

THE INTERNATIONAL

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR
JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY

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THE EFFORT TO INTIMIDATE
AND COERCE CONGRESS

PRESIDENT WILSON'S
NEGLECTED WARNINGS.

AMERICANS of every shade of political opinion have noted with concern the efforts of a military clique to impose its will upon Congress. Daily we read in the newspaper dispatches, long and short, from Washington, in which somebody or other in the War Department is represented as impatient at the course of Congressmen in deliberating upon proposals. The martinets of the War Department labor under one hallucination. They think the policy of this country—the military policy as based upon principle—must be taken from the military. The truth is the exact opposite. The principles upon which our military policy is based will be taken by the officers from Congress. This point will have to be emphasized again and again. Are we to go to war? The Congress decides that question. Shall we have conscription or the voluntary system? The decision rests with Congress. Once the matter of policy is decided by Congress, the military will be told to execute the national will. The military will decide questions of strategy and of tactics after the policy of the country is declared by Congress. Let there be an end of the disedifying spectacle of men in exalted army positions using the newspapers to express covertly their displeasure at Congress. These militarists, who are running amuck for no other reason than that they hold high command in the army, ought to be taken to task by Secretary of War Baker. It is a pity that Mr. Baker has not the backbone of Secretary of the Navy Daniels. Mr. Daniels permits no trifling with the principle of the subordination of the military power to the civil power. Mr. Baker does not seem to realize that there is such a principle. We suggest to Mr. Baker that he take the martinets in hand, telling them that national policy in this country is made by the people through Congress. Once the policy is made, the President will give the orders to the Secretary of War.

THERE has been so much to distract and bewilder the public mind in the crisis we all face that the recent words of President Wilson respecting its nature have passed unheeded. He said in effect that it was a subtle, that it was extreme and that our peril in consequence may be the greatest in our history. His food plea went to our stomachs. His warning should stir our hearts. We are not quoting the President, textually, but it seems that he meant something of this kind. His warning words have passed unheeded, practically. The truth is that the nature of the national peril at this moment is such that it could be grasped only by one who had made a careful and prolonged study of international relations. It is a peril fraught with what Bismarck called the imponderabilia. It would not be obvious, even if explained, to the simple American mind of the Middle and Far West. One of the perils includes the committal of the nation to all kinds of intrigues among the powers of Europe. We earnestly hope that the talent at the disposal of our Department of State will be qualified to cope with the difficulties. Our one dread is that some morning or other we shall be confronted with an accomplished fact which the Senate, as the treaty making power, will be asked to endorse. The Senate must confirm every treaty with a foreign power or it has no binding force upon our country. The Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate is of grave importance in these peculiar times, when all the powers of Europe, to say nothing of those of Asia, are bearing down upon us clamoring for money, for food, for troops and for God knows what. Here, we suspect, is one of the subtle perils at which the President so wisely hinted. Fortunately, we have in Woodrow Wilson a man who, in eloquence, can rival Viviani, and in subtlety can prove deeper than the deep Balfour.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1920—
JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

THE only department of the government that seems truly prepared for the tremendous crisis in our national destinies is that of the Navy. For this important advantage we are indebted to Josephus Daniels. His great task, when he took charge of the Navy Department, was to relate the fleet to the country's national life. He found the navy in control of just such a clique as is now trying to hedge the War Department with a mock divinity. There was no appreciation among the members of the strategy board of the fact that our fleet must be directly related with the forces of the national life. It must be a democratic fleet, in the sense that its personnel has to be recruited from the flower of our population. It must afford a career to young men of ability, eager to rise, with a soul above mere gin, carousing and crime. The evil tradition of the old period still causes the civil authorities to send criminals to the recruiting officers of our navy. The fleet is sometimes regarded—this is an old British tradition—as the refuge of evildoers. Josephus Daniels has stopped that infamy. There is not in the whole country today, or in the world, a body of young men of such fine character, of such high ideals, of such devoted patriotism as are drilling now aboard the various units of the United States Navy. To these youths we are mainly indebted for the fact that we can sleep safely in our beds and eat in comfort. The Secretary of the Navy is the real hero of the war, therefore. His department has answered to the country's call because he founded his great reform primarily upon the enlisted man. It is to be hoped that Congress will authorize at once the laying down of six first-class battleships and five battle cruisers, together with the rest of the program of the Secretary of the Navy. In the meantime, and in order that those servants of the people who merit promotion may be encouraged, we nominate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1920, the heroic Josephus Daniels, object of the meanest conspiracy to discredit a public man that ever disgraced a bureaucratic clique. Luckily, the American people know their friends.

THE ATTACK UPON THE
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

THOSE of us who believe in the institutions of our country will learn with amazement of the plan to deprive the press of its traditional freedom. The model of the bureaucracy at Washington seems to be the "reptile press" of the Bismarckian era. That is all very well if one has the Bismarck. As for getting our model of censorship from England, that is sheer nonsense. The London press has been filled with complaints recently of the stupidity of the censor. He

has raised such a storm of protest that one might imagine him to have been in the pay of the Germans. It is perfectly proper to forbid the publication in any newspaper of the movements of our armies and our fleets, but to forbid discussion of events and of measures and of men and of policies would be to attempt the impossible. The American people are just as American when they are at war as when they are at peace. The truth of the matter is that this crisis has brought to light in the War Department a clique of ancient and superannuated martinets, who do not understand the genius of a free people. These men would create rebellion at home if they had their way. Let this war be regarded as a people's war, not as an officer's war. Then we shall have an intelligent public opinion. From this point of view, the choice of Mr. George Creel, the brilliant essayist and publicist and editor, is wise. He has the faculty so rare among military men, that of discrimination.

A GRAVE POSSIBILITY
OF PERIL.

NOTHING could be wiser than the determination of Congress to make itself heard in the conduct of the war. The legislative departments of the various belligerents have done what is most creditable in times that bring credit to few. For example, it was the Chamber of Deputies at Paris which refused to permit the evacuation of Verdun by the French when the military had decided upon that step. It was the legislative department of the British Government that forced the equipment of the artillery with shells, that speeded up the war, when the executive under Asquith had grown slack. It was the Reichstag that forced the impending popularization of the German Government. It was the Duma that made the Russian revolution. These great achievements have been possible because the legislatures of the several countries concerned asserted themselves with vigor. In our country we have had, ever since the war began, a persistent attempt to discredit our Legislature by bureaucrats connected with the executive. Let us be warned in time. There must be no muzzling of Congress, the only authority empowered to ask questions. President Wilson spoke wise words when he referred to the power to ask questions—the most precious power the legislative branch possesses next to that of impeachment and that of withholding appropriations. The bare suggestion that Congress ought to adjourn this month—made by the bureaucrats, of course—is ominous. It suggests that there are schemes afoot and that the bureaucrats behind them do not want embarrassing questions asked.

LET US LEARN TO FIGHT
BEFORE WE DIE FOR
OUR COUNTRY.

THAT is a wise policy which would train our youth before sending them to die vainly for their country. The policy of training during a period of a year is the wisest yet adopted. A soldier cannot be made in a few months. We need two or three million trained soldiers. Otherwise our declaration of war upon the greatest military power in the world is a bad joke at our expense. To hurry our young men to Europe before they are soldiers would be a crime against the American people. In two years' time, if we are efficient, we can have a couple of million of trained soldiers, all ready to take the field and prepared to fight scientifically. Therefore we favor compulsory service, by which we mean a mobilization of the national forces in a soundly administrative manner. This point would be better appreciated, we think, if the martinets and the militant militarists did not rush forward with their bludgeons and threaten Congress in its favor. Woodrow Wilson has shown his wisdom in giving his approval to the scheme of compulsory service. The only alternative is the voluntary enlistment scheme, which would be a success, in point of numbers, we believe, if placed in friendly hands. The objection to that scheme is, that while it is poetical and beautiful, it does not permit of scientific training. It can be argued in its favor that the conscripts of the German military machine are being driven back by an army of volunteers from England, but we do not think this an accurate statement of the case. We believe the French conscript army has had more to do with the events of the past few weeks in the theatre of war than any volunteer army. Another drawback to the volunteer army system is the difficulty of keeping it in the country until it is properly trained. The task of equipping it would be another affair of giants. We would not be understood as condemning the system of volunteering. Our point is that in the present emergency it would not yield an adequate army scientifically trained. It might yield a larger mob.

THE STATE OF THE
GERMAN MIND TODAY.

IT is well to remember that all the news we get about the Germans comes through enemy sources, sources, that is to say, hostile to the Imperial German Government. That government, we may rest assured, will fight to the last gasp. It has no idea at all of surrendering, of weakening, of putting itself into the position of a suppliant for peace. Therefore, we shall have a long and hard fight to impose our will upon official Berlin. The policy of the Imperial German Government seems to be to ring itself within Central Europe and, by controlling an empire of the land, defy for the time being whatever strength may be brought

to bear against it even by sea. The retreat of the forces under Hindenburg confirms us in this view. There is no reason to suspect that the Germans will soon abandon all thought of starving out their foes by way of the sea. There will be a continuance of the submarine war in an energetic fashion, but that the weapon is henceforth to be a main reliance of the Marineamt we decline to believe. We—not the Germans—overestimate the sea factor. We look, as some British experts do, for another dash of the high seas fleet into the open. The Germans have by no means placed all their hopes upon the submarine, it is useless to expect them to give in should that weapon prove a failure. When we speak of the submarine proving a failure, we have reference to the large naval aspect of the phrase. The effect of submarine warfare upon the Allies is staggering, but Germany's chief reliance still remains her army. Hence, all talk of a collapse in Germany if the submarine is proved inadequate to the strain imposed upon it must still further mislead our people. Let us, to repeat, get into our heads the idea that we have a long and stern fight ahead of us with an enemy who will not confess himself beaten. The only way to shorten the war is to arm. If we are in a war, let us not expect others to fight our battles. Let us fight our own battles. The triumph will then be ours, and ours alone.

UNREASONABLE
EXPECTATIONS
OF PEACE.

MUCH mischief may have been done by premature rumors of impending peace. These reports have a tendency to mislead the American mind into a depreciation of the crisis that is upon us. President Wilson's latest warning is timely. Already there are ill-informed men and women observing that since peace is a possibility of the near future, the measures adopted to put the country in a state of defense will be superfluous. This is the idlest and vainest twaddle quite apart from the fact that it leads to peril. Peace or no peace, now or next year, we must stake nothing upon any such prospect. Let us not commit the blunder of despising the foe—the worst of all blunders in war. This country is confronted with a serious danger. We are a people bred to peace in a world at arms. We are at war with the most determined military power that has come into being since the days of the Roman Empire under Augustus. If we do not put ourselves into a posture of defense we might as well confess ourselves defeated and make what terms we can with the enemy. The talk about peace in a little while is interfering with the spirit of patriotism, which bids us make ready. We see no reason at all to take stock in the peace talk. That talk has echoed and echoed ever since the world took its stand at Armageddon.

THE HOUR OF PERIL FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THERE are fundamental misconceptions of the war upon which we have embarked. The American people are the victims of these errors. They are errors of perspective, of proportion, of point of view. If these things persist, the task of fighting the war will be rendered greater. There is no enemy like ignorance.

The most singular of all the misconceptions in the American mind concerns "isolated" Germany. Our people seem to think that Germany is fighting all the world. Germany is at the head of a powerful alliance, in possession of the garden spot of the world. Germany is supported by Austria, by Hungary—really an independent kingdom—by a powerful Balkan state and by the empire of the Ottomans. The forces of which she disposes are very formidable. She is the mistress of Central Europe. Germany, then, is not alone, but supported. Let us remember this.

The next blunder of our people has to do with sea power. We think of a Germany "hemmed in." In a sense, we, too, are hemmed in. There is no doubt that in a war involving a co-operation of land power with sea power, the latter will be the decisive factor. But a land war—and to Germany this is primarily a land war—can be waged indefinitely if the troops be trained, the command efficient and the supplies hold out. To Germany, the war, in its vital relation to her purpose, is a land war. There never was much truth in the British theory that should the submarine fail, the war on Germany's side will fail. The submarine is not essential to Germany's purpose in Mitteleuropa. We are told that the Germans are cherishing a delusion about England. They think the war has resolved itself into a problem of reducing England with the submarine. Whatever the masses of the people in Germany may think, we may rest assured that the general staff in Berlin has no such misconception of the war. To the military magnates of Germany this war is a series of vast operations on land for the consolidation of a power that shall dominate Europe from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf.

Germany might be compared with a lion that has taken refuge in a long cave. The cave has two openings, one to the north—the North Sea. The other opening is in Arabia and the Mediterranean. Between

the two openings of the cave of refuge is a vast region in which the lion can forage. The pursuers at each end or opening of the cave do not realize this. Their ships represent these watchers at the two entrances of the cave of our illustration. Central Europe is Germany's cave.

The war has thus become a sort of lion hunt. Our mistake consists in the idea that the lion has no friends, no owners, so to speak. Well, the lion—the Imperial German Government—has the German people back of him. It is to be feared that the words of President Wilson, intended to separate the German people from their government, will have just the opposite effect. The words of our President may achieve the purpose intended—in time. For the moment the people of Germany are disposed to resent so open an effort to win them from their allegiance. Let us not forget the blunder of Genet when Washington was President. Genet was the ambassador of France in this country. He undertook to appeal to the people over the head of Washington, and that destroyed the cause of France with us. It may be that President Wilson has made the mistake of Genet. Time will tell.

In any event, it behooves the American people to win a more accurate perspective of the war. It is a great undertaking. We must not rest content with distributing money. That was the policy of Carthage. In the end Carthage went down. Let us do what the Romans did. Let us arm ourselves. Let us refrain from the practice of despising the foe. The foe is not to be despised. He is dangerous. He may be deadly. Our standpoint is American.

There is in the air nowadays a new cosmopolitanism which makes all the world one—with the exception of Germany. Our American trait is provincialism. Let us stick to our provincialism. The men who won the War of the Revolution were provincials. The Mexican War was won by the parochial, the petty. The Civil War was domestic. Let us, by all means, defeat Germany, but let us, as we have urged elsewhere, do it ourselves. The policy of hiring other people to fight our battles is a dangerous one. If the people who fight our battles for us are not content with our terms, they may sell us out to our enemy, who will allow all kinds of plunder—from us. Mercenary war is as fatal to those who instigate it as to those whom it bleeds white. Remember Carthage.



TRECENTO

By HANNS HEINZ EWERS.

PERSONS:

FERRUCCIO II, DUKE OF APULIA (40)
 NYSSA, AN ALBANIAN GIRL (17)
 BRACKE, A GERMAN KNIGHT (45)
 CASERTA (68)
 STROPPA (25)
 TOSCANINI (30)

} AT FERRUCCIO'S COURT

THEOTOCOPOULOS, A GREEK PHYSICIAN (55)

SERVANTS

Bari, Apulia, Fourteenth Century.

(The castle of the duke. A large hall, rather low-vaulted, Gothic. On the right in the rear, a window set in a very thick wall. A huge curtain occupies the middle of the rear wall; back of it stand in rows the embalmed corpses. Many men, a few women; all in white shrouds. A few places in between are still unoccupied. All the corpses have, around the neck, a halter that is fastened to the beam above. This makes them seem to swing in mid-air. In the free places, empty halters hang from the beams. The curtain is closed. To the left an oriel with several windows, in it a few arm chairs. To the right of the curtain a window—then a door that leads down from the staircase.

To the right and left are doors, masked by hangings. Nothing on the walls, only a few large sconces with many candles. Vaulted ceiling, arches! Dark marble pavement. A rather small table, on it a large wine decanter, glasses, fruit dish, silver cake basket! Beside the table a very large arm chair and two small arm chairs. Against the wall several large and small arm chairs. Under the table, etc., is a medium-sized carpet. It is evening, only a few candles are burning. The hall is faintly lit. To the right is the banqueting hall, to the left are the sleeping apartments of the duke.)

SCENE I.

FERRUCCIO: Bring him in here, the Teuton. Advise me, as soon as his horsemen have passed the gate. Who has the guard?

CASERTA: Count Stroppa, Sire.

FERRUCCIO: 'Tis well! Thou and he must entertain him. Tell him I banquet within, tell him to await me. Let him not grow impatient—let him not become aware of what is passing within.

CASERTA: The noise, Sire—

FERRUCCIO: What noise? That he can hear; do we not banquet within? Only that the envoys of the French King are in the castle—that is he not to know—that not. And watch ye that none enter from the banqueting hall.

TOSCANINI: Be sure of that, Your Grace.

FERRUCCIO: The German Knight must wait until I come. Gossip with him, drink deep and make him to drink—Is the wine tasted? Leech!

THEOTOCOPOULOS (*enters from the rear*): I myself saw it poured in, Your Grace.

FERRUCCIO: No matter—taste it again. And taste the pastry, every piece. (*The physician pours out a glass of wine, drinks. The two others break off small bits of the pastry and eat them.*)

CASERTA: Superfluous prudence, Sire.

FERRUCCIO: Superfluous? Did none yet die of poison in the Castle of Bari?

TOSCANINI: If thou didst not command it.

FERRUCCIO: So, only then? Can I myself eat a mouth-

ful that has not been tasted? And this German must not die—not today! Within three days I should have the Emperor's whole pack at my heels. (*The blast of a horn is heard in the distance.*) That is the signal—they pass the gate. A woman, bring him a woman, that the time may not seem long to him. I will see to it that those within soon drink the Frenchmen under the table! Take one of the dancers—take the tall wench from Naples! No—take rather the small, slender one—the willow-wand, the one that was brought yesterday to the castle. What do they call her?

TOSCANINI: Nyssa—she came with a bark from Ragusa.

FERRUCCIO: Yes, she. She laughs, lewdly, like a Thesalian witch. She dances and bends, that the men become brutish dogs! Take her—she will make even the blood of the heavy German ox to seethe. Promise her ten Venetian gold pieces, make her to dance, wildly and hotly—and disappear! She must caress and flatter him—sit on his knee! Open the door there into the sleeping room—open it wide. (*Caserta goes to the right, opens it.*)—That the Teuton may see the open bed! (*Laughs.*) There may he drag her. Bring her in! (*Exit Toscanini; Caserta returns.*) The Teuton must remain till I have finished with the Frenchmen, that he must! You answer to me for that. Well—how is it with the wine, leech?

THEOTOCOPOULOS: Pure and clear. I would give it to my own father and mother.

