

# THE INTERNATIONAL

Edited by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

VOL. XI. No. 4.

APRIL, 1917.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

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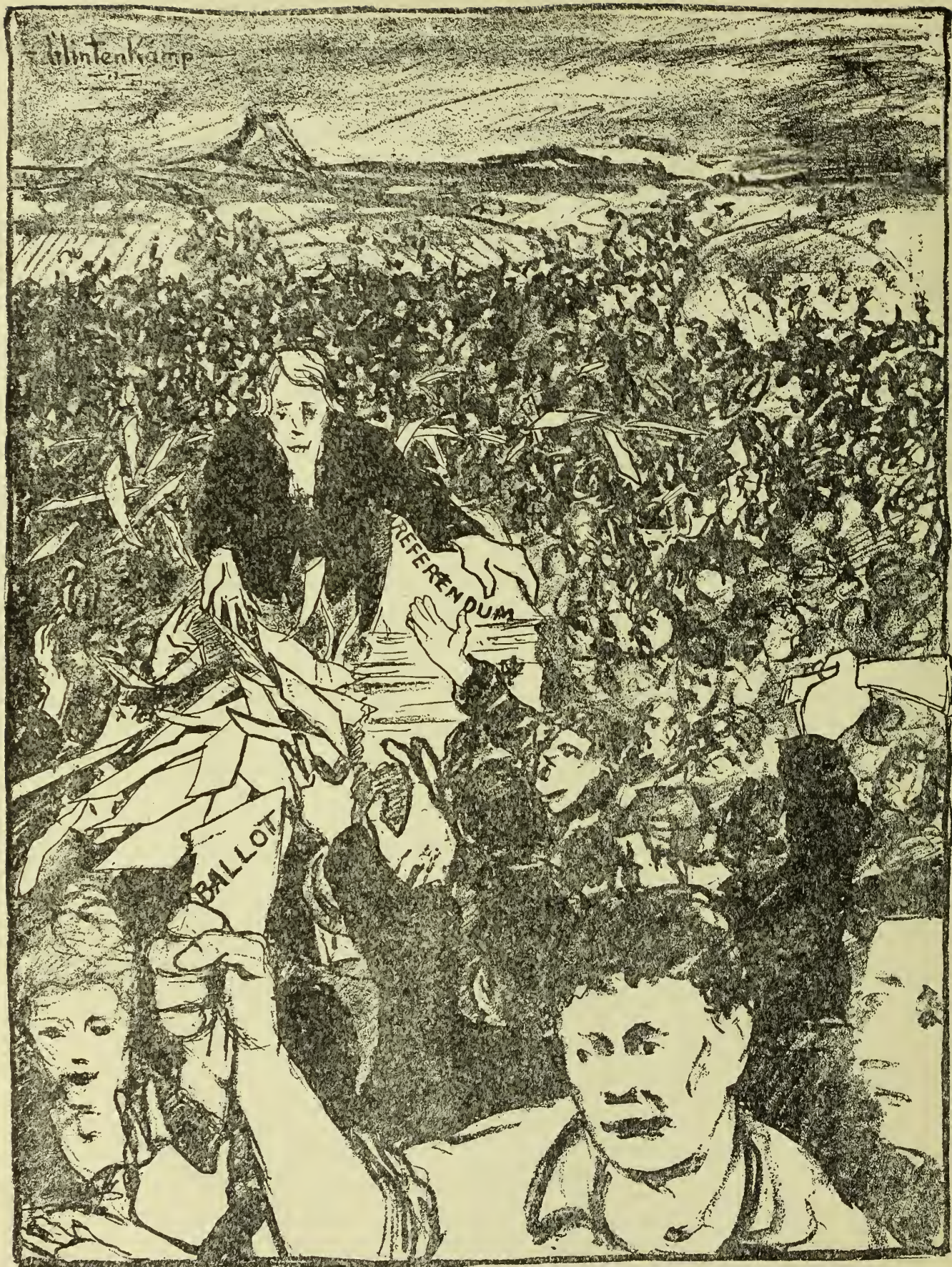
Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.  
1123 Broadway, New York City. Telephone, Farragut 9771. Cable address, Viereck, New York.  
President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, R. O. Veller; Secretary, Curt H. Reisinger; Business Manager, R. S. 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.  
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Drawn for the International by Glintenkamp.

**Uncle Sam:** "Let the people decide if they want war—or not."





# THE INTERNATIONAL

EDITED BY  
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

ASSOCIATE EDITOR  
JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY

VOL. VI. No. 4.

APRIL, 1917.

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## THE CRISIS IN OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE time seems to be drawing near when the faithful and patriotic citizen of this republic must be distinguished from the traitor. The world at large must be made to see that we Americans of all parties and of every creed are one. There can be no divisions among us when it is a question of defending our heritage of constitutional freedom. We have not as yet heard that any overt act of a German submarine has justified the President in appealing to Congress for a declaration of war. We anticipate nothing of that kind. If, on the other hand, the action of any naval power brings us into the vortex of war, we must stand united behind the government as patriots. This kind of talk is perhaps a little rhetorical, but there are crises in the destiny of every land when its citizens must consider their attitude with reference to a possibility of war. War is at any rate a possibility. It does not seem probable. The time for discussion has ended. The President has committed the country to a given line of conduct in the event of an overt act by a belligerent. Be the consequences what they may, we are ready for war. We believe the American people are ready, that they will stand loyally behind the government against any European power whatever with which the misfortunes of circumstance drag us into conflict. If we must fight Germany we will do so. If we must fight England, we will do that. If we must remain at peace with all the world, we must.

## THE QUARREL OVER PREPAREDNESS.

NATURALLY, an effort is being made to have it appear that the German-Americans are opposed to the policy of preparedness for this country. We have long said in these columns that our lack of preparedness is a disgrace. This country ought to have a navy four times as large as the one we now

have. The army should be strengthened in a way to make it adequate. If we are to have a war with Germany, and we pray that it may be avoided, we think it high time to proceed with the building of battleships, cruisers, submarines and coast defenses. There is no German-American of any intelligence who would not indorse the need of preparation for all eventualities. In spite of this well known fact, there are insinuations in the New York newspapers that German-Americans are secretly opposing the increase in our navy which is so necessary. It is much to be regretted that the pacifists do not comprehend the injury they are doing to their own cause by opposing the appropriations for our navy. These pacifists should not be regarded as in any sense representative of any one but themselves. The moment Congress convenes the question of our defenses ought to be taken up with vigor.

## COLLAPSE OF EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY.

THE conduct of German international relations by the Wilhelmstrasse has been the subject of much just criticism within recent weeks. The blunder of Zimmermann in sending his proposal to Mexico for an invasion of this country was in the circumstances inexcusable. Herr Zimmermann ought to have known that the mere suggestion would unite Americans of all kinds, the German with the rest. The moment an invasion of this country is attempted by any foe from any quarter, every citizen would spring to its defense. The German-Americans would fight for this country if necessary against Germany. If Herr Zimmermann does not know this by today he is past redemption. He ought to be got rid of in order to make room for a competent successor. But, while we censure the Wilhelmstrasse for its ineptitude, let us not forget that Downing street is running counter to the best sentiment in this country by blocking our commerce,

The President does well in our opinion to arm merchant ships, but why should they not be protected from interference by the British as well as by the Germans? We are not blind to the technicalities of international law. Let the rule of international law be observed, but does it not apply to all belligerents instead of to one only?

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THE SIGNING OF PLEDGES  
OF LOYALTY.

SOME superfluous agitation has prevailed on the subject of a pledge of loyalty to the President which many have been asked to sign. If any citizen feels that a pledge of loyalty to his country will do any good, by all means let him sign it. Some there are who think their loyalty to their country ought to be taken for granted. So they have refused to sign. Still others feel that the implied coercion in the mode of presentation of the pledge is offensive. This is a matter which can safely be left to the individual judgment. There is no reason why a man should sign any pledge of loyalty at all. We would not even seem to criticize any man with reference to this subject. It has come up owing to a fear in the minds of some Republicans, we believe, that the sheep are getting mixed up with the goats. What does President Wilson himself feel about this matter? We observe that some at least of the men who are conspicuously circulating the pledge were among the number of the President's fiercest opponents at the last election. Let there be freedom of conscience in this matter. It seems to us highly advisable to exact pledges of loyalty to this country and its institutions from certain doubtful patriots in New York who appear to have forgotten that our allegiance is no longer to the British King.

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THE NEW MILITARY  
SITUATION IN EUROPE.

WHAT strategical conception may underlie the retirements of the Germans in Northern France remains to be seen. The British are exulting loudly over these movements. If then they fail to push their offensive with vigor within the next three weeks, how shall we accept their interpretations of the advance of which they boast? The withdrawal of Germans may prelude their advance into Western France. They may have resolved upon an offensive in Russia. Perhaps there is some blow pending in the Balkans. There is no possibility of a complete German collapse, although the London dailies take stock in the theory. The reader who wishes to get at the ins and outs of these bewildering reports has but to study the war map. If the Germans carry on their retirement until the Belgian coast is given up and if at the same time there is no

onward movement by the forces of France and England, we may rest assured that Haig and Nivelle anticipate a crisis in the direction of Salonika. The fall of Bagdad was a disagreeable surprise to the Germans and there is no need to blink the fact. But the failure of Sarraill to prosecute his offensive threatens the allied strategy in all Europe. No withdrawal in Flanders will compensate the French and English. The whole aim of the allies in the west is to break in to "Mittel Europa," to force now or soon an entrance through the barred gate to the Fatherland. This fact is not appreciated by ourselves owing to the constant talk about the starvation of Germany. If the allies break into Central Europe this spring or this summer we may believe that Germany has been starved out. We need take no stock in the starvation theory otherwise.

---

THE CRISIS  
IN GERMANY.

IN the light of the recent speech of the Imperial Chancellor, it is evident that a great constitutional change is impending in Germany. The government will be liberalized. The rights of the masses of the people are apparently to be based upon a greater responsibility of the executive to the Reichstag. This modification of the attitude of the sovereign power to the will of the people is timely. Nevertheless, the fear that Germany is to succumb in the military sphere as a result of her liberalization in the political sphere is fatuous. The might of the German people in arms cannot be diminished as a result of an extension to Germany of the liberal ideas which prevail in this country. On the contrary, the political crisis may infuse new energy into the German offensive and thus be the means of bringing victory to German arms. Whatever changes are in store for Germany will be brought about in an orderly fashion. There is some talk of a reorganization of the imperial presidency. The German Emperor in his official capacity is a sort of chairman of a committee with powers and duties which possibly are to be modified. The subject is one which the German people can decide without aid from onlookers, however intelligent.

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A FORM OF  
INTIMIDATION.

FOR the past week there have been vague insinuations that the secret service agents have collected the names of persons who in certain contingencies will be interned. The threat is supposed to be terrible. It is a form of intimidation. Let no one be cowed into any concealment of his political opinions by covert threats of the kind. In fact, we should all speak our minds freely and openly, so



that those who want any one interned may have the fullest evidence. People who permit themselves to be intimidated gain nothing. According to a recent paragraph in the New York World, the secret service agents have the names of editors, public speakers, doctors and professional men who will be interned in short order whenever the Federal authorities give the word. We take no stock whatever in these tales. The number of traitors in this country is small. No American citizen with a particle of sanity can help seeing that if we get into a war with a great European nation it is incumbent upon us to emerge the victor. To aid a foreign foe of this country would be, in an American citizen of any kind of origin, an act of suicide. If we have here any sham Americans who do not want to take the part of our country against a European power when war breaks out, they should have their sanity investigated. They should be dealt with not by the secret service agents, but by the alienists.

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AMERICAN SCORN OF  
WASHINGTON AND  
JEFFERSON.

NOTHING in the history of the past month is so suggestive as the readiness of native Americans of Anglo-Saxon origin to disregard the most solemn behest of George Washington. He warned his countrymen against the folly of concerning ourselves with the affairs of Europe in a partisan sense. Nevertheless, the President is urged by the Anglo-Saxon element to interfere directly with the concerns of the old world. We do not say that this shows any lack of patriotism. We much prefer not to comment upon it at all. Still, the fact is too conspicuous to ignore. Let us, then, merely observe that the Anglomaniacs amongst us seem never to have heard of George Washington. It does not become us to advise any old world power to arm or to disarm, to war or to remain at peace. The truth that Europe has a set of interests separate from ours is ignored so much at present that we ought to sit down and read Washington's farewell address. Teddy the Terrible says we stand committed by treaty to protest against whatever outrage is endured by Belgium. How did we get into that position if George Washington is still an important figure to us? Who made the treaty that binds us to intervene by war in favor of a European state? What concern is it of ours if two European powers cannot arbitrate? That word arbitration is like the word peace in its paralyzing effects upon the judgments of a good many prominent men. There is no magic in a shibboleth and no magic in a catchword. Our interest in this war is the result of the fact that in one or two of its phases it is a world struggle. From that standpoint we have the right to proffer

a hint now and then. Where the war is pre-eminently European and, in that sense, local, we had best mind our own business. Otherwise we shall become involved in Belgian questions, Servian questions, Polish questions and Macedonian questions that cannot possibly be controlled by our notes or protests.

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THE DOVE RETURNS TO  
THE ARK OF WAR.

PEACE for the next two or three months will be a pious aspiration in Europe. No one in Berlin or in London was under any delusion on the subject. It is in this country alone that hallucinations on the subject of the present great war are cherished. Peace was impossible under the conditions suggested because this is a decisive war, a war for the dominion of the European world. It can end only in the defeat and destruction of the armed forces of one side or the other. Germany has not destroyed the British navy, at least yet. Germany has not destroyed the armies of either France or Great Britain yet. Germany has perhaps made measurable progress in the destruction of Russia as a practical belligerent. If and when Russia has been destroyed as a fighting power, Russia will cease to be in the war really. That fact shows how absurd is the statement of the outer rim of powers that they will not conclude a separate peace. The one that is "knocked out" will from that very circumstance have concluded a separate peace. As long as everyone can get back into the ring, the fight will have another round. In a couple of months we shall certainly hear more peace talk. We can judge of its importance by the number of combatants still capable of getting back. This is the whole mystery of "peace." There is much to regret in the tendency of our idealists to imagine that peace is bestowed upon the world by committees of estimable and distinguished ladies and gentlemen presided over by "has beens."

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THE ABDICATION OF THE CZAR.

ANY one with the least historical instinct will see at once that all talk of a republic as an outcome of the events of the past few weeks in Russia is absurd. Even assuming that the estimable professors and journalists and lawyers out of the Duma who have banded themselves together into a provisional ministry or government succeed in controlling the executive power at Petrograd for the time being, a monarch must emerge. His personality need not concern us. He may accept a constitution of the usual liberal type. He may come into power at the head of a military movement. In any event, the

Russian republic is a permanent impossibility. Monarchy alone expresses the genius of the Muscovite masses.

There are various reasons for this. In the first place, Russia is a religious state. It cannot be based upon any merely political aspirations. The Russian state and the Russian form of Christianity are indissolubly linked. In the next place, the sovereignty to which the people bow down must derive a sanction from the orders in the state, bureaucratic, aristocratic and peasant. The working classes are not sufficiently numerous nor sufficiently enlightened to make a democratic republic possible to them. They want bread and meat and shoes before they want anything else. Finally, the army is monarchical to the last officer in the general staff. Russian society could not be organized on a republican basis even if the men who lead the republican movement were not in a sense "outsiders," divorced from the traditional, appealing to new and strange sanctions. The peasant is religious, or if you will, superstitious. He is largely Asiatic, Oriental. A republic in Russia would admit too much that is alien to the civilization that alone makes Russia powerful. A monarch would be necessary if only for the sake of keeping the vast realm from splitting into fragments.

It is overlooked that the Europeanization of Russia, as far as it has proceeded, has been the work of the Romanoffs ever since Peter the Great. With-

out the Romanoffs, the great Russian plain would be given over to Orientalism. It is quite likely that the men in power at Petrograd will see the futility of further experiment with the doctrinaire republicanism of the college professors and find a man to hold the sovereign title while the statesmen wield the sovereign power.

The charges of treason against certain members of the Romanoff dynasty are natural enough. The Czar and the men in his confidence did not know how to deal with the domestic revolt that was growing daily more formidable. It is well known to the informed that for some months past disaffection had been growing well nigh universal. The Czar felt himself powerless to quell it. The Socialist element and the radical professors alone were strong. The traditional bureaucrats seem for some reason to be second-rate men, mediocrities. Feeling that a prolongation of the war made the rule of the Romanoffs practically impossible, the Czar strove for peace. His confidants, and especially the palace clique, sympathized with the idea. This explains the rumors of a separate peace with Germany. There is reason to believe that the men about the Czar strove for this separate peace, but they may have been unable to assure the Germans that a peace with the Czar would be permanent. No German purpose could be subserved by concluding with Nicholas II. a peace that the Duma must repudiate. There was no way out of the blind alley for the Czar except abdication.

## THE MOCKING-BIRD

By ERNEST McGAFFEY.

(Tripletelle)

IN Southern climes the mocking bird,  
Gray-black and brown, with silver blurred,  
Sings, sings, and sings, the whole night long.

And pale magnolia blossoms throng  
Where dreaming forest depths are stirred,  
With warblings of the mocking bird.

All strains of wood and field are heard  
Where star-entranced, the mocking bird  
Sings, sings, sings, the whole night long.

ROULADE.

The mocking bird, 'mid shadows blurred,  
By passion stirred and silence heard,  
Sings clear and strong the whole night long.



## ARMAGEDDON AND H. G. WELLS

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

"THERE are," a great English critic remarked to me, "two groups of writers in London. Those who are sexed and those who are sexless. Bernard Shaw belongs to the second group. H. G. Wells belongs to the first." Wells is rather over than under sexed. The sex note pervades his writings. It creeps even into his war books. It makes him human, very human. It lends richness to his style, zest to his conversation, and makes him—temperamental. He is always interesting because he is always a lover.

I first met Wells many years ago at a luncheon given in his honor at the National Arts Club. I believe he made a speech. I do not remember the speech. I believe we shook hands. I remember the handshake. Not because Wells was a celebrity, but because he has magnetism. He is a slightly built man. So am I. Some day he will be stout. So shall I. Our nervous energy may put off the inevitable day of reckoning. We are both Northerners, both Teutons. Teutons of our type are apt to grow stodgy. I am blond. Wells, I think is dark, almost swarthy. I may be entirely mistaken as to that. Such, however, is my recollection of him. As a matter of fact, I can hardly say that I met him the first time. You cannot meet people in crowds. Still he was very real to me even before that meeting. He was a little more real thereafter.

Our next meeting was in the spring of 1914, only a few weeks before Armageddon. I provided three days for my visit to England. In those days I was at Oxford, at Canterbury, at the British Museum and at Madame Tussaud's. I had luncheon with Wells, dinner with Zangwill, supper with Havell Ellis and a long talk with Bernard Shaw. I attended a tea given for me by Elsa Barker, where I met Arthur Symons and scores of others whose names, alas, have escaped my memory. Besides there was Piccadilly and a fascinating young American friend with the features of Sir Galahad and the disposition of

"Gilbert, the filbert,  
The Colonel of the nuts."

