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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1921.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.

November 12—Conference assembles; Charles E. Hughes, chosen chairman by general consent, submits as the first American proposals that there be a ten-year naval holiday; that the three great naval powers scrap 1,800,000 tons of capital ships; that a replacement period of 20 years be fixed, and that under the replacement scheme the capital-ships power of the three nations be as five, five and three, the latter representing Japan; that all other naval craft be similarly provided for in the same ratio.

November 14—The committee plan of conducting negotiations is adopted.

November 15—Spokesmen of Great Britain, Japan, Italy and France announce their governments ready to accept the American proposal in spirit and principle, with reservation of right to suggest modifications in detail. The problem of details is referred to a committee of technical naval advisers, one from each of the five powers, for preliminary examination.

November 16—Dr. Wellington Koo, for the Chinese delegation, submits "general principles," ten in number, looking to an engagement of the powers to respect and preserve the territorial integrity and political and administrative independence of the Chinese republic; China undertaking cooperation; China not to lease or alienate any land; to accept wholly the open-door policy; the powers to make no treaty affecting China without allowing China full opportunity to participate; all special rights claimed in China by any power to be declared and examined; time limits to be set for commitments now without limit; construction of instruments of grant to be in favor of the grantors; China's rights as a neutral to be respected in case of war among other powers; machinery for settlement of international disputes in the Pacific and far east provision for future international conferences.

November 17—The committee of nine agrees upon a general exchange of views upon China's proposals to precede discussion of specific points. Japan announced unreadiness to present such general views, and the committee adjourns to Saturday. A French statement is issued declaring willingness to give up extra territorial privileges and Kaiuang Tobacco lease provided France's title to French Indo-China is unquestioned, and expressing sympathy for China's aspirations and also for Japan's need of expansion. Kato issues statement that Japan deems it only fair that she should maintain a proportion in general tonnage slightly greater than 60 per cent, and, in a type of vessel of strictly defensive character, might desire to approximate that of the greater navies. Japan accepts the Chinese plan only as a basis for discussion.

November 18—Neither committee nor the conference in session. An informal statement of British attitude, similar in general to the French expression, is issued. Call is issued by Chairman Hughes for the conference to meet Monday, 21st, in third plenary session.

PARAGRAPHICS.

Add life's little ironies: Elbert H. Gary as an apostle of sweet reasonableness.

Pope Benedict has indorsed the Washington conference. Well, better late than never.

And you'll have no right to enjoy your Thanksgiving turkey if you haven't done something for the orphan children first.

British shipyards have been given orders to halt all work on warship construction. John Bull, like B'rer Goat, has done voted.

Those who felt a tenderness for the medicinal beer idea are wondering since so soon it was to be done for what it ever was begun for.

The resolutions of the Farmers' union convention, as summarized, contain 14 points, indicating the bold and truculent mood of the resoluters.

By a vote of 56 to 22 it has been decided that medicinal beer isn't. Nor, as far is we have been able to observe, is any other kind except home brew.

Ulster has not made the Irish situation worse, according to London newspapers. Maybe not, but you'll have to credit Ulster with having done her durndest.

Apparently all the house needed to change its mind from its own 32 per cent surtax proposition to the senate's 50 per cent was the presidential proposition to split the difference.

The international conference will proceed next to take up the question of armies. But Mr. Hughes in this case is not likely to explode another bomb, seeing that he has no army to scrap.

The Washington conference drifts gradually into a maze of cautious and more or less glittering generalities. If this goes on much longer, the audience is likely to begin clamoring "Hughes!"

It is not clear whether J. W. Bailey is running for the office of governor, or any other; but it is plain enough that the former collector means to steer clear of that foolish consistency that is the bobgoblin of little minds.

Thanksgiving day is coming next week, and the problem for you to decide—and why not decide it this minute?—is whether or not the orphanages of the state are going to have reason to give thanks that you are alive and able to work.

Indications are—although all the figures are not in—that the Red Cross roll call has been a success. It would have been a strange thing if it had not. Indeed, in view of all the Red Cross has done for Greensboro, especially during the flu epidemic, it would have been embarrassing had it not succeeded.

AFTER THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE, WHAT?

