

# THE INTERNATIONAL

Edited by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

VOL. XI. No. 3.

MARCH, 1917.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS .....	67-71
THE OVERT ACT....J. P. Warbasse	71
IN JAPAN (POEM).Ernest McGaffey	72
THE HIGHWAY TO ETERNITY..... Robert Garland	73
"DECADENCE" AND POETRY..... Willard Huntington Wright	76
DINING WITH SCHOPENHAUER..... Michael Monahan	78
"LEBEWOHL" (POEM)..... John Hall Wheelock	79
FROM DEATH'S OWN EYES (PLAY) George Sylvester Viereck	80
FROM "THE LYRE OF LIFE"..... Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff	83
STORIES OF POOR PAPA..... Alexander Harvey	84
THE MISSING MYTH..Frank Pease	87
ANOMALY (POEM)..... Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff	88
WAR TIME POEMS....Oliver Ames	89
IMMIGRATION AND THE AMERICAN MIND.....Prof. H. N. Maurer	90
EDWIN MARKHAM, POET AND SEER, George Sylvester Viereck	92
TOLSTOY'S JOURNAL..... Translated by Michael Monahan	94
BOOK MART.....	65

## THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK MART

(SEE ALSO PAGE 96)

**THE SAILOR.** By J. C. Snaith. A romance of the growth and struggles of a boy who rose from squalor and ignorance to honor and fame. Price \$1.50 postpaid.

**MORAL.** By Ludwig Thoma; translated by Charles Recht. A comedy in three acts. This unique work is one of the finest plays of the modern German theatre. Price \$1.10 postpaid.

**HENRY FORD'S OWN STORY.** By Rose Dilder Lane. The remarkable story of the farmer boy who has become America's most constructive millionaire. Price \$1.10 postpaid.

**THE SON OF MAN.** By B. Russell Herts. "I do not think any one can read Mr. Herts' work except with interest. . . . It possesses a living, vital quality; it is really fresh, illuminating and stimulating."—George Sylvester Viereck, in *The International*. Price \$1.10 postpaid.

**THE MODERN DRAMA.** By Ludwig Lewisohn. Under such headings as "The Realistic Drama in France," "The Naturalistic Drama in Germany," "The Renaissance of the English Drama," the author presents briefly but fully the tendencies, the men, and the important examples of the contemporary literature of the stage. A valuable study list and a bibliography are included. Price \$1.60 postpaid.

**MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.** By H. G. Wells. This is one of the greatest novels produced by the war. Fair to Germany as well as to England. Price, \$1.60 postpaid.

**EDGAR ALLAN POE.**—By Hanns Heinz Ewers. A remarkable interpretation of the character and work of America's greatest poet. It is in itself a bit of exquisite literature. Price 60c postpaid.

**SONGS OF ARMAGEDDON AND OTHER POEMS.** By George Sylvester Viereck. These poems of love and occasion, reveal a lyric beauty and originality unique among the books of today. Price \$1.10 postpaid.

**MISINFORMING A NATION.** By Willard Huntington Wright. A book devoted to a critical examination of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in relation to its effect on the development of American culture. The author does not base his strictures on mere disproportions in space allotted to persons and subjects, but asserts that the treatment throughout is colored by the British point of view to such an extent as to distort values. Price \$1.10 postpaid.

**SUPPRESSED BY THE PUBLISHERS BUT OBTAINABLE THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL.**

**OFFICIAL DIPLOMATIC DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE OUTBREAK OF THE EUROPEAN WAR.** By Dr. Edmund von Mach. This huge work contains complete the diplomatic correspondence of the period preceding the outbreak of the war. Cross indexed. Price 6.50 postpaid.

**WHAT NIETZSCHE TAUGHT.** By Willard Huntington Wright. Few persons other than students have the time or the inclination to read the eighteen volumes of his work in order to learn the philosophy of Nietzsche. Here his message is reduced to its essence. Mr. Wright has for years been identified with the Nietzsche cult in America. This book is now more needed than ever before because of the influence of Nietzsche on the German people and its relation to the European war. Price \$2.15 postpaid.

Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.  
1123 Broadway, New York City. Telephone, Farragut 9771. Cable address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, R. O. Veller; Secretary, Curt H. Reisinger; Business Manager, R. S. Toth.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.75 for six months. In Canada: \$1.75 per year; \$0.85 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as second class matter.

Manuscripts, addressed to the Editor, if accompanied by return postage and found unavailable, will be returned. The Editor, however, accepts no responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Copyright, 1917, by the International Monthly, Inc.

(Continued on page 96.)





Shall It Be This?





EDITED BY  
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

ASSOCIATE EDITOR  
JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY

VOL. VI. No. 3.

MARCH, 1917.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

THE PROSPECT OF WAR  
OR OF PEACE WITH  
GERMANY

**W**E ventured to predict in these columns a month ago that there would be no war between this country and Germany. By the time these pages are in the reader's hands he will be able to judge for himself whether we have been too bold, whether the wish was with us the father to the thought. The past few weeks have not yet, we believe, afforded proof that the German Imperial Government has defied the good opinion of this country. President Wilson has shown great skill in putting upon the Berlin rulers all responsibility for any outbreak of hostilities. Mr. Wilson refused to believe that Germany would provoke us into war through the commission of any overtly hostile act. That is our own view. The German Government is eager to avoid war with us. It is not at all anxious to avoid naval war with Great Britain. The problem of the Wilhelmstrasse is, therefore, to conduct hostilities with Great Britain in a fashion as little likely as may be to precipitate us into the war. It is a difficult situation for the Wilhelmstrasse.

THE REAL SUBMARINE  
SITUATION IN THE  
NORTH SEA

**L**ET us look at the naval situation in the North Sea and the English Channel from a standpoint somewhat above that of the submarine issue as it concerns us only. Germany is striving to do something more than merely starve the British into peace. She seeks a decisive naval battle. It would be madness in her seamen to challenge the mistress of the seas to combat under circumstances of disadvantage to the German high seas fleet. That fleet will enter battle if and when such a dispersal of the British squadrons is effected as will render a battle hopeful to them. The Germans are doing what Hawke, Drake and Nelson did. They are striving to disperse the enemy fleet over as wide an area as possible. It is the application

to sea war of the Napoleonic theory of mass tactics. The Germans want to be superior at sea whenever actual contact with the foe is brought about. One means is the submarine blockade. The tighter that blockade becomes, the more essential it is to the British to break it. This they will do by dividing the units of their fleet. The British fleet is today in a state of concentration near the British Isles. If that concentration be undone by dispersal to meet the submarine peril, the high seas fleet might emerge at the right time, catch the British ships in detail, and if the worst came to the worst, get back without suffering fatal damage.

WHAT GERMANY THINKS  
OF OUR SUBMARINE RULES

**A**MERICANS should dismiss from their minds the British conception that Germany has in this war only the submarine. She has her high seas fleet. In every submarine calculation, the use of the high seas fleet is a factor. It might take months for the submarine fleet to reduce the English to starvation, even assuming that the blockade were effective—a fact not yet proved. The Germans, naturally, take stock in the submarine. They are sure it will achieve wonders. They are well aware, for all that, of the limitations of the submarine. There is a stage of the campaign at which the battleships in the Kiel Canal must come out to challenge the foe. If, then, the Germans can arrange their submarine operations in a fashion likely to avoid trouble with us and at the same time bring about the situation leading up to a general engagement of the capital ships, we may be sure they will not fail to do so. This explains a feature of the crisis which puzzles many here. The English profess to despise the submarine as a blockader. They say they have solved the problem it presented at first. Why, then, do they make such ado over its iniquities? The reply is to be found in the possibilities of the submarine in "holding" their cruisers and battleships.

THE RELATION OF THE  
NAVAL FACTOR TO  
ENGLAND

LET us assume that the worst came to the worst with the Germans at sea. They lose all their submarines, we will suppose, and their high seas fleet is annihilated. That would not make an end of Germany as a belligerent. She would still hold Northern France and Belgium and remain mistress in Middle Europe. But suppose the British fleet met with some great disaster. England would become a mere island off the coast of Europe, inhabited by helpless millions. The French would have to capitulate at once. They could get no coal, no reinforcements. This is the explanation of the panic in London over the submarine. The English might be able to withstand a German invasion. They could live for a long time on their domestic supplies, for the well informed know that England is provisioned for a siege, despite the allegations in a certain press to the contrary. There is enough smoked meat in the British Isles at this moment to ration the troops for twelve weeks. The warehouses are stuffed with grain. Granting all this, the disaster we assume to the British fleet would put England out of the war. That is why she must fight a great naval battle in circumstances guaranteeing her an overwhelming superiority in the matter of ships and guns. She will not fight a fleet even comparatively equal to her own. The mere possibility that the submarine may involve a great battle at sea with the heavy fighting ships at a disadvantage means that the critical hour has struck for her.

GERMANY'S BELIEF THAT  
WE ARE ON  
ENGLAND'S SIDE

OUR newspapers have paid so much attention to German submarines that Americans may be excused for thinking that the Wilhelmstrasse likewise thinks only in terms of the submarine. We may rest assured that the commanders in the Kiel Canal take battleships into consideration. They want to dash out when the time is ripe. Consequently, the attitude of our State Department is easily represented to the Germans as an act of interference with the course of the war at sea. America is assumed to be keeping the high seas fleet locked up in the Kiel Canal, or at least to aim at such a thing. This is, of course, absurd. We must remember, on the other hand, that the German people are in a sort of besieged fortress, rumors only reaching them from the outside world. They are fighting for their very existence as a great nation. They know that where England is concerned, the issue depends upon the outcome of a great battle at sea. The Germans do not want to starve the English for the mere satisfaction of adding to the number of hungry

people in the world. If every woman and child in England went to bed supperless the Germans would not be much helped if the British fleet continued to dominate the highways of the sea. The English would still hope on. The English would be plunged into panic, however, if while they were hungry, they learned that their great navy had been worsted in battle. This may seem an erroneous way of looking at the subject from an English point of view, if we do not understand how firm in the might of their fleet the English live. They could be brought down to cat's meat and nettle soup without despairing as long as they knew that they were the lords of the main. The Germans know this very well.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS  
IN THE GERMAN  
NAVAL CAMPAIGN

FOLLOWING step by step, the series of developments in the German naval campaign, we will assume that England is "invested" by the submarine. Not all merchantmen will be sunk. That is no part of the German plan. Those ships will be sought out and holed which bear to the British Isles vital supplies, either in the form of ingredients for ammunition, the constituents of explosives, metals, especially copper, cotton and nitrogens. Ships bearing gold to this country will be attacked. There are whole categories of vessels which the Germans do not intend to seek out at all, a fact explaining the escapes of "liners" over which much ado is made. The Germans have been well informed hitherto respecting the character of the merchandise aboard every ship bound for Great Britain. They will doubtless continue to be so. The British will be driven to heroic measures to protect a commerce vital to their campaign this summer. It is difficult to see how they can escape the necessity of convoying the merchantmen. The moment they effect a dispersal of their fleet they will have to consider the possibility of a dash out of the Kiel Canal. It is idle to point out that all these German plans are mad, impracticable, insane and the rest of it. The thing for us to note is that Germany thinks she can force England to decisive battle and defeat by this expedient. From her point of view, therefore, our attitude means that we have gone over to the English in effect, however the form of our intervention may be put in diplomatic protests. To her we seem to have become the naval ally of England. Victory is within her grasp and we would snatch it from her.

MILITARISM AND THE  
CAUSE OF FREE SPEECH

THE army magnates seek to enact a bill that will abolish the right of free speech in the event of war. Their purpose is avowed by themselves to abolish government by public opinion should we go to war



with Germany. War with Germany would be a doubtful blessing if accompanied by a despotism of the military. It behooves every friend of our constitutional liberties to bestir himself. Even Lincoln, at the height of the Civil War, opposed any diminution of our freedom for the purpose of promoting the objects he had in view. It is greatly to be deplored that the cause of preparedness should be discredited when most it needs friends by the bare and naked grin of hoofed and mailed soldiery. The bureaucrats at Washington are, of course, responsible. There are so many bureaucrats in the land to-day, they are so strong in combination and they feel so convinced of the peril to the nation in liberty, that it becomes daily a harder task to make headway against them. In the event of war it would be no easy matter to preserve even the semblance of self-government if the bill now proposed be passed in Congress. It is interesting to observe, too, what an undemocratic army organization is provided for us by the bill introduced in the expiring moments of the session. There is not the slightest effort to give us an organization that would put a marshal's baton in the knapsack of every soldier in the French fashion. Perhaps there is a clique in the War Department at Washington that seeks slyly to promote the aims of the extreme pacifists who want no army at all. The bill of the military magnates discredits the whole scheme of preparedness. Was that their object? How comes it that we have an army organization so saturated with the spirit of hostility to our institutions? Would the New York Evening Post be a better newspaper if its editorials were written by the aide-de-camp to General Noodle? Perhaps the militarists want to promote that surreptitious circulation of pamphlets which ushered in the French revolution. That is the invariable effect of a military censorship—the clandestine circulation of the anonymous pamphlet.

#### THE SPRING CAMPAIGN IN THE EUROPEAN THEATRE

WINTER has almost gone and once more we are on the eve of a tremendous offensive on the Continent of Europe. That is the announcement. There is to be an end once for all of the German army. We have heard something like this before. The Germans are supposed to live in dread of the annihilation of their forces by the great Nivelle, the great Haig, the great Sarraill. Victory of the Allies would mean an expulsion of the Germans from Northern France and Belgium, the retirement of the forces of Hindenberg from Russia and the "rescue" of Serbia and Roumania. We expect to see nothing of all this. On this point, none the less, there is need of a word of caution to those who study maps. The map is the most misleading of guides to the state of a land campaign. We expect to see many changes in the military map of Europe in the next year or two. We are not impressed by the view that the end of the war is in sight. We do

not believe that the German people are near the point of starvation. The resources of the combatants are worn down. The combatants remain comparatively where they were a year ago. Not one revolutionary change in the aspect of things as they are is in sight. We see as yet no indication that the great struggle in Europe is not to be stretched out like the Napoleonic wars. The impression to the contrary is ascribable to an almost childish misconception in the contemporary mind on the subject of what is called "science." It is taken for granted that because we have wireless telegraphy and airships and submarines and antiseptics and telephones, the art of war has become a tabloid affair, a lightning chain sequence. The disillusion of the world on this point is bitter already, but the disillusion is still with us. Let us all be thankful if the war lasts only five years more.

#### AMERICAN PACIFISTS AND GERMAN SOCIALISTS.

THE pacifist in the American papers today seems a sorry object. Particularly on the Eastern seaboard he is represented as a monstrosity freshly spewed from hell. Yet it was only a little while ago when these same publications lauded the German Socialists to the skies for opposing war. Liebknecht was hailed as a hero. He was a martyr, a victim of "Prussian Schrecklichkeit." He was an enemy of war. But the American people today, and almost as one, are the enemies of war. They have not changed.

"Instead of proving to Europe," writes Prof. A. R. Hohlfeld, of the University of Wisconsin, voicing the thought of America, "that when it comes to the final test of our institutions we proceed in the same spirit and with the same methods that have hurled Europe into the abyss of this war, can we not show Europe a better, a saner, a freer way? Did not our papers, at the outbreak of the war, extol the German Socialists because they strove for peace by all lawful means as long as a ray of hope was left? Are we to mock the name of this country of ours as the land of freedom by denying our citizens the same right of free speech and free assembly? Even those who honestly think that it would not be politic to hold meetings at this time should be careful not to oppose such meetings as unpatriotic, for by so doing they attack one of the very cornerstones of our constitutional freedom. To be sure, when a decision had been reached, the German Socialists rallied with inspiring unanimity to the support of their government, and we are entitled to expect the same from our people.

"But whatever may come in the end, let us hope and pray that as a nation we may experience at least something of that catharsis of emotion which purifies and frees the soul, and which is the one true compensation for the suffering and distress of disaster, personal or national."

## MILITARY EFFICIENCY AND THE LIQUID RATION

MANY of us are of the opinion that even mild alcoholic beverages impair efficiency. We have studied numerous charts of endurance tests in which an attempt is made to drive this point home. We have seen tons of statistics proving that even the moderate consumer of alcohol totters into a drunkard's grave in his teens, while the total abstainer lives to the age of Methuselah. This seemed to contradict our own observations, but we were unable to furnish proof to the contrary. Fortunately the Chief Command of the German army has saved us this trouble.

Last April we published an article by Dr. Max Stein, to whom the General Staff had entrusted the distribution of beer among the armies of the Fatherland. It stands to reason that the General Staff would not have instituted an "Association for the Distribution of Beer" if it believed that beer interfered in any way with the efficiency of the German army. With the existence of Germany at stake, it is unlikely that the Germans would create a tremendous machinery in order to see to it that every soldier is supplied with his glass of beer, if they did not believe that this mild alcoholic stimulant increased his fitness.

It should be remembered in this connection that there is on record an important verdict of a German court on the nutritive value of the much-prized liquid. A merchant who had hoarded large quantities of beer contrary to the orders of the Food Dictator defended himself by claiming that beer did not fall under the act in question, because it was a luxury, not a food. The Court refused to accept this contention. It decided that beer is a food, not a luxury.

Before the war, prohibition had strong advocates in the German army. It was tried in the Austrian army with almost disastrous results. It is true that the Czar has introduced prohibition in the Russian army, but the success of his soldiers is not such as to justify the wisdom of his decision. The fact remains that the German army, the most successful of all, not only fails to prohibit but actively encourages the consumption of mild alcoholic stimulants.

When Dr. Stein's article appeared in *The International*, the Association for the Distribution of Beer had just begun its work. Evidently the ten months of trial have not disproved the experience of the first year. In spite of the British censorship, news from the Fatherland reaches us occasionally by subterranean and submarine routes. To these channels we are indebted for the following information:

IN the beginning of the war relatives and friends of soldiers frequently shipped beer to them, together with other dainties. These shipments were regarded as "love-gifts"—"Liebesgaben." Unfortunately it appeared that some regiments were more favored than others. Some received all their hearts desired; others little; still others nothing at all. Of course the German army did not depend on civilian contributions for its supply of liquid food. The quartermasters of the various army branches purchased the necessary supplies directly from the breweries in their respective homes.

This resulted, of necessity, in considerable variations in prices and other disagreeable complications. Consequently the Central Staff created a Central Distributing agency for the troops of the German Empire, with the exception of the states of Bavaria and Wuertemberg. These two kingdoms, with commendable foresight, had already provided such a bureau for their own troops. It was part of their mobilization plan. They knew that the Southern German does not reach his maximum efficiency without the liquid nourishment essential to his well-being. Incidentally these troops are known to be among the bravest and hardiest.

Under the new arrangement each army branch is required to announce the exact quantity of beer needed for its consumption. The Central Bureau supplies the demand as far as possible. If the demand exceeds the supply, the available quantity is apportioned proportionately. From the first of August, 1915, to the 30th of September, 1916, 2,717,222 hectoliters were distributed by the Central Bureau, as compared with a demand for 3,606,022 hectoliters. In other words the demand exceeded the supply by 33 1-3 per cent. This total does not include the amount supplied by the kingdoms of Bavaria and Wuertemberg.

