

## Foreign Correspondence

### THE PORT OF MARSEILLES—LESSONS OF WAR AND PEACE.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, June 1.

A few days in the sun of Marseilles, while Paris was still enveloped in chilling rains, comforted the body and reposed the soul.

The first day I looked curiously at the little paper-money notes given me for change. In Paris we know them only by hearsay. Some are equivalent to twenty, some to ten, cents, like the "shin-plasters" of our Civil War. They are issued by the local Chamber of Commerce, to take the place of the scarce silver coins of French currency. The little flat, revolving pocketbooks, with interior strings crossing in an X on one side, and parallel on the other—such as were used by us in 1862 for commodious extraction of just such undersized paper money—are everywhere on sale. It is a human example of Lamarck's principle of evolution, before and against Darwin: The need creates the function, and the function creates the organ.

To the bookshop cashier, seated ladylike at her desk, I remark that in Paris silver and copper coins are plentiful.

"We are the South," she answers with dignity. This I take to mean that the Bank of France, in its distribution of the country's coinage, relies on the capacity of these Southerners to look out for themselves, being "dismembroilers"—*mérédionaux débrouillards*. Before I left, the waiter at the café lined up proudly for my change four new silver franc pieces. He pointed out that one was of this year's coinage—1916.

"The bank gave us 200 francs in silver to-day," he informed me as a news item. He was surprised to hear that these scraps of paper, which are a money treaty between the Chamber of Commerce and the citizens of Marseilles, have more value, from the point of view of a collector gathering up inconsidered trifles. They show the spontaneous organization of a prosperous community in sudden need.

The Chamber of Commerce is made up of the community's business heads, and it is bound to look out for the business interests of the community. It subsidizes the port's improvements on an even footing with city and department and state. It has its own part of docks and dues—and it issues loans. So when there came a scarcity of the "token" money necessary to easy circulation, the Chamber of Commerce of Marseilles, like those of other cities in similar need, issued money of its own. So did the feudal lords of the Middle Ages. The operation is more trustworthy now, for these Chambers of Commerce are responsible bodies, holding an official place in the organization of the French nation. They have recognition and support for their money issues from the Bank of France—that pyramid of the nation's stability, the only body in France which, like our Supreme Court, is measurably independent of Government and Parliament. These Chambers of Commerce also have their own initiative, and represent the independent interests of their regions.

The self-satisfaction of Americans in their republic has always been based on its Federalism and its division of powers. Here are

the elements of both in the French republic, whose strong centralization has been an anxious care to its friends. The one thing which this war has shown is the advantage of a wide Federalism among nations. Perhaps the time is coming when this essential American principle will work itself out in each particular nation. From another side, Syndicalism has worked for this. Anarchy itself demanded a reversion to the Russian *mir*, the American town-meeting triumphant over Legislatures and Governors, over Congress and Presidents.

All this may seem a far leap of the mind from a temporary shinplaster to the evolution of Humanity coming to consciousness of itself in small communities. Well, the prosperity of France has issued from such minor organizations of the people among themselves. And American trade in Marseilles may yet depend on our commerce learning to organize itself, without depending on Congress.

The streets of Marseilles seemed to me more parti-colored than ever. Every actor of the human comedy, even to the tourist, walked the stage. And those of the present tragedy of the universe were not wanting. From the café terrace I counted in a few minutes twenty-two different military uniforms, French and foreign. Underneath a swelling turban a Hindu's beady eye looked joyful recognition into my own, as if we had known each other in some pre-incarnation. I have learned since that these Indian troops were leaving France, where they have done good work—and where many have died. The last Russians were going the other way to take their place. There were Australians and South Africans, in broad-rimmed felt hats, caught up at one side, and with cartridge belts across their shoulders, smarter, it seemed to me, than our Rough Riders, and less drawling in their speech—but unmistakably more like Americans than like English.

