

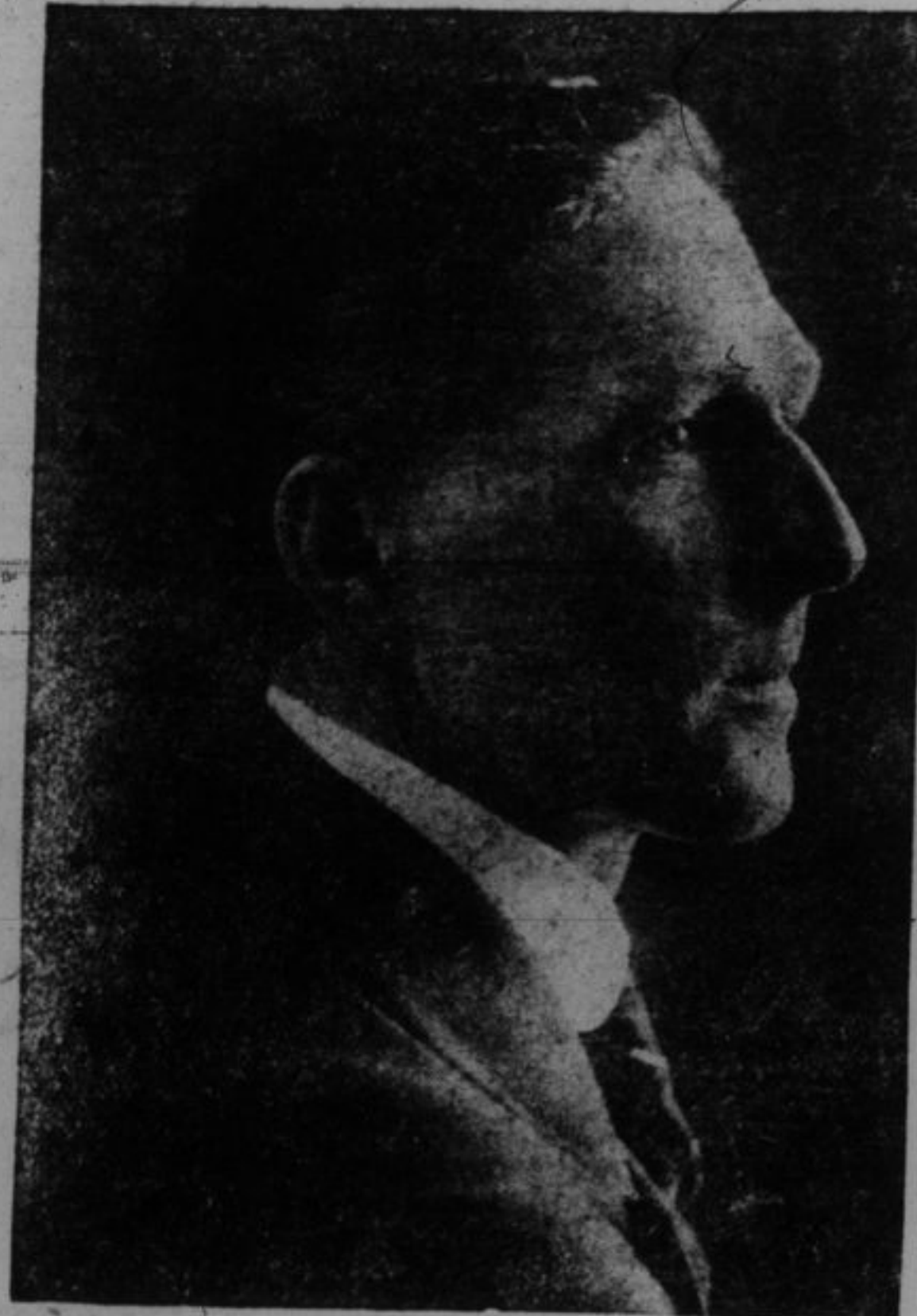
# THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN ENGLISH LIFE--I.

The new Poor, Once the Old Gentry, Have Changed Places With the New, Rich, Once the Small Traders, Little Manufacturers and Business Adventurers. Old Estates, in One Family for Hundreds of Years, Bought by War Profiteers.

