

time. Primo even had to invent or create a foe who necessitated the strongly autocratic policy he advocated, and Anarchists, Nihilists, Syndicalists became the "Primo-styled" Communists. Yet, in no time Primo got what he was looking for. A good deal of the population shocked by what transpired about the violent agitation against non-Fascists in Italy and Germany, and the suppression of personal freedom in those countries, rallied under an anti-fascist banner, and their organized opposition overthrew Primo's government. *The new Government, and that is in the line of current events of the utmost importance, was as free of Communists as the British Government is today.*

Still in its infancy this wholly democratic government still groping to find a hold on things was again attacked by the Fascists under Franco c.s. Had that government at that time taken a stronger attitude and strictly enforced the law on rebellious propaganda it might have averted the present disaster. It did not, and under the ever-growing pressure from the Fascists it made room for the Communists to defend itself with their help against the new Fascist onslaught.

France had until quite recently hardly any communistic-cell-growth that could constitute a potential danger, but scarcely had the Fascists put up their heads and raised their

arms or part of the moderate leftists got alarmed than 15% of the seats in parliament fell to the Communists.

In other words, let Communism grow and you'll give birth to Fascism, but, also, breed Fascists and *volens volens* you breed Communists.

Is it warranted to have Communists in order to keep up Fascism? Spain should teach us a lesson there, if Fascism has to build up armaments, to burn down half a country, to bring an army of Africa's worst desperados, to slaughter thousands of relatives of its future party-members or subjects in order to obtain power and power only, then Fascism is an economically irresponsible force only and as great a danger as Communism may be.

As Fascism appears to be the fertile soil for any growth of Communism and *vice versa*, then our attempt at analysis shows that the weakness of each lies at the roots of the other, and in many a country the average man in the centre parties, the real democrat and "liberty-lover" has still a chance to preserve his golden freedom by putting up a front to both sides, and wipe out both menaces by lawful means, by special legislation if necessary.

But if he expects common sense in his government, he has to use his own and he will have to stand up for his choice before he will be forced to fight for it.

## Scots and English: Contrasting Characteristics

By CHUNG TSO-YOU (鍾作猷)

**G**REAT Britain is made up of Scotland, England, Northern Ireland and Wales. This is an elementary geographical fact which the foreigner in Britain will be well advised to keep in mind, especially if he happens to be in Scotland, for Scotsmen naturally dislike hearing Britain described as "England". English newspapers and English writers complacently refer to Britain as "England" to the great annoyance of the Scots. England is certainly a larger country than Scotland or Wales (most of Ireland, I may mention in passing, is virtually independent of Britain under the title of the Irish Free State) and its influence in British politics is predominant, but it is more than national vanity that makes Scotsmen object to their country being included under the general term of "England". They object to having their national identity merged in that of England, a nation with which they have less in common than those who have never visited both countries realize.

No doubt it is misleading to generalise about national types, since there are such extraordinary differences in outlook, character and temperament between individuals in any nation. All the same, there are certain characteristics which distinguish the people of one country from those of another. At all events, although it is easier to feel differences of this kind than to define them, I was aware of divergencies between the outlook of the Scots and that of English, greater than one might have expected to find in the case of two peoples living in a comparatively small island, for more than two hundred years under the same government, and using besides a common language.

The most superficial difference is, of course, in speech. One has no difficulty in telling an Englishman from a Scotsman by their accent, although some of the more snobbish of the Scots, who have been in England, do their best to cultivate a faultless English tone. But difference in accent does not carry us far, for after all there is a vast difference between the dialect of a man from the North of England and a man from Devon. There are more fundamental differences between the English and Scots which centuries of close association have not been able to obliterate. Different racial origins probably have an important bearing on this question. The Scots are basically a Celtic race, like the Irish and the Breton in France, with an admixture too of Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon blood, whereas the basic element in the English racial composition is Anglo-Saxon with a tincture of Celtic and Scandinavian blood. It is natural that one should find a difference between the descendents of the proud, ardent Celts and the descendents of the slow, acquisitive, dogged Anglo-Saxons.

My impression was that the Scots and English both deceive themselves and the world, when they come to talk of their national characteristics. The English are regarded as hypocrites the world over. They are, it seems to me, natural humbugs. They may be hypocrites, but as a rule they are unconsciously so. They like to talk of themselves as honest, practical, straightforward, loyal men of high principles, notable for their love of justice. They are essentially plain, blunt men who never wear their hearts on their sleeves, but whose heart is in the right place all the same. Such is the picture the

English like to draw of themselves, especially when they think of themselves as empire builders. Incredible as it may seem, some Englishmen still think that they are bearing the white man's burden in their colonies, and even when it can be shown they exploit the natives for their own profit, Englishmen will reply that the natives benefit by the peace and order imposed by British rule.

