

Everyman Theatre to be the making, not of dividends, but of better citizens.

'What greatly militates against the probability of these conferences achieving substantial results is the fact that many of the members have come to Stratford with their own special pattern of fly, or bait (to use an angler's simile), the use of which is to work wonders if only someone will provide them with rod, reel, line, and a few other trifles.

'Before the discussion, Miss Elsie Fogerty read a letter received by her from Madame de Maratraye. "Englished" it ran as follows:

"May I ask you to act as our interpreter to express to the organizers of the Con-

ference our gratitude for the charming welcome given to us in that theatre which seems a temple of art. Those admirable actors; the happy blending of performers and audiences; the incomparable site of the little town; the impromptu friendliness of the proceedings, delighted us. We dream of returning next year, bringing with us a group of representatives of all forms of French dramatic art. What a pleasure it would be to me to introduce them to you."

'Miss Fogerty also stated that Miss Viola Tree would contribute to the proceedings of the Conference on Monday morning, when the subject will be "Music in the Theatre."

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Eden Phillpotts, once known best as a novelist, is now winning laurels as a poet and essayist.

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Oscar Browning, scholar and historian,

is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

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Mr. William Butler Yeats's last volume is entitled *The Wild Swans*. It has been reviewed in *THE LIVING AGE*.

THE ROMAN ROAD

BY E. LE BRETON MARTIN

I love the grass-grown Roman Road
Crossing the bosom of the downs,
To conjure up the life that flowed
From all the busy bygone towns.
Beneath the sward, the sullen ground
Once echoed to the rhythmic tread
Of marching legions, northward bound,
Marking the highway with their
dead.

I love to stand where Caesar stood
Gazing across the smiling shires,
The same clean wind that cooled his
blood
Tempers the sun's enlivening fires.
The dappled fields stretch far and wide
A gentler land than Caesar trod,
When ruthless Saxon hordes defied
The maker of the Roman Road.

The ramparts that hid fighting men
Are carpeted with green and gold,
The cave that was a wild beast's den
Now serves a ploughman's gear to
hold.
The road that echoed to the tread
Of marching legions, northward
bound,
Is but a highway of the dead,
Dear Nature's happy hunting
ground.

The Spectator

SONNET

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

Forget all these, the barren fool in
power,
The madman in command, the jealous
O,
The bitter world, biting its bitter
hour,
The cruel now, the happy long ago.
Forget all these, for, though they truly
hurt,
Even to the soul, they are not last-
ing things,

Men are no gods, men tread the city
dirt,
But in our souls we can be queens
and kings.

And I, O Beauty, O divine white
wonder,
On whom my dull eyes, blind to all
else, peer,
Have you for peace, that not the whole
war's thunder,
Nor the world's hate, can threat or
take from here.

So you remain, though all man's pas-
sionate seas
Roar their blind tides, I can forget all
these.

The Owl

SPORTING ACQUAINTANCES

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

I watched old squatting Chimpanzee:
he traced
His painful patterns in the dirt: I saw
Red-haired Orang-outang, whimsical-
faced,
Chewing a sportsman's meditative
straw:
I'd met them years ago, and half
forgotten
They'd come to grief (but *how*, I'd
never heard,
Poor beggars!); still, it seemed so rude
and rotten
To stand and gape at them with never
a word.

I ventured 'Ages since we met,' and
tried
My candid smile of friendship; no
success.
One scratched his hairy thigh, while
t' other sighed
And glanced away. I saw they liked
me less
Than when, on Epsom Downs, in
cloudless weather,
We backed the Tetrarch and got
drunk together.

The Owl