In the warm summer months the demand for beer is at its height. In the month of May the thirsty warriors of the Fatherland (still excluding the two kingdoms of Wuertemberg and Bavaria) demanded 490,000 hectoliters of beer. In June the demand reached 533,000 hectoliters. In those months the demand exceeded the supply by 2.7 per cent. respectively. In July, 1916, the supply exceeded the demand by a small percentage.

On an average the Association for the Distribution of Beer, acting under the National Food Commission, distributes among the active troops in the field, 194,087 hectoliters a month. We have seen no figures as to the amounts distributed by the Central Bureaus for the kingdoms of Bavaria and Wuer-



temberg. The average consumption of the soldiers from these parts, is apt to be proportionately somewhat higher. We also assume that among the troops from the region of the Rhine, Gambrinus is supplanted to a certain extent by Bacchus.

WE have reviewed these figures somewhat in detail, not only because they afford an interesting glimpse into the scientific management of the German food problem, but because we read in them a lesson for our own country. No matter what our opinion on the origin of the war may be, we all admire the matchless efficiency of the Germans, both as warriors for their country and as national economists. Nevertheless, we hamper the distribution of harmless alcoholic beverages in our own country, and point with joy to the increasing area of

dry and extra-dry States. Would it not be wise for our legislators and reformers to take a leaf out of the experience of Germany before they commit us to prohibition?

Germany is battling against half the world. She is using every ounce of available energy. She would regard as criminal the useless expenditures of a drop of sweat or one ounce of power. Yet, basing her decision upon the judgment of her marvelous chemists and the demand of a highly specialized General Staff, versed in the science of employing each human unit to the utmost advantage, Germany includes beer in her plan for food distribution. Is it not possible that we are making a serious miscalculation, if we attempt to strike liquid nourishment in the form of mild alcoholic beverages from our national menu?

## THE OVERT ACT

By JAMES P. WARBASSE.

HAD the government of the United States openly planned to enter the European war it could not have laid its plans better to accomplish that end. The press began by inflaming the people against efficiency in war—efficiency in war means horribleness, it can mean nothing else. The first official act of the President was to set aside a day of prayer for peace. As soon as this was gone through with the American public arose from its knees and went to work making shrapnel. At first the President forbade great banking loans to the belligerents, but after Mr. Morgan visited Washington a couple of times the embargo was raised. Soon most perfect publicity measures for marketing the bonds of the Allies were in operation. The press was subsidized and the banks were rushed to the bargain counter. Directly the enormous holdings of Allies' bonds in this country in the hands of the banks, insurance companies and the privileged rich committed our most powerful interests and the press to the cause of the Allies. We ceased to be neutral.

Preparedness was the next step in our non-neutrality. The President, with the forces of government, co-operated in cajoling the American people into accepting a militaristic program the like of which has never been dreamed of by any great modern nation contemplating peace with the world.

Then came the "peace message," which contained one important idea: *The United States can no longer remain aloof from the affairs of the old world; the time has come when we must assert ourselves.* Mr. Roosevelt had already said it without the garnishing. In the President's message this idea was so enveloped in the soft tissue of peacefulness and human interests that its true significance was not discernible until a few days later. The break with Germany and the unexpected belligerency of expression which accompanied it disclosed the connection between the two.

AT the time when the "peace message" was presented diplomatic Washington must have known of the intensified program of sea warfare which the Central Powers

contemplated. Every precedent of history and every enlightened impulse should have prompted the President to have united with the neutral nations in a league to protect their own rights and to promote peace. Such a course did not lead toward war.

The other neutral nations do not wish to enter the war. The President sent his ultimatum to Germany without consultation with them. They were astonished; but they now are at least aware of our desire to lay aside neutrality and become a belligerent power. We can no longer conceal the fact that the United States Government is proposing to do the behest of the big financial interests and help make their bond holdings good.

The very forces which spared us from war with Mexico are the same forces which are drawing us into war against the Central Powers. Imminence of war with Mexico depressed the stock market; everything which helps on toward our entrance in the European war as an ally of the Allies strengthens the prices of Morgan stocks. The heyday dawns. Militarism and big finance are on the eve of coming into their heritage.

The scene is set for the great drama. Officialdom prefaces its plans now with the words, "As soon as war is declared." The orgy of vicious legislation and the reign of loot that will follow "as soon as war is declared" will cause future historians to blush for their country and patriotic boards of education to exclude the record from admission to the schools. The President's militaristic policy will be adopted. A conscription bill will be rushed through Congress and signed. What is left of the freedom of speech will be abolished. Hypocrisy will register its triumph over democracy.

As to our foreign relations, the task is nearly done. The tedious process of bringing a government, representing a hundred million people with a leaning toward democracy, up to the point of entrance into the European war without their knowing it is a large undertaking.

The Administration has asked Congress to permit American ships to arm for the purpose of employing force to carry contraband cargoes through the war zone. Every British ship

that sails from our shores with a cargo of shrapnel carries American citizens.

During the Napoleonic wars, when American vessels were being sunk by the belligerents in 1897, Congress at the request of President Jefferson forbade our ships leaving their ports, and war was prevented. The exporters succeeded, after two years, in having this embargo rescinded, "armed neutrality" was instituted, and the unnecessary and disastrous war of 1812 followed. If the present Administration desires to avert war the same thing can be done, and Americans advised that they enter the war zone at their own peril and not at the peril of our 100,000,000 people.

The exporters' greed for European profits raises the cost of living here. The guns which are to be used to escort our foodstuffs to England may save the hunting estates of British gentlemen from being plowed up to raise food, but they virtually are aimed against our own hungry poor.

**W**E await the "overt act." The press sees it in the foam of every wave that dashes on the English coast. The pabulum of the newspaper-absorbing public is an intoxicating fabrication—a veritable devil's broth of poisoned news. None

but the strongest constitutions can withstand it. The headlines declare our peaceful intentions, but the news reveals our warlike purpose. The flags are flying. The children are drilling. The women are rolling bandages.

Far across the ocean a war-sick nation, surrounded by enemies, is hemmed in in the struggle for its life. The Central Powers have no interest or purpose in destroying American citizens or neutral American shipping. If harm comes to such, even in the war zone, it will be because of the accident of war or because of their violation of neutrality.

But the "overt act" is on the bills to be performed; we have gone a long way; we must have the climax. The Germans can scarcely avoid it as an incident of modern warfare, if American citizens insist upon asserting their "right" to enter the war zone. If the Germans succeed in evading it there are forces so potent and so desirous of it that we may with confidence expect it to come to pass. Soon the slogan will be "Remember the Overt Act!" The memory of the Maine is gone, but who shall tell us whether the "overt act" is from the outside or the inside? We shall only know that when it comes it saves the day for Wall Street.

## IN JAPAN

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

**W**HERE the cherry-blossoms glisten, and the moonbeams  
lean and listen

While a dainty Geisha maiden waves her silken-textured fan  
In Japan:

Would you dare with me to wander, would you care with me  
to ponder

In that Isle of Fujiyama, where the Oriental man  
Dreams his dreams and reaps his visions on a happy Pagan  
plan,

Where the lotus bends and quivers  
And a willow curves and shivers,  
By the deep and drowsy rivers

In Japan!

Where the butterflies gleam brightly, over grasses idling  
lightly

And a throng of leaves are dancing in the breeze's lilting van,  
In Japan,

Would you drain with me a flagon in this realm of stork and  
dragon,

In a clime of glowing sunshine, in the country of Nippon,  
With its vine-embellished arbours lighting garden spaces wan:

Where gray halcyons are fleeting,  
Pinion-tips and plumage meeting,  
And the summer's heart is beating

In Japan.

Where the airy arches ample, of a dim and lofty temple  
Hover over ivoried pillars, and the groping twilight span,  
In Japan.

Would you come, or doubt or danger, though you knew me as  
a stranger,

You, a flower of the morning, I a sun-burned sailor-man?  
Would I find you by our gateway, near the peach-trees, Pitti  
San?

Where wide nights are starred with splendour  
And frail rushes, green and slender  
Dip their smooth, round blades, and tender,  
In Japan.

Where a purple iris lily stains the marshes, blooming stilly,  
Where the east grows gay with scarlet through its folds of  
slate and tan,

In Japan;

If we parted, would you miss me, soul to soul there would  
- you kiss me

In that old, old vale of mystery so little known to man,  
Since the light usurped the darkness, and a world's career  
began.

Would you tell me, if I moved you,  
Would you trust me if I proved you,  
Would you love me, if I loved you,  
In Japan?





## THE HIGH ROAD TO ETERNITY

By ROBERT GARLAND.

## I.

HE died, did Cyril Van Buren, on the second day of May. This date he had selected several days before, trusting that the weather would be fine. And, he thanked his God, he was not disappointed. In the air was the vague expectancy of spring; in the earth the tremor of returning consciousness. A charming, exotic hush loitered above the drone of the thoroughfares; in the sunlight there was mystery.

All the morning Van Buren bade New York farewell. He looked upon the streets with loving gaze, and, seeking the bridges, watched the river sweeping toward the sea. And, without knowing why, he knelt in St. Patrick's tender gloom while an unseen organist tarried over Bach's G minor prelude. Later, in Central Park, he watched the children play, then walked homeward along the Avenue.

Turning into the street in which he lived, the old familiar street he knew so well, he entered his house for the last time. The windows of his rooms were open to the spring, and, beyond the swaying curtains, the sound of traffic was dim and far away. The hurly-burly of the Avenue passed the side street unnoted save for the occasional grind of a motor's gear or the honk of a taxi horn.

It was a delightful day on which to die, he thought. Sunshine, soft and fine; a whiff of spring; a sense of indefinite adventure; these mingled, as it were, into a high felicity that would not be denied. What a bore death would have been had the weather not been fine!

Van Buren had ever approached life artistically, with a nicety the unknowing dubbed feminine, and he approached death in the same manner. Because nature has seen fit to make death the brutal thing it is, he told himself that there was no reason why it should be vulgarized. So, having dismissed his man for the afternoon, he dressed slowly and with infinite precision. Each article of apparel he selected thoughtfully. The man standing before the mirror, tall and lean and of a winning homeliness as to feature, gave the finishing touch to his scarf, placed a pin therein and stepped back to note the general effect.

Carefully, unhurriedly, he extinguished the lights which burned on either side of the dressing table. Crossing the large, cheery room whose windows gave on the cross-town street, he passed into his sitting-room and placed an envelope, addressed and sealed, on a table where it might easily be discovered. The letter bore the name of Miss Constance Dabney. The address was upper Fifth Avenue.

RETURNING to his chamber he locked the door and drew a revolver from the drawer of a small table beside the bed. He moved to the window to make sure that the weapon was correctly loaded, telling himself that he did not wish to slip upon the doorstep of eternity. He smiled at the phrase, his homely, intelligent face quickening in the manner most women found so irresistible, and repeated it half aloud. A moment later he was stretched full length on the bed, revolver in hand.

It has been said that the life of a drowning man passes cinematographically before him as he merges into the hereafter. This is equally true of all who meet death with undimmed mentality. As Van Buren lay with certain death staring him in the face, the events, petty and important, of his life marched past as an army on review. Dimly, through

the mist of years, he saw himself a youth at school; later at Harvard, quiet and thoughtful and passionately fond of out-of-doors; finally a young New Yorker, with nothing much to do and time in which to do it.

And he saw Constance Dabney, beautiful, fairly well to do, fairly intelligent, wholly charming. Van Buren urged the memory of her to linger in his brain, to remain part of him until the very end, to pass on with him, if such a thing were possible, if not, to make the passing easier. She appeared before him as he always pictured her, in evening dress, radiant with the vitality of youth, seated at a candle-lighted table, smiling into his eager eyes. He heard the contralto cadence of her voice, caught the faint perfume of her hair. They had met at such a scene, and he had sworn to win her or to die, an idle, unmeaning oath he was now fulfilling. He had failed to win her, but he would not fail to die.

Constance Dabney, like many another woman of her class, had played at love for so long a time, dreamed of it, idealized it, painted it in colors of her own imagining, that, when it really came her way in all its sensual crudity, she failed to recognize it until it had all but passed her by. She had decked love out like a doll and made it dance to a lilting tune, as if that were all love had to do, so when it tore the trappings from its back and gripped her by the throat, turning her cold with fear, she did not realize that her dancing doll had come to life at last.

THERE were times, many of them, when Constance Dabney fancied that only Van Buren was necessary to her happiness; times when her entire being, mind and body, called out for him. But of this she could not be sure. So when Van Buren asked her to marry him she refused, although he pleaded manfully. Her refusal came more from force of habit than from lack of affection for the asker. Surely he would ask again. "They all ask again," she said. But here she was mistaken. Van Buren did not repeat his proposal. With all his so-called worldliness, he had never for a moment played with love. To him a woman's "no" meant no, not yes. And, taking neither life nor himself seriously, he determined to end the wretched business then and there.

As he arranged himself upon the bed he felt nothing but a great curiosity as to what lay behind the mystery of life. Riddles had ever annoyed him, whether asked by God or man. He awaited their answers with ill-concealed impatience. And now that he had planned to die he faced the riddle of life after death with his usual lack of calm endurance, knowing (as who does not?) the answer to be a secret that none but death can tell. He found in himself no fear, no uneasiness.

In the other room, beyond the fastened door, the telephone rang fitfully. Its futile petulance intruded harshly upon his pleasant dying thoughts. His cold, clear train of reason was severed clean and straight. No longer did he appear a sort of intelligent giant suffering the pangs of boredom among a mass of petty people. The usualness of the tinkling telephone somehow showed him that he was merely a person of undoubted unimportance committing suicide hesitatingly. And, quite naturally, this view did not appeal.

ONCE again Van Buren brought Constance Dabney to his mind, so that he might take the memory of her, and his love for her as well, with him wherever he might go. He

focused his entire mentality on her. From where he lay he could see her photograph, and with its aid he brought her every feature before him; the slight unevenness of her smile, the melting softness of her eyes, the undulations of her careless hair. He caught the curve of throat and neck, the almost boyish line of hip and limb. He shut out all the outside world and thought of her until she came and sat beside him on the bed. He would have sworn he heard the intake of her breath, felt the touch of her strong white hand. At last he had her where he wanted her. She took possession of him.

Van Buren placed the revolver to his head, and fired.

## II.

He heard the report distinctly.

Over his brain there washed a wave of pain so exquisite that it seemed not like pain at all, after which the universe went mad. People and places he had known, events in which he had participated, tossed meaninglessly here and there, varicolored toy balloons in a formless inferno of light-stabbed sound. A gigantic moon of deepest red zigzagged across the sky, then disappeared. A crimson, dripping veil descended upon him and enmeshed him in its folds. The veil wrapped him all about; he clutched at it with burning hands; tore it. And a tiny bell rang on and on as if it could not cease.

Then, out of the teeming chaos, a little silence crept like a thing afraid. Van Buren heard this little silence when it was a long way off, knew it instinctively for what it was, the peace of the great beyond. As it drew nearer and nearer through the vista of eternity, the dripping crimson faded from the world until nothing but a faint pink afterglow remained. He felt a strange, unearthly warmth stealing into his mind, bringing power and repose and understanding. His mentality, the deathless part of him, began to struggle as an insect struggles to escape its enveloping cocoon, weakly at first, but with increasing strength.

TO the soul of Van Buren, grappling with the physical, came the realization that it was fighting for its very existence, that unless it was worthy of immortality the soul might die just as the body dies. He knew, not knowing how he knew, that only the worthy soul, born of a meritorious mind, may hope for eternity. And he rejoiced in his mental fitness for the task before him.

At length his soul was free; free as a bird circling in a summery sky. His entire mentality quivered with an all-pervading, magnificent freedom, a tremendous independence, a self-reliance all but unbelievable. His being sang within him, sweetly, soundlessly, vibrating to a soaring cosmic melody. He struck his note in the universal symphony without the least restraint, yet in perfect harmony. For the first time his spirit was at peace.

There before him on the bed lay the fetters which had bound him as with bands of steel, bound him and held him a prisoner until his soul had cried for immediate release. With pitying gaze he beheld the thing that had been Van Buren. The thing that had been Van Buren had also been, he realized, merely a marionette dancing to a string held by an unseen hand; the hand of God, perhaps, or at least the hand of Fate. Now the marionette lay prone, a revolver in its hand, a gaping wound in its pallid head, a thin, quivering crimson serpent, horribly alive, crawling across the bed. But the marionette had found its soul. This soul, the sum of its spiritual worth, took in all this, and turned aside. The physical, to the spiritual, mattered not at all.

Clinging, as it were, to the garment of his new-found free-

dom came thoughts of the woman who had been the unwitting, but none the less direct, cause of it. Van Buren's love for Constance Dabney had been and still was, for that matter, a spiritual love, a calling of mind to mind, the tug of the physical checkreined by a strong as well as clean mentality.

TO many men love is a thing apart from their daily humdrum life, removed from the hourly grind of their comings and their goings. To others, such as Van Buren, love becomes part and parcel of their beings as soon as it is born, a glorious necessity, a vivid verity, a thing of mornings damp and drear as well as of calm and starlit nights, a thing to be held very tightly and very steadily through all the hours of night and day until it is one with every heart-beat, with every breath.

His love led him to Constance.

## III.

Constance Dabney sat at the telephone.

She was trying vainly to reach Van Buren. To her worried, reiterated "Hello! Hello!" came no reply, so she hung the receiver on its hook and turned to the windows. A mental unrest had hold of her. This unrest grew all but unbearable. She strove for self-control, telling herself time and time again that there was no reason for her present state of uneasiness, but in vain. A restlessness of body, brought on by a restlessness of mind, came on her, and she paced the room with nervous tread.

A sharp explosion, clear, distinct, brought a cry to her lips and caused her heart to leap within her. This sudden discharge was like that of a revolver fired close at hand. It seemed to have taken place beside her in the room. This she knew, of course, to be an impossibility, but, none the less, the effect transformed her vague uneasiness into a very certain alarm and assured her that her present unnerved condition was not the result of mental vagaries, but the definite effect of an equally definite cause. What this cause might be she could not tell, but, again without apparent reason, she connected it with Cyril Van Buren.

Her mind and body cried for action, demanded it. She felt that if she did not do something, anything, she would go mad. It was this sensation that drove her to her writing table, that forced her pen across the clean white sheet.

"DEAR Van," she wrote—she always called him that—"I have been dreadfully worried since you left me the other day. I have done nothing but think of you and of what you said to me. It was silly to pretend to you, and to myself as well, that I didn't love you. I do love you, Van, I do. I've never loved before, you must remember that, and I was not certain. My brain is not so good a brain as yours; I must have time to think things out. But now I realize that I loved you all along, and that I knew it. All the morning I have felt a vague uneasiness. I have thought strange thoughts, and I have heard strange sounds, all of which I have somehow connected with you. Perhaps my love for you has made me just a little mad.... A moment ago I tried to reach you by telephone, but no one would reply. Please come to me, Van; please come at once, my dear, I want...."

