

This is the Muggletonian's faith,
 This is the God which we believe;
 None salvation-knowledge hath,
 But those of Muggleton and Reeve.
 Christ is the Muggletonians' king,
 With whom eternally they'll sing.

It is an exclusive faith, certainly; and yet, somehow or other, it disarms criticism. Even though one may not be of the elect oneself, one cannot but wish it well; one would be sorry if the time

ever came when there were no more Muggletonians. Besides, one is happy to learn that with the passage of years they have grown more gentle. Their terrible offensive weapon—which, in early days, they wielded so frequently—has fallen into desuetude; no longer do they pass sentence of eternal damnation.

The dreadful doom was pronounced for the last time on a Swedenborgian, with great effect, in the middle of the nineteenth century.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

Direttissimo

IN the Direttissimo Genova Pisa Roma our compartment was full; it was in fact crowded when the official's three sons squeezed around their father's knees or stood in the door. On one side by the window a man from Salerno and White Plains, tall, ruddy, big teeth and a sloping, dull head, sat; with a great bottle of red wine tucked under his elbow in the corner behind him. Next to him sat the government official, a faded man with features something in the style of Lloyd George, more honest and less effectual looking. He seemed kindly and a little vague, and interested in everyone. The third from the window was an older gentleman, tall and bulky, from Genoa. He was sceptical looking with rough blasts of dialect across his speech; and next, an engineer, a man of thirty-five.

On my side of the compartment the other American from White Plains had the seat by the window opposite his friend. He was a short and sodden figure. Next came the official's wife, with no hat, and with a black alpaca dustcoat buttoned clear up to the throat over whatever dress she might have on. She had a kind, neglected face with traces of lovely features still, though worn out with the family and life in general. On her lap leaned and sat and reclined a little girl of six, a pretty child smartly dressed in an Indian silk jacket flounced at the bottom and a tiny, flaring white skirt beneath. The daughter of the Genoese, eighteen or less, squeezed into the place beside the signora, and next to me sat a priest a little past thirty.

The American in the corner, aided by his good wine, had been talking ever since we left Genoa.

"Yes, you get five, ten, twelve dollars a day"—he was a mason, his friend also—"but what does that come to when there are strikes all the time and you got to spend what you saved up? Eh? Yes, and look what you have to pay for a place to live, for one room! In America you got to remember there's lots of"—he went on loudly and foolishly talking his blurred statistics, first to the official, to the Genoese, to the signorina, the signora, all of whom listened only by turns and not eagerly.

Did we know why he was coming to Italy now? To see about his young lady. He was an American

citizen, had taken out his papers during the war, and oughtn't his fidanzata be an American citizen if she was his wife? Eh? He had written this to Washington but he didn't know; they never did anything for him down there, some law—and he was coming over to Salerno himself for her. That would not concern the quota. That was best.

The signorina said alertly that yes, undoubtedly that was best, and the signora, the official's wife, said that surely the American government would let a man's wife go around with him.

This tangent stole the conversation somewhat away from the American citizen and his business in White Plains and money, populations and subways and large buildings. When he left off talking he joined his comrade in sleep and was soon snoring. The official could tell you a great deal on the score of the government. He had served in many places—mark the list of them, all over Italy from Verona to Bari. They had had a beautiful house outside of Mantua—the signora said—only to leave it. But what can you do? Undoubtedly Mussolini, the Genoese gentleman said, had lost much during the past year. His power was waning, you could see that from many signs. The official and his signora shut their mouths. But still, the gentleman's daughter argued, we must admit that there was less smoke in these tunnels this year than last; now that was certainly better government.

The government was discussed until the engineer suddenly broke his silence by saying that the trouble in Italy was lack of system. Everything needed system. Exactly. Germany was the model for Italy. Look at the language even—*si prega di non sputare!* Good God! We beg that you will not spit on the floor. Look at German—*verboten*—strong, straight! And English—don't spit—smack down like your foot, what a difference!

I argued then that this courtesy in the words was as much a form of civilization as sanitation was. "Why not have both?" said I.

Civilization in both terms? The priest agreed, by Bacchus, *si, per Bacco!*

"But," said the engineer, "look at our language—no words for one thing after another, sleeping—

car, side-car, things by hundreds. Side-car, and no word for it in Italian."

