

ineffective. Despite it, the prejudice obtains that it would have been effective had there been recognition of the Government. So this nation of inveterate traders is now proposing to swallow the bait, though there is the hook in it of Soviet tyranny, that is to say, the absence of any guaranty for the protection of private property or even for the protection of personal liberty. No matter what promises the Bolshevik makes, they are vain, in face of the fact that the very existence of Bolshevism denies what the rest of the world has hitherto held decent.

It would be bad enough if the Bolsheviks worked only on their own soil. But they are pledged to propagandize. Did the treaty of recognition prevent the Bolsheviks from fomenting a Communist riot in Berlin? Secretary Hughes has revealed their sinister activities in America.

I was interested to note how Mr. Hughes's course concerning Bolshevism had impressed people here.

A Liberal friend observed: "You have no necessity in America to import grain and to provide work for the unemployed. Your condition is certainly not like ours. Besides, your danger from Bolshevik lunatics is greater."

The Socialists observed, as per the

SOMETIMES Britons complain about the way the United States handles the immigrants at Ellis Island. How many Americans know that British steamship lines have to care for transmigrants from Continental countries in camps and stations before they embark for America?

FULLERTON WALDO

tells of this work and what it might be made to mean to America in next week's issue of *The Outlook*.

parlor-Socialist weekly, the "New Statesman:"

The Progressives [in America] are angered by the snub which the State Department has seen fit to administer

to the Soviet Government. The United States, says Mr. Hughes severely, is not going to barter its principles—a sentiment which would seem to have much less to do with the reasonable proposals of the Russian Government than it would have with, say, the Ku Klux Klan or the present Fascist régime in the State of Oklahoma.

Less flippantly, the Conservative London "Daily Telegraph:"

What seemed to Moscow a promising opening for resuming negotiations with America has closed with a snap. For Mr. Hughes has replied that the United States Government "is not proposing to barter away its principles." That is where he differs from Mr. MacDonald, who is proposing to barter away the principles which the British Government have upheld in relation to Russia, or, if we do him an injustice and he is not thinking of bartering but giving them away, then the folly is even worse.

"Once recognized, always recognized?" I queried. "Yes," replied my authority; "once a priest, always a priest."

Perhaps then, even now, those temporarily in the saddle may hesitate. It is one thing to use a foreign policy for domestic purposes in collecting votes; it is another to make words deeds.

London.

Britain's New Premier

By FRANK DILNOT

We suspect that many Americans who read this vivid sketch of Britain's new Premier will lay it down with a new conception of the man who is to guide the destinies of Parliament until, by the turn of the wheel of British politics, he is overthrown

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who has been summoned by the King to form a Government, will go down in history as the first Labor Prime Minister in a country which, while in practice liberal and democratic, has preserved through the centuries the custom of intrusting its Parliamentary rule to aristocrats. He will have around him in his Cabinet some intellectuals, but his principal supporters and ministers will be men who have worked with their hands for a living and some of whom at least started labor before they were in their teens. It has to be remembered that the individual members of the Cabinet in England have a position which is different from that of the men who compose the President's Cabinet in Washington. The American Cabinet are the ad-

visers of the President, on whom definite and Constitutional authority rests. In London each member of the Cabinet, including the Prime Minister, is largely responsible as an individual. He receives a portfolio from the King as representative of the nation, and has to stand up in the House of Commons to explain and defend the policy and administration of the department under his charge. The Prime Minister is Chairman of the Cabinet, and, of course, has in effect a larger measure of responsibility and power than his colleagues. But nevertheless his colleagues, by virtue of their individual qualities or defects, may uplift his prestige or bring him down to ruin. Mr. MacDonald, therefore, will not solely in his own person exemplify the Labor Government. At the same time he will

be its driving force, and the country will look to him for the main announcements of policy.

