

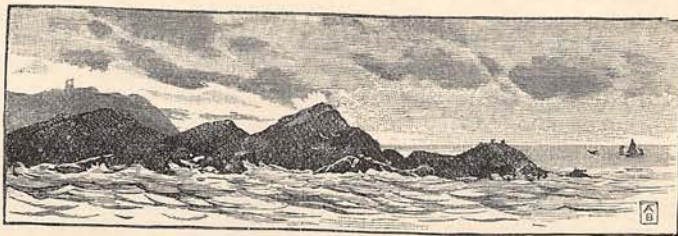
"BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD."

We saw no society. It was little wonder that our house lost its popularity; even our dearest friends got weary of the repetition of my baby's charms.

At last my mad career was very mercifully stopped. The Colonel fell ill—so very ill that the doctor thought it more than probable that he would not recover. I knew then that he was dearer to me than twenty babies! And I heard then something else. Sitting by his side one night, when he was far down in the valley of death, I heard him whisper; he was talking not to me, but to the angel of that other great first love of his, who seemed to be at his side; he did not go into any ecstasy at her presence—I suppose it was

too natural—but he just looked up with a kind of gasp of content, and said, "Oh, Mary! it has been so uncomfortable."

That was my husband! The only complaint he ever made was in the delirium of fever to a dream woman, but his patience worked my cure. He was given back to me, thanks be to God, and he came back into a different world from that he had so nearly quitted. It is difficult to put the wrong right, but never, while life lasts, impossible; and through much disappointment and many failures I have at last made our home as comfortable and cheery a place as it is beautiful.



"BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD."

SHALL OUR SONS EMIGRATE? YES, THEY SHALL.

BY ARNOLD WHITE, AUTHOR OF "PROBLEMS OF A GREAT CITY," "TRIES AT TRUTH."

The
New
Lands.

SITTING at my study window on the northern heights of London, and looking at the broad province of houses in the Thames valley canopied with smoke, the earth paved away with granite, asphalt, and wooden blocks: rain falling and wind sighing: the thought of the blue sky unappreciated in many distant lands assists me in the pleasant task laid upon me by the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE. Decidedly it is good in the abstract for some of our sons to get away from this fierce struggle that year by year increases in severity. If the son contemplated be

"Tall and handsome, and twenty-two,
Ten thousand a year and nothing to do,"

then, perhaps, there is something to be said in favour of settling down at home, in spite of the general want of employment, the muggy air, and the depressing environment incident to "merry England" in the end of the century.

Or if he be an Admirable Crichton, or even an Asquith, and owns a "brain and cerebellum too" that give him a pedestal above his chums, a banker's balance, with healthy, lucrative, and interesting occupation, then it is equally clear that the mealie pap of

the Transvaal, the salt pork of Manitoba, or the tea and damper peculiar to the Darling Downs, are delicacies that may be left to others. The sons who shall emigrate, to my mind, however, are the scions of those middle-class families who are the strength of our country.

These lads are not very brilliant, but they are numerous. They are no fools, but they have good appetites, plenty of pluck, healthy instincts, strong home affections, prefer cricket to Cato, football to Photius—Macaulay used to read him as a relaxation from study—and not seldom have fallen in love with the dearest girl in the world. From their youth up they have read Marryat and Kingston, Rider Haggard and Kipling. In their British blood there is the microbe of travel.

They have vague longings to get on in life, to travel, see the world, seek adventure, and, like Balbus, marry the girl. Their souls abhor the minute sub-divisions and restrictions of our intricate civilisation so far as they themselves are affected. Clerking is a miserable trade, and sucks the life out of tens of thousands of the finest fellows in the country. The sons who shall emigrate north, south, east, and west, if they have the right stuff in them, suffer from restless, unsatisfied longing.

The ostriches at the Cape, bred from a single pair of wild birds captured on the free and breezy plains

of the sunny north, retain in their silly heads an unquenchable desire to return to the boundless plains they have never seen. Along the northern fence of an ostrich camp the big birds gather, craning their long necks towards the Zambesi they shall never see. They never lose the longing for the unknown north. So with our sons, if they are of the Blood. Adventure is in their veins, even though they stand idle in the market-place, no man hiring them, because they have no saleable knowledge or faculty, and no special equipment or capacity exchangeable for gold.

My first point is, then, that those sons shall emigrate who want to succeed. Lord Beaconsfield used to say



that we could all obtain anything we wanted, but we must want it enough. Wanting it enough means willingness to suffer and to do far more than the average man is willing to do or to bear.

The emigrant sons may make up their minds that a young good man—a very different creature from a good young man—cannot be kept down in the colonies. But he must start with definite ideas as to how to succeed.

Bearing in mind that the colonies are for the most part composed and built up of second-rate men, he has a chance not offered him at home. First-rate men do not, as a rule, need to emigrate. Third-rate men are not wanted across the sea. The first thing to do is to acquire some faculty or craft that shall in the worst of times procure a livelihood. The emigrant son should be taught three things—to shave himself, to cook his own food, and to milk a cow; and he must learn to do the three well.

