

statesmen, according to Mr. MacDonald's opinion, would be largely the heads of Governments.

This suggestion as to Europe may sound reasonable to some; it will not to others. Who is there who will claim that the Washington Conference for the limitation of arms lost anything because Premier Lloyd George was absent, or gained anything because Premier Briand was present? Heads of Governments are sometimes, as in these cases, rather the persons *not* to include in such conferences. When a nation possesses such skillful conferees as Lord Balfour or M. Jusserand or Signor Schanzer or Baron Shidehara—to mention four figures of the Washington Conference—it can very well afford to dispense with its particular head of government.

The real reason why Mr. MacDonald does not want another conference in Washington is, we suspect, his desire to get the United States into the League of Nations and his hope of attaining his wish the sooner the oftener we are lured to Europe. He does not seem to realize that one reason why the Washington Conference of 1921 was a success was because of the peculiar detachment, candor, and balance obtainable in that capital and not to be had in equal degree in any great European city.

Gandhi Takes the Helm

GANDHI, apparently, is on the rise again. If so Occidental a vulgarism may be applied to so Oriental a phenomenon, he is "staging a comeback." Against the Das Swarajists on the one hand and the British authorities on the other, he appears to be actually drifting back to power.

The Swarajists, or Indian home-rule party, agitated for Gandhi's release. The Government at length released him because he was in ill health. The Swarajists publicly claim the credit and secretly wish that Gandhi had stayed well and in jail. The Government, little as it likes Gandhi's policy and purposes, probably prefers him to the Swarajists as led by C. R. Das and Pandit Monilal Nehru.

Now, the Swarajists are children of Gandhi, but at war, not with but against their father. They pay lip service to his theories, but practice a decidedly violent method of getting what they want. Instead of holding aloof from governmental activities, their representatives sit in

legislative councils both general and regional. Swarajists have done acts of violence, and the Bengal Provincial Conference, dominated by Das, has commended them. This commendation applied particularly to Gopinath Saha, who murdered an unoffending European in Calcutta and then, while fleeing, wounded a number of people. Das put a resolution through the conference which, while "adhering to the principle of non-violence," paid homage to "the patriotism of Gopinath Saha," who thought he was killing the Commissioner of Police but really killed a private person.

Gandhi, almost immediately he was out of jail, denounced the resolution, which amounted to denouncing the policies of Das and the Swarajists. Das made defense through the newspaper he owns. The influence of Gandhi began to increase. A meeting of the Congress, a body made up of Swarajists and Gandhi's followers, was coming on. Against the opposition of Das, Gandhi procured the holding of the Congress at Ahmedabad, his home. When the Congress met, Gandhi asked and secured a resolution definitely condemning in unequivocal terms all political murders. That done, Gandhi began stressing the points of his old programme—non-co-operation, the "five boycotts," the supreme importance of non-violence, and the insistence that only by so many hours spent daily at the spinning-wheel can India discipline herself for home rule.

So—at least as it looks from the West—the old steersman is back at the wheel and has sent his ship off on the old course, to home rule by way of discipline and self-purification and passive resistance. It may be, however, that the wheel is only temporarily out of the hands of Das, and he may even now have a finger on a spoke. The Ahmedabad Congress, though it condemned Das's murder resolution, did not go all Gandhi's way. Das, at least, is still the nominal leader of the opposition in the Bengal Legislative Council, and his associate, Pandit Monilal Nehru, is still nominal leader in the All-India Legislative Council. These two men and their followers, during Gandhi's imprisonment and decline from power, caused the Government no end of trouble.

The most effective method of obstructing the Government that the Swarajists have hit upon is that of resisting budgets—resisting them not passively but very actively. Both in the All-India Council

and in various provincial councils they have succeeded in cutting down budgets so greatly that many desirable activities have been hampered and some have been entirely suspended. That the whole Government has not ceased to function is apparently due, not to any yielding on the part of the Swarajists, but to the safety provisions of the Government of India Act.

Budgets, for the provinces, are divided into "reserved" and "transferred" sides. The "reserved" side includes defense, maintenance of order, and, in general, the things without which the structure of government would tumble down. It includes, too, some of the so-called "nation-building departments"—European education, irrigation, and the like. The "transferred" side includes things desirable for continued development but not necessary to the existence of government—public health, industries, forests, co-operative societies.

The provincial councils vote on the budgets, both reserved and transferred, but there is this essential difference between the two: If the Council rejects the reserved subjects, the Governor can certify every item as indispensable and it becomes law despite the adverse vote of the Council. On the transferred side the Governor's powers of certification are strictly limited. In the main, he cannot restore items rejected by the Council. This applies to the provinces; in the All-India Government practically all subjects are reserved and may be restored by the Viceroy.

It follows, therefore, that the Swarajists, in their general policy of rejecting budgets, have not hampered the general Government so much as they have the provincial governments. Generally, the reserved side items have been restored in the provinces—sufficiently to "carry on"—but the transferred items have mainly gone by the board. In the Central Provinces, where the entire budget was rejected, there has been practical cessation of beneficent activities. Other provinces, though not so completely hamstrung, are decidedly crippled.

Despite all the hardships, the Government maintains the peculiarly British view that these incidents result from the growing pains of self-government and that all parties are gradually learning the meaning of political responsibility. Still, with new sessions of the Councils coming on, the Government undoubtedly is anxious to know whether or not the par-

tial restoration of Gandhi's passive resistance will moderate the active resistance

of Das, Pandit Monilal Nehru, and their followers.