There were very black Senegalese, looking all shaven cranium and shining teeth—good "troops of shock," "troops of attack," my friends assured me. One who has been with them at the front told me it was very hard to make them understand the care with which the French treat their German prisoners. Of course, this has not got to the point of allowing the prisoners to come to the city café; but I saw them at work along the docks, under their own sub-officers, who do not work, and afterwards at their lunch, which looked good, and which they ate with every sign of appetite, and at their quarter-hour's siesta when eating was finished. I can bear witness that they were fat and healthy-looking. Along the Cannebière, past the bright cafés, it is free men walking, free in the army and free before the war, even the happy-go-lucky Senegalese. Among other things, the rector of the American church in Paris on Decoration Day gave thanks that the American soldiers who have fallen in this war fighting for the Allies "died for Freedom."

The crowd of civilians when the sun shines in Marseilles—as it seems to shine all days—is quite as variegated as the military. A young woman, with complexion of ivory, framed by hair of jet, with only a blood-red flower for millinery, wears a light yellow dress, with a black working-apron half-covering it from shoulders to feet. A stout matron, past the age of coquetry, has a square of cloth, amaranthine purple with geometrical white figures, thrown over her shoulders like a shawl. The cafés along the Cannebière, famous the world over, are decorated

in unison. In the glare of the electric lights you see a lofty hall, all white and gold, and mirror wall-surface, and ceiling lines picked out with red poppies.

Nature is of the party, or started it. As you come down along the Rhone, from your railway window you see rocks of dazzling amethyst in the sunlight, with pale olive leaves and sudden contrasts of darkest green cypresses in long lines as a screen against the mistral winds. Talk of color values in art—what community of color can there be between this riot of sun and northern mists? Yet men of Marseilles made the great Revolution in Paris, and now they are fighting with all the rest of France against the invader who attacks the community of all. Yes, France is an entity, a human thing—*la douce France*—and she shall not be murdered if her children can help it. What a misunderstanding of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen was that of Germany—and of some neutrals—before the war!

I had come to Marseilles on a particular mission, to see the completion of the giant Tunnel of the Rove. It is a great step forward towards the Rhone Canal, that is to open waterways from Marseilles into the interior of France and Central Europe. Going about the port, which has already been enlarged immensely since I have known Marseilles, I naturally looked at the slips where shipping from the United States is entered. Much is for the war, but there are implements of agriculture for man's essential work, which must go on in peace and war alike. To this port those who sail the sea have been carrying to and fro the products of those who work the land for more than twenty-five hundred years—in war as in peace. Shall not Americans help to find some means of security that the good people may have peace, unmolested by those who covet the fruits of their work?

For what avail the plough or sail,  
Or land or life, if freedom fail?

### THE JAVANESE UNDER DUTCH RULE—A NOTABLE CONTRAST.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, May 14.

If leadership and anarchism are reconcilable notions, Mr. Domela Nieuwenhuis is a leader of Dutch anarchists. There was a time when, thanks to his eloquence and fanatic enthusiasm, he possessed a firm hold on the working classes, but with the growing organization of the Social Democratic party, and the development of trade unions, it slipped out of his hands. The Dutch workman's practical mind realized that Parliamentary representation promised him a better chance of procuring the means to improve his lot than the Quixotic vagaries of the anarchist prophet. Of late years his voice was seldom heard, the public had almost forgotten that he was still among the living. It was like a resuscitation from the dead when, at Easter last, he addressed a meeting at Amsterdam. He appeared on the platform with protestant clergymen as his co-militants, a kind of allies he would probably have scorned in the heyday of his success. The cause which united these preachers of such heterogeneous doctrines was disarmament. The meeting passed a resolution demanding from the Netherlands Government the immediate demobilization of the army and

navy, and called on the working classes to add pressure to this demand by means of a general strike.

