

# LLOYD GEORGE'S STAR RISES ONCE MORE

### With His War Chest Filled, He Is Preparing to Lead the Liberals in a New Offensive Against the Conservatives

#### WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

In Britain, where politics are a kaleidoscope, where no party commands a majority in the country and where the future is a free-for-all, one fact clearly emerges to-day. David Lloyd George is again advancing to the forefront.

Whatever mistrust there still may be in his motives, he is at the moment the undisputed leader of the Liberal Party. Under his personal control there is, too, a war chest, containing millions of money, and, on the chance of adding a further paragraph to the page of history, this is a fund which he is prepared to stake at the polls. He is supported, too, by a powerful press, managed by that amazing embodiment of versatility, Lord Reading. Moreover, at the age of 65, Lloyd George has time to use, but none to waste. In a land where Gladstone was Prime Minister in his eighties, and Balfour, sitting in the Cabinet, will be 80 next year, Lloyd George has strength for ten full years of office.

To consider his career merely as a past, therefore, is not enough. That career is again a prospect. Even his critics agree that Lloyd George has escaped from Elba and that the Hundred Days have begun. All that they foretell, however, is a Waterloo and a St. Helena. If, then, we outline the rise of this astonishing man to prominence before the war, his amazing dynamic as one of the Big Four who led a shattered world through victory to an uneasy peace, and his fall from what seemed to be absolute power in a comparative obscurity, it is only as a prelude to whatever may be the culmination of vicissitudes so unaccountable. The Lloyd George who has been, must read the riddle of the Lloyd George with whom, here and now, the world has to deal.

#### Will They Join Forces?

Hitherto, Lloyd George has been discussed as a colleague of "Asquith." It is not Asquith who now concerns us. The real question is how Lloyd George stands with Ramsay MacDonald. United, they can sweep Britain. Divided, they can keep Stanley Baldwin in perpetual power. There have been contemporary careers and often they have worked together, behind the scenes. Can they renew such associations and dare they avow them? They started life at the same time. At a similar age they encountered the same events. Both of them, moreover, were born Celts. Lloyd George is the Ramsay MacDonald of Wales, and Ramsay MacDonald is the Lloyd George of Scotland. The two men understand each other.

The Celt is supposed to be capricious. Ireland and Wales and the Scottish highlands, with their songs and their feuds, are regarded as regions of emotion. But the truth about the Celt is not his inconsistency of argument but his tenacity of instinct. In essential sympathies, neither Lloyd George nor Ramsay MacDonald has ever changed, nor ever will.

Both these men began life poor. The one in Llanystynnydd, the other in Llanystynnydd saw and suffered society as society is arranged in a British village. They encountered caste and revolted against it. In politics, therefore, they were hot radicals. MacDonald was as much a Liberal as Lloyd George, and Lloyd George was as favorable to Labor as MacDonald.

#### Temperaments Differ.

But in temperament and training their personalities diverged. Like poets, both of the rebels suffered from an eternal want of peace, and their only university was earning a livelihood. James Ramsay MacDonald, as a journalist, read and wrote, seeing men in books and the brain of men at what is supposed to be his best. Lloyd George, as a solicitor in the junior branch of the law, met men face to face, and usually at moments when clients display their weaknesses. It was from different schools of experience, therefore, that they were graduated.

Inspired by Karl Marx and the Fabian Society, MacDonald organized a Labor Party. But Lloyd George, though restive under the Gladstonian yoke, remained a Liberal, fighting his way into the House of Commons and there stirring up insurrections against the old gang. The student ophthalmologist and the practitioner in immediate contact with the patient's troubles followed different paths.

A slightly built, eager, well-groomed strippling of a statesman, with black hair brushed to an ample gloss, Lloyd George loved the platform; but what he valued was print. Then, as now, his tactics might be summed up as space in the newspapers. He had the better chance because Liberals in the House of Commons were few; every one counted and every one was wanted to speak.