Tennis Versus Golf

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

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THERE is no gainsaying the fact that modern tennis is one of the most delightfully spectacular forms of sport. Matches like some of those which I saw played recently in the Forest Hills stadium during the Men's National Championship contests—and in the Women's Championship contests too, for that matter—keep the spectator “on edge” more constantly than in any other game I know. In baseball brilliant pitching may please the *cognoscenti*, but it is only when the ball is hit, and the whole team of opposing players gets into action, that the real excitement begins. In tennis, however, there is “something doing” all the time from the very first service—and in such variety! Back-hand volleys, fore-arm smashes, cannon-ball placements, overhead lobs and delicate chop strokes, cuts and slices follow one another in bewildering succession.

The violence of the modern game of tennis is a revelation to one who, like myself, has not played it since the middle eighties. Enormous are the drafts made by the modern game upon muscular power and physical stamina. The managers of the Forest Hills contests ingeniously arranged that the spectators should have the opportunity of seeing for themselves the difference in this respect between the old and the new game, by having the finals in the Veteran's Championship and the finals in the National Championship played on the same afternoon. The difference in the speed of a volley by Tilden or Vincent Richards and a volley by Dr. Hawk or Craig Biddle is like the difference between the speed of an accommodation train and a limited express.

Another interesting quality of tennis is that it is a contest between individuals. It is a duel rather than a battle, and it therefore affords an opportunity for the display of individual courage and gallantry. During the match between Vincent Richards and Tilden at Forest Hills, Richards, after making a very difficult return for which he had to run and reach, slipped, fell, and literally rolled over on his back. Of course the veriest tyro could have won the point with his oppo-

nent in that position. But Tilden chose to do otherwise. He gently lobbed the ball so it would fall about at Richards's feet when he had scrambled up. Richards did scramble up, smashed the easy bound, and won the point. Tilden probably reasoned that he could risk losing a point without jeopardizing his victory. The event proved that he was correct. Nevertheless it was a gallant thing to do; and, moreover, it revealed a very quick mental reaction. Tennis has this in common with chess—it is a contest of wits.

A tennis championship is a pleasant thing to see played. The serried rows of spectators, the dash of color lent to the scene by the various tints of the summer fabrics worn by the ladies, the velvety green of the turf courts, the spotless white of the players' costumes, and the rapid movement of the antagonists all combine to make a striking picture, the charm of which I should be among the last to deny. Comparisons are not only odious but onerous. The man who attempts to express definite judgments in comparative anatomy, comparative literature, comparative religion, or even comparative sport takes a great weight upon his shoulders. I do not propose, therefore, to weigh and balance the comparative merits of golf and tennis as amateur sport, but I shall venture upon the assertion that golf has one advantage which tennis has not, and, so far as I can see, never will have. Golf possesses a literature.

I do not refer to scientific laws and rules. Tennis has literature of that kind, I suppose. No doubt Tilden can with diagrams explain exactly how to make the chop stroke, just as Vardon, Braid, and Taylor have explained how to make the mashie approach or chip shot. When I say that golf has a literature, I mean the literature of reminiscence, anecdote, and biography. All good tennis-courts are as alike as two peas, but every golf course is different from every other golf course. Of what avail as literature would it be for Tilden to write: “In the Davis cup matches of 1924 on court number two in the second set I played a chop

slice which just carried nicely over the net wholly out of Patterson's reach”? But if Miss Mary Browne, who within a very few years has been Woman Tennis Champion of the United States and who has only recently taken up golf, were to describe the brassie shot out of the rough on the eighteenth hole at the Rhode Island Country Club, which single shot enabled her to put Miss Collett, one of the greatest of American woman golf players, out of the championship, that would be literature.

In “Scribner's Magazine” for September William Lyon Phelps, in his delightful department “As I Like It,” quotes a letter from “Sandy” Herd, the famous Scotch professional, whose book “My Golfing Life” Mr. Phelps commends. Whether twenty years from now I shall remember in detail the bit of brilliant gallantry on the part of William Tilden in the Forest Hills Championships, which I have described above, I do not know. But I remember very well a shot which I saw Herd make twenty years ago at the Mid-Surrey Club near London, which at that time, I believe, was the home club of the famous J. H. Taylor. Herd was playing with James Braid in a tournament, and was so bunkered on his drive or second shot—I forget which—that the hole seemed a sure one for Braid. But Herd took his spoon and played a long shot out of the sand dead to the pin and won the hole. I saw Edward Ray do the same thing at Troon in 1914. In the match between Herd and Braid at Mid-Surrey I recall that Braid on one hole was stymied by a good-sized tree. After a moment's thought he selected his brassie and deliberately sliced the ball around the tree two hundred yards to the green. Those three shots were feats of manual and mental skill that deserve a literary record.

I was not aware until I read Mr. Phelps's commendation that Alexander Herd had written a book on golf. Among the notable books written by professionals are those by Harry Vardon and James Braid. Braid is not only a fine golfer but one of the finest and most respected characters that the game has produced. He and good old Tom Morris have many qualities in common. Another entertaining book by a Scotch professional golfer is the book of recollections by Andrew (or Andra, as the name is pronounced in broad Scotch) Kirkaldy. “Andra” had the very best of golfing educations at St. Andrew's, where he lived and caddied and played as boy