These lines are from a musical comedy which I witnessed in London. They have haunted me ever since. I also saw a play by Zangwill, and I had three suits and one overcoat made for me by an English tailor. Then there were charming ties to be bought, and the most enticing of socks. One afternoon I spent with my fascinating friend in Kensington Gardens, visiting the places where Peter Pan strayed at night. Another afternoon I devoted to writing picture postal cards to my friends at home. If it had not been for these diversions I would have met Barrie and Chesterton. In that case I would never have thought of returning to England. I should feel that I had received from her all she could give me.

I reached England on the *Imperator*. I left her on the *Vaterland*. I wonder when, if ever, these ships will carry me again across the sea. It seems hardly credible that the face of civilization should change completely in the course of not three years. . . . On my way back home I passed the English fleet, ready for action, not knowing that its only achievement would be the abortive attempt to starve the women and children of Central Europe. Germany, instead of building submarines day and night, was still negotiating with London!

It was my intention to write a book on England. Or, to be more precise, a book about George Sylvester Viereck visiting England. But the stupendous events of the war have driven most of my English impressions into the most inaccessible

storage cells of the brain. It is with difficulty that I attempt to reconstruct my recollections. I do remember that Wells and I had an excellent luncheon. Wells loves to talk. He is a conversational dynamo. No wonder he didn't make a hit with Roosevelt. No wonder his own estimate of Roosevelt is tinged with bitterness. He was determined to lecture to Roosevelt. Roosevelt was determined to lecture to him. If the two men had met in a club like two human beings the fight would have been fair, the odds more even. But they met at the White House. Roosevelt won. If I had been a few years younger I would have liked Wells less. There was a time when I insisted on talking and talking about myself. But I have learned to listen. Wells has not yet learned this accomplishment. He is aware of his own weakness. Mr. Britling, the hero of his recent war-book, talks Mr. Direck, his young American visitor, almost to death at their first meeting. The meeting between Wells and Viereck was not unlike the meeting between Britling and Direck. But here the likeness ceases. While Mr. Britling is undoubtedly a portrait of H. G. Wells, Mr. Direck in no way resembles me, in spite of the, no doubt accidental resemblance of our names.

The egotism of Mr. Wells is by no means displeasing, because the man is really alive. He really has something to say. He talks against time, but he talks to the point. Wells is a complex personality. There is not merely one Wells, but several varieties of Wellses. There is Wells of the scientific imagination. There is Wells the philosopher. Wells the dreamer. Wells the propagandist. Wells the erotic novelist. His mind is a prism with many faces and facets. He is immensely interested in himself, immensely interested in finding the real Wells. So am I. Wells is self-conscious. He is conscious of many selves. At times he is foremost the dreamer. At other times the scientist is foremost in him. Again at other times he forgets dream and science in the fiery indignation raised by some social wrong. The man's books are as multiple as his personalities. Some are shallow, obviously written merely with an eye to commercial demand. But Wells at his best, like the little girl, is very, very good. In fact he has no peer among contemporary writers. It is possible to write more balanced stories. It is possible to portray certain phases of life with more penetration. It is possible to think more clearly. It is possible to be more eloquent. But it isn't possible to be more human.

LIFE, after all, is not definite. No formula is always workable. We must change our philosophies as we change our working formulæ. Truth is relative. But if we only see its relativity we are lost at sea without a lodestar. We stray through the void without compass. If we desire to achieve we must believe. We must believe in the Truth for the Time Being. We cannot work out the problems of life or of mathematics without a working hypothesis. We need not always employ the same hypothesis. Wells changes his hypotheses in accordance with his moods. He approaches life from a thousand angles. He has not reached its heart. No man has done this, not even Jesus. But at least in the books of Wells we can hear its pulsations. We can find it in some of his early fantastic stories. We can find it in *Tono Bungay*, perhaps the greatest novel of our age. I do not say that it is the greatest, because it is possible that some Russian may have accomplished even more. But I know of no novel in any Western tongue that is so pregnant with life. Even Wells has never surpassed *Tono Bungay*, except possibly in Mr. Britling.

His heroes are never very positive. But they grope for something that is the secret of all our quests. His conception of God is not as patronizing as Thomas Hardy's, but no more cheerful. His philosophy is not unlike Hardy's. In the beginning of the war Hardy wrote a poem that is not unlike Mr. Britling. Hardy expressed in one poem what Wells expressed in a book. He saw humanity underneath us all, the heart that beats in every breast, Saxon and Teuton, friend and foe. But Wells is younger than Hardy. He is far more violent. He writes more readily and more rashly. He is a journalist as well as an artist. Sometimes the artist in him succumbs to the journalist. Hardy is always the artist. Wells writes some things that are execrable. Some of his essays on the war vibrate with malice. But that is perhaps because his mind is so sensitive that it cannot but record its environment. But give him time, and he will analyze his environment. He will analyze himself. He will rise above both. This is what he has done in Mr. Britling. I shall mention Mr. Britling many times. It has greatly impressed me. It is the greatest book on the war. Wells is the only man who has looked upon the war with the eyes of the present and with the eyes of the future. He is both inside and outside the panorama. It is one thing for Hardy in "The Dynasts" to write a drama of the Napoleonic wars. It is infinitely more difficult for any man in the midst of war to detach himself from his environment as Wells has done. It is quite possible that in his next book he may again change the focus. He may write a book that is infinitely smaller. He may write such a book to express a new mood in himself or because he thinks that such a book is needed. In that respect Wells resembles my late friend, Hugo Muensterberg. In fact, there is a curious parallelism in the lives of the two men, a parallelism that, I hope, ended with the death of Muensterberg, for we are not ready to lose Wells.

Muensterberg only a few months before his death called my attention to the fact that he and Wells had written exactly the same number of books. Muensterberg, like Wells, was very prolific. It was difficult even for their admirers to keep up with them. Both men were psychologists. Both men possessed the poetic imagination. The poet is a maker. Every constructive thinker must be a poet. Both reacted very readily to the psychology of the people. Both fell naturally into being the spokesmen of their respective nations. In the beginning of the war they were far apart. Shortly before Muensterberg's death they had reached almost the same conclusion. Their vision of the future was alike. Muensterberg could think of England without hate. Wells can think without hate of Germany.

I know it is dangerous to make this remark, for Wells may change his mind overnight, and write the most bitter, the most scathing, the most pitiless, the most unjust attack on the Germans. But there are whole passages in Mr. Britling that sound exactly like Muensterberg's conversation that night—almost the last time before his sudden end that we were together. In Muensterberg's books on peace and the future there are passages that could be bodily incorporated in "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." The two men, both responsive to the loftiest intellectual currents of their peoples, had reached a common ground where their minds could meet. The two philosophers met long before peace negotiations. Peace still seems far apart at this moment. Nevertheless, peace cannot be far off when men like Muensterberg and men like Wells begin to agree. For some reason Muensterberg had not read "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." He just finished the book preceding it. In that preceding book Mr. Wells was still very much the Jingo. In Mr. Britling he is himself. He speaks for intellectual England. In his next book he may

make himself again the advocate of the devil. But that will be merely an episode. No one, not even Wells himself, can obliterate Mr. Britling. I read long passages from that book to Professor Muensterberg one night after dinner. It was a revelation to Muensterberg. It made his kindly heart beat faster. It proved to him that his vision was right, that peace would come before mankind has destroyed itself. "On that day," as he said in his last message to me, "men will look one another in the face with astonishment; the spell will be broken. They simply will not believe that they could misjudge and maltreat their friends so grossly. The subtle power of our mind to forget will become mankind's blessing. As soon as peace is secured, we shall keep the peace not only by the harsh method of enforcing it, but by the hundred times better method of making it natural. And it can become natural because all the scorn of today will fall off like the scab of a healing wound."

THIS might be an excerpt from Mr. Britling's letter to the father of his dead son's tutor, a German boy who died in the trenches; he died for Germany, just as Mr. Britling's son died for England. Muensterberg is more of the schoolmaster than Wells. Consequently he gives merely his conclusions, not his intellectual processes. Wells gives us not merely his conclusions. He traces the steps by which he has reached his conclusions.

The Wells of Mr. Britling is very different from the Wells of the "Thirty Strange Stories." He is more like the Wells of Tono Bungay. When he wrote his short stories he took himself more seriously than his work. Today he takes his work even more seriously than himself. Yet I regret that he refuses to give us more of these stories. He seems to think little of them. He says that they were merely journalistic exercises written to make money. Still they are extraordinary enough to make another man's reputation. If Wells had written nothing but his short stories, he would deserve a niche in the literature of fantastic fiction only a little under Poe, and, from the viewpoint of artistry, a little over Jules Verne. I feel sure that he would have written these stories even if nobody had paid him a penny for them. Probably his commercialism is only a pose. He has written books that are purely commercial. "The Food of the Gods" and other fantastic novels from his too fertile pen are entirely negligible as literature. Mr. Wells is unkind to his short stories. One is apt to underestimate one's dead self, perhaps to hide one's inability to revive it.

Tono Bungay delineates the rise of a man and a patent medicine. It is written in chapters and paragraphs that make it look like a scientific treatise. No scientific treatise has revealed life more deeply. It is needless to say that the characters are neither wholly bad nor wholly good. In fact, Mr. Wells realizes that good and bad are in themselves meaningless terms. His characters are contradictory; that is to say, they are human. I can find no other word for him or for them. I do not care so much for Mr. Polly. I never have been able to read the "New Machiavelli." In "The Passionate Friend," Wells is merely imitating himself. And it is not a very good imitation. Any second rate hack could do better. The best book since "Tono Bungay" is "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." I cannot get away from Mr. Britling. I cannot let my readers get away from him; yet I confess that there are pages in Mr. Britling that are terribly dull. It is difficult to read the first half of the book. There are too many words, too little action. The thought is not always brilliant. But, nevertheless, upon the plain foundation Wells rears a masterpiece.

Once we get deeply into the book there is a crescendo



of interest that culminates in Mr. Britling's letter which can leave no heart unmoved. It makes one gasp and weep. Mr. Britling lives at Matching's Easy. He is a writer of the same accomplishments as Mr. Wells. The character is obviously a self-portrait. His book is the record of his reactions to the war, and the reactions of Matching's Easy. There are love affairs in the book, but they are entirely subordinate in interest. The story of Mr. Britling's soul absorbs the attention. Mr. Britling is very frank. If we understand, Mr. Britling we understand intellectual England. We can forgive things that shocked us. We can understand things that seemed incomprehensible before. In the beginning he did not believe in the war. When it came he believed it would be of short duration. He was almost afraid that it would be too short to write its lessons deeply upon the slate of mankind. He was certain that the Germans would be defeated. The lies of the British censor which deceived America also duped Mr. Britling. But his optimism did not last.

The defeated Germans continued to advance. Through a week of deepening disillusionment the main tide of battle rolled back steadily towards Paris. Lille was lost without a struggle. It was lost with mysterious ease. . . . The next name to startle Mr. Britling as he sat with his newspaper and atlas following these great events was Compiègne. "Here!" Manifestly the British were still in retreat. Then the Germans were in possession of Laon and Rheims and still pressing south. Maubeuge surrounded and cut off for some days, had apparently fallen. . . .

It was on Sunday, September the sixth, that the final capitulation of Mr. Britling's facile optimism occurred.

He stood in the sunshine reading the *Observer* which the gardener's boy had just brought from the May Tree. He had spread it open on a garden table under the blue cedar, and father and son were both reading it, each as much as the other would let him. There was fresh news from France, a story of further German advances, fighting at Senlis—"But that is quite close to Paris!"—and the appearance of German forces at Nogent-sur-Seine. "Sur Seine!" cried Mr. Britling. "But where can that be? South of the Marne? Or below Paris perhaps?"

It was not marked upon the *Observer's* map, and Hugh ran into the house for the atlas.

When he returned Mr. Manning was with his father, and they both looked grave.

Hugh opened the map of Northern France. "Here it is," he said.

Mr. Britling considered the position.

"Manning says they are at Rouen," he told Hugh. "Our base is to be moved round to La Rochelle. . . ."

He paused before the last distasteful conclusion.

"Practically," he admitted, taking his dose, "they have got Paris. It is almost surrounded now."

He sat down to the map. Mr. Manning and Hugh stood regarding him. He made a last effort to imagine some tremendous strategic reversal, some stone from an unexpected sling that should fell this Goliath in the midst of his triumph.

"Russia," he said, without any genuine hope. . . .

And then it was that Mr. Britling accepted the truth.

"One talks," he said, "and then weeks and months later one learns the meaning of the things one has been saying. I was saying a month ago that this is the biggest thing that has happened in history. I said that this was the supreme call upon the will and resources of England. I said there was not a life in all our empire that would not be vitally changed by this war. I said all these things; they came through my mouth; I suppose there was a sort of thought behind them. . . . Only at this moment do I understand what it is that I said. Now—let me say it over as if I had never said it before; this is the biggest thing in history, that we are all called upon to do our utmost to resist this tremendous attack upon the peace and freedom of the world. Well, doing our utmost does not mean standing about in pleasant gardens waiting for the newspaper. . . . It means the abandonment of ease and security. . . ."

"How lazy we English are nowadays! How readily we grasp the comforting delusion that excuses us from exertion. For the last three weeks I have been deliberately believing that a little British army—they say it is scarcely a hundred thou-

sand men—would somehow break this rush of millions. But it has been driven back, as any one not in love with easy dreams might have known it would be driven back—here and then here and then here. It has been fighting night and day. It has made the most splendid fight—and the most ineffectual fight. . . . You see the vast swing of the German flail through Belgium. And meanwhile we have been standing about talking of the use we would make of our victory. . . . "We have been asleep," he said. "This country has been asleep. . . ."

THE war was to come still closer to Mr. Britling.

By night there was a new strangeness about London. The authorities were trying to suppress the more brilliant illumination of the chief thoroughfares, on account of the possibility of an air raid. Shopkeepers were being compelled to pull down their blinds, and many of these precautions were very fussy and unnecessary, and likely to lead to accidents amidst the traffic. But it gave a Rembrandtesque quality to the London scene, turned it into mysterious arrangements of brown shadows and cones and bars of light. At first many people were recalcitrant, and here and there a restaurant or a draper's window still blazed out and broke the gloom. There were also a number of insubordinate automobiles with big headlights. But the police were being unusually firm. . . .

"It will all glitter again in a little time," he told himself.

He heard an old lady who was projecting from an offending automobile at Piccadilly Circus in hot dispute with a police officer. "Zeppelins indeed!" she said. "What nonsense! As if they would dare to come here! Who would let them, I should like to know?"

Probably a friend of Lady Frensham's, he thought. Still—the idea of Zeppelins over London did seem rather ridiculous to Mr. Britling. He would not have liked to have been caught talking of it himself. . . . There never had been Zeppelins over London. They were gas bags.

Mr. Britling was anxious to do his bit, but bureaucracy would have none of him. "To bellow in loud tones, to leave things to Kitchener, and to depart for the theatre or the river or an automobile tour was felt very generally at that time to be the proper conduct for a patriot. There was a very general persuasion that to become a volunteer when one ought to be modestly doing nothing at all, was in some obscure way a form of disloyalty." England was doing business as usual.

But the war came still closer to Mr. Britling. The Belgian refugees began to arrive. The Belgian temperament conflicted with British priggishness, much to Mr. Britling's secret amusement. Mr. Dimple in Clavering Park told his troubles to Mr. Britling.

"Of course," he said, "we have to do our Utmost for Brave Little Belgium. I would be the last to complain of any little inconvenience one may experience in doing that. Still, I must confess I think you and dear Mrs. Britling are fortunate, exceptionally fortunate, in the Belgians you have got. My guests—it's unfortunate—the man is some sort of journalist and quite—oh! much simply Honest Doubt. I'm quite prepared for honest doubt nowadays. You and I have no quarrel over that. But he is aggressive. He makes remarks about miracles, quite derogatory remarks, and not always in French. Sometimes he almost speaks English. And in front of my sister. And he goes out, he says, looking for a Cafe. He never finds a Cafe, but he certainly finds every public house within a radius of miles. And he comes back smelling dreadfully of beer. When I drop a Little Hint, he blames the beer. He says it is not good beer—our good Essex beer! He doesn't understand any of our simple ways. He's sophisticated. The girls about here wear Belgian flags—and air their little bits of French. And he takes it as an encouragement. Only yesterday there was a scene. It seems he tried to kiss the Hickson girl at the inn—Maudie. . . . And his wife; a great big slow woman—in every way she is—Ample; it's dreadful even to seem to criticize, but I do so wish she would not see fit to sit down and nourish her baby in my old bachelor drawing room—often at the most unseasonable times. And—so lavishly. . . ."

Mr. Britling attempted consolations.

"But anyhow," said Mr. Dimple, "I'm better off than poor dear Mrs. Bynne. She secured two milliners. She insisted



upon them. And their clothes were certainly beautifully made—even my poor unworldly eye could tell that. And she thought two milliners would be so useful with a large family like hers. They certainly *said* they were milliners. But it seems—I don't know what we shall do about them. . . . My dear Mr. Britling, those young women are anything but milliners—anything but milliners. . . .”

A faint gleam of amusement was only too perceptible through the good man's horror.

“Sirens, my dear Mr. Britling. Sirens. By profession.” . . .

THE Hymn of Hate reached England. A wave of malignity answered. Mr. Britling likewise responded.

It became manifest that instead of there being a liberal and reluctant Germany at the back of imperialism and Junkerdom, there was apparently one solid and enthusiastic people, to suppose that the Germans were in some distinctive way evil, that they were racially more envious, arrogant, and aggressive than the rest of mankind. Upon that supposition a great number of English people settled. They concluded that the Germans had a peculiar devil of their own—and had to be treated accordingly. That was the second stage in the process of national apprehension, and it was marked by the first beginnings of a spy hunt, by the first denunciation of naturalized aliens, and by some anti-German rioting among the mixed alien population in the East End. Most of the bakers in the East End of London were Germans, and for some months after the war began they went on with their trade unmolested. Now many of these shops were wrecked. . . . It was only in October that the British gave these first signs of a sense that they were fighting not merely political Germany but the Germans.

But the idea of a peculiar malignity in the German quality as a key to the broad issue of the war was even less satisfactory and less permanent in Mr. Britling's mind than his first crude opposition of militarism and a peaceful humanity as embodied respectively in the Central Powers and the Russo-Western alliance. It led logically to the conclusion that the extermination of the German peoples was the only security for the general amiability of the world, a conclusion that appealed but weakly to his essential kindness.

When he thought of the broken faith that had poured those slaughtering hosts into the decent peace of Belgium, that had smashed her cities, burnt her villages and filled the pretty gorges of the Ardennes with blood and smoke and terror, he was flooded with self-righteous indignation, a self-righteous indignation that was indeed entirely Teutonic in its quality, that for a time drowned out his former friendship and every kindly disposition towards Germany, that inspired him with destructive impulses, and obsessed him with a desire to hear of death and more death and yet death in every German town and home. . . .