Precisely why Balfour liked him, has been to many people, a mystery. They did not notice that, amid all the bitterness, Lloyd George treated Balfour as his senior and as a great man. It was a tribute that, conveyed with infinite subtlety, Balfour did not resent.

As a labor leader, MacDonald had acted on the assumption that even in the early '90s Liberalism had become obsolete. In 1905, Lloyd George, by joining the Cabinet of Campbell-Ban-

nerman, determined to prove the opposite. As President of the Board of Trade, he felt his feet, incidentally settling the first of the great coal disputes. But it was when Campbell-Bannerman died that the big chance came. Indeed, "the little Welshman" seized it.

#### Hero of "Lefts."

Like other parties, Liberalism had its Right and its Left. Asquith, as Prime Minister from the Right, had to be balanced by a man of less negative achievement. David Lloyd George, the hero of the Left, thus became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the first of the kind. It was an intimate partnership that lasted for eight years.

Dazzled by Napoleon's generalship, popular history has overlooked his more solid record as a civil administrator. (So has it been with David Lloyd George. The world cannot realize that to him, the war and Versailles and the rest of it were no more than interruptions of the real progress in which he has never ceased to be interested. Years before the war, he had set in motion what has changed the face of England.)

Every Finance Minister, prior to Lloyd George, had told his colleagues to spend as little as possible. It was an axiom that the treasury stood for economy. With a gay exuberance that astounded the Manchester School of Liberals, as it was called, Lloyd George declared that finance should not be restrictive but constructive. Not only must there be old-age pensions, originated by Asquith, but national insurance against sickness and unemployment. Expenditure? Certainly. And he who proposed it would find the money to meet it. He would tax the rich.

It was veritably a social revolution. For while Lloyd George did not interfere with private enterprise, confiscate property or repudiate legal contracts, he exacted a toll from profits which might be and has been indefinitely extended. His argument was simple. If money could be found for wars, it could also be found for armies of industry.

This meant that the entire "Newcastle program of Victorian liberalism, which had consisted of home rule for Ireland, the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, a broader franchise and similar political measures, was overshadowed by the social issues.

Of the proposals, two views were and still may be taken. One is that Lloyd George killed socialism. The other is that he surrendered to it. It was the latter opinion that swayed the House of Lords. Repudiating the financial privileges of the Commons, the peers rejected the budget, and after two desperate elections, the Commons carried the day. If there had been no Serajevo, such an achievement would have placed a British statesman on the roll of the very few who have played a decisive part in the nation's progress.

In estimating the services rendered by David Lloyd George in the great war, we must dismiss from our minds the idea that, at any time of his life, he was a pacifist. If he opposed the war in South Africa, it was not because it was a war but because it was a war waged by the strong against the weak. As Owen Glendower fought for Wales against King Henry IV, so did Lloyd George fight for the Boers against Joseph Chamberlain and the mobs of Birmingham. Similar were his sympathies with Belgium and Serbia.

As a fact, he was actually leading the peace party in the Cabinet, which in July, 1914, strove to avert the disaster, and was in close touch at that time with Ramsay MacDonald, who was taking a similar line in the House of Commons. When, however, Germany began to cross frontiers, Lloyd George accepted the fact of the war and, like Roosevelt, would say, "If you hit, then hit hard."

#### Policy Not Portfolio.

Of what followed libraries have been written. That Lloyd George in league with the Tories, with Northcliffe, with Beaverbrook, appears to be indisputable. That he wished to run the war is also admitted. But that he cared about the office of Prime Minister, as such, is a theory which misinterprets his character. It is the policy, not the portfolio, that Lloyd George has always desired.

To the Liberal Party, his triumph over Asquith and the coalition with the Conservatives were acts of treachery, unparalleled in politics. Win the war? There were greater disasters, so it was declared, under Lloyd George than ever there had been under his less advertised predecessor. Be that as it may, this village lad from Carnarvonshire, who had never been to Eton or Harrow, Oxford or Cambridge; whose budget had been rejected by the peers; whose name had been execrated by peevish and bankers and landlords, wielded powers for a time that a Mussolini might have envied—powers that were all the more incredible because they were supported not by the suppressive force of a Fascism, but by public opinion. The Opposition still went on. The newspapers could still say what they liked. But Asquith himself

could not find or keep a seat in the House of Commons.