FERRUCCIO: So come! The Parisian lords await us. (*They go to the door on the left. The physician opens the curtain, from the other side enter Nyssa and Toscanini. She makes a deep obeisance before the duke.*)

FERRUCCIO: That is she. Set her to learn her part. Do thy task well, little wench. (*He passes through the door with the physician, Caserta remains behind, Toscanini and Nyssa advance.*)

SCENE II.

(*Nyssa in a fantastic dancer's costume, Caserta, Toscanini.*)

TOSCANINI: Now give heed, wench! Dance—till the eyes of the German swine stick out like buttons from his head. Tear thy kerchief off—that he may see thy impudent childish charms. (*He takes hold of her laughingly and tries to pull off her kerchief—she draws back a step.*) There is the bedroom, mind that. Coax him into there, dost thou hear? And do not let him go, the hairy bear—hold him fast until the duke comes!—Then is thy fortune made, girl.

(*Again the blast of a horn is heard, this time nearer.*)

CASERTA: They are in the castle. Go to meet the Knight, friend.

TOSCANINI: I go. (*Exit toward the back on the right.*)

CASERTA (*accompanies him*): And forget not to give the order to care for his horsemen and for their mounts.

TOSCANINI (*laughing*): Eat and drink—that they shall.

CASERTA (*Looks after him and closes the door, then returns to Nyssa, who meanwhile has remained standing in the same place*): We are alone—for a few moments only. Tell me girl—quick! Thou gavest me a ring yesterday (*he draws it out*) my ring—how didst thou come by it?

NYSSA: A messenger brought it me—many years ago, when I was yet a child. Brought also a letter. In it was written that I should go to thee—with this ring. It said also that thou hadst taken part in the conspiracy of the men of Ragusa. All were murdered by thy duke—thou alone didst escape. But thou didst swear, like the others, to keep silence

and to give help—then and ever—to any one who would bring death to the duke. And thereon thou didst receive the sacrament. So ran the letter.

CASERTA: Who wrote the letter?

NYSSA: It matters not who wrote it.

CASERTA: Who art thou, girl?

NYSSA: It matters not who I am. Didst thou swear the oaths?

CASERTA (*nods*).

NYSSA: So help me, Knight.

CASERTA: What wilt thou do?

NYSSA: Kill the duke.

CASERTA: Thou?

NYSSA: Yes, I. Dost thou not hear me? And thou must help me.

CASERTA (*laughs aloud*): Thou—a child, and I, an old man; a noble conspiracy, forsooth. (*To her.*) Maiden, twenty years have I passed at the duke's court—many a plot saw I—many a—

NYSSA: Hast thou no cause for revenge?

CASERTA: Two sons of mine did he stab—two! There hang—(*She turns, points to the curtain with a faint motion, sobs.*)

NYSSA: What ails thee, old man?

CASERTA: Naught, naught! The duke is a good man! He bereft me not of them—any day I can see my sons.

NYSSA: I understand thee not.

CASERTA: No, no! Thou art only one day in Apulia. Stay here—wilst understand it soon enough! (*He controls himself.*) Maiden, whoever thou art—fare home over the sea. That man is stronger than thou or I.

NYSSA: However mighty he may be—I will kill him.

CASERTA: Thou! The duke!

NYSSA: Procure me an opportunity to approach him. I know how to handle a knife—will slip it into my sleeve that none may see it. Can draw it out on the instant—can stab; know also how to throw it—at twenty paces, that it strikes his heart and pierces it.

CASERTA: That wilt thou do?

NYSSA: That will I do. Thereon took I the Sacrament, as thou didst.

CASERTA: So, so. Perhaps thy little hand is Heaven's weapon.

NYSSA: So help me. How can I do it?

CASERTA: Thou must—wait. (*He reflects.*) There is but one way.

NYSSA: Which one?

CASERTA: Thou must do what the duke commands.

NYSSA: What? Dance before the stranger that you await? Caress him—drink with him—and then, with the drunken one—

CASERTA: Yes, that must thou do.

NYSSA (*proudly*): For that came I not here.

CASERTA: And still it *must* be. Dost thou refuse—so will the duke order thee to be flogged and driven from the castle. Nevermore shalt thou approach him.

NYSSA: I—I should (*proudly*) I am of princely blood. (*Softly.*) I was reared in the mountains; I am pure as the snow of our mountains.

CASERTA (*to her*): A virgin—innocent—unkissed. Go, maiden, desist. I shall take thee down, shall bring thee through a quiet gate unto the port. Tonight there sails a ship across the sea—return thou home.

NYSSA (*after a short silence*): No! Tell me—if I do it, what then?

CASERTA: Then the duke will summon thee, will give

thee gold, will listen to thy tale—will laugh at thy modesty. Then go very near to him—then—

NYSSA: Then I can stab him. I will do it, Knight, I will do it. (*Loud voices are heard from without in the rear.*)

CASERTA: Maiden, here they come. Go thou up there. (*He points to the oriel; she goes there. He accompanies her for a few steps, then turns toward the door to meet the others.*)

SCENE III.

(*Caserta, Toscanini, Stroppa, Bracke.*)

(*Toscanini and Stroppa enter with Bracke, the latter in full armor with a helmet.*)

STROPPA: Enter here, noble lord! Here wait and rest awhile. So long were you in the saddle.

BRACKE: Be so kind and inform your master of my coming. My time is short.

TOSCANINI: He knows already that you are here, Sir Knight. He banquets within with the Bishop of Tarentum and his retinue. He will soon dismiss the priests.

BRACKE: How long will it be?

CASERTA: A short hour.

BRACKE: An hour? (And an Italian one to boot!) Tell thy duke that I have not that much time. Tell him, my Imperial master awaits an answer. (*As they show no signs of doing his bidding, urgently.*) Go, I tell you, announce me.

CASERTA: Go, Stroppa, tell the duke. (*He accompanies Stroppa for a few steps, whispering, then returns. Exit Stroppa by left-hand door.*)

TOSCANINI: Be seated, Sir Knight. Will you not lay aside your armor?

BRACKE: No. (*Seats himself.*)

TOSCANINI (*fills a glass*): A swallow of wine, Sir Knight?

BRACKE: Thanks, no.

CASERTA: Are you not thirsty?

BRACKE: Yes. I am thirsty.

CASERTA: And still you will not drink, Sir Knight?

BRACKE: No.

CASERTA (*rises*): To thy Emperor's health! Wilst thou not pledge me there?

BRACKE: No.

TOSCANINI: Do you fear poison? Sec, I drink first.

BRACKE: Give yourself no pains. When the duke himself will taste first of my wine, then will I drink. Otherwise not. So runs my order.

CASERTA: Tell me, how long did you ride to Bari?

BRACKE: Fourteen hours.

TOSCANINI: And are you not spent?

BRACKE: No.

CASERTA: You passed the port—saw you our ships? How does Bari please you?

BRACKE: I know not.

TOSCANINI: Tell me, Sir Knight, are you—

BRACKE (*interrupts him.*)..Desist. I need no entertainment. I can wait in silence.

(*Toscanini looks at Caserta questioningly. He motions with his head toward the oriel. Toscanini arises, goes to the oriel. Pretends to be surprised on seeing the girl.*)

TOSCANINI (*to Nyssa*): What doest thou here, little wench? Thou must have been dreaming about the moon and have fallen asleep! Within they need thee, thou art to dance before the Bishop! Come, girl! (*Nyssa advances.*)

CASERTA: Within are enough dancers. Remain thou here—dance for the German Knight, that the time hang not heavy on his hands.

TOSCANINI: That is well said. Dance before the envoy of the Emperor. And *(with emphasis)* do thy task well.

TOSCANINI *(quickly to Nyssa, half whispering)*: Lift thy skirts, wench, swing thy legs—make him to sweat through his steel armor.

CASERTA: Wilst thou excuse us, Sir Knight?

BRACKE: Call the Duke Ferruccio.

(Exeunt Toscanini and Caserta to the left, with profound obeisances.)

SCENE IV.

(Nyssa, Bracke.)

(Nyssa advances still further, always her eyes on the Knight. She is frightened, undecided. He takes no notice of her.)

NYSSA: Shall I dance, Sir Knight?

BRACKE: Do as thou wilt.

NYSSA *(hesitates, then begins to dance. At first timidly, then, as if moved by sudden resolution, wildly and passionately.)*

BRACKE *(at first does not glance in her direction, but then begins to notice her. She dances savagely—comes nearer, ends one step away from him, panting.)*

BRACKE: Thou dancest well, maiden.

NYSSA *(panting)*: So it is said.

BRACKE: I believe thee; I understand not such things.

NYSSA *(hesitates again, does not know what to do. She then takes the glass, offers it to him with a half gesture.)*

BRACKE *(laughs shortly)*.

NYSSA *(lets her arm sink again, puts down the glass. Hesitates again. Bites her lips, steps close to him. After a pause)*: Sire.

BRACKE: What now?

NYSSA *(quickly)*: Do I please thee?

BRACKE: Why not? Art young and fair.

NYSSA *(fumbles at her dress)*: Sir Knight *(tonelessly)* wilt thou—

BRACKE *(laughs shortly)*: I thought so! Let thy dress be.

NYSSA: Sir. *(She retreats a few steps, bursts out sobbing and covers her face with her hands.)*

BRACKE *(looks at her in silence. After a pause)*: Come here, girl.

NYSSA *(approaches)*.

BRACKE *(sharply)*: Thou art in the Duke's pay?

NYSSA *(hesitates, then nods)*.

BRACKE: Hast been trained for thy part?

NYSSA *(nods again)*.

BRACKE: Art to seduce me, is it not so?

NYSSA *(nods, glances involuntarily toward the open bedroom.)*

BRACKE *(follows her glance, turns—sees the uncovered bed, bursts into loud laughter)*: And the bed, too, is there! Thou hast no luck, maiden! Tell me, what does the Duke pay thee for this?

NYSSA *(low)*: I know not.

BRACKE *(arises, takes a small purse from his belt, offers it to her)*: Here, take. This may be more! The Emperor pays better than thy Duke.

NYSSA *(stands motionless. Suddenly she rushes toward him with a cry, throws herself at his feet)*: Thou canst do it. Thou! Help me, my lord! Kill him!

BRACKE: The duke?

NYSSA: Kill him—Ah—I hate him.

BRACKE: More than one in his land hates him.

NYSSA *(clasps his knees)*: Sire, sire, thou art strong. Thou art of iron. Kill him—

BRACKE: Rise, maiden!

NYSSA: The duke murdered my—

BRACKE: Arise! I will not know whom he murdered.

NYSSA *(moaning)*: Kill him.

BRACKE: My emperor needs the living duke—not the dead. *(He unclasps her hands, retreats a few steps. Walking up and down.)* Hast no luck, girl, neither with love nor with revenge.

NYSSA *(springs up, approaching him)*: Thou goest? Stay—stay!

BRACKE: Call the duke, maiden.

NYSSA *(stands a moment, then runs across the hall. Tears back the curtain, and calls very loudly into the banquet hall)*: Duke, Duke Ferruccio.

(From the hall comes drunken clamor. Bracke advances again, looks toward the door. After a moment Ferruccio enters by the door, with him Caserta and Toscanini. He is somewhat intoxicated.)

SCENE V.

(Ferruccio, Bracke, Caserta, Toscanini, Nyssa.)

FERRUCCIO *(enters)*: Ah—the German Knight! *(He greets him with a wave of his hand. Bracke nods. Ferruccio to Caserta and Toscanini, in a half-whisper)*: That went faster than I thought. They are almost done for. Go drink with them to a finish.

(Exit Caserta and Toscanini. Meanwhile Nyssa has drawn back into the oriel, unnoticed. Ferruccio advances): Be seated, Sir Knight.

BRACKE *(waits until the duke is seated, then seats himself also)*.

FERRUCCIO: What, the wine still untasted? Drink with me?

BRACKE *(takes the glass, raises it, but does not drink.)*

FERRUCCIO *(sees his action, starts, laughs)*: I understand. *(Fills his own glass, drinks.)* To your good health! Are you satisfied?

BRACKE: To Your Grace's health! *(He drains his glass. The duke refills both glasses.)*

FERRUCCIO: I kept you waiting. I know how pressing is your mission—still I made you wait. Forgive me. Look, you, the Tarentian Bishop—

BRACKE: The Frenchman mean you, Your Grace.

FERRUCCIO *(standing up)*: Sir Knight—

BRACKE: The Emperor would be but poorly served did he not know who rides in through the gates of Bari.

FERRUCCIO: The Bishop of Tarentum and his train rode this noon into my town.

BRACKE: And three hours later came the Parisian envoys—you would conceal them from me—and me from them. Your Grace does well.

FERRUCCIO: And if I should swear to you.

BRACKE: Swear or swear not—or spare yourself the pains; we have been long enough in this land to know what your oaths are worth, duke.

FERRUCCIO *(springs up)*: You go too far—Sir! *(Controls himself, drinks.)* The Emperor has sent me a sorry man. He makes it hard to treat with him.

BRACKE: No, he makes it easy. We know well where we stand with you—so now you also may learn our thoughts. A fair exchange. You know the Emperor's terms—do you accept them? Yes or no?

FERRUCCIO: And do you know also what the king promises me? Three times as much! All Naples and—

BRACKE: We know that well. And know, too, that he cannot keep his word. The Emperor keeps his. Duke—it is to your profit to go with us.

FERRUCCIO: I must think the matter over. *(He drinks.)*

BRACKE: Not an hour longer. If you will not consent now, the Emperor will not delay his answer. He will march upon Bari. And in three weeks—will dash the crown from your head.

FERRUCCIO (*drinks*): When shall my troops join yours?

BRACKE: In eight days—near Altamura. Twelve thousand footmen and your two thousand Saracen horsemen.

FERRUCCIO: The Saracens I must keep. They are my bodyguard.

BRACKE: Those we must have you send. Just those.

FERRUCCIO: You drive a hard bargain, Sir Knight!

BRACKE: Why resist, Your Grace? It is to your profit—and you know that well.

FERRUCCIO (*after a short pause*): So tell the Emperor that I accept his conditions—fairly and freely. I join his army at the appointed time, near Altamura. I myself take command of my troops.

BRACKE: No, Your Grace, that will you not. I and none other command your troops.

FERRUCCIO (*springs up*): That is—

BRACKE (*stands up, firmly*): The Emperor's order. Be calm, Your Grace. We are friends; forget that not!

FERRUCCIO (*bursts into laughter*): Good friends are we, forsooth! (*Fills both glasses to brim, drinks to Bracke.*) To our friendship, Sir Bracke!

BRACKE (*drinks with him. The duke has become more and more intoxicated.*)

FERRUCCIO: If thou knewest, what I wish thee, with this draught!

BRACKE: I wish not to know.

FERRUCCIO (*continuing, laughing, half intoxicated*): I love thee, Sir Bracke! I would keep thee by me, here in this hall!

BRACKE: I serve the Emperor.

FERRUCCIO: As long as there is life in thee, just so long! I love thee dearly, German Knight!

BRACKS: 'Tis said Your Grace knows better how to hate than love.

FERRUCCIO: To hate—to love—are they not the same? What I hate and what I love—that will I have. And what I have—that will I keep. (*Laughs.*) Thee, too! I would have thee and keep thee—for me alone. And then would I love thee—even if once I hated.

BRACKE: I understand you not.

FERRUCCIO: No? The Duke of Milan collects gay-colored pictures and the Pope marble statues that are dug out of the ground. 'Tis said that thy Emperor collects old manuscripts, parchments, Greek, Roman, and Arabic—I, too, collect. I collect the people that I love.

BRACKE: So wish I you much luck for your collection. Does Your Grace dismiss me now?

FERRUCCIO: Yes—yes—ride thou, Knight. And forget not, once shall I have thee in my collection. (*He refills his glass.*) To that I drink. (*Drinks.*)

BRACKE: Let me take my leave. (*Both go toward the rear to the door.*)

FERRUCCIO: I go with thee. I must impress thy face upon my memory, lest I forget it. Have fresh mounts been given thee?

BRACKE: Count Stroppa gave the order.

FERRUCCIO: Then are they in readiness below; come, Sir Knight. (*Both exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.

(*Nyssa, later Caserta.*)

NYSSA (*comes out of the oriel slowly and cautiously, looks around, goes to the door, looks after the two. Returns then to the center of the stage, stands irresolute.*)

CASERTA (*enters by the door on the left, sees her*): Thou here, girl?

NYSSA (*points to the oriel*): There I remained. None heeded me.

CASERTA: For that thank Heaven? Did they come to an agreement?

NYSSA: I think so. I understood not much of what they said.

CASERTA: Drank they?

NYSSA: The German Knight drank little. The duke much. What shall I do?

CASERTA: I know not. Perchance the duke will return—will call thee—speak with thee—

NYSSA (*wildly*): And then I can—

CASERTA: Perhaps—I know not—but go now—go! If he sees thee here, he will be suspicious, will have thee driven from the castle. Go—quickly.

NYSSA (*Takes a few steps toward the door on the left. Caserta drawing her back.*)

CASERTA: No—not there. They banquet still. They will see that thou didst come from here, will understand that thou wast present at the duke's conference with the Teuton. Will question thee—will tell the duke. (*He goes to the door in the rear.*) Go out here. Remain below on the stair—in case the duke calls thee.

NYSSA (*follows him to the door.*)

CASERTA (*starts back*): The duke is below.

NYSSA (*goes swiftly to the bedroom.*)

CASERTA: No—that, too, is impossible. The bedroom has only this one door—if they find thee there—hidden—thy life is at stake.

NYSSA (*stands irresolute*): Where, then, shall I go?

CASERTA (*looks around him*): Maiden, hast thou courage?

NYSSA (*nods resolutely.*)

CASERTA: Come, then! (*He leads her to the curtain, takes hold of the curtain, that is divided into many parts. He trembles—lets fall the curtain again.*) My sons—my two sons.

NYSSA (*has followed him.*)

CASERTA (*controls himself*): Maiden, if Heaven sent thee—. If this night—(*he lifts a bit of the lower edge of the curtain. Looks in. Lifts up a piece further along. Draws out a white shroud, gives it to her.*) There, take!

NYSSA: What is that? (*Takes it.*)

CASERTA: Take off thy dancing dress. Put on this!

NYSSA: A silken shift!

CASERTA: Draw it on! Make haste. (*She begins to unfastens her dress.*) Haste thee, the duke comes. (*Steps are heard.*) Slip in here! (*He draws back the curtain, only an empty space is to be seen; from above a rope hangs down.*) See not to the right—nor to the left—touch nothing—to the right of thee nor to the left. Nothing, dost thou hear? And even if thy blood freeze in thy veins—stir not! And when the duke comes, if he perchance does draw back the curtain—stir not! Don thy shroud—and—in the name of all the Holy Saints—stir not! Whatever happens—stir not!