The woman looked up from her writing suddenly. There was a presence in the room other than her own. This she knew. She did not need its vibratory communication to assure her of its arrival. The presence was as real as the pen within her grasp; her mind felt it as distinctly as her fingers felt the implement they held. For an instant a cold fear took



possession of her. She did not understand, and when one does not understand one is afraid.

Her eyes wandered vainly about the familiar room, then sought the paper that lay before her, returned to it as something well within her understanding. Slowly she read the last words she had written. Once more she read them, this time aloud. "Please come to me, Van; please come at once, my dear, I want..." They topped a page, stared at her like a prophetic message written on a wall. She could not but see them, and she could not fail to comprehend.

SHE had called Van Buren, and he had answered to her call. She felt so certain of his presence that she drew her dressing-gown tighter about her throat, tucked her slippered, unstockinged feet beneath the chair. Fear fell from her like a cast-off garment.

"Van," she said, "Van, my dear, you have come."

There was no response; that is, none that she could hear. Her voice sounded strange in the lonely room.

"Van," she said again, "tell me it is you."

This time his reply reached her, there could be no doubt of that, yet not a word was spoken, not a sound disturbed the heavy silence of the room.

"Yes, I am here," he told her, and then: "I love you."

Face in arms, she sobbed aloud.

"Oh, my dear, I love you so."

She felt his presence drawing nearer, closer to her.

"It's not too late," she breathed, "tell me it is not."

She raised her tear-stained face, pushed the smeary letter across the desk until it lay quite near the edge.

"Read it," she pleaded, "and tell me that you understand."

She knew him to be beside her, around her, hovering over her, caressing her. She breathed deeply, drank in this love that filled her, and, trembling with the new knowledge that had come so inexplicably, she read the words aloud, scarce knowing what she did. Slowly and clearly she pronounced them, as if reading to a child, making sure he would catch the thought that lay behind them. As she read, each syllable was repeated after her, much as if an echo had been born within the room, a soundless echo, if such a thing could be. The end came all too soon.

"YOU understand?" she questioned.

She was learning rapidly, and her voice was a whisper.

"Yes, *cara mia*," he replied. "I understand."

"And you love me still?"

There could be no uncertainty as to this.

She crossed to a big armchair, sat deep within it, closed her eyes. Van Buren was there as soon as she. He told her, wordlessly, what he had done. He told her of the tinkling bell, her call, the sound of which had carried a little way into the crimson entrance to the beyond.

"My call," she told him, half reproachfully.

"Your call," he echoed.

"To tell you that I love you," she went on.

He replied: "But how was I to know?"

To this there was no answer.

"And now you are dead?"

This time she made no sound.

"Yes."

"Dead," she repeated, "dead. And I am alive."

"Alive!" said he. "The dead alone are alive."

She caught her breath. There was a pause before she went on.

"What are we to do?"

She looked to him for guidance, and, as always, he did not fail her.

"You must join me," insisted he.

"How can I join you, *caro*?" she asked. "I could not—would not kill myself."

"I'll kill you," he replied.

"You!"

The idea startled her, as well it might, although it was but common sense to him.

"Yes," said he, "I will kill you. I am strong enough, if you will help me set you free."

"How can I help you?" she asked.

"By willing it with all your might."

She hesitated.

"But what will people say?" inquired she.

"Heart failure," was his reply.

Constance sensed his smile.

"They always call it that," said he. "It is because they do not know."

She brushed her hand across her brow in an endeavor to dispel the chaos in her brain.

"You love me?" he demanded.

"You know I love you," she returned.

"You could not live without me?"

"Life would not be life if you were gone."

His point was gained.

"And you will try to join me?"

"I will try," said she.

HE urged her not to be afraid. She lay back in the enfolding chair, eyelids drawn, and thought of her heart pumping steadily, firmly, within her breast. And with all her mental power she bade it cease. All her mentality, a mentality by no means to be despised, she centered on this desire, this dear desire that meant so much to her. She held the thought for an endless moment.

At length she felt another driving force laboring beside her own, a force more powerful by far, more effectual. This outside force grew stronger and stronger, and from it her own mentality gained a much-needed strength. The soul of Van Buren was fighting for its happiness, for her soul's release.

Slowly, but very surely, her heartbeats weakened. This weakening was almost imperceptible at first; then it grew more noticeable and its effect more evident. At the same time her mind gained in power, became clearer, saner, more alive. Never had she seemed so rational, so remote from the petty foibles of mankind, the infinitesimal futilities. As she struggled on, the presence of Van Buren gained in vividness. He grew dearer and more real to her than he had ever been. She could feel him beside her, almost inside her, forcing her to come to him now that it was beyond his power to return to her. Never had she loved him so, never so desired him.

Her soul was on the edge of freedom. The faint flutter of her heart grew fainter and yet more faint, then ceased momentarily. Her soul reached out for liberty, but the body grasped it once again, trapped it, would not let it go. She would have given up the fight had not Van Buren encouraged her, spurred her on. Her heart gave one last palpitation, after which her soul was free.

For a sickening second she saw her body seated upright in the chair, death's calm scrawled over its passive face, its vacant eyes staring across the quiet room. Van Buren summoned her, and in a moment they were side by side, far above the sullen streets, winging their way along the highroad to eternity.

# "DECADENCE" AND POETRY

By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT.

NO term or phrase in the entire critical vernacular has suffered so constantly and persistently from misuse as has the word "decadent." It has come to constitute the *sine que non* of the reviewer's equipment. The poets alone who have fallen under its designation are innumerable, and include many of the finest creative minds of modern times. Both Swinburne and Rossetti went down to their graves stigmatized by this unfriendly adjective. Oscar Wilde and Arthur Symons also fell under its ignominy. In our own country we have a conspicuous example of "decadence" in Poe; and, in later years, another victim is to be found in George Sylvester Viereck.

Save in the shrouded and stagnant quarters of academism most of the men so labeled have survived the critics' enmity. The genius of Swinburne and Rossetti has triumphed over their detractors' derogation. Wilde's poetry is now read and his plays are viewed by respectable persons. Symons is actually becoming a favorite of the anthologists. Poe has at last received his due in America.\* And I even look forward to the time within the near future when Viereck's poetry—a lyricism which has not been excelled in this country since Poe—will be appreciated.

In view of the prevalent practice of characterizing all poetry of a certain stamp as "decadent" it might be well to inspect this word in reference to its general application. Broadly speaking, any work of art which appears to be off the well-beaten track of æsthetic procedure is set down as decadent. Whatever is incomprehensible, whatever departs from custom, whatever strikes out into uncharted paths, is thus branded. Hence we get our first set of synonyms for "decadent": "anti-classic," "unfamiliar," "progressive," "unconventional."

BUT "decadent" has also a more specific connotation as applied to literature. In the first place, it is used more commonly to indicate works in which a sexual or passionate frankness exists, works in which women have dropped their purely angelic rôle and have become human, and in which men do not live altogether in the ethereal regions of the spirit. Thus we have a second set of synonyms: "erotic," "sexual," "emotional," "evanescent."

Moreover, closely allied to this definition is the one which the word assumes when used in describing works of realism; for, in the representation of realistic and objective nature, it is difficult—save for the immaculate—to ignore altogether the demands and manifestations of sex. Hence our third set of synonyms: "truthful," "uncompromising," "lifelike," "unsentimental."

The word "decadent," therefore, as used adversely in regard to poetry, has three shades of meaning, or, rather, one collective meaning which is an amalgamation and a blending of "new," "sensuous" and "frank." And in addition it contains by implication the color and tone of such adjectives as "pernicious," "evil," "depraved," "unwholesome," "corrupt," "inferior" and "vile."

Now, why should honesty and innovation so disturb the literary reviewers? Why should they seek to disqualify every attempt at renovation and advancement by heaping scornful abuse along the pathway of the future? The only answer is that the average critic has an instinctive fear of

change and a constitutional resentment of truth. He is the spokesman and the defender of the old and tried. He can see only that which has passed, and takes his temper from those who are in power. His mission is to justify the established order of things. He is the link between the incompetency of inferior artists and the ignorance of the public. Consequently, he is the antagonist of pioneers.

BUT are these new writers actually decadent in the true sense of the word? Webster's Dictionary defines decadent as "decaying, deteriorating, falling away, declining"; and the Oxford Dictionary defines it as "falling away, declining, deteriorating." In other words, decadence is the inability to create new life, a tendency toward retrogression. Thus "decadence," far from being a synonym for the qualities in modern realistic poetry, is, in fact, the antonym of those qualities. And it applies perfectly to the work of the accepted and respected academicians who imitate and reproduce the achievement which has preceded them. They create nothing new; they draw their inspiration from past creative effort without equaling their ancient models. Their labor represents a "falling away, a declining, a deteriorating": in short, it is decadent. We should not be astonished therefore—in the light of modern psychology—that these gentlemen should apply to the energetic and vital experimenter the term of their own weakness and inefficiency.

The most recent victim of this stigma is James H. Worthington, a newcomer into the field of verse. His advent has been most inconspicuous, due to the inaccessibility of his offerings. His book, "Sketches in Poetry, Prose, Paint and Pencil," has just appeared in a hand-made, limited, boxed, illustrated edition, each quarto volume of which costs enough to support an entire family for at least a week. The ordinary poet is content to enter the Parnassian brotherhood on foot. Not so Mr. Worthington. He drives up in a golden chariot. But even the glory of his equipage has not protected him from the critics. He, too, it appears, is "decadent."

Now, let us see just to what extent he is deserving of this designation. In the first place Mr. Worthington is an astronomer, or, at least, an amateur of astronomy (the most poetic of all the sciences, by the way); and in those poems which have drawn their inspiration from star-gazing he has sought to "adhere to permissible scientific deduction." This is, indeed, a departure, for heretofore the stars and moons of the poets have performed the most miraculous feats, running wild through the heavens at all times and angles. Mr. Worthington's orderly worlds, which cling to their proper orbits and adhere to their accustomed schedules, are consequently new and strange phenomena in poetry; and since they smack of science, they are banned by the reviewers who know only of those "other worlds" and "elder stars," where the ordinary singer insists he has lived in former incarnations.

It must not be thought, however, that this new writer is merely a versifying astronomer. To the contrary, he has sensed in the gigantic scheme of the universe an actual and realistic grandeur which no poet without a telescope could feel. Herein does Mr. Worthington differ from the fanciful astrologers of verse. He has sounded a modern note by allying science to symbolic imagery. His poem "Mars" for this reason is a striking and unusual performance: it combines the mystery and fascination of that planet with the

\* Poe: Hanns Heinz Ewers.



realities of this earth. It is in line with the whole modern trend of research in art. In brief, it is, from the critic's standpoint, "decadent."

**A** GAIN, there are poems in this book which view the world with that actualistic vision which began in English letters with Robert Burns, passed through Meredith ("Love in a Valley"), Rossetti ("Jenny"), Henley ("Hawthorn and Lavender"), Arthur Symons ("London Nights") and, crossing the Atlantic, was perpetuated by Viereck. "To an Unrepentant Magdalene" and "Algiers" are not unlike the spirit and conception in "London Nights" and "The Candle and the Flame." The first of these two poems deals frankly with a phase of life which Victorian ladies would have looked upon askance; and the second is filled with a sensuous color which once was thought to be inimical to polite literature. Surely time enough has elapsed since Flaubert and Gautier to accustom us to such things; but critics evolve more slowly than ordinary mortals, and so Mr. Worthington is added to the list of "decadents."

Modern naturalism is another note which we find in the work of this new poet. He is, in fact, "decadent" from all angles. His "Song of a Plain Girl" is a passionate recital of unrequited love. Its sexualism is honest, and its theme, while not a new one, is simply stated without recourse to innuendos and false sentiment. Of a different kind of naturalism is "The Traveler" and "The Laborer"—the naturalism of disillusion and vain striving. They are not uplifting in the conventional sense. In them the insignificance of man is contrasted with the cosmic vastness, and hence is not idealized and measured by the petty criteria of a sentimental materialism. And in "To a Woman" the poet's repudiation of moral standards is a result of his consciousness of more universal laws. But there is enough superficial evidence to

permit the critic to cry "eroticism"; and so the word "decadent" is lugged out and pasted across the text.

The injustice of designating Mr. Worthington by this term is perhaps greater than in the case of Symons and Dowson, for both these earlier poets were, to some extent, eclectic. But Mr. Worthington, however much you may dislike his poetry or find fault with his purely creative ability, has at least striven for something new. And this impulse is the reverse of decadence. He has sought to combine modern literary methods and means with a scientific ideal, or, rather, to express the naturalism of our immediate life in terms of an eternal and universal point of view based on the vision of worlds other than our own. His attitude, therefore, is in keeping with all modern literature which is not *actually* decadent; and for this reason, if for no other, he should be welcomed.

Robert P. Baker's illustrations visualize, in somewhat sculptural fashion, the symbolic ideas of the poet, some of them giving us a very distinct sensation of the immensity of space and of the forces which exist outside of our daily experiences.

The book as a whole represents the various qualities which have come to be known as "decadent," and is an excellent statement—aside from any question of merit or demerit—of the new spirit which has swept over modern letters. As such it reveals quite plainly how far removed from actual decay the new literature really is. Poets need no longer fear being called decadent, for the word connotes progress and honesty and a reverence for facts. Sometimes the search for truth carries the artist far afield or leads into the morass of sex. But any striving toward a clearer expression of the real is better than a stale contentment with things as they are.

## "LEBEWOHL"

By JOHN HALL WHEELOCK.

**I** HAVE cried out to you with the crying of my songs,  
I have called out to you with the voices of my soul;  
Enough that the dead past to the dead past belongs.  
Lebewohl!

Love is a little thing, and the years slay and sever,  
Grief has a voice that sobs, but soon his lips are dumb—  
Yet shall we spurn the gods that do not stay forever,  
When they come?

We pray not to forget, and laugh at our forgetting,  
We jest at the old wounds where the heart bled, and yet

I would cry out between the dawn and the sunseting,  
And then—forget.

This is the awful boon that all grief may inherit  
And not God rob me of—this one swift cry today  
Echoed out of my spirit sundering, and your spirit  
Answers from far away.

Therefore to you I cry it out of the years replying,  
Therefore to you alone, out of my changing soul  
Passed like a thought, I cry, and pass in the darkness crying,  
"Lebewohl!"

## THE INTERNATIONAL IN WAR OR PEACE

**I** N war or peace the International stands for undiluted Americanism.

The Declaration of Independence is the foundation of our policy in letters, politics and international events.

We believe in free speech—not only for ourselves—but for everybody—friend and foe alike.

The International under any circumstances will continue to discuss topics which are

really vital and important—even if J. P. Morgan, Elihu Root and Joseph H. Choate do not like it.

The intelligent minority will always have a bold spokesman in the International.

If you believe in the great principles for which we are contending, join us. We need you and you need us. **SUBSCRIBE TO THE INTERNATIONAL. ONE YEAR OF THE BEST MAGAZINE IN AMERICA COSTS ONLY \$1.50.**

# DINING WITH SCHOPENHAUER

By MICHAEL MONAHAN.

WAS dining lately at Mouquin's, alone. You had better not so dine there, unless you have reached that melancholy climacteric, "a certain age"—(I do not plead guilty myself). It is not good for men to dine alone at Mouquin's, and it is even worse for Mouquin's. All here is planned for sociability and the sexes—the *menu* is a pæan of sex as frankly declarative as a poem of Walt Whitman's; the wines, the suave, lightfooted French waiters (really French), seeing all and nothing; the softly refulgent electric bulbs, the very genius of the place, all bespeak that potent instinct which harks back to the morning of the world. One sees it in the smallest matters of detail and arrangement. Elsewhere there is room and entertainment for the selfish male, but here—go to! The tables are not adapted for solitary dining; at the very tiniest of them there is room for two. An arrangement that would have moved the irony of Schopenhauer and signalizes the grand talent of Monsieur Mouquin. To conclude, a solitary diner is an embarrassment, a reproach, a fly in the ointment of Monsieur Mouquin. I was all three to him lately, but I make him my most profound apologies—it shall not occur again. Why, I am now to tell.

I was dining at Mouquin's alone, and it seemed as if the spirit of Schopenhauer suddenly descended upon me, who had been there so often, joyous and joyously companioned. The waiter took my order with a veiled hint of disapproval in his manner. He forgot, too, that he was of Mouquin's and, therefore, anteriorly of Paris—he spoke English far too well for the credit of the house. (At Mouquin's, you know, the wines and waiters are alike imported.) I knew what the waiter was thinking about—I felt and understood his subtle, insinuated reproach: I was alone. There was no person of the opposite sex with me to double or treble the bill and to obey whose slightest hinted wish the *garçon* would fly with winged feet, *à la Mercure*. Decidedly it is a violence to the Parisian waiter to dine alone at Mouquin's, for it robs him of that pleasing incentive which is essential to the perfect exhibition of his art. I do not qualify the phrase—the French waiter at Mouquin's is an artist, and never more than when he rebukes me, wordlessly, and without offense, for dining alone.

HOWEVER, I was a good deal worse than being alone or in company, for have I not said that Schopenhauer was with me? Do you know Schopenhauer? Is he anything more than a name to you—that giant sacker of dreams, that deadly dissector of illusions, that pitiless puncturer of the poetry of the sexes, that daring exposé of Nature's most tenderly cherished and vigilantly guarded secrets, whose thought still lies like a blight upon the world? Do you know his beautiful theory of love, which is as simple as the process of digestion and indeed very similar to it? Once in Berlin an enthusiast spoke in Schopenhauer's presence of the "immortal passion." The Master turned upon him with his frightful sneer and asked him if his bowels were immortal! . . .

When Actæon surprised the chaste Diana at her bath he was merely torn to pieces by his own hounds. Schopenhauer's punishment for betraying the deepest arcana of nature was worse, yet not worse than the crime merited—he was compelled to eat his own heart! . . . Not, I grant you, a cheerful table-mate for a dinner at Mouquin's, when the lights glow charmingly and the bustling waiters,

the incoming guests, the rustling of skirts, the low laughter indicative of expectancy, and the confused yet agreeable murmur of voices—the bass or baritone of the men mingled with the lighter tones of the women—announce a joyous evening. Charming fugue, in which a delicate ear may detect every note of appetite and passion, though the players use the surd with the most artistic precaution. Admirable convention, by which men and women come in sacrificial garments, or evening attire, to worship at the shrine of the Flesh.

But why drag in Schopenhauer? Do not some guests come unbidden to every banquet, and is it within our power to decline their company? Let us be thankful if at least we do not have to take them to bed with us.

The climacteric, perhaps? My dear sir, when I tip the waiter tonight I can get him to say easily that I am not a day over forty. . . .

THROUGHOUT the large room (we are upstairs, gentle reader) the tables are filling rapidly with well-dressed men and women. Nothing in their appearance, generally, to challenge remark; a conventional crowd of male and female New Yorkers, intent on a good dinner and subsidiary enjoyments. For the first time, perhaps, I notice how pleasant it is to observe everything at leisure, without having to talk to any one—you really cannot see things in a detached, philosophic manner when you have to jabber to a pretty woman.

