

FOR WHAT THEY HAVE RECEIVED—

THERE is a sad lack of imagination about the long list of Jubilee honours. Had a master mind but grasped the idea that here for once there was a chance of according Imperial recognition to the men who have contributed during these sixty years to the extension of the Empire and to the progress of civilization, we might have seen a very different and much more distinguished list of names. In defiance of the obvious facts that England is essentially a naval Power, and that the progress distinctive of the Queen's reign has been essentially a progress in science and commerce rather than in military prowess, in the arts of peace rather than in the arts of war, the authorities who rule the dispensing of Royal favour have made the military element outshadlow all others in the Jubilee list. Just as the Jubilee procession was planned on exclusively military lines till one grew weary of the eternal dragoons and hussars, so in the Jubilee list one is sickened with the repetition of Lieutenant-General This and Lieutenant-Colonel That, to the exclusion of men who have done something to move the world forward. For example, there are ninety-six C.B.'s in the list, of whom sixty-three bear military titles, five only appear to belong to the navy, and at least half the remainder appear to be attached to the Civil Service as administrators of departmental routine. Germany and the Germans are again to the fore. Not content with speaking good German (and broken English) themselves, the Royal Family have proceeded to heap honours on all the German princelets who flocked over to the celebration. The abnormal precedence over the older branch of the service in the giving of honours to the army is strictly in accordance with the rampant militarism of Germany. The one bright feature, the one point in which there has been a departure from antiquated tradition, is the recognition of the Colonial Premiers. This is distinctly good. It is a beginning of a glimmer of the Imperial idea in the official mind. The crowd on Jubilee day cheered the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier with right good will as one who had achieved something, and they cheered Maurice Gifford, because he had suffered something, for the Empire. For the rest, the list might have just as well been a mere ordinary birthday list. The millionaire steamship owner, the successful stockjobber, the provincial mayor, the fashionable physician, the Colonial magistrate and the party hack who has fought a tough constituency are all prominent enough; but of the men who have had the brains and insight to make England intellectual mistress of the world there is the barest sprinkling. Probably the three most striking advances in the aspect of the civilized world since 1837 are the substitution of the iron (or rather steel) ship for the old wooden walls, the growth of electric communication by telegraph and telephone, and the advent of photography. All these are essentially the products of the Victorian era. Yet not one of them has received the smallest recognition in the Jubilee honours. Not a single naval architect appears in the list, though Sir John Burns, Sir Donald Currie, and Sir Thomas Sutherland—all of them previously betitled—who have made money as directors of shipping companies, are singled out for further distinctions. The claims of the electricians are equally ignored. If there was one man with merits that could not be passed over at such a moment, surely it was the man who invented the printing telegraph and the microphone, David Hughes the Welshman, whom every other European Government has long ago honoured by recognition. He is passed over, while a baronetcy is conferred on the son of the late Sir John Pender, who made millions out of financial telegraphy. True, the grade of C.I.E. has been conferred upon two Indian telegraph officials, who, though doubtless admirable administrators, are innocent of any contribution to electric science; but why was no recognition given to the popular Chief Electrician of the British Postal Telegraphs, Mr. Preece, who is an electrician as well as an administrator? As for photography, that essentially nineteenth-century product, have we not living amongst us Mr. Swan, the inventor of the autotype or permanent photograph, and Captain Abney, the inventor of ortho-

chromatic and pioneer of dry-plate processes? Yet these are passed over. Mr. Swan's claims are particularly strong, since he is also the veritable inventor of the incandescent electric vacuum lamp. Chemistry has received a share of recognition in the honours tardily given to Sir Edward Frankland and to Sir William Crookes; but where is Dr. Perkin, the inventor of the two industries of the aniline and alizarine dyes, which only our national ineptitude has handed over as industries to the more scientific German? Engineering is recognized in the person of Sir John Woolfe Barry, who ought to have had his decoration three years ago on the completion of his masterpiece, the Tower Bridge. Astronomy is positively to the front; for the veteran Dr. Huggins and the indefatigable Professor Lockyer alike are made K.C.B., while the Astronomer Royal is rewarded by being thrust amongst a motley crowd of C.B.'s. There is a far more serious snub to science, however, in the total omission from the list of the name of Dr. Ludwig Mond. This gentleman, as all the world knows, gave a sum of £100,000 to equip and endow the Davy-Faraday research laboratory which was opened last year by the Prince of Wales. While distillers and tobaccoists who give to party funds are knighted and baroneted, he who gives unselfishly to the cause of scientific progress, and affixes to his gift not his own name, but the names of those who have made England great in science, is coolly ignored. It is exactly as if Lord Salisbury had said: Don't do it again; give your money to the Primrose League, instead of wasting it on something of permanent national value, and you shall be decorated with titles and honours. Only to-day comes the announcement of the bestowal of a C.B. on the very official of Her Majesty's Board of Works who is responsible for the recent exploit in snubbing Lord Lister and the Council of the Royal Society, which we chronicled last week.

But this is by no means all. Scant as is the recognition given to science, art and literature are nearly as badly served. No one will grudge Mr. Richmond, the painter, his K.C.B., particularly in view of his special connexion with the mosaics of St. Paul's. But who is the Herr von Angeli who is made Honorary Commander of the Royal Victorian Order? Can it be the artist responsible for the smug and fatuous portraits of royal personages which from time to time amuse the art critics of Munich and Berlin? And the Gilbert who accompanies Sir Arthur Sullivan in the minor distinction of "Member of the Fourth Class," can it be, as rumour says, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A.? And what of other sculptors and painters, the men whose work is welcomed at Munich and in Paris as worthy of honour? We look in vain for any recognition of them. So too in literature, there is a great blank. Where is Mr. George Meredith? Has he no niche in the Victorian temple of letters? Not even amongst the knot of literary men in official life—the singing birds of the Board of Trade—has one been found worthy of recognition. An official who hopes for recognition by his Government must not dare to achieve distinction either in literature or science. Sir John Lubbock has not been made a peer: though a financier, a statesman and a Unionist, he is tainted with dabbling in science and literature—an obvious disqualification for advancement. There is one name in literature which from the special point of view of the growth of the Imperial idea might have well received recognition—we mean Mr. Rudyard Kipling. There is no question that it is he who has chiefly implanted in English minds the idea of the vast Federal Empire around the globe, the central idea which has made this Jubilee different from anything ever witnessed before. In this sense Kipling is greater than Wolseley, greater than Roberts, greater than both combined. Yet he has been given no honour. Verily the administrators and defenders of the Empire have been exalted at the expense of its extenders, of its real makers. Even our greatest philosophical writer, Mr. Herbert Spencer, is denied the one recognition possible to him. Our greatest naturalist, the explorer of the Malay Archipelago, and co-discoverer with Darwin of the origin of species, Mr. A. R. Wallace, is also ignored. Neither to Oxford nor to Cambridge has any

honour fallen. The University Colleges of the provincial towns—a purely Victorian growth of great and increasing intellectual importance—are treated as non-existent. The lack of imagination has triumphed over all that might have been.