And still closer the war came to Mr. Britling. Then came the raid on Scarborough, and the killing among other victims of a number of children on their way to school.

This shocked Mr. Britling absurdly, much more than the Belgian crimes had done. They were *English* children. At home! . . . The drowning of a great number of people on a torpedoed ship full of refugees from Flanders filled his mind with pitiful imaginings for days. The Zeppelin raids, with their slow crescendo of blood-stained futility, began before the end of 1914. . . . It was small consolation for Mr. Britling to reflect that English homes and women and children were, after all, undergoing only the same kind of experience that our ships have inflicted scores of times in the past upon innocent people in the villages of Africa and Polynesia. . . .

THE first inspiration of the war faded. Young men still went to die, but the old men and the women at home began to creep back into their easy-going ways.

Old habits of mind and procedure reasserted themselves. The war which had begun so dramatically missed its climax; there was neither heroic swift defeat nor heroic swift victory. There was indecision; the most trying test of all for an undisciplined people. There were great spaces of uneventful fatigue. Before the Battle of Yser had fully developed the

dramatic quality had gone out of the war. It had ceased to be either a tragedy or a triumph; for both sides it became a monstrous strain and wasting. It had become a wearisome thrusting against a pressure of evils. . . .

Under that strain the dignity of England broke, and revealed a malignity less focussed and intense than the German, but perhaps even more distressing. No paternal government had organized the British spirit for patriotic ends; it became now peevish and impatient, like some ill-trained man who is sick, it directed itself no longer against the enemy alone, but fitfully against imagined traitors and shirkers; it wasted its energies in a deepening and spreading net of internal squabbles and accusations.

But ever nearer war crept upon Mr. Britling.

A fussy old relative, Aunt Wilshire, was playing “Patience” in the drawing room of her boarding house. “Five minutes later she was a thing of elemental terror and agony, bleeding wounds and shattered bones, clinging about in darkness amid wreckage. And already the German airmen were buzzing away to sea again. . . .”

For the first time it seemed to Mr. Britling he really saw the immediate horror of war, the dense cruel stupidity of the business, plain and close. It was as if he had never perceived anything of the sort before, as if he had been dealing with stories, pictures, shows and representations that he knew to be shams. But that this dear, absurd old creature, this thing of home, this being of familiar humors and familiar irritations, should be torn to pieces, left in torment like a smashed mouse over which an automobile has passed, brought the whole business to a raw and quivering focus. Not a soul among all those who had been rent and torn and tortured in this agony of millions, but was to any one who understood and had been near to it, in some way lovable, in some way laughable, in some way worthy of respect and care. Poor Aunt Wilshire was but the sample thrust in his face of all this mangled multitude, whose green-white lips had sweated in anguish, whose broken bones had thrust raggedly through red dripping flesh. . . . The detested features of the German Crown Prince jerked into the centre of Mr. Britling's picture. The young man stood in his dapper uniform and grinned under his long nose, carrying himself jauntily, proud of his extreme importance to so many lives. . . .

And for a while Mr. Britling could do nothing but rage.

“Devils they are!” he cried to the stars.

“Devils! Devils! fools rather. Cruel blockheads. Apes with all science in their hands! My God! but *we will teach them a lesson yet!* . . .”

That was the key of his mood for an hour of aimless wandering, wandering that was only checked at last by a sentinel who turned him back towards the town. . . .

He wandered, muttering. He found great comfort in scheming vindictive destruction for countless Germans. He dreamt of swift armored aeroplanes swooping down upon the flying airship, and sending it reeling earthward, the men screaming. He imagined a shattered Zeppelin staggering earthward in the fields behind the Dower House, and how he would himself run out with a spade and smite the Germans down. “Quarter indeed! Kamerad. Take *that*, you foul murderer!”

In the dim light the sentinel saw the retreating figure of Mr. Britling make an extravagant gesture, and wondered what it might mean. Signalling? What ought an intelligent sentry to do? Let fly at him? Arrest him? . . . Take no notice? . . .

Mr. Britling was at that moment killing Count Zeppelin and beating out his brains. Count Zeppelin was killed that night and the German Emperor was assassinated; a score of lesser victims were offered up to the *manes* of Aunt Wilshire; there were memorable cruelties before the wrath and bitterness of Mr. Britling's was appeased. And then suddenly he had had enough of these thoughts; they were thrust aside, they vanished out of his mind.

All the while that Mr. Britling had been indulging in these imaginative slaughterings and spending the tears and hate that had gathered in his heart, his reason had been sitting apart and above the storm, like the sun waiting above thunder, like a wise nurse watching and patient above the wild passions of a child. And all the time his reason had been maintaining silently and firmly, without shouting, without speech, that the men who had made this hour were indeed not devils, were no more devils than Mr. Britling was a devil, but sinful men



of like nature with himself, hard, stupid, caught in the same web of circumstance. "Kill them in your passion if you will," said reason, "but understand. This thing was done neither by devils nor fools, but by a conspiracy of foolish motives, by the weak acquiescences of the clever, by a crime that was no man's crime but the natural necessary outcome of the ineffectiveness, the blind motives and muddleheadedness of all mankind."

So reason maintained her thesis, like a light above the head of Mr. Britling at which he would not look, while he hewed airmen to quivering rags with a spade that he had sharpened, and stifled German princes with their own poison gas, given slowly and as painfully as possible. "And what of the towns our ships have bombarded?" asked reason unheeded. "What of those Tasmanians our people utterly swept away?"

"What of French machine guns in the Atlas?" reason pressed the case. "Of Himalayan villages burning? Of the things we did in China? Especially of the things we did in China."

Mr. Britling gave no heed to that.

And still nearer the war came to Mr. Britling. His darling son Hugh enlists. He is proud, but still he bears a wound in his heart. And in that wound the inefficiency of the government rankles fiercely. Hate gone, romance gone, Mr. Britling is sobered indeed.

What was the good of making believe that up there they were planning some great counterstroke that would end in victory? It was as plain as daylight that they had neither the power of imagination nor the collective intelligence even to conceive of a counterstroke. Any dull mass may resist, but only imagination can strike. We might strike through the air. We might strike across the sea. We might strike hard at Gallipoli instead of dribbling inadequate armies thither as our fathers dribbled men at the Redan. . . . But the old men would sit at their tables, replete and sleepy, and shake their cunning old heads. The press would chatter and make odd ambiguous sounds like a shipload of monkeys in a storm. The political harridans would get the wrong men appointed, would attack every possible leader with scandal and abuse and falsehood. . . .

The spirit and honor and drama had gone out of this war. . . .

It is true that righteousness should triumph over the tyrant and the robber, but have carelessness and incapacity any right to triumph over capacity and foresight? Men were coming now to dark questionings between this intricate choice. And, indeed, was our cause all righteousness?

There surely is the worst doubt of all for a man whose son is facing death.

Were we indeed standing against tyranny for freedom?

There came drifting to Mr. Britling's ears a confusion of voices, voices that told of reaction, of the schemes of employers to best the trade unions, of greedy shippers and greedy house landlords reaping their harvest, of waste and treason in the very households of the Ministry, of religious cant and tolerance at large, of self-advertisement written in letters of blood, of forestalling and jobbery, of irrational and exasperating oppressions in India and Egypt. . . .

**MR. BRITLING'S** wrath vents itself upon his American friend, Mr. Direck. "Mr. Direck was unfortunate enough to notice a copy of that innocent American publication, *The New Republic*, lying close to two or three numbers of *The Fatherland*, a pro-German periodical which at that time inflicted itself upon English writers with the utmost determination." Reading *The Fatherland* did not make Mr. Britling happy. But I believe that it had its effect in Britling's eventual transformation. He delivers his soul about America in a discourse of accumulating bitterness.

Like many Britons Mr. Britling had that touch of patriotic feeling towards America which takes the form of impatient criticism. No one in Britain ever calls an American a for-eigner. To see faults in Germany or Spain is to tap boundless fountains of charity; but the faults of America rankle in an English mind almost as much as the faults of England. Mr. Britling could explain away the faults of England readily enough; our Hanoverian monarchy, our Established Church

and its deadening effect on education, our imperial obligations and the strain they made upon our supplies of administrative talent were all very serviceable for that purpose. But there in America was the old race, without Crown or Church or international embarrassment, and it was still falling short of splendid. His speech to Mr. Direck had the rancor of a family quarrel. Let me only give a few sentences that were to stick in Mr. Direck's memory:

"You think you are out of it for good and all. So did we think. We were as smug as you are when France went down in '71. . . . Yours is only one further degree of insularity. You think this vacuous aloofness of yours is some sort of moral superiority. So did we, so did we. . . .

"It won't last you ten years if we go down. . . .

"Do you think that our disaster will leave the Atlantic for you? Do you fancy there is any Freedom of the Seas possible beyond such freedom as we maintain, except the freedom to attack you? For forty years the British fleet has guarded all America from European attack. Your Monroe Doctrine skulks behind it now. . . .

"I'm sick of this high thin talk of yours about war. . . . You are a nation of ungenerous onlookers—watching us throttle or be throttled. You gamble on our winning. And we shall win; we shall win. And you will profit. And when we have won a victory only one shade less terrible than defeat, then you think you will come in and tinker with our peace. Bleed us a little more to please your hyphenated patriots. . . ."

He came to his last shaft. "You talk of your New Ideals of Peace. You say that you are too proud to fight. But your business men in New York give the show away. There's a little printed card now in half the offices in New York that tells of the real pacificism of America. They're busy, you know. Trade's real good. And so as not to interrupt it they stick up this card: 'Nix on the war!' Think of it!—Nix on the war! Here is the whole fate of mankind at stake, and America's contribution is a little grumbling when the Germans sank the *Lusitania*, and no end of grumbling when we hold up a ship or two and some fool of a harbor-master makes an overcharge. Otherwise—'Nix on the war!' . . .

"Well, let it be Nix on the war! Don't come here and talk to me! You who were searching registers a year ago to find your Essex kin. Let it be Nix! Explanations! What do I want with explanations? And"—he mocked his guest's accent and his guest's mode of thought—"difficult prop'ositions."

He got up and stood irresolute. He knew he was being preposterously unfair to America, and outrageously uncivil to a trusting guest; he knew he had no business now to end the talk in this violent fashion. But it was an enormous relief. And to mend matters—*No!* He was glad he'd said these things. . . .

He swung a shoulder to Mr. Direck, and walked out of the room. . . .

Mr. Direck heard him cross the hall and slam the door of the little parlor. . . .

Mr. Direck had been stirred deeply by the tragic indignation of this explosion, and the ring of torment in Mr. Britling's voice. He had stood up also, but he did not follow his host.

"It's his boy," said Mr. Direck at last, confidentially to the writing-desk. "How can one argue with him? It's just hell for him. . . ."

**A**ND then war comes to close grips with him. It touches his own flesh and blood. Hugh is killed. Almost simultaneously a message "opened by the censor" reaches him telling him of the death of young Karl Heinrich, his son's tutor, somewhere in Russia. Before he died he had written to his parents and had asked that his fiddle, which he had left in Mr. Britling's care, should be returned to them. And here Mr. Britling, touched by sorrow, not merely by his own bereavement, rises to sublime heights.

Another son had gone—all the world was losing its sons. . . .

He found himself thinking of young Heinrich in the very manner, if with a lesser intensity, in which he thought about his own son, as of hopes senselessly destroyed. His mind took no note of the fact that Heinrich was an enemy, that by the reckoning of a "war of attrition" his death was balance and compensation for the death of Hugh. He went straight



to the root fact that they had been gallant and kindly beings, and that the same thing had killed them both.

By no conceivable mental gymnastics could he think of the two as antagonists. Between them there was no imaginable issue. They had both very much the same scientific disposition; with perhaps more dash and inspiration in the quality of Hugh; more docility and method in the case of Karl. Until war had smashed them one against the other.

He determines to write a letter to young Heinrich's parents. He painfully begins, laboring for expression.

He tried to picture these Heinrich parents. He supposed they were kindly, civilized people. It was manifest the youngster had come to him from a well-ordered and gentle-spirited home. But he imagined them—he could not tell why—as people much older than himself. Perhaps young Heinrich had on some occasion said they were old people—he could not remember. And he had a curious impulse too to write to them in phrases of consolation; as if their loss was more pitiable than his own. He doubted whether they had the consolation of his sanguine temperament, whether they could resort as readily as he could to his faith, whether in Pomerania there was the same consoling possibility of an essay on the Better Government of the World. He did not think this very clearly, but that was what was at the back of his mind. He went on writing.

*If you think that these two boys have both perished, not in some noble common cause but one against the other in a struggle of dynasties and boundaries and trade routes and tyrannous ascendancies, then it seems to me that you must feel as I feel that this war is the most tragic and dreadful thing that has ever happened to mankind.*

He sat thinking for some minutes after he had written that, and when presently he resumed his writing, a fresh strain of thought was traceable even in his opening sentence.

*If you count dead and wounds this is the most dreadful war in history; for you as for me, it has been almost the extremity of personal tragedy. . . . Black sorrow. . . .*

*But is it the most dreadful war?*

*I do not think it is. I can write to you and tell you that I do indeed believe that our two sons have died not altogether in vain. Our pain and anguish may not be wasted—may be necessary. Indeed they may be necessary. Here am I bereaved and wretched—and I hope. Never was the fabric of war so black; that I admit. But never was the black fabric of war so threadbare. At a thousand points the light is shining through.*

It was clear to him now that he was writing no longer as his limited personal self to those two personal selves grieving. "He was writing not as Mr. Britling, but as an Englishman that was all he could be to them—and he was writing to them as Germans, he could apprehend them as nothing more. He was just England bereaved to Germany bereaved." When men can write like this, can peace be still afar? He realizes that there can be no victory in this war; that, whatever the issue may be, all nations are losers.

He was no longer writing to the particular parents of one particular boy, but to all that mass of suffering, regret, bitterness and fatigue that lay behind the veil of the "front." Slowly, steadily, the manhood of Germany was being wiped out. As he sat there in the stillness he could think that at least two million men of the Central Powers were dead, and an equal number maimed and disabled. Compared with that our British losses, immense and universal as they were by the standard of any previous experience, were still slight; our larger armies had still to suffer, and we had lost irrevocably not very much more than a quarter of a million. But the tragedy gathered against us. We knew enough already to know what must be the reality of the German homes to which those dead men would nevermore return.

If England had still the longer account to pay, the French had paid already nearly to the limits of endurance. They must have lost well over a million of their mankind, and still they bled and bled. Russia, too, in the East had paid far more than man for man in this vast swapping off of lives. In a little while no censorship would hold the voice of the peoples. There would be no more talk of honor and

annexations, hegemonies and trade routes, but only Europe lamenting for her dead.

The Germany to which he wrote would be a nation of widows and children, rather pinched boys and girls, crippled men, old men, deprived men, men who had lost brothers and cousins and friends and ambitions. No triumph now on land or sea could save Germany from becoming that. France, too, would be that, Russia, and lastly Britain, each in their degree. Before the war there had been no Germany to which an Englishman could appeal; Germany had been a threat, a menace, a terrible trampling of armed men. It was as little possible then to think of talking to Germany as it would have been to have stopped the Kaiser in mid career in his hooting car down the Unter den Linden and demand a quiet talk with him. But the Germany that had watched those rushes with a slightly doubting pride had her eyes now full of tears and blood. She had believed, she had obeyed, and no real victory had come. Still she fought on, bleeding, agonizing, wasting her substance and the substance of the whole world, to no conceivable end but exhaustion, so capable she was, so devoted, so proud and utterly foolish. And the mind of Germany, whatever it was before the war, would now be something residual, something left over and sitting beside a reading lamp as he was sitting beside a reading lamp, thinking, sorrowing, counting the cost, looking into the dark future.

And to that he wrote, to that dimly apprehended figure outside a circle of the light like his own circle of light—which was the father of Heinrich, which was great Germany, Germany which lived before and which will yet outlive the flapping of the eagles.

*Our boys, he wrote, have died, fighting one against the other. They have been fighting upon an issue so obscure that your German press is still busy discussing what it was. For us it was that Belgium was invaded and France in danger of destruction. Nothing else could have brought the English into the field against you. But why you invaded Belgium and France and whether that might have been averted we do not know to this day. And still this war goes on and still more boys die, and these men who do not fight, these men in the newspaper offices and in the ministries plan campaigns and strokes and counterstrokes that belong to no conceivable plan at all. Except that now for them there is something more terrible than war. And that is the day of reckoning with their own people.*

*What have we been fighting for? What are we fighting for? Do you know? Does any one know? Why am I spending what is left of my substance and you what is left of yours to keep on this war against each other? What have we to gain from hurting one another still further? Why should we be puppets any longer in the hands of crowned fools and witless diplomats? Even if we were dumb and acquiescent before, does not the blood of our sons now cry out to us that this foolery should cease? We have let these people send our sons to death.*

*It is you and I who must stop these wars, these massacres of boys.*

*Massacres of boys! That indeed is the essence of modern war. The killing off of the young. It is the destruction of the human inheritance, it is the spending of all the life and material of the future upon present-day hate and greed. Fools and knaves, politicians, tricksters, and those who trade on the suspicious and thoughtless, generous angers of men, make wars; the indolence and modesty of the mass of men permit them. Are you and I to suffer such things until the whole fabric of our civilization, that has been so slowly and so laboriously built up, is altogether destroyed?*

*When I sat down to write to you I had meant only to write to you of your son and mine. But I feel that what can be said in particular of our loss, need not be said; it can be understood without saying. What needs to be said and written about is this, that war must be put an end to and that nobody else but you and me and all of us can do it. We have to do that for the love of our sons and our race and all that is human. War is no longer human; the chemist and the metallurgist have changed all that. My boy was shot through the eye; his brain was blown to pieces by some man who never knew what he had done. Think what that means! . . . It is plain to me, surely, it is plain to you and all the world, that war is now a mere putting of the torch to explosives that flare out to universal ruin. There is nothing for one sane man to write to another about in these days but the salvation of mankind from war.*

*Now I want you to be patient with me and hear me out. There was a time in the earlier part of this war when it*



was hard to be patient because there hung over us the dread of losses and disaster. Now we need dread no longer. The dreaded thing has happened. Sitting together as we do in spirit beside the mangled bodies of our dead, surely we can be as patient as the hills.