"But," the priest said, "life consists of many things besides side-cars."

The Germans were the nation, the engineer said.

"Who could say that?" replied the priest. "Industrially if you like, mechanically, if you like, system if you like, but in other respects?"

"Kant," shouted the engineer. "Where's any Kant in Italy? Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer? In philosophy we had Croce, but he is past, out of date."

"Kant, yes," said the priest, "but Kant too is out of date, he is taught in the schools, in the history of philosophy and of method, but he has become merely historical."

"Our Italian student learns nothing in the universities," the engineer said.

"But Kant!" said the priest. "Saint Thomas is more fundamental and more enduring in modern thought."

Everyone discussed how much music the Germans might be said to have. "After all," said the engineer, "what do nations know of each other? The Turks are the most honest race in Europe."

This threw a bombshell into the company and everyone talked at once, the priest naturally leading. But who here had lived in Turkey? The engineer had for four years. The most honest race!

"Honest then in business," the priest thundered. "But look at their religion."

"It suits them," retorted the engineer.

"But, but"—the priest raised a warning finger straight up like Leonardo's John the Baptist—"we shall never forget how they murdered our sisters in Asia-Minor!"

Nobody could argue that point, and fortunately the engineer was getting off at Sesto Levante. The Genoese moved down and the priest changed to that side.

He begged to drop philosophy, he had done nothing for months but study for an examination, now past, and he was going to Rome. Parlons d'autres choses, pardon, what was the signore's book?

But the title was in English, which alas he did not read. The Genoese read that it was a book of Landor's essays. He began to talk of English literature and English thought. In his opinion English treatises were much clearer than Italian or even French. Philosophic writing at Oxford was clearer, more compact and simpler than Italian writing. He could not pronounce English but he loved English books. What a genius Hardy was, and Dickens! When he read the stories of Kipling he seemed to know the very people themselves, soldiers or sailors who, though they were so foreign, seemed for him to have the Genoese dialect in their mouths. The man from White Plains woke up,

and listened to this matter so strange to him, and grinned; he was pleased that I was included. Not that the Genoese gentleman did not like Goldoni, but, Italian as he was, he thought Molière a thousand times superior. That was a fact. Pirandello, the priest said, was most interesting but he should write less. D'Annunzio everyone flouted—the Genoese said "Pooh!" He was going to buy the Landor, and he began to take down the publisher's address, while his daughter looked on sweetly and gently, as one might look at a child who fancied he was going to buy a star.

And was I in Italy on business? he asked. "No, only traveling," I said. "To see the cities again."

Ravenna, Byzantine; Pisa, Orcagna; Perugia, Perugino; Padua, Giotto—the signorina began giving in a breath the town and the reason for seeing it.

I said, "Yes, Signorina, but the towns as well, themselves. And why? Because I have need to see these Italian cities as one needs various pieces of music to feed one's spirit."

The touch of oratory in that, of course, carried it far. Everyone turned to everyone else and smiled, and nodded a bit sideways.

"Ah," the signorina said gracefully, "that shows, then, that one is oneself a poet, does it not?"

The government official looked at his watch. It was past twelve, he said, midnight.

"Past twelve?" The priest took two caramelli in tissue paper from his pocket and offered one to the signorina, who smiled and thanked him, unwrapped and ate it gravely.

"Past twelve," the Genoese turned to the priest, reminding him. The priest knew that. You might think he should not eat, since his fast began at twelve. But no. He would drink, too. Twelve by the clock, yes, but that was not the real time. He allowed himself until 12.20 before he fasted, that was really the right time, by the logical measure, the sun.

He took out a bottle of cordial and swallowed a little. The Genoese looked at him inquiringly. Naturally he kept the rule of fasting from midnight till he had said mass every day? Obviously, the priest replied, though for that matter religion was here—he touched his breast—not in the letter. The eyes of the Genoese, who had twice quoted Voltaire since Sesto Levante, twinkled.

A moth blew in against the light; and this gentleman spelt out butterfly for me and asked how that was pronounced in English. I told him.