LAST SIX YEARS HAVE CHANGED ENGLISH SOCIAL SPIRIT MORE THAN PRECEDING SIX CENTURIES

Men Went Out to War From Isolated Rural Districts and Poverty-Stricken City Tenements and Mingled for First Time in Their Lives—They Came Back Changed, Hating War, and Blaming Not Only Germans, But Civilization For It.

BY SIR PHILIP GIBBS



Sir Philip Gibbs

IN MANY ways the social spirit of England has been more changed in the last six years of history than in the six centuries preceding them. Such a statement may seem fantastic in exaggeration for the sake of an easy and arresting phrase, yet it is exactly true of certain characteristics of English life and habit, for the war was a convulsion which shook England to the core and broke up many of its old instincts and traditions of social life.

In spite of modern developments of democracy and industry, the progress of education, and the growth of cities, England remained, until the World War, amazingly feudal in its structure and insular in its habits of thought. The old landed aristocracy maintained in the countryside the power and allegiance which they had possessed for hundreds of years, and the small farmers and tenantry, fast rooted to their soil, had no sense of change and no desire for change.

In counties like Somerset and Devon, Warwick and Gloucester, Norfolk and Suffolk, the peasant laborer was, in his ways of speech and thought, but little different from his forefathers of Tudor and Plantagenet times, spoke almost the language of Chaucer, so that to the London man, modernized, quick-witted, the "yokel" of the south, west, and north was incomprehensible in his dialect, and primitive in his outlook and understanding.

The landed gentry, in old country manors, danced the cotillion, adopted the latest social fashion, but instinctively, in the very fiber of their bodies, in allegiance to a tradition of life to a certain plot of land which was theirs, were intensely insular.

I remember a year or two before the war a startling instance of the conservatism of English life beyond the cities. It was when the "graze" for "pigsties" had caught hold of English imagination, so that in many old towns the people dressed themselves in the costumes of the past, reread the history of their forefathers, and acted the drama of the centuries from Saxon times to their own present.

In Norfolk there was such a pageant, and one scene of it was to represent a chapter of history when, five hundred years ago, the gentlemen of Norfolk, with their squires, came to pay homage to Mary Tudor, their princess. Five centuries had passed, but every actor in the scene bore the same name, lived on the same soil, held the same place, as those ancestors of his who had knelt before the Tudor princess.

In a thousand ways like this England held to the past. The people were insular, and the sea which divided them from the Continent was

a great water of defense against the spirit of change, except in outward, superficial things.

Then the war came and changed everything in the spirit of the English people. At first it seemed as though it would be like other wars of England—a foreign expedition of a little professional army, and of young lads eager to see "foreign parts" by taking the king's shilling. They would fight gallantly, many would be killed, there would be exciting reading in the newspapers, and then the bells would ring for victory, the lads would go again, hardly touched or altered. Even at Waterloo there had been only twenty-five thousand English soldiers. To the mass of English folk the Napoleonic wars had been a remote and distant thing, not affecting their own lives much.

When the great World War broke out the British troops who were sent, according to the pledge with "France, were called the "Expeditionary Force," as in the old days. But presently the Regular Army was sent, and presently all the youth of the nation was sent out, the young brothers following the elder brothers, the married following the single men, fathers of families conscripted like the boys at school.

England was all in—all her men, all her women, and no escape for any of them in the service of death. No living body in England was exempt from the menace of destruction. Death came out of the skies, and chose old men and women, nursing mothers, babies, anyone. The enemy attacked them in little homes in back streets, in big factory centres, in the heart of London.

So England was no longer safe in her island. An island people, uninvaded for a thousand years, with utter reliance on her fleet as an invincible shield, were suddenly shocked into the knowledge that the sea about them was no longer an impassable gulf between them and all foreign foes. It was a shock which broke up the old psychology and the instincts of a thousand years.

English youths went to the death fields, hundred thousand after hundred thousand, until four million men had gone that way. From first to last on all fronts the men of the English counties—not Irish, or Scots, or Welsh, or Canadian, or Australian—made up sixty-four per cent. of the British fighting forces. They were not, and endured most, and died most, because the English soldiers were most, because there were most of them, though the world heard least of them, because the English people don't talk most about themselves. Out of every four men who went out to the World War one did not come back again, and of those who came back many are maimed and blinded and some are mad. England and the spirit and mind of England were altered by so great an ordeal which had come to every home and heart.