NYSSA (*has opened her garment, but has not yet taken it off. She mounts the steps, Caserta draws the curtain behind her.*) (*N. B.—At this spot in the background is a small opening so that the actress, during the time the curtain is closed, can easily go out to take off her dress and put on the shroud. She then returns and stands there in her shift, the dress lies at her feet. The noose of the rope is back of her head.*)

CASERTA (*panting, stands before the closed curtain and crosses himself. The duke's voice is heard; Caserta advances to meet him.*)

SCENE VII.

(Ferruccio, Caserta, Stroppa, Servants.)

FERRUCCIO (*enters, accompanied by two servants, Saracens, Stroppa. Goes to window, looks out*): There they ride, the horsemen! How they gleam! Steel and iron!

STROPPA: Are not our coats-of-mail better, Your Grace? Those from Otranto?

FERRUCCIO: Yes—they gleam brightly. And are proof against a stab! But within is honey and filth. Fellows like thee, Stroppa; of what avail then is the armor? (*He laughs aloud.*) Answer, thou putty-faced rogue!

STROPPA: Sire—

FERRUCCIO (*aping him*): Sire—Sire! Yes, that is all you can say. (*To Caserta.*) Where are the Frenchmen?

CASERTA: Still at table, Your Grace.

FERRUCCIO: They have drunk enough. Have them seized.

STROPPA: The King's envoys?

FERRUCCIO: Yes—they! I need them no longer. The dungeon waits—rejoices already at receiving visitors! Seize them, bind them well—bring them to the keep. I am on the Emperor's side. (*Stroppa and Caserta bow, go toward the door on the left.*) Old man! (*Caserta remains standing, exit Stroppa.*)

CASERTA: My Lord commands?

FERRUCCIO: Let all the tailors and armorers be summoned in the town and in the castle. Instantly! Set them to work day and night. They must make Saracen accoutrements and weapons. Two thousand—hearest thou—two thousand! In one week they must be finished!

CASERTA: In one week?

FERRUCCIO: Not one day more. (*Laughs.*) I will hang the rags on the horse-boys—on my wretched Campanian camp-followers. (*Stands by the table, drinks again.*) So, old man, go watch over the tailoring.

CASERTA (*bows. Exit on the left.*)

FERRUCCIO (*to the servants*): Undress me! (*They begin to do so.*) My Saracens wilt thou have, German Knight? Thou shalt have them! Saracens that turn tail at the blast of a trumpet! Saracens that would rather eat macaroni than draw the bow; that hang from their horses like sacks of meal—full of lice and half-starved. (*Laughs.*) Thou shalt have thy fill of them! (*The servants draw off his outer garment, lay belt and dagger on the table, throw a half oriental sleeping robe around him. To the servants.*) Fill up my glass! One draught more—before I go to bed—and now go—friends—faithful dogs—lie down—each before his door. (*The servants, bow and leave—one by the door in the rear, one by that on the left.*)

SCENE VIII.

(Ferruccio. Later Nyssa.)

FERRUCCIO (*drinks*): I have drunk deep today (*laughs*) have both drunk and eaten well (*takes a piece of pastry. Eats.*) The knight is right—it is to my profit to go with the Emperor. He is mighty and what he promises he keeps, and the Frenchman lies. But because he lies—I can lie to him—and because he is a knave—I can be an even greater one. The Teuton is strong, honest and wise, and he makes us feel that he is better than we. He lords it over us—and lets us realize well that we are not his equals. Straightforward is he. His answer is yes or no, and that all because he is strong and holds the sword in his hand. He knows no fear—like a wild bull. The Teuton is a beast—and not a man! (*He drinks again.*) The Frenchman? I can despise him—and therefore—like him. And the Teuton who compels me

to acknowledge him—him I hate—for that very reason! That he can not understand—that does not penetrate into his bear's skull. (*He laughs out loud.*) Only wait, my Sir Bracke, I will teach you that as soon as I can have thee here—among the others. (*He walks to the curtain.*) I shall have thee, fear not. Therefore will I announce thee now, proud knight—thou wilt be the first German in my train. (*He parts the curtain quickly. The corpses are seen hanging there, all in white shrouds. Mostly men, two or three women in between; a few places are empty; shrouds lie on the ground below them. Nyssa stands among the corpses. Ferruccio stands in an empty place.*) Here is a pretty spot for you, Sir Bracke. (*He lifts the shroud, plays with it, then throws it down again.*) The shroud will become thee better than thy steel armor! And the rope is strong and stout. (*He laughs, turns back, seats himself on his chair, drinks, facing the curtain.*) To your health, dear friends! I have solved the problem how to turn the worst enemies into the best of friends, can do it better than all the emperors and kings in the world. Kill them with knife and poison or halter—have them embalmed by skillful Greek physicians—and hang them up—neatly in rows! There they become well-behaved, become tame—lose their evil thoughts! Is it not so? You there, Count Ascoli, eh? You were angry at me, hated me, because I stole your little daughter. Hadst played thy part badly, poor Count, for even before thy conspiracy was hatched, my Saracens caught thee. And thou, Balthasar Bitonto, Judge of Bari—who wouldst not condemn my Ancona captives! Once I hated and now I love thee! Hast changed thy views of right and justice now?

(*He rises, lifts his glass.*) Lucrezia Melfi—to thy good health! (*Pledges her.*) Dost remember—how thou didst give me poison in my wine—revenging thy sister's shame? Hadst to drink the cup thyself—fair Lucrezia—no tears, no struggles availed thee. First into the bed—dost remember?—and then the poisoned cup—what a night of bliss it was! Art no longer as beautiful as thou wast then, Lucrezia, in spite of all my embalmer's art—one still does shrivel.

Ah, I love you, dearest enemies—now my sweetest friends—and would not miss one of you. You, there, Errico and Dandolo—old Caserta's sons. You rode better than I, did you? To you love opened doors that only fear unbarred to me. Now no white hand caresses you—dear lads! Dream on of hot kisses—hanging in your hempen halters—fair brothers—the good old man's comfort and fond hope. (*He laughs loudly, drunkenly, lurches forward a step.*) I would kiss you all. You hated me, called down upon me death and destruction, and hang there now dear and good—gentle as sucking doves. (*Laughs ringingly.*) You would so like to harm me—but yet none can touch me—none.

NYSSA (*shrilly, loudly*): Yes, one, Duke Ferruccio.

FERRUCCIO (*staggers backward a step, appalled*): How? How? Who?

NYSSA: I, Duke Ferruccio!

FERRUCCIO (*Retreats still further; tries to steady himself by taking hold of the table.*)

NYSSA (*climbs down, walks slowly toward the duke.*)

FERRUCCIO (*sinks into the arm chair, clutches his head with his hand*): I—am—drunk—I am drunk.

NYSSA (*advancing a few steps*): Duke Ferruccio—

FERRUCCIO (*hoarsely, trembling with fear, in a strangled voice that he in vain tries to make louder*): Mehmet! Help! Rustem! Come! Help! Does no one hear me? Call the leech, varlets! I am ill—am in a fever—Mehmet! I see ghosts! The leech!

NYSSA (*advances still further*): Duke Ferruccio—

FERRUCCIO (*tries to rise by a tremendous effort; he suc-*

ceeds in raising himself, but his legs, trembling and knocking together, refuse to support him; he falls back heavily into the arm chair. Nyssa watches him, lying in wait for his every movement; always ready to throw herself on him; she has drawn a long dagger from her sleeve. When she sees that he cannot stand up she laughs aloud. Ferruccio pants, breathes heavily, beats his knees.)...Accursed wine! Accursed limbs!

NYSSA: It is not the wine—thy conscience cripples thee.

FERRUCCIO: I have no conscience—brand of Satan! (He tries to life his arm, it sinks back; he groans.)

NYSSA (feasting her eyes on his weakness, still observing him keenly): So thou feelest fear, fear of vengeance—fear of death! Fear makes thee helpless!

FERRUCCIO (with impotent fury): Those, there, feel fear—my arms and hands—my limbs! (With a mighty effort he lifts his trembling hand to his forehead.) That there—not—I.

NYSSA (laughs shrilly, lifts the gleaming dagger, as if in play.)

FERRUCCIO: Hellish spirit—ghost—whatever thou art—Fever—beast—approach. Breathe thy pestilential vapor—sink thy iron claws into my throat—I still will laugh—will spit into thy face—with my last breath.

NYSSA (starts, lets her arm sink slightly, then haughtily, proudly): I am no ghost—am living, as thou art.

FERRUCCIO (again makes a weak and futile attempt to rise. Laughs bitterly): Dead or alive—what matters it to me?

NYSSA: Dost thou know me?

FERRUCCIO (recognizes her): Thou art—the dancing girl that came from Ragusa. She danced—before the German knight.

NYSSA: I am she. And am also Danitza, Prenk Militin's daughter, the daughter of the Albanian Prince.

FERRUCCIO (scornfully): Whom I murdered as I did Hajan—his son—thy brother—(he laughs aloud).

NYSSA: To avenge them came I hither. (She lifts the dagger.)

FERRUCCIO: Cursed be thou and all thy kin!

NYSSA (cries out, rushes at him, plunges the dagger into his breast. Then retreats. Stands before him breathing heavily.)

FERRUCCIO (draws a deep breath, stands up suddenly with a jerk. The dagger falls clanging to the ground. Her look, which at first is expectant, becomes anxious—she does not know what is happening. He breathes as if inhaling new power. Suddenly he seizes her hand, and with a mighty sweep of his arm drags her to her knees before him. Laughs shortly): Stroppa was right; trusty are our coats of mail from Otranto! (He still holds her tightly, with his other hand he lifts the decanter, pours out some wine; gulps down a glassful.) That sweeps through the blood! (He thrusts her from him—takes a few steps.) The nightmare is gone—thanks for thy thrust, girl! Rise! (She gets up slowly.) Art a good maid—gavest me new life, not death. I cursed thee, thee and thy kin? No—no! Only good came to me from you, only kindness! The Madonna and all the Saints bless thee and thine. (Laughs.) All—dead and living! Thou tremblest, little one? Awake—laugh! Thou art fair—I will have thee—hearest thou? I love the fierce panther cats—and thou art wild, as was thy mother! (Coming nearer to her.) Dost thou know why thy father sought my life? Because I took thy mother—in the midst of a banquet—before all the drunken guests! For that he sought revenge. She

screamed and struggled and bit—and still none dared to wrest her from me—none, not even thy father. And then, little one, then in the night—in bed—(he motions with his head toward the bedroom)—she became tamed and—burning—kissed me, loved me—me, her master! Because I was stronger and wilder than they all. So shalt thou kiss me, girl.

NYSSA (stands rigid before him, motionless.)

FERRUCCIO (laughing loudly): Art afraid? Does thy little body say nay—as did my frame but now? Drink, drink! (He forces a glass on her.) Drink, I say, girl! (He holds the glass to her lips, she obeys and drinks.) Wait, little one, shalt see, how little I fear one of thy blood! (He throws off his garment, stands there in a coat of mail that covers his breast—his arms are bare—his legs are covered as far as the knees, from there down they are bare. He opens the coat of mail in front so that his breast is unprotected. Laughing.) A piece of prudence, girl, and a necessary one in this land. But not against thee, child, not against thee! There no coat of mail is necessary! Here, take thy dagger—stab me—here is my breast. (He picks up her dagger.) The point broken off—they make but sorry weapons in Albania. Take this one! (He lifts his dagger from the table, draws it from its sheath, gives it to her. She hesitates, then timidly takes the dagger. He tears open wide his coat of mail and remains standing in front of her.) If thou canst—stab me. (She hesitates.) How now? Dost think, I would seize thy hand? I shall not move! And mark me—my dagger is poisoned—needst only graze me—barely touch me, girl. No need of any strength—any child could do it!

NYSSA (tries to take a firmer hold of the dagger).

FERRUCCIO (more and more wildly): Dost not dare? I took thy mother—maiden—took her by force! (He stretches out his arm, his hand like a claw.) I murdered thy brother, girl—throttled him with this hand—here—in this very hall! Strike me! Strike! And thy father I stabbed, with the very same dagger that thou dost hold in thy hand! Avenge them—avenge thy mother, thy brother—avenge thy father!

NYSSA (resolutely advancing one step toward him—he holds her glance—she hesitates again.)

FERRUCCIO: Still not enough? Look around thee! There hangs thy father's corpse—beside thy brother's! (He points to them.) And between them—between their bodies didst thou stand, thou! Avenge them! (He stands there with outspread arms.)

NYSSA (advances half a step toward him, lifts her arm to stab. The dagger falls from her hand, her arm sinks. She wrings her hands, and lifts them toward him, imploringly; she is hardly mistress of herself): Sire—Sire—

FERRUCCIO (motionless): What wilt thou, girl?

NYSSA (tonclessly, despairingly, half breathless): I—love—thee.

FERRUCCIO (bursts into a short laugh): Thus I want thee—thus! Off then with the shroud—that was thy wedding shift! (Tears off the shroud, she stands there in a short, almost sleeveless white shift): How cold thou art—wilt soon be warm, trust me! (He seizes her, lifts her high in his arms, she lets herself be taken unresistingly): Come, little bride, the nuptial bed awaits us! (He carries her to the bedroom. On the threshold he pauses, turns back toward the curtain in the rear.) Bestow thy blessing on our night, Prince Prenk Militin! I thank thee for thy royal gift! Oh, yes—There shall be a victim tonight, but it will not be I. (He carries her into the room, laughing loudly.)

CURTAIN.

THE HIGH COUNTRY OF LOVE

By EDWIN MARKHAM.

(Here is one of the most remarkable pleas ever made for romantic love. Edwin Markham is one of the greatest of living Americans. Certainly he is America's greatest poet. Although many years have rolled across his soul his heart is still fresh and eager. Indeed, time has only mellowed and made more tender the spirit that burns in this lover of humanity. Nevertheless we cannot agree with Mr. Markham's estimate of such great lovers as Lord Byron, Swinburne and Catullus.)

MY Dear Poet—George Sylvester Viereck:

When I invaded Boston last month determined to shed light upon the Hub, your latest book of poems was the only book I carried with me for railway reading. I thank you for the gift that came so alive out of your lyric spirit.

Ever since you "made" the *Century Magazine* with that fine sonnet on Nineveh, I have watched with interest the rise of your poetic wings. You are still adding to the speed and elevation of your flight. You have kept alive in your heart the spirit of wonder. You are quick to see the significant under the commonplace, and you have the magic that summons the vivid word to interpret and irradiate your thought.

I observe that you are not of that modern group who scorn the past, the past which holds the ghosts of all the powers that have made us what we are. So I am glad that you have written poems that light with imagination the dusty ways of Egypt and Nineveh.

But you are not imbedded in the past: you are not chained by the distant and the dead. You turn also to find poetry in the throes and thunders of the rushing present. In your "Songs of Armageddon" you stand as the chief interpreter of the German spirit, in this hour when the eyes of the world are turned to the storied land of Grimm and Goethe and Wagner. I am interested in seeing that you are not enticed by any of the heresies that are so obnoxious in the new poetry.

You have fine poetic abilities, and I am a sincere admirer of your genius. So I am happy to note what seems to me to be a noble tendency in your treatment of the great fact of romantic love. I think I see this tendency in your lofty treatment of passion in your play, "From Death's Own Eyes." There are fine flashes of beauty in the play; but, above all, there is in it a sense of the *sacredness* of love.

And this reminds me that you say in your critique, "Edwin Markham is not a poet of passion." After this word from your pen, perhaps you may have some interest in knowing how I am impressed by the problem of romantic love.

I think it is Epictetus who condenses all moral principles into one flash of epigram: "There are some things that matter." It seems to me that our attitude toward love, toward the creative force, is one of the things that matters. So I am inclined to divide all poets into two groups. One group stains love with the sensual, with the "fetid breath" you speak of, or else they make of love the light plaything of an antic fancy; and the other group build for Love a temple of worship, a temple whose curtains are stirred by wafts of mystic wind from starry heavens. They feel that it is necessary to touch passion with the ideal sentiments in order that it may not sink into the sewers.

Love must not be confounded with lust: they are polar opposites. Lust has at heart the gratification of the self; while love has at heart the good of the loved one. Lust uses and flings away; while love is alive with the purpose of an infinite protection. Lust is gain: love is gift. Lust is prosaic and pedestrian: love is lyrical and winged. Lust travels the road to hell: love ascends forever into the immortal heavens.

WE see the decadent treatment of love in such poets as Ovid, Catullus, Tom Moore, Lord Byron, Algernon Charles Swinburne. We feel in them a light irreverence, if not an odious animalism. Ovid reeks with the sensual; Moore wreathes his irreverence in roses; Byron bedraggles love in the ditch-water of his "Don Juan"; Swinburne (much as I admire his genius) seems to find in love only the kisses that "sting" like snakes. Thus they too often clog the wings of Lord Eros with the slush of the street, instead of setting him free for an ascending flight into the empyrean. Turn to a typical page in Swinburne, turn to the words of Chastelard to Mary Stuart:

"I know not: men must love you in life's spite;
For you will always kill them; man by man
Your lips will bite them dead; yea, though you would,
You shall not spare one; all will die of you."

Of course, there are women of this serpent order—too many of them. But they are perverts, and they must not be given face and form to the exclusion of the noble woman, the woman of our dream. John Keats, in his *Lamia*, depicts the horror of the serpent woman; but, in his "Eve of Saint Agnes," he gives us a glimpse of the poetic and romantic woman.

The decadent poets leave Love dead by his defiled altars.

But in the poems of the other group of poets, Love appears as your Eros wreathed in an eternal beauty. Turn to such poets as Dante, Spenser, Schiller, Shelley, Keats, Scott, Hugo, Browning, Tennyson, Rossetti, Poe. They believe in Love and in his starry passion. They see the glories and the terrors of Love: they lift him to the skies. They speak his name with a hushed reverence. They erect an altar to the immortal god; and all their poesies to Love leave us bowed at that altar in an adoration that hushes and chastens the spirit. Love is revealed as a sweet religion.

DANTE unveils his love for Beatrice as the sacred mystery in his life. Touched with a heavenly chastity is Spenser's vision of the Nymphs and Graces dancing to a shepherd's pipe:

"A hundred naked maidens lily white,
All ranged in a ring and dancing in delight."

Shelley sings his ethereal passion:

"One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another."