A clerical-looking gentleman with a severe forehead is one of my neighbors. His companion is a handsome young woman, rather highly colored, who seems more at home in Mouquin's than the forehead. A couple take the table next to mine; the young fellow is well-looking enough, the girl has the short, colorless, indeterminate American face, with its pert resolve to be pretty; both are young and have eyes only for each other—that's the point. They sit down to table as if preparing for the event of their lives; this eager young expectancy is smilingly noted by others than myself.

A large man convoying three heavy matronly women who yet do not look like mothers—you know that familiar New York type—takes a favorable station against the wall where there is much room for eating and whence the outlook is commanding. The large one perjures himself fearfully in explaining how he had it specially reserved. I know him for a genial liar, and maybe the ladies do, too. These four have evidently come to eat and drink their fill, and to look on: Schopenhauer is no concern of theirs, nor they of his.

Not so this elderly man with the dashing young woman on his arm—the man is too handsome to be called old, in spite of his white hair. The young woman has that look of complete self-possession and easy tolerance which such young women commonly manifest toward their elderly admirers—this is not romance, but what is generically termed the "sure thing." Schopenhauer is but faintly interested, and my eyes wander toward the little American type. She has had her second glass of wine by this time and it has hoisted a tiny flag in her cheek. A little more and she will succeed in her determination to be pretty—the dinner is only half under way. Schopenhauer bids me note that she eats now with undisguised appetite, and that she fixes a steadier gaze upon her young man than he can always meet. Both young heads are together and they eat as fast as they talk—but youth atones for all. These two continue to draw the gaze of most persons in their vicinity.



THERE have been one or two mild selections by the orchestra, but they passed unnoticed in the first stern business of eating. It is a pity that artists should be subjected to such an indignity, but it cannot well be avoided by artists who play for hungry people. The leader of Mouquin's orchestra—perhaps I should say the orchestra at Mouquin's—is a young man with a high forehead and long hair. I am not a critic of music, like my friend, James Huneker, and I am unhappy in the difficult vocabulary which that gifted writer employs. But it seems to me the conductor and first violinist at Mouquin's is an artist. A veritable artist! No doubt I shall be laughed at for this—I have said that I am ignorant of the technique of criticism.

When the orgasm of eating had in a degree subsided, Schopenhauer nudged me to observe how the company began to give some attention to the music and even to applaud a little. Ah, it was then the young leader seemed grand and inspired, to me. He looked as if he did not eat much himself; and his music—something from Tannhauser—fell on my ears like a high rebuke to these guzzling men and women. I do not know for sure what the "*motif*" of it was (this word is from Mr. Huneker), but the refrain sounded to me like: "Do not be swine! Do not be swine!"

The swine were in no way abashed—perhaps they did not understand the personal allusion. I have read somewhere in Mr. Huneker that the Wagnerian "*motif*" is often very difficult to follow.

We had reached the coffee, the psychic moment when the world is belted with happiness; when all our desires seem attainable; when with facile assurance we discount the most precious favors of love or fortune.

"You will now observe," whispered my invisible guest, "that with these animals the present is the acute or critical moment of digestion, from which result many unclaimed children and much folly in the world. The edge of appetite has been dulled, but there is still a desire to eat, and the stage of repletion is yet to be reached. These animals now think themselves in a happy condition for the æsthetic enjoyment of art and even for the raptures of love. They have been fed."

The terrible irony of the tone, more than the words, caused me to turn apprehensively; but no one was listening, and my hat and coat occupied the chair where should have sat my *vis-à-vis*.

WITH the coming of the cordials and the lighting of cigarettes, the music changed to gayer measures. The young maestro's head was thrown back and in his eyes flamed the fire of what I must call inspiration, in default of the proper phrase of Hunekerism; while his bow executed the most vivid lightning of melody. This was the moment of his nightly triumph, when his artist soul was in some degree compensated for the base *milieu* in which his genius had been set by an evil destiny. He now saw before him an alert,

appreciative audience, instead of an assembly of feeding men and women. For the moment he would not have changed places with a conductor of grand opera.

"Note that foolish fellow's delusion," said Schopenhauer. "I have exposed it a hundred times. He thinks he is playing to the souls, the nobler emotions of all these people, and he plumes himself upon his paltry art. They also are a party to the cheat. He is really playing to their stomachs; and their applause, their appreciation is purely sensual. Yet I will not deny that he is doing them a service in assisting the process of digestion; but it is purely physiological, sheerly animal. The question of art does not enter at all, any more than the question of love does in the mind of yonder old gentleman who has eaten and drunk too well, and is now doting with senile desire upon that young woman."

I noticed, indeed, that the elderly gentleman had become gay and amorously confidential, while his companion smiled often with affected carelessness, yet seemed to be curiously observant of his every word and gesture. But *their* affair was no matter for speculation.

I GLANCED toward the clerical gentleman with the severe forehead. Both he and the forehead had relapsed perceptibly, and there was evident that singular change which takes place when a man doffs the conventional mask of self. His lady friend seemed disposed to lead him further. No romance here. . . . "It is the stuff of all romance," snarled Schopenhauer.

The heavy women waddled out once or twice to the retiring room and came back to drink anew. No man looked at them, save in idle curiosity—they were beyond tempting or temptation. "These represent the consummate flowers of the sexual instinct," remarked the sage. "Gross as they now seem, they were once young and what is called desirable. They yielded fully to their animal requirements—they ate, drank and loved, or, to speak more correctly, digested—with such results as we now see."

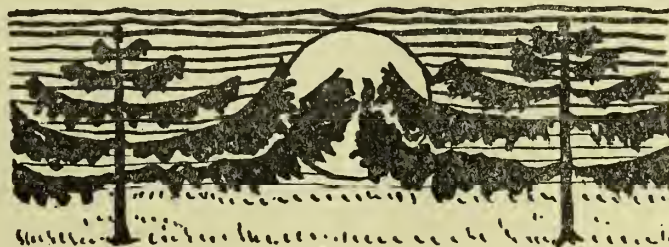
I shuddered . . . but the large women were indubitably enjoying themselves.

There was more music—the guests applauded ever the more generously. The leader now condescended like a veritable artist—*à bas le café!*

I noticed that my little American beauty left the room (without her wraps) a bit unsteadily, and came back presently, very high in color. A drink was waiting for her, and she began talking with her young man as if she and he were alone in the world. I noticed also that the young man carried his liquor rather better and seemed to shrink a little under the eyes attracted by the girl's condition. In my ear I heard the sardonic whisper of Schopenhauer:

"*They call this love!*" . . .

I would rather dine with a pretty woman at Mouquin's or elsewhere than with any philosopher, living or dead. Especially Schopenhauer: *à bas* the climacteric!



## FROM DEATH'S OWN EYES

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

*"And love that caught strange fire from Death's own eyes."*

—SWINBURNE.

## CHARACTERS.

MILDRED (forty)

ALFRED (between eighteen and nineteen)

GWENDOLEN (eighteen)

*(A room tastefully furnished and not without luxury. Niches in the wall; couches with silk cushions; rich draperies; a piano; books; a table laid for a light repast; a clock; a mirror. One door leads directly to the hall, another to the inner chambers.)*

*(Mildred is dark-complexioned. From time to time a flash of summer lightning passes over her face. Even at a distance one would suspect her hair of being scented with some costly perfume. In all her limbs there is a certain languor as of an early September day. She is the Woman of Forty.)*

*(Gwendolen appears a little older than her years would warrant. She is fair. The instincts of the Mother-Animal, almost entirely lacking in Mildred, are strongly pronounced in her, and lend warmth of expression to her gray eyes.)*

*(Alfred is blond. The dreamy expression in his blue eyes is in strange contrast to the fullness of his lips. In speaking he looks older than he is. His gestures are nervous and unsubdued, but a certain, almost girlish, grace saves him from the awkwardness of his age. Under the stress of emotion his voice breaks into a boyish treble.)*

*(Mildred goes up to the small table. She touches a few dishes as if to enhance the symmetry of the arrangement. She is evidently feverish and excited. She consults a little watch, set with pearls, and compares it with the clock. She goes to a mirror and gently applies a pencil to her eyebrows. Then she sits down at the piano, strikes a few bars, and breaks off with a sharp discord.)*

*(With firm steps she approaches a desk, takes from it a vial the contents of which she empties into one of the wineglasses on the table.)*

*(She hurries to the piano again. The hands of the clock point to a quarter of eleven. Footsteps. A knocking within.)*

MILDRED (throwing a cloth over the table): Come in.

GWENDOLEN: I am going to bed, aunt; is there anything else you want me to do?

MILDRED (with unwonted tenderness): No, my dear. I thank you.

GWENDOLEN (looking at her with some astonishment): Are you not well?

MILDRED (impatiently): Quite, my dear, quite.

GWENDOLEN: Good night, then.

MILDRED: Good night.

*(Gwendolen goes out, and Mildred locks the door behind her.)*

*(After a brief space light footsteps are heard in the hall. A key is turned in the outer door. Alfred enters, and the light falls full upon him. He is dressed as if for dinner. His fair hair and the light in his eyes contrast sharply with his dark attire. He throws his arm about her neck.)*

MILDRED: You are earlier than I expected.

ALFRED: Yes. I managed to get off. You can imagine how I enjoyed all the chatter, knowing that you waited for me . . .

MILDRED: Who was there?

ALFRED: Girls—geese! A few of my classmates. Only two people of any interest, Marion and Clarence.

*(Mildred's eyes flash.)*

ALFRED: Do you know, she is quite pretty. She wore a dress of cream lace, and had two red roses in her hand, whose petals trickled down her slender fingers like drops of blood . . .

MILDRED: That is her unvaried appearance since her absurd affair with Albert . . .

ALFRED: And Clarence—

MILDRED: Neither of your interesting people is to my taste. Above all, beware of him. You see him far too often.

ALFRED: What harm can that do? His is an unusually lucid mind; he is one of those people who understand—everything.

MILDRED: He is one of those natures who have a dangerous passion for playing with other people's souls. You must guard yourself against him.

ALFRED: He is a man of wise words and quick sympathy. Think, by contrast, of my college-mates! How they weary and disgust me with their salacious jokes and confessions. Then, too, all their ideas of life and love are so curiously repellent and so different from what I feel. They would consider such a love as ours as something to be bragged of, but always with a tacit insinuation of its immorality. And yet their commerce with women of the street seems to them pardonable, even proper.

MILDRED: That is not altogether their fault, but society's, which considers love outside of marriage for a woman of one's own class a prime offense. The average materfamilias is piously indignant over the sin of some Paolo and Francesca, but closes her eyes to her son's frequent excursions to houses of painted vice. Thus, in their early youth, are they robbed of the power of loving the body purely.

ALFRED: They are not all so fortunate in their teachers. You have taught me to see with other eyes. How shall I ever thank you! To think that their fate might have been mine!

MILDRED (playing with his hair): My dear, you could not ever have been one of them.

ALFRED: But what is the matter? Your hands tremble.

MILDRED: Nothing, nothing. Feverishness, perhaps . . . Do you not care to eat something?

*(She throws the cloth back from the table in such a way that the wineglasses in one corner remain hidden.)*

ALFRED (looking at the table with child-like delight): Just what I love, mushrooms and caviar!

MILDRED: Oh, you big baby! Will you have a cocktail?

ALFRED: Yes. I'll have one. But put two cherries into it. Then I can imagine them to be two lips reddened with sharp kisses.

*(They drink.)*

MILDRED: Will you have a cigarette?

ALFRED: Will you?

MILDRED: Not tonight.

ALFRED: Then I won't smoke either. Do you know, I really don't care particularly for smoking. I do it now and then, because it looks graceful and because you like it.

MILDRED: Yes. There is a strange charm in seeing you hold a cigarette between your passionate boyish lips. It is hard to tell then whether its fire or your mouth burns with a redder flame . . .

ALFRED: And I, I love to see you smoke. You are the



only woman whom it suits. It gives you a more demoniac air. Little tips of flame seem to quiver about your lips. One wonders then whether it is the reflection of your cigarette or your soul that dances there . . .

MILDRED (*smiling*): Another cocktail?

ALFRED: No, I thank you. One is enough to set my blood racing in choric measures through the brain . . .

MILDRED: Some wine then?

(*She lifts a bottle of red wine which almost falls from her trembling hand.*)

ALFRED: There is something wrong with you tonight—something unusual about you.

MILDRED: A passing weakness.

(*Mildred puts the cloth entirely away and fills the glasses.*)

ALFRED (*draining his*): To your health!

MILDRED: To yours, (*falteringly*) and to the future. (*She tastes the contents of her glass carefully and then drinks it down.*) Do you know, Alfred, we should never have met . . . It would have been better for you and for me . . .

ALFRED: Better? How can you say such things! Did you not bring a new and radiant light into my life when the great sun of your love arose for me? I, to be sure, could be but little to you, beautiful and courted as you are; I had nothing to give you except my heart.

MILDRED: Yes, dear, but listen. I am your first great love; you are my last. First love is perennially beautiful. It wears a purple raiment and a wreath of roses; it remains throughout life one's dearest memory. But with the sweetness of the kisses of one's last passion, there is blended a bitterness in the conscious knowledge that its end is always near. The color of its robe is almost strident in its brilliance, for it is red with the scarlet of fever and the crimson of one's heart's own blood . . . This love, too, bears a wreath, but it is a wreath of thorns. It is the saddest of all loves, it has no illusions. I know that you will leave me, for I am old.

ALFRED: You are, and will be, my one love.

MILDRED: Oh, you are such a child! It is your youth, it is the Eternal Masculine in you, that will drive you away from me. And if not these, then the artist will come, who makes of the hearts of those who love him a lyre on which he plays—harmonies long and full, or mere *vers de société*; and when he has lured from the instrument all songs that it could give, he breaks it and throws it away. And yet I am glad that I have given you a voice. It is said that the love of mature women is dangerous to young men. It is a lie. I believe that the society of wearied and sophisticated men, who poison them with their cynicism and dazzle them with their wit, is far more fatal. I feel that my influence has been good.

ALFRED: You gave me—all.

MILDRED: And yet, I made a mistake. I should have flirted with you, played with you as queens do with their pages, but I should not have loved you; it should not have gone so deep. I love you too much to let your love die in mere friendship. Others may do so, I cannot. I cannot bear the thought of losing you. Your limbs have the fragrance of tender grasses . . . When your boy's head rests on my bosom I know that my image entrances you entirely, that you are not old enough to have to think, when in my arms, of some perverse wanton who stung your jaded nerves to a last pang of pleasure. And finally, I know that our love has been of deep significance to your life and to your art, not a *liaison* that passes without trace. But pass it must. That, too, is sure, and a great loneliness will devour my life.

ALFRED (*almost weeping*): But I will not leave you, O my queen! You knew how to receive my adoration, to bear yourself like a queen, even as you understand all that seethes

and yearns and wells up in me—all that clamors after spiritual birth. You unlocked for me the hidden crystalline fairy-castles of Love, you showed me the secret gardens in which Dalliance and Beauty walk under trees with violet blossoms that break into emerald fruitage. You gave me of your knowledge; you incited me to creation; every verse of my poetry is an aspect of your beauty, every poem is a night with you. For the curve of your breasts is smooth and firm like a perfect marble flower, the touch of your hand gentler than the beating of angel's wings . . . You have given my life its meaning, which I have coined into golden words.

MILDRED: But after me others will come, men and women, and they, too, will gain an influence over you. I shall live to see how you come to me less gladly than of old, with an excuse here and an excuse there. (*She shivers.*) It were better to make an end . . .

ALFRED: How can you speak so! Why break one's heart over things that are far away upon the knees of the gods, hidden in gray mists, and which will, perhaps, never come to pass. Why do you torture our souls as they did in mediaeval cloisters, where they scourged the neophyte in punishment of the sins that he might some day commit.

MILDRED (*with sudden resolution*): And those old monks were wise. I knew a man once who slew his wife. There was no visible motive for the deed. I sought him out in prison and spoke to him. "Was she unfaithful to you?" I asked. "No," he replied, "but she might have been." He met death with a smile on his lips, for he knew that none other had possessed, nor ever would possess, that body which he loved to idolatry. (*She speaks with a strange exaltation, that almost frightens him.*)

ALFRED (*trying to calm her*): Dearest, fairest in all the world! But my love cannot pass.

MILDRED: Even when wrinkles will line this brow; when these breasts are no longer like perfect marble flowers, but like two faded blossoms; when my body, where your lips touch it, will exhale a faint scent, which you alone will notice—a scent that foreshadows the odor of decay.

ALFRED: How strangely you speak today. I shall kiss the wrinkles from your forehead; I shall touch your breasts, so that they break into new bloom; I shall drink your breath until it becomes sweet as wine and as intoxicating—and if I cannot give you my youth, I will grow old along with you.

MILDRED (*with peculiar intonation*): And if death were to part us?

ALFRED: Then would I kiss your dead hair, water your breast with my tears, and lay the rose-leaves of my song upon your pallid eyelids. Love like mine is stronger than Death . . .

MILDRED: Are you quite sure of yourself?

ALFRED: I would pledge my very soul.

MILDRED: It is well.

ALFRED: What is well? And why this austerity, this strange insistence?

MILDRED (*with clear, impassioned tone*): Fate has so willed it, that you will be put to the test sooner than you dream . . .

ALFRED (*frightened*): How is that possible? I do not see. There is something terrible in your eyes . . .

MILDRED: Child, look at me! How will you bear it? (*Pointing to the glass.*) The wine—

ALFRED (*springs up and stares wildly into her eyes*).

MILDRED: The wine which you have drunk was poisoned!

ALFRED (*swaying and catching hold of a chair to avoid falling*): Why, why have you done this? (*Grasping his fore-*

head.) I am dizzy already . . . I thought the wine had a bitter taste . . . Is there no help?

MILDRED (*with regal air*): It is too late.

(*The candles throw their full light upon her. There is in her eyes a strange illumination, and a pallor steals over her face.*)

ALFRED (*whose dramatic instinct awakes*): If I must die then, and if there is no salvation, my beloved—none, then had I rather receive death from your hand than from another's. I feel a quivering in all my limbs. I hear the beating of strange wings. All your gifts are good gifts, even—the gift of death.

(*The light in Mildred's eyes becomes intenser. Her pallor interchanges with redness. She places her hand upon his head and her slender fingers run through his hair.*)

ALFRED: Do you hear?—even the gift of death.

MILDRED (*with trembling voice*): And do you know what death is, child? In this golden hair that I caress today a slimy something will creep—the worm. These child eyes, now full of tears, will start from their hollows; from your slender loins will the flesh fall, and into this brain, now full of words like jewels, the dust of the earth will be ground and loathsome things that lurk in darkness. You will be in a land that knows neither love, nor song, nor remembrance; you will be a thing of horror, a mass of corruption. That—(*her body shakes*)—that is death.