In many ways the alteration was plainly visible during the war, especially to fighting men who came home from the dirty ditches on three days' leave, or seven. The home-staying people—the old and middle-aged, the women, the workers in the factories providing the material and munitions of war, the government officials, clerks, and employers of labor, even the young girls—seemed to be possessed by a new energy, a more vital spirit, a restlessness and energetic excitement. They were all "out to win." They were all, in big ways or little, dynam

ic in their activities. Caste was for a time abolished. University professors were acting as field laborers. Patrician women were making munitions with factory girls.

A great, strong, spiritual wind seemed to have swept through all classes of English life. It had cleansed even the slums of great English cities which had seemed past cleansing. Before the war an immense population in England crowded into the cities, had lived below the poverty line or on the thin edge of it—miserably, precariously, dirtily. There was a mass of floating, casual labor often out of work, huddled in the hovels of back streets, in filthy conditions. Their children were ragged, barefooted, underfed.

Now those conditions had been altered by the war. The demand for labor was so great that every able-bodied man could get a good wage. The government and the employers paid great wages for skilled work. Mechanics who had found trouble in getting forty or fifty shillings a week now gained two hundred or three hundred shillings a week. Any girl with her hair hanging down her back or tied into a pigtail could get a wage that her father would have envied before the war. Munitions girls were getting three and four pounds a week, some of them far more than that. Small families, all working, paid by government money, raked in an incredible weekly revenue. For the first time they had a broad margin of money for the fun of life as well as for its sharp necessities.

I remember being home on leave once during the war and walking in the park of a poor district of London on a bank holiday—that day when the poor people used to come out of their slums in their rags to enjoy a little liberty. This time children, girls over-dressed in the imitation of fashionable ladies, a strange new look of prosperity and well-being. At that time the workers in factory towns had more money than they knew how to use, and bought absurd little luxuries, and grabbed at the amusements of life without thought of the morrow. There were pianos in the homes of coalheavers, and the wives of laborers wore fur coats—in summer as well as in winter.

His wrath, and the wrath of the home workers (in spite of their own prosperity) were reserved for the manufacturers and financiers who were making enormous profits out of government contracts—vast profits out of the massacre. "The profiteers," as they were called, became the worst hated class in England by the masses of working people, and by the old gentry who gave their youths to war, according to old traditions and the law of their caste, without any reward but that of pride and honor. They saw themselves doomed by the uprising of the New Country squire, the nobleman of the old order, aloof from trade and manufacturers, gave their wealth to the service of the state as they gave their sons, and upon them fell, year by year, a heavier burden of taxation.

Before the end of the war, and after the end of it, many of them sold their estates, which had been in their families for hundreds of years, sold also their family treasures. The New Rich took possession of many old mansions, bought the family heirlooms of the old regime, renovated and vulgarized old historic places.

I know one family of the ancient order whose history in the war is typical of others. There were four sons, an dall of them were in the army or navy, and two of them were killed. The daughters became nurses and devoted themselves to the wounded during all the years of war. The mother died by the strain of war, increasing taxation bore down heavily upon an already impoverished estate. The father, a peer whose name belongs to the great memories of England, sold the pictures of his ancestors to an American millionaire, then the treasures and relics of his house. It is now an empty shell, and the eldest son, back from the war, farms a little plot of land, with one of the New Rich in possession of the great estate, which belonged to the family since the first Charles was king.

A social revolution has been accomplished in England by this turn in the wheel of fortune. The New Poor—once the old gentry—are scraping along on the remnants of former wealth; the New Rich possess their places, and so far have not learned those traditions of kindness, generosity, and of noble manners which made the older gentry pleasant people, whatever faults they had. In a way previously unknown to a great extent in England, small traders, little manufacturers, business adventurers without capital or power, seized the chance of war, the needs of a government reckless of all cost, provided the supplies of war came in, and made rapid progress to great prosperity. Their profits mounted higher and higher, and though the government imposed upon them an excess-profits duty, most of them dodged it, in one way or another.