The picture which the English form of themselves is, I need hardly say, mythical. They are far from being plain and blunt, although Baldwin, the prime minister, who prides himself on being a typical Englishman, is always insisting on the downright, practical honesty of the English people. The English can be remarkably astute in looking after their own interests; they are excellent diplomatists and experts in political manoeuvring. But they are incurable humbugs. They cannot honestly avow, like the French, that they are looking after their own interests; they must cover up their motives by moral professions of disinterestedness. An Englishman, as Bernard Shaw says, does everything on principle. For instance, when France ceased paying her debts to the United States, she said that it was financially impossible to pay more instalments. The English chancellor of the exchequer declared that Britain was suspending payment of her American debts in order to stimulate world trade. One does not imply, of course, that the English are all hypocrites, but the bulk of the people have been so accustomed to believe in the righteousness of England's action, that they hardly believe it possible for other countries to take a different view.

The Scots on the whole are not nearly so much inclined to humbug as the English. They have a robust common sense which enables them to penetrate to the root motives of an action, and they have enough honesty (except when they are professional politicians attached to the English-controlled parties) to admit that they have an eye to their own interests. Like the French, typical Scots are realistic and honest in their view of things. They are not so sentimental as the plain, blunt Englishman. One never finds Scott wallowing in mawkish sentimentalism like Dickens or Thackeray either. This manly restraint and dignity in his treatment of emotion are shared by most of his countrymen. Scotsmen despise the English for their facile shows of emotion; they practice more stoicism themselves and suppress their feelings even on supreme occasions. There is undoubtedly a strain of toughness in the Scottish character and an exaggerated fear of becoming emotional. A Scotsman would kiss his wife in public with some reluctance, whereas an Englishman does it with apparent relish. For all their restraint the Scots are not more hard-hearted than the English. Indeed, one thinks them more capable of pity and sympathy and unselfish actions.

Most foreigners, I imagine, find themselves more at home among the Scots than the English. Scotsmen may not show the irrepressible cheerfulness and the ready welcome of the Irish, but they are usually friendly and social enough, and courteous in their treatment of foreigners. Except in Edinburgh, the Scottish town most ex-

posed to English influence and which has become in consequence cold and snobbish, the people show none of the reserve one finds in most Englishmen, save Londoners who are loquaciously helpful and obliging. One can meet Scotsmen on level terms, for they show neither a sense of superiority nor a false deference. In England, on the other hand, one observes among the upper and middle classes a complacent sense of their own superiority and among the lower classes a servility in behavior that one rarely encounters in Scotland. Scotsmen may be self-confident enough—they usually have a high opinion of their own merits—but their self-confidence is not so irritating as the arrogance of Englishmen, that calm, easy assumption of superiority, as if they had been designed by nature to rule the lesser breeds.

The arrogance of Englishmen was no doubt fostered by their insularity. Cut off by their geographical position from the people of Europe they developed their own peculiarities of outlook and grew to distrust those who lived otherwise. Scotland, of course, had the same geographical disadvantages, but her people never became insular, for they maintained a closer contact with other European countries. Scottish scholars studied at the European universities and Scottish soldiers of fortune enlisted in the armies of European monarchs. Scotland was also closely connected with France by a political alliance. To this day Scotsmen have remained better Europeans than the English, who are very reluctant to consider England as a part of Europe and would like, were it possible, to refrain from taking an active part in European politics. When the British began to build up their vast colonial empire most of the pioneering work was done by Scotsmen who are natural adventurers and wanderers. They were much more successful as colonists than the English, for they could adapt themselves more readily to a new environment. The English always carried with them their own habits and standards of behavior and were extremely unwilling to modify them. They will not mix with the natives in India or their African colonies, they remain arrogantly aloof. Scotsmen are much more willing to adapt themselves to new circumstances, to mix with other peoples, and to understand that their point of view is not the only one in the universe. They carry with them no schoolboy values, such as the catchwords of humor and loyalty which inspire the English abroad and made them appear stupidly conventional to enlightened observers.

The arrogant exclusiveness of the English upper classes is matched by the servility of the lower classes, especially the peasantry. The old order is changing and the squire and the parson no longer dominate the English parish as they used to do, but the people still show an inordinate respect for rank and wealth. They show a servility in their attitude to their social superiors to which Scotsmen would never descend. In Scotland the representatives of ancient aristocratic families are treated with a certain amount of respect—rank is accounted of higher value than wealth—but the bulk of the people are robustly democratic and perfectly aware that "a man's



a man," whether he is a lord or a peasant. It is interesting for a foreigner to observe the attitude of the Scots and English to royalty. The king and the British royal family retain their position by their personal popularity as they have little constitutional importance. Whenever royalty appears in London or the English towns the people get hysterically excited and indulge in a pantomime of cheering and flag-waving. When these exalted personages visit Scotland people roll along to have a look at them, but few people lose their heads in demonstrations of loyalty.

