

Genji had learned it by hearing the voice of the Princess Rokujo. The Princess herself, in her intervals of lucidity, could only surmise what was happening in her mad fits from the odor of incense clinging to her. After the final tragedy the truth was borne in upon her by Genji's total neglect of her.

So she faced the fact that he had done with her and prepared to retire into obscurity. It happened that her daughter had been appointed to the important post of Saigu — 'a virgin priestess of the Blood who was sent to the Imperial shrine at Ise at the coronation of an Emperor, to stay until the death or abdication of the latter.' Though it was an unusual course, the

Princess decided to accompany her daughter as a sign that she had renounced the world.

But as the day for her departure to Ise drew near, the heart of the Princess misgave her, and Genji, for his part, could not bear that she should think him heartless and unfeeling. He sent message after message, begging to see her once again — 'if it be but a formal meeting, with a screen between us' — and the Princess acceded. They met with a bamboo screen between them, and then parted forever. Our episode closes. Genji stands gazing toward Ise, musing, 'Oh, that the pass she has crossed at this parting, stood not between us forever.'

SOME CAUSES OF FASCISISM

BY RODOLFO MONDOLFO

[A book is about to be published in Italy upon Fascism, written by prominent representatives of every political group in the country except the Communists, who refuse to participate in this enterprise. The following article is a summary of the Conservative Socialist contribution to this work.]

From *Critica Sociale*, November 16-30

(MILAN CONSERVATIVE SOCIALIST SEMI-MONTHLY)

IN Italy our middle classes are historically distinguished by more pronounced and widely diffused idealism than are other classes.

They are recruited largely from persons who follow intellectual pursuits; who do not expect to accumulate great fortunes, and who are not, personally, parties to the conflict between employers and wage-earners. They sit on the side-lines, so to speak. They use educational attainments as their tools of trade, and the pleasures of the intellect

lend interest to their daily tasks. Therefore they have a more unselfish attitude toward life than is common in other ranks of society. They are neither intoxicated with the wine of wealth, nor stupefied by the narcotic of want.

Educated traditions, heredity, and environment have maintained this state of mind among the middle classes in spite of all that has occurred to shake it. That explains why a great majority of them continue to be inspired mainly by a love of their present vocations and

to follow them like a sacred mission, in spite of the privations and discouragements and scanty rewards which these now offer. As a rule teachers and professors remain loyal to their schools and to their labor of enlightenment. Magistrates and civic functionaries have maintained their high standard of industry and honor in spite of the temptations to which they have been exposed. Educated men in other careers have given equally laudable evidence of public spirit and civic conscience, even though their fellow citizens and the government showed little comprehension or appreciation of the economic hardships to which they have been exposed.

More than that, the middle classes have continued to supply, in practically the same proportion as before, new recruits from their own families for the careers which they themselves have followed.

When we consider their present disinterestedness, it is not surprising that the pioneers and earliest champions of social progress have come in nearly every instance from their ranks.

These classes furnished the first standard bearers of socialism; they were the first defenders and champions of the rights of the laboring man; they have given teachers, thinkers, and directors to the proletarian movement. Not only that, but before the war the same class supplied the most brilliant leaders of the Democratic and Radical parties; men who welcomed many of the ideals of the Socialists and sympathized with the aspirations of the workers. During the war itself a great majority of this class espoused with ardor the patriotic idealism of the day, feeling themselves the traditional guardians of the national renaissance of which they were the heirs. Here they discovered themselves in conflict with the neutral leanings of the working classes and the

peasants; but they did not for that reason fall into controversy with the latter. Any man who was in personal touch with our university students and graduates, during the first weeks after they returned from the front, will remember with what sympathy and affection they spoke of the soldiers, who had been called to the colors to fight for a cause which they did not understand and appreciate, but for which they heroically sacrificed themselves in response to a sentiment of duty.

