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English Tailoring

According to recent announcements in this journal, we expect to find ourselves this week bang in the middle of a crowd of articles and advertisements each telling us from a different angle in what a wonderful country we wonderful people live! Mr. S. P. B. Mais, no doubt, will be doing his best to make us lock our office doors forthwith, pack a rucksack and go off to see the beauties of our land as we've never seen them before. We have always found Mr. Mais's enthusiasm irresistible. Brevity is not perhaps one of his virtues—his advice usually boils down to this—"if you can't walk take the slowest bus." Nevertheless, we read him or listen to him whenever we have the chance, and in our humble opinion the country owes a great deal to him for the enthusiastic way in which he has "put over" Britain as a holiday resort, not to forget his recent and present work for social service.

But all this is scarcely selling Goss clothes! And that is, after all, why we are here.

Three years back we quoted Mr. H. W. Nevinson's remark when he said that in respect of men's clothes "the English set a standard which Continental and American nations pant after in vain."

We get a steady flow of new customers from overseas. Among N.S. & N. visitors this last month we have made new customers from Tanganyika, India and Hong Kong. Oddly enough, in the same month, we have had no less than three separate orders for a pair of flannel trousers from Northern Nigeria, Rhodesia, and finally this week from Morocco! Flannel trousers seem likely to become the initial test of Goss tailoring, just as it used to be, perhaps still is, the custom of people trying a new restaurant to order roast beef!

It is easy to find more expensive clothes than Goss's, but difficult anywhere in London to find better tailoring. The two Goss brothers do all the important parts of the work *personally*—the measuring, the cutting and the fitting. They offer an unusually distinguished and pleasing range of materials.

A Goss suit or overcoat now costs from Seven to Nine Guineas, but a thoroughly reliable Goss suit can be (and is) made at Six Guineas.

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Again, the actual date of Mr. Dawson's observations is seldom clear; to appreciate the value of such statements one needs to be given month and year, for the slump has brought rapid changes, and nowhere more rapid than in Germany. Mr. Dawson, moreover, presents the forbearing view of the German Social Democrats, and it is nearly always their opinions which he quotes. Now that Social Democracy is dead in Germany, to present such views is obsolete; one can only regret that Mr. Dawson did not complete his examination of Germany's lost lands, if not in time to help Stresemann, in time to help Brüning. While Brüning was Chancellor and English opinion was swinging round to Germany, how invaluable these facts about Eupen-Malmédy or the Saar or Memel-land would have been, especially with Mr. Dawson to present them. He is eloquent in the matter of Danzig's historic independence, but Nazi Germany, which has trampled on the whole conception of federal autonomy, is now its greatest menace—did not the "stones" of Munich "cry out" against the swastika? Now indeed Nazi Germany is treating its political opponents at home as harshly as ever the French and their allies treated their national enemy in the full tide of victory madness, and it has become clear, even to Dr. Rosenberg, that the majority of Englishmen are finding themselves in startled agreement with Sir Austen Chamberlain.

A Polish spokesman recently remarked that "the Polish Corridor in German revisionist policy to-day is but one of the initial links in the chain leading ultimately to the fullest realisation of the conception of a *Mittleuropa* under German hegemony." This is unfortunately true, and if Mr. Dawson has been lucky enough to escape revisionists of this kind even in the Weimar days, I can but envy him; their numbers, and their arrogant contempt for all things Slav, exercise a very real check upon one's natural sympathy for Germany. I am surprised, too, that Mr. Dawson should have so much to say about the Franco-Polish military alliance, while he professes ignorance of the notorious military alliance between Germany and the Soviet Government.

Germany under the Treaty is an appeal to England's sense of justice, yet only too often it reads like a pamphlet directed against France. Versailles has seen insolence other than that of M. Clemenceau. Was it necessary, for instance, in 1871, to choose Versailles as the place where William I of Prussia should be declared Emperor of Germany? We should never have heard the end of it if Napoleon I had insisted upon an imperial coronation at Potsdam.

E. W.

PLACE NAMES

The Place Names of Northamptonshire. By J. E. B. GOVER, A. MAWER, and F. M. STENTON. *Cambridge University Press.* 18s.

