

contented. My wife, who has a tender heart for all animals, came to the conclusion that the poor animal was being ill-treated by the sailors, and I was compelled to write to the head constable, begging him to make inquiries. The answer I received was that, so far from being ill-treated, the seal, after giving several successful street-corner performances, was found in a lodging-house asleep between its two masters! Whereupon my wife, not to be balked of her grievance, wrote to the head constable and told him that, if the seal had suffered no physical acts of cruelty, the age and cut of the old top hat must have caused it excruciating "moral and intellectual" agony.'

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN

(Selected Definitions from the Westminster Gazette)

DEFINE me, someone, if you can,
The elusive term of gentleman.

Says Vere de Vere, 'A man is he
Of pure blue-blooded ancestry.'

Says Newman Prig, 'He's best defined
As one who has a cultured mind.'

Says Midas, 'Culture? Blood? Pooh! Dash!
The true criterion is cash.'

Says Priest, 'He is in thought, deed, word,
A Christ-like person — Church preferred.'

Says Books, 'Whoever in he lets,
He never fails to pay his bets.'

'T is clear enough he's one,' says Shirk,
'Who for his living does n't work.'

'A pal,' cries Bella Flapps, 'who's prime
At giving girls a top-hole time.'

'A real gent,' says Ikey Chink,
'Don't know the price of anything.'

Between these various views they voice,
Come, pay your cash, and take your choice.

R. M. Freeman.

THE French Government has decided that the familiar red trousers which have for so many years formed part of the uni-

form of the French soldier shall no longer be used. An official notice recently issued states that, with the exception of the *képi*, pre-war uniforms are now definitely abolished and their manufacture prohibited. The Chasseur battalions will retain their special uniform and the Colonial and African troops their khaki, but the rest of the army will be clad in the horizon blue adopted during the war.

Officers possessing the old uniforms, including red trousers, are allowed two years in which to wear them out, but are strictly forbidden to wear portions of both the old and the new-style uniform at the same time.

A *Daily Chronicle* man who interviewed Mr. Shaw at his residence in Adelphi Terrace, where he had returned after a sojourn out of town, did not find him very enthusiastic on the subject at all.

'Beer,' he confessed, 'is a subject that has never inspired me. I have been a teetotaler all my life.'

'What then do you suggest as the alternative to the trade proposals?'

'Put the whole thing into the melting pot,' said Mr. Shaw. 'The question before the whole of the civilized world is—shall it go wet or dry?'

'But as long as we have public houses, you admit that a model can be set up, and houses should be reformed?'

For the moment, Mr. Shaw appeared nonplused. Had so profoundly serious a subject as beer dried up for once his unending flow of high comedy? Seizing a large and handsome carafe of pure and sparkling water, he filled a deep goblet, and drained it to the last drop. Thus fortified, he spoke:

'The trade proposals are a sign and a portent,' he said, 'but that is all. Ever since I have been alive the brewers have been going to reform the public house. They have never done so, because if they did, there would no longer be any public houses.'

'You mean that a reformed public-house is a private house?'

'No, I mean that the public would never stand such a thing as a reformed public house. The trade think it will be a good thing if they put their house in order. But

if they are going to put their houses in order, then they are going to knock all the jollity out. What possible point can there be in a brewer making his public house an orderly Christian place? If the trade were to declare that they were going really to alter public houses by making them places for all sorts of jollification, hilarity, and uproarious merriment, I can quite understand and well believe that a great and enthusiastic public would rally round them. But if the trade's idea is to turn all our public houses into an orderly sort of Young Men's Christian Association meeting places, well, then, all I can say is that the trade is doomed!

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO has addressed the following proclamation to the Italian people in the name of the Provisional Government of Fiume:

'Italians, Italian brothers, the spirit has overthrown arrogance and insult and set the darkness aglow. The Italians of Garibaldi have listened to the lacerating shriek of Fiume and are firm at Fiume, and stout of heart. Our brothers of Fiume are not sheep for sale. Nor is the holy city a city for bargaining. Who dare wrench asunder

brothers from brothers? The world of to-day only has this pure craving Italian passion, this Italian wish. Italians against all and against everyone. Remember that at Fiume the pile is kindled and that two words alone make the speeches. O Italy! O death! From our Fiume we stretch out our hands to you. Arise to your feet and diffuse the faith throughout Italy. The defenders as well as the oppressors of Fiume have need of knowing and feeling what the Italy of victorious Venice is. Clench your teeth, clench your fists, have perfect harmony at the back of you. Do not fear reports designedly and iniquitously Austrian; discount them. God is with us, and because it is so everything will turn out as it was preordained in solemn form. Have faith; pray to the god of Italy, pray in the churches, in the squares, at home. Every spot is a temple. For Italian victory un mutilated, for the ancient and recent dead, for these brothers sacred to Italy and exultant to-day, for Fiume, her own sovereign, help us, Italians, help us! One sole wish should unite us in one sole thought. The sudatorium of our country to-day is Fiume. Our country's dignity to-day is in Fiume.'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Viscount Haldane, once British Secretary of State for War, was Lord Chancellor when the great war broke out. Assailed by the press, he gave over his office. Since the armistice, however, a reaction has taken place, and Lord Haldane is once more in favor.

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Stephen Graham, novelist and traveler, is perhaps the most distinguished of English students of Russian ways. Readers will recall his book known as *The Soul of Russia*.

Mr. Arthur B. Walkley is dramatic critic of the *Times*.

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André Gide is one of the younger masters of French prose. His *Prometheus Unbound* has just been published in an English translation.

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Ernest Newman is the musical critic of the *Observer*. Readers may recall his controversy with Mr. G. B. Shaw, a controversy in which Mr. Newman carried away the honors.