In itself this demonstration of a small group of muddle-headed idealists would not deserve special notice except as a symptom of human folly and irresponsibility. But I put the event on record because of a remarkable protest which it called forth from quite an unexpected quarter. A Javanese addressed an open letter to these preachers of demobilization to remind them of what would happen if the Dutch soldiers, at their bidding, were actually to lay down arms: On the same day a German force would march into Holland, and Japan, seeing the Dutch motherland in German hands, would grasp the opportunity of making a bid for the long-coveted islands and harbors of the Malay Archipelago. But the Dutch colonial army would certainly not shirk service. The conflict would be fought out in Java, and the Javanese would fulfil his duty to the motherland more faithfully than Mr. Domela Nieuwenhuis and his Christian brethren exhort the Dutch workman to do. For the Javanese has an interest in the continuance of Dutch rule in Java. "The Japanese whom we see at work in our island is despised and hated among us. In Dutch schoolbooks it is commonly said that we hate the Chinese. But that is not so. We respect their temperance, their industry, their intelligence. But we hate the arrogant and narrow-minded Japanese. And that is why we shall fight together with your army if it comes to the worst."

Strange and incredible debate! On one side free citizens of a free state, wishing to make their own country utterly powerless and an easy prey of German expansion, on the other a native of a subject race teaching these weakness-mongers their patriotic duty, and ready to fight for the country which has subdued his people. His letter bears testimony to the justice and efficacy of Dutch rule in Java. During the last two decades much has been done for the improvement of education among the natives. The old practice of trusting to ignorance as the best means of keeping a subjugated people out of mischief has had to yield to the wiser policy of teaching them to see for themselves what are the advantages of European order and organization. Missionaries and Colonial officers cooperate in awakening in them a sense of responsibility for the welfare of their own country, which to no small degree depends on their industry and their willingness to support the Government in bettering their lot. This policy has, undoubtedly, its dangers. The native reclaimed from a state of primeval ignorance becomes, in the hands of astute agitators, a pliable instrument on which to play their seditious music. Supporters of the old régime have warned against this consequence of the new course, and thought their opposition justified by certain events which occurred in Java shortly before the outbreak of the war. A Dutchman, Mr. Douwes Dekker, and a couple of Javanese intellectuals were banished from the Malay Archipelago for conducting an anti-Government agitation among the natives. Whether Mr. Douwes Dekker was actuated by purely ideal motives, by a genuine love of the Javanese and the unselfish wish of seeing Java restored to the aborigines, or by a base desire for self-advertisement, and to pay off old scores against the Government, is not for me to decide. But there is no doubt as to the honesty of his fellow-

sufferers, misguided enthusiasts for the future of their island and their race. And the Dutch Government, satisfied with having shown its firm determination not to suffer any agitation of this nature, wisely relented and allowed them to return to their native country.

Mr. Douwes Dekker was less fortunate: He put his apostolic zeal for the Asiatic's salvation at the disposal of the German agitation among the British-Indian natives, became an agent for the distribution of seditious pamphlets in the Straits Settlements, and fell into the hands of the police at Singapore, where he is still awaiting his sentence. His connection with the underground intrigues of the German moles will do him little credit with his countrymen, the less so as, a short while ago, telegrams from Batavia brought news of the arrest of a German individual, a certain Keil, who is charged with having conducted a dangerous agitation among the Javanese, with the purpose of stirring them to open revolt against the Dutch. The news was received with more surprise than alarm, surprise at the tardy discovery of these machinations, which appear to have been started even before the outbreak of the war. For alarm there was but little cause. Thanks to his better enlightenment the Javanese is able to see that the expulsion of the Dutch would only bring him an exchange of masters, and no change for the better. The letter of the Javanese from which I quoted above corroborates this view. Thus the recent course of events brings a welcome support to the advocates of intensive education for the natives.