(*Alfred has become gray as ashes. A convulsion as in strong fever runs through his body. His head, which she has been covering with kisses, sinks upon her lap.*)

ALFRED (*with a sob in his voice*): If I die now—you must lay a lily on my grave and throw in secret three roses into my coffin . . . You must take all my books and all my manuscripts . . . Mildred, Mildred, it is very terrible to die so young . . . especially with so much left unsaid and uncreated . . . What an artist dies in me . . . Yes, this is what you shall write upon my grave: *QUALIS ARTIFEX PEREO!* . . . And yet of this I may boast. My life has been a harmonious whole. Had I grown older, it may be that discords would have crept in. Thus far my life has been as a poem; it has been like faring in a silver gondola over seas incarnadined, with music in the stroke of every oar . . . And suddenly the storm-clouds gather . . . The lightnings flash over the firmament like the glow on the face of some god . . . But through the roar of the tempest the melody sounds on; the waves lash the silver gondola into the whirlpools . . . Yet in destruction still rises soft music, a song to you . . . And that is death—death which you gave me; and why should you not? . . . you gave me life? . . .

(*A ghastly pallor has spread over Mildred's features. The light in her eyes has died. Her hands clutch convulsively after his.*)

ALFRED: But how pale you are! . . . Mildred . . . ? Is it possible! . . . You, too! . . . Ah, a great joy rises in my heart! . . .

MILDRED: Come here, Alfred. Come near—nearer. I have lied to you . . . Do you really believe that I could have sacrificed your life? Yet I did right to lie to you. For now love, seeing the greatness of yours, sweetens the thought of death.

ALFRED: What have you done? By the mercy of God, what have you done?

MILDRED (*with weak voice*): It was I who drank the draught!

ALFRED: Christ! What shall I, can I, do? Is no one in the house? No antidote within reach?

MILDRED: Let be. (*She looks at the clock.*) The poison has done its work. Take the footstool and sit at my feet.

So, so. I am perfectly contented, I am perfectly happy. Death comes to me not as to a flower that dies anew with the fall of each petal, he comes swiftly. He comes in halcyon days and gives me of his drowsy vintage. Do you see, Alfred, I shall remain to you a beautiful memory, perhaps the most beautiful of all? I shall live in your song and in your heart. But my fading eye will guard this vision of you sitting at my feet. That will remain, if there is memory hereafter. Dear boy, I never let you know how much I loved you, how my thoughts were with you day and night. A perversion men may call it; but is it not in the strangest gardens of love that the fairest flowers blow? I am entirely conscious of what I have done. I know that Death stands beside me now, and clutches at my heart with his fingers. It throbs still like a flickering flame, throbs with immeasurable love. To my very breast Death has risen, but my lips still live . . . Do not tremble, my darling . . . Kiss me, kiss me! . . . Oh, how my lips are athirst! . . .

(*Alfred covers her face with kisses. She winds her arms about him. Suddenly they relax. A white foam rises to her lips and a convulsion pitilessly shakes her body to and fro. Then there is silence.*)

(*Alfred remains for a few moments as if turned to stone, unable to comprehend what has happened. He touches her face with his hand and the foam sticks to his fingers. Then he breaks out into violent sobbing.*)

(*At this moment a loud knocking at the inner door is heard. He opens it and Gwendolen stands before him. Her hair falls about her shoulders. She is clad in a night-dress.*)

GWENDOLEN: Merciful God! What has happened! You here, Alfred! And aunt!

ALFRED: Dead, dead, dead. She is dead. (*Almost screaming.*) Poisoned! She has poisoned herself!

GWENDOLEN (*seeing Mildred*): God! How is it possible! Only an hour ago I spoke to her. (*Shaking the corpse.*) Aunt! Aunt! I must away—must call a doctor!

ALFRED: Stay, Gwendolen. You must not go. Do you not understand that you *must* not go . . . She has poisoned herself . . .

GWENDOLEN: And you? Why are you here? How do you know?

ALFRED: *Gwendolen!* . . .

GWENDOLEN: Can it be?

ALFRED: You must think no evil of her, *she loved me* . . . And it is this love that brought about her death.

GWENDOLEN: How could this happen?

ALFRED: Come! I will tell you. She was dear and good. And how I loved her! You must not condemn her. Listen. (*Gwendolen sinks down on a couch in the farthest corner of the room.*)

ALFRED (*sitting down next to her*): She came like a good fairy to the troubled waters of my youth. She placed her finger on my wounds. She understood what I said and what I left unsaid. She understood all, and she was all to me. She filled my life and my song. She was so pure, so fair, so wise; I could reveal to her my most secret thoughts. Her smile forgave everything. And then came Love. Like a great flame it came between us and made our life splendid with immortal bloom. I had no warning of this; I came here happy, and she has killed our dream that it might never die! And now she lies cold and dead—dead!

GWENDOLEN (*stroking his hair*): How you loved her!

ALFRED: Loved her? She was as beautiful as a legend of long-dead loves. She was like a sun over the wastes of my life. And she was beautiful, perfectly, and I loved her perfectly. I kissed her adorable body as though it were the Host . . . I burned my soul upon her lips—



*(His hand, entwining her neck as if seeking help, slips down, and is arrested upon her half-bared breast.)*

GWENDOLEN *(her whole body trembling)*: Alfred!

ALFRED: Oh!

*(They both spring up and dare not look at each other.)*

*(At that moment a gentle sound is heard. It is the head of the dead woman falling sideways against the chair.)*

*(Curtain.)*

## FROM "THE LYRE OF LIFE"

By BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

**T**IME sheds a halo on those who are gone: distance gives an aspect of perfection.

Nothing makes as many enemies as success.

Sympathy is the crucible of the spirit.

The more ignorant we are the more contented.

Imagination flavors life. It is a torch illumining reality.

The more we suffer the more we see.

**R**EALITY is the stumbling block we would forget when we love.

Inconstancy is the arrow of desire.

Wisdom consists in knowing how to avoid suffering.

Analysis is the vivisection of pleasure.

We grieve more for what we have never possessed than for what we have had and lost.

The more we know the less we expect.

**P**URITY consists not in never having known, but in having known all and—forgotten.

We love first passionately, and,—afterward,—wisely.

Commonplaceness makes many people happy.

Art is the consolation of those who fear life. It is a secret dissipation for the unworldly.

**P**ASSION subsists on mystery and illusion: they are fuel for the imagination.

Perfection is only a projection of the will.

We are never so unhappy as when we have conquered Nature; nor never so happy as when we have obeyed her.

Art is intellectual intemperance.

A man is as great as his passions.

**H**APPINESS consists in seeing life other than it really is.

If life were all that we wanted it to be there would be nothing to wish for and we would soon be bored.

Art liberates; life confines.

Suspicion is the suicide of love.

**A**S others fall, so we ascend. The errors of our friends are the danger signals that save us from destruction.

The tragedy of existence is in realizing we can never be other than we are.

What is forgiveness without forgetfulness? But can we forget?

Consistency is stagnation.

**T**HE home is a prison that has no reprieve. Its bars are respectability, duty and public opinion.

Civilization is hypocrisy enthroned.

When we begin to think of ourselves we cease to love.

Thro' those whom we love most we suffer most.

Love is the sea. Friendship is the raft.

**H**OPE is the beacon-ray we project on reality.

Truth is like cold water; it cures or kills.

Grief is never as solitary as joy, for all people understand pain, but few are able to enter into another's happiness.

**W**E want the world's commendation most when we deserve it least.

Pity is a disease of the heart that has no cure.

Happiness is only recollection.

We are silent when we are the happiest and when we are the most miserable.

**O**LD age lives in the past; youth in the future. That is why they are irreconcilable.

Laughter is a cloak for our real feelings.

Regret poisons the mind and intensifies memory.

Next to riches we all love praise.

**T**HE two states possible to man—ennui or want.

Joy is like a rainbow; when you would capture it it is gone.

Youth laughs at age. And age pities the follies of the young.

The more we know the less we feel.

**I**F we could divine the future very few of us would retain the zest for experience.

Hope is the false pennant of destiny.

We only really hate those whom we love—for they are the cause of all our suffering.

**W**E are never so penitent as when we are found out.

We love most when we fear most.

The advice of our relatives is usually unrestricted impertinence.

If our friends knew us as we really were they would discover everything they say about us to be true.

**W**E only forgive in others what we have had the occasion to forgive in ourselves.

Art and love—the two great illusions.

Charity is often only refined egoism.

To know all is to forgive all.

The less we think the happier we are.

**K**INDNESS is often personified egoism; we do good because the praise or gratitude of others affords us pleasure.

Happiness consists more in knowing what not to do than what to do.

Love is a misstep that has no returning.

A tender heart is a great pitfall.

## STORIES OF POOR PAPA

By ALEXANDER HARVEY.

## THE COAL

WHEN I went into the cellar with the scuttle I found my father in a drunken stupor on top of the coal. The sight filled me with amazement, for I had not seen him come in. It was easy to conjecture, in the light of past observation and experience, that my father, realizing his condition, had been anxious to avoid meeting my mother. I might have paid no attention to him but for the fact that he lay across the shovel. I tugged vainly once or twice at the handle of that implement.

"Little boy!" It was my mother at the head of the cellar stairs. "Are you bringing me the coal?"

"The bum's on the shovel," I explained, making another desperate effort to release it.

"On the shovel!" echoed my mother.

She hastened down those stairs and began to pull my father by the leg. The effect was to dislodge a mass of coal with such swiftness that my mother fell on top of my father. She at once began to pull his hair and to scratch his face.

"I'll have you arrested!"

My mother screamed the words so loudly that my little brother came to the head of the stairs to find out what was the matter.

"Drunk again!"

Having made that remark, my brother raced down the stairs and proceeded to pelt my father with lumps of coal. The diversion vexed me. My father was my favorite parent, although my brother liked my mother best. Many a hot debate arose between us as a result.

"Stop it!"

This admonition from me made my brother so defiant that he hit my father right in the eye with a piece of coal. I retorted at once by pelting my brother with coal, drawing his fire in return.

"Little boy! I thought I sent you down here to get me a scuttle of coal!"

My mother had risen to her feet and was gazing at me with a countenance rendered formidable by the streaks of black on it. The shovel was now available, for my father had assumed a sitting position on the coal. He simpered at me in the maudlin fashion so characteristic of him when he was drunk. The whole of life, indeed, seemed a succession of jokes to my father when he was drunk. He had caught so fully the spirit of what was to him now another joke that he threw a lump of coal at me. Then he threw another and then yet another. By the time I had picked up the scuttle and begun operations with the shovel the fusillade was so hot that I had to retreat with a cry of pain. A lump of coal had caught me smartly on the jaw.

"Will you let the child get me that scuttle of coal?"

Before my father could reply to her loud question, my mother had inverted the scuttle and extinguished his head with it.

"I have called to collect the rent!"

This announcement, in the familiar voice of the landlord, drew my gaze to the head of the stairs. There stood the eminent deacon who owned the house in which we lived. How long he had been a spectator of the scene below him I could not conjecture from his manner. I was quite embarrassed by so untimely an interruption, but the landlord was quite at his ease.

"You know," he said to my mother, "you promised to give me my money on Monday. Today's Friday."

He had scarcely spoken the words when lumps of coal hit his hat and knocked it off his head. He was sufficiently dexterous to catch it as it fell and put it on again, whereupon a lump of coal hit him on the bosom of his shirt. He finally withdrew from the head of the stairs in the face of a veritable bombardment. We all heard the front door slammed.

"Serves him right!" cried my mother. "I sent him a postal card about the rent."

Just then she caught sight of my father and burst into a fit of laughter. There he sat on top of the pile of coal, with that inverted scuttle extinguishing his head.

"If your father hadn't been drunk," declared my mother, "he couldn't have hit the landlord once!"

## THE TUREEN

MY father was taking the dishes, one by one, from the kitchen table and throwing them through the window into the back yard. They smashed noisily, while my mother looked on with an affectation of the utmost good humor.

"That's right, you drunken loafer!" she cried, as he lifted a dish of roast beef and sent it flying after the sugar bowl. "Don't leave us anything to eat off of! Ha! ha!"

I peered through the crack in the door at this spectacle with great relief. I had been warned by my mother to get home in time for tea, and here I was an hour late! Luckily, my father had shown up with his belly full of rum, to use my mother's expression. He had different ways of being drunk. Sometimes he lurched in heavily and sank into a stupor on the kitchen sofa. Now and then he brought home a strange dog, and then he was only half drunk. On the present occasion, as I knew from past experience, he must have arrived early in the afternoon and slept off a spree. He got up with a headache, whereupon my mother scolded him until he began upon those dishes.

"Go in and get me that tureen before he lays hands on it!"

I turned to find Mrs. Bobb standing beside me. I had been sent to her house next door to borrow that very soup tureen. It had been given to Mrs. Bobb as a wedding present years before. When I went to borrow it, I was charged by my mother to say that we would take the very best care of it. Nevertheless, I could not venture into the kitchen at that moment. My mother would be sure to send me to bed, protesting that this scene was the fruit of my disobedience.

"Come around with me to the gate."

Without heeding the protests of Mrs. Bobb, I stepped out on the sidewalk and hastened to the back fence, which I climbed. A teapot flew past my head as I unbolted the gate. Mrs. Bobb awaited me on the other side, as I had expected.

"Now, if you'll stay here," I told her, "you won't get hit and I'll catch the tureen when it comes out."

"And I'll give you five cents," said Mrs. Bobb.

The delight induced by the proposition made me spring like a panther upon a plate as it sailed through the air.

"What a good catch!" Mrs. Bobb spoke encouragingly, I know, because she had such a direct interest in my success. "I'm sure you'll be a base ball player when you grow up!"

"That's nothing." Harry Hill raised his head over the top of the fence on the other side of the yard. "He can catch a cup and saucer together."

Harry Hill had often seen me catch the dishes in this



fashion. He regretted at times that his own father didn't do as my father did. The way of Harry Hill's father, when he got drunk, was to drag every dish off the table to the floor with one swift jerk of the tablecloth.

"But I only have a little fun every once in so often," Harry Hill would complain to me, "because my father's never drunk, except on pay day. Your father's drunk all the time."

He had scarcely praised my prowess to Mrs. Bobb when I afforded her a fine illustration of it by catching a pitcher. It was a large and heavy bedroom pitcher, which we used on the kitchen table at meals. We had had a much finer one once, but my father threw it out of the window before I grew expert at catching the dishes.

"If you'll only catch my tureen like that!"

Mrs. Bobb spoke devoutly, and I laughed to reassure her. Our anxiety took a new direction at that moment.

"You drunkard!"

My mother had abandoned her attitude of high good humor and was flinging herself at my father. He held the tureen aloft.

"You shan't throw that!" My mother grasped my father by the nose. "That tureen isn't ours, you dead beat! We borrowed it from a neighbor."

My father clearly deemed this another of my mother's lies. He made a quick rush to effect the release of his nose. She held him so tightly that he dragged her off her feet. She fell, pulling him down with her. They fell on the tureen, which broke into many pieces.

## THE LODGER

THE police were looking for the very best lodger we had in the house. He had two wives. One of them, who was young and quite pretty, occupied our second story front room with her baby. She was a most agreeable tenant, who did not care how often my father came home drunk.

"Yes!" reiterated my mother, as she washed the dishes at the kitchen sink, "just because your loafer of a father has made up his mind to be drunk for the rest of his life, they're putting the only paying tenant we've got behind the bars!"

The individual to whom she referred entered the room at that moment. He was wearing an old skirt of my mother's, a pair of her shoes and a pair of her stockings. His bust had been made effective with the aid of a pair of my mother's corsets, over which he wore one of my mother's jerseys. On top of his head rested a switch of my mother's false hair. I could not have recognized Mr. Wilson if I had not known beforehand what he was going to do. My mother, nevertheless, was not altogether satisfied by her inspection of him.

"It's lucky I've such a small foot," she said, pulling a stocking up to his knee in the least conventional style imaginable, "or you couldn't put on my shoes."

Mr. Wilson was at once put to washing the dishes at the sink, which I must say he did with a striking resemblance to the aspect and operations of a servant girl we used to have.

"You go to the grocer and buy a box of matches," said my mother, giving me a five-cent piece. "And as you walk around the block, see if that detective is still watching the house."

The words were scarcely uttered when my father came in drunk. He was, to be sure, making a creditable effort to seem sober, but to the experienced eyes of my mother and myself he was in no condition to afford the assistance he was to have rendered in the emergency that confronted Mr. Wilson.

"Fool that I was," cried my mother, "to believe the loafer when he promised me this morning to stay sober for one day!"

My father was so bent upon seeming sober that he made a critical inspection of Mr. Wilson, who, by this time, had washed all the dishes and was beginning to wipe them.

"Very good!" My father spoke in the thick voice that be-

trayed the difficulty he was having in the part he played. "Mr. Wilson's good girl."

Whereupon he drew from his pocket a long, thick veil, which he tried to put around Mr. Wilson's head.

"If we don't get this loafer into bed," affirmed my mother as she slapped my father's face, "he'll spoil everything!"

She scratched his chin and clawed his cheeks, while I lay hold on the back of his coat and dragged him backwards. Thus we got him through the kitchen door, and up a flight of stairs.

"Someone's watching the house! It must be the man with that warrant!"

The agitation of the young and pretty Mrs. Wilson as she whispered this news to us over the banisters provoked a renewal of my father's effort to look sober.

"S'all right!"

He waved that long, thick veil.

"Get the drunkard into bed!"

At this command from my mother, Mrs. Wilson gave us her assistance. We bundled my father into the bedroom occupied by my parents.

"I wonder who's watching the house," my mother said.

"Nobody we know," I said. "Some one from headquarters."

"Go 'round the block!" she commanded. "Buy a box of matches. See how many new faces you find!"

It was quite dark when I stepped into the street. On a corner stood the strange man who, I divined, had a warrant for the arrest of our bigamist. He peered keenly at me as I walked by. I ignored him. I ignored, as well, the patrol wagon further on, the driver of which showed some disposition to address me. But I escaped into the grocer's.

It was not so easy to elude those men when I came out.

I had been obliged to await my turn among a throng of patrons in a Saturday night rush.

"Mr. Wilson lives in your mother's house, doesn't he?"

That detective spoke to me in the most winning manner.

"Mr. Wilson?"

As I repeated the name in a meditative manner, the door of our house opened and shut noisily. The detective looked up. I looked up.

There, on the sidewalk, was my father in my mother's clothes. I knew him at once by his walk, that unmistakable walk of his when he was pretending to be sober.

"Good evening."

My father bowed with the old-fashioned distinction of manner he displayed when he was pretending to be sober.

"Good evening," I said with perfect presence of mind.

My intimate knowledge of my father made it plain to me that he was obeying the imitative impulse that was strong in him when he was at a preliminary stage of inebriation. He thought he would seem sober if he did what he saw a sober person doing. The detective at my side had no such clue to the mystery that faced him. He tore from my father's face that long, thick veil. My father stroked his mustache in a bored fashion, bent as he was on seeming sober to the last.

"Wilson!"

The detective fairly shouted the name. My father bowed politely and said he was glad to meet Mr. Wilson. In a moment more my father was whisked off in the patrol wagon, and I raced indoors to report this extraordinary piece of good luck. There I found my mother beating Mr. Wilson over the head with the broomstick.