It was the middle-class man or woman that was hardest hit by the war, and by the prices of life's necessities rising higher and higher every month. The laboring classes kept mostly beyond the pace of these rising prices by rising wages. Well organized and fully aware of their new importance as the workers for victory, they saw to it that their wages should always be on the upgrade and beyond the tide of living costs. If that did not happen they went on strike, and the government yielded—every time. The government paid every kind of wage for work, though secretly it knew that there would be a fearful reckoning when victory was assured, if it might be assured, which was not always certain. But there were many people between the devil and the deep blue sea—between the profiteers and organized labor. They were unorganized. They were living on the interest of small capital. They were dependent on fixed salaries, or professional fees which could not be increased. Their rents

were raised. The income-tax assessor had no mercy on them. The cost of living frightened them. They were reduced to a state of stinting and scraping, underfeeding, clinging to shabby clothes. They, more than any, belonged to the New Poor.

Then at last the war ended and masses of men came back from the battlefields, leaving an Army of Ghosts behind them—their dead comrades. Then all things changed under the surface of English life.

THE MEN WHO CAME BACK. Those men who came back were not the same men as those who had gone away. They had been utterly changed.

They had gone out from villages in England where their life had been very narrow, very limited in ideas and speech. Many of the boys in those villages were as simple and unthinking as the peasants of the Middle Ages.

From the city slums they had gone out in the big battalions, and the underfed, underpaid, ill-sold lads of that city life had been broadened and strengthened, well fed, well aired in an outdoor life that was not deadly and dreadful. They had taken frightful risks as a daily habit, until the thought of death was not much to them. They had mixed and talked with men of many minds. They had thought strange thoughts in the silence of night watches with the instant menace of death about them.

Some of them were broken in nerve. Some of them were brutalized and demoralized by this life of war. Many of them were bitter and resentful of the things they had had to do and suffer and see. All of them hated war. Most of them had come to think that not only the Germans were guilty of the war, though most guilty, but that something was wrong with civilization itself, with the governments of nations, with the Old Man who had sent the young men to the trenches, because this massacre had been arranged or allowed.

(To Be Continued.)



## "Just Listen to This"

"I HAVE been after you to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and you always say it is intended more for women."

"Well, that is what I always understood, for I hear you women talking so much about using it."

"Don't you think men have blood and nerves as well as women? It says here that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food forms new, rich blood and nourishes the exhausted nerves back to health and vigor."

"Yes."

"Well, the doctor says it is your nerves that are responsible for your indigestion and sleeplessness. Why not try some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food? You know what it did for me."

"I would like to know of some men in my condition who used it."

### ST. GEORGE'S BOY SCOUTS

Entertained at a Banquet and Concert on Thursday Evening.

As a sequel to last week's successful play and concert given in St. George's hall, a delightful supper was given Thursday evening when the officers and members of St. George's Boy Scout Troop No. 2, sat down to the tables which were artistically arranged, with a St. George's cross in red in the centre.

The generosity of Percy H. Hall is to be commented on, as this supper was entirely got up by him and given to those who took part in the entertainment last week. There were also present Dean Starr, Rev. W. E. Kidd, the scoutmaster, and Herbert D. Harling, the medical instructor, who is using his knowledge gained during the war, in the Royal Army Medical Corps and British Red Cross Society, towards the boys of this troop who are learning first aid. Other guests present were Miss Eva Newell, Mr. Betts and Percy Otten. Other ladies in attendance were Misses Emily Billings, Alma Stafford, J. Louckes and Mrs. Locke who arranged the tables.

After a sumptuous repast, the toast of "The King" was proposed by Percy Hall, after which the dean proposed a toast to Percy Hall, which was heartily responded to. In his speech the dean laid particular stress on the duties of a boy scout and congratulated them on their fine leaders. He stated that Percy Hall's interest in scout matters was a result of a visit last year to Clapham, in the South West district of London, England, the headquarters of the Boy Scout Association. The dean alluded to the founder, Baden-Powell, who was one of the best soldiers and citizens of his time.

In response, Mr. Hall drew attention to the splendid work of Sgt. A. Middleton, R.E., who was unable to attend, owing to his recent illness, from which he is rapidly recovering in Sydenham hospital. He also stated that the troop is to be congratulated on obtaining the able services of Sgt.-Major Wesley, R.F.A., and Herbert D. Harling as signalling and medical instructors.

