If he becomes a noncommissioned officer, this discipline bears fruit in ability to command. He becomes a sharer in the system of force, and he will support it. An Indian railway policeman who rushes up to a ricksha coolie and strikes him with his club because he crowds ahead out of turn, is maintaining English order; but at the same time he enjoys his sense of personal authority. By thus sharing its authority with the natives, the British Government broadens the basis of its power — particularly now that it is training high-caste Indians in England for higher army commands.

The spirit of the native troops was profoundly modified by the World

War. Modern warfare can no longer be carried on with half-starved peasants as in the eighteenth century, with men who have learned subordination from childhood, who do not think, and who therefore do not learn to revolt. Modern war has become industrialized. It is won in the end by brains and morale — not of the officers alone, but also of the common soldiers. These new conditions obviously have innumerable important consequences. Morale cannot be imposed upon the soldier by brute force. To post machine-guns behind one's own troops may serve in an emergency, — as the example of Russia and Austria taught us, — but it will not do as a permanent system. The modern soldier is a man of the factory-worker type rather than the peasant type. He understands the spirit of solidarity, which is more than mere comradeship. Solidarity is active, not passive, comradeship; it extends to all the functions of his life; it seeks to shape man's destiny, to better his status; it embraces far more than mere suffering, fighting, and enduring in common. Consider what a vast number of things the modern soldier must learn and understand. But you cannot confine mental development and an intellectual training to one side of a man's nature. If you give him knowledge, you simultaneously give him will and desire. Instruction and 'enlightenment' take the place of the corporal's boot, particularly in a war fought for Democracy and the right of self-determination. Who can reckon how many Indian troops in Europe learned 'dangerous thoughts' from Wilson's speeches — thoughts that are now reëchoing louder and louder from the Opposition benches in the Indian Parliament.

Of course, these ideals were intended for home consumption in the colonies, but new thoughts cannot be confined to

prescribed areas. Armies have ceased to be machines; they have become complex organisms that think, understand, and act of their own motives.

What a tremendous revolution thus occurred in the ideas of the Indian nation. The natives were summoned to fight against white men, to conquer white men — the white men to whom hitherto they had not even dared to lift their eyes upon a public highway. They were taught to destroy, to hew down the demigods whom they had hitherto revered as rich, born to command, all-powerful. They won victories in a war that swept them suddenly into a new world — a world, indeed, of unprecedented perils, horrors, and hardships, but a world that put the native soldier in an entirely new relation to the social order. He was still a subordinate, it is true, but he was consciously a vital part of that social order; he was no longer a mere object, a mere thing, but a man bearing his share of a common burden and receiving the consideration due his dignity. He quickly learned to think; and a man who once begins to think never loses the faculty. The Indian troops came back from the war seeing through different eyes from those with which they stared stolidly upon an uncomprehended world when they left home. They came back conscious of their own power and merit.

The same thing happened in industry. A war that carried hundreds of thousands of Indians to Europe, that ravaged great industrial centres of that continent, stimulated the manufactures of India herself.

India already employs nearly a million and a quarter of its population in factories having more than fifty operatives — that is, in modern establishments. The number of cotton spindles approaches eight million; the number of power-looms one hundred and

twenty thousand. Coal mines and steel furnaces are multiplying in even faster ratio.

Nevertheless, up to the present England remains the manufacturing and commercial centre of this Asiatic world. She leaves no agency untried to strengthen this position. But she has already been forced, as we have seen, to make generous concessions to the new spirit of the people. How far will this avail her? Giving India control of her own affairs is a very different thing from making an English colony like Australia or Canada a self-governing Dominion. English culture and the English tongue are still recognized as indispensable for the governing class. But how long will that last? For the problem is not in this case gradually to improve and develop a primitive civilization, willing to accept the leadership of the West; it is merely to form a united will, national organization, solidarity in a nation almost as numerous as the combined peoples of Europe; and of capacity to create a political structure with a competent and self-reliant ruling class and a body of citizens conscious of their political existence.

Can the trend toward these things be checked? Can a strong hand retain Europe's leadership in this vast territory? Sovereignty seems at this moment to be slipping back into the possession of Asia. Europe's forceful and restless spirit has not only conquered Eastern apathy, but has transformed it. Feudal, dream-cradled India is rapidly becoming a memory. She is on the threshold of the industrial age. Her evolution will not parallel that of Europe; it could not do so in this rich tropical realm, with its picturesque and romantic past. But Europe's rule in Asia is doomed. The very breezes whisper that to the stranger's ear all along this coast.

# IN THE LAND OF MORNING CALM

BY ARNALDO CIPOLLA

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As soon as we crossed the Yalu, which separates Manchuria from Korea, we seemed to be a thousand miles from China, so totally different was the aspect of both the country and the people. The Korean peasants wear white, the Chinese wear blue; Korean men have long beards, the Chinese go smooth-shaven; and while the Korean peasant wears a tiny, stiff hat, tied with a band under his chin, — like the ridiculous little hats that clowns sometimes wear in circuses, — the Chinaman usually goes uncovered. Equally striking is the contrast between the monotonous plains of Manchuria and the luminous mountain ranges of Korea, whose clear profiles stand out so cleanly against the steel-blue sky.

But Korea resembles China in its dense population. At the railway stations, just now embedded in chrysanthemums, our train is always greeted by a great throng of people. The railway follows the foothills of the central mountain range through uninterrupted rice-fields. Indeed, rice seems to be the only crop cultivated. It is the harvest season, and the whole countryside is alive with busy workers.

The principal station between Antung on the Yalu and Seoul, the capital, is Heijo, which is picturesquely situated on the wooded banks of the Daido River. I saw English posters at the station inviting the tourists to stop off and visit the historic and artistic sites of the vicinity. With characteristic Japanese exactness the time necessary to do so is carefully stated — three

hours to see, among other things, a monument erected to the Japanese who fell in the war against Russia, in order 'to liberate Korea from the despotism of a sovereign who exploited his people,' and to admire several ancient temples. No horses, mules, or native carts are visible hereabouts — only little oxen on which the peasants ride or pack their burdens.

I hired a motor-car for a ride along the banks of the Daido. Several peasants were seated by the side of the road watching sheaves of recently cut rice drying in the sun. A crazy desire to learn if these peasants had ever heard of Italy or of Rome seized me. So I had the driver stop, and turning toward the honest laborers shouted: 'Roma! Roma!' They sprang to their feet instantly, and called back, 'Loma! Loma!' substituting an L for an R, as do the Chinese. Even peasants on the highway waved their pipes in the air and called and motioned to their fellows in the fields. So in no time a little mass-meeting gathered around my automobile, apparently expecting me to deliver a harangue against Japan. My chauffeur, who was a Japanese, seemed to think so, too, and, withdrawing a distance, stood in solitary contemplation of the Daido.

Later, on the train to Seoul, I met a young man in European garb whom I took at first for an Americanized Korean. He proved to be a Chinaman from Tientsin. He had recently been to Japan to bring back the body of his father, who was killed in Yokohama