

Gil Robles began struggling for predominance under cover of a political coalition. Since then Lerroux has served as Prime Minister in every cabinet except the one that held office during the summer months of 1934, and then he was replaced by another member of the Radical Party, Samper, a Valencian lawyer. Nevertheless, Gil Robles remained decidedly the stronger man because he kept behind the scenes.

Lerroux has changed his political position as a result of changing party struggles and has survived the storms and adventures of fifty years. He can hardly be reproached if he has not remained exactly the same. His naïve personal arrogance and his natural conceit are the product of his Andalusian temperament. The capacity of this extraordinary man to conciliate others arises from his personal good nature, which is typically Andalusian, and his lack of revengeful spirit. Ever since Lerroux has been one of the men in whose hands the fate of the young Spanish Republic has rested, he has been a compromising and supple element and has remained one of the few individualists who have not thought solely of themselves and their own cliques but have considered the welfare and future of their fatherland.

### THREE KINGS

By GENERAL JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

**I** HAVE been greatly privileged in the kings I have known. There are three of them to whom I may briefly refer in this connection.

I came to know the King of Italy after the disaster of Caporetto. The War Cabinet deputed Mr. Lloyd George and myself to proceed to the Italian front and there on the spot to confer with the Italian and French Governments as to the best way to stabilize and stiffen that shattered front. I had myself been through occasions of national disaster before and knew the terrible symptoms only too well. But nothing in my experience could approach the breakdown in morale that met us in Italy. It was as if a mighty organization had been exploded and the fragments were scattering in all directions.

But there was one exception to this spirit of debacle in the King of Italy. He was calm, collected, good humored, and smiling amid the débris of his army and the collapse of his people. He was the one man in Italy who faced the situation without fear and without flinching. Small in stature, he appeared to me a giant in spirit in that awful horror. And the rapid restoration of Italian morale was not only due to the French and British divisions and guns that were pouring into Italy but almost

as much to the spirit of the King, who was every inch a King and was the inspiration of his people in that grave crisis.

Then I knew another King who, even in a truer sense, was the soul of his people—King Albert of the Belgians. Him I came to know in his headquarters in that small corner of his country that was still held by his little army on the western front. But for King Albert Belgium would not have been saved. His soul was the shield and the defense of his land and his people. There are leaders whose soul upbears a whole people, who are their inspiration and refuge in the storms that destroy nations. Such was King Albert—a great king, a greater human. What William of Orange was to his people in their agony, Albert of Belgium was to his in the Great War. The same people, the same sort of crisis, and the same sort of national leader.

And then there was a third King whose friendship I was privileged to receive in those mighty times—our own King George V. Of him one speaks with a deeper note. I was privileged to come quite close to him on several grave occasions in his reign—in the Great War and again thereafter when the Black-and-Tan terror was on Ireland. I have met many of the great leaders of our time, and, in spite of occasional gibes and sneers at the leadership of our day, I think not a few will stand out for all time and will increase in stature with the roll of the years. It has been my practice to watch them, not only as leaders but as simple humans. All true greatness ultimately reduces to quite simple terms of humanity. When the position is lost and the pomp and circumstance go, when the pose can no longer impose and there is only the native strength of soul left, you take the size of the man, and you assign to him his rank and place impartially among the great and the simple.

With the King one never has the sense of position, or pose, or pomp. The centre of the mightiest and most successful group that has ever existed in history, he himself is simplicity itself. He requires no adventitious aids or props and is content to be simply himself. And that simple self is compact of sheer humanness, which gives him a tact, a sympathy, an intuitive understanding of others that are his resources of strength. His humanness, his simple integrity, sincerity, and goodness inspire you with respect, devotion, and—I must add—affection as nothing else could.

I have said before, and I repeat here, that, among the men I have known, some of the best human beings have been kings. You may have to go far among presidents and dictators to find humans like them. There are, of course, others, too, but it has not been my misfortune to meet them.

When you find yourself in the tumult and the shouting of the Jubilee celebrations, when you see a wild hurricane of excitement and enthusi-

asm all around, remember that at the centre of this human storm is a King who is a simple human, natural, sincere, truthful, whose life is spent for his peoples and who has no thought of self. He embodies the simple ideals that are the real achievements of the race. He believes in good faith, sportsmanship, fair play, and all the other items of the true gentleman's code. He wields no thunderbolts, rattles no sword, and has a contempt for the vanities that lure others to their fate. And, as his reward, he has the loyalty and affection of his many peoples all over the world. His empire does not grow old or effete but rejuvenates itself with an ever-growing idealism. And the time-honored ideals of our race remain the undebased coinage of his realm.

*God Save the King.*

#### LAWRENCE AS A FRIEND

By L. B. NAMIER

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

I HAD a slight acquaintance with Lawrence in our undergraduate days but knew nothing about him. A day or two after war had been declared, he took me to a disused rifle range in North Oxford to practise shooting. I do not remember how I fell in with him that day, nor where he got the rifle, and it strikes me only now that this cannot have been his first visit to the range. With what plans or dreams had he been practising there?

After that for several years I heard nothing of him, for only when I met him in the lounge of the Hotel Majestic at the Paris Conference in a colonel's uniform did I realize that he was 'Lawrence of Arabia.' We do not easily credit our friends with anything surprising, or, inversely, extraordinary things surprise us in those we think we know.

It was in 1920, when I was at Balliol and he was at All Souls, that I came to know him. He was accessible and communicative, and there must be hundreds of people who have known him as well as I or better. He was retiring and yet craved to be seen, he was sincerely shy and naïvely exhibitionist. He had to rise above others and then humble himself, and in his self-inflicted humiliation demonstrate his superiority. It was a mysterious game that amused or puzzled some, annoyed or put off others. A deep cleavage in his own life lay at the root of it. I wonder whether he himself ever knew why he did it or, rather, had to do it.

One day in 1926 I met him at the gate of the British Museum in his private's uniform.

'Hullo, Lawrence.'