The publications of the English Place-name Society may well seem very dry bread; and for every thousand, perhaps even ten thousand people, interested in mystification by crime or the loves of lido ladies, only one will be interested in the solution and beauty of such complexities as "Moreton Pinkney 83 F 6. Morton (c) 1086 D.B. et passim (juxta Assbeby canonicomm) 1317 Ass. (Pynkenye) 1346 Cl." which might easily be a clue to hidden treasure or the work of a mind working out its crime by algebra. The layman, coming upon a volume of place-names, will merely turn to the place in which he was born or in which he lives, noting what changes that time has made or what little change it has made on a name as familiar to him as his own. He will be equally astonished that what was Haregrave in 1086 is Hargrave to-day, and that the Asinciran of c.980 is the Thorpe Achurch of to-day. And very likely he will not believe it. Yet, if he is an old man, he may still use a pronunciation that his forefathers used and be laughed at by his grandchildren for perpetuating it. In the Nene valley men still refer to Isthlingborough as Artleborough, not suspecting that they use the sixteenth-century form. The compilers have had the good sense to secure here, for the first time, the co-operation of "some two hundred of the elementary and secondary schools in the county in the collecting and recording of field-names as they exist at the present day." This has added some spice to what is admittedly rather plain bread. But how far from complete this field-name record is it hard to judge; certainly one could name dozens of field names in districts where only one or two are given by the authors, who do in fact seem to be conscious of the incompleteness of their record. But this is the only blemish on a splendid volume, the task of compiling which must surely have been colossal. It ought to be read by all those who travel England in search of such lovely names as

Farthingstone and Stowe Nine Churches, Moreton Pinkney and Silverstone, Hinton in the Hedges and Cold Ashby and Yelvertoft and Floore, Collyweston and Fotheringhay and Rockingham and Eye.

H. E. BATES

BEYOND THE TAMAR

Cornwall and the Cornish. By A. K. HAMILTON JENKIN.
Dent. 6s.

Mr. Jenkin has won for himself the position of Cornwall's principal contemporary historian. His *The Cornish Miner* has attained the status of a classic in its kind. The present volume unaffectedly tells the story of everyday Cornish life from Elizabethan times onward; and many readers will be struck by the "un-English" psychology disclosed. The average Cornishman and Cornishwoman of to-day are, of course, outwardly much like the rest of us; but, examined a little more intimately, we still find that queer blend of quick-wittedness and obstinacy, of cunning and courtesy, of self-preservativeness and emotional abandon, which those who have long lived among them have generally been forced to recognise.

Mr. Jenkin, in this volume, is concerned more with the past than with the present; but he euphemistically suggests the persistence of the traits of mind and character I have enumerated. The Cornish coast is now pretty much in the hands of visitors, or "furriners," and those who minister to their wants. But in the old mining areas further inland may still be found evidence of the mental attitude of the Cornish people of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The two outstanding events in Cornish history during the last couple of centuries are undoubtedly the development and decline of tin mining, and the invasion of the county by John Wesley. It is the story of Wesley's crusade and of its direct consequences that constitutes, perhaps, the most interesting section of this book. In telling the story Mr. Jenkin is not unduly preoccupied with the narrowly religious aspects of the propaganda. Many a modern tourist will enter sympathetically into Wesley's one-time protest to his companion, as they were riding together: "We ought to be thankful there are plenty of blackberries; for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst that I ever saw for getting food." The great missionary found the prestige of organised religion in Cornwall at its lowest ebb. The Church was as good as dead; and yet so great was the enthusiasm called into being by this remarkable man that to-day there is scarcely a hamlet in Cornwall without its little Wesleyan chapel—not a few of them built by the unpaid hands of those who first worshipped in them. The Cornish local preachers have a niche in history all to themselves. Stories both of their zeal and of their humour are innumerable; and many typical ones are told in Mr. Jenkin's book. These men took a true artist's pride in their work. When I was in medical practice in Cornwall, some thirty years ago, I remember my young groom boasting of his brother's increasing accomplishment as a preacher and a prayer. "He do never come out of a house where he's been praying, but he do leave every body in the house sobbing like babies." Miss E. B. Vivian, of Camborne, gave Mr. Jenkin a vivid account of the manner of a celebrated local preacher, Soli Stone, who always took off his coat when preaching in warm