#### THE CHAPLAIN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 27.

The most graceful ceremonial in daily procedure of the House of Commons was the withdrawal of the late chaplain, after conducting prayers. With light grasp of left hand, drawing the skirt of his robe around him, he walked backward, making the thrice obeisance to the Chair which Parliamentary etiquette demands. The part was played before a limited circle of spectators. Except on great occasions, the congregation at prayer time, attendance at which secures choice of a sitting, is small. Of "strangers," the ladies in the gallery, sole section of the public permitted to join members in devotion, had full view of the graceful episode. The first line of reporters storming the hitherto bolted doors of the press gallery, that barred them from participation in a service which might in some cases have had desirable effect, were also in time to share the pleasure. For the rest it was a lost opportunity.

This ceremonial of retiring face forward to the Chair, apparently so easy to an expert like Archdeacon Wilberforce, has from time immemorial been a sore trial to a succession of Black Rods. In their case the situation was aggravated by the attitude assumed by the onlookers from either side of a usually crowded House. The business of Black Rod on these occasions is to bid the Commons repair to the House of Lords to hear the royal assent given by commission to various bills. In former times it happened that, the peers meeting for dispatch of business at 4:30 in

the afternoon, the Commons assembling half an hour earlier, the emissary of the Lords was apt to appear on the scene at an inconvenient moment. His business brooks no delay. When he raps at the portals of the House of Commons, hurriedly closed at his approach, the doorkeeper, having cautiously surveyed him through a sliding panel specially provided for such emergency, is bound under dire pains and penalties straightway to open the door, hurry into the House, and, pulling up at the chair of the sergeant-at-arms, in stentorian voice proclaim, "Black Rod!" It does not matter what business is forward or what more or less eminent personage may be on his legs. Like time and tide, Black Rod waits for no man.

On one occasion Mr. Gladstone, at the time Prime Minister, was addressing the House when the messenger from the Lords was announced. With an unfinished sentence on his lips, the Premier dropped back into his seat, and Black Rod, omnipotent, advanced to the table. This incident created much resentment in the Commons. When, a few years later, Mr. Balfour being at the time Premier, it was repeated, the intrusion was regarded as intolerable. Representations were made to the leader of the other House, with the result that repetition of the misdemeanor was avoided.

No one was so grateful for this variation of custom as innocent and helpless Black Rod. To a retired general or admiral, the undertaking of summoning the Commons was, apart from this contingency, disconcerting. Suddenly to find himself in unaccustomed quarters, the cynosure of five hundred pairs of eyes, advancing amid sudden silence to a distant table, with the prospect of retiring with backward step, was worse than leading a forlorn hope on land or sea. Early in his term of office the late Gen. Biddulph, in discharge of the duty, found himself temporarily paralyzed. Safely reaching the table, he halted and began to recite the formula of invitation. "I desire," he began, "to acquaint this honorable House—" Here he came to a full stop. In vain ministers on the Treasury bench audibly prompted him. He stumbled over a few more words, and stopped again. The presence of mind and habitual courtesy of Mr. Gully, seated in the Speaker's chair, helped him out of his dilemma. When next he came with a message from the Lords, it was observed he had provided himself with a card on which the message was written. With this cunningly inserted in a fold of his cocked hat, he felt comparatively at ease.

Of his several preferments, Archdeacon Wilberforce chiefly valued the chaplaincy of the House of Commons. It brought him into intimate personal relationships with the men who govern the Empire, and furnished him with opportunity of being present at periods of crisis, when they were either making or marring it. Technically, he was "a stranger," and, his appointed business at prayer time accomplished, no seat was provided for his attendance on debate. In unrecorded fashion, there sprang up a custom by which the chaplain was permitted to repair to one of the side galleries and find a corner seat at the end, immediately facing the Treasury bench. Here through a long succession of years the Archdeacon might have been observed at question time, and later, if anything interesting was to the fore, an attentive listener. Without taint of partisanship, he took a keen interest in politics. His father, the famous Bishop of Oxford, left him the