I want to tell you quite plainly and simply that I think that Germany, which is chief and central in this war, is most to blame for this war. Writing to you as an Englishman to a German and with war still being waged, there must be no mistake between us upon this point. I am persuaded that in the decade that ended with your overthrow of France in 1871, Germany turned her face towards evil, and that her refusal to treat France generously and to make friends with any other great power in the world, is the essential cause of this war. Germany triumphed—and she trampled on the loser. She inflicted intolerable indignities. She set herself to prepare for further aggressions; long before this killing began she was making war upon land and sea, launching warships, building strategic railways, setting up a vast establishment of war material, threatening, straining all the world to keep pace with her threats. . . . At last there was no choice before any European nation but submission to the German will, or war. And it was no will to which righteous men could possibly submit. It came as an illiberal and ungracious will. It was the will of Zabern. It is not as if you had set yourselves to be an imperial people and embrace and unify the world. You did not want to unify the world. You wanted to set the foot of an intensely national Germany, a sentimental and illiberal Germany, a Germany that treasured the portraits of your ridiculous Kaiser and his litter of sons, a Germany wearing uniform, reading black letter, and despising every kultur but her own, upon the neck of a divided and humiliated mankind. It was an intolerable prospect. I had rather the whole world died.

Forgive me for writing "you." You are as little responsible for that Germany as I am for—Sir Edward Grey. But this happened over you; you did not do your utmost to prevent it—even as England has happened, and I have let it happen over me. . . .

"It is so dry; so general," whispered Mr. Britling. "And yet—it is this that has killed our sons."

He sat still for a time, and then went on reading a fresh sheet of his manuscript.

When I bring these charges against Germany I have little disposition to claim any righteousness for Britain. There has been small splendor in the war for either Germany or Britain or Russia; we three have chanced to be the biggest of the combatants, but the glory lies with invincible France. It is France and Belgium and Serbia who shine as the heroic lands. They have fought defensively and beyond all expectation, for dear land and freedom. This war for them has been a war of simple, definite issues, to which they have risen with an entire nobility. Englishman and German alike may well envy them that simplicity. I look to you, as an honest man schooled by the fierce lessons of this war, to meet me in my passionate desire to see France, Belgium and Serbia emerge restored from all this blood and struggle, enlarged to the limits of their nationality, vindicated and secure. Russia I will not write about here; let me go on at once to tell you about my own country; remarking only that between England and Russia there are endless parallelisms. We have similar complexities, kindred difficulties. We have, for instance, an imported dynasty, we have a soul-destroying State Church which cramps and poisons the education of our ruling class, we have a people out of touch with a secretive government, and the same traditional contempt for science. We have our Irelands and Polands. Even our kings bear a curious likeness. . . .

At this point there was a break in the writing, and Mr. Britling made, as it were, a fresh beginning.

Politically the British Empire is a clumsy collection of strange accidents. It is a thing as little to be proud of as the outline of a flint or the shape of a potato. For the mass of English people India and Egypt and all that side of our system mean less than nothing; our trade is something they do not understand, our imperial wealth something they do not share. Britain has been a group of four democracies caught

in the net of a vast yet casual imperialism; the common man here is in a state of political perplexity from the cradle to the grave. None the less there is a great people with a soul and character of its own, a people of unconquerable kindliness and with a peculiar genius, which still struggle towards will and expression. We have been beginning that same great experiment that France and America and Switzerland and China are making, the experiment of democracy. It is the newest form of human association, and we are still but half awake to its needs and necessary conditions. For it is idle to pretend that the little city democracies of ancient times were comparable to the great essays in practical republicanism that mankind is making today. This age of the democratic republics that dawn is a new age. It has not yet lasted for a century, not for a paltry hundred years. . . . All new things are weak things; a rat can kill a man-child with ease; the greater the destiny, the weaker the immediate self-protection may be. And to me it seems that your complete and perfect imperialism, ruled by Germans for Germans, is in its scope and outlook a more antiquated and smaller and less noble thing than these sprawling emergent giant democracies of the West that struggle so confusedly against it. . . .

But that we do struggle confusedly, with pitiful leaders and infinite waste and endless delay; that it is to our disciplines and to the dishonesties and tricks our incompleteness provokes, that the prolongation of this war is to be ascribed, I readily admit. At the outbreak of this war I had hoped to see militarism felled within a year. . . .

From this point onward Mr. Britling's notes became more fragmentary. They had a consecutiveness, but they were discontinuous. His thought had leaps across gaps that his pen had had no time to fill. And he had begun to realize that his letter to the old people in Pomerania was becoming impossible. It had broken away into dissertation.

The later notes are disconnected, and written in a sprawling hand. The last paragraph summarizes Mr. Britling's philosophy distilled out of his own heart's blood.

"Let us make ourselves watchers and guardians of the order of the world. . . ."

"If only for love of our dead. . . ."

"Let us pledge ourselves to service. Let us set ourselves with all our minds and all our hearts to the perfecting and working out of the methods of democracy and the ending forever of the kings and emperors and priestcrafts and the bands of adventurers, the traders and owners and forestallers who have betrayed mankind into this morass of hate and blood—in which our sons are lost—in which we flounder still. . . ."

Here the book ends. Not very definite, not very hopeful, and yet with the only conclusion, the only hope possible to mankind. Already libraries have been written on the war, but nowhere have I found pages more golden. The achievement of Mr. Wells, as I have indicated before, is twofold. He has given us the most intense picture of the war from the inside that we have seen. But he has also risen above and beyond himself, above and beyond the war. In a moment of time he has lived centuries. He has traversed the space of the years like a traveler on his own Time Machine. He has delivered the judgment of posterity and judgment of our own day in one. We need not agree with him in everything. He rises above himself, but he still remains an Englishman. That is not strange. Hardy in "The Dynasts" is distinctly insular. Wells is not informed of all the facts. He does not understand the Belgian invasion. He misjudges the Kaiser. He remains, in some things, the dupe of his environment. The high Court of Mankind may take exception to points in his argument. But the ultimate verdict of history will not be unlike the verdict promulgated by the temperamental and human, very human, and very gifted Englishman, H. G. Wells.



## THE SPECIALIST

By **ARKADYI AVERCHENKO.**

I SHOULD not say that he was untalented, yet this man had so many strange and savage inspirations that he tormented and terrified all that had anything to do with him. Apart from this, he was kindly, and that made the matter all the worse: it made him officious and willing to be of service—which shortened the lives of his neighbors by about one-half.

Before the time when I first had occasion to make use of his services, I had always entertained towards him a feeling of the most sincere respect and good will, for Usatov knew everything, could do anything, and had, towards difficulties that perplexed and confused others, only a feeling of secret contempt and amusement.

Once I said:

"What a nuisance! The barber shop is closed, and I ought to get a shave!"

Usatov cast a glance of wonderment at me.

"Shave yourself."

"Don't know how."

"What! A little thing like that! Shall I shave you?"

"Do you know how?"

"I should say so!"

And Usatov's smile had that in it which made me ashamed of myself.

"All right, go ahead."

I got my razor, my shaving towel, and said:

"Soap and water will come right away."

Usatov shrugged his shoulders.

"The use of soap is an ancient prejudice; the barbers are very much like the high priests of old: they go through a lot of ceremonies they don't believe in themselves. I'll shave you without soap!"

"But that will hurt, will it not?"

Usatov smiled contemptuously.

"Just sit down."

I sat down and said, half-closing my eyes:

"You mustn't hold the blade of the razor, but the handle!"

"All right, that's a minor matter after all. Sit still."

"Ouch!" I gasped.

"That's nothing. Your skin is not yet accustomed to it."

"My dear fellow," I replied with a slight moan, "you lather it first, so that it may get accustomed to it. And what's this thing trickling down my chin?"

"Blood," he said assuagingly. "We'll let this side go until the blood dries; meanwhile we'll get at the other side."

He diligently applied himself to the other side. I moaned.

"Do you always groan that way when you get shaved?" he asked, not without irritation.

"No, but I don't feel my ear."

"Hm—— I did nip it a little bit. But never mind, we'll paste it together again. Look at that! Does your moustache always disappear so quickly?"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I barely touched it and it was gone. You know, I think your razor's too sharp!"

"Well, would that do any harm?"

"Yes. The barbers consider sharp razors to be very dangerous."

"In that case," I timidly suggested, "perhaps we could postpone the shave to some other time?"

"Suit yourself. Don't you want a hair cut while we are at it?"

He was trying the razor edge on his nail. I politely but firmly declined.

ONE evening he was visiting us and was just showing my wife an ingenious double stitch which would open up as soon as you tried to touch the cloth.

"My dear," my wife said to me, "I just recalled that you must have the tuner call to tune the piano."

Usatov clapped his hands in delight.

"Why didn't you say that before! Heavens! What's the use of wasting money on a tuner when I——"

"Can you do that, too?" asked my wife, overjoyed.

"No more is needed than a careful effort of the ear——"

"But you haven't any key," I interrupted.

"What's the difference? I can use the sugar-tongs for a tuning fork."

He equipped himself with the sugar-tongs, went up to the piano, and began pounding with his fist on the treble keys.

The instrument squeaked.

"The right side is a little slack—got to be pulled tighter."

He began pulling tighter, but as, by mistake, he was bestowing his efforts on the left side of the piano, I considered it was my duty to call his attention to this fact.

"Oh, did I? That's all right. Then I'll just screw the right side an inch or so further."

He kept poking away at it, beat the piano with his fist, pressed his ear to the sounding board so hard that he nearly squeezed it into his head, and then fooled around with the pedal for a long time for something or other.

After all this fuss, he dried the sweat from his brow and asked, with a busy, efficient manner:

"Say, old man! Do the black ones need winding up, too?"

"What black ones?" I asked, failing to understand him.

"The black keys. If they need it, say so. There aren't many of them,"

I took the sugar tongs from his hand and said, dryly:

"No, never mind."

"Why not? I am always glad to do a little friendly turn of this sort. Don't be afraid to say so."

I declined. It cost me not a little effort to curb his restless zeal.

Yet he doubtless did not consider this day wasted, for he succeeded in screwing down the lamp-burner into the reservoir and thus putting a big lake of kerosene on our velvet table-cover.

A few days ago he came to see us, shouting in busy glee as he crossed the threshold:

"Your bell doesn't ring!"

"Something's wrong with the bell; I'll send for an electrician and have the wiring looked after."

"My dear fellow! Not while I'm around. Why, I'm a born electrician! Who will fix your bells for you if I——"

Tears of inspired joy glistened in his eyes.

"Usatov!" I exclaimed, grimly, "you shaved me, and thereupon I consulted two physicians. You tuned my piano, and I had to call in a tuner, a joiner and a polisher."

"What! You employed a polisher! My dear old fellow! Why didn't you tell me? I'd have——"

He had already taken off his coat, heedless of my objections, and was beginning to roll up his shirt sleeves.

"Run, Glasha, and buy thirty feet of wire. Ivan, go to the electrician's place, at the corner, and purchase a couple of push buttons and bells of double pressure."

As I knew absolutely nothing about the wiring of bells myself, the unfamiliar expression, "bells of double pressure," awoke in me the hope that the field of electricity might be



one in which I could have confidence in my queer friend.

"Possibly," I thought to myself, "this is the thing in which he is a specialist." But when he began putting in the wire, I asked my specialist suspiciously:

"Say! Aren't you going to insulate them?"

"From what?" asked Usatov with indulgent irritation.

"Whaddye mean—'from what?'"

"From what am I not insulating them?"

"From themselves, of course!"

"What do you want to do that for?"

As I had never gone into the specific reasons for this need, I silently permitted him to go on as he liked.

"We already have an opening in the doorway here; through it we must pass the wire, attach this button to it, and then put up the bell in the kitchen. You'll see how soon I'll have it done!"

"And where are you putting your batteries?"

"What batteries?"

"You don't expect the bell to ring without any battery cells!"

"Not if I press the button with all my might?"

He seemed suddenly plunged into thought.

"Throw away your wire!" I said, "and let's have supper."

IT was nevertheless difficult for him to part with the bell. He had become attached to this simple instrument with all the warmth of his savage, impetuous temperament.

"I shall take it with me," he asserted, "probably it may still be used for something."

Which it really was vouchsafed to him to fulfill.

He attached the bell to the hanging lamp, immediately thereafter tore down said lamp from the ceiling, and immediately thereafter scalded my little boy with red-hot soup.

A few days ago, at a reception, I overheard a conversation between Usatov and a lean and bony old man who looked very ill.

"You say the doctors cannot drive out your inveterate case of rheumatism? I am hardly surprised. Unfortunately, medicine nowadays is synonymous with charlatanry."

"What! You don't mean it!"

"Word of honor! You should have come to me: you'll never find a more thorough specialist on rheumatism."

"Please tell me your remedy, my dear——"

"Oh, I really must say it's the easiest thing in the world to cure! Daily baths in hot water. Say from 150 to 200 degrees. In the morning and evening a teaspoonful of Brunswick tea in broth of beef bones. Or, better still, two doses of cyanide of potassium in four kilograms of water. Before meals, take a walk—say three or four square miles, and injections of naphtha in the evening. I swear to you, in a week you won't recognize yourself."

(Translated from the Russian by Jacob Wittmer Hartmann.)

## TEMPERANCE

By MICHAEL MONAHAN.

DRINK and Desire are as two lions in the path of life, like those that confronted Christian on his way to the Delectable Mountains. Some men through good fortune, or deficiency of temperament, or mere cowardice, contrive to evade them; but the lot of most manly men is to meet and wrestle with them.

Those who come off whole are the better and stronger for the encounter, and this is the meaning of William Blake when he says: "The road to temperance leads by the House of Excess."

Sobriety, moderation, is impossible to the young man who is getting for the first time his fill of love and drink. Nature herself urges him on to intemperance, even though she shall whip him later for the sin with whips of scorpions. Yes, Drink and Desire are two lions in the way of life, but some of us remember that after we had fought, and fought hard, it was pleasant to call a truce and make our bed with them.

For if you have never got drunk you do not know the virtue of sobriety and have no sound cause to plume yourself upon it. The true test of virtue is to conquer temperance through intemperance—to face the lions, like Paul at Ephesus—to lodge at the House of Excess.

So if you have not been much tempted and favored by women, your boasted continence is of as little account as that of a Trappist. Bring your chastity to the fire!

I GUESS there will always be drink—that old lion!—in spite of the present determined attitude of the parsons of America. They may shoo him away from this place and that and compel him to be wary in his foraging expeditions, but nobody really expects that they will bring his pelt home with them.

Nor yet that of his shy mate. Nature has her own wise

purpose in throwing us to both these lions, and we need not quarrel with her should we survive our trial. Yet I suppose the stoutest hero that ever overcame them doubted not that they took from him some virtue of strength and grace and fortitude, lacking which he could never again be the man he was.

The problem remains, how to side-step the lions of Drink and Desire or get by the House of Excess without stopping or tarrying thereat. I think the parsons will hardly solve it for us by their present crusade against the "cake and ale." Man has an incurable longing for the stuff o' temptation, for all daring hardihood and adventure, for the gay fooleries of two-and-twenty.

From tavern to tavern  
Youth saunters along,  
With an arm full of girl  
And a heart full of song.

Aye, and for those soberer pleasures when the season of careless youth being at an end, the sweets o' the night begin to come in.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,  
How I loved her twenty years syne!  
Marian's married, but I sit here  
Alone and merry at forty year,  
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

IN short, gentlemen of the cloth, Nature will not be denied. And as I have heretofore written, men of genius, of generous, bold or creative spirit, have always a certain license in this regard. The world has learned more from



their intemperance in drink and love and other things than from the unshaken virtue of a million parsons. Great vices often presuppose great virtues and the converse of this is true also. Nature is never less a moralist than when mixing in her alembic the materials of human greatness.

The artist may be said to claim a special exemption, though always at his peril. But he who would recreate life, making such an image as shall challenge the reality, must live it to the full. Yet better were it even for the genius if he learn betimes that the road to temperance leads by the House of

Excess and tarry not there too long on his journey. Many have so overstayed their time, like Burns and Lamb and Poe; and this is the scandal of genius and the edification of small minds.

THE only man who should greatly regret having lifted the latch at that House is he who remains under a life-long necessity of intemperance. Most of us are the better for having caroused a while there, and then, admonished by the clock, paid our shot and come on our way.

## THE COLORS OF THREE JAPANESE TOWNS

By YONE NOGUCHI.

### TOKYO.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY speaking, the city of Tokyo, like the Japanese civilization, which is often unmoral, if not immoral, is a wanton growth, not a true development from the inner force of impulse; its immensity in size, and perhaps in humanity, too, is not the consciousness of sure development, but more or less in the nature of an accidental phenomenon. It appeared like a mushroom without any particular reason; the wonder is that it has stayed and grown bigger and bigger. It fairly well represents the Japanese mind in its incapacity for spiritual concentration; if it has any charm (it has, in fact, many and many charms, often fantastic and always bewildering) it should lie in its ignoring of definite purpose, or its utter lack of purpose. It is almost too free to be called democratic; it has no discrimination. (My friend critic, that unique New York, scorns Tokyo as the human beehive of mobbishness.) Many millions of Japanese, dark in skin, short in stature, live here looking as if the increasing summer clouds had fallen on the ground, now parting and anon gathering again with a sort of mystery of Oriental fatalism; the first and last impression is a weariness not altogether unpleasant, ghostly at the beginning and tantalizingly human afterward. That weariness originates in the confusion, physical and spiritual, to speak symbolically, the strange mess of red, blue, yellow, green, and what not. (Fame be eternal of Utamaro, Hokusai and Hiroshige, those color magicians of art, the true exponents of Japanese life!)

This Tokyo was at the first the town of *samurai* of two swords, of mind more bent on learning how to die than how to live, proper to say, founded by Iyeyasu Tokugawa, the mighty prince of the Tokugawa feudalism, four hundred years ago, whose want of artistic education made it quite natural for him not to see the poetical side of city-building; he allowed every whim and imagination of the people to take their own free course. This neglect, more fortunate than otherwise, produced a great variety in color and humanity that system and wisdom never could create, that were at once paradoxical, but highly interesting. It is forever the man's city, if we can call Kyoto the city of women for the sake of comparison; in consequence, it is apt to be naked, *bizarre* and often arrogant, but there is no other city like Tokyo, which is honest and simple. As a piece of art the city is sadly unfinished; in its unfinishedness we feel a charm, as I said before, the charm of weariness that rather breaks, in spite of itself, an artistic unity. Consciousness of perfection is unknown to the city; while it is quick and bright on the one hand, it is, on the other, verily lazy and uncivilized, like the Japanese temperament itself. I can count, on the spot, many a street which raises an apologetic look, as if they did not approve their own existence even themselves; it is quite natural, I say, as it is the city as a whole, without a definite purpose.

