

earlier, supplies a vigorous article from a diametrically opposite point of view. Following a review of the situation at the time, the writer says: 'Such is the outcome of the war into which William II of Hohenzollern, with his bombastic *Nun wollen wir sie dreschen*, plunged us five years ago, supported by his eldest son's vulgar *Immer feste d'ruff*. These are two of the principal culprits, who by their stupidity, conceit, and ignorance of the world have left a mark upon history which they were only enabled to inflict by reason of the ridiculous tradition according them a right to reign instead of to work in a social position suited to their capacity. And, as if we had not long since had enough of these troublesome creatures, the world is still quarrelling about what to do with them. . . . What man with any greatness in his soul would remain skulking in his hiding place as William the Puny is now doing? . . . He told us a while ago that, rather than be exposed to the ignominy of a trial, he would die by his own hand. Bombast and rant! The ignominy of his flight and the ignominy of his concealment are far greater than the ignominy of a trial. . . . In any

case, the nations need never fear him any more. We now know his true character. Not only is he no Napoleon; he is not even a Stuart. Pshaw! Let Germany and England and everybody else forget him and his heir! Neither the one nor the other is worth the breath and the ink spent upon them.' The writer proceeds to argue that, while a trial is now unnecessary, an impartial inquiry into the origin and conduct of the war would be of value. By forcing the German Government to admit their country's guilt the Conference thought to produce an unquestionable proof for all time of Germany's responsibility for the war, but in this it overreached itself, as the very methods by which it was obtained invalidate it. In neutral countries and in Germany many who were previously convinced believers in Germany's guilt have been rendered skeptical by the over-anxiety displayed by the Entente. It might be well, therefore, to set up an unbiased court, with every facility for studying the necessary documents, with a view to a clear and complete report; this would do more to reconcile the nations than all the efforts of the Paris Conference.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Harold Cox is a distinguished economist known for his long and consistent fight against the dogmas of Socialism. He is also the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

* * *

E. T. Raymond is the author of the successful book *Uncensored Celebrities*.

Max Beerbohm, novelist and caricaturist, will be remembered by readers of *THE LIVING AGE* as the author of *Savonrola*, the Shakespearian burlesque recently reprinted in these pages.

* * *

A. Emil Davies, writer and lecturer on finance, is General Manager of the British, Foreign, and Colonial Corporation.

FINE EVENING

BY SYLVIA LYND

To-night the sky is like a rose
Above the little town,
A petal fallen from a rose
The chalk-pit on the down.

The ancient vane is gilt again,
And every roof is warm,
And brightly burns a window-pane
In some far distant farm.

The gentle hill, the gentle sky
Lie close as close-shut lips,
Softly and very secretly
Day toward darkness slips.

And every tree its arms puts out
To clasp the passing light,
And every bud puts up its mouth
To kiss the day good-night —

The elm trees all on tiptoe stand
Day's going to behold,
Like little children hand-in-hand
With hair of misty gold —

So slowly that she seems to stay,
So slowly does she pass!
But trace we may the steps of day
Translucent in the grass.

To-night her going is as kind
As if that she stood still,
And we, by climbing, noon should find,
Full noon, behind the hill,

The Nation

MIST MIRAGE

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

Summer days, the golden downs
Change as sunlight breaks or frowns;
Dreaming in the night, they lie
Naked to the cold moon's eye.

Winter's grass is starven white,
Stiffen'd by the sheep's close bite;
And the wrinkl'd darks declare
The faltering footfalls of the hare.

Dewy are the coombes and green
Where the rabbits bunch and preen:
Softfoot there you walk, and tread
On the vanished ocean's bed.

But when the soft wet southeast wind
Drives the mist that shrouds them
blind,
Then do the antic hills retake
The semblance of their pristine make.

Then they rise in cliff and wall,
Then you may hear the sea-birds call,
Hear far below waves break and crash,
And spending waters run awash;

Hear the shingles, when the wave
Sucks them backward, harshly rave:
Where you walked on loamy sward
The hungry sea is overlord.

The New Statesman

ROSA MYSTICA

O soul of many suns! Quintessent fire
Of all the mystic slow-expiring spheres
Where through my soul, for long gray-
shrouded years

Of barren questing, sought its far
desire!

Lure of the Syrian Song and Sapphic
lyre —

Mistress of all the passion-weary tears
Of the world's ebbing youth — that
thinks it hears

The rustle of Thy dusky-gemmed
attire

Like golden bells rung in the close of
day,

And fades in rapture — bid me too
draw nigh

With tears and song and laughter like
the rest

Naught asking save acceptance:
doubly blest,

If, when mine own sweet hour be come
to die,

I fall a little nearer Thee than they.

Athenæum