A rather curious trait about Scotsmen is their intense patriotism. Every year they celebrate the anniversary of their national poet, Burns, and these occasions generally develop into a feast of patriotic rhetoric. Although they may express it sometimes in absurd terms, Scotsmen are probably genuinely proud of their country, and the disinterested foreigner must admit that they have reason to be. Englishmen, too, are patriotic, but they take their patriotism for granted, seldom professing it in public speeches, always excepting politicians who find occasional appeals to the patriotic feelings of their audience an effective method of exciting the right response. It is possible that the Scots are louder in their professions of pride of country, because they are unconsciously trying by that means to save their uneasy consciences. In their national movements they must be aware that in seeking their own fortunes they have omitted the filial duty of adorning their Sparta. Scotsmen have wandered over the world, many have done very well for themselves, but Scotland itself is in a bad way economically and culturally. Instead of devoting their energies to the improvement of their native land many Scotsmen have concentrated fiercely on acquiring wealth and power for themselves. Yet they refuse to open their eyes to the unsatisfactory position of Scotland, which they still think the best country in the world and towards which, wherever they may be, their thoughts are turned as are the thoughts of the Jews towards Zion.

Compared with the Germans and the Italians, the English and the Scots can be described as individualists. I mean that it is extremely unlikely that they would submit to the regimentation and restrictions of a Fascist or Nazi regime. They would be instinctively opposed to the theory that the welfare of the individual should be satisfied to the good of the state. To their mind the state exists to serve the individual and not *vice versa*. But the Scot is afraid of offending the conventions of society. The strict moral conventions of the Victorian age have long passed away, though they may still linger in remote places. But social conventions still remain to determine the behavior of the Englishman who dreads committing any breach of rules of "good form." The typical Englishman is always anxious to do the right thing, to dress for dinner or to wear a grey silk hat at Ascot. The typical Scotsman is impatient of irksome social conventions. He may observe them to save himself trouble, but he attaches no religious value to the dictates of "good form", as the Englishman does. It may be that the Eng-

lishman is more of a snob than the Scot, and, although snobbishness is rampant in Edinburgh, Scottish society as a whole is definitely more democratic than English. But the different educational systems probably have more to do with their contrasting attitudes toward social conventions. The exclusive English public schools impress on their pupils a ridiculous set of ideas about "good form", "playing the game" etc., and discipline their impressionable minds into accepting this code of behavior. With a few exceptions the public school system does not obtain in Scotland where education is more democratic and less destructive of individual tendencies.

No consideration of the characteristics of the Scots would be complete without referring to the meanness they are commonly supposed to show. Thousands of jokes have been uttered about the stinginess of Scotsmen, especially Aberdonians, while Sir Harry Lauder and other comedians have spread this legend around the world. And it is a legend, one quickly discovers, for the Scots are far from being less generous than the English, any of whom actually believe that the comic figure of Sir Harry Lauder is typically Scottish and that his silly jokes are the truth. Many Englishmen have an absurdly literal mind. They cannot distinguish between fact and caricature. They believe, for instance, that Barrie's sentimentality is a Scottish quality, where it is merely an individual weakness. One thing appears to me to refute the idea that the Scots are mean is the fact the hospitals in Scotland are maintained by voluntary contributors. Patients are admitted free of charge; if they do make a contribution, so much the better; if they cannot, it does not matter. The generosity of the public makes up the balance. In England patients do not receive free treatment in hospitals, they have to pay a regular fee. Scotsmen are not mean, but they are prudent in spending money. They spend it more sensibly than the English, who are more prone to indulge themselves. When the English give devotions to charity they are more inclined to do it ostentatiously. There is not so much quiet, anonymous charity as one finds in Scotland.

It is difficult to diagnose national characteristics, for one's conclusions are only roughly true. They may not fit many individuals of the particular nation and the passage of time may soon belie them. But it is fascinating to explore national characteristics, although one can seldom establish them with complete accuracy. For my part I find the English very much what the common opinion of the world represents them to be—reserved, aloof and egoistic. Their plain, blunt exterior is merely a mask that covers unfathomable natures, which they do not know themselves, because they are muddled thinkers. One understands at least why the Scots dislike and distrust them. Scotsmen, I found, were rather better than they are usually represented. Without being effusive they are friendly; they are self-confident without being arrogant; they are prudent without being mean; and they are patriotic without being insular. Unfortunately agencies are at work in Scotland which are destroying its nationality. Industrial civilisation is much the same the world

## THE LITTLE CRITIC

(Edited by EDWARD Y. K. KWONG  
during DR. LIN YUTANG'S absence)

### Stupidity At A Difficult Child-Birth

BY WANG HSIANG-CHEN (王向辰)

Translated by I.C.S.

