

that was at fault, and his taste in Music or Painting would probably have been at the same level. Moreover children do not resent what they cannot understand in Poetry, and they generally have a keener sense for beauty than Dr. Johnson had—indeed, if he would have become again as a little child, he might have liked *Lycidas* very well. Anatole France has put this matter so admirably that I will end my paper by transcribing the words in which he tells his own experience.

“Il y avait dans réccit un grand nombre de termes que j’entendais pour la première fois et dont je ne savais pas la signification; mais l’ensemble m’en sembla si triste et si beau que je ressentis, à l’entendre, un frisson inconnu; le charme de la mélancholie m’était révélé par une trentaine de vers dont j’aurais été incapable d’expliquer le sens littéral. C’est que à moins d’être vieux, on n’a pas besoin de beaucoup comprendre pour beaucoup sentir. Des choses obscures peuvent être des choses touchantes, et il est bien vrai que le vague plait aux jeunes âmes.”

PHILHARMONIC “OVERTURE, 1812”

His baton stays in air, then struck, begins
 The evening’s symphony where answers lurk
 For all the human wants and all chagrins.
 But if the soul craves stuff of sturdier note,
 The leader comes, impulsive for his work,
 The cymbals clashed, bass-viols, strett’ of horns
 And wind of flutes and bang of drums connote
 The soldier’s strife, as when Tchaikovsky mourns
 His Russia’s lost Napoleonic stir
 In martial strepitoso that denotes
 A Franco-Russian fight where bullets whir
 And cavalry clanks, and all above it floats
 The clangor of a sweeter chime from spire—
 While national anthems flame the warrior’s fire.

J. L. LANE, JR.

THE RETURN OF THE TURK

By ALBERT HOWE LYBYER

THE world has been so full of miracles during the last dozen years that it takes a very great one to attract notice. Perhaps the greatest of all has been the restoration to a place of prominence and influence of the Turkish government and people. Four years ago the Turks seemed down and out. Their man-power was terribly depleted, their finances were utterly wrecked, their army was dispersed, and much of their territory was occupied by enemies. Most of all, their spirit was supposed to be broken thoroughly. Not only did it seem a foregone conclusion that their power would be expelled from Europe, but there seemed little prospect that they would continue anything like an independent existence in Asia. Today the circumstances are very different. We have seen at Lausanne a poised balance, in one side of which lay the diplomacy of England, France and Italy, not to mention Japan, Greece, and the American talking observers, while in the other pan lay only the sword of nationalist Turkey. The Turks might also have had the influence of the Soviet government, but on the whole they disdained it. In fact they did not need it. They alone swung in equilibrium with all the Entente powers, and finally had sufficient courage to reject the terms that were submitted to them. What sixty million Germans had not dared to do in June of 1919 seven or eight million Turks did in January of 1923.

How can such a marvelous recovery of power be explained? Is it real or is it only apparent? Are the Turks at a temporary dizzy eminence, from which they will presently fall headlong, or will they be able to maintain an equal, almost a defiant, position among the nations? These are difficult questions.