Nobody can cavil at the spirit exhibited by the European powers in their response to the American suggestion of an international conference on certain problems that interest this country particularly. Nor has Japan thus far shown any disposition to throw sand in the bearings, although the far eastern question, on which disagreement is most likely, has been no more than broached. The attitude of the other nations has been reasonable and helpful throughout. Especially does this apply to France and Italy, who have no hope of getting much for themselves out of the conference, but who have nevertheless always been ready to second any effort toward a better understanding between the United States, Great Britain and Japan. In short, the friendly interest shown by the other powers in our problems has placed us definitely under a moral obligation to them.

To what extent is the United States willing to recognize that obligation, and to return the favor? That question is likely to come up in a very definite form when the conference is over. It will be no more than reasonable if France, Great Britain and Italy, when and if this conference comes to a reasonably satisfactory conclusion, jointly request the President of the United States to call another conference to consider European problems.

For after all, the questions of the far east are innocuous by comparison with the terrific dangers that menace Europe. There is no reason to believe that the orient could not jog along for a good many years under existing conditions; but there is every proof that certain portions of Europe are getting more deeply involved every day. The position of the far east may be dangerous, but is hardly to be described as critical. The condition of Europe is critical in the extreme.

But if the President of the United States calls a conference to consider European questions he will be following in the footsteps of the detested Wilson. He will be involving us deeply in the entanglements that have well-nigh choked the old world to death. You cannot haul a man out of a bog without risking getting mud-spattered yourself. Wilson was willing to take the risk, if thereby he might hope to pull sinking Europe back on to solid ground. The Republican position hitherto has been that it is better to let Europe be overwhelmed, ignoring the fact that if Europe goes down she will inevitably drag us after her. That is to say, the Republican official position has been that remorselessly selfish one. Unofficially, millions of Republicans, including the ablest brains of the party, have recognized the facts as the Democratic President saw them, and have hoped, and still hope, that their own party may eventually take hold of the situation in somewhat the same fashion.

If the request comes from Europe to call another conference, President Harding will be forced to choose between the two factions in his own party. Hitherto he has balanced skillfully between them. But he cannot continue that procedure indefinitely. Sooner or later he must make up his mind to adopt one method or the other; and a request for a conference on European affairs would force his hand.

AS TO THE KERNERSVILLE ROAD.

The original compact between the road officials of the counties of Guilford and Forsyth provided that each county should proceed—and it was at least the understanding that each should proceed without delay—to apply to the state highway commission for the construction of the highway between Greensboro and Winston-Salem, a part of what has since been officially designated as Route 60, the Boone Trail highway, each county offering to lend the state money sufficient to build that county's portion. Guilford at once proceeded with the application, advising the state commission that the county was ready to provide the money. For some reason, Forsyth failed to make application. It was surmised that the money was not available; there is also some ground for the conjecture that the delay was a matter of policy. The Forsyth people perhaps decided to nail down all the loose ends first. It was inevitable that the Kernersville road would be built some day; there were other roads of lesser importance about which there might be some doubt. Forsyth has had an exceedingly ambitious program of state highway construction, and has put it through.

In the meanwhile ardor in Guilford has considerably cooled. Forsyth understands that the Guilford commission stands by the agreement; Guilford citizens in general are not so greatly interested. The road supports a traffic too heavy for any sort of soil road, but when the High Point to Winston-Salem road is completed it will be only about five miles farther to Winston-Salem from Greensboro, over hard surface, by High Point than by Kernersville. And that will relieve the traffic on the latter road, to the extent that a good soil road can be maintained. Certainly there must be considerable doubt as to the wisdom of tearing up the Kernersville road before the other is completed, and that is going to be a long time.

However, Guilford has in turn done some nailing down of loose ends. The state commisison has some funds, and is no longer so dependent upon county financing; and it has designated route 70 for construction throughout Guilford.

It is a question of policy whether, under the existing circumstances, with the necessity of maintaining a usable route between Greensboro and Winston-Salem, and with work already in progress upon a first-class road connecting the two points without excessive mileage, Guilford ought at present to put any available funds it may have into the Kernersville road, or to use them elsewhere.

The road to Pleasant Garden ought to be built. It has been left to the two commissioners resident in this district to determine the exact location of route 70 between Greensboro and Randleman. Until this shall have been decided, Guilford will be left in uncertainty as to what ought to be done about the Pleasant Garden-Climax-Julian situation. The attention of the commissioners, Messrs. Page and Cox, is respectfully directed to the necessity of deciding upon this route, therefore, with as little delay as is consistent with a careful examination.