"You villain!" she shouted, "you dare to tell me you never married that poor girl up stairs after all!"

"But," urged Mr. Wilson, who was still wearing those clothes of my mother's, "the marriage would have been bigamous!"

"I know that," screamed my mother, tearing the skirts off him, "but that poor girl up stairs would be a respectable woman!"

# THE MISSING MYTH

By FRANK PEASE.

Upon the myths of childhood are builded  
the foundations of states.

A SCORE of years ago there was let loose within these States a scourge of destructive criticism the like of which no time and no country had ever suffered. It will come to be known as the Age of Leveling. In that period the myth of good repute, the old proud myth of high estate, magical success, masterly perseverance, the myth even of character itself, fell before the fierce onslaught of investigators, prosecutors and crank journalists. It was the theft of a myth on a gigantic scale, and it brought rich returns to the men who backed it with pen and press. Notwithstanding the sweeping scope of their piracies, there was one thing overlooked, a matter that might have yielded much material for their pains: the muckrakers overlooked robbing the cradles.

Now, whether this was an accident—a thought scarce to be considered so keen is a muckraker's scent for "copy"—what man can tell? Certainly it was not fear, nor was it modesty, for the tribe possessed the fanatic fearlessness of zealots coupled with the immodesty of *sans culottes*. Perhaps the positive stimulus of 1914 was lacking. At any rate it was not until this momentous year that the most deplorable, the most vicious and most unwarrantable resultant of muckraking appeared in our midst: cradle-robbing.

To attack maturity's myth is one thing, but to destroy the inspired myth of childhood is quite another. This last is an almost irremediable crime. For what has taken whole generations to build, when once destroyed, requires even more generations to rebuild. Yet this is just what has been going on before our very eyes since 1914. We have allowed critics, a very demon of criticism, fullest scope amongst the ideals of our children; that is, have allowed havoc to play with the future of our children.

In modern conceptions history is no mere record of the past. History is a becoming. But a becoming from what—out of what? The future is composed of today's present and yesterday's past. All that went into the making of that past has descended into the making of this present, just as it in turn will enter into the making of the future, and all—the actions of men, the character of things, the combinations of events—go into the making of the national myth. Logically, and for the upbuilding of a people, no break should be permitted in the continuity of its myth. But this has already occurred, as I will illustrate presently.

NOW while the past could be shown, concretely, in our present acts, its chief importance for the future subsists in our present beliefs, faiths and aspirations, for these are the very essence of our myth, the link which connects our past with our future. Primarily, if our myth is a strong, noble, ascending myth, then our beliefs and hopes, and consequently our actions, will be strong and noble. Our children will imbibe strength and nobility from such a myth. If our myth is weak, uninspired or confused, then that inner morale which is character will never be attained by our children, though devise, systematize and discipline as we will. The child *absorbs unconsciously* the rugged grandeurs or the polished insincerities of the nation's myth. A nation's myth is its categorical imperative.

Thus myths are very important factors in the making of nations. He who robs a nation of its myth violates its soul.

No nation, be it young or in the full prime of its maturity, can afford to be robbed of its myth. It could not persist for a single generation without its myth. A myth is the very cement of a nation's substance. Now could there be discovered a nation where the social cement of its myth is a more important ingredient than in America, composed as it is of the most diverse aggregation of men and manners ever assembled under one rule, one ideal, one common interest?

Until 1914 America possessed a great and noble myth, perhaps the greatest and noblest that has yet appeared on earth. Its central point of irrefutable datum of history, this myth so dear to the ardent fancy of each new generation of our schoolboys, rallied in its penumbral train a pictured pageant of heroes and heroines, brave men, intrepid women, surprising tales of exploit, undying loyalty, supreme defiance to oppression, and, finally, that masterpiece of human inspiration, Victory. Across the luminous tapestry of tradition these shadowy—real figures moved as gods in the creating of our national myth. (Perhaps they were gods!) At all events each generation of American youth since has viewed them as gods, paid them the homage that gods should be paid—which is unquestioning faith, re-created the epic of their labors in sublimations of fancy, but, chief of all, youth incorporated much of their heroic virtues in the development of its own character. But this was prior to 1914.

IN 1914 what happened? What became of our national myth? Who stole or destroyed it? Who robbed our cradles and despoiled our future of its noblest psychological possession—the Epic of '76? Who or what has so confused and disconnected contemporaneity from our past that there exists not a single schoolboy capable of discerning truth from falsehood: the truth of that stalwart myth from the present falsehoods of contradictory sentiment in favor of the one-time enemy?

In the making of our country, *who was the enemy?* What was it those gods of the Epic set themselves against? Who or what was the tyrant, the exploiter, the all-powerful subduer of states and races, the great intriguer and ruthless destroyer of men's hunger for separateness, for self-identity, for Freedom?

Out of precisely what manner of experience, or delusion, or of instinct to becoming, did those men of the Thirteen Colonies set themselves so titanic a task as opposing the mightiest overlords on earth? Did they, then, possess something we have lost—an intuitive perception of the greatness of their future?

Lest we forget, let us picture it.

A new world, a new ideal, a new freedom shackled by an old enemy. Land, bound neither by the hoary magic of parchment nor the sycophantic espionage of gamekeepers, there, all about, ready for the taking, if only—the foreign redcoats, symbol of such ancient tyrannies as to make men's blood run cold, if only they were gone!

Land, the dearest possession of mankind, whole leagues of it, a continent, a very Mystery in its unplumbed and priceless proportions, veritably a world anew—and all for the taking. O insinuate and majestic thought! O sublime men to so think and so will—to take! Of such are the Kingdom of Myths.

That they did take, and in the taking weave a fabric of such heroic tints as had seldom if ever inspired men; who



amongst us doubted it until 1914? The schoolboy has always believed it, known it, pledged himself by it. Are we, then, to deny it?

A handful of farmers, fathers of families, planters and huskers of corn, milkers of cows, harvesters of wheat, wielders of axe and plow and sickle, the same rough-handed, warm-hearted, brown-faced men as are to be found along the rugged stone walls of New England byways, these uprising in the majesty of a new-sighted freedom, a thing consonant and indigenous to the New Soil, arming themselves with pristine and invincible wrath to drive the trained soldiery of the proudest empire of earth back to the forts, and still back, until at last remained only the wake of their re-treating ships. O spectacle!

THAT ride in the night! How its hoofbeats reverberate the lanes of time like drumbeats calling a conclave of the gods. How rang the bells of their rough-hewn temples; and how, at the peal of those immortal tocsin, flashed the tallow lights upon the hilltops; how clanged the muskets, rattled the powder horns, champed and pounded the huge farm steeds; all in such a rushing and running and resolute hurry that even the little damp shoots of April trees crouched still in their emerald matrix to wonder at the passage of the gods.

And then, later, those ragged tides surging the slopes of Valley Forge; that brave, lone man facing the agony, not of death, but that a single life exists for any man to give; that sacred defense of Boston's Hill, diademed now with the star-aspiring stone of victory; that dauntless daughter, Molly Pitcher, serving the guns, a Joan of the New Arcadia; those strong, unvoiced Convention men, whose silent wills bulwarked that Washington, that Jefferson, that Patrick Henry, when dangling gibbets lusted for their necks; that writing on the wall of time: Mene: Tekel: Upharsin: "We Declare Ourselves Free and Independent." What magic!

Once more: in the making of our country, *who was the enemy?* Who or what has shorn us of this wisdom? How comes it the once diamond-clear Epic of '76 is now so blurred, so seemingly irrelevant, so indecisive in our present? Was it all delusion? Was there no tyrant? Were there no heroes, no clash of arms, no triumphs? Have our schoolboys, then, imbibed a false history and a false idealism? Why our present Babel, when once so clear an Epic?

It is necessary to retrace our steps a little. We are just beginning—rather, since 1914—to reap that ill harvest sown by the muckraker. Ours is essentially a psychological world. We move through a *métier* wherein stimulus and response are psychological: an "advertising world," so to speak. Now it is just as impossible to unloose such a flood of destructive criticism—psychological stimuli—as began a score of years ago, and not, sooner or later, suffer its malign effects, as it would be to turn ravenous wolves among a flock and not find bloodshed and scars of a morning. We shall yet pay very dearly for our Lawsons and Tarbells, our Russells and our Steffens.

IT would be a perfectly possible though arduous task to point that blood still being shed, those scars still eviscerate; that is to say, to point out and to connect the widespread confusion, suspicion, and contradictoriness in contemporary values instigated by freebooting muckrakers. What they attacked then were the psychological fixities by which conduct, social position, power itself, are maintained. What we are witnessing today is the result of that undermining. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the irrelevancy, the dimness and the forgetfulness toward that grand panorama of psychological

values embodied in our national myth. This myth has become the obscure property of antiquarians, Fourth of July orators, and emerged politicians. No longer does it breathe upon youth the sacred fire of valor, the lesson of separateness, the high resolve, the old proud will to becoming.

In its place we have the wide talk of "*rapprochement*," the "consanguinity of race," the "common medium of language," and there goes about the sinister story of a "secret alliance," connived at, indeed striven for, by some of the highest officials of the nation.

This break with the fine traditions of our past is confusion itself, and is precisely the malign influence to produce disorder in the myth of our schoolboys. Taught from text books that there was a *real* enmity, a *real* separation, a *real* struggle for freedom in the making of our country, everywhere, outside the books, they are confronted with the contradictory preachments of Anglo-mania. Such confusion and contradiction will not make for clarity of thought or integrity of character. Either the books are wrong, the Epic of '76 a mere scenario of literary fancy, the pride of separateness a valueless illusion, and the propaganda for *rapprochement* a highly desirable thing, or they are not. Both could not be truth.

In his attempts to adjust these incompatibilities, the schoolboy will develop that nihilistic scepticism which is the bane of "higher criticism" and "impersonality." (What have children to do with incredulity!) He will doubt where he should believe. He will view with ill-disguised contempt the efforts of instructors to instill regard for the old values, just those values which are America's supreme contributions: national self-sufficiency, separateness of intention, will to the becoming of its own particular destiny. He will say: "We should worry!" and soil the very soul of his morning with unbelief. But it is *we* who should worry, *we* who *feel* America, *we* who *still* believe in her, and who know that if anywhere on the face of the globe that art of arts, the Art of Living, is ever to appear, America will yet produce it. But today she is not on the way to produce it if she allows her youngest sons to be robbed of their myth.

THE way unto our present chaos was prepared by the muckrakers. In attacking all that was fixed, sacred, invaluable to the perpetuity of our myth, they attacked the very fundamentals of national faith. In making the function of destructive criticism common and habitual to the man of the street, they have set up such cross currents of confusion that the best minds of our judiciary, our legislatures and our economic institutions are utterly unable to contend with or so much as imagine a solution. Anglo-maniacs in their propaganda are pursuing the devious ways of muckrakers, ushering in more confusion, more destructive criticism, and are doing all they can to weaken the national myth. That this crime of the muckrakers and Anglo-maniacs should result in the disintegration of collective faith is not to be wondered at. Men in the mass, once habituated to respond to the latest stimulus, their old fixed values questioned, derided, denied, will not do otherwise than thus respond. Such men have always been led. It does not appear that it can ever be otherwise. The question of questions is: Whither?

The man of the street—and not he alone, alas!—*thinks* he is exercising some sort of prerogative innate to American "freedom" or "democracy" or the "rights of free speech" and "free press" when he "takes sides" in the present international situation. As a matter of fact he is doing nothing of the kind. His is nothing more than the muckraking habit become universal and popular. "Criticism" is one thing, but that fell process of uprooting, pulling down, and leveling that "taking

sides" which involves a long train of unguessed liabilities, and which, more important still, constitutes an open break with the very first principles of our national myth, all this has nothing to do with "freedom" or "democracy," and much less with a "studious neutrality."

IT is a strange hybrid of furtiveness and complexity that has come among us, this sudden Anglo-mania; just as strange a matter as would be propaganda for *rapprochement* with any other nation of Europe. One might ask such men: "Why do you come to America? Why do you continue to dwell here if you do not find we have institutions in the making more attractive than those you left? What do you expect us to do, substitute the myth of the British Empire for our own Epic of '76?" What few men seem to realize is where all such propaganda leads to, where the chips fall. That men should have feelings one way or another is not to be wondered, it is essentially human; but that so many of our institutions of social control should have officially lent themselves to a direct pro-English propaganda is the profoundest blow ever leveled at the traditions of American separateness and self-sufficiency. It is aimed straight upon the destruction of our national myth, and implies embarkation upon undiscovered, and—who could doubt?—unrestful seas.

IN 1914, when the storm of Europe broke, the opportunity to throw overboard the Epic of '76, to propagate *rapprochement*, very questionable doctrines of consanguinity, and to grow maudlin over the commonalities of language, lay chiefly in the condition that whoso or whatsoever produced the first stimulus would hold the winning hand. The way to evoking immediate response to initial stimulus had already been well prepared by the muckraker. But men with strong faiths in powerful traditions do not respond to the first stimulus, nor to the second; indeed, they may not respond at all, but choose to conduct themselves along the lines of their first principles. And the first principles of a nation are its myths. The myth of America is no mere *laissez faire* questioning of *rapprochements*, "secret alliances," or "consanguinities"; it is the positive repudiation of such propaganda by a body of men who did not hesitate before the very blood sacrifice itself to stand forth, self-contained and self-sufficient. This is their supreme power, their insinuate appeal, their immortal and—until 1914—their untarnished glory. Upon such a myth alone can the Free Republican persist.

Is there not something profoundly suspicious in this sudden cult of Englishism? Does it not appear as though there were a special interest—something much deeper than the exigencies of munition purchasing, perhaps a far-cast and deep-laid "policy"—forwarding the doctrine of consanguinity? At any other

time it would be most trite to refer to our census in refutation that we are "cousins" of the English, or, for that matter, "cousins" of any other European race. We are all races, engaged upon the imposing task of making a new race. Can this be insisted upon too often? The man who is bored instead of inspired by its reiteration has lost the greatest single possession of the mind: the instinct for becoming, the delight in the splendid spectacle of becoming. Pity him! his is already the measure of a new-made grave!

MUCKRAKING, Anglo-mania, the deepening scorn for our past, the careless unconcern for our future, these are all of a piece. Each and all spring from the habit of unlicensed criticism; a criticism that is gnawing at the very heart of America. Criticism which has nothing constructive about it should be muzzled or left to die through lack of patronage. Any divergence from America's first principles effected by the bawl and clamor of the man of the street, by *rapprochement* propaganda, by the poison-pens of muckrakers and Anglo-maniacs, will, sooner or later, bring America to the pathos of Carthage.

The Epic of '76 is still the most valuable spiritual possession of the American nation. It is a fountain of faith common and accessible to all. It has been the greatest single source of consolidation. It should continue to be. If there are those who still hold that America is big enough, free enough, strong enough to permit the winds of all cults and isms to blow across her people, then they know little of the processes by which mind in the mass is formulated or controlled, and still less of our increasing needs of consolidation.

It is time for men who have enough insight to know where things lead, when once established as popular habits, to head off the underhand attempts of Anglo-mania to de-nationalize us. There never was a more unpropitious moment in our history than now to propagate *rapprochement*. Never was there a time when the principles enunciated and fought for by the men of the Revolution were more needed than today. Never was there a time when the magical myth of '76 was more valuable as a scale of measurement for domestic faith and foreign intent than today. Never was there a time when amalgamation through the inspiring influence of our neglected myth was more essential. Because we are surrounded by the astounding phenomenon of mechanism and the prodigious figures of its quantitative production, is no denial that behind and before, beneath and above, within and without, there must ever be working the silent strength of the national myth; assimilating the latest-comers, consolidating the native born, unconsciously and indestructively welding the sons and the sons' sons into one people, free, indivisible and independent.

For this is the missing American Myth.

## ANOMALY

By BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

EVEN as I desire you, you are hateful to my sight.

Your beauty is a loathed thing  
That fills me with strange terror and delight!

O, I would fly from your caresses!

Forever to be free of your curved arms—  
And the bewildering odor of your tresses!

O, subtle flesh that I cannot forsake!

The longing for your youth is like a thirst,  
And in my being burns an ageless ache...

I curse the little mouth and shining hair,

The milk-white throat and hands like hyacinth flowers,  
And the soft bosom which is my despair.

Why are you beautiful and bright as fire,

And mine?... I hold your perfect face  
And hate you with a fury of desire!



## MORE WAR TIME POEMS

By OLIVER AMES.

## CRESCIT EUNDO.

THE morning Times today discloses:  
 "The Germans use tuberculosis;  
 They prick their prisoners on the skin  
 And coax the fierce bacilli in."  
 As I demurred, my friend averred:  
 "For me, I credit every word—  
 It jibes so well with all we've heard."  
 "Yes, and tomorrow when the Times  
 Reports its next of German crimes,  
 You'll credit that—it's safe to say—  
 Because it jibes with this today."

## THE DRINK HABIT.

WE drink our fill of German acts  
 In jugs from London, labeled "Facts"—  
 "Facts" which, before they leave their port,  
 Distillers season, mix, and sort.  
 Then to the flavors, pleasant grown,  
 Our palates add a tang their own.  
 Besides the craving for each *juice*,  
 We crave the *feelings* they induce:  
 We want to drink, we want to thrill  
 With anger, exaltation, will.

## ARS POETICA.

TO write the verse that most appeals,  
 Feel as the general public feels;  
 Take what most stirs the general mind,  
 And give it back, condensed, refined;  
 That each, as with a strange relief,  
 May say, "*That voices my belief.*"  
 So far so good, when poet's lore  
 Concerns the racial stock and store,  
 Our human nature, by and large.  
 Hence Shakespeare's universal hold,  
 Hence Robert Burns is never old.  
 So far so *bad*, when passions charge  
 The air from utmost height to marge,  
 And poets set to words of power  
 The tragic madness of the hour.  
 For times there are when poet's speech  
 (As first in vision, valor, reach)  
 Is not to *voice* mankind—but *teach*.

## SOME FRIENDSHIPS.

I FIND it isn't any fun  
 To speak free thought about the "Hun."  
 One friend, with Calvin in his frown,  
 Declared his right "to knock me down";  
 One, lighted by his aureole,  
 Proclaimed abroad "he'd kill my soul."  
 A third erect, with finger tense,  
 "You're free—but take the consequence";  
 Whilst each became thereby to boot  
 The thing they damn, a Prussian brute.

Still others now will pass me by  
 With leer on lip and cast in eye,  
 As if to show the type they feign—  
 The Prussian cynic of their brain;  
 But others yet, who know me well,  
 Though sorrowing for my "league with Hell,"  
 Would meet me as they used to do—  
 But cannot conquer something new;  
 And these are they who grieve me most—  
 At heart most like the good and true  
 At Bonn and Goettingen I knew,  
 Now battling in the German host.