Most of these young men were enthusiastic prophets and advocates of a better social system. They sought social justice; they championed the rights of the proletariat, although the claims of the latter bordered on revolution. Had the Socialist party been wise enough to enlist their militant and generous support for its own programmes, it would have derived untold intellectual and moral strength from that source. But history decided otherwise.

A few warning voices were early raised in the Socialist ranks, urging that it was vitally necessary for the proletariat and Socialists to recognize the worth of the services of the middle classes, and to ally these classes with the movement of the workers. But an impetuous torrent of Bolshevist passion and delusion drowned those warning voices. Our working men came back from the war, their souls filled with bitterness and determined that their tremendous sacrifices should be rewarded adequately. In their hour of need, the governing classes had been prodigal of promises, which the proletariat took at their face value, and which they demanded should now be fulfilled. On their hearts were engraved those words of Lloyd George: 'The world, after the war, must be a new world. Labor must gather the fruits of its sacrifices. . . . After the war, labor should be bold in its demands.'

And they were bold; with a boldness

strengthened by their belief that Russia had discovered the secret of success. Russia's example was copied, especially in its errors, which in the public mind were the very acme of its wisdom. Among these errors, for which Russia to-day is paying so dearly and which it is striving to correct, was a fatuous misapplication of the formula: 'He who does not work shall not eat.' This the laboring men of Italy interpreted as meaning only manual work. They rated all intellectual workers as idlers, and sought to make them take to the pick and shovel to justify their right to live.

Let our minds turn back a moment to those days when a physician, an engineer, a professor, a government clerk, could hardly walk along our streets without being accosted by some one with the admonition: 'Go to work.' Those were the days when we heard professional men, men of high education, who never in their lives had known an idle moment, discussing seriously the manual trade for which they would be best fitted if things came to the worst. All this was the brutal negation, the scornful rejection by the laboring classes of the social value of brain service; of a service the faith in which had given the middle classes confidence in themselves. Their own moral justification and the highest recompense which they received — for they have never been well paid in any other way in Italy — came from their belief that they were useful members of society.

Two other things went hand in hand with this iconoclastic destruction of middle-class spiritual canons at the hands of what seemed barbaric vandalism — two other things that aggravated the humiliation and intensified the resentment of our brain workers.

In the first place, the soldiers of the middle classes who came back from the war, expecting recognition and gratitude for the sacrifice which they had

made at the call of their own conscience, found themselves blindly attacked in the prevalent demonstrations of hatred for the war. Their belief that they had fought a good fight, and their patriotic devotion to their country, which had been their inspiration during those years of hardship, were flouted.

In the second place, the economic standards of the middle classes and of the proletariat were suddenly reversed. The income of wage-earners was rising rapidly, while that of mental workers was actually declining. Wages were going up, hours of work were being shortened. We were in the midst of that 'wave of laziness,' which was the normal reaction after the tension of war. We saw on every hand that thirst for pleasure which naturally succeeded the long period of privation in the trenches. While wages went up our depreciated currency declined in value and prices leaped skyward. Capitalists readily made wage concessions to their employees, the burden of which they passed on to consumers. In the midst of these revolutionary changes the middle classes were defenseless victims; depressed by their present condition, despairing of their future, and filled with a bitterness and resentment that must one day find a voice.

A person might ask why this resentment should be directed against the proletariat rather than against the capitalists, especially the new rich and the profiteers, who had fattened themselves out of the war and the suffering of others. The reason for this does not lie merely in our habitual acquiescence to the privileges of wealth, no matter how acquired; or to our deep-rooted tradition that manual labor is deserving of the least reward. Neither was it due entirely to the direct contact between the middle classes and the proletariat in daily life, on railways and street cars, and in highways and byways. It was

also largely, and perhaps mainly, to be found in labor's lack of comprehension — its disparagement of the social value of the middle classes and of intellectual toil. This was an attitude of mind which the proletariat inherited from its ancient ignorance and which the illusions nourished by the myth of Russia only strengthened.