I THINK that "New Japan" (what a skeptic, shallow sound it has!) has little to do with the real Japan of human beauty, because it was created largely by the advertisement, for which we paid the most exorbitant price to get the mere name of that; in short, we bought it with ready cash. Therefore it is no wonder that it is so perfectly strange to many of us. I hear a whisper too often at some street corner: "Is it really our Japan?" I know that old true Japan, every inch of it, was the very handiwork of the people in general, while "New Japan," "the rising country of first class in the world," as it was proudly written by a newspaper man, as I can imagine, who wears a single eyeglass straight from London, was created by a few hundred men, we might say, the Westerners born in Japan, whose hopeless ignorance of the old civilization of their old country, strange to say, helped them to fill the highest place in the public estimate. They were almost reckless to bring everything from abroad, good or bad; we did not mind trying it under one condition, that we might change it for another if it was not fitting. We discovered profitably Shakespeare and even Ibsen lately; and it seems to me that a copy, doubtless, of the American edition of "How to Build a City" fell one day in the hands of the Mayor of Tokyo, who proclaimed in the voice of a prophet that the city should be rebuilt in the very fashion nobody, at least in the Orient, ever dreamed. Figuratively speaking, we were changing our *kimono* of old brocade, precious with tradition, for a plain sack-coat, perhaps made in Chicago. The municipality has been for the last two or three years spending an enormous amount of money for the sudden enlarging of the streets and the hasty building of houses of brick or stone, of white or red; but I wonder why our Japanese city should be one and the same with that of the West. And again I wonder if it was her weakness or strength that she accepted the foreign things so easily. It makes me reflect what right she has, however, to object to the foreign invasion, as she had no definite purpose as a city originally. And is it the only way to put the Western morality in the old heart of the city? Can she ever become really civilized?

### KYOTO.

THE noisy time has slipped away even gracefully at Kyoto. (I see that it—the barbarian of modern type—has still a certain amount of etiquette in Japan.) Content is so natural that even becoming here (at other places it is almost outlandish and at the same time the most expensive thing to acquire), when one passes through the dustless streets of Kyoto, where the little houses with moss-eaten dark tiles humbly beg for their temporary existence on promise not to disturb the natural harmony with the green mountains and the temples that the holy spirits built. How different from the foreign houses, red or white, seeming even to push away the old-fashioned Nature with vain splendor of scorn. The



Kyoto people, the moth-spirits or butterfly-ghosts, are born for pleasure-making, and to sip the tea. I say pleasure-making, but not in the modern meaning; the modern pleasure-making is rather a forced production of criticism, therefore often oppressive and always explanatory in attitude. I say they sip the tea; I do not mean the black tea or the red tea which the Western people drink, calling it Oriental tea; but I mean that pale green tea, so mild that it does not kill the taste of boiled water. It is the high art of the tea-master to make you really taste the water beside the taste of the tea; he is very particular about the water when he is going to make the tea; I am told that his keen tongue at once differentiates the waters from a well or a stream, and he can distinguish even the season from the taste of the water, whether it be spring or autumn. He always laughs at the attempt to make tea with the ready water from a screw in the kitchen, which most unpoetically comes through the tube from a certain reservoir. We do not call you a real tea-drinker when you think you only drink the tea; you must really taste the fragrance and spirits of tender leaves of a living tea-tree, which grew by accident and fortune under a particular sunlight and rain. And, of course, more than that, you must learn how to sip the tea philosophically; I mean that you must taste, through the medium of a teacup, the general atmosphere, grey and silent. And there is no better place than Kyoto, the capital of the mediæval, to drink tea as a real tea-sipper.

A FEW days ago I enjoyed a little play (comedy, but poetry), "Sakura Shigure," or "The Cherry-blossom Shower," by my friend Kokko Takayasu—the play is the love between Yoshino and Saburobei. Yoshino was a courtesan of four or five hundred years ago—of course, not in the modern sense, but a type which the Tosa school artists were happy to paint, the most famous beauty of that age, whose name was known even to China, although it was the age of isolation. It is said that Li Shozan, the Chinese poet, sent her a poem written on his meeting with her in a dream. It is written in Okagami: "Her temperament was sprightly; she was wise. Her charming spirit was impressive; she was at once free in disposition, and again sympathetic in feeling." Yoshino was a rare personality; and it was the age when dignity and freedom were well protected even for a courtesan; in truth, she was in no way different from the maiden at a palace of the Heian period. Yoshino was a character which only the Kyoto atmosphere and culture could create, and I congratulate the dramatist Takayasu, whose perfect assimilation with Kyoto made him able to produce this play. The play opens with the scene where Yoshino is leaving the house of pleasure with her lover, Saburobei, who has been disinherited by his wealthy family on her account, only to find the real meaning of life and love. The story is interesting; but I am not going to tell it, as it is not the very point for my purpose.

The second scene is a cottage, wretched but artistic, as are the inmates Yoshino and her husband. I see in the background the mountains of Higashi Yama, Kiyomizo, and Toribe, to whose protection Kyoto, whom I love, clings with almost human passion. The house is wretched, but the presence of Yoshino—now housewifely, but having an unforgotten glimmer of gaiety of her past life, makes the whole atmosphere perfectly tantalizing. The season is autumn (Kyoto's autumn sweet and sad); the leaves fall. And again, as the season is autumn, we have at Kyoto a frequent shower, as we see it on the stage presently; and that shower, light but very lonesome, is necessary, as it made Shoyu, father of Saburobei, of course a stranger, find his shelter under Yoshino's roof. Yoshino welcomed him in, and offered him a cup

of tea. He was taken to admiration while he looked on her way to make tea, as he was no mean tea-master. He became on the spot an unconditional admirer of his forgotten son's wife, whom he had cursed and despised without any acquaintance.

I HAVE said already that you should come to Kyoto to drink tea; I say again that even at Kyoto you must drink it while listening to the voice of rain; better than that, of the autumnal shower, sad but musical, which is spiritual, therefore Oriental. It is the keynote of the tea, of the old capital of Japan, and again my friend's play. What happens next when Shoyu finds in Yoshino a tea-drinker, and an admirable woman, too, would be, I believe, the next question you will ask me. It is prosaic to answer it, and it will end as any other comedy always ends. And it would be better to make it end as you please; that is not the real point. The main thing is the tea and the autumnal shower, the soul of poetry that is Kyoto.

You are bound to be sad sooner or later in Tokyo or any other city of modern type, where you will find yourself as a straying ghost in a human desert; there the dream would die at once as a morning glory under the sunlight. While I admit that the weariness is, in fact, the highest poetry of the Eastern nature, I will say that Tokyo's weariness is a kind that has lost beauty and art; and the weariness at Kyoto is a kind that has soared out of them. That is the difference; but it is a great difference. As there is the poetry of weariness at Kyoto—the highest sort of Oriental poetry—it is your responsive mind that makes you at once join with great eternity and space; it is most easy there to forget time and hours. It seems to me that nothing is more out of place at Kyoto than a newspaper. When you would know the time of day or night you have only to wait for a temple bell to ring out; you would be more happy not to be stung by the tick-tack of clock Sanyo Rai, the eminent scholar of some sixty years ago, wrote an invitation to his friend saying that he would expect him to come "at the time when the mountain grows purple and the water clear." Indeed, it is the very hour of autumn evening at Kyoto where Nature presents the varied aspect by which you can judge the exact time. By the mountain, Rai means Higashi Yama; by the water, of course, Kamo Gawa. It is the happy old city, this Kyoto, whose poetical heart exchanges beauty and faith with Nature. It is only here, even in Japan, that Nature is almost human, like you and me.

#### DAIBUTSU.

THE valley, a snug basin forgotten by consciousness, was filled with the autumnal sunlight of gold, which shone up to the tremendous face of Daibutsu (famous holiness at Kamakura) who, like thought touched by emotion, appeared as if vibrating; Nature there was in the last stage of all evolution, having her energy and strength vaporized into repose. The trees, flowers and grasses in the sacred ground calmed down, to speak somewhat hyperbolically, into the state of Nirvana. The thought that I was a sea-tossed boat with all oars broken, formed itself then in my mind; it was natural I felt at once that it was the only place, at least in Japan, where my sea-wounded heart would soon be healed by the virtue of my own prayer, and by the air mist-purple, filling the valley most voluptuously. I cannot forget my impression when I heard there the evening bell ring out and the voice of sutra-reading from the temple, and how I lost my human heart and pride, becoming a faint soul, a streak of scent or a wisp of sigh; I was a song itself which grew out from my confession. Such was my first impression on finding myself in Daibutsu's ground, the haven of peace and heavenly love all



by itself, soon after I returned home from my long foreign sojourn, that is many years ago now; but it seems it was only yesterday that I, like a thousand waves hurrying towards the Yuigahama shore of Kamakura, hurried to Daibutsu with my own soul of wave-like song of prayer; can our human souls ever be more than the wave of the sea?

It was the next summer that I had many, many more occasions to lay my body and soul under the blessings of Daibutsu's valley (Oh, what a scent that is the Lord Buddha's!) as I had many weeks to spend there at Kamakura; summer, the months of my love, with the burning ecstasy that would soon be intensified into the grayness of Oriental desolation. I like the summer heat, you understand, not from the fact of heat itself, but from the reason we have to thank its presence for the sweetening of the shadows of trees, where I will build, while looking at the delicious white feet of passing breeze, my own kingdom with sighing, to speak plainly, dream old Kamakura of the Middle Age, that is, of art and religious faith. Today, it is in truth a common sort of country town of modern Japan, of stereotyped pattern with others; if there is a difference, it is only in its appearing less individual and far sadder because it has had such a great history, when we observe that its general ambition now points toward commercialism; but it is during those summer weeks only that we can fairly well connect it with the old art and prayer, let me say, with the true existence of Daibutsu the Wonder, as we see then with our living eyes the thousand pilgrims in white cotton, bamboo mushroom hats on head and holy staff in hand, and sacred little bells around their waists (what desolate voices of bells!) swarming here mainly to kneel before Daibutsu from every corner of the country where all winds come from; I was glad to see the whole town religiously changed at once.

**H**OW often I found myself with those pilgrims muttering the holy words in Daibutsu's valley where nature, not like that of the former October of rest, was in all its spiritual asceticism with repentance and belief; the gigantic divinity in bronze, of folded hands and inclined head in heavenly meditation, over whom time and change (summer heat, of course) have no power to stir its silence, is self-denial itself. Oh, let my heart burn in storm and confession like the hearts of a thousand cicadas whose songs almost shake the valley and trees; we might get the spiritual ascendancy out of physical exhaustion; it makes at least one step nearer our salvation. The autumnal rest or silence can only be gained after having all the summer heart-cry; isn't Daibutsu's self-denial the heart-cry strengthened into silence?

**T**HERE is in this statue a great subtlety, speaking of it as a creation of art, which might result, let me define it arbitrarily, from a good balance of the masses of idealism

and what we generally understand as realism; as the latter is indeed so slight, even our modern imagination, whose rush always proves to be disturbing, has enough room here to play to its content. The proof that the said idealism and realism melt into one another in such a perfection is clearly seen in its external monotony, or, let me say, in its utter sacrifice of gross effect, while it, on the other hand, has gained the inward richness most magically. To call it an accident is not quite satisfactory, although I do not know how far it is explained by saying that it is the realization of magic or power of prayer which our ancestors placed in bronze; there is no denying, I think, that it is the work of prayer to a great measure. Tradition says:

It was Itano no Tsubone, one of the waiting ladies to Shogun Yoritomo, who undertook, when he passed away with the unfulfilled desire to have an object of worship at Kamakura, his own capital, similar to the Daibutsu at Nara, to collect a general contribution and fund, with the assistance of the priest Joko; the first image, which was of wood, was finished in 1238, or the first year of Rekinin. She was again called to action, when in the autumn of the 2d year of Hoji (1248) the image, also the chapel, was overthrown by a storm, this time assisted by the Shogun Prince Munetaka, she successfully restored the image in bronze. The artist who executed it was Goyemon Ono of Yanamura of Kadzusa province.

Putting aside the question who were Ono and Itano no Tsubone, the significant point is that it was created by a thousand people whose religious longing and hope were fulfilled in this Daibutsu. It is not our imagination alone to think that the statue always lives as it is the real force of prayer; when we see it we build the most musical relations one with another at once, because we forget ourselves in one soul and body.

I believe that it might not have been so great an art as it is if it had been made in our day, mainly because it would express too delicate details; and the temple light from the opening of the doors, when it used to stand within, must have often played with it unjustly. But it became a great art when the storm and tidal waves destroyed the temple and washed the statue in 1355 and again in 1526, and left it without cover ever since, with the rustling trees behind, the light and winds crawling up and down, against whose undecidedness its eternal silence would be doubly forcible. Is it not that our human souls often grow beautiful under the baptism of misfortune and grief? So Nature, once unkind to the statue, proves to be a blessing today; it looms with far greater divinity out of the rain, wind, lights of sun and moon, whose subtle contribution it fully acknowledges. Where are the foolish people who wish to build the temple again to put the image in?

## THE WANDERER

By JEANNETTE MARKS.

**H**EAR the illimitable wind  
Rush from the desolate sea of space  
Into the valley's folded gloom,  
And smite the branches gibbeted  
On frosty trees, and lash the woods  
To moans of age-old agony!

Hark! how it leaps upon the roofs  
Of cottages, to drop whimpering

Like some old dog before the door;  
Or pipes through chink and sill, a witless thing.

It is the only houseless one,  
A pensioner of sea and cloud,  
An outcast in a universe  
Of night and day, of life and death,  
An alien frenzied wanderer—  
Homeless, illimitable wind!



## SPAIN AND HER RULERS—HER ATTITUDE TOWARDS GERMANY

(A well-known German journalist, who, after a lifetime spent in England, has become a refugee in this country, sent us the following article, based on the diary of a friend, who lived in Spain and knows her language like his own. This friend had considerable opportunity to study the people during the war, and through his connections stood in near relation to many important personages near and around King Alfonso of Spain. This article is direct evidence against the assertions contained in an article entitled "Will Spain Be Forced Into the War?" recently published in the New York Times.)

AT the outset of the war the present Minister-President Count Romanones, standing behind the then Minister-President Dato, tried to test the feelings of the people by publishing an article in his party journal, *La Correspondencia de Espana*, in which he wrote strongly against Germany, demanding war with that country. Its only result was that the same evening the windows of his house were shot at and shattered with stones, so that Romanones in his deadly fear excused himself by declaring that he had never written this article himself, and ascribed it to the former Paris Ambassador, Senor Perez Caballero. This gentleman now knowing the real feelings of the people which would not have stopped even at lynching him, granted that he had written the article in effect, but that the inspiration came from Romanones. Being a veritable "Hidalgo," he preferred to lose his future career rather than to go on lying. Our Spanish friend had several interviews with the ex-Minister, Don Juan de la Cierva, a statesman without whose "conseil" the present king would not undertake a single important step, which he would also consider with Maura, Dato and others.

Maura's policy has always been a blessing to Spain, although his near relation to the church is often considered unfavorable for the well-being of the nation. Maura was a man under whose reign short shrift was made of the bomb-throwers, although it was really La Cierva, who, as Minister of Police, was responsible for peace and order. He it was who stopped the bloody week in Barcelona, who closed the wine-shops and restaurants at midnight and who voted for the shooting of the anarchist Ferrer, who was considered in government circles a traitor to Spain. Cierva would not allow a monument to be erected for Ferrer across the Palace of Justice, which was demanded by the revolutionary party; the man who did not acknowledge the rights of matrimony, nor of private possession, and who did not believe in the rights and demands of the family and was against the church. La Cierva is distinctly a friend of Germany and the Germans. He is one of the few members of the Spanish Congress who has ideas of his own and dares to maintain them. He is the man who did away with Spanish official graft and brigandage, and who will create before all a strong and sane, virile Spain. Our friend has found out all this, although La Cierva never shows his hand in public. Seldom has an interviewer been favored as much as our friend, who had lately an interview lasting more than an hour with Senor de la Cierva, in which the great man spoke a good deal about Germany, her policy and her efficient institutions. Even now his sons write to our friend on official paper expressing their delight in the German victories.

AND then Don Antonio Maura! Until recently he declared, when he was wrongly accused of being an enemy of Germany, that he was neither an enemy of the Central Powers nor of the Allies. But that he was a neutral Spaniard. Maura intends to introduce into Spain local laws and institutions, workmen's insurance and compensations based on German standards, which for years have been proved to be efficient. Maura harmonizes with La Cierva: he is a devout Catholic, and the church of Spain itself is distinctly friendly

toward Germany. In fact, the official journal of the church in Spain, *El Correo Espanol*, is the most pro-German paper. Although before the war without any real importance, it is now read everywhere because it is considered the only paper which prints the truth. Of course there are other newspapers like *La Tribuna*, *El Debate* and *ABC*. The former is the organ of the conservative party whose head is Don Antonio Maura. The young conservatives call themselves "Maura party," and their news organ is friendly to Germany. Since the war *La Tribuna* and *El Correo Espanol* have grown considerably in importance, whereas newspapers of the so-called French Trust, like *El Herald*, *El Imparcial* and *La Correspondencia de Espana*, have lost 50 per cent. of their readers. This is to be ascribed to the attacks of the political *Punch* of Spain, *El Mentidero*, which showed up certain newspapers as having received large sums of money from the French government as a subsidy.

Now to King Alfonso! Although a Bourbon, the Spanish King hates the French. He can never forget his previous reception in Paris, where he would not like to stay a second time. It may be interesting to state here that when the French President, Poincaré, repaid the King's visit in Madrid, claqueurs had to be hired to greet and acclaim him, as the Spanish multitude only groaned and hissed.

KING ALFONSO'S mother belongs to the Austrian Hapsburgs, and always speaks German with her son, a language which he is supposed to speak better than the Spanish of his own country. La Reine Doña Victoria is English, but being a Battenberg she is considered a German. Her uncle, the English Admiral, Prince Louis of Battenberg, according to the Spanish version, having resigned his official post at the beginning of the war, true to his German origin, is liked and acclaimed by the Spanish nation, whereas the young Prince of Battenberg, the brother of the Queen, who died on the battlefield against Germany, was hardly ever considered and no official mourning was ordered.

Last July 3 our friend joined an auto party to the royal Castle, La Granja, along with Canovas Cervantes, the chief of the conservative newspaper, *La Tribuna*, which is friendly to Germany. The King was present. Along with the secretary of the Minister-President, Marques de Valdeiglesias, they were invited to join the King at a game of polo, where they could judge from the conversation that the then Minister-President, Senor Dato, who is now one of the most important personages on the Spanish political horizon, was an absolute friend of Germany. There they also met the master of ceremonies of La Granja, who told them that although the King receives every day the whole collection of cuttings from all the papers of importance, he especially studies by his own wish and desire *La Tribuna* and its war news. Our friend has been told by a personage very near the King, whose name we are not allowed to publish, that the King at the commencement of the war had a table fixed up in the card room of his Madrid palace with the map of France, on which the King himself moved the flags according to the latest war news received. When he found one morning that the German army had arrived before Paris, he took the German flag and stuck it into the heart of Paris. No one since has dared to



remove this flag, as the King's own fingers had placed it there, And although the Germans have never reached this point, it pleases His Royal Majesty to let it remain there. Often enough thus the king shows his unfriendliness toward France, although he cannot do this officially.

Although English sources and official news tried very hard to suppress with all the means at their disposal the news of the reception of a German U boat in Cartagena, its presence was a great delight and a festival to the Spaniards. The Spanish navy showed its appreciation by giving officers and men a grand dinner on board the Spanish warship *Espana*.