## A CONTRAST.

ON Europe's age-old battle place,  
 Kultur and Caveman face to face!  
 'Tis well for Freedom, is it not,  
 That she can get the Hottentot,  
 The Zulu, Sikh, and tusked Black  
 To battle for the Union Jack!  
 And Braves of dugout and tepee  
 To battle for the Fleur-de-lys!  
 'Tis well for Thought these wild men brought  
 The bludgeons that their grandsires wrought  
 By fen and forest, hut and boat,  
 To wield against the Schwarz-weiss-rot!  
 Ho! Cannibals and dusky Djinn  
 Will help to bring the future in!  
 In divers tongues, as mad as Hell,  
 They shriek to onset, yell on yell.

Whom sends Germania forth to meet?  
 What woolly heads? What horny feet?  
 Whom sends she forth! Earth ne'er could boast  
 Before in arms such goodly host!  
 The banker gives his wife the keys;  
 Unclasping infants from his knees,  
 The keeper of each inn and shop  
 Goes forth; the farmer leaves his crop;  
 The artist lays his picture down;  
 The schoolman strips the cap and gown;  
 The poet makes one verse to cheer  
 The hearths behind, then too is here.  
 Es braust ein Ruf! Die Wacht am Rhein!  
 One chorus is their battle-line!  
 On Europe's age-old battle place  
 Kultur and Caveman face to face.

## THE SYMBOL.

WE'VE made the Allies symbol of  
 Our deepest faith and hope and love;  
 And symbol too of all we feel  
 As dearest in our commonweal.  
 Hence I who doubt the Allies' cause  
 Thus spurn our moral, civic laws!  
 Hence am I proven soon or later  
 Both moral reprobate and traitor!  
 But yet my point is only this:  
 That symbol's very much amiss.

# IMMIGRATION AND THE INTERNATIONALISM OF THE AMERICAN MIND

By PROF. H. N. MAURER.

THE dominant factor in American politics has been the factor of compositeness. American history is the sum total of the moral reactions of many widely differing groups and sections upon each other and upon American experience. Each of these groups is an essential coefficient of our national existence. Without profound changes in things American, in the reaction of the American political mind upon national as well as international questions, none can be discounted, the German-American as little as the Anglo-American.

It is time to remember that at the bottom of many American reactions is the European experience of the immigrant: the American reaction is often largely the behavior toward American problems of the immigrant, guided by his previous European experience. In this sense the European experience of very ethnic group becomes an American national determinant and the attitude of all of us toward European events is not simply the recrudescence of the Englishman or the German in us, but an American institution, pregnant with things American. To speak of "alien" influence of the other fellow's hyphen, or "dual allegiance," does not betray an honest effort to think internationally. "Dual allegiance," for instance, that is, in the last analysis, supernational loyalties and faith—a sense of responsibilities international—will be a virtue, not a vice in a truly international civilization. The basic civic virtue of the new Weltburger.

In the light of American history he does not even think nationally, who calls essentially American the pro-ally sympathies of the Anglo-American or pro-German pure and simple the pro-German sympathies of the German-American. Whatever internationalism there may be in the future, the international mind has been a paramount factor in the American past.

A glance at German literature and the attitude of mind of the older German immigration shows that the foundation of the old German-American idealism was the belief, the result of his European experience—in a manifest destiny of America. America to be the guarantee of an idealistic world-citizenship, American democracy the trustee of ultimate social and political justice in the world. The letters of Carl Schurz show to what degree America was an asset in his Weltburgertum, and it is worth noticing how Carl Schurz, the American, continued to receive his bearings from Carl Schurz the Weltbuerger: how his American political mind received its motives and directives from his European experience and training.

A glance at American history and the function of the German immigration in it brings out another fact; namely, that its civic virtue, its responsiveness to progressive American impulses stands in direct proportion to its European experience. The stronger the foreign group consciousness, the stronger the European reaction, the more pronounced the "hyphen," the more "desirable" are, on the whole, its American reactions. It is generally true that the European without a political point of view, a passion as an immigrant, becomes at best a materialistic American, and it is yet to be seen just how many patritotic Fourth-of-July "exercises" will be required to make him see in the Stars and Stripes anything else but at best the magic tablecloth of plenty. But the fighter, the man with a creed, he who comes flushed

with the recent exertion for a cause, he steps ashore, looks around, get his "bearings" and "lends a hand."

NOR is the study of the process of assimilation of the immigrant less instructive as to the biology of things American and their relation of things European. First of all, it is worth noticing that the strengthening of American group affiliations, party ties, etc., brings frequently a decreasing rather than an increasing responsiveness to the voice of the American political conscience. Then it is a fact that the naturalized citizen assimilates American experiences first by analogy to his European experience, spells his American problems in terms of European thought. This analogy works subtle changes: Americans judge American institutions and problems by standards American, the naturalized European judges them by standards of European experience. Thus it may be said that under normal conditions the two agree neither on things European nor on things American. At best we can say that the "rights of man" have become an asset of international idealism, that the European immigrant brings his own version of the declaration of independence writ in terms of his European experience, and as long as he is admitted to citizenship at all, he must be expected to present his own assets with an European rate of interest accrued at his own computation for ultimate payment at the counters of American democracy. That we all have in America poured new wine into old bottles, need not be proven; that the dregs of all our European experience have flavored our common American vintage is plain.

What else is, for instance, the tremendous influence of the German-American element upon the history of the sixties if not a manifestation of European forces, a continuation of an European struggle upon American soil? American unionism, American nationalism as far as the German-American was concerned, was a manifestation of German nationalism and liberalism: a continuation of the revolution of 1848. For the German-American the American Civil War was something very different from what Americans thought it to be. It was a liberal revolution and an agrarian revolt. In 1865 the German Union leagues expressed the idea that they had meant to fight the war as against their own ancient enemies; state sovereignty and aristocracy; that the salvage of mere Union fell far short of their program; that reconstruction must mean the establishment of a true labor democracy and an agrarian revolution in the South. But if the planter gained nothing by being compared with the hated Junker in Prussia, the American executive reaped where the administrative bureaucracies of Europe had sown and the popular fury fanned by irresponsible kings in Germany broke over the head of an irresponsible executive in America. Americans had forgotten their George III, but German-Americans remembered their "Kartaetschenprinz," and the American constitutional system came very near being remodeled on the plan of the British cabinet system. That, the Germans at least, demanded as the fruit of victory for their triumphant democracy.

THAT ever since American social as well as political and legal thinking has been affected by European social forces and social thought is obvious, and if the socialistic



thinking of the early Horace Greeley Republicanism is indebted to England and English socialistic thought, the German academic socialists and social reformers have influenced both the Progressive movement and American socialism. American social democracy has valorized the legacy of European social thinking—American political democracy will not escape the influence of the revolution in Europe today.

As in the past, American democracy will be neither essentially English nor essentially German. The essence of American civilization is neither the one nor the other nationalism, but its internationalism. We have always had to deal with international assets and liabilities, and that, in the end, means international integration. That which we all so ardently seek as a panacea for the evils that ail the world: progressive international integration—has been the one greatest single fact in American history. The greatest American nationalizing agency has been our internationalism. Why should it not remain so in the future? Why should not our internationalism be a truer promise of international good will, of international integration and of peace on earth, than this latter-day militant nationalism of the sectional mind and of the jingo, based as it is on international antagonism and distrust. The function of ethnic sectionalism in America has been to breed things American, the function of our internationalism is that of a lever of international integration. What else can the new ideal of democratic control of foreign as well as domestic policies mean than a replacing of bankrupt ancient regime diplomatic principles by a system which will allow social forces, socio-psychic currents, to deepen the channel toward international integration. But, then, it is not enough to dismiss as "alien" the German-American point of view; it must be treated as a *bona fide* American reality, for it becomes a national and an international factor for better or for worse.

The most conspicuous moral force released by the shock of the war within the German-American group is a new German nationalism. The "new nationalism" of Americans finds itself face to face with a new nationalism of Germans, international in the sense that it spans both continents, American because it is the focus of the political and moral consciousness of millions of Americans by right of conquest and adoption. The destinies of the new nationalism of Americans will be determined by its ability to assimilate or obliterate this bequest of the war. But at the very outset the problem is complicated by the fact that the war has created in every American a keener sense of ethnic identity with, or cultural affinity for, some of the nations and political systems involved in the war; we have to deal with a strong consciousness of moral unity among Germans here and there no more or less than with a stronger sense of solidarity of the Anglo-Saxons, the Irish, the Slavs and others. The principle of domination will be difficult to adopt for the new nationalism of America: its line of least resistance will be reconciliation. Indeed, from this point of view, the gravest mistake has been the deliberate or unconscious identification of American political purposes with British imperialism and the assumption that the Anglo-Saxon type is the standard and measure of Americanization. The consciousness of moral unity of the Germans, as of the Irish, or the Slavs, has a new ethical foundation since the war: the German-American is, like every other American, convinced that the millions of his kin in the Fatherland are dying for a noble cause and the blood of the martyrs of the German world calls to them to exert themselves for that same cause against what seems only the same enemy in disguise: if,

indeed, "America first" is to mean their assimilation or subjection by an empire of the Anglo-Saxon mind.

ON the other hand, there is no reason why this new ethical ground of the new nationalism of the Germans should not bear things beneficial to America. All the forces of German idealism and moral awakening cannot be dammed into the mighty channels that turn the mills of German imperialism, nor all the splendid moral forces of a people be capitalized and warbound and quoted at so much below par. The moral side of the German personality has been stirred far beyond its political precipitation: the message of their dead will soon be before all, to live so, think so, that they may not have died in vain. But this voice rings from across the waters in words of every tongue: this is the message for all of us. This can and must be the only common ethical foundation of our new nationalism: a new humanism. This war must usher in for Americans not a new era of Anglo-American or German-American romantic nationalism, but ethnic federalism more than ever.

In this sense it is wasteful, if not dangerous, to discount what there is in America of faith in Germany and its corresponding attitude toward political issues. It is as valuable an American reaction as the faith in the mission of England. Faith must become the basic force of the "new nationalism." Faith and good will toward each other here and abroad. The German-American must repudiate that eleventh commandment reversed, the "Gott-strafe-England" attitude of militant Germans, but Anglo-Saxons cannot encumber this nation with the mortgage of British feuds. Anglo-Americans take for granted that America belongs to the greater empire of Anglo-Saxon civilization. The German-American can only welcome that, it makes for mutual good will and international integration as far as England and America are concerned. But not less so ought the spiritual reality of the world of the German heart and mind be a gladsome fact of progressive international integration. For instance: if the responsibility of a German kinship may be a drawweight to the momentum of a self-centered or rash Americanism here, it might some day prove no less a corrective against the selfishness of the super—and only—German there. At all events, whatever side may have to reckon with this German-American dual allegiance, it will always be for peace and mutual consideration.

In proportion as this our international attitude of mind becomes a coefficient of our domestic and foreign policies, it becomes an asset of national and international integration. Ethnic sectionalism is a fact to start with, not to deny, as an earnest of common purposes. The formula for national integration, national adjustment, must be derived from the consciousness of common needs and aspirations; the formula for international integration, international adjustment, must come from the consciousness of an international solidarity: the essential thing for us is not the interest of Germany, or England, or, indeed, America, but the rights and needs of international society and the consciousness of common destinies. As a constructive American democracy is evolving a higher law of social justice, so it will evolve a higher law of international equity and public right. But if political progress, whether here or abroad, whether national or international, must come from the better instincts of the people, then it will take the better instincts of all of us, not only of some of us, to appeal to the better instincts of all of the others.

## EDWIN MARKHAM, POET AND SEER

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

I T was many and many a year ago  
In a kingdom by the sea—  
or, to be more precise, it was in Staten Island in the year 1908 that I first met Edwin Markham. I had just startled my contemporaries by the publication of "Nineveh and Other Poems," and now I was to make the acquaintance of the one American poet whose name had traveled around the globe. I had reached my destination by devious and labyrinthine roads. At last the Markham cottage was in sight. I knocked at the door. A maid-servant appeared. "Is Mr. Markham at home?" I asked. "He expects me. I am George Sylvester Viereck." I pronounced my name slowly, stressing each syllable voluptuously.

The maid was not visibly impressed. Evidently she did not read the literary supplement of the *New York Times*. In all likelihood she had never heard of the *North American Review*. Maybe even Clayton Hamilton's article about me in the *Bookman* had escaped her attention? Perhaps she had never even heard of Clayton Hamilton? While I was musing thus, making mental notes of the amazing ignorance of maid-servants in Staten Island, she had vanished. I waited patiently on the porch, rehearsing in my mind what I would say to the great poet in the epic moment when George Sylvester Viereck met Edwin Markham.

I remembered from my history lessons—I had hardly left college—how the Pope at one time divided the world between the King of Spain and the King of Holland. It was my firm intention to divide the American Parnassus in a similar manner between myself and Edwin Markham. I was ready to acknowledge his supremacy as the greatest American poet of the older generation, if he was willing to recognize me as the prince of the new generation. I have little doubt that the judgment of literary history will confirm my verdict. I am certain that it will confirm the first half. In those days my attitude toward Markham was unconsciously somewhat patronizing. He was the old poet, but I was Prince Charming. Today Edwin Markham is still what he was, a great poet. I have been faithless to poetry—in my fashion. She is to me one of many mistresses. She is the sole mistress of Edwin Markham.

Edwin Markham does not seem older today than when I first laid eyes upon him. But alas, Prince Charming has taken on a little weight, not much, but still enough to reveal that fact. His flesh (perhaps his heart) is a little heavier, and his golden hair is a little lighter where the curls used to be. Edwin Markham has preserved to this day the heart of a child. He is young in enthusiasms. The years do not rest heavily upon him because of the faith that is in him. His personality is so lovable that even his fellow craftsmen have forgiven him his success. The Poetry Society of America will shortly make Edwin Markham its honorary president in order to express in some way the love and reverence that we all feel for him. Now that Riley is dead he is the best beloved of our poets. Even while Riley was living he was the greatest—notwithstanding William Dean Howells, who is disposed to rank Riley first.

THIS introduction may seem unnecessarily long to my readers, but it was no longer than the wait on Mr. Markham's front porch seemed to me. For was it not possible that some of the benighted Staten Islanders should recognize me from my pictures? Would they not be surprised to see that I, George Sylvester Viereck, was compelled to wait ten min-

utes, ten eternities, for admission! In those days I did not know Staten Island. At last the great leonine head with its shock of white hair appeared in the door. Edwin Markham stood before me. He looked over me. He looked through me. Finally he said to me with a somewhat puzzled expression: "Boy, where is Mr. Viereck?" Edwin Markham was surprised when I established my identity. He had thought me considerably older. Judging by my poems, he considered me a hardened sinner at least twice my age. I was in the early twenties, but I looked eighteen. I was pleased with the unconscious tribute. We became friends.

The house was one large library. A pleasant fire burned on the hearth, warm and genial like the heart of Edwin Markham. And there was Mrs. Markham, his muse, his amanuensis, his wife. We talked. Markham is a good listener. He is also a good talker. We talked and talked. We talked the sun out of the sky. Like every true poet, Edwin Markham is also a prophet. He has a social as well as an individual conscience. Like every man who has suffered much, he understands much. Markham's books are not many. His latest, the "Shoes of Happiness," embodies his creed in the following quatrain:

## OUTWITTED.

He drew a circle that shut me out—  
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.  
But Love and I had the wit to win:  
We drew a circle that took him in.

IN spite of his established reputation Edwin Markham has retained that sympathy with rebellion that is inseparable from sturdy Americanism. His Americanism is not that of the Tory kind. He is not of the type of Choate and Root, wicked old men, who desire to immolate the youth of the country upon the bloody altar of war. He has none of the smug complacency of the New England rhymsters, in whose brains the fogs of London have settled. He could have easily achieved new triumphs if he had chosen to celebrate Anglo-Saxon brotherhood in his verse. His lines, like Kipling's, would have been hummed by the cables across the continent, and every British press agent would have crowned him with a new wreath of laurels. But the Americanism of Edwin Markham is like the Americanism of William Randolph Hearst. His heart goes out not to Great Britain, but her victim, Ireland.

I shall never forget that afternoon in Central Park when a few of us gathered around Edwin Markham to celebrate the memory of Ireland's poet martyrs. Although the newspapers hardly printed a line about it, the meeting of the poets of America in honor of the slain poets of Ireland was a memorable occasion. I can still see Markham, his white curls waving in the wind, and the few poets who were with him on that day. Each read a poem or said a few words for the men who had died that Ireland might live, while the children and the nursemaids stood aghast in a little circle around us. The birds sang in the trees; the policemen watched speechless with amazement. It was not like a Pilgrim's dinner. There were no toasts to the King of England. There was no taint of corruption or treason. But the spirit of America was with us, and the spirit of poetry, and the spirit of freedom. Edwin Markham, let it be understood, is not a pro-German. His sympathy goes out to all men who champion ideals, even if those ideals are mistaken.



Man is the conscript of an endless quest,  
A long, divine adventure without rest.  
Each hard-earned freedom withers to a bond:  
Freedom forever is beyond—beyond!

He knows that the one danger to freedom is complacency.  
Like Goethe, he feels that he but merits life and liberty who  
daily conquers them anew.

Are you sheltered, curled up and content by the world's warm  
fire?

Then I say that your soul is in danger!  
The sons of the Light, they are down with God in the mire,  
God in the manger.

The old-time heroes you honor, whose banners you bear,  
The whole world no longer prohibits:  
But if you peer into the past you will find them there,  
Swinging from gibbets.

So rouse from your perilous ease: to your sword and your  
shield:

Your ease is the ease of the cattle.  
Hark, hark, where the bugles are calling: out to some field—  
Out to some battle!

Markham sings a song not merely for Ireland. He also  
eloquently chants of Israel.

Once verily, O mighty Czar, your crown was justified,  
When from your place among the thrones your lifted spirit  
cried:

"Let there be no more wars on earth, let weary cannons cease."  
Well was it, Ruler of the North, that Caesar should say,  
"Peace!"

And yet from Russia comes a cry of souls that would be free;  
A cry from the windy Baltic runs down to the Euxine Sea.  
It is the cry of a people, of a people old in grief,  
A people homeless on the earth and shaken as the leaf.

Listen a moment with your heart and you will hear, O Czar,  
There in your clear cold spaces under the North Star—  
There in your Arctic silences swept clean of base desire,  
Where the unseen Watcher reaches up the awful Fan of Fire.  
Around you is the vastness and the wondrous hush of snow,  
That you may hear their cry in the night and let the cap-  
tives go.

Have they not kingly lineage, have they not pedigree?  
Are they not wrapt with wonder, like the darkness of the sea?

They come out of the night of years with Asia in their blood,  
Out of the mystery of Time that was before the Flood.  
They saw imperial Egypt shrink and join the ruined lands;  
They saw the sculptured scarlet East sink under the gray  
sands;

They saw the star of Hellas rise and glimmer into dream;  
They saw the wolf of Rome draw suck beside the yellow  
stream,  
And go with ravenous eyes ablaze and jaws that would not  
spare,  
Snarling across the earth, then, toothless, die upon his lair.

And have they not had grief enough, this people shrunk with  
chains?