"Ah, then," cried the signorina, "that is what the opera means, Madame Butterflai, she was a farfalla—vero!"

Four hours had now passed and, with incredible vitality, the conversation had been kept up, broken only by such pauses as might occur in an oration or a monologue. We were nearing Pietrasanta, not so far from Pisa, where the official's family and I were to descend. The wind from the sea blew in out of

the darkness outside, with now and then the perfume of oleanders. The two sons came and stood in the door, one of them a dark, athletic looking youth, the other shorter, with red hair brushed straight up in the Fascisti fashion. That boy, the father said to me, was an artist; he had painted already a picture that went to the exhibition and took a prize, and he was only fifteen.

"But," said the Genoese gentleman, and smiled at the signorina, "how fortunate you are, Signora, to have a daughter!" The signorina smiled back at her father charmingly.

"Ah, yes," the official answered, "that is true. She is not our daughter, however."

"No," the signora added, while the little girl huddled against her knee, "she is a child we have adopted."

"It was only one more you see," the official said, his kind eyes looking almost abashed, "and it takes no more to feed one than it does for the rest of them."

The signora drew back the little girl's head and kissed her. The priest asked if the child's mother was dead.

"No," said the signora, while the child listened with round eyes, "living—living in Verona. We took this little one when she was three. We found her on the streets, her mother had her out begging. The mother was an unfortunate."

"Bad," the official said.

"And what chance was there for the poor little thing? Her mother would only have brought her up to shame. She herself was already finished. A pretty woman but she'd got fat already."

"She was already fat," the fifteen-year old son explained again.

"Imagine!" the child said.

"Do you remember your mother?" the signorina asked.

The little girl opened a locket that she wore on a silver chain and showed us all the picture of her mother, a beautiful, dark face, with a full mouth and great wild eyes.

"When we took her," the signora went on, "she was like your little finger, and all rags. E vero?" She turned to the child, who nodded her head in agreement.

The child looked at the company. "Imagine," she said, "at first I could not even go to bed alone, I was always afraid."

By now the train was drawing into Pisa. We took down our belongings from the racks and said good-bye. The official and his wife, the two larger boys, the little boy and the little girl shook hands with everyone. The official himself turned last to the two men from White Plains and kissed them; and with that seemed to express exactly what he felt.

STARK YOUNG.

Where Statesmen Come From

IT is an ideal of popular government that the legislature should be a mirror of the nation. This is roughly sought after by electoral districts and party divisions. Geography and party are essential, but they are also cloaks which conceal other factors in the makeup of a legislative body. These factors are important but are not much discussed. Consideration of them is frequently limited to the tacit assumption that there should be some diversification of interest. A legislature, that is to say, composed entirely of farmers or millionaires is not desired. But the proportion of diversification is a crucial element in the quality of a legislature as a representative and lawmaking body. An intelligence test or a division into left and right does not tell the whole story.

There are some matters (for example, a surtax on incomes) where a sectional or party label does not determine the economic "principles" which will be appealed to. A lawyer is more likely than a farmer to believe that the sovereignty of the Supreme Court (or of one member of the Supreme Court) should not be challenged. A holder of railroad securities is somewhat inclined to favor non-confiscatory freight rates, and a senator who describes himself as "America's largest producer of wool and mutton" may be more anxious than a coal

miner for a tariff on wool or for agricultural credits.

The occupational basis of legislative bodies, in other words, is as significant as, although much more complex than, the geographical or party basis. The background, education, environment, and worldly goods of members of Parliament and Congress are of as much importance as the fact that the legislators are Liberals, Conservatives, Republicans, or Democrats. Groupings come according to economic interest as well as the demands of party and constituency; they are determined by imponderable elements which do not readily lend themselves to measurement. It is possible, however, to indicate the present occupational basis of representation in Parliament and Congress and some striking differences are shown.

Mr. Keynes described the House of Commons elected in December, 1918, as containing "a lot of hard-faced men who look as if they had done very well out of the war." Labor made some gains in the 1922 election. Not counting these members and the placemen (who must resign from corporate posts when they enter a ministry) there were 255 (out of 400) members of Mr. Bonar Law's House of Commons who were landowners or company directors; the capital they represented was esti-