"I can give not what men call love;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the heavens reject not—
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?"

VICTOR HUGO tells of the hour when he met in the street a very poor young man who was in love: "His hat was old, his coat was worn, his coat was out at elbows; the water passed through his shoes, and the stars through his soul!" Tennyson pours out his heart, remembering the dead days.

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others."

And again his romantic heart cries out when he hears the sea:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

This lofty ideality of love finds voice in Browning:

"O lyric Love, half angel and half bird;
And all a wonder and a wild desire!"

Again it finds expression:

"God be thanked: the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides—one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her!"

Rossetti also feels the hushed mystery: take these two fragments from "The House of Life":

"O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?"

"Lo what am I to Love, the Lord of all?
One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand—
One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest call
And veriest touch of powers primordial
That any hour-girt life may understand."

TURN now to a poem where the chaste spirit of Poe finds a noble utterance:

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

"On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home,
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome."

And we find the same starry passion in some of the old ballads: take "Helen of Kirconnell":

"I wish I were where Helen lies:
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell lea!

"O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind thy heart for ever mair,
Until the day I die.

"I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me!"

I DO not, my dear poet, sweep together these lyric testimonies in order to instruct you. I could not instruct you, a veteran in the Muse's service. I collect them chiefly to reveal a certain bent of my mind. I collect them, indeed, as a meditation upon your remark that I am "not a poet of passion."

It appears to me that the noblest poets of all time have always forged on past the isles of the sirens, the isles of the mere pleasure-hunters, and have ascended into Love's high country where passion hushes and humbles, consoles and consecrates. For all true romantic passion touches man with the glory of the heroic, fires him with an unselfish devotion to humanity. And there, in that high country, the great poets have erected a Temple of Love, a temple that they never enter except with silent steps and chastened hearts. Bowed in this golden house, they behold the birth of Love as the birth of a new heaven; and thereafter, in all the realms of existence, they sense his sacramental presence, his divine rapture, his lyric vision.

In a word, then, a true romantic love will always be alive with a sense of its sacredness, a feeling of its eternity. And I have tried to embody in my own poems this sense of the hushed mystery of love. I trust that this idealism is at the heart of "Virgilia" and "The Crowning Hour," two poems in my latest volume, "The Shoes of Happiness." In "The Crowning Hour," the widowed lover sorrows over his lost bride; yet he knows that he will find her again and find romantic youth again, in some other life, some diviner world.

I fancy that you will find yourself in sympathy with most of these words of mine—perhaps with all of them. In any event, believe me grateful for this look into your latest volume, and pray accept these belated words of thanks. I lift my hand to you, hoping that the path of your coming days will shine with increasing light.

Yours in the sacred service of the Muse,

EDWIN MARKHAM.

IN THE RED ROOM

By MICHAEL MONAHAN.

SURELY there was nothing supernatural about the manner of it. The thing happened in a brilliantly lighted room where I was one of a hundred persons, all occupied with the very material business of dining, and dining well. No environment could be more unsuited to a visitor or a message from the Beyond. The lights, the music, the noise of incoming or departing guests, the bustling waiters, the hum of joyous conversation punctuated with the popping of wine corks, the deep tones of men, the staccato laughter of women—these were the accompaniment of the strangest experience of my life, to which I hesitate to give a name.

And then, oh my God! can a Ghost eat? can a Ghost drink? can a Ghost talk and yet attract no notice in a crowded company of feasting men and women?

Let me re-word the matter—a thing which Hamlet tells us "madness would gambol from"; let me by the strictest effort of memory and reason strip the supernatural from it, if I may.

I WAS dining alone in a corner of *his* favorite French café; in the Red Room, too, of whose cheerful warmth and brightness of color *he* had been outspokenly fond in his hearty way. He had introduced me to this place and here we had often dined together. Here or elsewhere, alas, we should dine together no more . . . he died suddenly in his youth and strength some four years ago.

Always I think of him when I am in the Red Room of this café, whether alone or in company; but this night the thought, the image, the vital recollection of him, faultless in every detail, possessed me absolutely. I had made very little progress with my dinner and had taken but one glass of Château Palmer when I resigned myself to the sad pleasure of keeping tryst with his memory.

First of all, my mind dwelt on our friendship: how sweet it was, how firm, how true; with never a doubt to mar it, never a cold wind of jealousy or envy to blow upon it. We were lovers—for such friendship between men is a purer sentiment than the love of man and woman, only the nobler emotions of the heart being engaged.

We were neither too old nor too young for a real friendship; both were still well under that chilly meridian where men usually part with the enthusiasms of life in order to take on the prudence and self-calculations. Of the two *he* was the junior, but he assumed a kind of specious seniority by virtue of his physical bigness and his greater success in battling with the world. O friend, how true in your case that the battle is not always to the strong!

I recalled how the anticipation of dining with him, in this very Red Room, was quite the most exquisite pleasure I have known, no woman ever having given me the like—though I am anything but a hater of women. And I said to myself with a sigh that there were not left in all the world three men, the thought of dining with whom could yield me an equal joy.

That is, I maintain, the crucial test of friendship. Do you like to dine with him? Not without a deep meaning was of old the life of a man held sacred with whom one had shared bread and salt. The sacramental rite of ancient hospitality persists under our less simple and less beautiful forms. Nor may we violate it with impunity, barbarians as we are—Nature cries out against our performing this act with one whom we dislike or mistrust, or even toward whom

we are indifferent. In a word, I had rather make love to a woman who affects me with a physical repulsion than dine with a man I don't like. The fact proves the perfect sympathy existing between our physical and psychic selves, and from this dual voice there is no appeal—it is the highest court of human nature.

This was the very thought in my mind when raising the second glass of Bordeaux to my lips I saw *him* . . . and set it down untasted.

HE came into the room at the farthest entrance leading direct to the street, and shouldered his way through the crowd of guests and waiters in his old big careless manner, which never failed to move the admiration of women and the resentment of men. He was dressed as I had so often seen him, not in regulation evening clothes, but in a suit of some rich gray material which he wore as if it were a part of him, with a light overcoat tossed over his arm—it was in the early days of April.

The shouldering gray-suited giant, picked out in strong relief from all the black-clad guests, came straight toward me across the crowded room, his fine head, crowned with auburn curls, held solidly erect on a columnar neck; the smiling, eager challenge of his eye bent upon me.

What I thought God alone knows, if indeed I was not deprived of all conscious power of thinking in that terrible moment. And yet, obedient to old habit, I tried to rise from my chair to greet him, but found myself utterly paralyzed. Neither hand nor foot could I move.

But though my body was stricken lifeless by the presence of the Supernatural, my soul, strange to say, remained calm and without terror. And great as was the physical shock of the fear which held me now as in a vise, I yet wondered that our neighbors, almost elbowing us, seemed to pay no attention either to him or to me. . . .

"Don't get up, old fellow; you're a bit shaken. I'll just sit here, if you don't mind, and have a taste of your dinner and a sip of your Château Palmer—you *always* did like the red."

His voice!—the same genial heart tones in it that had ever such power to thrill me. Oh! I could believe it all a dream, a hallucination arising from some disorder of the senses, were it not for that voice whose tones are registered in my heart. In obedience to a nod from me—for I could not have spoken had my life depended on it—the waiter, without the least apparent show of concern, laid another plate. From his manner I could not divine if he were conscious of the presence of my Guest.

AH! then I knew it was indeed my friend over whose untimely grave the grass had withered and the winds had blown during four long years. For in the old loving big-brotherly way, he began to play the host as of yore, to heap my plate with good things and to fill my glass with cheerful assiduity. "I'm afraid you must often go hungry without me to help you, old boy," he said, with the old kind smile.

Still, I could not speak, but at his bidding I ate my share of the dinner. He, too, partook, though lightly, and soon we had made an end of it. Then the waiter having cleared the table and served the coffee, he offered me a cigarette from a full box—his old favorite brand, I noticed—and lit one himself.

I watched him mutely, with emotions which I may not describe—perhaps rather with a tense suspension of all emotions, save that of a fearful expectancy.

He spoke: "You thought of me so lovingly and insistently tonight, in this place where we have often been happy together, that I had to come to you. Love is the one thing, you see, that has power to recall us from the Shadow."

He paused, and the flute-like laughter of women rose high above the surrounding hum of talk and the surd strains of the orchestra. There came into his eye a light I well knew.

Nodding his head whence the laughter had proceeded, he went on:

"The keenest part of your regret for me, my friend, is that I who loved *that* so much should have had to die in the flower of my youth." . . .

Even as he spoke my mind like lightning overran his brief career. I saw him as he was when he came from the rugged North to the Big Town, a young giant in his health and strength and in his eager appetite for pleasure. I marked in him that terrible passion for women to which so many splendid and generous natures are sacrificed; that craving for action and excitement which eats the sword in the scabbard; that tiger thirst for the enchanted Goblet of Life which would drain all to the dregs at a single draught; that devouring energy which knows no rest but with daring hand would tear aside the curtain betwixt day and day.

He went on as if I had spoken my thoughts aloud: "Yes, there is nothing of all this about us but I have had, my boy, and good measure—as you were thinking. Life owes me nothing, even though I did close my account at thirty. I lived every minute of my time—got all there was coming to me or to any man. No regrets! If I could come back for keeps I would not live otherwise, do otherwise, than I have lived and done. Excepting, perhaps, that I would not make such a hurried job of it. Yes, that *was* my mistake, but you are not to pity me therefor. For what matter a few years more or less, a few dinners more or less—aye, a few passions, more or less, the best and only permanently alluring pleasure that life can offer? The end is the same, and the end comes as surely to him who has outlived his digestion and his capacity for enjoyment as to him who, like me, dies with every power and every appetite at the full."

FOR a moment I took my eyes from my Guest and looked anxiously about to assure myself that nobody was listening to this confession of the Dead. As before, we seemed not to attract any special attention. Our nearest neighbors, a man and a young woman, a little the worse for wine, hardly deigned us a glance, and were certainly occupied with anything but spiritual affairs. This bit of the universal human comedy was repeated here and there about the room. Many of the company had left and with each departure the scattered

lovers seemed to take on fresh courage and confidence. The orchestra continued to play intermittently and ~~was~~ applauded ever the more wildly by the still lingering guests.

All this I saw in the space of less than an instant that my eyes left his face.

He continued: "You have grieved too much, dear old boy, over the thought that I was cheated or cheated myself of my due share of life. The cowards who dared not live, the weaklings whose fill of life was starvation and death to me, found a text and a moral in my fate. Let not this be your thought, my friend, when you sit here alone in the Red Room and pledge me in old Bordeaux. Think rather that I fulfilled my life, won every prize of my desire, tasted every joy, scorned every fear, and died in the flush of victory!" . . .

As he said these last words his voice sounded like the distant note of a silver clarion. Could it be possible that he was unheard by the neighboring diners? Again I stole a fearful glance about the room.

Evidently nobody was concerned with us in the now thinned-out company. The hour was late. Leaning against the wall, at a little distance, was our waiter, quietly observant of us, as I thought, but not importunate with his attentions.

With a feeling of relief I turned again to my Visitor. *He was gone!*—but for some moments my bewilderment and stupefaction were such that I could not remove my eyes from the vacant chair where he had been seated an instant before.

I MUST have cried out, recovering my speech, for I awoke as from a trance to see that the guests were all looking toward me in a surprised fashion. In the same moment the waiter came hastily forward.

"Did Monsieur call? Is anything the matter with Monsieur?"

"No, no," I managed to articulate, my presence of mind returning at sight of those staring faces; "what should be the matter? Just bring me a pony of brandy—and the bill."

He was back in a moment with the liquor, and having figured out the bill, laid it face down on the table before me.

I tossed off the brandy, thinking that I had just had the strangest hallucination that ever sprang from a few glasses of old Bordeaux, and unable to account for it upon any theory of my previous experience, or temperament, or constitution.

Then I took up the dinner check and, surprised at the amount, called the waiter.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" I asked, indicating the charge.

"But . . . pardon!—*the other gentleman*. Monsieur is paying for two," said the waiter.

SCHEHEREZADE

By VINCENT STARRETT.

UPON the wall the firelight's black scarfs frisk;
A gleam of ruby dances in the night;
A gleam of topaz, and the room glows bright
Before a nude, bejeweled odalisque.
She comes with genii and with copper slaves,
Weaving against the golden tapestries
Of lurid and fantastic lands and seas

Across my sight; she comes with droll, bronze knaves,
White turbaned, bearing casks of ebony,
Like some weird circus, black and gold and blue;
Dwarfs, eunuchs, caliphs, houris, and a crew
Chanting in wild, exotic minstrelsy—

And with a shiver and an eager sigh,
We enter Bagdad—Scheherezade and I.

BY FORCE OF KARMA

By LAFCADIO HEARN.

"The face of the beloved and the face of the risen sun cannot be looked at."—Japanese Proverb.

A PRIEST died recently under very peculiar circumstances. He was the priest of a temple, belonging to one of the older Buddhist sects, in a village near Osaka. (You can see that temple from the Kwan-Setsu Railway, as you go by train to Kyoto.)

He was young, earnest, and extremely handsome—very much too handsome for a priest, the women said. He looked like one of those beautiful figures of Amida made by the great Buddhist statuary of other days.

The men of his parish thought him a pure and learned priest, in which they were right. The women did not think about his virtue or his learning only: he possessed the unfortunate power to attract them, independently of his own will, as a mere man. He was admired by them, and even by women of other parishes also, in ways not holy; and their admiration interfered with his studies and disturbed his meditations. They found irreproachable pretexts for visiting the temple at all hours, just to look at him and talk to him; asking questions which it was his duty to answer, and making religious offerings which he could not well refuse. Some would ask questions not of a religious kind, that caused him to blush. He was by nature too gentle to protect himself by severe speech, even when forward girls from the city said things that country girls never would have said—things that made him tell the speakers to leave his presence. And the more he shrank from the admiration of the timid, or the adulation of the unabashed, the more persecution increased, till it became the torment of his life. (Actors in Japan often exercise a similar fascination upon sensitive girls of the lower classes, and often take cruel advantage of the power so gained. It is very rarely, indeed, that such fascination can be exerted by a priest.)

His parents had long been dead; he had no worldly ties; he loved only his calling, and the studies belonging to it; and he did not wish to think of foolish and forbidden things. His extraordinary beauty—the beauty of a living idol—was only a misfortune. Wealth was offered him under conditions that he could not even discuss. Girls threw themselves at his feet, and prayed him in vain to love them. Love-letters were constantly being sent to him, letters which never brought a reply. Some were written in that classical enigmatic style which speaks of "the Rock-Pillow of Meeting," and "waves on the shadow of a face," and "streams that part to reunite." Others were artless and frankly tender, full of the pathos of a girl's first confession of love.

For a long time such letters left the young priest as unmoved, to outward appearance, as any image of that Buddha in whose likeness he seemed to have been made. But, as a matter of fact, he was not a Buddha, but only a weak man; and his position was trying.

ONE evening there came to the temple a little boy who gave him a letter, whispered the name of the sender, and ran away in the dark. According to the subsequent testimony of an acolyte, the priest read the letter, restored it to its envelope, and placed it on the matting, beside his kneeling cushion. After remaining motionless for a long time, as if buried in thought, he sought his writing box, wrote a letter himself, addressed it to his spiritual superior, and left it upon the writing stand. Then he consulted the clock, and a railway time-table in Japanese. The hour was early; the

night windy and dark. He prostrated himself for a moment in prayer before the altar; then hurried out into the blackness, and reached the railway exactly in time to kneel down in the middle of the track, facing the rear and rush of the express from Kobe. And, in another moment, those who had worshipped the strange beauty of the man would have shrieked to see, even by lantern light, all that remained of his poor earthliness, smearing the iron way.

The letter written to his superior was found. It contained a bare statement to the effect that, feeling his spiritual strength departing from him, he had resolved to die in order that he might not sin.

The other letter was still lying where he had left it on the floor—a letter written in that woman language of which every syllable is a little caress of humility. Like all such letters (they are never sent through the post) it contained no date, no name, no initial, and its envelope bore no address. Into our incomparably harsher English speech it might be imperfectly rendered as follows:

To take such freedom may be to assume overmuch; yet I feel that I must speak to you, and therefore send this letter. As for my lowly self, I have to say only that when first seeing you in the period of the Festival of the Further Shore, I began to think; and that since then I have not, even for a moment, been able to forget. More and more each day I sink into that ever-growing thought of you; and when I sleep I dream; and when, awaking and seeing you not, I remember there was no truth in my thoughts of the night, I can do nothing but weep. Forgive me that, having been born into this world a woman, I should utter my wish for the exceeding favor of being found not hateful to one so high. Foolish and without delicacy I may seem in allowing my heart to be thus tortured by the thought of one so far above me. But only because knowing that I cannot restrain my heart, out of the depth of it I have suffered these poor words to come, that I may write them with my unskilful brush, and send them to you. I pray you will deem me worthy of pity; I beseech that you will not send me cruel words in return. Compassionate me, seeing that this is but the overflowing of my humble feelings; deign to divine and justly to judge—be it only with the least of kindness—this heart that, in its great distress alone, so ventures to address you. Each moment I shall hope and wait for some gladdening answer.

Concerning all things fortunate, felicitation.

Today,
from the honorably-known,
to the longed-for, beloved, august one,
this letter goes.

I CALLED upon a Japanese friend, a Buddhist scholar, to ask some questions about the religious aspects of the incident. Even as a confession of human weakness, that suicide appeared to me a heroism.

It did not so appear to my friend. He spoke words of rebuke. He reminded me that one who even suggested suicide as a means of escape from sin had been pronounced by the Buddha a spiritual outcast—unfit to live with holy men. As for the dead priest, he had been one of those whom the Teacher called fools. Only a fool could imagine that by destroying his own body he was destroying also within himself the sources of sin.

"But," I protested, "this man's life was pure * * * Suppose he sought death that he might not, unwittingly, cause others to commit sin?"

My friend smiled ironically. Then he said:

"There was once a lady of Japan, nobly born and very beautiful, who wanted to become a nun. She went to a certain temple, and made her wish known. But the high priest said to her, 'You are still very young. You have lived the life of courts. To the eyes of worldly men you are beautiful; and, because of your face, temptations to return to the pleasures of the world will be devised for you. Also this wish of yours may be due to some momentary sorrow. Therefore, I cannot now consent to your request.' But she still pleaded so earnestly that he deemed it best to leave her abruptly. There was a large hibachi—a brazier of glowing charcoal—in the room where she found herself alone. She heated the iron tongs of the brazier till they were red, and with them horribly pierced and seamed her face, destroying her beauty forever. Then the priest, alarmed by the smell of the burning, returned in haste, and was very much grieved by what he saw. But she pleaded again, without any trembling in her voice: 'Because I was beautiful you refused to take me. Will you take me now?' She was accepted into the Order, and became a holy nun. * * * Well, which was the wiser, that woman, or the priest you wanted to praise?"