Must there be more Assyrias, must there be other Spains?  
They are the tribes of sorrow, and for ages have been fed  
On brackish desert-wells of hate and exile's bitter bread.  
They sang the elegies that tell the grief of mortal years;  
They built the tombs of Pharaohs, mixing the bricks with  
tears;

They built the walls of cities with no threshold for their own;  
They gave their dirge to Nineveh, to Babylon their moan.

After tears by ruined altars, after toils in alien lands,  
After wanderings by strange waters, after lifting of vain hands,  
After cords and stripes and burdens, after ages scorched with  
fire,  
Shall they not find the way of peace, a land of heart's desire?

Shall they not have a place to pray, a place to lay the head?  
Shall they not have the wild bird's rest, the fox's frugal bed?  
Men's eyes are on you, mighty Czar; the world awaits the  
word;  
The blood-splashed gates are eager, and the rusted bolt has  
stirred!

I AM afraid that Mr. Markham waits in vain, if he waits  
for the Czar to stir. The German sword alone will rend  
asunder the chains of the Chosen People. Sometimes Mark-  
ham is greater as a poet than as a prophet. His poem to  
Alfred Noyes is fine as literature, but as prophecy it falls short  
of the mark. He would hardly have written an almost  
idolatrous poem to Alfred Noyes if he had known that Alfred  
Noyes would be the chief propagandist of Great Britain in  
the United States, if he had known that Alfred Noyes, unable  
to make an impression, except in the columns of the North-  
cliffe press, especially after the Irish revolution, would vent  
his anger upon the dead by casting an infamous slur upon  
Roger Casement.

But Markham is not always in a serious mood. He is too  
mellow not to have learned to smile. His eyes twinkle. He  
appreciates goodly viands. In the long poem after which the  
book is named there is the most dainty description of a dinner  
in modern letters. We must go back to the ancients to find  
its parallel. The great Mahmoud has lost his appetite. His  
doctors despair. A wise man recommends as the only road to  
health that the Commander of the Faithful must wear the shoes  
of a happy man. Until these shoes are found his court at-  
tempts to ease his distemper in many ways. The dancing girls  
display their charms—

But never once, so the books aver,  
Did a finger move or an eyelid stir  
Of the great Mahmoud. Then the cooks began  
To bake and boil for the sick Sultan.  
Yes, the nineteen cooks in the kitchen skurred,  
And each foot flew like a startled bird,  
Till the slaves came up in quick relays,  
With bowls and platters on silver trays.  
There were pastries frail as the melting mist,  
Rosette, crescent, and caraway twist;  
A jelly that quaked in a golden jar;  
Grapes from the valley of Kandahar;  
Coffee that smoked in an Osman bowl,  
Brew for body and beauty for soul;  
Sherbet cooled by the Tartary snows,  
And fragrant now as the Kashmir rose;  
Almonds sugared, and peaches spiced;  
A citron candied, an orange sliced;  
Rice from Cyprus, and figs from Fars;  
Melons from under the Syrian stars;  
A fish from the Nile, a lamb from Thrace;  
And—a larded lark that I cannot trace.

If even these morsels failed to tempt the great Mahmoud,  
he must have been a very sick Sultan indeed.

MR. MARKHAM himself prizes most the poems "Virgilia"  
and "The Crowning Hour." In both poems the breath  
of authentic poetry is unmistakable. But their message, which  
seems to clear to the poet, somehow eludes me. In that respect  
the two poems remind me of certain masterpieces of Swine-  
burne, such as "Hertha." There is hardly a line that is not  
pure gold. One feels somewhere in those stanzas the heart-  
beat of the universe. Yet it is difficult to define them, to  
express them in intelligible terms. Presumably if the esoteric  
theories of reincarnation which Markham attempts to express  
could have been conveyed in prose, he would not have chosen  
the vehicle of verse. Perhaps one must have climbed near  
to the peak of life and caught a glimpse of the beyond  
before one understands "Virgilia." "The Crowning Hour" is

less difficult. In one stanza Markham epitomizes the hopes of all lovers:

For over the world a dim hope hovers,  
The hope at the heart of all our songs—  
That the banded stars are in league with lovers,  
And fight against their wrongs.

And again:

There are more lives yet, there are more worlds waiting,  
For the way climbs up to the eldest sun,  
Where the white ones go to their mystic mating,  
And the Holy Will is done.

Markham is not a poet of passion, yet the third poem in the series, "Lion and Lioness," is one of the most powerful love poems in any literature. This poem will live—even longer than the "Man with the Hoe." It was my intention not to allude to the "Man with the Hoe." Mr. Markham is tired of that poem. He carries its reputation like a stone around his neck, but he cannot drop it. It has been translated into every tongue. In the "Man with the Hoe" Markham has given eloquence to the dumb. The laborer, the brother of the ox, has at last found utterance for his age-long wrongs. But

even when his wrongs are righted, "Lion and Lioness" will remain fresh in the dreams of mankind.

One night we were together, you and I,  
And had unsown Assyria for a lair,  
Before the walls of Babylon rose in air.  
Low, languid hills were heaped along the sky,  
And white bones marked the wells of alkali,  
When suddenly down the lion-path a sound . . .  
The wild man-odor . . . then a crouch, a bound,  
And the frail Thing fell quivering with a cry!

Your yellow eyes burned beautiful with light:  
The dead man lay there quieted and white:  
I roared my triumph over the desert wide,  
Then stretched out, glad of the sands and satisfied;  
And through the long, star-stilled Assyrian night,  
I felt your body breathing by my side.

Markham read this poem to me on the occasion of my first visit to him. I can still see his eyes glowing in the twilight. I can see him shake his mighty mane. For the time being he was indeed a lion. I have forgotten many things, sorrows and joys and sins. But I shall never forget that poem. I do not think that the world will forget it.

## TOLSTOY'S JOURNAL

THERE is a revival of interest in Tolstoy throughout

Europe, owing to the publication of his *Journal* in Russia several months ago. Only the first volume was brought out, dating from October, 1895, to December, 1899. There are serious lacunæ or gaps in the work, as some of the important manuscripts are withheld by the great man's widow, pending a dispute with the executors of the will. It seems that Countess Tolstoy is opposing the strict fulfillment of her husband's wishes in regard to this literary testament—not a new attitude of hers, by the way.

A writer in the *Mercure de France* describes the *Journal* as a most impassioned work which exhibits in striking relief the noble and puissant figure of Tolstoy. Written without care as to form, the book is made up of the author's meditations or self-communings on a great variety of subjects, but principally upon God, the meaning of life and death, human weakness and imperfections, etc. It might be called the history of a soul—but a soul of peculiar beauty and grandeur.

So far as I know, the first volume of Tolstoy's *Journal* has not yet appeared in English. I, therefore, translate from the *Mercure de France* some of the most striking reflections noted by the French reviewers.

December, 1895:

Often I wish to suffer, to be persecuted. This means that I am indolent, that I do not want to work, but desire that others may work for me, and torment me, while I shall have only to suffer.

January, 1896:

I went to bed and could not sleep. Suddenly this image of life presented itself to me, sharply and clearly: We are all travelers. Before us is a station which we know very well. How can we arrive there otherwise than gaily, joyously or cordially united, without sadness at reaching it ourselves or because others attain it before us, since beyond there, once more, we shall all be reunited. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Death is always a thing new and important. When they

represent death on the stage it does not make a thousandth part of the impression produced by a real death.

\* \* \* \* \*

What an odd fate!—In adolescence truths begin, the passions, and one thinks: "I will get married and all that will pass." So I did myself, and I had a long period of calm, during eight years. Then came the wish to change my life; the struggle was renewed and the suffering. At length it seemed that I was reaching port, winning to repose. But it was false. The most painful state was only beginning—and the beginning will last even unto death.

\* \* \* \* \*

This evening, by the light of faith in God, I reflected upon the different phenomena of life, and all seemed so good and happy. I shall await the test and I shall prepare for it. March, 1898:

How good it would be to write an artistic work which should clearly exhibit the diversity of man: now a malefactor, now an angel; now a sage, now a madman; now strong, now feeble.

\* \* \* \* \*

Popular poetry reflects always, nay, predicts and prepares the popular movement—the Crusades, the Reformation. What can the poetry of our parasite society predict or prepare? Love, debauchery—debauchery, love.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nothing softens the heart so much as the conscience of one's guilt, and nothing hardens it so much as the conscience of being right.

1899:

The women who demand men's work for themselves and the same liberty as men, also demand, for the most part unconsciously, the liberty of debauchery; for this reason they fall much lower while thinking to rise higher.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is no future—we ourselves make it.

(Translation by Michael Monahan.)



## A GLIMPSE INTO THE THEATRES

AFTER witnessing "The Morris Dance," my friend, Robert Allerton Parker, remarked with ludicrous intensity, "Give me the commercial drama." I cannot help but agree with the dramatic editor of *Current Opinion*. For Mr. Winthrop Ames' latest offering is uniquely bad and unnecessary. Few plays produced in New York City so completely lack interest and life as Granville Barker's "The Morris Dance." Were it not for the program one could hardly believe that the gifted author of the "Voysey Inheritance" is also the perpetrator of the greatest theatrical outrage of the season 1917. However, it is easy to forgive Mr. Barker. He who has given us much pleasure may occasionally annoy us. But it is not so easy to forgive Mr. Ames. When Mr. Ames built his Little Theatre he announced that his house would henceforth be the abode of the rare, the beautiful, and the superior. His theatre was not for the masses. It was created solely for the entertainment of those who possess culture, money and leisure. To a certain extent Mr. Ames has delivered the goods. He has, it is true, produced several plays which deserve all praise and produced them in a manner which left nothing to be desired. "Prunella" need only be mentioned to remind theatregoers of the debt they owe to Winthrop Ames. But on the whole, Mr. Ames has not, as I see it, made the best of his opportunities. The Washington Square Players, without his resources, have accomplished far more than the director of the Little Theatre. They have produced plays from the German, the French, the Spanish, and have encouraged the American dramatist at the same time. They have produced unusual and beautiful plays. And although the actors are generally inferior to those employed by Mr. Ames, the complete effect of a performance by them is sure to surpass the work of the Little Theatre's imported cast. The mind of Mr. Ames moves in a curious direction. It knows perfectly well what is good and who is it. It knows, for instance, that George Bernard Shaw is a great man, and that Granville Barker has written some very interesting plays. But when it comes to choose it is certain to take a play written by Shaw twenty-five years ago, between acts, or a farce by Barker without humor or merit of any kind. If Mr. Ames were an opera producer, and if he had to produce an opera by Richard Wagner, I would bet anything in the world that he would select "Rienzi" and ignore "Parsifal," "Tristan," and "Siegfried." I agree with Robert Allerton Parker: "Give me the commercial drama."

\* \* \*

Occasionally a successful playwright deserves all the praise lavished upon him (or her). Clare Kummer is that rare person. She is the author of "Good Gracious Annabelle." The production of that comedy was an event in the history of the American stage. Now Clare Kummer has again squarely hit the bull's eye in the center. "The Successful Calamity," her second play, has scored heavily. The Booth Theatre is "turning 'em away."

Clare Kummer has progressed. Her second play is better than her first, and I have no doubt but that her third work will surpass even these two excellent comedies.

"The Successful Calamity" is the first comedy of manners produced and written by an American. Although the word "society" is never spoken throughout the play, "The Successful Calamity" actually contains the atmosphere which characterizes the well-bred and the old-rich. Now the well-bred often use slang and often disregard politeness. In Clare Kummer's play we find a group of human beings who possess good manners and who nevertheless are extremely human and natural.

A rich man, enormously successful, socially and in business, is haunted by the thought that his family look upon him merely as the family provider, as a sort of a cash register. He is never consulted by his children. His wife flits about from this to that. Motor cars are bought, engagements are made, dinners are arranged. All that he has to do is to appear in his destined place.

One night, oppressed by the light disregard of his family, he hits upon a scheme to test their loyalty and love. He will tell them that he is ruined. So he announces the failure of his banking house. To his astonishment they rally around him as one. His wife lavishes unsuspected tenderness upon him. His children offer him their aid and affection. Even the servants refuse to desert him. Of course, many complications ensue. For one thing, the announcement of his failure nets him \$8,000,000. After many amusing episodes everything is straightened out and everybody is happy.

This sketch is merely a thin outline of a play which is destined to have innumerable triumphs and a successful career for years. The commanding features of "The Successful Calamity" are its brilliant dialogue and the authentic delineation of character. Even Clyde Fitch never wrote so naturally and with such ease as Clare Kummer. Her characters live. They are not stage dummies. And there is an individuality about them that makes them memorable.

Clare Kummer has proven that she is not an accident. Being a woman of genius success will only do her good. We greet her at the beginning of a great career.

\* \* \*

A comedy by Molière generally reveals the source from which most of our clever playwrights derive their inspiration. The Coburn Players—who have made a huge success of "The Yellow Jacket"—have now been crowned with new laurels in appreciation of their recent production of Molière's "The Imaginary Invalid."

This delightful farce is as up-to-date as though it had been written today. It is infinitely better than Bernard Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma." By changing a few sentences and costumes the play could easily become an excellent satire upon modern medicine. Written several centuries ago, "The Imaginary Invalid" proves how slowly we have advanced, and how far Molière was ahead of his generation.

\* \* \*

In the last number of THE INTERNATIONAL it was stated that Ibsen's "The Wild Duck" was first produced in America by Director Rudolph Christians at the Irving Place Theatre. Subsequently I have discovered that my statement was an error. The first performance of "The Wild Duck" in America took place in the German Theatre, Milwaukee. This progressive playhouse has been producing many unusual and radical plays. In the near future the Milwaukee German Theatre will present Dostoevsky's powerful tragedy, "The Idiot."

\* \* \*

I like the Winter Garden because you always get just what you want when you go there. Fortunately no one connected with the Shuberts' has ever thought of discarding the famous alley that leads from the stage to the rear of the house. Across this bridge at each performance the Winter Garden girls stalk and sing. This has become an institution. A Winter Garden Show without the Reinhardt bridge would be like winter without snow. I mention this with such fervor just now because of rumors to the effect that the management is seriously thinking of removing this delightful contrivance. "Woodmen spare that tree."

# THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK MART

This department has been established for *your* convenience. *Any* book on the market may be procured through us at *rock-bottom prices*. Consult us on any book in the world. We shall always be happy to serve you. Below you will find a partial list of the books which we are selling at a sensationally low cost. Send your orders to the Book Department, International Monthly, 1123 Broadway, New York city.

**AN INSPIRING BOOK ON PERSONAL PROBLEMS.** By Edward Earle Purinton.

**THE TRIUMPH OF THE MAN WHO ACTS.** Trenchant essays on life's problems which clear the vision and offer fresh guidance and hope. Second large edition. Cloth \$1.50. Leather, \$2, postpaid.

**THE FOOLS OF SHAKESPEARE.** By Frederick Warde. A unique and highly diverting study of the clown's jesters and fools of the plays of Shakespeare. \$1.40, postpaid.

**MADAME DU BARRY, A KING'S FAVORITE.** By Claud Saint-Andre. A fascinating biography, with much new material, of one of the most interesting women of all time. Profusely illustrated. \$3.75, postpaid.

**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SUPER-TRAMP.** By William H. Davies, with a preface by Bernard Shaw. William H. Davies is acknowledged quite generally as one of the very greatest poets of our day. Bernard Shaw in his preface says: "All I have to say by way of recommendation of the book is that I have read it through from beginning to end and would have read more of it had there been any more to read." Price, \$2.70, postpaid.

**OTHERS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE NEW VERSE.** Edited by Alfred Kreyborg. This represents the work of about thirty-five men and women, and is the first adequate one-volume anthology of the new verse. It is a book which no one who is interested in the recent developments of poetry can afford to be without. Price, \$1.70, postpaid.

**THE BUFFOON.** By Louis U. Wilkinson. A masterly book which gathers interest also from the fact that readers will recognize in one of its leading characters a penetrating, though amusing, picture of a well-known lecturer. Price, \$1.70, postpaid.

**THE GREAT VALLEY.** By Edgar Lee Masters. Here Mr. Masters is interpreting the country and the age. Many problems are touched upon with typical Masters incisiveness. Many characters are introduced, each set off with that penetrating insight into human nature. Price, \$1.75, postpaid.

**THE PRISONER.** By Alice Brown. "A novel that deserves to be ranked with the best, most significant fiction of recent years. . . . A story true to the essentials of universal human nature, with a cunningly contrived plot that keeps the reader interested and puzzled to the end."—The New York Times. "A fine and sound piece of fiction." —The Outlook. Price, \$1.65, postpaid.

**THE ROMANCE COMPOSERS.** By Daniel Gregory Mason. "Serviceable and satisfactory to the professional musician . . . quite intelligible to the average reader . . . will find its best public among concertgoers." —The Independent. Price, \$1.90, postpaid.

**MARY 'GUSTA.** By Joseph C. Lincoln. The little girl who mothered her Cape Cod guardians in spite of their attempts to bring her up. Price \$1.50 postpaid.

**THE CERTAIN HOUR.** Revealing episodes of the literary mind. "Charming! delightful. A beautiful, finished work of art."—Mereau-Nicholson. "A touch of the Poe magic."—James Huneker. "The stories are things of beauty—rare, delicate and fragrant as springtime."—Ellen Glasgow. \$1.50, postpaid.

**THE SONG OF THE SCARLET HOST AND OTHER POEMS.** By Joseph Bernard Rethy. A volume of poetry that has startled literary America. Daring, iconoclastic and lyrical, this work is bound to give you joy. \$1, postpaid.

## VERY RARE SETS.

**GUY DE MAUPASSANT.** A complete and unexpurgated edition, with fine illustrations; limited edition de luxe; seventeen volumes. Regular price, \$148.00; our price, \$55.00.

**THE AMOURS AND ADVENTURES OF THE CHEVALIER DE FAUBLAS.** A literal translation limited to 100 copies; four volumes. Price \$25.00.

**BALZAC'S COMPLETE WORKS.** Unexpurgated edition de luxe, three-quarter Morocco; fine illustrations; thirty-eight volumes, including volumes usually lacking in other editions. Regular price, \$180.00; our price, \$50.00.

**RALPH WALDO EMERSON.** Including 54 hitherto uncollected Pieces, Essays, etc. Profusely illustrated. Emerson is the most original American writer, and his works should not be missing in any American home. Five volumes, three-quarters leather; \$6.50 postpaid.

**HENRY FIELDING'S WORKS.** Unexpurgated edition; beautifully illustrated throughout the text; high class subscription edition, strictly limited to 1,000 numbered copies; twelve volumes. Subscription price, \$60.00; our price, \$25.00.

**GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.** Complete works. Beautifully illustrated; ten volumes; 8 vc. full Morocco Dunstan binding, 1904. Subscription price, \$90.00; our price, \$55.00.

**JULES VERNE.** Complete works, illustrated with forty-five full page photogravures; some colored by hand; limited edition de luxe; fifteen volumes. Regular price \$69; our price \$38.50.

**EDGAR ALLAN POE.** Beacon edition. Illustration with thirty-five etchings and photogravures. Bound in three-quarter, red leather top, edges gilt, gilt back. Six volumes. \$15.00.