No man in Britain reaches the highest political honors if his personal record is tarnished. Curiously enough, there is little either written or said about the point, but no British Prime Minister could reach that position unless his private character in domestic life were of the highest type. Whatever their political deficiencies, the British people have a sound and ineradicable instinct for character, and they insist on character even in preference to brilliance and ability. For instance, no divorced man or any man concerned in a divorce would have the slightest chance of high political honors, although possibly no word would be said about the cause which prevented



Ramsay MacDonald (in the right foreground) and other members of Parliament representing the Labor Party taking part in a tug of war at Eaton Lodge, near London

International

his elevation. The private lives of Gladstone, Salisbury, and all of those who have succeeded them are part and parcel of their eminence among British people. Ramsay MacDonald was a devoted husband whose great and abiding sorrow has been the loss of his wife. He is a devoted father. Friends and opponents alike pay respect to the man, whatever they may think of him as a politician. A few years ago Horatio Bottomley published a statement which put a slur on the birth of Ramsay MacDonald, with the idea that it would ruin him politically. Mr. MacDonald, immediately after the publication of the cruel statement, went down to a great Labor conference, where it might have been expected by Bottomley that he would be received with a new coolness. What happened? The chivalry of those thousand delegates representing every grade of industry had been deeply stirred. They rose as one man and cheered Ramsay MacDonald again and again. That gathering of one thousand working representatives were only voicing the deep indignation of the nation as a whole, aristocrats and Socialists alike, at the attempt to handicap, if not to destroy, a man who in his private demeanor and character had earned the respect of all classes.

Ramsay MacDonald began life as a pupil teacher, and, with a taste for letters, a capacity for acquiring knowledge, was early touched by ambition. He progressed by stages through various phases of employment—secretary to a big tea dealer, journalist on the old "Echo" in London, and secretary to Professor Gladstone, a relation of the

Grand Old Man. It was in the latter post that he met Miss Gladstone, the Professor's daughter, with whom he fell in love. The affection was returned and subsequently they were married. It was a supremely happy union. The most moving among Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's many literary efforts is a charming little book in which he deals with his wife, her activities and temperament.

Mr. MacDonald is a tall, big, lean Scotsman, with high cheek-bones and black hair now turning white, with eyes of a burning brightness, a sonorous voice, and an air of poise and command. He has a temperament which does not always serve him too well. There is something of Hamlet in him. Deeply moved from his early youth by a knowledge of the burdens of the poor, he became a theoretical Socialist. But, while he was brought into continual contact with Labor leaders, many of whom have worked with their hands, he lived his mental life among educated men, and the consequence is that his manners, his talk, his interests, are more those of Lord Balfour, the aristocratic descendant of aristocrats, than they are of the traditional Labor leader. As one of the consequences of his environment he has a wider vision of life than some of his colleagues. He realizes that there is no short cut to happiness or prosperity, and as a result has sometimes been accused by nominal followers of not being truly representative of those whom he essays to lead. He has, however, a sweeping style of oratory which has stood him in good stead at many a Labor gathering, and, being a widely read and a much-traveled

man, he has never had any real difficulty in disposing of critics. On the whole, the Labor movement is proud of his accomplishments and his intellectuality.

A man of courage, Mr. MacDonald has undoubtedly moments of doubt and fear as to the understanding and wisdom of some of his adherents, who will not see that the longest way round is sometimes the shortest way there. He is cursed by a lack of humor, a sad defect in the leader of any British party. His eyes never twinkle with whimsical merriment like those of Mr. Lloyd George, nor light up at a witty phrase as do Mr. Asquith's or Lord Balfour's. He has no gift for the humorous comparison. He has a capacious brain, and, like most intellectual Scotsmen, is clever at dialectic. There is something metaphysical about him, and his clouds of well-chosen words do not always leave a definite impression. In a battle of debate he can always be worsted by the clean-hitting, agile Lloyd George. The nearest approach to wit that I remember on his part was when a friend said to him one day recently that it was impossible to understand the antagonism to Mr. MacDonald of a certain well-known public man. "Has he ever met me?" asked Mr. MacDonald. "No, I think not." "That explains it," said the Labor leader. I heard an amusing story about him during the election from Mr. John Hodge, one of his colleagues. Certain members of the party were engaged in a propaganda tour through the provinces, and Mr. Hodge noticed that Mr. MacDonald always began his speech with a certain funny story in order to secure attention. At one crowded meeting Mr. Hodge had

to make a preliminary speech pending the arrival of Mr. MacDonald. He promptly told Mr. MacDonald's funny story and got the usual laugh. Mr. MacDonald arrived, and, unaware of the joke played upon him, proceeded to tell the same story. There was courteous silence. Afterwards he said: "What a wooden-

headed audience that was! I have never before met a thousand people so entirely devoid of humor."