"But was it the duty of the priest," I asked, "to disfigure his face?"

"Certainly not! Even the woman's action would have been very unworthy if done only as a protection against temptation. Self-mutilation of any sort is forbidden by the law of Buddha; and she transgressed. But as she burned her face only that she might be able to enter at once upon the Path, and not because afraid of being unable by her own will to resist sin, her fault was a minor fault. On the other hand, the priest who took his own life committed a very great

offense. He should have tried to convert those who tempted him. This he was too weak to do. If he felt it impossible to keep from sinning as a priest, then it would have been better for him to return to the world, and there try to follow the law for such as do not belong to the Order."

"According to Buddhism, therefore, he has obtained no merit?" I queried.

"It is not easy to imagine that he has. Only by those ignorant of the Law can his action be commended."

"And by those knowing the Law, what will be thought of the results, the karma of his act?"

My friend mused a little; then he said, thoughtfully:

"The whole truth of that suicide we cannot fully know. Perhaps it was not the first time."

"Do you mean that in some former life also he may have tried to escape from sin by destroying his own body?"

"Yes. Or in many former lives."

"What of his future lives?"

"Only a Buddha could answer that with certain knowledge."

"But what is the teaching?"

"You forget that it is not possible for us to know what was in the mind of that man."

"Suppose that he sought death only to escape from sin?"

"Then he will have to face the like temptation again and again, and all the sorrow of it, and all the pain, even for a thousand times a thousand times, until he shall have learned to master himself. There is no escape through death from the supreme necessity of self-conquest."

After parting with my friend, his words continued to haunt me; and they haunt me still. I have not yet been able to assure myself that his weird interpretation of the amatory mystery is any less worthy of consideration than our Western interpretations. I have been wondering whether the loves that lead to death might not mean much more than the ghostly hunger of buried passions.

AMY LOWELL AND "SIX FRENCH POETS"

By JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY.

TO begin with, Amy Lowell is not "a sweet young thing." I do not even know if she is a suffragette. But I do know that she is a man. So was Sappho and George Eliot and George Sand. I daresay that Sappho looked very much like Amy Lowell does and not at all like unimaginative artists have caricatured her. In the company of these distinguished creators Amy Lowell would have felt at home. One realizes this while listening to Amy Lowell speaking. Whenever this woman speaks she really says something. No living American woman is her equal as a poet and as a critic. Europe today can produce only one woman poet who has equalled if not surpassed her. That poet is Marie Madeline.

Amy Lowell is a fighter. The blood of her ancestors burns in her brain. She knows, like James Russell Lowell did, what it means to be in the minority. But, unlike James Russell, she is a real poet. She has led the fight in America for the *vers libristes*. She has written voluminously in *vers libre*. Personally I believe that the *vers libre* movement in American poetry is the most disastrous influence that has ever befallen American letters. Here at last is the instrument that every mediocrity can play with more or less effectiveness. Amy Lowell plays upon this instrument with infinite skill. But it is as though Fritz Kreisler were to play the banjo.

The latest work of Amy Lowell is not a book of poems but a book which exploits the genius of six important

French poets. The first thing that strikes one in reading this book is the complete absence of those trite phrases which have become the accepted weapons of our reviewers. Amy Lowell does not review books, thank God. She reveals them. When she writes about a poet she depicts both his personality and work with a sympathy and a passion that is most delightful. Driven by an almost Teutonic love for facts she will not write about any man or his work until she has learned all there is to know about them. *Gruendlichkeit*, the lack of which is the most besetting sin of America, sits in the soul of this woman and compels her always to do her best. "Six French Poets" is the flower that has blossomed out of her prodigious studies in modern French poetry.

The six poets in Amy Lowell's gallery are: Emile Verhaeren, Albert Samain, Remy de Gourmont, Henri de Regnier, Francis Jammes and Paul Fort. At least two of this group—Verhaeren and de Gourmont—are world figures. The four others are practically unknown to America. It is well that it is a poet who first introduces them to us.

Amy Lowell's method of portraying her subjects is an ideal one. The personality and product of her sitter are woven into one piece of cloth. Only what is significant is enumerated. Unimportant details are left for the encyclopedias to remember. "Six French Poets" is a book which will be remembered. It is a work which enriches American literature.

WAR AMONG THE INK POTS

(This charming little article could only have come from peaceful East Aurora, where *The Fra* still blooms, indeed, brighter than ever. Felix Shay—a disciple of Hubbard—is more than successfully conducting the great organization founded by the most strenuous of Philistines. The war has not interfered with the Roycrofters. They are still turning out beautiful things. This is as it should be. The time will come, we are sure, when artists will not permit such petty things as wars are to stand between them and their art, their friends and that far-off goal toward which all creators are striving.)

WHEN the War was yet young, and *The Fatherland* the latest thing in Outrages, one day we dropped in on George Sylvester Viereck to discuss Spring Styles in Liverwurst, American Patriotism as ain't, and whether the Kaiser would prefer to be incarcerated on the Isle of Borneo or on Coney Island. The subject was so dead serious, the funny side kept continually facing in on the conversation.

Seems that when hostilities were declared, Viereck was the Editor, and Richard Le Gallienne an Associate Editor of *The International*, a Journal dedicated to mutual respect, mutual understanding of the purposes and privileges of Nations; a champion of brother-love and the right to self-expression; of Literature, the Arts, the Life Intellectual! Viereck, the German, was Editor, Le Gallienne, the Englishman, was Associate Editor! A little while, and another little while, and that which was, was not. Le Gallienne wrote Viereck a note and said—well, I have heard Dickey when he was Saying Things, and *The Fra* is regularly inspected and censored by the Purity League—Mr. Le Gallienne resigned with graceful and opprobrious insinuations, I say. Mr. Viereck accepted with éclat and Gotter und Himmels. So-So!

To complicate matters, along now comes Michael Monahan, descendant of a thousand Irish Kings, with the Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls tucked under his arm, the Swan Song of *The Phoenix* on his lips. He hesitates beneath the windows of *The International*. Then with the finest of blarney and just a wee touch of the ould brogue, he favors them with a Come-All-Ye! Up go the windows and Viereck beckons Michael in to help him tap a keg of Muenchener, just arrived on the *Deutschland* with the Kaiser's compliments! Mike joins *The International* to fill the chair vacated by Le Gallienne.

War extravaganzas are silly. The Battles of the Ink-Pots are turrible! Turrible!

Viereck quit being a first-rate Poet to become a German-Hyphenate Parakeet. Le Gallienne resigned his Editorship to disdainfully pour 'arf-and-'arf down the Deutscher's neck. And Michael, the gentlest soul that ever breathed, strikes an attitude, snorts and spouts adjectives; roars, "Bring on the domned English!"

THESE men are all my friends. George Viereck has written one Poem called *The Haunted House*; enough to guarantee him fame. (If G. S. V. will only arrange to submarine the Anti-Vice Society we'll give it a page and a Special Border in *The Fra*). But though Viereck is German-born, though his repertoire of creditable Plays, Poems, Essays, Stories, would honor a man twice his age, though he adapted Schiller's Joan of Arc for Maude Adams and the Harvard Stadium, though he was "Exchange Poet" to the University of Berlin when he was but twenty-seven, I do not recall that the German Government hung an Iron Cross, or a Leather Medal, or aught else on him, until he fathered *The Fatherland*, and started to write with red ink, his eyes shut and his teeth clenched! There are those who say that Richard Le Gallienne was marked as the next Poet-Laureate of England, when his book, *The Religion of a Literary Man*, offended the Tea-and-Toast Moralists—the Igorots of the 'Igh Church. Once upon a time, Le Gallienne

and I lived together for six months. He told me, when *The Religion of a Literary Man* was released, a dozen London Publishing Houses were paying him retaining fees, aggregating, say, 4,000 to 5,000 pounds a year. The morning after the Book came off the press, his mail relieved him of the necessity of spending so much money. His Publishers were 'orrified. Short of Several Hours, Dickey's income was *de mortuis nil nisi bonum!* All the English ever did for Richard Le Gallienne was to apply the screws!

Michael Monahan, an Irishman, touched by the Fairy Wand of the Little People, writes English so appealing, so soothing, so redolent, so lush, when tired or disheartened I find myself searching out *The Van*, or *Nova Hibernia*, and lolling around in them as in a field of deep, fresh clover on a peaceful Summer afternoon.

A writer with charm, manner, ease and the kindly heart is Michael!

And what have the Irish ever done for him? The Irish spend their spare hours locked up in Church pews, telling their beads, thumping their breasts, the while being sprinkled down with Holy Water or fumigated with Holy Smoke—mumbling Penitential Prayers. What do they know about their Great Sons! Michael has existed on half-rations, times without number, waiting for Irish appreciation, waiting to find Irish names signed to the Subscription-Blanks of *The Phoenix*, waiting for the Oirish, the blessed Omathans, to order his Books!

The War madness has us all.

You remember Le Gallienne's

War I abhor.

And yet how sweet

The sound of drums

Adown the marching street!

'Tis our feet that's to blame. Off they go marching to the rat-tat-tat of the murderer's drum!

Even calm, peaceful Billy Reedy, the St. Louis sage, demands War this week, "to the hilt!" And Frank Harris, for two years defender of the German Faith, now says the Dutchmen have Gone Mad.

Mad—we're all mad!

The Constructive work of the world is paralyzed. My friend is my enemy! Your friend is your enemy. A million boys have died: another million will die! I ask you—for what? for what?

I CONTRAST these treacherous times—when Patriots and not Humanitarians are called the First Citizens—with just a few years ago, on a hilltop somewhere in Arcady! Le Gallienne and I had a shack. He was writing his Greek Play, *Orestes*. I was amusing myself riding a black-roan bronco, sold to me as unridable.

'Twas a lazy, gorgeous summer. There was some serious work, much talk, and walks, and spreads, and interesting visitors, and a Violin that played itself in the moonlight—and a clear, mellow Soprano Voice, and Campfires 'till the Dawns disgraced and put out the Fires, and cool splashing in the creek before breakfast, and Journeys!—Journeys from the Hellespont to the Styx!

Life meant so much to us. Le Gallienne wrote a little poem

on Death. Perhaps to add a poignancy or a reprimand to fleeting pleasures! I give it to you as I remember it:

'T was moonlight on the 10th of May,
I saw a stranger walking fast;
I touched his hand and bade him stay:
"Old Friend, we meet at last."
All tall and dark and strong he seemed
Under the Rising Moon;
He turned and said, "I never dreamed
That we should meet so soon!
You are too young to be my Friend,

All Hope and Boyish Breath;
Are you quite sure you know my name?"
"Your name," I said, "is Death!"

When this Villainous War of Kings is over, I am going to ask all the Ink-Pots and Ink-Plotters to East Aurora. For a Convention! And a Bonfire! Each man to bring, as his contribution for the flames, every article he wrote on the War! While the Shadows leap, we'll all join hands and dance ring-around a rosy, and sing the National Hymn of Internationalism—in Esperanto!

RELIEF FOR HIGH PRICES

By BOLTON HALL.

Author of "Thrift," Etc.

THE flowers that bloom in the spring look sweet in the public parks, but to a mother with starving children, not so sweet as potatoes and onions and beets.

The easiest way to lower the prices of food is to raise more of it—and yet more; but today there is a prospect of less acreage. The farmers are planting less land because of the high prices of seed and of land; in some places potato seed cannot be had at all. The canners are reducing their output of vegetables because of the shortage of tins.

If you and I don't remedy this, food will cost at least twice as much next winter, even if the European war is stopped.

Nearly 40,000,000 of fighting men are now consuming and destroying produce of all sorts and even destroying the land from which their labor should produce it. And each soldier requires the entire earnings of at least four persons to keep him in the field of battle instead of in the field of crops. Is it any wonder that, while wages have risen, they only climb the stairs, while prices go up in the elevator? It is going to take some time to get those prices down.

Baron Devonport, the English food controller, with the despotic powers of the Defense of the Realm law, has commandeered lands in London which are needed for cultivation by women, children, invalids or old men.

He has followed our Mayor Pingree's Potato Patch plan, and has had them divided into small plots and expects to have millions of people employed in tilling them.

Richmond Park, where William IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert made love, is now making food for the people. Hyde Park and lots of others are to be ploughed up. A new cemetery at East Hampton has been planted with potatoes. Oxford and Cambridge College gardens are beginning to furnish nourishment for the body, rather than delight for the mind.

All this would be a flea-bite; but the Ministers of Agriculture in England, France and Italy have followed suit. Germany did it long ago, and has gone much further. A birds-eye view of Berlin looks like a park because of myriad gardens on the house tops. Berlin has over 50,000 individual children's gardens producing food in the outskirts of the city. Many other cities have thousands of them, for the city children, allotted out of public lands. If the warring nations force all their idle land into use, food will be cheaper in spite of the war than ever before, and the world will be richer in spite of the wastes of war. For not only food but all wealth comes in the first place from land by labor. Like case, like rule; if we use our land we will have more money and will get more for it.

But you can help yourself even if others haven't sense enough to help. Is there an unsightly vacant lot near your house? Wouldn't you like to improve it this spring and in improving it save the two hundred dollars you will otherwise have to spend for vegetables?

Don't you think the owner should be glad to have it cleared of rubbish and cultivated and made attractive to prospective buyers?

Don't you know that one hour of that sort of work every evening or four evenings or mornings a week will improve you as well as the lot, make you stronger, give you better sleep and increase the respect in which you are held by your neighbors and by your neighbor's wife?

Surely!

The trouble is that many aren't smart enough to find the place and the wise one's haven't time to show them, or they just don't care; or they are not yet hungry.

But they will care next winter when they have to foot the bill for vegetables—instead of for other jewels.

So think of two views of the question between now and the time the hot days come, when the land should be already seeded.

Vacant Lot Cultivation takes the sting out of charity by putting men and their families on the vacant lands and make them self-supporting and at the same time provides pure air and healthful living for ailing wives and children.

For the home-owners: Why not improve the block in which you live, supply your dinner table and supply yourself with an appetite that will be a joy in itself?

For the asylums, sanitariums, hospitals, reformatories, prisons and charity associations: why not put the "down and outs" to work in the absence of other labor; and in helping them teach them to help themselves and you?

Try it—the New York Vacant Lot Association, New York city, will send you, free, particulars of how to do it, if you will write them—now.

Not only the unemployed or the disemployed, but the sick, the despondent, the consumptive and the inebriate can produce three or five hundred dollars worth of food on each acre. Yet we are appointing endless commissions to inquire into the cost of food (as if we didn't know all about that), and are always trying to indict somebody for conspiring to raise prices. No one in this country seems to have thought of inquiring why so many available parts of the earth are kept idle, the very places where food should be produced and raw material procured.

Idle lands that are needed mean idle hands that are in need.

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

LET me make confession of a personal prejudice. It would be an indeed unhappy home that I would leave to revel in even the best kind of Oriental poetry. The trail of the pedant is over it all. Its formalities, its affectations, its redundancies stifle the cries of the babe genius. The spirit of poetry cannot live in the air of the inhumanities of the grammarian. All Indian arts are peculiarly tainted with precision and preciosity. Indian music must be composed in an approved "rag," or (to them) "it is not music." Indian art is mostly ancestor worship; Indian religion is more rigid than Presbyterianism. Originality has been crushed under the stone of a petrified civilization. Such new art—in every branch—as has been created in India in the last thousand years is definitely due to the influence of some invading civilization, and even this imitative stuff has been seized on by the frozen perfections of classicism, its life vampirized by the suction of atavism, and its throat caught by the dead hand of tradition.

Now far be it from me to utter a word in dispraise of one who has received the rare and ineffable honor of knighthood from so gracious and discerning a sovereign as the latest—perhaps, if Providence in its inscrutable wisdom so decree, the last—of the Georges, but the poetry of Sir Rabindranath Tagore is certainly Oriental poetry, and I must plead prejudice and incapacity in excuse of my failure to admire it.

THE people of New York are doubtless more fortunate than I, in being able to read his works in the original Bengali, which I am unable to do. Their rapture is thus easily explicable. But some persons, even in New York, share my ignorance of Bengali, and these (so it seems to me) are possibly a little perfervid in their enthusiasms, a shade obsequious in their genuflections.

As to the originals, though, one may remark that the people of Bengal are themselves as insensible as I myself to the beauties of Sir Rabindranath. His popularity in that great but unpleasant province depends upon a few popular "nationalistic" songs. The work on which he makes his American appeal is totally unknown in his own country. It consists principally of what appears to me to be a type of mysticism as spineless and amateurish and affected as Maeterlinck's, a collection of pious phrases tricked out with the tinsel of conventional similes. Ladies of a certain age are prone to weep when warmed with sherry and this kind of poetry, for the transference of the emotional stimulus from sex to religion is often accompanied by serious instabilities of mind. It is apparently to such individuals that Sir Rabindranath Tagore makes his most effective bow. Besides, he is a polite person; he says nothing, and he says it very nicely; he has a most noble and venerable beard, and the royal sword has been laid upon his shoulder. Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, Chaucer, Shakespeare himself—none of these attained that height.

BUT then they were not colored. There is something about the mere fact of color which appeals irresistibly to a certain type of female. This country in particular has been overrun with "Yogis," who have all succeeded beyond wonder, disputing the favors of idle women with Pekinese

dogs and dancing masters. At least the Indian poet is on a higher level than these; but, for all that, he owes much, if not all, of his popularity to some such itch of idleness, as accounts for the vogue of the others. It is an indignity for an artist to allow himself to be exploited in the salons of the nouveau riche; a man of virility and self-respect does not consent to be treated like a bearded lady or an ossified wonder. The true artist has then yet one more handicap in America; for if the devotees of culture learned to tolerate him, they would desire to pet him. Mrs. Leo Hunter never yet bagged a real lion; it is the straw-stuffed models, breathing by dint of bellows, that roar to order in the gaudy junk-shops which in this country pass for "artistic homes."

However, we will quote a little of Sir Rabindranath's poetry, and leave the reader to judge whether it be the lyre of Apollo, or the voice of Bottom; in any case, the style is W. B. Yeats, who varnished these poems from a "crib."

