

under-rated the Austrian peril, because they have under-rated Austrian strength. In the partnership between Germany and Austria they have always considered Austria as a kind of sleeping partner. Now it is quite true that both in a military and in an economic sense Germany is much more formidable than Austria, but in her foreign policy and in diplomacy Austria has always proved much more dangerous and much more aggressive than her northern Ally. Germany has been the willing accomplice of Austria, but she has been only an accomplice. And all the vast military and economic resources of the Vaterland have been placed at the disposal of the Austrian tradition, of the Austrian bureaucracy, and of the Austrian Holy Roman Empire.

NOGUCHI ON YEATS

The Japanese Poet Naively Interviews His Irish Contemporary

THE literary efforts of the Japanese writer, Yone Noguchi, are not unknown to Canadian lovers of the quaint and exotic. But Noguchi's account of an interview with W. B. Yeats, the famous Irish poet, is a piece of his ware that may easily be overlooked, except by readers of *The Bookman*, from which often-delightful periodical the present fragment is taken. Noguchi's style in English has not been tampered with by the editors of *The Bookman*. It is worthy of study. My bell, he begins, was soon answered by a slow, old-fashioned footstep descending the stairs; when the entrance door was opened, the dimly lighted narrow hall revealed a rather heavy figure, somehow stooped like a dream; our shaking of hands seemed to confirm a friendship of thirty years' standing. He was Yeats in whose song of the "phantom beauty in a mist of tears," I was glad to believe, I found at last my own Japanese song; while walking with him toward a certain grill-room near by, I could not think I was with a real person, but with an ageless Celtic ghost who cries, to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, for "the passionate, turbulent, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact." This ghost (now sitting face to face with the ghost, a little linen-covered table between us, he a silent star of Keats's sonnet with eternal lids apart) was spectacled, his hair already turned grey, being combed sideways, quite a familiar figure from his picture, who knew well to make the sadness of song dance like a wave of the sea; I loved at once Yeats's melancholy but pleasing face. And he had such proud, innocent eyes, shaking perfectly clear of the nets of right and wrong. I forgot his age (he might be a thousand years old, like his beloved old faery) seeing his slightly blushing cheeks. . . . "Many of us are only taught," Yeats began, somehow in his own way of monologuing, "what are art and beauty since our childhood. I used to play with a little sailing boat on a pond when I was a boy;

better, I found out that my friend's father was Thomas Brock, who later made the Queen Victoria memorial by Buckingham Palace. You see what a serious thing it is to become a bad artist; and what a still more serious thing it is to have a bad artist for your father!"

Now we were joined by Ezra Pound and his young friend sculptor, who looked delightfully barbarous, as if they had left but a moment before their hidden shelter covered by ivy vines. I confess I felt almost ashamed when I looked upon my stupid formality in a stiff extent of shirt front, which was perfectly out of place in the company of poets whose songs echo down the road of wind. Presently we found ourselves in Yeats's studio (now leaving the electricity and ice cream of the modern hotel restaurant) where an old-fashioned little fireplace dimly threw a light on the floor rugs. Here Ezra, a present day faun in appearance, with his uncombed hair where pigeons might like to be nesting, sat on a couch; I was glad that he knew well the place where he fitted perfectly. There the sculptor, Gaudier Brzeska, who had run away, he said, from army service in France and taken upon his hand the reformation of the dull English mind, artistically, sat in a little chair, casting his youthful shadow on the dark wall where pictures and sketches in oil or water colour or what not congregated in pleasing confusion. The candle lights silently flickered, lighting Yeats's face athwart the table to make it half a ghost whose elegy sailed across the sea of the infinite.

BIG 'PLANES ARE BAD

Expert Explains Limitations of Flying Machines

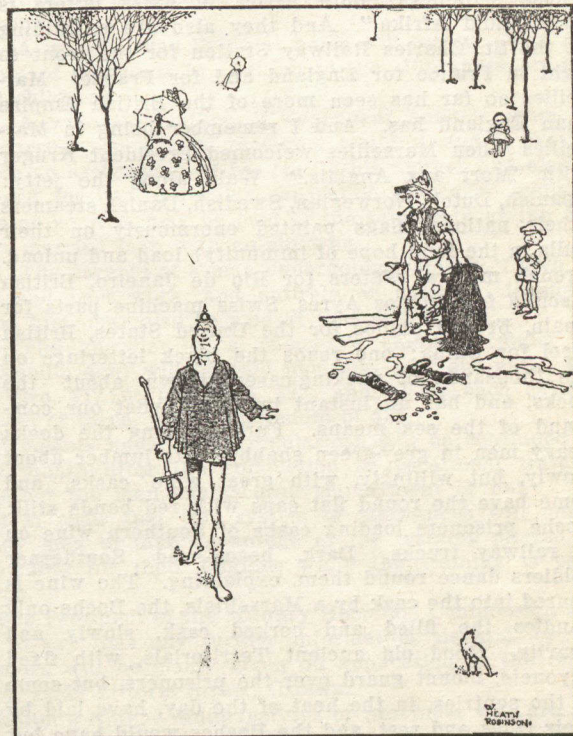
WHEN Curtiss built the "America" for an intended flight across the Atlantic, he was compelled, writes Carl Dienstbaen, in *Popular Science Monthly*, to design a big machine. The radius of action could be extended only by providing for much fuel. Fuel became the most important freight of the bigger machine. Increase of size will not in itself materially increase the radius of action.

