

Our Betters

as "Our Betters" do. What often happens is that the son returns to his home unfitted to carry on the work which his father's energy initiated. And what has he got in return? The right to wear a coloured ribbon round his straw hat! Those precious years between eighteen and twenty-four have been wasted—those precious years in which he should have passed many a milestone on the road of life. He emerges from the University barren of initiative; he is no longer an individual; he is but a devotee of good form. The factory over which he should have presided is run by a salaried manager; the foreigner outstrips him in the competition; he has not the pride in that which his father made, in that which made his father. He is a vietim to "Our Betters." But he has become a gentleman.

And what is a gentleman? A gentleman is one who does not care a button whether he is one or not. It has always seemed to me that the greatest men I have met in life have been distinguished by a simplicity and a naturalness, the counterpart of which one only finds in peasants.

I remember the thing which struck me most when I first visited the House of Lords was the extraordinarily careless manner in which the peers were attired. They appeared to be a