

England to study. But Smuts lived too long in the centre of the British Empire to be able to escape its shadow. Undoubtedly he is a patriotic South African. No one doubts that for a moment. But he has nothing in common with the Boers of the 'old observance,' who want to be independent, without strings to their independence. On the contrary, he believes it a priceless advantage for South Africa to be a member of the Empire.

When the wrappings fell from the

statue and Oom Paul's figure gazed over the deeply moved throng, every man instantly bared his head and joined in the national hymn. If it is the purpose of a monument to preserve for posterity the personality of the man whom it represents, this statue by Van Wouw is one of the best I have ever seen. For the sculptor has succeeded in achieving the rare result of combining the human and the symbolical so perfectly that there is not the slightest clash between them.

LOVE'S PLANS

BY W. H. DAVIES

[*Spectator*]

I'll go into the country now
 And find a little house;
 And though its eyes are small, they shall
 Have heavy, leafy brows.
 A house with curtains made of leaves,
 Hanging from every stone;
 I'll pass before the windows oft,
 And it shall not be known.
 I'll have a garden full of flowers,
 With many a corner-place,
 Where Love can learn from spiders' webs
 To make her mats of lace.
 And though I scorn a painted skin,
 Think not my tongue could scold her,
 Should such fair things as butterflies
 Encourage her to powder.
 And if, when I've been out with some
 Bass-singing, belted bee,
 I take a drink or two myself —
 Will she not pardon me?

WHY GERMANY IS NATIONALIST. I¹

BY COLONEL LEBAUD, RETIRED

[EXCEPT for a few outstanding literary figures like Romain Rolland and Henri Barbusse, France's ultra-Nationalists almost monopolize attention in the foreign press. This article presents a different aspect of French opinion, and one by no means undeserving of attention.]

I KNEW Germany slightly before the war, having spent several vacations in that country. Visits to Berlin and Munich, and bicycle tours over her Imperial highways, had given me some insight into the German mind. I was therefore not an utter stranger when I got off the train in October 1921 at the station of Kaiserslautern in the Palatinate, where I had been ordered to report as second in command of the French garrison.

I was glad to join the Army of Occupation. Having traveled over Germany as a civilian tourist, a little intimidated by her *Verboten* signs, I now came back in uniform as one of the victors. How many times before the war I had dreamed, when passing through a German town, of marching through it in triumph behind a brass band playing the 'Sambre-et-Meuse'! My dream had in part come true.

But I was even more curious than elated. What was going on in Germany? How were our people getting along with the Boches? How did the latter regard us and treat us? Kaiserslautern is a city of sixty-five thousand people, two

thirds of whom are Protestants and one third Catholics. It is encircled by magnificent forests that come down to its very edge; and it manufactures furniture, bicycles, sewing machines, and many other things. The business centre is old, gray, and gloomy, although busy and animated; and the suburbs, which date from after 1870, have grown up planlessly, without conventional German regularity, and lack order and beauty — on the whole, a rather ugly place.

The people, who all seemed to wear angular, dull-colored clothing, did not impress me as sympathetic. When I met them on the street they would not look at me. But they showed no hostility — simply indifference. In a word, their attitude impressed me as dignified, and not obsequious as it had been immediately after the Armistice, when they still expected reprisals from us.

I could not look forward to a particularly agreeable time under these gray heavens and among these gray and sombre people, but I was pleased to think that the post promised at least variety. How many interesting problems it presented! And besides, I imagined that I might, in a modest way, be of some real service to my country.

I wanted to know at the outset how to conduct myself toward the inhabitants. 'What are our instructions on this point?' was my first question on arriving.

'Instructions? There are n't any. You don't have to conduct yourself

¹From *Le Progrès Civique* (Paris Radical weekly), February 6, 13