It was for the latter reason chiefly that the middle classes, deeply conscious as they were of their present material and moral suffering, conceived a most harrowing vision of the future. Before the war they thought of a social revolution as something accomplished by gradual stages. Each new conquest was to be thoroughly secured before another was undertaken. This seemed like a steady progress toward a higher civilization, where the products and services of the mind would be duly honored. Naturally, revolution thus conceived won the support, or at least the sympathy, of the middle classes. But the new programme of the Bolsheviks made revolution first and foremost a complete and radical destruction of the existing social organism. It rejoiced in demoralization; its motto was: The worse things are the better. It looked with contempt upon constructive labor. It dangled before the eyes of the intellectuals, terrified already by the horrors of Russia, the prospect of a wave of chaos and barbarism sweeping away

and submerging all the conquests of the ages. It proposed to scrap the delicate mechanism of civilization for an indefinite time to come; to reduce mankind to a state where its members would merely satisfy their material needs, and that by manual labor alone. In such a state the work of the intellect would be useless luxury. So the middle classes conceived themselves threatened by the same menace which hung over the heads of the capitalist bourgeoisie. Their cause and the cause of the latter became one.

This is the principal reason why the ranks which formerly supplied pioneer followers and sympathizers to the proletariat and Socialist movement, have of late supplied hosts of recruits to the anti-Socialist forces, and in many cases to anti-proletarian reaction. Unquestionably the Fascist movement would not have gone to the length it has, had it not also attracted simultaneously great numbers of the propertied class. None the less, Fascism did not become a powerful movement until those members, who had sprung merely to the defense of their private fortunes and economic privileges, were reinforced by others, who were convinced that the country could not be saved from economic ruin so long as the mad idea that 'the worse things are the better' continued to mislead the working classes.

A PAGE OF VERSE

AUTUMNAL

BY H. I. STRAND

[Bookman]

THE sun is waning westward,
The year is growing old,
And Weedon Woods are red now
With rich October gold.
Above the withered blackthorn,
A robin stays to sing
Of bygone days of rapture,
And dear remembered Spring.

The song that thrills the woodland
Is bitter-sweet to me,
For we would both recapture
The things that cannot be:
The robin mourns a lost love
And Youth and Spring in vain,
And I — the child I sought for
Who will not come again.

TWENTY KNIGHTS

BY WILL H. OGILVIE

[Westminster Gazette]

DOWN through the pass with its ram-
parts red,
Under a flag of golden flame,
With a stalwart captain riding ahead
Twenty glittering horsemen came.
Their breastplates shone with a royal
glow,
Their bits were bright as the frosty
stars,
The plumes on their helms swung to
and fro
In the wind Behind the Bars.

No time had they of their quest to tell,
What kingdom they served or crown,
Ere the crimson cliffs of their Khyber
fell
And the twenty knights went down.

I know not what foes they faced, what
odds

They took, and for what king's hire,
But their heads were high and they
rode like gods
When they came through the gorge
of fire.

THE PIXIES' PLOT

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[Spectator]

(A pleasant maxim of old time directed the
gardener to leave one corner as Nature planned
it, for the little people. Thus welcomed, they
might be trusted to show their human hosts good-
will, friendship, and service.)

You have it, or you have it not:
The cantle of the Pixies' plot,
Where never spade nor hoe shall ply
To break that treasured sanctity.
Touch no bloom there; uproot no weed;
Let what will blow.
Suffer the thistle, briar, and thorn to
grow,
The dandelion to seed.

Though full the garden of your mind,
Well planted on a soil that's kind;
Your hedges gay, your borders clean,
Your seasons fair, your clime serene,
Yet trammel not the Pixies' mite,
For welcoming
Chance little, wandering, weary, fairy
thing
Lost in the dim owl-light.

Still virgin, free and set apart,
Ordain one dingle of your heart,
Where visions home, and wing to you
The golden dreams that might come
true.

Herein a gentler dawn than day
Shall often break
For foot-sore spirits, tired of reason's
ache,
And children come to play.