

flags and bunting. His listeners applaud. I hear loud hurrahs. An entire battalion shouts in rhythm: 'Long-live-the-Mos-cow-Sov-iet.'

Seen from above, with their caps and their red kerchiefs, the crowd looks like a rippling field of grain dotted with thousands of scarlet poppies.

Between Kropotkin Avenue and the Tverskaia, tramcars are halted for a long time at the Arbat. That is where they check up the admissions. Beggars canvass the cars. Two or three of them are familiar figures: one a gray-bearded old chap with his legs cut off at the knees, who lifts himself into the cars by his arms and swings down the aisles on his knuckles, breathing heavily. A blind man drones a sort of liturgy;

a ten-year-old boy sings a satirical song, accompanying himself with castanets made of two wooden spoons. The passengers laugh.

In the street I see cripples seated on the snow, their caps by their side, and groaning piteously. So there are beggars in Moscow? Certainly. Every beggar in Russia tries to get to Moscow. It is his El Dorado. Moreover, there is a whole guild of professional beggars whose members manage to evade the efforts of the Government to put them into institutions, and a host of children who have escaped from the public homes to beg on the streets. But I noticed that there were not nearly so many on Sunday as on week days. They take their day of rest like the others.

THE WAITS

BY RACHAEL ANNAND TAYLOR

[*The End of Fiammetta*]

THEY stand beneath your window sill:
They smite their untuned lutes
athwart —

The Seven Passions of my Will,
The Seven Sorrows of my Heart.
Brother in beauty and in sin,
Hearken, the plaintive notes begin.
Their eyes are hollowed with their tears:
In mournful purple are they clad,
Their lips are bitten with the year's
Unkind requitals. Oh! they had
Strange suffering. For God's dear
sake,

Arise, and our atonement make.
They sing beneath your window sill,
And music takes their wistful part —
The Seven Pities of my Will,
The Seven Surrenders of my Heart,
Because of Love's Nativitie
Be more compassionate for me.

ETON EIGHTY YEARS AGO¹

BY OSCAR BROWNING

[THIS was the last article written by the author, who was one of the best-known and most beloved English teachers of his generation, and was composed the month before he died.]

I AM asked to write an account of my Eton schoolboy days, some seventy years ago. I was not an ordinary Eton Boy, — that is, an oppidan living in a master's or dame's house, — but a collegier on the foundation living in the college buildings, and wearing a thick cloth gown which was very uncomfortable; and I hope that it has now been altered. It had a large pocket in the skirt, useful for carrying bottles of Bass to your master so that they could not be seen. There were seventy of us, just as there were seventy members, fellows, and scholars at King's College, Cambridge, which was a joint foundation with ourselves. The founder was King Henry VI, who also founded a college at Caen in Normandy, which I believe has now become a University. He spent the greater part of his unfortunate life in making plans for us which were only partly carried out. For these he deserves the greatest credit, as it is impossible to exaggerate what Eton and King's together have done for England and the Empire, and what they may do in the future.

We were supposed to be boarded and lodged gratuitously, but for many years the food was so poor and the conditions of life in college so brutal that parents would not send their sons,

¹ From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), June

and the college was not full. Before I entered, owing to the enlightened rule of Edward Craven Hawtrey, a very great headmaster, who has had no sacred bard to sing his praises, things had improved. New buildings had been erected in Weston's Yard to give the accommodation which parents used once to provide at their own expense in the town, and Abraham, an forgotten name, took up his abode in college to look after the barbarians, who, like the Maoris whom he protected afterward as Bishop in New Zealand, had no manners and whose customs were disgusting. So we had a master in college, and the places were so sought after that boys were admitted by examination, which was not easy to pass.

We slept in 'Long Chamber,' much shorter than the Long Chamber of infamous memory in which my elder brothers had slept fifteen years before. But things were still very bad. The moral and social condition of our community is impossible to describe. I will only say that when I became a housemaster at Eton some years afterward my desire was that every pupil of mine should have an experience as different as possible from what my own had been in the same school.

I shall commit no indiscretion by describing what arrangements were made for our washing and feeding. The middle section of our 'bureau' — an article of furniture with which every Etonian, in college and outside, was provided — held in the lower of the four drawers on the right-hand side, called the 'tosh-drawer,' a piece of