

who offers to retire if his opponent will find him an unfurnished flat. But how will all this end? In many circles the problem is being discussed unofficially, and with a shrug of the shoulders the refrain is: Everything comes right in time; things were worse during the war.

In the meantime the restaurants, the theatres, and the streets are full of pleasure-seekers. But who are the people we meet on Sunday mornings in the fashionable Avenue du Bois? There is scarcely room to turn in the wide thoroughfare, yet an habitué fails to recognize a friend. The smart, intelligent Parisian crowd has disappeared, and in its place we have men and women of all nationalities whom nobody seems to know. There are no doubt many French, but the expressions are not the same: they are not yet Parisians, and have neither acquired the right manner of dressing nor the way of walking that denote the habit of mixing with what is called society people, as, we say, *les gens du monde*. Paris is seeing the effect of the passing of wealth from those who have been accustomed to possess it to those who have newly obtained it.

How to describe the license on the Paris stage! We are not easily shocked, we are not averse to seeing as much as we can of a beautiful woman. But there was recently a revue at one of the popular playhouses (no, I will not give the name), where the fashion of semi-nudity was carried further than ever before. But nobody made a remark on the subject at this theatre. It is the fashion to talk of everything but what is before us. In the entr'actes the theatre empties, and the occupants of stalls and boxes alike meet in the passages outside the foyer, and talk of what they saw yesterday; of the pity a certain scene referring to Americans was not omitted in a revue; of the scandalous behavior of the man who arranged a woman's hair in the balcony of a theatre; of the lady covered in furs who drives a spirited bay in the Bois; of the charm of Mlle. Dorziat in the revival of *Les Sentiers de la Vertu*; of the price of laundry; of M. Clemenceau; of M. Klotz; of everything except the play they have come to see. Such is the 'snobbishness' of the moment.

## THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

**Arthur J. Balfour** has recently resigned the office of British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

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**Philip Gibbs**, novelist and war correspondent, has lately been lecturing in America, on his experiences at the front with the British troops.

**Georges Renard** is a distinguished French journalist.

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

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**Flinders Petrie** is perhaps the world's leading authority on the ancient Asiatic civilizations.

## OF A DEAD COMRADE

BY TREVOR ALLEN

*Stavros, November, 1918*

Comrade! A dirge of rain. The sky  
a shroud.

Pale autumn smouldering along the  
hills,

And flickering in the woods of sycamore.

Gray ships. The gray Ægean, singing  
loud

A requiem along the lonely shore.

A morning when the hospital instills  
A sadness in the misty, sodden air,  
An omen in the breakers' hollow roar,  
Tragedy in your mute shape lying  
there.

Over your body, comrade, they have  
set

A nation's flag to mark a nation's debt;  
And we who tend your passing,  
stretcher-borne,

Along these autumn avenues forlorn,  
Set at your resting place, to voice our  
loss,

A tribute, and a cross.

Comrade! Beyond a far ship's lifting  
bow,

Beyond the many homing ships that  
ride

The famed Ægean, flaunting England's  
pride,

Autumn is flaming in our England now.

Comrade! Of all the homing ships we  
view,

There is no ship on all the sea for you.

Even so. Anon, anon, a ship departs  
That leaves your grave untended on  
the hill,

But it shall bear you with us in our  
hearts;

Memory of you shall journey with us  
still;

We shall remember, seeing England's  
shore,

One who may see his England never-  
more.

The English Review

## THE SCARECROW

BY MICHAEL FRANKLIN (16)

A scarecrow stood in a field one day,

Stuffed with straw,

Stuffed with hay,

He watched the folk on the king's  
highway,

But never a word said he.

Much he saw but naught did heed,

Knowing not night,

Knowing not day,

For having naught, did nothing heed,  
And never a word said he.

A little gray mouse had made its nest,

Oh so wee,

Oh so gray,

In the sleeve of a coat that was poor

Tom's best,

But the scarecrow naught said he.

His hat was the home of a small jenny-  
wren,

Ever so sweet,

Ever so gay,

A squirrel had put by his fear of men  
And kissed him, but naught heeded he.

Ragged old man, I love him well,

Stuffed with straw,

Stuffed with hay,

Many's the tale that he could tell,

But never a word says he.

The Poetry Review

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## AGE

BY M. E. MASON

Age cometh on apace,

I look upon her face —

And have no fears.

I gaze into her eyes,

And they are wondrous wise,

Clear-washed by tears.

In their twin depths serene

Are hints of dawns unseen,

Beyond the stars —

And written on her brow,

Beneath a crown of snow,

Peace after wars.

The Poetry Review