OUR friend has lived in Andalusia and knows the people, whom he describes as good and straightforward, but with their mother's milk they have imbibed their hatred toward England. As long as Gibraltar sticks as a black spot to the Andalusian earth, its population will have and hear the words of the old song in their ears: "Espanoles accordaos de Gibraltar" (Spaniards, remember Gibraltar), and if Portugal continuously disturbs the quiet of the Spanish Main, she can only do so thanks to English assistance. The Spaniards know this well, and Spain only waits for her opportunity to stop the Portuguese influence and to wipe an English Gibraltar from her map. It is really that solution and this gain which Spain expects from the end of the European conflict.

It was the opinion in Spain that the Spanish army would revolt even if Spain were to join against Germany. In fact, all the officers in clubs and cafes so openly told and expressed

their delight at the German feats of arms that an order was given by the Spanish War Minister forbidding them from publicly stating their standpoint toward Germany. Our friend in the *New York Times* who told us that the Spaniards in high places were enemies of Germany is best answered by a few stanzas of the great poet, "Don Jacinto Benavente," who wants to tell the Allies the truth:

A los Aliados.

Si la suerte os concede la victoria,  
Para tanto vencedor que poca gloria,  
Pero si vuestras armas encuentran quien las venza,  
Para tantos vencidos que verguenza.

In his verses he tells them that it only would be "luck or accident" if they were to win.

One of the strongest political parties in Spain, especially in the north, is the so-called "Jaimistas," who would like to see installed on the throne of King Alfonso their beloved Don Jaime de Bourbon. This is the same dreaded party which from time to time brought about the bloody Spanish civil wars and fought them *ad extremos*.

At the beginning of the war their leader, a member of Congress, Vazques Mella, thought fit to declare publicly that if the Spanish government would take any steps to break the Spanish neutrality, the "Jaimistas" would be the first who, arms in hand, would rise like a man, and the responsibility for a renewed civil war would forever be a burden on the shoulders of the Spanish government.

## A NEW ENGLAND FABLE

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

TIME: The late Autumn of 1636.

PLACE: The colony of New Plymouth.

PERSONS:

ROGER SOUTHWORTH	FAITH RIDGEDALE
THOMAS OLDHAM	BARBARA HOWLAND
JOHN ALLERTON	ALICE VANE

THE FLUTE-PLAYER.

*An autumnal woodland landscape. In the background a gray sea. At intervals is heard the hard thunder of the surf.*

THOMAS:

Is he an Indian?

FAITH:

When the moon is bright

Goodmen have heard his piping in the glade,  
And they have trembled with such wild delight  
That they have risen from their beds and prayed  
Contritely, brokenly!

JOHN:

No Indian made

Ever such music.

THOMAS:

Hast thou heard him then?

JOHN:

Last night the fever throbbed in me again.  
I could not sleep. The great, dark clouds rode by.  
O'er the harsh tumult of the autumnal sea  
The wild geese flew with their disconsolate cry,  
And the wet leaves fell over all the land.  
I stood beside the window—sick, unmanned.

Suddenly burst the splendor of the moon  
Over the shingles of the beach. He stood  
Tall, dark, on a bare rock beyond the wood,  
Drawing no strains from viol or bassoon  
Or virginal or any instrument  
That's played by men in all the world; but sent  
Through two frail, slender pipes a fluttering breath.  
I heard the music. Beautiful as death  
That comes, after long agony, at dawn,  
When the dark sea grows pearl, the stars being gone,  
And all the branches by the wind are stirred.

THOMAS:

'Tis Satan's piping that thine ears have heard!

JOHN:

He played again: Music that seemed a call  
To a sounding battle under an ardent sky  
Silver with flash of swords heroic  
Drawn to defend the ancient majesty  
And awe of freedom that can never die.  
But, ah, the music of his ending! Sea  
And shore melted away... Oh, there must be  
Somewhere the garden that his singing reed  
Showed me in vision: there lovely women lead  
By aery fountains a delightful dance.  
O bosom sweet and sweeter countenance  
Of thee, large-eyed, with polished knee and tress  
Flowing under the dark, dark cypresses...

FAITH:

His mind is fevered. Give no heed. Dear lad,  
Thou art ill with too much watching!



THOMAS:

Would I had  
The tempter by the throat! Hither we fled  
Unto God's paths of peace. Thou wert better dead  
Than nurse such devil's poison in thy heart.

ALICE:

'Tis not the worst! There is a maiden stays  
From prayer and penance in her soul apart;  
Minds not her wheel, hums through the idle days  
Some godless ditty unto Satan's praise  
And...

THOMAS:

Woman, of a slanderous tongue beware!

ALICE:

Watch Barbara! She sits with unbound hair!

FAITH:

Hush, for she comes to join us!

ALICE:

She'll confess  
She has heard viols twanging in the air!

JOHN:

O white limbs under the dark cypresses...

*The men and maidens withdraw, speaking soft and embarrassed salutations to Roger and Barbara, who scarcely observe them.*

ROGER:

Barbara!

BARBARA:

Ay!

ROGER:

Thou art so shaken and pale.

BARBARA:

Over the Northern ocean storms the gale.  
Hear the waves pound! See how the poor leaves fall!  
Oh, how the trees moan.

ROGER:

Is there no help at all  
My love can give thee in thy sorrowing  
Of bleak, estranged days?

BARBARA:

There is no thing  
On earth can heal or hurt me any more.  
Thou seest I weep not. Go, friend, to some maid  
Will guard thy hearth and love thee, undismayed  
By the cold horror of the wintry shore  
And stealthy silence of the wilderness.

ROGER (*Sternly*):

Summer will come. Our want and our distress  
Have cried not vainly to the courts of God.

BARBARA:

Ye have gathered sour corn from the brine-drenched sod  
And scratched for noisome mussels in the slime  
And called it mercy in the evil time.

ROGER:

Better than plenty in a godless land.

BARBARA:

Godly...godly...Look thou, this little hand  
Is very hard with toil. I care no jot.  
But oh, the hardness of my heart begot  
By the stark gloom and the unseeing eye  
When desperately the dreadful hours drag by.  
I sang a little song of English cheer,  
Of cowslips in the meadows and blithe air,  
And maypole dances in the dawn o' the year,  
And old tales told o'er simple country fare—  
And in the room there fell a sudden hush,  
I heard my heart beat, felt a stinging flush—

And then my father prayed as for one dead.

ROGER:

My very dearest, be thou comforted.  
For on a day in spring-time we shall wed,  
And little hands will cling to lip and breast—

BARBARA:

Never! I will not have a child to be  
Flung helpless on this miserable earth  
To hear no viols of music or of mirth,  
Only to feel the ache of fierce unrest  
Beside the moaning of the bitter sea:  
I, who have heard the chanting of the free  
And fervent pomps of life we have forgone...

ROGER:

What hast thou heard?

BARBARA:

Naught.

ROGER:

Dost thou walk alone?

Child, Satan tempteth thee!

BARBARA:

Mayhap!

ROGER:

Atone

With fast and prayer, for the worm dieth not!...Nay,  
I will deal gently with thee. Dost thou mind  
The many-masted Thames, the loud, shrill wind,  
The dread and exaltation of that day  
Our fathers sailed from home? Thou wert a fair  
Small maid with solemn glance. Even then was I  
Thy lover and thy servant everywhere,  
Upon the rocking ship gave thee my coat  
Against the drizzle of the Northern sky,  
And in the old Dutch city by the moat  
We sailed our childish skiffs on, kissed thy cheek:  
Too old to love thee not, too young to speak.  
Now are our spirits free, now are our feet  
Upon the rock of God. Come thou to me!  
Then shall thy peace be as a river, sweet,  
Thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.  
Remember this when evil thoughts are nigh!

BARBARA (*Almost inaudibly*):

I shall remember...and remembering, die...

*Slowly Roger strides toward the sea. The dusk deepens as Barbara remains alone. Gradually, as though awakening from a dream, she lifts her eyes. From the dark woods emerges, half shadowy outline at first, The Flute-Player, a long-locked youth clad in a tiger-skin and sandals. His lips are molded in lines of noble severity, his eyes are untroubled. On his head is a wreath of oak-leaves; in his left hand he holds the tibia. His voice chants rather than sings.*

THE FLUTE-PLAYER:

I have come with the light  
Over great sea-spaces,  
I have watched for beauty  
From star to star.  
I have found thee, O radiant  
Face of all faces  
In forests afar.

Oh, bide not here  
Where the high heart sickens,  
And glory is slain  
By a ghostly wrong—  
In an island garden  
The sun-god quickens  
The soul to song.



With limbs unfettered  
 With sweet brows sweeter  
 Thou shalt dance with them  
 Who have never sinned,  
 Where the flowers die not  
 And the hours are fleeter  
 Than wings of the wind.

BARBARA:

Oh, chant, dear voice, for I shall never fare  
 To feel the glow of that diviner air,  
 Nor tread the grass that is more soft than sleep,  
 Nor marvel by the marge of fountains deep.  
 Oh, sing, dear voice, that when the shadows come  
 Its memoried music in my heart may hum,  
 And with me, in the darkness, vigil keep.

THE FLUTE-PLAYER:

In garden girt by solemn bloom,  
 Ere Time began her periods,  
 Blind eyes of fate themselves the gods  
 Made man of glory and of gloom.  
 And in the snow they lit red fire,  
 And the strange gift of speech they gave,  
 And the dark horror of the grave,  
 And love and longing and the lyre.

Love! For behold the beasts: they pair  
 To bring forth beasts after their kind.  
 Man loves with ardors of the mind,  
 With subtle anguish seeking where  
 Beauty abideth, bright and bare  
 And timeless. When his love he holds  
 An immortality enfolds  
 Her deep eyes and her burnished hair.

Ah, to his heart he clasps the pain  
 That is the core of all delight,  
 And in the valleys of the night  
 The singing fires flit through his brain:  
 And he is driven by a pang  
 Sweet and imperious, a cry  
 Born where in orbits dread and high  
 The morning stars together sang.

And by the yearning and regret  
 Of unimaginably sweet  
 Goals he is driven, and his feet  
 Upon the way of dreams are set.  
 And still his deepest moods are wrought  
 Of passion for pallid breast and limbs,  
 Or music of his throbbing hymns  
 Or of the hardihood of thought.

Yea, such is man whose name I name:  
 Free, self-directing, high, secure:  
 His forehead to the nightwinds pure,  
 And in his heart the crimson flame...  
 Upon a ledge that froths the sea  
 Stands naked an eternal youth,  
 His eyes are wells of song and truth,  
 His arms stretch sunward: it is he!

THE FLUTE-PLAYER (*Pauses, his voice grows deeper, the lines of severity about his lips grow tense*):

Thy fathers' hearts, O girl, are chilled,  
 Unseeing their eyes, their voices dumb.  
 A curse is on them. They have come  
 To dig, to sow, to slay, to build  
 For the poor wall's and furrow's sake.

The earth shall leap in flames, but they,  
 Pointing old follies on that day  
 With bloody hands, will not awake.

They will go westward and will find  
 Imperial mountains in the sun,  
 Valleys where the great rivers run  
 Unto a greater sea behind,  
 And rear their shop and turn their mill  
 And drone their tribal canticles,  
 And in the frost of self-built hells  
 Be blind to the eternal will.

And passion's quest will mark as wrong,  
 And hurl affronts at fate and time,  
 And hold all beauty as a crime,  
 And writhe a jeering lip at song,  
 Suffering no joy in house or hall,  
 Cursing with gargoyle mouths agape  
 The sacred purple of the grape  
 In vineyards of the sumptuous fall.

And chief of freedom will they speak,  
 And chiefly freedom they will vaunt—  
 Yet with impalpable terrors haunt  
 The inviolable souls that seek  
 A more heroic heart and home,  
 Who, vigilant beside the seas  
 Watch other, fairer deities  
 Rise, as of old, from crest and foam.

Come with me. It is early. Yet  
 Thou hast not born a son to be  
 A slave, deeming himself most free,  
 With fetters for a coronet.  
 Eternity's at dawn, its night  
 Will come ere this new earth and heaven,  
 The clouds above its mountains riven,  
 Will see the everlasting light.

BARBARA:

My heart breaks, O dear voice, at thy deep song.  
 Have I not felt the fetters, thong by thong?  
 Do I not see the olive groves wherein  
 Our pallid limbs could mingle free of sin?  
 But I have sworn. It lies too deep. I bide  
 Once more the surge of the Atlantic tide  
 Ere my last refuge in the earth I win.  
 Did I know grief, mine eyes  
 O're thee would weep;  
 Loveliness that we prize  
 Earth cannot keep!  
 Yet in a thousand years  
 What were all human tears?

Then shall a daughter fair  
 Born of thy race,  
 Noble, with wind-blown hair,  
 Stand in this place,  
 Great and serene and free,  
 All that thou dar'st not be.

What of the night, the day?  
 Tempest and tide?  
 All things must pass away,  
 All things abide.  
 Ever the gods are just,  
 And Beauty more than dust.



*As the form of The Flute-Player fades into the shadow of the forest Barbara sinks slowly to the earth. She lies very quiet and takes no heed of those who come in anxious search of her.*

FAITH:

She is in a swoon!

THOMAS:

Ay, she is deathly pale.

FAITH:

And tears are on her eye-lashes. The gale

Blew wide her long, long hair.

ROGER:

My little lass,

I should have left thee not. There come to pass

Strange things in this wide world.

THOMAS:

Not without God.

ROGER:

I left her gently, friends, yet as I trod

Unto the shore a dread came over me.

I yielded not, but prayed. And now is she

Sick and, perchance, to death.

FAITH:

We must carry her

Unto her father's house.

THOMAS:

Did not then stir

Her eyelids and her lips?

ROGER:

There lies her hood.

BARBARA:

I have heard the piper piping in the wood!

THOMAS:

The piper! It is Satan's self among

A guilty folk. Search ye your hearts for wrong.

Lo, in a meadow once, when spring-time was,

I saw her dancing, dancing in the grass

With fever in her eyes and flying feet;

She plucked the flowers and bee-like sucked their sweet,

And hastening to a brook she dipped therein

Her long, white, naked arms. And full of sin

And wantonness was all her summer mood.

BARBARA:

I have heard the piper piping in the wood.

FAITH:

Go to the brook-side for clear water, friend.

Barbara nursed thy little lad. Commend

Thine own soul unto God.

*(Thomas obeys her.)*

ROGER:

Is it the end?

FAITH:

Nay, for her breath comes calmly. Didst thou speak

Harsh words to her?

ROGER:

I know not. I would seek

Light in the darkness that encompasses

Suddenly all my world. Doth not God bless

The doers of His will. *Is it His will...?*

We sat together in the twilight. Still

Her father prayed for more abundant grace.

I heard him not. For all her flower-like face

Yearned there like silent music. Her small wrist

Lay delicately turned as to be kissed,

And the wind blew her hair against my cheek.

And yet I kissed her not. We have waxed weak

In dear, impassioned ministries of love,

Deeming her deeds are chronicled above

In the cold halls of heaven...Awake! Awake

Once more, thou heart of song, thou dream come true,

And I will bear thee where the waters blue

On ancient marbles into beauty break,

And all thy garnered sweetness I shall view,

And suffer no more winter for thy sake!

FAITH:

She stirs and moves. Lo, she has heard thy cry!

BARBARA *(Faintly)*:

Is it not strange to rise, only to die?

Look: by yon gaunt and sombre oak he stood...

I have heard the piper piping in the wood!

*Thomas returns. The night has come. But there are no stars in the sky under which Barbara is carried to her father's house.*

## GHETTO DREAMS

By MORRIS ABEL BEER.

THEY are playing in the gutters,  
Jew and Gentile, boy and girl,  
And each syllable he utters,  
Sends her little heart in flutters,  
Brain a-whirl.

O, the time when he an earl,  
And a princess she will be,  
And he kissed the golden curl  
Of the tiny blue-eyed girl  
Fair to see.

Like the penny fairy tales,  
They will wed in distant days;  
O, a brave knight never fails,  
From the old enchanted vales  
Never strays.

And the princess in the tower  
Will let down her golden hair,  
And he will bring a flower,  
Climb unto her ivied-bower,  
Love ensnare.

But a witch whose soul is creed,  
In the Ghetto reared a wall,  
And in vain the lovers plead,  
She has smote in twain the reed,  
Stolen all.

O, the blighted childhood dreams,  
And the painted tales they read,  
What a bitter cup life seems,  
For the sunshine never gleams,  
All is dead.



# THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ANGLO-AMERICAN

By LEWIS S. GANNETT.

(This was written months ago, before the mad desperation of a nation hungry and at bay combined with the revengeful clamor of our senile "patriots," our screaming newspapers and our gold-hungry interests to drag this nation to the edge of the war-pit. But it is as true today, when newspapers mercilessly hound out the men who will not laud the course of a President whom they believe to have strayed on false trails, when men who refuse to cry "my country right or wrong" are pointed at as "traitors" by leader-writers who apparently cannot conceive such a thing as an honest difference of opinion.

How we, of older American descent, will treat our German-American fellow citizens when they face war with the country of their fathers, with a country where their cousins are starving, is a challenge to the American tradition of tolerance and sympathy. If we must fight, let us fight without hate or insult; if it be possible as world-citizens rather than as Americans.—L. S. G.)

I AM not a German. I am not a German-American. I am not a pro-German. I have not a drop of German blood in my veins. But my Anglo-Saxon blood boils as I think of the insults that have been heaped on the heads of those who have dared be true to their Germanic ancestry. As an Anglo-Saxon I like to see fair play. The treatment of German-Americans in the United States these last two years seems to me to have become one of the living atrocities of the war.

It has come to this: for a German-American to be pro-German has become to many minds synonymous with being un-American. (By some curious inversion of logic, it has gone further, especially among those who with their mouths most bitterly denounce Germany for her militarism, it is regarded as pro-Germanism to be a pacifist; and hence to oppose Teuton ways of thinking in America has become proof positive that one is un-American.)

In the pre-Presidential campaign leaders of the two so-called great parties vied with each other in their denunciation of the hyphens. Hyphen-chasing has become one of the most popular American sports. Our Eastern papers gloated whenever a German-American was defeated in the primaries or for office. They announced it as a triumph for "Americanism."

Postponing the inquiry, What is Americanism, let us consider the equally important question, Why is Americanism. Why do we wax so ardently patriotic at just this time? Why is Americanism a campaign slogan to which the weary spell-binder can turn when all his other tricks fail? Why more enthusiasm for 100 per cent. Americanism, undiluted and efficient, than for any other commonplace? Four seasons a year, three meals a day, night the time for sleeping, all these might seem equally excellent slogans—they are equally obvious.

Why the outburst of hate for German-Americans? Why did the New York *Tribune* groan with such utter anguish when Hughes refused to spit at them? Why did the *World* find its best issue against Hughes that "A Vote for Hughes is a Vote for the Kaiser," when its only evidence was the support of German-Americans? What have the poor German-Americans done that their very name has become a term of scorn and a symbol of pariahdom?