He will find them uncommonly useful. It will be all the better for him in the "roustabout" work he will have to undertake if he can get a good rough working knowledge of carpentry, wheelwright work, shoeing horses and rough building, bricklaying and masonry. He must make up his mind to begin at the bottom of the ladder. There is many and many a good man who will never rise high because he will not begin low.

If the emigrant son will make up his mind to abstain from "forty rod" whisky, "Cape smoke," and new brandy, he will be worth more in the market than if he indulges in those aids to reflection.

Insobriety is so prevalent across the water, and the liquor is so consistently and uncommonly atrocious, that a man addicted to habits of abstinence from alcohol soon acquires a cash value that is pleasant enough to anyone determined to get on. Loneliness, homesickness, *ennui*, and heat all combine to drive a man to get some change of thought out of the sulphuric acid and box of matches of which much colonial liquor seems to be composed.

The stuff is so incredibly dangerous that anarchical compounds are little worse. Middle-class emigrants without capital will find no better investment than rigid avoidance of the more ardent liquors provided by refreshment caterers—of sorts.

As to destination. Horace Greeley was wont to say—

"Go west, young man."

On the same grounds, and for the same reasons, I would say—

"Go south, young man."

There is more future in the Dark Continent than in any other part of the planet. It is half-way to Australia, and enjoys permanent protection of the six thousand miles of salt water that lie between Cape Point and Leewin. A pot of jam made in Africa sells as well and costs less to bring to England than Australian or Tasmanian preserves.

Health is a matter very much more under control than is generally supposed. The teeth of the emigrant son should be thoroughly repaired; for the sinews of a trek ox, that has wandered through sand and veldt for ten years with a four-ton waggon attached to him requires all the consumption and mastication available. If the grinders of the man are few, the time is not long before he goes to his long home.

Another point which is generally neglected is the obvious fact that in hot climates—and all emigrant climates are very hot for a part of the year—cold, and not heat, is the perfidious foe to be confronted. Chills are most dangerous at night, as any sixpenny book on hygiene will tell you. To my emigrant son, therefore, I strongly urge the invariable use of a cholera belt.

To keep the equatorial regions of the human body warm and at an even temperature is the easiest and most effective insurance against dysentery and its large family circle of diseases. If tea, coffee, or cinchona planting be the form of occupation chosen by our sons, the climatic conditions are such that the invariable companionship of a cholera belt is as necessary as the lightning conductor to a church spire.

There is no possible shadow of a doubt that until the emigrant finds his feet he will be much more uncomfortable physically than he would be at home as a postman or a cowkeeper.

On the other hand, he loses no status. If the question of emigration is to be decided by a comparison between the physical comfort and mental enjoyments during the earlier period of colonial residence, and the amenities available to the average day labourer in England, the verdict must be against emigration.

But it is not fair to judge of a half-painted picture or an incomplete statuette. The reasonable probabilities must be taken into account. If a man is really determined to get on, scorned delights and laborious days are more surely rewarded with the wild olive of success in the England across the sea than in lingering by the side of the old folks at home.

To bear the brunt of the early years with courage, and without too great a strain on the nervous system, incessant and unbroken correspondence must be





maintained with the home circle. If you do not love some other fellow's sister, at all events cling to the love of your own. Tell all you have to say, and in a short while the weekly mail will be an intensely bright spot in a weary week.

Newspapers acquire a pathetic interest. Advertisements ignored at home are read in the prairie, veldt, or bush, with an eager and greedy eye. It is impossible to over-rate the value of the home tie. Many a hard and gallant life has been helped over the dangerous and difficult tract that intervenes between

the early effort and the final achievement by simple home letters. Very likely, nothing particular was in any of them.

To the recipient they were rays of light, grateful in his exile as mare's milk to the thirsty Tartar or opium water to the Rajpoot. When a little success comes, it is good that the emigrants' sisters should join them; and when more success at last arrives, they cannot do better than change sisters under the sanction of the ecclesiastical authorities on the spot. The "dearest girl" has probably made other arrangements.

On the whole, our sons *shall* emigrate; but there is much that might be done to make emigration ventures more of a certainty than has hitherto proved to be the case.

SHALL OUR SONS EMIGRATE? NO.

BY A STAY-AT-HOME.



WHEN Mr. Punch was asked whether life was worth living his reply was that "It depends on the liver," and similarly in the consideration of this present question a good deal is involved in who and what are the sons. Square pegs will not fit round holes—save, perhaps, at the ex-

pense of a ruthless paring down that renders them weak—and the sons who must live an open-air life, under conditions impossible in a land more than half-civilised, are certainly not such as we want to keep at home.

But, after all, these untamed Britons are in a small minority, and of their brothers we have the right to claim at least the pick for the mother country.

Have we no lands at home that are lying uncultivated, that we should send the best of our sons across the seas to break and till foreign soil? From every quarter of the compass comes the same cry of farms being given up, of land once cultivated being tilled no more. And while this is the case we are asked to send across the seas the very men who might make use of these waste spots in our own islands.

