

were accompanied by at least as great a measure of self-government as was conceded in this case.

There are dangers, too, in an arrangement of this kind which are not serious when it is confined to one comparatively small firm, but would loom large if it became common. For the consumer, there is the risk that employers and employed may form a profiteering alliance, since the employed are given a direct interest in prices and sales. For labor, there is the

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risk that allegiance to the firm may compete with and undermine allegiance to the union.

At the same time, the demand for 'self-government in industry' will have to be faced sooner or later. Here is a plan conceived on bold lines, worked out in detail and put into operation. It may not be suitable for imitation in every particular, but it will at least provide suggestions and warnings that may help towards the solution of the problem.

AN EAST END RABBI

BY LEOPOLD SPERO

PALE winter sunlight filters through the panes
Murky with dirt neglected, and it falls
Across rude benches and discolored walls
And on the single figure that remains
Huddled above a holy book, and strains
A dim eye to the Hebrew capitals.
Out in the shabby street a hawker calls,
A wagon rattles harshly, and the trains
Roar over sounding arches. But the old
Graybeard, his tall hat low upon his ears,
His Sabbath frock coat caught in timid fold
Around his knees, his palms beneath his chin,
Deaf to the world, sits kingly, drinking in
The golden wisdom of departed years.

The Poetry Review

TALK OF EUROPE

ANOTHER GERMAN VIEW OF AMERICAN TROOPS

A COBLENZ journal has printed the following essay on our troops:

A person who was in Coblenz two weeks ago and witnessed the passage of our troops through the city knows how warmly and cordially they were entertained. To-day our field gray uniforms have disappeared from the streets and the latter are thronged with khaki colored 'conquerors.' We have become so used to sudden changes of late years that our temperamental Rhinelanders have accommodated themselves to the new situation with rare adaptability and contentedness.

It is fortunate that we do so and have avoided any unpleasant incidents. Our new masters do not make the path difficult for us — certainly not in Coblenz.

The thing that speaks most in favor of the occupying forces is that the children have speedily made friends with them. The sentry posts are usually surrounded by a crowd of children and I recently came across an American guard who was playing horse with two little shavers. To be sure, the good relations have been clouded somewhat since the children are no longer permitted on the street after dark. This measure, the order forbidding public meetings, and the introduction of west European time, are up to the present the only changes that the new authorities have inaugurated.

One thing more! These gentlemen from abroad appear to have resolved upon restoring some of the courtesies that have fallen into disuse during the course of the war. They stand up in the crowded electric cars and offer their seats to any women, even though they be peasant girls. This is a custom that surprises us, habituated as we are to the rough ways of war time, like a memory from the ancient past. They make way for ladies on the sidewalks and step aside to let them enter the shops first.

Indeed, the ladies in Coblenz have been much astonished at the excessive gallantry of the Yankees. But the astonishment is mutual. The characteristic attitude of both the strangers and the natives is mutual curiosity. Recently, a number of French uniforms have appeared. They call up a different sentiment, but it is wise to conceal that.

Yes, mutual curiosity. Several regiments with flying banners and martial music entered the city. The children in the streets stared but remained impassive. One said, 'Is that supposed to be music? A man cannot march to that.' He was quite right. No effort was made to keep in step. Each instrument and each pair of feet kept its own time. The musical people of Coblenz shook their heads.

We observe with a sort of satisfaction that the strangers buy samples of all the substitutes they see in the shop windows as mementos. The only thing that surprises them is that the Germans will not sell their iron crosses. They consider them such interesting trophies that they offer considerable sums for them. Up to the present, however, so far as I know, they have not secured a single specimen. Coblenz is certainly the most fortunate of all the occupied cities. Let us hope it remains so. Both parties smilingly accommodate themselves to what is unavoidable. But we note one saddening fact. There are many Americans whose parents and whose wives were born in Germany, who do not know a single word of our language.

THE FUTURE OF YPRES

THE Belgian Government has decided that Ypres shall be left as it is, and a new city erected near the old. The old ruins, the skeletons of once lovely buildings rising from a heap of rubble, will thus remain for future generations as a warning and a memorial, a warning against the consequences of war, a memorial to a generation sacrificed in the attempt to end war. The