The prospects are that in any event Greensboro will have two good outlets to the north before the southern part of the county has any at all, immediate construction having been ordered by the state on the Reidsville road, the county being engaged in the extension of hard road from Summerfield to the Rockingham line, and Rockingham having undertaken to connect up this road with its splendid system of soil roads.

FOR LACK OF AN AUDITORIUM.

Greensboro pays, in many unsuspected ways, the penalty for not possessing an auditorium of a size sufficient to accommodate any audience that may be gathered together in the town. Everybody would like to hear McCormack, because, on the popular side, he can sing an Irish ballad better than anybody else in the world; and, on the artistic side, he is the greatest living exponent of the old *bel canto* style, the only really satisfactory interpreter of Mozart and Handel on the concert stage. Therefore highbrow and lowbrow alike crowd to his concerts, and he could fill a hall of any reasonable size.

But people must pay more to hear him in Greensboro than they would in New York, because, while he charges exactly the same price for a concert in both places, the manager in New York can sell thousands of tickets whereas the manager in Greensboro is held to less than 1,800—up to this year, indeed, has been held to 1,200. To be sure, it is a great deal cheaper to hear him in Greensboro, even at the advanced price, than to make a trip to New York for the purpose; but people don't think of that.

This is only one instance out of the many that are occurring every day. No man can live to himself alone, nor can any city. A town must build with its neighbors in mind; for, unless it is a town devoted to the manufacture of one article, or group of articles, and dependent absolutely upon one industry, or group of industries, its prosperity must depend in large measure upon the good-will of its visitors. Now Greensboro is preeminently a trading town. By reason of its central location it has become the purveyor of many sorts of goods to a wide circle of smaller towns and rural territory; consequently it owes it to its patrons to provide the facilities to make their visits to the city pleasant ones. With the completion of the new theater, Greensboro's auditorium facilities will be fairly adequate, in so far as the town itself is concerned; but without the help of the neighboring towns it would be difficult for Greensboro to raise the money necessary to enjoy the work of world-famed artists. Therefore the neighbors have the right to expect Greensboro to provide for their comfort.

However, we are improving all the while. The auditorium will come some day.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

The conference at Washington gives every evidence of being one of the greatest contributions of our times to the history of the world. Should it entirely succeed in all its undertakings it must profoundly affect humanity's future; should it wholly fail, it will be invested with a great, if sinister importance, as emphasizing anew the futility of civilization's aspirations for peaceful progress.

The conference is held in our own country. The official atmosphere of the city that is the conference's host is altogether favorable to open diplomacy, as is that of the country; and the actual developments are promptly placed on the wires. Every bit of information that is made public is available, within a few hours thereafter, to all the hundred million people of the United States. Not only all the world's posterity, but the citizens of today have vital personal interest in the results of these deliberations of the nations.

What are the history classes and teachers doing about this opportunity for intimate study of history in the red-hot making? By reason of the degree to which the negotiations are open, and the proximity to us of the conference, no such opportunity for the thorough, systematic study of an event of so immense significance has been afforded.

Is the stated curriculum, which prescribed at this time consideration of the rise and fall of the Roman empire, the chronology of the British kings, the causes and effects of the War of the Revolution, being followed in the schools?

Tomorrow is the day designated, by general consent, for the people to make their contributions to the orphanages; and a day's income has been designated, also by more or less common consent, as the amount that one should contribute. However, there is no possible criticism that can lie against you if you give the amount of several days' income.

SHEARS AND PASTE

Melancholy Days.

The melancholy days have come, sighs the Greensboro News. Maybe, but for genuine melancholy and all of the side-dishes, wait until early in January when the Christmas bills come.—Durham Herald.

Morganton's New Hotel.

With the completion of the new hotel next spring Morganton will begin to be known as a convention town and there will be afforded us a pleasure and privilege heretofore we have been missing to a large extent. Already there are indications that associations will accept our invitation to meet here when we have comfortable hotel accommodations to offer. The Western North Carolina Press Association has had a standing invitation to come "when the hotel is completed;" the Ninth District Medical Society will meet here next October. Others will come when it becomes known that we are in position to take care of conventions. The new hotel will mean more to Morganton than a place to house transient guests.—Morganton News-Herald.