Then, in a night, the autocracy collapsed. Angered by liberties granted to Ireland, the Conservatives unmade the man whom they had made. If Lloyd George had dreamed of the national party, advocated by Churchill and Birkenhead, he woke up to find himself in a nightmare. The man who had been everybody was nobody. Returning from Paris, he had been met by the King himself. In the House of Commons the rise of Labor now reduced the triumphant Caesar to a corner seat below the gangway.

#### Liberal Disaster.

Never had any party suffered a disaster comparable with the shattering of Liberalism. Not only was the vote split with Labor, but what was left of it had been discouraged by the inter-needle feuds between the friends of Asquith and of Lloyd George. Personalities devastated politics and Labor loudly acclaimed the end of the faith held by Bright and Gladstone.

Yet no other party than the Liberal Party would look at Lloyd George. The score or two of "Wee Wees," as they were playfully described, who in the House of Commons survived the debacle, were his only chance, and half of them mad. Yet he began to recover his position.

But, even at the worst of times, Lloyd George was never down as well as out. No statesman who has been Prime Minister is superannuated except by disease or death. He is held in reserve, sitting as before in Parliament and joining still in debate. Party or no party, Lloyd George in the House of Commons has continued to be a personality. To ignore a man who speaks as he speaks has been impossible.

As Prime Minister he was criticized by others. He is now himself the critic. He has the advantage of an offensive in which he has always been a past master. The swing of the pendulum is in his direction, and he helps to swing it.

Stanley Baldwin hopes to save himself by means of what is called the flapper vote—that is, the suffrages of women between the ages of 21 and 30 years. It is supposed that, alarmed by Bolshevism, they will vote Conservative. But some Conservatives are too masculine in their prejudices to be sure of this result. They fear the feminine in politics—especially do they dislike Lady Astor and her temperance ideas.

#### Old Land Pageantry Up-to-Date



#### THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

When Sir Charles Batho made an official visit to the king at Westminster the show was more elaborate than ever this year, several historical floats taking part. The city of London state coach is here seen on the way to the Abbey.

#### Perhaps Not Premier.

In a future Government Lloyd George would not demand, of necessity, the Premiership. Why should he? Wherever MacGregor sits is the head of the table, and personal adaptability to circumstances greatly assists a statesman who knows that he can only return to power if there be a bargain. Lloyd George does not expect that the Liberal Party will obtain a majority at the election. He does think that it will win back enough seats to be the balance wheel between the other parties. Either to Conservatism or to Labor, a Liberal alliance will be essential.

#### Has War Sins.

Hence his adroit management of his war chest. For the expenses of 500 candidates at the next election, he has released \$1,500,000. But he retains an ample balance for later emergencies. To Lloyd George even the Liberal Party is no more than a means to an end.

