

it rained. Lots of us thought that the war was a pity; we even thought that Eve made a mistake about eating that apple. But the mischief has been done. The only sensible word is Shakespeare's: "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee." If chased by a bull, it is unwise to occupy the mind with considerations as to whether the bull may not, after all, be in the right of it, or with reflections upon the bull tribe in general as useful to mankind. If a part of one's brain persists in such thoughts, it is, at that particular moment, a traitor to the whole organism, though very likely on any other occasion it may be the most valuable part of it.

IT is hard to please some people. A dear friend writes to the N. Y. Times to complain of the editorial attitude of the International, and to demand its suppression. The ground chosen is a delightful one; it is that that attitude is so scrupulously correct that it must conceal some nameless horror. If I say that So-and-so is a crook, that is a libel; if I say that he is an honest man, that is "obviously sarcastic." As a matter of fact, there is a case in which this argument is perfectly sound; it is when everybody is well aware of the fact that the man in question is crooked. Then whatever you may say about him simply reminds people of that fact. A corollary of this proposition is that when a man knows himself to be a crook he becomes ultra-sensitive to any reference to himself whatever. He spies the cloven hoof even on the devil's good leg. He may even become suspicious of silence itself. This is the psychological penalty of the tyrant. Free Speech is, therefore, the very best proof of good government; it is like the coldness of a dog's nose. Men whose conscience is void of offence before God and man, and who are busy with their work, do not give a damn what fools and knaves are saying about them.

ONCE a nation starts to distrust its own people it enters upon a very slippery slope. Secret service men multiply. The "agent provocateur" appears. Presently you get a man like Azeff, who is trusted by police and revolutionaries alike; and no one knows, even after his death, on which side he really was. Every citizen looks upon his neighbor with suspicion; he may be either an anarchist or a spy; the production of bombs would prove nothing; the production of police authorities would prove nothing. The Reign of Terror begins where all evil begins; in the mind of man itself. And it does not take very long to translate that into action.

SPY-FEVER is one of the most dreadful mental diseases. Just as a nervous man with some trifling ailment may seek its diagnosis in a medical book, and conclude that he has Bright's disease, diabetes, tubercle, leprosy and Herpes Zoster complicated with typhus fever and cancer, so the spy, amateur or professional, watching his neighbor, will soon find something sinister in the way he parts his hair. There is no rational way to refute such a proposition, unfortunately; a conspirator will nat-

urally adopt the most innocent-looking symbol of his dread intent. Ergo, the more innocent a man appears, the more dark and deadly a villain is he likely to be. The only cure for this frame of mind is resolute conquest of it by the Will. Reason only makes bad worse. Of course, the original cause of the malady is just plain FUNK. If the sick man does not want to live, he should worry whether he has cancer or not. It is his fear of death that causes his anxiety. In the body politic we should not be afraid to die well if we have lived well; our business is to go ahead with courage and good-temper. If we take to seeing a robber behind every bush, and a ghost in every scarecrow, we are soon morally lost. A man who goes through life in the perfectly rational fear of "germs" cannot be said to live at all; at least, it is not a Man's life. It's much better to be shot from ambush now and then than to spend existence crawling on one's belly in the furrows. It is the difference between a man and a worm.

THE "House of Windsor" is a very interesting joke. George V is a German of the Germans. His mother was Russian, but the Romanoffs are German too. "Albert the Good," the Prince Consort, was of course the purest possible German. He was selected for being such a perfect specimen of German Germanity. He endeared himself to the English bourgeois by his priggishness and the correctness of his frock-coat and watch-chain. In fact, in these articles of adornment his name still lives. Now it occurs to us as something of a slur upon this Best of Men that his name should thus be contemptuously disowned. It is a blow to bad poetry, too, for Tennyson lackeyed himself into the peerage by adulation of this Prince. Obviously, we must now stop reading those pro-German propagandist tracts, in Memoriam and The Idylls of the King. We must also pull down the Albert Hall and the Albert Memorial. And if this is done, it will be a deathblow to the cowardly pacifists; for no one will ever be able to say again that war does not bring the greatest conceivable blessings to Humanity. A. C.

GOURMET

By IRIS TREE.

HOW often when the thought of suicide
With ghostly weapon beckons us to die,
The ghosts of many foods alluring glide
On golden dishes, wine in purple tide
To drown our whim. Things danced before the eye
Like tasselled grapes to Tantalus: The sly
Blue of a curling trout, the battened pride
Of ham in frills, complacent quails that lie
Resigned to death like heroes—July peas,
A muffin or a crumpet, tea to drink
And honey gathered from the clover bees—
A peach with velvet coat, some prawns in pink,
A slice of beef carved deftly, Stilton cheese,
And cup where berries float and bubbles wink.