A New Development.

Rather unbelievable but quite provable is the statement that in certain conditions the most profitable way to develop a section of country is to abandon all attempts to cultivate the land and to "turn it out," leaving it to nature and the wild animals.

In the north of Scotland great areas of land have been released from cultivation and yet the inhabitants have not moved away or starved, but on the contrary are living nearby in much greater prosperity than when they eked a scant living from semi-barren mountain sides. Game and not grain is the crop on which they now depend, and they raise wild stock instead of stunted domestic animals.

In brief, several million acres in the highlands have been turned into game preserves and now after years of experience and after noting the abundant prosperity which has attended it the inhabitants are well satisfied with the experiment. An English paper gives some facts to show the working of the plan.

The attractions of hunting deer and grouse and fishing for salmon and trout have brought many rich men to the high hills and their lodges dot the glens, and in their train have come others to fill the hotels and so popularize the region that new hotels and dwellings are rising to meet the wants of those who are not sportsmen.

The annual rental of the game privileges is estimated at $7,500,000 and 4,000 men are employed as game wardens and care-takers, besides the much larger number who are employed in road building or the construction of the villages which have sprung up on the borders of the great parks.

The situation affords a possible suggestion to us. Western Carolina has not such a large proportion of sterile land as the north of Scotland but everyone knows that there are hundreds of thousand acres of rugged mountain land which should not be cultivated because this is unprofitable—a waste of energy, and yet the actual loss of effort deprives us of a crop which would be profitable—a game crop.—Asheville Times.

Farmers and Unionism.

Prophets of evil in the world of politics have been accustomed to amuse themselves by wondering what would happen if a day ever came when the agriculturists of the country opposed themselves in solid masses to the trades unions. Current news from Washington indicates that such a collision of purposes and aims is not far off.

The farmers have been making swift progress with their own organizations. They have borrowed some of their methods from the unions, which, in turn, borrowed liberally from big business. The so-called "agrarian bloc" in Congress—working crews in the house and senate pledged to toil almost exclusively in the interests of the agricultural interests of the west and south—is the result.

Now the agrarians announce semi-officially that they will seek at the next session of Congress to have the railroad labor board abolished. This means that the farmers are in a mood to ditch much of the economic legislation of recent years if by that method they can obtain the advantage of low railroad rates and high prices for farm products, with the additional advantages of a lower tariff than that which operates usually to protect the industrial areas of the country.

The west and south want lower railroad rates in order that they may reach wider markets. Since they do not manufacture they are not interested in methods by which American manufacturing industries are protected. They desire instead lower import duties in order that they may buy manufactured articles more cheaply.

Thus the west is going with the south in a more or less open war on the policies which both parties have always considered necessary to insure our continuing development as an industrial nation. Sooner or later the trades unions, which always shared the sympathies of industrial America, may have to join with the employing groups in a movement against this new drive from the non-industrial west and south.—Oxford Public Ledger.

"The Short and Simple Tragedies Of the Poor."

Some weeks ago a wonderfully bright newspaper man of the state wrote an article about John Smith. It was not a real John Smith but a symbol of the thousands of John Smiths to be found in the state. Since then writers and speakers have been talking about John Smith. John Smith is the poor tenant, the man who has been a tenant all his life and perhaps will always be. But most of them write about him in a far off, academic way that shows no understanding of his plight, his difficulties, his sorrows, nor his hopes. They are taking a bird's eye view of John Smith, a once over from a swiftly moving aeroplane. Their intentions are often good but so far as John Smith is concerned they might as well be talking about the mythical inhabitants of Mars.

Word comes that the John Smiths of Georgia and the other sections where the weevil scourge has passed are having a hard time of it. We have heard that black John Smiths are sewing tow sacks into imitations of garments and thus preparing for the chill of winter, if such might be called preparation. And the white John Smiths, perhaps some better off, are fighting desperately to frighten the wolf from the door, if indeed this typical symbol of want may not be too dignified for a characterization of the want that is stalking in so many and so mean ways. Their want is so mean, its satisfaction so little, that it might well be called not a wolf at the door but a despised coyote.

We are not speaking of all persons who rent land now, far from it, but of that class so simple and so poor that they are incompetent to provide much for themselves even in good times. For such it is to be feared that there is far too little of sympathy, too little of understanding, too little of patience and far too little of helpfulness. This class is going to suffer more than ever if the boll weevil takes the country.