I.

I was walking by the road, I do not know why, when the noonday was past and bamboo branches rustled in the wind.

The prone shadows with their outstretched arms clung to the feet of the hurrying light.

The *koels* were weary of their songs.

I was walking by the road, I do not know why. [Nor do I.—A. C.]

II.

The hut by the side of the water is shaded by an overhanging tree.

Some one was busy with her work, and her bangles made music in the corner.

I stood before this hut, I know not why. [Tired, possibly? A. C.]

III.

The narrow winding road crosses many a mustard field, and many a mango forest.

It passes by the temple of the village and the market at the river landing place.

I stopped by this hut, I do not know why. [Nearly stopped by this stanza; I do not know why.—A. C.]

IV.

Years ago it was a day of breezy March when the murmur of the spring was languorous, and the mango blossoms were dropping on the dust.

The rippling water leapt and licked the brass vessel that stood on the landing step.

I think of that day of breezy March, I do not know why. [Memory is indeed a strange thing! How profound is this thought!—A. C.]

V.

Shadows are deepening and cattle returning to their folds.

The light is grey upon the lonely meadows, and the villagers are awaiting for the ferry at the bank.

I slowly return upon my steps, I do not know why. [Closing time?—A. C.]

It is faint, intangible stuff.

FALSE PROPHECIES

(Here is an article which must appeal to every American, for the United States is the last country in the world to blink the truth, to evade a frank discussion of vital events. We do not wish to be fooled, and we are great and strong enough to look facts in the face. During the Spanish-American war our tolerant attitude towards Spain—our enemy—astounded the world. Europe looked with amazement upon Uncle Sam's chivalry. We know that President Wilson is too large a man to play a petty game. Many of the statements in our newspapers regarding the war must pain him. This article is a translation of a pamphlet published sometime ago in Germany. Although coming from our enemy, the revelations concerning the damaging propaganda of the Allies are bound to put us on guard against repetitions of a similar nature in the United States. In waging war America scorns falsehood as an ally.)

GERMANY EVACUATES BELGIUM.

After the desperate struggle on the Yser and in the neighborhood of Ypres during the second fortnight of October had been brought to a temporary conclusion by the flooding of the Polder territory on November 2, the camp of the Allies exulted as it had done after the battle of the Marne. The news was immediately spread throughout the world that the Germans had already begun to evacuate Belgium. On November 3 Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett announced in the London *Daily Telegraph* that the retreat to the Meuse and the Rhine was imminent, and that it would be madness—nay, almost suicide—on the part of the Germans to remain a moment longer on French soil. On the same day the *Algemeen Handelsblad* reported that the Germans, after their crushing defeat, were preparing strong positions between the battlefront and Brussels, on which they were going to retreat. On November 4 *La Suisse* published a telegram from Nieuport, dated November 3, to the effect that the German General Staff had first been removed to Ghent, then to Lokeren, and finally to Termonde, whereas the wounded had been transported from Ghent to Brussels.

.. After a few days (November 6) the *Berlingske Tidende* announced that the Germans had evacuated Brussels on October 26. The details of this event were, in fact, known to the *Action Française* the day before. This French newspaper was told by a Belgian citizen that the Germans had informed the population of Brussels by means of posters that the retreat of large armies from France was imminent. The Germans were seeking to veil the real reasons for their flight by pretending that cholera prevailed in France. The Belgian population was requested to assist the retreating troops as much as possible. On November 7 the *Daily Chronicle* reported from Amsterdam that Antwerp was expecting an attack. According to the *Gazet van België* of November 9 the Allies were already in Ghent and St. Nicolas. The retreat of the Germans was to be worthy of their barbarous methods of warfare. Maurice Maeterlinck knew (*vide Berlingske Tidende*, November 9, quoting the *Figaro*) that the Hotel de Ville and the Cathedral in Brussels had been undermined, so that they might be blown up during the retreat. Even the quiet town of Potsdam was affected by these events. The *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* published on November 10 a Reuter telegram, according to which preparations were being made in Potsdam for the return of the Emperor.

From the middle of November until shortly before Christmas such reports were conspicuous by their absence. But the new French offensive in the week of December 12 had scarcely begun when the "paper offensive" recommenced. On December 20 the *Berlingske Tidende* was informed from Paris that the retreat of the Germans from Flanders was now really imminent, and that the second German line of defense would also probably be abandoned.

Preparations for a retreat were likewise being made in the valley of the Meuse. An inhabitant of Maubeuge told the *Journal* on December 25 that the forts of the town had been blown up. It was evident from all the measures taken that the Germans intended to retreat directly to the Moselle or to the German frontier. The *Daily Express* did not exaggerate

quite as much; the *Journal* of December 28 quoted this London paper as having stated that Antwerp was being put into a state of defense. The *Daily Express* was remarkably well acquainted with all the plans of defense; among the measures to be taken was the evacuation of the town by the civilian population. Before the departure of the Germans forts and town were to be destroyed.

THE GREAT FRENCH OFFENSIVE.

During December the French tried in vain to break through at other points of the front; the propaganda consequently turned to other parts of the Western theatre of war. From December 3 onwards there was no end to the rumors of a great offensive along the front in Alsace-Lorraine. The "fire" was opened by the *Lyon Républicain* of December 3, which announced that the French were within firing distance of Metz, and that a thrust in this region was shortly to be expected. The news was not quite new, for the *Feuille d'Avis de Neufchâtel* of November 7 had already reported the bombardment of Metz by the French. From now on the news manufacturers grew bolder. On December 5 the *Algemeen Handelsblad* reproduced a report of the *Times* of November 30, to the effect that everything indicated a speedy French advance in German Lorraine. On the same day (December 5) the *Journal* spoke mysteriously of immense preparations which were being carried on in Verdun and Valmy, and added that something great was to be expected here. The prospects of the French offensive were brilliant; according to the *Echo de Paris* of November 3, the Germans were already demoralized; at Carcourt they had surrendered after having shot their officers. There being no possibility of their procuring provisions, they were starving *en masse* in the forests. According to the *Journal de Genève* of December 6, the German soldiers on the Lorraine frontier laid down their arms without offering any serious resistance.

According to the *Times* of December 5, the German line of retreat from the Woëvre was already menaced. In this case, too, however, the world waited in vain for the expected victory. A last echo of the great paper offensive against Metz is to be found in *Politiken* of December 27, which reproduced a report of the *Times* to the effect that the bombardment of the fortress had already begun.

But the telegraph operators of the Entente threatened the German lines simultaneously at other places. *Stockholms Dagbladet* announced on November 9 a great offensive on the Aisne, and the *Stampa* of December 18 reported that all the necessary preparations for a decisive battle in the center had been made. According to the *Morning Post* of December 21, the German lines were menaced and Noyon had been captured; it was added that the French advance on Berry-au-Bac could render the whole German line untenable. In the North, too, the Germans were in danger. After bombardment Lille was recaptured by the French—at any rate in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 15. The *Eclair Comtois* of November 16 was more prudent: Lille had only been evacuated by the Germans on account of the typhoid fever prevailing there, and the French had been farsighted enough not to occupy the town, but only to isolate it. The *Liverpool Daily Post* of December 19 had already anticipated the temporary French suc-

cesses near Richebourg (December 22). According to this newspaper, all the German trenches of the first line had been captured at Arras. "Our sweeping offensive has been no less successful to the south. French and British troops have arrived at the gates of Lille. Fierce bayonet fighting in the streets of this great industrial city is reported, and a general withdrawal of the main German forces to Tourcoing and Roubaix has taken place. Signed, E. T. Elias." The *Progrès de Lyon* of December 29 was able to assure its readers that Rheims would gradually be liberated owing to the French advance against Lens.

The French offensive in South Alsace in the first days of December was also greeted with exultation. On December 15 the *Stampa* announced that this offensive had begun with three army corps along the whole line from Dammerkirch to St. Dié. On December 4 the *Stampa* prepared its readers for the coming events. To the south of Strassburg, in the valley of the Breusch, the Germans had dug trenches, inundated a village, and taken all the measures necessary for flooding the southern and western parts of Strassburg. The *Petit Journal* of December 7 published a letter from London announcing that the Germans had organized an immense camp between Blamont and Saarburg, in view of their retreat.

An entirely isolated phenomenon, like the English airship attack on Cuxhaven, appeared as the prelude to great events. The *Times* of December 29 published a report from New York of the day before, according to which the attack on Cuxhaven was England's best strategical performance since the outbreak of war. It had furnished the proof of the possibility of landing in Schleswig-Holstein; it had also proved that the German fleet could be destroyed, and that the North Sea-Baltic Canal could be taken.

Along the whole front, therefore—in Flanders, in Lorraine, in Alsace, near Arras, on the Aisne—the great offensive is in full swing. The names of the places are given with much precision; occasionally the enemy's press is astonishingly well informed concerning the strength of the attacking forces, but they are even better informed concerning the measures taken by the Germans in view of their retreat. It is possible that such excessive knowledge of details regarding the enemy's plans, and also the candor with which the French offensive was exactly announced, both as to time and place, finally caused doubts to arise in neutral countries. Critical observers had to be content with news of the great offensive less rich in details and which could eventually be credited by the experts.

The *Maasbode* of December 22 is informed by a Belgian staff officer in Le Havre that English reserves are arriving, that the great offensive will begin towards the end of December or the beginning of January, and that the Germans will be driven back to the Meuse. For the Belgians the Meuse is the aim of all hopes, just as the Rhine is the aim of the French. The *Gazette de Lausanne* announced on December 23 that an energetic general offensive of the French was imminent, and that an uninterrupted advance to the Rhine would be the result. The *Corriere della Sera* likewise announced the great offensive on December 25. Together with the *Maasbode*, the *Tribuna* of December 30 expected the great offensive at the end of January or the beginning of February, after the arrival of strong English reinforcements.

In England people are more cautious. In general, longer delays are granted, and the decisive advance is not expected till the spring or summer. But according to a Reuter telegram published by the *Maasbode* and the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* on December 7, Mr. Runciman none the less announced that Lord Kitchener's army would take the field after New Year. Germany would then be driven out of Belgium;

a great naval battle was also to be expected hourly, and the final victory was not far off.

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE.

Meanwhile the hopes of the Entente had risen to the highest level for another reason: the "irresistible advance of the Russian steam-roller." On October 28 the "Germans and Austrians began their retreat from Warsaw and Ivangorod"; and as, at the same time, the battle of the Yser "had ended apparently with a severe defeat," Germany's collapse was taken for granted. The hopes placed on Russia were all the greater, because the English and French were not too sure of their "victories." Despite all the optimistic propaganda the English press did not cease to manifest anxiety during the last three months of 1914 concerning the possibility of a German invasion of England. On January 5, 1915, the *Morning Post* declared with surprising candor: "Russia will liberate us. We barely hold our own in the West, to the East we look for deliverance. These were the two great German objectives in the present war: Warsaw and Paris. The attack on both has failed and the failure, as far as it goes, is decisive."

On November 3 the *Standard* was triumphant: Posen, therefore, and not Warsaw, is likely to be the German headquarters in the East in the near future, and the war, before the present month is out, may be transferred entirely to German territory. In that case the spring campaign will open on the line of the Oder instead of that of the Vistula, with Cossack patrols within a couple of days' march of Berlin.

According to a St. Petersburg dispatch to *Politiken* of November 6, 1914, the Russians were advancing, as on parade, right through Poland against the German frontier, without any resistance from the demoralized Germans. On November 9 the same newspaper remarked that no more brilliant victory had been achieved since the days of Napoleon than that obtained by the Russians over Germany. A similar comment was to be found in a St. Petersburg dispatch to the *Morning Post* of November 28. It was invariably stated that Napoleon himself could not boast of any greater victory. A telegram from Rome to the *Suisse* of November 7 revealed the fact that, after the overthrow of the German army, the Russians were marching directly on Posen and Breslau. A telegram from St. Petersburg to the New York *Herald*, reproduced in the *Petit Journal* of November 14, foresaw the early occupation of Danzig. The *Times* of November 9 reported that the decision of the Russian General Staff to occupy Breslau had caused great uneasiness in the capital of Silesia. The *Daily Mail* of November 10 reported that the well-to-do families were already fleeing to Berlin. The *Svenska Dagblad* of November 10 saw the Russians in Posen. The *Times* of November 28 quoted the *Rietch* as saying that the situation of the German army in Poland resembled that of the French at Sedan.

It was during this period that the Reichstag was opened. The *Matin* seized the opportunity of casting a *coup d'oeil d'ensemble* at the history of this Parliament, on the classical pretext that "we may hope it will be the last time the German Imperial Parliament meets. . . . In the future there will be a Prussian, a Saxon, a Bavarian Parliament, but there will be no German Reichstag. There must be no Reichstag, for there must no longer be a Germany in the sense of a German Empire" (*parce qu'il ne faut plus qu'il y ait d'Allemagne en tant qu'empire d'Allemagne*.)

Especially high were the hopes placed by the Entente on the operations near Lodz. On November 29 the *Matin* wrote: "The remnants of the German army are fighting with the energy of despair. But the merciless grasp of the Russians is becoming ever fiercer and tighter. If the German troops escape from this iron ring, only a remnant will find its way

back to Thorn. If, on the other hand, they do not escape, the battle of Lodz will develop into the most terrible catastrophe that has ever befallen the German arms."

On December 6 Germany replied by capturing Lodz.

INCAPACITY OF THE GERMAN STRATEGY.

The paper strategists experienced some difficulty in successfully parrying the German thrusts directed against Russia. The German supreme command managed to dispatch sufficient reinforcements to the East, and at the same time to hold the Western front. For the French critics this was but a sign of incapacity and the sure foreboding of a coming catastrophe. A French general in Verdun declared that "Germany resembled a ship in a storm, with its crew running to and fro aimlessly" (*Daily Chronicle*, December 5).

The simple fact of holding and obstinately maintaining the ground that had been gained was interpreted as a proof of the incapacity of the German supreme command. Colonel Repington wrote as follows in the *Times* of November 18, that in spite of all prophecies Germany persisted in not abandoning her Western front, was, for this clever man, a clear proof of the poorness of German strategy: "Moltke—the great Moltke—would be back on the Rhine in the West; such a decision is not to be expected of the present supreme command. It dares not evacuate Belgium even though Silesia be humming with swarms of Cossacks. When the Russian Guards are approaching Potsdam, and some Cossack officer is riding through the Brandenburg Gate, the ultimate German schoolboys and old men of the Landstrum will still be found breaking their necks upon the granite lines of the Western Allies. Each new corps that comes to try its luck in Flanders is one corps the less at the decisive point. The longer the line the greater also must be the German exhaustion. The line of the Rhine, being shorter, would be much more advantageous for Germany. Glad though we shall be when France and Belgium are cleared of the enemy, the Allies have the game in their hands if France and England continue to form a magnet for the German steel filings, and if Russia, steadily piling up her troops month by month, takes advantage of the false direction of the German armies and of the stonewall tactics of General Joffre."

But Germany was not crushed by the Russian steam-roller, neither did she abandon her Western front; nay, she even undertook a new forward movement in the East. The strategists in the enemy press were equal to the occasion. The new advance was only another, quite conclusive, proof of German incapacity.

On November 21 the *Daily Mail* wrote: "It is nothing short of madness for the Germans to relinquish their strongly fortified frontier lines with their admirable strategical railroads, and to march into Poland. Either the fortifications were not yet completed or else the Emperor's will overruled a reasonable strategy."

When the German offensive in the East resulted in the capture of Lodz—where it had been prophecied that she would find her Sedan—the enemy press was once again able to adapt itself to this unexpected turn of events, thanks to a bold logic. On December 8 the *Daily Telegraph* sounded the keynote: the occupation of Lodz was an event devoid of importance; the aim of the Russians was only to draw the enemy as far as possible inland. The special correspondent of the *Morning Post* at St. Petersburg expressed (December 7) the same thought still more clearly: "The Russians have not the slightest desire to drive back the Germans to the frontier. On the contrary, the enemy is to be immobilized in Poland, and the best enemy troops are to be drawn to the East in order to diminish the pressure on the Western front. This plan of the Grand Duke has been entirely successful."

THE EXHAUSTION OF GERMANY.

During all the period under review, Germany maintained and strengthened her Western front. She not only brought the Russian advance in the East to a stop, but pushed her own armies forward as far as the Bzura and Kavka; her warships bombarded Scarborough and Hartlepool, annihilated an English squadron near the Chilean coast and inflicted considerable damage on English commerce. But despite these undeniable facts, the legend of German defeats continued to find echo in the press of neutral countries. This is chiefly to be ascribed to the fact that during all this time the fable of the military and economic exhaustion of Germany was actively circulated throughout the world, so that all the German victories appeared merely as the last convulsions of a dying giant.

SHORTAGE OF AMMUNITION.

In the first place Germany suffers from a shortage of ammunition and guns. On November 13 the *Journal de Genève* quotes the *Echo de Paris* of the previous day to the effect that Germany is unable to import any more lead or copper, and that a shortage of munitions is, in consequence, imminent. The *Morning Post* of November 25 stated that the stock of copper in Germany was sufficient only to last till June next. The French mineralogist, M. de Launy, writing in the *Petit Parisian* of January 23, 1915, was even less optimistic; he proved that the stock in copper must be exhausted in three months—that is to say in April, 1915. In addition to the lack of copper, there was the shortage of india rubber and petroleum, which, according to Maurice Barrès (*Echo de Paris*, January 26) must inevitably entail within a short time the complete collapse of Germany.

LACK OF MEN.

Germany's supply of men was very deficient. Thanks to the methods which were brought to perfection during the successful German campaign against Russia, there was no difficulty in demonstrating that the millions of volunteers who answered the call of the Fatherland simply proved the weakness of Germany! On November 28 the *Standard* reported that 12,000 schoolboys from 15 to 17 years of age had been enrolled as volunteers. The *Echo de Paris* of November 14 declared that in Lausanne schoolboys of 17 years had been called to arms. The *Petit Parisian* of December 17 discovered that all the German figures concerning volunteers were pure inventions. All pupils of the public and technical schools under 18 years of age were inscribed *ex officio* on the volunteer lists. The *Eclair* of November 1 furnished another explanation of the success of Germany's appeal to her sons: every German volunteer receives 100 marks on enlistment. The German army at Bakalarzew was composed for the greater part of 15 and 16-year-old volunteers, badly drilled and equipped (*Figaro*, November 7). The enrollment of these young soldiers has proved to be a grave mistake, as their impetuosity was the cause of heavy losses to the whole detachment. On the other hand, in those cases where they had been placed among men of more advanced age the consequences were even worse. In Poland choice troops had been compelled to retire on account of these young soldiers having given way. The *Figaro* of December 5 is still more interesting: "a doctor from Rheims tells us that among the German wounded he had to treat a hunchback and a recruit of 65 years of age. At first he thought that exaggerated patriotism had induced both men to enlist as soldiers. But they both assured him that neither of them were volunteers, but had been enrolled by force and in spite of their protests. The enrolling of hunchbacks is a bad sign, and perhaps it is only to be attributed to the superstition of a recruiting officer who saw, in this particular man, a sort of mascot. But, on the

other hand, the fact of having recourse in so hard a war to men of the age of 65, really signifies that the enemy is having recourse to desperate means."