For the reason given, the size of the "Americas" and "Super-Americas" is not only such that the radius of action is practically extended across the Atlantic, but a somewhat greater load can be carried. The Allies' lack of fast dirigibles made them eager bidders for the "Americas." But the difficulties encountered in increasing the aeroplane's size must not be lightly dismissed. Accidents now teach their lessons quickly. The first, a very dramatic one, happened in this country when on May 11 last, a "Super-America" for passenger service between Washington and Newport News suddenly turned over into the Potomac, after performing some somersaults, wrecking itself, killing two and injuring three passengers. Similar accidents had occurred in Europe, but they were hushed up for military reasons. So rigid and strong was the large machine that axes could not break through in the effort to get at the victims below the floating wreckage. Yet, a big machine is weaker for its weight than a smaller machine. Very large sailing vessels must be square-rigged, and many small sails must be employed. Aeroplane dreadnoughts ought to be multiplanes on the same principle. This becomes imperative if the fact is considered that aeroplanes were for many years nothing better than death-traps, ready to break in midair and that it was exceedingly difficult to strengthen even the smaller types without making them too heavy. Landing on hard ground is particularly difficult. It means literally a collision with the earth. Huge flying boats are better off, their landing places are abundant and always level and wondrously soft.

But, after the recent accident one feels like asking: Isn't the "America" a somewhat mistaken construction? May success be expected merely by enlarging a successful small model?

A mammoth steamer may get along with proportionately the same size of rudder as a smaller one because it matters little if it takes it many times longer to complete a turn. But in balancing an aeroplane, there is no time to lose. The huge machine is treacherous because its great inertia makes it apparently stable. But once it yields a little, it tries obstinately to yield more. The necessarily wide distribution of weights around the center of gravity aggravates this inherent tendency. In the light of these considerations the idea of using biplane-aileron on the first huge land aeroplane recently tried in this country seems interesting, a frank confession that stronger controls are needed, although an excess of head resistance at the wing tips, and objectionable

leverage are the price paid for this improvement. The frame that holds the wheels has been strengthened by shortening it, which is made possible by raising the propellers and motors (to clear the ground) although the total length of framing remains the same. There is an advantage in having the lower plane thus laterally brace the length at the point it does. Otherwise the wheels themselves appear weak for a total weight of over two tons, and the mass of open framework supporting the motors has undue head resistance; it has the excuse that the motors may thus be brought further ahead to increase the leverage and stabilizing effect of the



The Hun Virtuoso—A kind-hearted Prussian Officer gives his clothes to a needy Belgian peasant!

—Heath Robinson, in "Today."

tail. The weak elevator contrasts strangely with the powerful ailerons and the double vertical rudder.

To find out what really happened to the wrecked "Super-America," we must read the testimony of the tugboat captain who happened to see the accident at close range. The flyers were given no time for observations. Eye-witnesses tell of a propeller working loose and an "explosion" that scattered small fragments before the plunge came. The mere loss of a propeller and the racing of an engine should not jeopardize stability. Probably the pilot, bewildered by the injury to the power plant and handicapped by relatively weak controls, failed to counteract some air disturbance.

The machine also was only one hundred feet up, too close to the water for righting a small monoplane, let alone a dreadnought. The "somersaults" before reaching the water testify to an "America's" lack of stability resulting from lack of leverage between the stabilizing planes and the principal weights which are not concentrated enough and not large enough in proportion to the amount of momentum. All long-hulled flying-boats suffer from such a lack of leverage, with no practical solution in sight.

ABSURD MARSEILLES

Leads a Queer Happy-go-lucky Life in War Time

IN all Europe so much and so little of war is not to be seen as in Marseilles. This is, at all events, Lawrence Jerrold's humorous view as he puts it in the *Contemporary Review*. "What a war you are having up there," they said in Bordeaux, when the Tout Paris arrived. Marseilles to-day does not even say that. Marseilles openly enjoys what she sees of the war. Why should she not, if she can, and who will throw the first stone? The 15th Army Corps of the South funk and broke and was disgraced, then pulled itself together and was slaughtered, and saved its name. Marseilles makes more with more fun out of the war than any other town I know in fighting Christendom. Why shouldn't she?

Just after nightfall the crowd in the Cannebiere, generally moving and chattering in several tongues—with a few Arab, Hindoo, English, silences—stands still and solidifies on each side of the road. A new noise: the gurgle and squeak of the bagpipes, and the rumble of an enormous drum, beaten by a drum-



Uncle Sam (listening to Commercial Conference)—Eh! What's that? An Allied economic offensive after the war? (Goes off and does some deep thinking.)

—Racey, Montreal Star.

and I had a playmate toward whom I always felt a certain condescension, because my father (he was an artist, by the way) sometimes spoke slightly of that boy's father. Of course, I did not know the exact reason for it. When I grew older and knew