The reason of this is very plain. Such persons can make some cotton in a fashion, for that is the simplest form of farm labor. It requires less managerial ability, less foresight, less of everything, than more diversified farming. This class of people lack ability to manage even what skill and means they have. Under more difficulties they are going to lack more. They need direction and help in the management and if given this, with some sympathy, patience and understanding, can get along much better.

The barrenness, the want, the lack of everything necessary in a day of this kind, is pathetic. Their lives are tragedies. The short and simple annals of the poor does not apply to them. They are below the line of classification as merely poor people. Who can wonder that they often do things that are shabby? Who can wonder that they flee from difficulty? Who can wonder if now and then one cuts his throat or gets drunk, or does this thing or that thing which more responsible people would not do? The world is hard for such people. Perhaps not intentionally hard, but hard through carelessness, through neglect, through lack of sympathy and tolerant understanding. And how often are the omissions of the father punished by suffering of wife and children. The Bible tells us that this class heard Jesus gladly. Is a Christian civilization carrying His message to such people in the form that makes it serviceable to them and which commends itself to Him?—Monroe Journal.

A Communication.

(Received anonymous by C. C. Hudson—and appertaining to Chamber of Commerce membership campaign.)

To The Great High Sachem:

Huh;

Oh Great Chief, I hear you as you command your Braves to take the War Path against the Pale Faces during this Moon. I see thy writing that brings to me talk of much Wampum in the Moons to come. I see on the hills the new tepees that sell much tobacco to the Pale Faces. Manitou speaks to me and says its good and that this is the Moon that will bring much glory to our Tribe. I see the Chiefs again trying to pave the Rough Trail on Elm Street. I see your Little Chief Four Eyes going over the trails telling the wonders of our Valley. I see all the good Writing you say, that is a score of great hopes for our Tribe and my heart is glad.

I came from a Tribe to the North many days journey—Your Valley is good, your Tribe is good, my Tribe say come back. I say come dwell with me in my new country.

A Pale Face from the country of many Moons journey to the Land of Snow comes here and tells me our Chiefs are all in their Tepees in the Great Sleep, that our Tepees are dirty, our young men and squaws are lazy and O Chief he says we have a Jail Town. O Great One my heart is heavy for I know he speaks with a tongue that is bad and that he is not being guided by Manitou, and yet another from the land of The Manhattans comes, he too says these things and my heart is much sad. I love my brothers the they talk with the Tongue of Evil and after they have eaten of our meat and rested in our Tepees they still say these evil things, they wax fat and send for their Squaws and they too call our Land The Place of the Great Sleep, Manitou tells me to speak to them the Truth. I say to them "Brothers, we welcome you when your own Tribe withheld the meat from you, your Sons and your Squaws, we gave you our best and warmest Tepees, now you say evil of us and our Land, now we tell you that The Trail to The North is open, the Devil-Devil Wagons are moving many times each Sun and a Sleep Tepee thereon can be had for much Wampum that will take one even thro the place of The Great White Father, back to your Land and Tribe even tho it be many Moons journey into the Land of The Snow." O Great One, they hear me not and say "We will stay where food is for there is none in the Land of Snow.

We say to them "Dwell in peace Brothers for we have meat and corn in plenty for all but break your Tomahawks and Hammers."

Now O Chief if Manitou so wills I will take the Trail with the Tribe but Great Sachem lead us wisely and well for once having lived in this land and eaten this Meat, one does not wish to cross the Hills and lose the way.

My meal bag is full, my scalp lock shaven, moccasins whole and if Manitou so wills my heart desireth many scalps——I have spoken.

From the land of the Pamunkeys.

Giardino Pubblico.

Petunias in mass formation
An angry rose, a hard carnation,
Hot yellow grass, a yellow palm
Rising, giraffe-like, into calm
All these glare hotly in the sun,
Behind are woods, where shadows run
Like water through the dripping shade
That leaves and laughing winds have made.
Here silence like a silver bird
Pecks at the droning heat. We heard,
Townward, the voices, stiff as starch,
Of tourists on belated march
From church to church, to praise by rule
The beauties of the Tuscan School.
Clanging of trams for trains, a flute,
Sharp as the taste of unripe fruit;
Street organs join with tolling bell
To threaten us with Heaven or Hell.
But through it all a nearing sound
As of stage-horses pawing ground.