weather, "in order to give his arms more freedom." "Now, bretheren," he would exclaim, "I'm going to tell 'ee this evening a bit about heaven—'eaven! why what do a passel of people from up Troon know about 'eaven? Howsomedever, let's ask Abr'am 'bout it, 'ee ben up there a braa while. Hi theer! Abr'am!" (placing his hands to form a trumpet, and straining earnestly towards the ceiling), "what soort of place is 'eaven. Tell us a bit about it, can 'ee?" "Glory upon glories, my son," came the solemn reply. "Oh that so; es a?" said the preacher, continuing the dialogue; "why I thoft as much, but these 'eer Troon people wouldn't believe it. Now, my friends, let's hear what 'Lijah got to tell us"; following this up with, "Come down, thou great Jehovah, and bring thy stone hammer along with 'ee and scat the hard hearts of this wicked and perverse people." On another occasion, in a West Cornwall chapel, the preacher announced the opening of his sermon with the solemn words: "In my Father's house are many mansions." Immediately a look of incredulity passed over the faces of the congregation, and on his repeating the text for the second time flesh and blood could stand it no longer. "Tes nothen' more than a great strammin' lie what thee'r't telling," cried out an indignant farmer. "We do all know well enough that your father's house haven't got but three rooms in it—and one of them's no bigger than a pig's crow." This particular form of art still thrives when I lived in Cornwall a very few decades ago; but I expect that it is now to be ranked among the curious and antique.

Mr. Jenkin has an entertaining series of chapters on Cornish folk-lore and superstitions, more than a little of which has contemporary validity. Charmers still practice their craft and, in spite of the sceptics, still obtain results which science as yet has neither explained nor explained away. As our author tells us, however, "of Piskies and giants, the average Cornishman of to-day knows little and cares less. He has probably never visited the holy wells and prehistoric remains which lie but a few miles from his door, has never seen a Cornish chough, nor heard of its associations with King Arthur." He leaves all those to the "furriners." His own interests are more sternly practical.

HARRY ROBERTS

ECONOMICS AND HISTORY

Cartels and Trusts. Their Origin and Historical Development from the Economic and Legal Aspects.
By Dr. ROMAN PIOTROWSKI. *Allen and Unwin. 15s.*

If economists were better historians and historians better economists both these branches of knowledge would certainly advance very much more rapidly than either of them is at present able to do. But as a rule the theoretical economist will have nothing to do with history, and the historian is prone to regard economic history as the merest *parvenu*, and to relegate it to a quite subordinate place among historical studies. It can be said for Dr. Piotrowski that in this book he does attempt to approach the problem of industrial combination from a historical standpoint, and to make plain that there is nothing novel save in scale in the forms of cartel and trust organisation which most economists regard as characteristic of the current phase of economic development. Dr. Piotrowski has no difficulty in showing that cartels and trusts are as old as industry or commerce on any significant scale. He finds them among the Phœnicians, among the Greeks of Asia Minor, under the Roman Empire, and again developing powerfully in the Middle Ages from the thirteenth century. In fact he brings out clearly that the period of *laissez faire* which followed the mechanical inventions of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries was but a brief interval in the long record of industrial combination of every sort and kind.

So far Dr. Piotrowski's book is of undoubted value, and the reading of it will be thoroughly salutary for those economists who have confined their studies to the purely modern forms of cartel and trust organisation. To the economic historian Dr. Piotrowski has far less to offer; for he attempts to cover an enormous field in a very inadequate space, with the result that he is able neither to give a sufficiently detailed account of the older combines which he describes, nor to set them adequately against the historical background of the periods in which they arose. Moreover, even of the available space Dr. Piotrowski devotes a quite undue proportion to splitting hairs with German economists who have written of late years on the problem of industrial combination. Most of his strictures on these economists are largely justified. In particular he is quite right in urging, as against many of the modern German

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