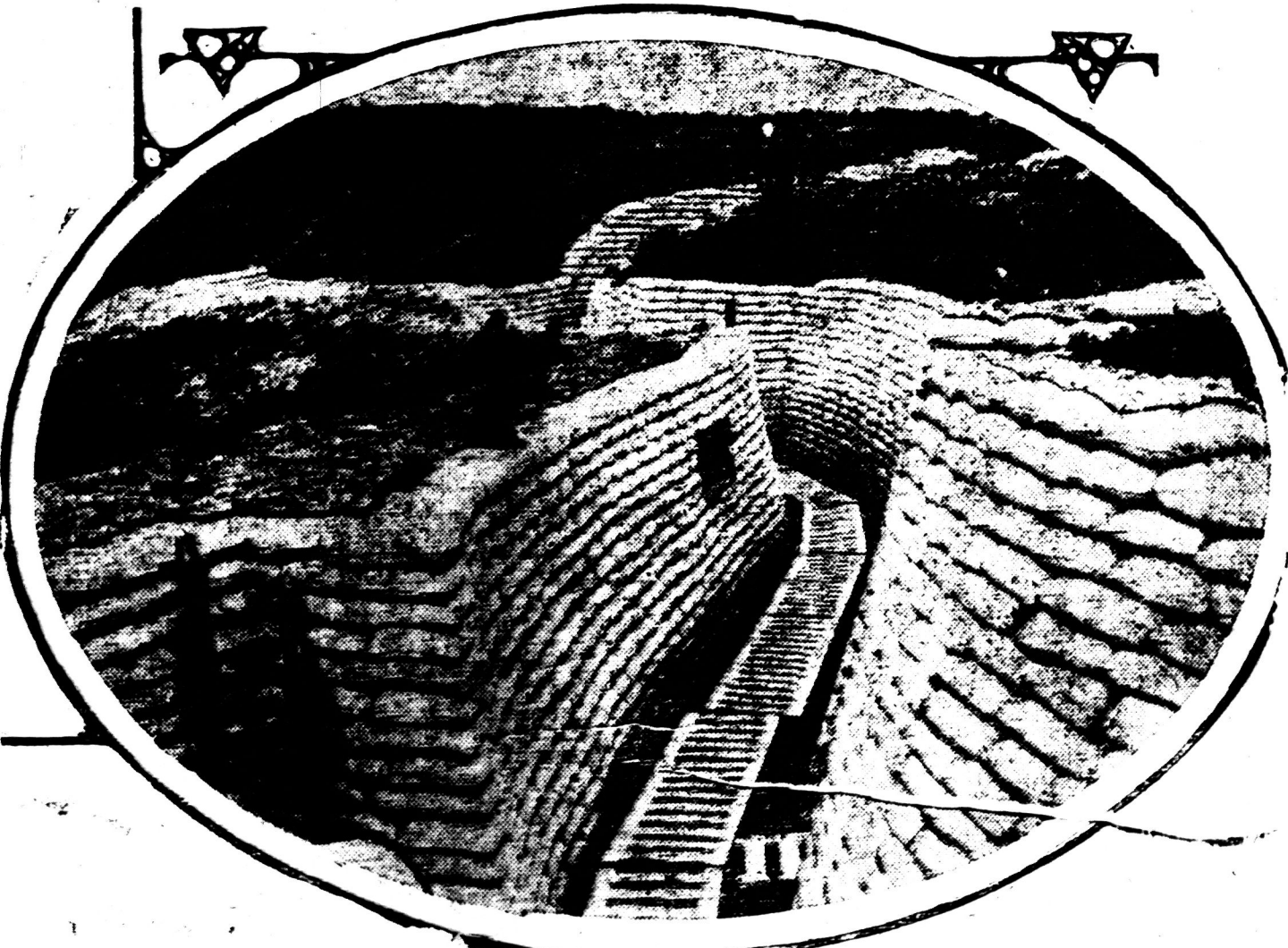
To enumerate his blunders—of what use is that? People merely say that it must be a big man who survives them. To attack his war chest, as Lord Rosebery did—how does that help? What party has not had a war chest? Did his Government traffic in titles? When have Governments failed thus to adorn their friends? There is the story of Ramsay MacDonald himself and an automobile. Nowhere is Lloyd George vulnerable except in the spots where, to his tortors, his rivals are also vulnerable.

#### Is Genius Anyway.

Moreover, he has the look of a big man. His face, once smooth and alert, is now lined and massive. His hair, once black and glossy, is white and still abundant. He is a man whom audiences want to see and want to hear. He is a man who has been in the inside of the greatest decisions ever recorded among mankind. To ridicule him as an opportunist is merely to say that Paderewski is no pianist because he can play trills. In his achievements there is something not to be explained by opportunism. To put the case in a word, Lloyd George—love him or hate him—is what the race recognizes as genius.

This is a true bridge story. She was only a beginner, but she meant to keep her end up, and so she was not at all abashed when her partner said, "Do you know you reworked?" "Well," she replied, after a short but impressive pause, "what of it? I had my reasons."