Then, like a whale confined in cage
(In grandeur of a borrowed carriage),
The old Marchesa swam in sight
In tinkling jet that caught the light,
Making the sun hit out each tone
As if it played the xylophone.
Till she seemed like a rainbow, where
She swells, and, whale-like, spouts the air.

And as she drove, she imposed her will
Upon all things both live and still.
Lovers hid quickly—none withstood
That awful glance of widowhood;
Each child, each tree, the shrilling heat,
Became encased in glacial jet;
The very song-bird in the air
Became a scarecrow, dangling there.
And if you turned to stare, you knew
The punishment Lot's wife went through.

Her crystal cage moves on. Stagnation
Now thaws again to animation;
Gladly the world receives reprieve
Till six o'clock tomorrow eve,
When, punctual as the sun, she'll drive
Life out of everything alive.
Then, as gigantic glory, fade
Sunward through the western glade.
—Osbert Sitwell in The Nation and the Athenaeum.

Undeserved.

Jimmy (tearfully) "Father, the d-donkey kicked me!"

Father—"Have you been annoying it?"

Jimmy—"No. I was only t-trying to c-carve my name on it!"—The Passing Show, London.

Scientific Proof.

One day a teacher was having a first-grade class in physiology. She asked them if they knew that there was a burning fire in the body all of the time. One little girl spoke up and said:

"Yes'm; when it is a cold day, I can see the smoke."—The Epworth Herald.

As Far As China Is Concerned They Can All Stay Out

The Revolutionary.

Look at them standing there in authority.
The pale-faces.
As if it could have any effect any more.

Pale-face authority,
Caryatids
Pillars of white bronze standing rigid,
lest the skies fall.

What a job they've got to keep it up.
Their poor, idealist foreheads naked capitals
To the entablature of clouded heaven.

When the skies are going to fall, fall they will
In a great chute and rush of debacle downwards.

Oh, and I wish the high and super Gothic heavens would come down now,
The heavens above, that we yearn to and aspire to.

I do not yearn, nor aspire, for I am a blind Samson.
And what is daylight to me that I should look skyward?

Only I grope among you, pale-faces, caryatids, as among a forest of pillars that hold up the dome of high ideal heaven
Which is my prison.
And all these human pillars of loftiness, going stiff, metallic-stunned with the weight of their responsibility.
I stumble against them.
Stumbling-blocks, painful ones.

To keep on holding up this ideal civilization
Must be excruciating: unless you stiffen into metal, when it is easier to stand stock rigid than to move.

This is why I tug at them, with my arm round their waist.
The human pillars.
They are not stronger than I am, blind Samson.
The house sways.

I shall be so glad when it comes down,
I am so tired of the limitations of their infinite,
I am so sick of the pretensions of the Spirit,
I am so weary of pale-face importance.

Am I not blind, at the round-turning mill?
Then why should I fear their pale faces?
Or love the affulgence of their holy light,
The sun of their righteousness?

To me, all faces are dark,
All lips are dusky and valved.
Save your lips, oh, pale-faces,
Which are slips of metal
Like slits in an automatic-machine,
you columns of give and take.

To me, the earth rolls ponderously, superbly,
Coming my way without forethought or afterthought.
To me, men's footfalls fall with a dull, soft rumble, ominous and lovely,
Coming my way.

But not your foot-falls, pale-faces.
They are a-clicketing bits of disjointed metal
Working in motion.
To me, men are palpable, invisible nearnesses in the dark
Sending out magnetic vibrations of warning, pitch-dark throbs of invitation.

But you, pale-faces,
You are painful, harsh surfaced pillars that give off nothing except rigidity.
And I jut against you if I try to move, for you are everywhere, and I am blind.
Sightless among all your visuality,
You staring caryatids.

See if I don't bring you down, and all your high opinion
And all your ponderous roofed in erection of right and wrong,
Your particular heavens,
With a smash.

See if your skies aren't falling!
And my head, at least, is thick enough to stand it, the smash.

See if I don't move under a dark and nude, vast heaven
When your world is in ruins under your fallen skies,
Caryatids, pale-faces.
See if I am not lord of the dark and moving hosts
Before I die.
—D. H. Lawrence, in The English Review.