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British Bolshevism
The resolutions passed in London by a body of men who claimed to speak for the formidable organized labor forces of Great Britain are startling in their menace.

The Mischief Makers
We shall be a deal nearer right—a dith means wise and safe—in our action in regard to Poland if we find out what has been wrong in our action.

The Dodging of Cox
In another column is a letter from George Foster Peabody, who indulges in the summer sport of hammering the editor.

The Widening Margin
The housewives are again being exhorted to buy cheap and to ignore shirkin. It is said once more that dealers lose money on the rough cuts, and thus the public is to blame for the price of the finer.

A Lost Illusion
From The Washington Evening Star. Assertion by a Virginia farmer that bees become intoxicated on the juices of decayed fruit aims a ruthless blow at the reputation of an insect hitherto regarded as a pattern of industrious sobriety.

Plenty of Material
Germany probably used treaties in making those 46-cent paper cuts.

present my solution as being perfect. The Lodge reservations are no revelation from heaven. Perhaps there are better things. Moreover, common sense demands leaving something to future consideration.

the country the packing industry makes the smallest turn-over charge—1 to 2 per cent on its volume of business. The extra profit-taking of other middlemen has not been interfered with—apparently because they are numerous and politically influential.

The Story of Zinc
In 1909 Candidate Cox declared in favor of free zinc and opposed the tariff act of 1909, which levied duties up to 25 per cent on the metallic content of zinc ores.

A Friend of Children
After a long, useful and happy life Jesse Armeur Crandall has died in Brooklyn at the age of eighty-six. Thus passes a man whose inventive genius and understanding of childhood's heart created toys which have brought happiness to millions of little folk throughout the world.

The Western Isle
England and Scotland, with three times the area of Ireland, have a combined population ten times as great, which is overwhelmingly Anglo-Saxon in origin and Protestant in religion.

Racial Facts
Let us go beyond criticism, and consider the reason why no satisfactory and lasting solution of this problem has yet been reached. Let us examine the facts, and see if we can find in them what it is that has made the problem so perplexing to English statesmen ever since the end of the eighteenth century.

An Unnatural Quiet
Two or three months ago Attorney General Palmer was a busy little bee. He buzzed, buzzed, buzzed all day long and far into the night, and there was an impression in some circles that even in sleep his subconscious mind worked busy along figuring out ways of keeping busy during waking hours.

A Centipede
If Will is really going to quiet down the world will be able to get accurate information as to how many legs he lost during the unpleasantness. Statistics vary from one to eight.

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THE LAST MAN THAT TRIED IT DIDN'T HAVE VERY GOOD LUCK!



Race War in Ireland
An Attempt to Apply History and Biology to the Peoples of Britain's Other Island

ern part of Ireland—broadly speaking, the province of Ulster—are mostly of Lowland Scotch, and therefore Anglo-Saxon origin, the migration into Ulster having taken place after the population of England and the lowlands of Scotland had become more or less homogeneous.

years the Celtic population of Ireland has been reduced by emigration from over 7,000,000 to barely 3,000,000 people. The dilemma is not without parallel in American history. The motives which guided Andrew Jackson in dealing with the Cherokee Indians in Georgia in 1838 and the national indorsement of the annexation of Texas by the United States in 1845 are instances of acknowledgment of the inevitable nature of the expansion of dominant races.

Celtic Aspiration
It may be suggested, as a temporary expedient: Why not grant to the south and west of Ireland their own government, and allow the northeast to remain in its present position under the British government?

Quoting From Cox
To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: May I confess myself unable to follow the editorial comments on Governor Cox's speech of acceptance in your issue of this date.

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A Week of Verse

(The following poem and comment are reprinted from a memorial number of Reedy's Mirror, dated August 5, 1920.)

William Marion Reedy
HE SITS before you silent as Buddha,
And then you say
This man is Rabalais.

For the thought of him proliferates
This way over to Hindostan,
And that way descending on Yeats,
With a word on Plato's symposium,
And a little glimpse of Theocritus,
Or something of Bruno's martyrdom,

It's not so hard a thing to be wise
In the lore of books.
It's a different thing to be all eyes,
Like a lighthouse which revolves and looks

Over the land and out to sea;
And a lighthouse is what he seems to me!
Sitting like Buddha spiritually cool,
Young as the light of the sun is young,
And taking the even with the odd
As a matter of course, and the path he's trod

As a path that was good enough.
With a sort of transcendental sense
Whose hatred is less than indifference,
And a gift of wisdom in love.
And who can say, as he classifies
Men and ages with his eyes
With cool detachment: this is dung,
And that poor fellow is just a fool.
And say what you will there is a rod.
But I see a light that shines and shines
And I rather think it's God.

(From Songs and Satires)
EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

A Great-Hearted Friend
SOME of the friends of whom I think most often are people I have never seen. Only once, and that time for but a brief half hour, did I see William Marion Reedy in the flesh.

And yet his greatness lies in his appreciation of others, rather than in literary work of his own. Which seems strange to me. For potentially I felt, and I continue to feel, that Reedy was a great writer, somehow balked of self-expression in books of his own.

He expressed himself through the help he gave to others. He carried through his life a positive passion for great literature as he saw or thought he saw it in the making.

I feel, indeed, most presumptuous in speaking of an intellect so much greater than my own, and of a heart so much deeper and stronger in its sympathies than mine. He was to me a man of some mystery, a primal figure of the Middle West, a man very close to the soil and the heart of the people, with a mind that ranged certain strange metaphysical regions and truly communed with such minds as those of Emerson and Nietzsche. My analysis may be faulty. But such was the impression he gave.

Therefore I feel that he was a great man, and that it does not greatly matter whether he was able to express himself in creative literature or not. Literature, as we all know, except the pedants, is but a small part of life. William Marion Reedy was great in experience and in the service he rendered the arts of his country, in the most unselfish kind of service. That is enough.

WILLIAM ROSE BENET.