There have been bomb-plotters and spies. But why condemn with them all German-Americans? They were not German-Americans; they were Germans; not neutrals, but belligerents.

German-Americans have not defended bomb-plot methods. For a time they defended bomb-plotters because to the very last ray of hope they believed them innocent. A child-like innocent trust, do you say? Yes, but very natural—just as labor men to the very last defended the MacNamaras; just as thousands of workingmen in the country today believe the MacNamara boys were victims of a wicked plot, and will always defend and believe men working in the cause of labor; just as most Americans today, with the admitted facts of Captain Morey's official statement staring them in the face, blame Carranza for the Carrizal fight and blink at the American crime!

IT is one of our most precious vanities to believe that we are guided by our reason. Most of us are pro-Ally and we think we know the reasons. As a matter of fact nine-tenths of us line up first and find the reasons afterward. The truth is, and our grandchildren will know it, that this war is not half so simple as most of us lazily prefer to believe it; it is not all black on one side and white on the other. Things unfortunately are not so simple in this unacademic world. The Kaiser and his advisers are probably no more hypocrites in their talk to the German people than is Sir Edward Grey when he talks for publication in England or Woodrow Wilson speaking of the passion for peace in his breast and in the country's breast the while he insists that Congress appropriate more money for battleships than any country ever spent for such purposes in times of peace in the history of the world. They merely look at things from a 100 per cent. Germanly first and Germany efficient point of view.

There is a great deal of black on both sides—and a vast deal of white, too. And our decisions have largely followed our cultural allegiances.

New England, where there is perhaps less German blood than in old England, is more bitterly and whole-souledly and narrow-mindedly and unintelligently anti-German than almost any representative community in old England. The Middle West is, as our Eastern papers say, "poisoned" with pro-Germanism. German-Americans are almost invariably of pro-German sympathies. We of English descent are as unanimously pro-Ally.

There are exceptions. There have been German-Americans who were pro-Ally because their social and business friends were pro-Ally, and some of us who are not ourselves pro-German have despised them for the shallowness of their cultural allegiance. There have been others who have been profoundly and reasonably pro-Ally. Still others have had to withdraw, ostracized, from their old circles of friendship because they dared to be loyally pro-German.

IN an Eastern city there are two families, one Anglo-American, one German-American, which for years had held their Christmas celebration together. Their children had grown up together. It was the most intimate kind of relationship. Now they no longer see each other. The two fathers can no longer talk together. The bond of sympathy is cut. The German-American may be lightly wounded, but he simply cannot listen quietly to the abuse which the Anglo-American heaps upon the land of his fathers.

"I wouldn't mind it," said the wife of one German-American, "if only, whenever I came into a room, the others did not all stop talking and obviously try to be nice to me." It was as if her husband had been convicted of a crime of which it was impossible to speak. Poor woman! Her husband was a pro-German, known as such. He wrote for the magazines.

German names are immediately suspected. In the ways of prosperity German workmen are not allowed to share. Wherever German-Americans go they meet sneers at the land of their traditions and ideals.



A New Yorker always keeps a corner in his heart for the village in which he was born. He is not less loyal to New York. He may have left the village because of its limited opportunities—because he preferred New York. You and I, both of us, despise him if he sneers at the small town from whence he came. Yet we ask German-Americans to do just that to Germany.

O. HENRY tells a story of the "cosmopolitan" who boasted of his wanderings about the world. He had been everywhere and had no home. Yet, as he left the cafe, he heard a man speak with scorn of the muddy roads of a little town in Maine, and he forthwith peeled to his shirt-sleeves and went in to clean up that man. The town in Maine was the town in which he was born. And we like that man better because he revered the memory of the place from which he had come away, the town he hadn't seen for years, about which clustered all the associations of his boyhood days, of his mother's knee—even of the woodshed.

Shall we despise German-Americans because they still cling tenderly to the memories of the country where they roamed as boys and girls, to the land that is their Motherland as well as Fatherland? Shall we blame them if they resent it and grow bitter when we spend our days spewing forth insults to that country? When the papers we give them to read make Germany a symbol for everything that is black

and vile, enlarge upon her undoubted crimes, and seek petty apologies for those of her enemies?

WE who talk so glibly of the necessity of Americanization are often most un-American of men. We have lost the vision of our forefathers. America is to us completed. We talk of the melting-pot: we forget that we, too, need melting, that the product of our chemistry is to be distilled of many substances.

If America means anything in the world today it means a glorious experiment in internationalism. We are a nation of nations. In the America of tomorrow toward which some of us dream there will be more of Italy and more of Russia, more sunlight and more warm religion, more of the Hebrew and more of the Catholic, more of Greece—and more of Germany.

Our papers denounce the German-American alliances for keeping strong the cultural allegiances; they would better praise them. That Jewish, German, Italian, Hungarian, French and English daily papers are sold on the same news-stands in New York; that a Cleveland paper prints a page in four languages—these are symbols, not alone of the United States, but of the world that is coming into being.

To despise the link with the Old World, to insist America First and America Alone—this is the true crime against true Americanism, this is the atrocity that has been committed in our hearts.

## A QUESTION OF FIDELITY

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

CHARACTERS. ,

ALFRED (*forty-five*)

ADA (*twenty*)

I.

(*A library furnished with massive elegance. The couches and chairs are covered with olive-colored leather. The walls are adorned with portraits of artists and writers. The modernity of the arrangement is strongly pronounced.*)

(*Alfred's appearance has dignity and poise. His movements are calm and gracious. In his features, especially when he smiles, there is still something boyish. His silken hair, slightly curled at the ends, is beginning to turn thin here and there, and shows traces of gray.*)

Ada. *Brown hair, dark eyes; slightly anaemic. She is delicately built. There is a nervous flicker in her eyes, and her hands, as if in search of something to play with, flutter continually up and down.*

(*Alfred and Ada sit side by side upon a couch. They hold upon their knees a heavy photograph album and slowly turn its leaves.*)

ALFRED: To turn over old photographs is like walking through a graveyard. A little cross here, one there . . .

ADA: But the originals of many of these are still alive.

ALFRED: What self-deception! They are all dead.

ADA (*looks at him with a question in her eyes*).

ALFRED: Or as good as dead. It is a curious mistake to imagine that photographs, when months or years have passed, still resemble their originals . . . Not even after the lapse of days . . . If when we part we express the hope that we shall see each other again—it is the bitterest of irony. For we never do.

ADA: I fear that I do not quite take your meaning.

ALFRED: Man changes his personality more than once in life. He sloughs it as a snake its skin. He changes with

every minute. Only we do not recognize the change if we have him continually before our eyes. When people see each other again after the passage of years, they should be introduced anew, as though they were strangers. How little that is understood! But it is for this reason that I have not the least desire to meet with old friends or old loves if it is long since I have seen them. Nothing comes of it; at best a timid attempt to sustain the farce that we are still the same and still interested in one another.

ADA: In that case you will find many dead here.

ALFRED: Yes, I have been away long and have grown old.

ADA: Old? A poet old? I thought you dwelt among the hills where flows the fountain of eternal youth.

ALFRED: You know me only from my poems.

ADA: And is it possible for the songs to remain young and the singer to grow old? It must be terrible to be older than one's poems.

ALFRED: Not so terrible. Each year brings its new songs and the old ones are buried. They lie in their coffins like the corpses of little children . . .

ADA: What a horrible idea! And has the past no significance to you?

ALFRED: A memory here and there. (*Turning over the leaves.*) Aha, there is Albert. What has become of him?

ADA: Do you not know that he entered a Trappist monastery five years ago?

ALFRED: I am not surprised. From aestheticism to asceticism there is but one step. And here is Irene. I wonder what changes time has wrought in her. Did she, too, enter a convent?

ADA: No; not yet. Mamma visits her now and then, but I am not permitted to go there.

ALFRED: And why, pray?

ADA: She has grown very corpulent; lies all day on the sofa, clad in flowing robes, reading the *Memoirs of Casanova* and the novels of the Marquis de Sade.

ALFRED: Which, I presume, you have not read?

ADA: And why should I not? I am a modern woman. Have I not read your poems, too?

ALFRED (*amused*): I would hardly group those books together.

ADA: I have studied you thoroughly. I have read you until I know you by heart.

ALFRED (*with a touch of irony*): Have you indeed read me?

ADA: You see I possess the *édition de luxe* of your works.

ALFRED (*smiles politely*).

ADA: Oh, I know more of your life than you think.

ALFRED: Indeed?

ADA (*opens the album at a place which she has kept with her finger during the whole conversation*).

ALFRED (*visibly annoyed*): You never knew her.

ADA: No, but mamma told me that it was on your account—

ALFRED (*aside*): It is very odd that women forget their own love affairs more quickly than those of their friends.

(*A short silence ensues.*)

ALFRED: And so you have read my poems, and no doubt admire me very much?

ADA: Oh, if you knew how I have lived myself into your works, how you have become a part of me, and how during long days and nights I dreamed in what manner I should bear myself toward you and lay my admiration at your feet. And when I saw you at last, I couldn't say a thing. I must have seemed quite silly.

ALFRED: Was it disappointment that bereft you of speech?

ADA: No, it was something very different, something deep, disturbing. (*With a sudden tremor in her voice.*) I realize that you must have lived many poems, not only written them . . .

ALFRED: The best poems are those that one writes, not those that one lives. Life always leaves a bitter savour in the mouth.

ADA (*with growing intensity*): Always? Surely the poems that you lived were beautiful?

ALFRED (*gently taking her hand*): Child, child.

ADA (*covers his hands with kisses*).

ALFRED: Ada, what are you doing? (*He tries slowly to disengage his hand.*)

ADA: Oh, you do not know how much I love you! I can't help it! The love of you beats in my temples, throbs in my blood! (*Sobbing, and again covering his hands with kisses.*) Will you repulse the great love that I bring you, as a god disdains too humble an offering?

ALFRED (*freeing himself from her*): You are a dear, good child. But that is quite impossible. I do not refuse the offering because it is too humble, but because it is too costly; and because it is not the right one. It is the poet whom you admire, not the man.

ADA: No, it is you yourself whom I love. And my love did not awaken until I saw you, until I felt the compulsion of your presence, the pressure of your hand.

ALFRED: Child, child, and yet again I say—child. When one has passed through many experiences in the course of life, one learns to differentiate, to pick and choose, above all to resign. The love of any human being is a precious gift, the greatest of all. And even into a poet's hands there falls not every day a woman's heart—especially when—(*he sadly touches his hair*). And we grow more selfish, too, more averse to change. One becomes accustomed to loving a certain person and hates to break that custom, establishing no more relations that last for ten days or a fortnight and wreck one's peace.

ADA: But I tell you that I love you—*love* you!

ALFRED: No doubt; but suppose that some handsome young fellow with black locks, or golden if you please—(*again he strokes his hair*).

ADA: Never. I hate young men. They fill me with disgust. Their very touch makes me tremble with repulsion. I know they never have but one thought—that of possession.

ALFRED: Suppose, for the sake of argument, that I marry you; furthermore that some day we have a child. And if I were to go then, what would become of you? For I shall die long before you.

ADA: I am not very strong and hardly fit to perform the degrading functions of the Mother-Animal. And at any rate, I am quite sure of this, that I shall not survive you. I shall leave the world with you. Let me tell what I have often dreamed of—I have never told it to any one. I thought of borrowing a boat, of rowing out upon the sea where it is deepest, and then—

ALFRED: You are a poor helpless little thing. One feels like gathering you in one's hands, covering and protecting you as though you were a little bird.

ADA (*leans toward him*).

ALFRED: And if I were to gather you to my heart, were to protect you like some dear possession, and then one day—and yet, no one would ever be to you what I am.

ADA: Never. No other man shall ever hold me in his arms.

ALFRED: That is not quite what I meant.

(CURTAIN)

## II.

(*A year later. A boudoir with secessionist furnishings. On a small book shelf is to be seen the édition de luxe of Alfred's poems. Above it hangs the poet's picture.*)

(*Ada wears a dressing gown of pale green silk. She draws in the air with sensuous delight... Upon her face lies the calm of the satisfied Woman-Animal. Her thoughts follow him who has just left her.*)

(*At that moment her husband enters. Lightly he puts his arms around her and kisses her forehead.*)

ADA (*with sudden compunction*): How good you are!

ALFRED: Are you not the dearest, loveliest, most fragile thing in all the world?

(*Ada's eyes turn to the copy of her husband's works on the shelf, then to his picture, and finally fix themselves upon his face, which beams over her benignantly.*)

ALFRED: Well, child?

ADA (*plaintively*): Oh, Alfred.

ALFRED (*searches her face with a strange smile*).

ADA: I am unworthy of you.

ALFRED: Why?

ADA: I am unworthy of your love; I am a wicked woman.

ALFRED: Child, be calm; whatever you have done, you cannot have been wicked.

ADA: Oh, I deserve that you kill me with a dagger and drag me by the hair instead of caressing me. Be just to yourself. Drive me from the house that I have dishonored, with lashes for my sin.

ALFRED: There is no sin; there should be no punishment.

ADA: But if you knew—

ALFRED: I know.

ADA: Robert—

ALFRED (*placidly*): What of it? A charming boy.

ADA (*looks at him horror-struck*).

ALFRED: In fact he is very charming.

ADA (*covers her face with her hands*).

ALFRED: I am quite fond of him.



ADA (*sobbing hysterically*): Alfred, this is frightful. You might have spared me that—for our old love's sake you might have spared me that. It were better to have beaten me, to have strangled me, to have lacerated my flesh to rags, but not this awful—this unspeakable irony.

ALFRED (*with infinite mildness*): It is not irony.

ADA (*first looking at him as if she distrusted his sanity, then turning pale with anger*): If I had suspected that! And so I am as indifferent to you as a piece of wood. This is how you care for me. And I gave you my youth; I let you absorb me; I sat at your feet night and day, and I adored you as though you were a god. (*The anger oozes from her.*) Oh, I am a very unhappy woman. (*Choking sobs rise in her throat so that she cannot speak.*)

ALFRED: You are ill, child. (*He presses a button.*)

(*A servant appears at the door.*)

ALFRED: A glass of water, please. (*He walks up and down the room quietly.*)

ADA (*broods sullenly*).

(*The servant re-enters, bearing a glass of water.*)

ALFRED (*takes it from him at the door and forces her to drink as if she were a little child*).

ADA: I do not understand you. I stand before your goodness as before a miracle. I should kneel before you as before the image of the Crucified One—kneel until my knees bleed. For I have broken my faith to you.

ALFRED: You err. You have not broken faith with me.

ADA: Your belief in me is wonderful. It almost fills one with fear to be so loved. It will give me strength in the future. But first there must be nothing between us but the naked truth. Robert—

ALFRED: I know, I know. I came a little later on purpose, so as to leave you to yourselves.

ADA: Are you an angel or a devil? (*Moaning.*) Do you not understand—it was not a harmless flirtation? I have brutally broken the faith I vowed you. I have responded to another's kisses, his flesh and my flesh, my blood and his, were one!

ALFRED (*with slight weariness*): But, dear child, I know it.

ADA (*trembling*): And—?

ALFRED: Your views are strangely Old Testament; yet you boasted of being a modern woman!

ADA: Modernity! Modernity! That is a phrase one uses in polite conversation, not when one's life is at stake!

ALFRED: But I am modern and have learned to mould my life accordingly. It is passing strange that in the presence of the New Man the New Woman becomes at once and invariably the Old Eve. Let me give you some more water, it will do you good. You are calmer already. Just sit still, and I will sit down next to you.

ADA: And how can you forgive what love never forgives?

ALFRED: There is nothing to forgive.

ADA: And you will continue to live with me?

ALFRED: Why not? Surely, we are very happy.

ADA: And so will you not kill me? and you do not love me?

ALFRED: But you have not been unfaithful to me. You cannot be, not even if you would.

ADA: I cannot be?

ALFRED: You can be unfaithful to me only with myself.

In that sense you are untrue to me daily; in that sense we are all untrue. For, look, when we get to know any one we make unto ourselves an image of him, and it is this image of him that we love. The man himself changes from day to day. Do you not remember my telling you that? And soon he is no longer like that image, or picture if you will, even if at first the resemblance was perfect. The man has become another. If we love this other we are untrue to the object of our first love. But if our love clings to the image, to the idea, if we refuse to see the gradual changes deepen, then we become untrue to the man himself. And thus it is that with himself we break our faith with him.

ADA: And so you assert that I cannot be untrue to you?

ALFRED: Only if another means to you exactly what I do, to body and to soul, in the present and in the past. Your average man is more easily replaced than I. Robert is a delightful boy, but he's not I; others will come, but they, too, will not be I. I will tell you of an experience in my life. Mildred—

ADA: You have never spoken to me of her.

ALFRED: Because I do not care to drag the dead from their graves and touch their cere-cloth with ghoulish hands. A dead love is either profoundly indifferent or ineffably sacred—in either case we should honor it with silence.

ADA: And for that reason you were so angry when I—

ALFRED: Yes, because it is terrible when men will not let the ghost of another's love rest in peace, but from mere curiosity shake it from its repose and drive it to wander upon earth . . . You know I loved Mildred. (*The echo of an old sorrow stirs his voice.*) She died for me—for love of me. Yonder her corpse lay upon the chair on which I had sworn her eternal faith. And here I sat—with another woman.

ADA: My mother?

ALFRED: I spoke of my sorrow to her. She consoled me. And at that moment, for the twinkling of an eye, in the very presence of the dead woman, a sudden desire clutched us by the throat. And yet I cannot say that I was unfaithful to her. The other love and all that followed had their place in my heart; but the place was not the same. No other was to me what she was. The heart of man is a house of many mansions and hidden chambers. It is not so narrow as the moralists would have us think.

ADA: I do not know whether I understand you or not. I am as one who gropes in darkness; gleams of light come to the eyes of my soul, but their vision is blurred.

ALFRED: And this is what life has taught me: Forgive those who are unfaithful to you, for unfaithfulness there is none. Yield to the lust of the flesh, for it is as nothing. Receive every love that is given you, for it will make you rich. Let every love that spreads its wings go free, for so it is ordained, and so it will come to pass; and who would fetter the wind with chains or catch the gossamer in a snare? This is the Law—the new Law. It is the same for man and woman, and whoso breaks it—breaks his heart.

(*He takes her hand in his and caresses it.*)

ADA: The gospel you preach is as strange as it is new, but its charity at least is boundless, and you will not have been compassionate in vain. I will never see him more. Robert—

ALFRED: Why not? I have no objections to your receiving his visits.