As regards the officers, matters were looking very black. The *Excelsior* of December 6 reported that numerous officers had to return to the front, although they had not recovered from their severe wounds. The *Figaro* of November 29 stated that a lieutenant-colonel named Kolsch, 59 years of age, had been appointed to the commandship of the First Army Corps because Germany lacked generals. According to the Entente press the number of German generals had been very greatly reduced, especially owing to frequent suicides. To the list of those who, in the columns of the press in question, had killed themselves during the period in which Liège was taken, were subsequently added the names of Beseler, the conqueror of Antwerp (who committed suicide in the *Temps* of October 29), and of Generals von Breda and von Braul, on the Eastern front (Havas report in the *Petit Journal* of November 22). Desperation had likewise overtaken the subordinate officers.

The fact of the German troops surrendering at every possible opportunity is so often reported that we can dispense with further quotations. The *Temps* of November 3 told us that the front ranks were systematically kept under fire by those behind in order to prevent them from running away.

ECONOMIC COLLAPSE.

The military collapse of Germany was accompanied by an economic one. The *Temps* of November 20 reported that the number of unemployed in Germany amounted to two million, that the small traders were ruined, that over 40 per cent. of all mortgages had been recalled, owing to the non-payment of interest. The first German war loan was subscribed under compulsion by the savings banks, insurance companies, etc., as the whole of German capital had been transferred for safety to Switzerland. The same assertions were repeated by Abbé Wetterlé in the *Petit Parisien* of February 12, 1915. He knew positively that the first war loan had been subscribed under compulsion by the savings banks, which had not even enough funds available for the purpose; and he likewise knew that the plan of issuing a second loan of five billion francs—a higher sum evidently surpassing all imagination—was impossible. German finance suffered from the lack of an adequate gold covering; Germany's credit had diminished, her budget was in a state of hopeless confusion, her national debt had attained enormous proportions, her bankruptcy was inevitable.

The *Figaro* of December 17 reported that an Alsatian, M. Paul Müller, delivered a lecture in the Société d'Agriculture in which he prophesied a famine in Germany within a very short time. In the *Economiste Européen* M. Edmond Théry proved that Germany's supplies could not possibly last longer than eight or nine months. Germany's economic exhaustion makes the victory of the Allies, of which they are sure in any case, an absolute certainty. The *Matin* of January 14 reports a speech by M. Edmond Théry to the Budget Commission, in which he proclaimed the financial and economic breakdown of Germany to be imminent, whereas France could look forward to the future with perfect confidence.

REVOLUTION IN GERMANY.

All this is not merely theoretical speculation; the German nation is about, by means of a revolution, to force its rulers to conclude peace. In the *Daily Mail* of November 5 we read that "Germany's material and moral position is desperate; the people are crying for bread and clamoring for their sons to return home." *Excelsior* of December 2 knew that in various towns it was forbidden to wear mourning, so as not to excite

the population still more. The theatres were obliged to play, the officials were forced to visit them, in order to give an impression of unruffled calm. By way of a change, the exact contrary was occasionally asserted for the benefit of the neutral reader. The *Journal* of December 30 reported that the Royal theatres in Berlin were closed, because all sorts of interruptions had taken place in the presence of the court. In December there were grave disturbances in Berlin, caused by the publication of the casualty lists. Immense crowds marched from the suburbs to the center, and were stopped by the police with drawn swords. The multitude shouted: "Down with the war! Peace and bread!" A regiment of the reserves refused to advance against the rioters (*Daily Telegraph*, December 22). A cutting from the *Petrograd Gazette* brought similar news, the sole difference being that the disturbances in question occurred on November 19, and that the crowd shouted "Down with the war! Give us back our husbands and sons!"

INNER DISSENSIONS.

Economic difficulties were further complicated by inner dissensions. *Novoie Vremya* of November 11 reported that the Confederate States had protested against Prussia on account of the violation of their rights. The war had ceased to be a popular one. In *Matin* of December 18 General Bonual predicted that the growing dissension between Prussia and Bavaria would exert an unfavorable influence on the spirit of the army. The semi-official *Bayerischer Kurier* was also declared to have stated that, had a little more prudence been displayed, the war would have been avoided (Cf. *Journal*, November 23). The Bavarians were more and more dissatisfied with the military operations. Letters from Munich described the growing excitement against the Kaiser, who vaingloriously claimed all the credit for Prussia, whereas General Kluck's army had been extricated from imminent peril by the Bavarians—a fact systematically withheld from public knowledge (New York *Herald*, Paris edition, December 24, 1914).

BREAK-UP OF THE ALLIANCE OF THE CENTRAL POWERS.

If there was lack of unity in Germany, it was not surprising that the tension between Germany and Austria should become daily greater. A Havas telegram published by the *Gazette de Lausanne* of November 22 reported a fight between Germans and Austrians south of Kalisch. This fight originated in the fact that the Austrian officers declined to obey the orders of the German General Staff. Of course, Austria thought of concluding a separate peace.

The *Universal* of December 6 insisted on the fact that Austria was doing nothing, and that Germany was much disappointed by the weakness of her ally. Under such circumstances the neutrals cannot have been surprised by the assertion that the Turks obeyed German orders unwillingly and only because the guns of the Goeben menaced the Sultan's palace (Central News dispatch in *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, November 1). It was likewise stated that the Turkish army had revolted against the German officers (*Daily Telegraph*, November 14).

INTERVENTION OF BULGARIA AND ROUMANIA.

All these stories were destined for neutral countries. From a military standpoint Germany was as good as beaten, her army demoralized, and the empire economically exhausted. In Berlin the populace was shouting for peace and bread; the German Empire was crumbling to pieces, and the only ally in company with whom Germany embarked on the war—namely, Austria-Hungary—was ready to abandon her. What a grand opportunity for neutral countries still hesitating to join the

Entente! In Italy the game succeeded. Bulgaria was courted with a like assiduity. The *Rietch* of October 31 quite understood Bulgaria's reasons for remaining neutral until the intervention of Turkey, but since then the situation had completely changed. It was a psychological impossibility for Bulgaria to remain neutral during a war between Russia and Turkey. The *Novoie Vremya* of November 5 knew that a war against Turkey responded to the dearest wishes of the Bulgarian nation. The government must take account of this wish or else its position would become untenable. Russia did not need Bulgaria's help. But the latter should express its gratitude for everything it owed to Russia's generosity. None the less there were veiled threats, to the effect that "if Bulgaria misses the opportunity, she may easily find the door closed."

Roumania was coaxed in exactly the same way. Here also the press diplomacy of the Entente alternated flattery and the promise of substantial profits, with scarcely veiled threats. Every public utterance in favor of the Entente was announced with joy. M. Take Jonescu's prophecy to the effect that Roumania would intervene on the side of the Entente at the latest in February or March, probably earlier still, was hailed with enthusiasm (Cf. *Daily News*, January 12, 1915). The *Petrograd Gazette* had previously (November 10 and 23) published a communication emanating from the Russian Foreign Department, to the effect that Roumania would take the decisive step at the beginning of December. A Greek paper, *Nea Hellas*, prophesied that the event would happen at the close of December (Cf. *New York Herald*, December 15). We know that the appointed term was subsequently invariably postponed, but the certainty of the event taking place was unceasingly, and with extraordinary tenacity, proclaimed again and again. On December 23 *Temps* warned Roumania not to miss the proper moment. The war was deciding the future map of Europe. In the result the nations would participate only in the measure in which they had borne risks. A separate peace with Hungary—by no means an impossible event—would rob Roumania of all her hopes. Even the Vatican was not spared, and the most evident efforts were made in view of influencing its attitude. The *Nouvelliste de Lyon* of January 8 did not hesitate to assert that the war in Belgium was directed principally against the Catholic Church.

GERMANY'S YEARNING FOR PEACE.

Germany was beaten, economically ruined, deserted by her allies; the intervention of the neutrals was imminent; as the last logical link in the chain, Germany's irresistible desire for peace had to be invented. Germany, having prepared for war during many years, had scarcely drawn the sword from its sheath when she already gave up the game as lost and manifested her burning desire for peace by making efforts to bring about such a peace. On November 23 (Cf. *Telegraaf* of the following day) Reuter reproduced a vivid description of this yearning for peace, written for the *Daily Telegraph* by an American just returned from Berlin. Germany was now fighting only to obtain as favorable conditions as possible. Numerous Germans were reckoning with the fact of Germany losing Alsace, and also parts of Lorraine and East Prussia, and of Austria losing Galicia. All hopes were henceforth concentrated on the preservation of German unity and of the rest of the empire. All farsighted Germans were outwardly calm, but in reality desperate. According to the *Rietch* (November 22) German traders asked for peace, for they knew better than anyone that Germany could not fight to the end owing to lack of all raw materials. The German press was following suit, and it was easy to gather from its attitude that it was endeavoring to build a golden bridge between Germany

and France (*Novoie Vremya*, November 19). The Imperial Chancellor himself had already attempted to prepare the party leaders for a speedy conclusion of peace, but they had replied that the conclusion of peace at the present moment would mean a revolution (*Lyon Républicain*, December 15).

SEPARATE PEACE.

The reports of a separate peace appear daily. The *Times* of November 12 was able to announce a forthcoming separate peace between Russia and Austria; characteristically enough, the news reached the London journal from St. Petersburg. On December 1 the *Progrès de Lyon* reported that the Emperor of Austria would abdicate, and that his successor would immediately conclude peace with Russia. The defeat of the German Empire would enable Austria to regain her former supremacy over the Germanic peoples. Another time it was the Czechs who were the moving force. Or else Italy was the intermediary, through whom Austria offered Russia to conclude a separate peace (*Gazette de Lausanne*, November 18). Or else Austria applied to Serbia. According to the *Lyon Républicain* of December 14, M. Clémenceau knew from a reliable source that Austria had twice proposed peace to Serbia. On December 29 a report from Greece via Rome, published by the *Echo de Paris*, mentioned yet another peace proposal, which Serbia had rejected with contempt. Occasionally Hungary also threatened to separate herself from Germany and Austria; this is what the *Temps* of December 17 learned simultaneously in Madrid and in the Vatican. The *Basler Nachrichten* of November 19 published the following details of Austria's peace conditions: East Galicia to be abandoned, whereas Germany, for her part, would be content to keep her ancient frontiers. This last report is a good example of the many-sided propaganda of the Allies. It appeared in a Swiss paper in the form of a Havas telegram reproducing a statement in the London *Daily Mail*, which latter claimed to have received the news from Copenhagen! Thus half Europe took part in the fabrication of the lie, which was intended to thrust a wedge between the Central Powers. In this way dissension was to be sown between Germany and Austria; but Turkey likewise was taken in due consideration—for it was added that Germany and Austria agreed as to the impossibility of preventing the dismembering of Turkey.

But not only Austria was secretly planning the betrayal of her ally: Germany was doing the same thing. The *Times* of November 12 printed a Havas telegram to the effect that Germany, after the failure of the Polish campaign, had in vain sought to conclude a separate peace with Russia. According to the *Figaro* of January 3, Germany was quite prepared, after her defeats, to abandon Austria on condition that she would receive the German provinces at the end of the war. On November 18 the *Journal* reported that, on the morrow of Turkey's declaration of war, Germany had already opened negotiations with Russia behind the back of her new ally. More frequently still Germany had offered peace to France. On October 30 the *Daily Chronicle* was able to announce German offers of peace—to say nothing of those offers which were made during the first three months of the war. According to the *Figaro* of November 12, and the *Morning Post* of November 14, unsuccessful efforts with a view to peace had been undertaken in France before the offer to Russia, of which we have already spoken, was made. Japan, of course could not be omitted. The Mikado had received a personal communication from the Kaiser in which he promised Japan to fulfill all possible dreams of the future, provided she would attack Russia. But the offer excited the same indignation which naturally manifested itself each time Germany made peace overtures. The Emperor of Japan had contented himself

with remitting the Kaiser's letter to the British Embassy (*Politiken*, November 29). Germany's intermediaries are either financiers (Cf. *Daily Chronicle*, October 30), or else Dutch Social Democrats (Cf. *Evening Standard*, of same date); occasionally they are German Socialists. One after another nearly all foreign powers were named as intermediaries. Efforts for peace were made—according to the *Times* of November 3—in Washington. On November 19 and 20 important conferences were held in Washington in connection with a proposal made to Holland, and which could only be considered as a first attempt in the direction of peace; American diplomatic circles, however, believed that the Allies would decline to make peace. Four countries participated in the fabrication of this report, which traveled from Washington to Copenhagen (Cf. *Politiken*, November 22), via the *Daily News* in London. The *Temps* of November 12 was informed that German negotiations for peace on the basis of the *status quo* were taking place in Switzerland, Norway and France.

This selection of examples of the enemy propaganda in a period of three months will be sufficient. Were we to push our investigations further, we should find many proofs of the

fact that Germany, by conquering ever new territories in Russia, was advancing rapidly to her doom; that the English expedition to Gallipoli implied the end of Turkey; that the intervention of Roumania and Greece in favor of the Entente was merely a question of days. Only in one respect have the enemy newspapers changed their methods of destroying Germany. The *Matin* of December 12 predicted that the war would end in March, 1915; the *Figaro* of December 16 postponed the end till May; whereas the *Morning Post* of January 6 did not expect the *dénouement* until shortly after September. Today our adversaries have grown more cautious as to precise dates. The suicides of German generals have diminished, hunchbacked and 65-year-old recruits in the German army have become rarer, and eloquent necrologies are no longer composed in memory of the Reichstag. But otherwise the methods of propaganda have remained the same: Germany is exhausted, both from a military and an economic standpoint; hungry crowds of working people shout for bread and peace, and the dove with the olive branch is forever reappearing—sometimes in Washington, sometimes in Switzerland, sometimes in Holland, and recently in the Vatican.

THESE ARE NOT FREE VERSES

BALLAD OF THE DANDIES

By ERNEST McGAFFEY.

WHAT of the memory of Richard Nash,
Ruler so long of the town of Bath?
Whose satire cut like a stinging lash
The lesser fops who incurred his wrath!
The weeds have grown in his glory's path
And slugs, on his grave neglected, doze,
He passed in the Dandies aftermath
With Brummell, King of the Belles and Beaux.

And what of the amours of Buckingham
Villiers, the handsome and sleepy-eyed,
Half a genius and partly a sham,
A motley compound of wit and pride,
All curled and ruffled and wigged and tied,
With silks and ribbons and furbelows,
In Fashion's gallery, side by side,
With Brummell, King of the Belles and Beaux.

And Fielding, D'Orsay and Chesterfield,
Yet what a forgotten roll we call,
Each in his manner to folly sealed
Less like a man than a painted doll,
Rogues and gamblers and spend-thrifts all
Vanished their vogue and their stilted pose,
And how like a house of cards they fall
With Brummell, King of the Belles and Beaux.

ENVOY.

Prince! as the summer's butterflies
Their season came to a lingering close;
Their fading glow, like a sunset dies
With Brummell, King of the Belles and Beaux.

ANDROMEDA

By A. ALONDRA.

(After the French of Heredia.)

BOUND to the shining rock, the Cephaen maid
Clothed in the glory of her royal hair,
Tears her white breasts in terror and despair,
And, living still, alas! calls Death to aid.
The monstrous ocean bellows unafraid
Its challenge, and the bitter noontide's glare
Beats on the soft closed lids, as poppies fair,
That shut out visions of the fate delayed.
Then—as the thunder-clap cross cloudless skies,
A clear neigh tears the silence, and her eyes
Widen with terror and with ecstasy,
For she has seen, in flight vertiginous
The shadow of the wings of Pegasus
Reflected in the mirror of the sea.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

By A. ALONDRA.

(After the French of Heredia.)

THEY stand together on the terrace high;
The land of Egypt, stifling in the heat,
Lies, like a map unrolled, beneath their feet;
The great stars blossom in the evening sky,
One after one; and ever wearily
The sluggish river seaward rolls to greet
The cities of the Delta. Sweet, too sweet,
Blowing from fields where trampled lilies lie,
The soft air faints with perfumes of the South—
And all Elysium trembles on her mouth,
When ardent Antony, bending tender-wise
O'er the pale marvel of her radiant face,
Sees in the depths of her great, gold-flecked eyes
A boundless sea where triremes flee apace.

THE BUTTERFLY

[A MORALITY]

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

CHARACTERS:

DEATH.

A BUTTERFLY.

CHORUS OF THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN.

HIS WIFE.

HIS SONS.

I.

(*A Sleeping-Chamber with conventional furnishings. A table bearing medicine flasks. A simple bed upon which reposes THE RIGHTEOUS MAN. At his head stands DEATH in the guise of a skeleton, from whose shoulders falls a long black cloak. He is shadowy at first and scarcely visible, but his shape assumes definite outline as the scene progresses.*)

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*musingly*): And so it seems that I am about to die....Must die? Yes, I must. It is strange how clear my thoughts are. And I have no fear of Death,—no fear. Truly, why should I fear him? He comes today, or tomorrow, or yet again tomorrow—what matters when? And in the grave, under a green mound, how shall I slumber? Shall I hear the grass grow, and the flowers open, and passing swallows beat their wings? Nay, but the dead hear not, for death is not a sleep—death is an end, an end of all, and knows no awakening. Is it not passing strange? This body that has borne me for sixty years shall cease, cease in the twinkling of an eye. Is it not strange? And when the end comes I shall not know nor remember, and my soul shall be as nothing. Is it not very strange?—But of this one thing is my heart glad: I do not fear death meanly as men do, fear neither Heaven nor Hell. Life in the invisible beyond my faith could not and would not see.... Yet have I led a life clean and honorable and triumphant over temptation in the sight of all men. Yes, I have fought the good fight, not as a child, fearful of the mother's rod, but through the freedom of my manhood's strength....Bitter is the sweetness of sin....(*he smiles*) and now I must die....(*He gazes through the window.*) Yonder the sun grows crimson in his death—dies in his blood. (*Joyously.*) The sun and I—we die together; together having done our good day's work....