I grant you that the agricultural life in Great Britain must differ in many respects from that of newer lands. The men who are to succeed in it will not be hunting farmers, driving big-wheeled dog-carts and attended by liveried grooms. You would not get that sort of thing if you took to hoeing and weeding a prairie or ploughing the forest primeval. And you must not expect it if you are going to try to make the best of the old country.

If only half the men who have made competencies as "settlers" across the seas had shown the same indifference to appearances at home that they have been obliged to do elsewhere, and had exhibited an equal

willingness to put their hands to work early and late, a good deal of recent economic history would not have had to be written, and the face of the homeland would have been much more pleasant to look upon. And the pity of it is that for years we have been encouraging the very men who might have done this work for the Mother Country to leave her in the lurch and to use their energies towards the raising and rearing of fresh competitors with her.

I am far from saying that all our middle-class boys should stay at home. But I do say that, even for those who possess the healthy craving for an outdoor life, there is room and work in England, and that trained heads and willing hands may find profitable occupation within the four seas. Let us have our science applied freely to the questions of the soil, and reason brought to bear upon the selection and rotation of crops; in short, let our sons do for the old country what they are so often urged to do for the new—give her the benefit of an educated common-sense—and it will be not only to her advantage but their own.

But it is not every young man who wants to live his life or do his work in the open air. Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers. He would have been nearer the mark if he had called us a nation of merchants, for it is as the producers and carriers of the world's merchandise that we have made and keep our reputation.

And how are we to meet the oft-heard lament that we are being beaten out of this market and so on, if we encourage the best of our sons to leave us? Merely to hold our own we require the best we can give of invention and skill, as well as of material. As time goes on the tendency is to insist upon education being carried further, as well as being made compulsory.



We not only insist that every child shall be educated but that to a further point and a later age. So a larger and larger number of teachers in proportion to the population will be called for. And while this incidentally calls for more recruits for the home-army of peace, it offers an example of the many new fields for employment, and extensions of old fields, which are being opened every year for the sons of the middle-class.

It is a mistake to suppose that there is no mean between the open-air life of the agriculturist and "clerking." It would not be too much to say that in the mean which undoubtedly exists lies the strength of Britain's position in the commercial world. To say nothing of the learned professions, or of the world of art and letters, to call the chemist, the engineer, and the mechanician "clerks" is about as impudent as the classical division of the world into Hellenes and "Barbarians."

We have still a good deal to learn from other countries, and we must learn and apply our lessons if we are to hold our own. For instance, even our great cities are, as a rule, far behind second-rate townships of America, and even Scandinavia, in facilities for telephonic communication; and in the use of natural forces for the supply of electrical power we are really little better situated.

We shall have to swallow all our insular prejudices against "new-fangled ideas," and we can employ hundreds and thousands of our educated sons in applying science to our commercial and industrial life, no less than to agriculture.

And we must get rid of that middle-class fetish—the "black-coat" idea—and let our sons work with their hands in the old country as freely as we do in the colonies and the clearings. Why should Mrs. Grundy hold up her hands in pious horror when her sons and nephews take to honest manual work here, while she thinks it so "brave" of them to do it on the fringe of the backwoods and the bush?

It is no cant phrase to say that what is responsible for two-thirds of middle-class "failures" is the lack of good technical education. We are too apt to look upon technical education as a thing desirable only for "artisans," and to conclude that the son of the proprietor of a large industrial business is fully qualified to share his father's responsibilities (and step into his shoes by-and-by) when he has been given a good general education, and has been passed direct from the class-room to the counting-house. It was not by men trained (or rather left untrained) on these lines

that our commercial supremacy was won, and we shall hardly maintain it by their aid. Our sons must be educated to understand the sources and character of the raw material for our manufactures, and the conditions under which they are produced. They should learn the practical side of the processes through which they have to pass, and the value of the machinery by which the changes are wrought. And they should, finally, understand the markets for which they are working.

We are a good deal nearer this Utopian state of things than we were twenty years ago, it is true, and I venture to think that a steady perseverance along the same path would lead to such an appreciation of British manufactures as would provide an untold number of openings for sons yet unborn.

There is another reason that will surely not be without weight among the readers of this MAGAZINE. What the clan was to the old tribal Celt the family is to the modern Briton, and the power for good of the family circle is bound to be relaxed just at the time when it is most valuable, if our sons are to be "emigrated" at the season of life when the step will be most profitable to themselves and their adopted land.

I do not want to tie every son to his mother's apron-strings—far from it. Molly-coddling is not part of that healthy family life which is our national glory and honour. But this point is one which must not be overlooked, though it need not be more than stated.

The instinct for family life is especially strong in the national character, and probably is stronger in the middle-class than in any other, and it is a factor in the situation not to be lightly ignored.

Lastly, where are our sons to emigrate to? Every mail brings fresh reports of meetings of "out of works" at the Antipodes. The new lands of Africa are hardly developed or opened out enough for practical colonisation, as yet, on any other than the ancient "pioneer" lines. And, when South America is revivalling the Antipodes in "crises" and "crashes," and Canada is only asking for labour-emigrants, where are the poor boys to go?

They had better look facts in the face, and put their backs into the work which lies to their hand, of making the best of the old country.

What do
We
Lack?