#### Well Remembered by Many of Us



This piece of trench on the Vimy Ridge front and the old Grange tunnel are being put back in their wartime condition to stand forever as a memorial to the Canadians who fell there. The bags are filled with moist cement so the old trenches will last for many years.

# Young Moor Sultan is Keen for Sports

## He Likes to Tinker With Motors and to Ride Blooded Horses—Has a Good Education

Fez, Morocco—Moulay Mohammed, the newly elected fourteen-year-old Sultan of Morocco, is keenly interested in all sports and is also one of the best educated youths in the North African continent.

The boy is entitled to four wives under Mohammedan law and has done so. He and his two elder brothers were married in a triple ceremony thirteen months ago. Moulay Mohammed took as his bride a first cousin, a daughter of his father's brother, Moulay Jahar.

Most of the youth's education had been imparted by French tutors, and it is said in Morocco that he is so imbued with the European idea of monarchy that he may be satisfied with one wife. However, the ancient traditions of the imperial harem will surround him.

From the Sultan's office in the palace he will occupy, four doors open leading in as many directions to apartments each of which traditionally is reserved for one of the four wives officially permitted the rulers.

Ladies of the harem which the late Sultan left are like to pine away their lives in a palace that is to be provided for them. The Government will supply funds for their support.

The boy Sultan is an automobile fan and a fine horseman. He has several cars and, having a knack with machinery, spends a great deal of time tinkering with the motor. In driving across the country he often takes the wheel himself.

The lad likes his horses a bit wild and will not ride anything but a thoroughbred with spirit. His tutors found this out long ago when they tried to make him ride more gentle mounts of the type usually given to children of the sovereign for their own protection.

As a youth he is said to have climbed every tree in the palace grounds. His physical instruction is in charge of the Sultan's Black Guard, indoors his favorite studies were the sciences and literature.

Sultan Moulay Mohammed is a youth of clean-cut features, jet black eyes and clear straw-colored skin. He speaks French perfectly. Hamada is the familiar name by which his intimates know him. His full regnal cognomen is Moulay Mezzamm Ben Moulay Youssef ("Ben" meaning "son of").

The Sultan's two older brothers, who for some reason lost out in the selection of the new Sultan, were not at Fez when the religious and political chiefs of the country made their choice. One of the brothers was at Marrakech and the other was in the country near Fez.

A salute of 100 guns will be fired in the Sultan's honor when he makes his formal entry into Rabat, seat of the Government and the French Residency.

At Rabat he will take possession of the throne of the Alide dynasty after the last rite called for by ancient tradition is performed—the holding of his stirrup for him by the most venerated religious leader, the Sherif of Wezzan. Without this, no Sultan can be said to have been invested with his powers of office.

# Conan Doyle Asserts Houdini Was Medium

## Says Magician Was Foe of Spiritism in Public, But Had Different View in Private

The late Harry Houdini, magician, who was known for his flight against mediums, was in reality the greatest psychic medium of modern times, according to Sir A. Conan Doyle, who begins in the issue of Mystery Stories a study of Houdini.

Admitting that Houdini's public attitude was uncompromisingly anti-spiritism, Sir Arthur wrote: "But this was not in the least his attitude in private. I suppose that there are few leaders of the movement, and few known mediums, who have not letters of his taking the tone that he was a sympathetic inquirer who needed but a little more to be convinced. His curious mentality caused him absolutely to ignore the experience of any one else, but he seemed to be enormously impressed if anything from an outside source came in his own direction."

"On one occasion Houdini showed me a photograph which he had taken in California. 'I believe it to be the only genuine spirit photograph ever taken!' he cried. To my mind, it was a very doubtful one, and one which no sane spiritualist would have passed for a moment. But, in any case, if his was, as he claimed, genuine, why should he put down all others to fraud?"

The creator of Sherlock Holmes writes that since the death of Houdini he had received several messages purporting to come from him, but "none of them contained the conclusive proofs upon which I insist."

Anxious Young Father (as Houdini appears from sick room) "What of her?" Doctor—"She..."