(CURTAIN)



## A GROUP OF GOOD BOOKS

### THE CLAIMS OF AN ANCIENT NATION.

**M**ANY an old national aspiration that has been so silent as almost to have appeared extinct has recently begun to stir again. Only the other day I met an old gentleman not far from New York who hopes to see the ancient Lithuanian state re-established after the war, who has written pages and pages to prove that his race is more closely related to the original Indo-European family than those of Western Europe, and who finds in the place-names of Lithuania an indication of the intimate connections between its inhabitants and those of ancient Greece. And the aspirations of this nationalistic group, I was informed, included, among many other things, the acquisition of the originally Lithuanian city of—Königsberg! These are among the things one learns nowadays. But at least I had known the Lithuanians had physical existence. How many Americans, however, have heard of the Ukraine, and know that there are living in Southern Russia about 30,000,000 Ukrainians, and about 4,500,000 in Austria-Hungary (especially in Galicia and Bukovina)?

It seems likely that Ukrainians in America will not permit us to remain long in ignorance concerning the existence of their fellow countrymen across the sea, for a number of Ukrainian organizations here have just issued a handsome and well-written pamphlet presenting the claims of their ancient civilization. In this volume of 130 pages a number of authorities tell what they know of the country and its inhabitants, and of their sufferings through long ages, first of Polish, later of Russian oppression. Mr. Edwin Björkman, the famous critic, who is now in Sweden endeavoring to check the pro-German activities of some of his fellow countrymen, contributes the first essay, entitled "The Cry of Ukraine." It is singularly appropriate that a Scandinavian should be interested in the destinies of this Slavic race, as it was from Sweden that the first organizers of the Russian state migrated, the ancient *Rus*, who, in the tenth century of our era, gave a name to the land of Southern Russia, and later to the whole great empire. And there is another reason why the Swede, particularly, has undertaken the study of this country: it was in the Ukraine that Charles XII, the "Mad King" of Sweden, endeavored to retrieve his failing fortunes under the heavy blows administered to his little army by the legions of Peter the Great (at Poltava, in the Ukraine, Charles suffered his worst defeat). Mr. Björkman gives a complete historical survey of the Ukrainian state, following its changing fortunes after the personal union with Russia (by the treaty of Pereyaslav in 1657) down to the prohibition of the use of the Ukrainian language by ukase of the Czar in 1876, and the slight relaxation in the severity of the Rus-

sian oppression, which was brought about by the Russian revolution in 1905.

Chapter II, entitled "The Ukrainian Revival," is by the famous Ukrainian historian, Professor Michael Hrushevsky, who treats (the chapter is taken from his *Outline of the History of the Ukrainian State*, Petrograd, 1904) of the rise of the modern political and social aspirations of the Ukrainian people. Professor Hrushevsky, it is believed, is now in Siberia; at the beginning of 1915, while traveling in Russia, he was arrested by the Russian Government, and nothing has been heard of him since.

The object for which the pamphlet was compiled is, of course, perfectly obvious. And at the end of the present war, as has been often wisely remarked, there will no doubt be comprehensive readjustments of European boundaries and re-erectments of subject races into independent states. The Ukrainians in this country are determined that the legitimate claims of their historic race shall not be overlooked when the day of reckoning comes.

JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN, Ph. D.

### UNCLE SAM'S INTERESTS IN THE CARIBBEAN.

**T**HE great war irresistibly is forcing an international viewpoint on the United States. We are being made aware of the world we live in—something more than a universe centred on the Atlantic seaboard, the Middle West, and the Pacific frontier, with a vast hinterland lying without.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, the post-bellum days will see a cut-throat competition for markets—the brunt falling on Latin America and the Far East. The citizen of these United States who has America's good at heart will put himself in touch with the larger problems looming up outside the country. Thus, this discussion of "The Caribbean Interests of the United States"\* is a birdseye view of a vital situation.

But even making due allowances for the avowedly popular appeal of "The Caribbean Interests," he must protest against a glaring omission. We do not understand how a book can be written on our American Mediterranean without carrying an indebtedness to the supreme authority on national position, especially dealing with our challenging concern for the Caribbean—Admiral Mahan. Even the bibliographical appendix makes no mention of any of his works among nearly a dozen general references. The patent debt of all students

\*"The Caribbean Interests of the United States," by Chester Lloyd Jones, professor of Political Science, the University of Wisconsin.

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of foreign policy to this master-mind makes the omission the more damaging.

Similarly, if "The Caribbean Interests of the United States" suffers here, the work again shows the same lack of discrimination in the books cited. The inclusion of two volumes such as Crichfield's "American Supremacy"—biased hopelessly—is to put the stamp of approval on a work which brings a smile to the face of any one who knows anything about Latin American History. This inadvertence would be less serious were it not repeated in more than one reference to the cursory productions of Winters.

"The Caribbean Interests of the United States" fills a gap in foreign policy. But, we repeat, two counts stand heavily against it—the omission of the outstanding authority in the field to the point of but giving mention to four articles of Mahan in an appendix, and the fact that this appendix contains on the other hand works which do the author's critical ability great damage.

G. CHARLES HODGES.

### LEGENDS OF OLD PENNSYLVANIA.

**I**N "Juniata Memories" (John Jos. McVey, Philadelphia), Henry W. Shoemaker has accomplished a work that should be of lasting interest to future generations. Quite apart from its artistic value, which is in no way small, this volume of folk-lore possesses intrinsic value to all students of the race-currents and history of America. It contains twenty-six stories of Pennsylvania life, ranging from Indian adventures to legends of romance that have an actual foundation in the lives of the early mountaineers. The greater part of these tales, filled with sumptuous imagery and "warlock and wizardry," have been recounted to the author by native residents during his wanderings through the wild trails of the Juniata Valley. Their historical significance is important, inasmuch as they reveal the valor and experience of the pioneer settlers whose deeds have been transmitted from mouth to mouth, even as the old provençal legends that were the foundations of later French literature in Troubadour times.

Mr. Shoemaker is a naturalist of no small scope, and his book is full of intimate allusions to wild life in Pennsylvania, as well as many philosophic truths. He has a deep reverence and understanding for the minute beauties of nature, and is at his best in his glowing pictures of the woods and their magical inhabitants. He has a fine sympathy for humanity as well, and his prose is happy in its deep feeling and melodious flow. His descriptive sketches glimmer and haunt the memory like the ripple of April streams, and the sweet melancholy of many of his tales searches the heart's deepest recesses.

"Juniata Memories" is interesting from many aspects. As a contribution to the annals of American research, it is of note to students of history, religion, Indian lore, ethnology or to the mere pleasure of adventure. It is colored with a high imaginative flavor that few volumes with such an aim attain. Mr. Shoemaker must guard against allowing his rich imagery too free a play; although in most of the stories this opulence is tempered by meditation and an exposition of events that cannot fail to delight the lover of romance.

Perhaps the two most successful tales in the collection are "The Shadow Man" and "The Snow Image," for they present a beauty of detail and circumstance in picturesque and moving prose. The author's vision is exalted, and he writes with conviction and ardor.

Mr. Shoemaker's work is that of an honest thinker who has given his best to the succeeding generations. It is a sincere book, because it is a true book. One cannot be otherwise than

impressed by the throbbing background of reality in every story. And it is a book that should appeal to the heart and to the race of the American people. Those who care for rich prose and a fine vision of nature can spend no more enjoyable hours than in reading "Juniata Memories."

### WANTED: A PUBLIC DEFENDER.

**A**N important subject dealing with the right of indigent accused persons to secure an adequate defense in criminal cases is analyzed by Mayer C. Goldman, of the New York Bar, in his book, "The Public Defender" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Mr. Goldman has been one of the leading advocates of the public defender idea, and prepared the bills which were recently introduced in the New York Legislature. He has also written and spoken extensively on the subject. He urges that the public defender is a necessary factor in the administration of justice, and shows in his book that such an office is sanctioned by historical precedent as well as by the practical operation of the office in various American communities.

Mr. Goldman discusses the public defender idea, the injustice of the "assigned counsel" system, public prosecution and prosecutors, the ancient conception of crime and other analogous subjects, in addition to giving a public defender chronology showing the extent of the movement throughout the United States. This is the first book to be written upon this important subject, and it should be of particular interest to laymen as well as to lawyers. It is a plea for justice to all classes of accused persons.

Justice Wesley O. Howard, of the Appellate Division, New York Supreme Court, has contributed a foreword in which he indorses Mr. Goldman's views as to the necessity for a public defender, and commends the book. Mr. Goldman has portrayed in a simple and concise manner the need for the establishment of official counsel to represent accused persons, and his book is an important and valuable contribution to the literature on the subject.

### RIGHT AND DUTY OF CITIZEN AND SOLDIER— SWITZERLAND PREPARED AND AT PEACE.\*

**T**HE preparedness discussion has brought out a number of articles and books expository of the Swiss military system, but this interesting volume is perhaps the most comprehensive and most illuminating of them all.

Mr. Kuenzli makes a very acceptable background for his account by giving a brief history of Switzerland, showing how its military system grew out of Swiss traditions, history, needs and modern conditions. The present military organization of the Swiss forces is explained in detail, but the author's intimate knowledge enables him to illuminate every factor by showing its bearing upon the daily life, the character, the patriotism and the democracy of the people.

He tells of the universal physical training of the Swiss boys, which aims to build character as well as body; of the cadet corps, which complements the physical instruction; of the rifle practice, the military clubs, the interests of the populace in the army and its training, the influence of the system upon the democracy of the people, and the other phases and outgrowths of the Swiss method.

Mr. Kuenzli endeavors to show how easily the Swiss system could be applied to the United States, and how greatly its features would benefit the people of this country in physique, in character, in patriotism and in the solidarity of the nation.

\* This work may be procured through The International: \$1.25 postpaid. All books mentioned in this magazine may be purchased through us.

## A GLIMPSE INTO THE THEATRES

IT is not astonishing that the Viennese musical comedies should be so popular throughout the world. For generally a comic opera hailing from the land of the Hapsburgs possesses the sweetness and charm that characterize the state documents issued by the Ballplatz. In particular we have in mind "Miss Springtime," now prospering at the New Amsterdam Theatre. This delightful production is as lyrical, as gracious and as appealing as the Austro-Hungarian note recently handed to President Wilson by Baron Zwiedinek. It is impossible not to like it. The waltzes in "Miss Springtime" steal into your heart. The songs are forever echoing about you. Wherever you go you are bound to hear them. Not since "The Merry Widow" has the world been so captivated. The merit of Kalman's work is proven by the fact that in spite of its immense popularity it is genuinely valuable. The book by Guy Bolton is a creditable complement to the music. As long as the Austro-Hungarians have Kalman and Lehar to write their music and Tisza and Czernin to write their diplomatic notes the world will continue to love the dual monarchy.

Speaking of Viennese music, mention must be made of "Her Soldier Boy." There is something pathetic in the fact that this piece in the original is a stirring Austro-Hungarian operetta, composed by Kalman for the entertainment of war-stricken Budapest and Vienna. But with that curious ill-taste and unsportsmanship which marks a certain group in the American theatre, "Her Soldier Boy" as produced now is an out and out pro-Ally production. How this reminds one of the time when a mob descended upon the house of Ibsen to lynch him. Down the street came the crowd singing a mighty song. And the words of the song they sang were written by Ibsen.

\* \* \*

When we are very young we are all fond of paradoxes. It is only when we get older that we realize that life may be more important than the wittiest paradox of Gilbert K. Chesterton. Today Mr. Chesterton believes this himself. He has a good memory. Somewhere on the palimpsest of his head there is sharply engraved a clever story from that master of paradoxes—Oscar Wilde. This story relates the disaster that befell a man of magic. Wilde's man of magic was not a faker. He was genuine. Nevertheless he carries a boy around with him in order to feel confident and sure. One day while giving his act he is challenged. A man in the audience claims that a boy is hidden in the cylinder. As a matter of fact there is no boy there. The magician had done the trick entirely alone. But he confesses; for he ordered the boy to conceal himself in the ball for this act. *He does not know until later that the boy for once disobeyed him.* Chesterton could not help thinking of this story when he wrote "Magic," which is now having a successful run at the Garrick. That is nothing against the play. It is well to build on solid foundations. And when one cannot be entirely original it is indeed sensible to emulate the work of those who are original. Having said so much we can add that "Magic" is a most entertaining play

and very creditably presented by Mrs. Hapgood, who also offers with "Magic" Galsworthy's gripping one-act piece, "The Little Man."

\* \* \*

The newest theatrical firm to enter the lists in New York is the house of Urban & Ordynski. We may expect the unusual and the advanced from these young men. For Ordynski is full of ideas and possesses marked abilities as a producer. He is familiar with the entire modern theatre of Europe, and learned his business under Max Reinhardt. As for Urban, he is almost as well known as Charlie Chaplin. He is the man who revolutionized the scenery of the American stage.

The first play offered by the new firm is Ossip Dymov's sensational drama, "Nju." "Nju" has had an immense success on the Continent. It was produced in Berlin, Paris and St. Petersburg. "Nju" reveals Russian life of today with singular power and distinction. There is no compromise, no striving after effect. Its very simplicity gives it additional strength. Marriage is the theme of Dymov's fine play. A woman—with a strain of greatness running through her—dares to aspire towards that higher life which the artists of the world reveal to her. She pays for her ambition with her very life. Petty souls conspire against her and secretly rejoice in her downfall. Her lover, the poet, flirts with another lady at his mistress' funeral. Married or unmarried you will be held spellbound by the Russian's masterly handling of a theme which can never grow old.

\* \* \*

At the Irving Place Theatre the most important recent production was Felix Philippi's "Das Grosse Licht." This polished melodrama was given for the benefit of Heinrich Marlow, the leading actor of Director Christians' admirable company. Heinrich Marlow is one of the finest of living actors. His art is singularly comprehensive and catholic. He can be comedian or tragedian with equal facility. His presence is noble; his voice rich and indicative of every passing mood. One feels in everything that he does the pulsing intelligence that directs his work. In "Das Grosse Licht" Marlow invested a rather valueless role with great dignity and beauty. While it is true that many a good play has been spoiled by bad acting, let us remember the bad plays that noble actors have fanned into life and passion.

Better by far than "Das Grosse Licht" is the latest offering of the Irving Place Theatre, "Im Klubsessel." Karl Rössler and Ludwig Heller are the authors. I do not know whose is the directing talent, but the result is a comedy which pleases and entertains constantly, and which will, no doubt, enjoy a successful run.

"How can you be so heartless as to eat the meat of animals?" demands Prof. Kolumbus Vogelsang in "Im Klubsessel," "become a vegetarian."

"I would gladly become one," responds Count Teta-Lannatsch, "only my heart would bleed to see the poor flowers and the lettuce and the asparagus die in order to gratify my gross appetite."





## ALONG AND OFF THE AVENUE

(Being a semi-ridiculous treatise upon Gotham's Rue de l'Opera, its "smart" shops, its near-smart shops, etc., ad infinitum.)

RECENT advertisements of Moneymaker's department store tell in glowing figures of speech how the French government has released the famous Paul Poret (pronounced Pwal Pwaree in the original) on a brief furlough in order that the ladies of these here United States may be saved from a throw-back into sheer barbarism in the matter of dress. Paul, you know, is the French heavyweight he-modiste titleholder. Paul made quite a hit on the Marne or at Louvaine, where they say he covered himself with glory, mud and a bombproof. Among his latest creations we understand that an afternoon gown of military severity is considered the quintessence of modern design in that it best expresses the spirit of the times; and this charming frock will be further embellished with a vanity set of silver, worn at the hip, the chief ornament of which is said to be a miniature trench-shovel and pick of filagreed silver—which implements will be of inestimable value at smart luncheons in the cracking of nuts or eating soup.

In spite, however, of these progressive efforts on the part of the major league emporiums, we fear that their day is dead. The mammoth store is no longer vogue; to be smart these days one must shop along and off the avenue; and, of course, there is only one avenue in New York.

Why is the small shop growing in popularity? The reasons are legion. For instance, a department store has everything on draught from a darning needle to a life-sized horse. A department store is too complete, and too crowded, and too hurried. And it is too easy to get what one wants in a department store. It makes of a shopping trip exactly what lunching at Childs' or the Automat makes of a meal—one is conscious of a clatter and a rush and a jam and a subsequent sensation of indigestion and thoughtful regret.

Of course, the great stores evolved out of little ones and prospered. Now many of them have ceased to prosper. The reason is that the pendulum is swinging back. Dame Fashion, ever fickle, is seeking the small and more or less exclusive shops along and immediately off the avenue, and in her train trail, sheep-like, her devotees and disciples.

Here is a case in point:

CAMERA: "Bill Smith is a foreman in a boiler factory in Tuscalooza (this is a panoramic description); noon whistle blows; exit Bill. Scene 2: Exterior factory in T. Bill comes out and is met by Maggy Smith, aged 5 years 2 months, chewing an all-day sucker and packing Bill's dinner in a pail—in the left background Mrs. Bill discovered hanging out the wash and waving shirt affectionately at her husband as picture fades.

Sub-title 2: TWENTY YEARS AFTER (not by Dumas). Joslynne Smythe (formerly Maggy of the all-day sucker) eases herself out of a 90 h. p. sea-green Sedan in front of Jif-fany's and is followed by Mrs. William H. Smythe (erstwhile dryad of the suddy scene aforesaid). (You see, William H. Smythe, through sterling qualities and perspicuity won success in the contracting business until he engaged successfully in the manufacture of Senators, shrapnel and other high-grade staples in popular demand). Nevertheless Joslynne wears a No. 3½A, which isn't half bad for the daughter of a man who was once a foreman in a boiler works.

A slender, debonair young man steps forward as Joslynne and her mother reach the pavement, and lifts his hat. His name is Clyde Leftover; and he is Joslynne's fiancé. He is going to go shopping with his future wife and his mother-in-law-elect. He has a brindle bulldog on a leash which answers to the name of Teddy; and if Teddy had on a campaign hat and a pair of glasses it would have been a case of dual identity, the resemblance was so strong.

(This is all explained in the picture, you know.) Well, Joslynne has always been sorry that Clyde wasn't a Knickerbocker; but Clyde tells her that the only Knickerbockers left are a hotel or two and a brewing company. Clyde always has his name in the fashion column of the Herald; he is a blue-ribbon New Yorker from Denver, Col. Joslynne had secretly cherished the desire to draw something out of the matrimonial grab-bag with a name like Stuyvesant Van Something, but it wasn't to be. Her father finally told her that such scions as remained of Dutch ancestry were mostly running elevators down in the financial district or janitoring four-room-and-bath apartments in what Mr. Montague Glass calls the Bronx.

Well, anyway: Mrs. Smythe suddenly recalls a forgotten item for the library of their new house, so they all go down to the Avenue's smartest literary charnel-house, where she covers the manager with a pair of double-barreled lorgnettes and orders six yards of the best assorted classics, "de lukes" editions, and seven feet nine inches of the most refined fiction.

Thus, gentle reader, goes it along and off the avenue. Some belong; others do not; but they spend. And if they do not always get their money's worth in the actual value of the goods they purchase, they at least are, as a rule, more satisfactorily waited upon than in the pulsing, crowding stores.

Many, in fact most, of these small select shops lull one into an unguarded sense of security with the harmony of their decorative scheme, the unostentatious good taste of their display, the apparent lack of haste in their service—they wait upon you, but do not keep you waiting.

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