After the supper a well arranged concert was given. Miss Eva Newell recited in her usual delightful manner, "Till for Tat" and "The Usual Way." Mr. Betts who also very amusingly in selections from his repertoire, whilst Herbert D. Harling, a promising English vocalist, sang with good effect, "Coming to You," and was heard with greater advantage in "Rainbow of Love," both pieces composed by Arthur Meale, one of England's leading composers.

Arnold Fair sang "When all the Year is Young, Lad," and responded to the vigorous encore he always receives. A pianoforte solo was rendered by Peter Fair which was heartily enjoyed.

A solo was sung by Percy Hall whilst the concluding item was a violin selection by Messrs. Betts and H. D. Harling, with Percy Otten as accompanist, after which the evening's entertainment came to a successful finish by a short speech by the scoutmaster and the singing of "God Save the King."

Resigned His Position. Cobourg, April 9. — William G. Wildbar has resigned his position as superintendent of the Cobourg matting and carpet factory. He has been with the factory for twenty-six years, and has been superintendent for twelve years. The employees took advantage of the occasion to present him with a purse and an appreciative address.

Engine's Fault. One day Pat was leaning against the wall of a railway station smoking his pipe, while an engine was getting up steam ready to leave the station. Above Pat's head was a notice with the words—"No smoking allowed."

In a short time the guard walked up to Pat and exclaimed: "Look here, my man, do you not see the notice up there, that there is to be no smoking allowed?"

"Well," said Pat, "an' shure I'm not smoking aloud it's that blessed engine over there that's kicking up all the row."—Spare Moments.

National Dairy Council favors more stringent regulations on oleomargarine. Toronto Labor Council will send representatives to May Day Socialists conference.

Fire Destroys Belleville Home, but Inmates Escape. Belleville, April 8.—A fire, starting about midnight, completely destroyed the frame dwelling, with all its contents, of George Naylor, G. T. R. engineer, living on the east side of Macdonald, just outside the

extreme northeast part of Belleville. Mr. and Mrs. Naylor escaped with only their night clothes. Three children, aged from nine to seventeen, also escaped without harm.

Knox College alumni presented illuminated address to Rev. Prof. Jas Ballantyne, D.D.

His Back Does Not Bother Him At All. MANGER WASSON PRAISES DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

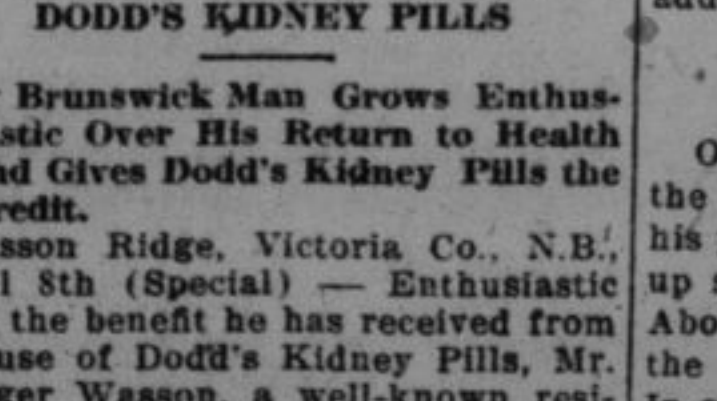
New Brunswick Man Grows Enthusiastic Over His Return to Health and Gives Dodd's Kidney Pills the Credit.

Sisson Ridge, Victoria Co., N.B., April 8th (Special) — Enthusiastic over the benefit he has received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, Mr. Manger Wasson, a well-known resident here, is telling his story to all who suffer from kidney troubles.

"I had an awful lame back and was not able to do any work," he says. "I tried two good doctors and they could do nothing for me, so I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Now I am as well as ever. My back does not bother me at all. Dodd's Kidney Pills have done me a wonderful lot of good."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are purely and simply a kidney remedy. They strengthen the kidneys and enable them to strain all the impurities out of the blood. Ask your neighbors about Dodd's Kidney Pills.

say



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Nothing Else is Aspirin

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all.

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 21 years and proved safe by millions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and pain generally. Made in Canada.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Meno-phthalicacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."