LAO Wang's daughter-in-law, San Taitze, was hardly sixteen years old when she was showing physical prominence from pregnancy and was expecting to give birth at any moment. Now, to give birth after one's marriage is a very natural affair which should not arouse any curiosity. But San Taitze was so young and so tremendously bulging; her mother-in-law having died, her husband gone away, and when she was thus left alone with her old father-in-law then child-birth became very troublesome.

A foreign hospital is only half a *li* away and to give birth in the hospital should be very simple. Only this farmer Lao Wang, or old Wang, bitterly disapproved of the foreign hospital, especially distasteful to him were those foreign doctors who wear white "mourning-gowns". Everything should be auspicious around a patient. How disheartening and unlucky it must be with always a few white mourning-gowns around! San Tai-tze, too, didn't want to go to the hospital. She heard from the west neighbor Chang Laopotze, or old grannie Chang, that all the obstetricians are men. Won't that make one blush to death! Moreover, it is said that one is never given enough to eat and that no family is allowed to send food to the hospital. No, no, there is no reason why she should go to the hospital. If she gets something wrong during her confinement on account of hunger, she would never be cured.

Where shall the birth be given, then? Lao Wang naturally could not make any dogmatic decision. San Taitze, being only sixteen years old, could not make any decision for herself either. The original intention was to send for San Taitze's mother and make a deliberation together, but one could not reason with an unborn child and if it wished to be born, it would be born of itself without giving any consideration as to whether or not you had everything prepared for it. On that night San Taitze suddenly began to feel the acute labor pains. At first she tried her best to struggle quietly along, not wishing to disturb her father-in-law. But later her groans became

so loud that Lao Wang just couldn't sleep. He hurriedly went out to call on the west neighbor Chang Laopotze, or old grannie Chang, but unfortunately she happened to be out visiting her daughter in the other village and did not return home that night. So Lao Wang had to go to call on the east neighbor Li Nainai, or Mrs. Li, who promised to help. But she didn't dare to come out because she was afraid of ghosts. San Taitze, lying on her *k'ang* (brick-bed) cried loudly for her mother because of pain. Fortunately Li Nainai, feeling that a human life was at stake, braved a ghostly death and came out with a walnut stick.

Lao Wang, kicking out his old black dog, invited Li Nainai to enter the room. When San Taitze saw someone whom she could depend on, her terror was subdued, her labor pains lessened. Lao Wang wanted to build a fire to boil some water, but Li Nainai bade him instead to quickly prepare the incense, red candle-sticks and paper bullion. The Goddess of Birth was coming and not a single stick of incense burnt! You think she would peacefully send down the child to you without making any fuss? But Lao Wang was really too ignorant. He didn't have any incense, candle-stick or paper bullion prepared at all. He went at this midnight to knock at the door of the miscellaneous store, or dry-goods store, and took it as a sort of punishment to himself for his thoughtlessness.

"By the way, also buy a package of red sugar!" shouted Li Nainai at the top of her voice to Lao Wang who was now already out in the street. Her voice was so loud that four or five dogs began to bark together in unison.

But boiling water was also needed. When Li Nainai saw that the patient didn't appear to be very pressing, she went to the kitchen to build a fire and at the same time asked the patient where she put the small garments for the child and whether she had prepared any small beddings. San Taitze was so touched by the kindness of Li Nainai and her own father-in-law that she felt the taste of child-bearing was not altogether too bitter, after all.

After much ado, fuel, cotton, toilet paper, basin, and other necessities were all gathered ready. When Lao Wang came back, he burned incense, lighted the candle-sticks and all they needed to do now was but to wait for San Taitze to try another period of pain and a big-headed son would drop down from heaven. But who expected that after a number of cries of pain the little angel was still hiding itself in the clouds showing no sign of approach? Lao Wang knelt down in the outer room and offered his most pious prayers, saying that San Taitze is the only capable member of his family, making a thousand pleas to God to preserve her and send her a "peace to man and horse." In the inner room, Li Nainai was nervously feeling with her two dirty hands on the patient's body but couldn't solve any secret of it. The forerunners of the Goddess of Birth had long arrived, but why her divine majesty still didn't descend? San Taitze's forehead was full of sweat big as peas and she thought that if she could pass this devil's pass like a nightmare in a dream, she would deem it extremely lucky and fortunate.

over and the cinema is vulgarising every country. Popular education has made everybody able to read and write and at the same time depressed the level of culture. Scotsmen are losing their stubborn and ardent individuality. This year, R. B. Cunninghame Graham, the Scottish traveller and writer, died after a long and adventurous life. His magnificently aristocratic appearance, his courage, his culture, and his splendid enthusiasm as a man of action and as a writer impressed one profoundly. There is no one like him left in Scotland and perhaps his death is symbolical of the passing of an era in its history.