

for that reason, why do we not tell our host of all these pathetic folk below his windows? If we do, he will ask them in, and the mirage will be complete."

So he did. There were some pretty

girls among them, and the party became a ball. The music went on and on and on; for, happily, the swallows that herald the dawn in Venice were still asleep in their nests.

IVORY

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

OH, what are you selling where market ways narrow,
'Neath windows of fate through their yashmaks agleam?
Pearls for princesses, paints for the wanton?
Muslin of moon-webs, or damascened dream?
Ivory! Ivory! Cry my brave ivory!

Crosses and rosaries, wan with the pallor
Of penitent lips that their pureness have pressed;
Fair, carven caskets, by sandalwood haunted,
Safe and secure for a secret at rest.
Ivory! Ivory! Cry my pale ivory!

Ivory that still has the tusk in it, ruthless—
Scimitar-shaped to a blade swift to rend
Leaves letting light in on love that is lasting—
Proof on the script of a treacherous friend.
Ivory! Ivory! Cry my sharp ivory!

Buy of me dagger-hilts, ear-rings, and trinkets—
Quaint battered flotsam from China's far seas;
Mandarins, chessmen, fan-handles, mirrors—
Will you not buy of me treasures like these?
Ivory! Ivory! Cry my rare ivory!

Go your way! Sell your wares! Fate send you fortune!
The road to the Dream from the market is long;
I have built me a lodge in a garden of lilies—
A tower of ivory, matchless and strong!
Ivory! Ivory! Cry my fair ivory!

EXPANDING JAPAN

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

TALK of war with Japan has recently been heard in our Senate. Just as we were relaxing from the great effort against Germany, this old bugaboo has been raised again. The ostrich policy of ignoring danger never prevented any war. "Drift" is what we have most to fear. If we want peace, we must prepare to prevent war. We must think about it.

An important element in our relations with Japan is relative size. Not only in mileage is our country larger than the Japanese Islands; in almost every sense it is more spacious. Masses of statistics could be marshaled to emphasize this contrast. The most impressive have to do with the food-supply. This subject is treated ably in King's *Farmers of Forty Centuries*. He was an agricultural expert, and just as Ruskin saw nothing in Venice but works of art, so King's sole interest in the Orient was the marvelous farmcraft, the infinite capacity for taking pains, by which these ancient peoples have wrung a living from their meager fields.

If we made a graphic chart, with one square representing the amount of land per capita of our farmers, and another on the same basis for Japan, it would look like the socialist diagrams of the unequal distribution of wealth in capitalistic society. Our share is almost ten times theirs. They have an appalling number of mouths to feed for every acre of arable land.

This terrific overcrowding influences the whole structure of their society. A sparse frontier community can get along with informal lynch law, while a dense population requires detailed legislation and rigid traditional customs. There is no need of a food administrator where

there is plenty to eat, but in a beleaguered city it is necessary to ration all the means of life. Formal, careful manners, control—discipline—are needed in a crowd. So not only in our acreage, but also in our habits of thought, we are more favored than Japan.

We have grown wastefully rich in peace. The New Era in Japan began with the imminent threat of foreign aggression. The first task of the Japanese "Reorganizers" was to imitate the militarism of Christendom, which menaced them. Their achievements have been marvelous—but very expensive. They are still burdened by the heavy debts of the Russian War and their army budget in times of peace has been excessive. In the war crisis we sent to France one man for every fifty of our population. The Japanese have kept a larger percentage of their manhood in arms continually. They have not only had to make every acre yield more food than we do; they have had to stretch every gold coin much thinner.

The effect of these contrasts, between our large-scale farming with tractors and the intensive hand labor of their rice-fields, between our easy wastefulness and their intense thrift, is felt in every branch of life. It might be summed up by comparing our sky-scrapers with their cloissoné vases. The grand design *versus* the intimate detail.

There is much antagonism, instinctive, unreasoning, in this contrast—the background of our relations. We may wax enthusiastic over the precision and haunting charm of their minutia—but to most of us it seems a bit moribund. They may be thrilled and somewhat awed by the great sweep of our concep-