Mr. MacDonald is a lifelong teetotaler, is fond of a good cigar, and plays an excellent game of golf. He will be at home in any society. I fancy he will be a typical British Prime Minister. There

will be no revolutions with him in power. He will be more conservative than many Conservative Prime Ministers, more liberal than many Liberal Prime Ministers. I do not think he will be nearly so Socialistic in his administration as was Mr. Lloyd George in the famous Parliament which preceded the war.

Telling It to the Marines

What Old Gimlet-Eyes of the Devil-Dogs Is Doing in the Quaker City

Editorial Correspondence from Philadelphia

WHEN General Smedley D. Butler started to revolutionize the police force of Philadelphia in forty-eight hours, and an intervening day proved that he was doing what he said he would do, a member of the editorial staff of *The Outlook* called at Police Headquarters. What follows here is the result of interviews with General Butler, Philadelphia's new Director of Public Safety, and William D. Mills, Philadelphia's Superintendent of Police. Great praise has been accorded to General Butler for what he has done; but too little

recognition has been given to the man who put General Butler in his present position, gave him a free hand, and backed him up—the new Mayor of Philadelphia, W. Freeland Kendrick. In his inaugural address on Monday, January 7, Mayor Kendrick announced that the protection of the public was of paramount importance. Mr. Taylor in his correspondence from Philadelphia tells how Mayor Kendrick's words have been translated by General Butler into deeds.—
THE EDITORS.

WE are so used to spasmodic "clean-up" raids and superficial, feverish city house-cleanings, followed promptly by an easy return to usual conditions, that such matters have little general news interest these days. When, however, a highly dynamic and efficient brigadier-general of marines destroys at a blow the seeming inertia of a great police force, causes a tight closing of over ninety per cent of all illegal liquor-selling saloons in three days, ends each patrolman's justified fear of powerful politicians and blackmail-threatening saloon and dive keepers (and causes those same politicians to give the General their dumfounded and even admiring support), tells inefficient officers of all grades that they must immediately make good or get out, and puts them out, invents a brand-new and highly effective method of making brigandage exceedingly risky and unpopular, causes a sudden exodus of criminals of all sorts in the direction of less inhospitable cities—who does all this and at the same time achieves a tremendous popularity with the every-day citizen as with an overwhelming proportion of his police force—well, when such an extraordinary thing happens in one of our casually run municipalities, it becomes news of the very

first order, copied in detail by the press throughout the United States, and arouses immediate interest even in Europe!

Of course, as you well know, I am speaking of Brigadier-General Smedley D. Butler, a notable Marine officer, lately given a year's absence to become Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia.

Four days after General Butler took office I paid a visit to the Superintendent of Police, William D. Mills. The ante-room, be it said, was a scene of remarkable activity. A lot of men seemed to have much to do, and were actively engaged in doing it. There was a steady stream of officers, in and out. There were any number of reporters, city officials—yes, and others looking like minor politicians and talking like them. There was a stir. Something was obviously going on!

The Superintendent wished me to understand that this was no typical temporary performance. "There is no fanatic behind *this* drive," said he. No, there had been no internal change in their system of management. The whole thing was severely practical, and based on fundamental principles. There had been no grand spectacular reorganization of the Police Department. But, on the other hand, there had been a very con-

siderable reorganization of the attitude of every member of the force.

The Superintendent made this very clear. The reorganization had been accomplished by two extraordinarily efficient moves by General Butler. One of these destroyed at once any hold that the lower order of politician, illegal liquor seller, and criminal of any sort might have on a policeman. The other changed at once the attitude and ambition of a vast majority of the force.

The General has a picturesque, if blunt, phraseology (if correctly quoted), of a kind which gives most of us Americans an almost unholy delight when aptly applied. And the aptness in this case was obvious. He appealed at once to his men, both as a man and a reasonable being, and they rallied to him with all their might!

As soon as possible after taking office General Butler assembled all his men, half of them at a time, and astonished and won their approval simultaneously. Roughly, these are his words, as given to me by Superintendent Mills:

"You men are going to start a new slate, with a score of 100 per cent. What has passed doesn't count. Forget it. If you have been taking graft from some one, and he threatens to come up and