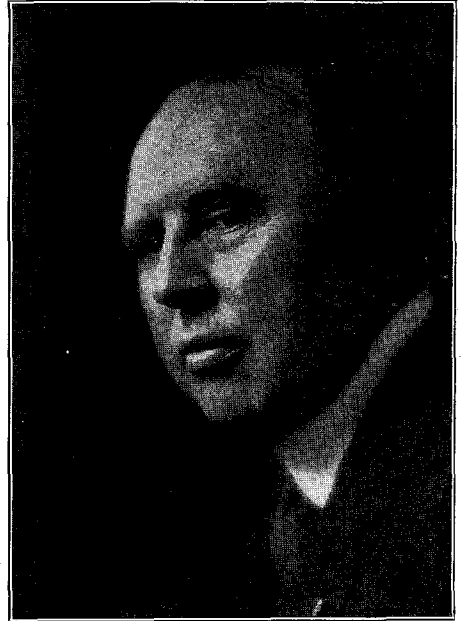


Governments fall and governments rise,
nations are abolished and new ones

With the made, men rise to fame
Passing of over night and heroes
Time do their duty, strange
new monstrous crea-

tures of human ingenuity rear their mechanical frightfulness in the battle's storm centre, ideas spread like wild-fire over continents and Democracy "camouflages" in varied forms about the world. Then in the littlest things of life, too, there are events. Mr. Hearst is pleased to exemplify the roaring lion that we are taught to believe seeketh whom it may devour, Mayor Thompson (he of Chicago) continues at large, while the People's Council have not where to lay their heads. Recently our neighbour, *The New Republic*, became so excited over the "war after the war" that it devoted two leading editorials in the same issue to this subject and, *mirabile visu*, these editorials are diametrically opposed to each other in belief and policy. We quote: Page 116, "Economic war after the war has received its final quietus"; page 123, "the economic war that must inevitably follow the war" (no, no, the editors, all of them, are sober, learned gentlemen; even we ourselves know one of them very well). But what affects us most nearly and dearly, what brings with it a touch of sorrow, even a feeling of per-



THE LATEST PICTURE OF GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON. HIS "GREEN FANCY" WAS PUBLISHED LAST MONTH

sonal loss, is the recent defection of one of THE BOOKMAN's old friends—a man whom we have never met, but of whom we had become so fond that the loss of his monthly advice involuntarily prompts the bitter cry of "enemy within." "F. P. A." no longer finds fault with THE BOOKMAN. *O tempora, O mores!*

AUTUMN

BY CHARLES EDEY FAY

BRAVE Summer's bugles sing retreat,
Her routed splendours all are gone,
And in the distance fades the sound
Of sunburnt legions tramping on.

But loud the shout and high the song
That fill the laughing countryside,
As Autumn's bronzed battalions wave
Their flaming banners far and wide.

The asters with their purple plumes,
The sumac red and golden-rod
Lift up their ancient triumph hymn,
While all the wayside burns with God.

MADRID TO MOROCCO

BY ISABEL ANDERSON

(Mrs. Larz Anderson)

They have scattered olive branches and
rushes on the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the
Campeador's feet;

With tapestry and broidery their balconies
between,
To do his bridal honour, their walls the
burghers screen.

They lead the bulls before them all covered
o'er with trappings;
The little boys pursue them with hootings
and with clappings;
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his
ass goes prancing,

'Midst troops of captive maidens with bells
and cymbals dancing.

—*Old Spanish Ballad.*

A ROAR rises from the Carrera San Hieronimo. Cries of fakirs, calls of men selling papers or lottery tickets, warnings of coachmen. Every now and then a band goes by, playing in the curious muffled manner of the Spanish, with sudden wild bursts of the fanfare and the drums. On the corner there is the music of the blind guitarists and the singing of a child, and a bagpipe which a man blows into whenever there is



THE ROYAL WEDDING IN MADRID. "THE COACHES WERE GLORIOUSLY PAINTED WITH ARMORIAL BEARINGS AND LACQUERED IN COLOURS AND GOLD"