(*A sound is heard as of music that, soft at first, grows in intensity. The sun sinks below the horizon. A perfume of poignant sweetness fills the room and a magical light illuminates it. A chorus enters of female forms, clad in many-colored raiment, and bearing a shining crown.*)

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*with great wonder*): Who are ye?

CHORUS: We are the Things that Might Have Been.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: What is the glittering something that ye bear.

CHORUS: The Crown of Life that never pressed thy brow, the happiness whose light thy temples never felt.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*earnestly*): A life whose law was duty, such was my happiness.

CHORUS: We are that life which thou hast never lived, the deeper mysteries which thy glance never pierced....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*austerely*): I was a faithful citizen of my country; I leave the world better for my coming. What would ye more?

CHORUS: We are the moment of power that passed thee,

we bear the lily of might thou didst not dare to pluck....We are honor, power, glory....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*insistently*): Not unto all is it given to rule. I did what lay in me.

CHORUS: We are the unforgettable deeds thou mightst have done, the perished dreams lost when thy duty to others made thee forget thy duties to thyself....We are fame that bloomed not for thee; the laurel we bear never touched thy locks....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: I was a good husband to my wife. She loved me, though I was uncrowned of fame.

CHORUS: We are the word of love thou didst not dare to speak. We are the women, golden and dark of hair, with eyes of azure, emerald and amber, thou mightst have loved; their gleaming limbs we are, their breasts, their arms, their shoulders—which thy hands never touched. We are the crimson blooms upon the Tree of Life, the fire of lips un-kissed....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*irritated*): I was a good father to my children, made of them useful men and women. Was not that better? (*His voice trembles.*) Speak, was not that better? Could I have been that, had I yielded to you?

CHORUS: We are the mystical children of dreams, unborn of women whom thou didst not love....We are minutes and hours and years vanished while thou wert busy feeding the mouths at home....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*slung out of his calm*): My life has been stainless, and in that consciousness my heart is lifted up! If I passed by many pleasures, therein I was right,—surely, surely, I was right. The higher happiness I did not lose. Not all chords in my soul's harmony vibrated; the chords that sounded had the deeper tone....Blind to the earth, I gazed into the sun....

CHORUS: We are the pallid moonlight of the soul....We are the passion flowers in the Garden of Love....We are the scarlet hours dreamed of through fevered nights, sweet-bitter desires unslaked, golden fruits that passion brings in its golden bowl....We are many-colored birds in the Paradise of Sin....We are the nightingales that sing in summer nights....We are the flowers whose fragrance kills....We are the purple cloak of beauty about the skeleton of life.... We are the music whose maddening sweetness never thrilled thy nerves—the deathless human yearning that utters itself, at times in good, oftener in evil....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: How the song stirs! A new world rises before my dimmed eyes, a gleaming, glittering world. Yet—was it not greatly done to love the sun and flee the shades that lure to deep abysses?....Have I not tasted all ennobling feelings as father, patriot, friend? Was it not wise to leave the chord of brutal depths unsounded?....But if I have been deceived, if I have not been a complete man, then is life lost indeed, its columns crumbling—then is all lost....

CHORUS: We dance where the deep shadows are, we are secret runes in the Book of Fate—the splendid consciousness of self that, having lived through all that is human, understands all. And because thou didst not know us thou must perish like a moth dancing in a sunbeam....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*whose expression has grown to be one of helpless despair, feverishly and with a shrill,*

excited voice): Ah, fool that I was who thought to be a complete man, thought to act nobly by keeping you afar....by fettering my soul, then when I bit my lips that should have bled with kisses, not with pain....when I crucified my flesh and—lost my soul! (*Calmer.*) But I will live yet,—yet snatch, like a late and famished guest, some few remnants from the Banquet of Life....I will live for you—with you—O fair and evil dreams, for a little space....

DEATH (*whose form has gradually become clear, steps forward and stretches forth his hand with a gesture of command and solemn majesty*). It is too late.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: Too late?

DEATH: Thou must follow me.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: Whither?

DEATH: Into the emptiness without.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: Into the dreary shadow? That cannot be, it is too terrible—now that I see that my life has been as nothing!—From void to void!—

DEATH: From void to void!

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: Is there no help?

DEATH: None.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: And so from life unlived I must pass unto death.

DEATH: Unto death.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: I will not! I defy thee. Surely the will is mighty and my heart still beats, still throbs passionately in my breast. Thou must set me free! I cannot follow thee, and will not.

DEATH (*unmoved, points at the hour-glass concealed under his cloak*).

(*And now the Chorus has faded away. The family of The Righteous Man enters. His Wife sits down beside him, his Sons stand with heads bent.*)

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*looks upon his Wife with an expression of horror and disgust*). Thou monster of evil omen, get thee away from me! Thou hast stolen my happiness.

THE WIFE: But dear, dear husband, thou must know me, thy good wife through adversity and prosperity, in labor and renunciation! Thou must remember how last year.... dear God!

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*who has listened with a petrified look, in the strident accents of madness*): I know thee only too well, thou vampire, thou my lost life. Leave me! Leave me! Yonder, yonder, are those whom I love!

THE WIFE (*looking into the empty space*): Where?

ONE SON: He knows not what he says; it is the fever that speaks.

THE OTHER SON: Poor father!

THE WIFE (*weeps silently*).

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*seeing his Sons, bitterly*): O misbegotten brood! Yonder, yonder, are the children of my heart, whom I starved that ye might be fed....

(*The Wife and Sons overwhelmed, draw back.*)

DEATH (*unseen of the others, steps close to the bed*).

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*seeing him*): Fool that I was! All is at an end. My curse upon the state, upon my marriage, my children, my duty; they have slain my soul....I am lost, and my happiness, my own dear happiness, mine by right....where is it? You have cheated me of it....It was so fair, this happiness of mine, seen ever only from afar; it was so bright, so radiantly beautiful....Perhaps I had caught it, had ye not weighted my feet with lead....

THE WIFE and THE SONS: Father!

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*hoarsely*): It was so fair,—my happiness,—so fair....

DEATH (*softly places a finger upon The Righteous Man's mouth*).

(*At that moment flutters against the window-pane something large and gaudy like to a Butterfly.*)

(CURTAIN.)

CHARACTERS:

DEATH.

THE BUTTERFLY.

DISGUST.

POSE.

ENNUI.

THE SEVEN SINS.

(UNTRUTHFULNESS, PRIDE, AVARICE, ENVY, MURDER, GLUTTONY, UNCHASTITY.)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN.

THE SOUL.

II.

(*A gorgeous Chamber illuminated by a crimson lamp and furnished with subtle elegance. Upon a bed of purple and fine linen lies The Unrighteous Man dying. At the head of the bed, as in the first scene, stands Death.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*dreamily*): Slowly the leaves fell from the linden-tree, slowly the wind robbed them one by one, and, ere the tree knew, it stood bare. Like beseeching arms it stretched into the air its naked boughs; drearily and despairingly rustled its leaves on the ground. Shadows of death float through my soul, like ebony swans upon an argent mere....The trembling shadow of death darkens the clusters of shimmering orchids....The bleeding roses droop, as if in prayer, their fiery blooms....It is the hour of parting from all things dear, and this soul of mine will flutter far like a helpless bird—whither? whither? Like a little homeless bird will it lose itself in the infinite void which is the universe....Is death a sleep, and will an angel some day come unto all graves and wake the sleepers with a lily wand?....Will the celestial armies sing before the sun measures sweeter than the sobbing of nightingales on earth?....It matters little. I arise from the feast of life, satisfied. Dying as I have lived, I force even death to yield me a strange and subtle pleasure from its very pain. I can say truly that I have lived my life, have tasted it with every nerve, have burned my heart in the flame of every passion, and struck each chord upon the gamut of human emotion with a master's hand....I have walked hand in hand with beauty, often by abysses of terrible loveliness wherein flames quivered, orange and red and violet. I have trodden the grapes of pleasure in the winepress of life. I have lived like a philosopher, and thus will I die....

(*Hideous noises are heard in the hall. Hoarse voices; screeches; obscene sounds. Enter Ennui, Disgust, Pote, followed by The Seven Sins.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Who dares to intrude here? Who are you?

ENNUI (*greenish-complexioned, peevishly*): Old acquaintances.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*coldly*): I do not acknowledge the acquaintance.

ENNUI (*yawning again*): Dost thou not? These fine gentlemen usually have short memories. I am called Ennui, and it is I who brought into thy life the Seven Sins....

DISGUST (*ashen in complexion, hiccoughs*): And I who stung thee from repose again and again on the search after new sensations,—as one that seasons tainted food with unheard-of spices,—I am Disgust.

POSE (*with painted lips, jauntily*): And I, who do not desert thee even on thy death-bed, I am called Pose.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*amiably*): I appreciate your coming, but by all means rid me of this disgusting crowd.

POSE: Impossible. I have served thee faithfully, but there are moments in life when every face must drop its mask, and this is such an one.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*with careless ease*): Very well, then. If you wish to amuse me with your comedy even when I am dying—I am satisfied. I can find pleasure even in this. In fact, it is charming of you. I am extremely interested. But will you not introduce these ladies to me?

DISGUST: They know thee well.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Who are they?

DISGUST: The Seven Sins.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Ladies, I am enchanted. Permit me to inquire what you carry there?

THE SEVEN SINS: A little table.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: What is it for?

THE SEVEN SINS: A dissecting table.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*pointing to a veiled something upon the table*): And what is that?

DISGUST (*removes the veil, and a little dove with ruffled feathers is seen*).

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: What kind of a little beast is that?

THE SEVEN SINS: A dove—thy soul.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: How delightful.... Ah, poor little dove, hast thou hurt thy wings?

(*The dove opens its eyes.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Dear little soul, I do not wonder that thy feathers are ruffled when such rude hands touch thee.... There, you stupid wenches, leave my soul in peace!

THE SEVEN SINS: It is too late. Thy soul is accustomed to us, for it has never been nourished from other hands than ours.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: That admits of discussion; my sins had nothing in common with you, and, upon the whole, you weary me. (*To Disgust, who is scribbling on a scrap of paper.*) What art thou writing there?

DISGUST: The list of thy sins, or perhaps the program of the comedy we enact.... Thy whole life hast thou played at comedy, and loved it; why should thy death be aught else?....

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Very well; let the play begin. For I feel that I am growing weaker. (*He looks into a hand-glass.*)

POSE (*interrupting*): And more fascinating.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Very true.

(*The Seven Sins have in the meantime formed a semi-circle about the bed. Disgust stands on one side, Ennui on the other. Pose takes up her station at some distance. Death remains motionless. From the semi-circle Untruthfulness steps forth.*)

POSE (*softly*): My little sister.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Who art thou, painted creature, repulsive harlot of the false hips? Surely I had no dealings with thee!

UNTRUTHFULNESS (*sweetly*): I am thy most faithful friend, the meaning of thy life, the word that issued daily from thy lips....

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*contemptuously*): Not thou. The lies that I spoke were exquisite lies. They brought joy and ecstasy; they were works of art, or rather like the essence of the lotus-flower; like blue flowers they were, or little

elves with golden wings and silver stars in their hair....

POSE: So it seems to thee, because thou always sawest my little sister through stained glasses. (*She passes her hands over his eyes.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Ah, God! How the picture changes! No more of thee!

(*Untruthfulness steps back. Then comes forth with mincing steps infinitely grotesque Pride.*)

PRIDE: I am Pride. Under my spell thou hast shrugged thy shoulders at God and his universe. Thou wast—

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: An aristocrat of the Intellect.

PRIDE: A fool. Thou didst build unto thyself a high tower, and didst gaze down from it upon mankind. But the tower was builded of sophistries and rose into the skies of Delusion. Verily had the worth of men been weighed in a golden balance thy weight would have proved lighter than that of the meanest among them.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*makes an averting gesture. A little man with bird-like claws steps forth*): Who art thou thing of horror? Surely thou art a stranger to me, thou with the rheumy eyes, hideous monster, malodorous carrion thou?

AVARICE (*whimpers*): I am Avarice. Look into mine eyes. Thou knowest me well. Oh, thou wert not sparing of gold, thou threwest to the poor many a thoughtless alms—thou must look deeper. Thou didst bury thy talent, thou thoughtest to have found Happiness, and wouldst not throw to any mortal even a crumb from thy store. Thou didst keep truth locked in thy soul and didst not spend one grain of it.... Did thy heart ever, for the twinkling of an eye, beat for another?.... Didst thou give any morsel of the Love that was in thee?....

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*taken aback, interrupts him*). But my philosophy—perhaps thou art right—My.... Another vision!

(*Thereupon approaches a little man with jaundiced skin and distorted features.*)

ENVY (*maliciously*): I am Envy.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Envy?

ENVY: Who but I sat behind thee driving thee to ever new excesses? If any one had accomplished a great task in good or in evil, it gave thee no peace till thou hadst surpassed him—in evil. Dost thou not know me?

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*with toneless voice*): I know thee.

(*The dove beats its wings. The Unrighteous Man sinks into meditation. Forth steps a pallid, menacing figure. His intellectual face is branded with an expression of such fierce cruelty that The Unrighteous Man trembles involuntarily.*)

MURDER: Thou knowest me. I am the plaything of thy dreams. For my sake thou wast envious of the Borgias and of the Roman emperors. But even they were but blunderers compared to thee.... They slew, they poisoned the body and tortured it, but thou slewest souls with thy soul. Little brother, dost thou remember me?

(*He cackles with hoarse laughter and whispers something into The Unrighteous Man's ear.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*pales*).

(*The convulsions of the little dove become intenser.*)

(*The moon recedes behind clouds.*)

(*After a brief space Gluttony steps forth.*)

GLUTTONY (*sucking its teeth*): Ah, sweetheart, we enjoyed life, did we not? We ate pheasants' tongues and rare mushrooms and drank foaming wine.... And thou didst right. For soon must thou eat earth and the fruits of corruption,

and drink the water of the grave....Think of me who sat daily at thy board, covering my ungainly form with purple and my baldness with vine-leaves....

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*makes a gesture of disgust*).

GLUTTONY (*with strident voice*): Ah, thou needest not be so queasy now. Have I not eaten four times daily at thy table, even if thou gavest me another name and a decent little cloak?....

(The Unrighteous Man *covers his head. The dove grows more quiet and lets its weary little wings hang down.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*softly*): Ah, perhaps all of you are in the right—all. My life was fearfully small and mean. Waste places I saw through a rosy haze, and my foot trod on treacherous quicksands....But one consolation remains to me: I have loved regally, splendidly—with a love that moves Heaven and Hell, with a great, a beautiful love—not a good love—did I say good? Nay, I said great, fair, splendid, purple....

(*From among The Seven Sins approaches a woman regally clad in purple raiment, who has until now remained in the background.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*looking joyfully upon her*): Thou—thou understandest me....Speak! was I not a King in the Golden House of Love? a very God in the Garden of Passionate Dreams, where Birds of Paradise whirl through the twilight?....I have blended Heaven and Earth, have I not? Speak!

UNCHASTITY (*tenderly*): Surely, my beloved, thou didst all this.

(*She bends over him.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: What is it that passes from thee? Art thou the Pest?

UNCHASTITY: Nay, my dearest, I am Love, thy love, who comes from the scented garden where Birds of Paradise whirl through the twilight....My breasts are white like two small cockatoos. My figure is slender as a palm-tree, and red as the lotus-flower are my lips which thou kissed till they bled! Am I not fair? See, my beloved, see!....

(*The purple cloak glides to the floor and reveals a body corroded with canker.*)

DEATH (*who has slowly become visible, steps forth*).

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*tries to speak*).

(*The dove beats its wings convulsively.*)

DEATH *lays his finger on The Unrighteous Man's lips.*

(*The little dove lets its feet and head hang limply; its feathers fall out and its little naked dead form is left.*)

(*The Seven Sins and their companions have faded away.*)

(*Out of the room of The Righteous Man comes the glittering form of the Butterfly. It flies in through the open window, touches lightly the brow of the dead man and flutters away. The beat of its wings sounds for a little while like the echo of a song heard from afar.*)

(CURTAIN.)

FEMINISM—THE DOMESTICATION OF MAN

By PROF. LINDLEY M. KEASBEY.

FEMINISM is not so much a matter of sex as a question of gender. Sex shows through, to be sure, but that's to be expected, since gender is a grammatical garment peculiarly susceptible to the vicissitudes of style. Poor linguistic families, such as the Semitic, are obliged to make shift of a single change—masculine or feminine, as the case may be. Our richer Aryan speech affords a spare suit; so, when shamefaced, we Anglo-Saxons can cover our confusion in equivocal terms. Straightforward and outspoken in such matters, the male sex scorns to disguise itself in neuter garb—the female is not so scrupulous. Finding the neuter gender serviceable on so many social occasions (to cover certain sex deficiencies, and to guard against masculine inclemencies), she wraps herself smugly in its amphibolous folds and appears as a feminist in the marketplace of men. Ungallant as Earl Leofric, I propose to strip the wench, and make her march nakedly, but more becomingly, I opine.

Through natural selection the sub-order of the anthropoids is become structurally adapted to two sets of physical exercises: swinging and climbing, and striking and throwing. So far as swinging and climbing are concerned, the females of the species are in no wise inferior to the males. "Hes" and "shes" are indistinguishable through the bars of the monkey cage; among flying trapeze artists the ladies pull off precisely the same stunts as the gents, and are similarly costumed besides. It is in striking and throwing that the female falls short and the male sex excels. Arms are manufactured in men's sizes only, mixed doubles are abominable (preserve the old spelling), except for spectacle purposes, baseball is not a synecdochic game. This explains biologically the passing subjection of women and the ephemeral supremacy of man.

So long as our frugivorous ancestors were satisfied with an

arboraceous existence, swinging and climbing sufficed, and sexual equality prevailed. "Those halcyon days, that golden age is gone!"—to give place to an earthly paradise, wherein striking and throwing seem essential and sexual disparity appears. A fig for the fall of man!—he came down of his own accord. I'm referring to our pithecanthropical forefather, who abandoned the arboreal habitat to undertake the hazards of a terri-colourous career. Because of an eclectic appetite, which (plague upon his prepotency!) he has passed on to us his omnivorous descendants. For "we, alas, the flesh-pots love. We love the very leaks and sordid roots below." Or was woman originally responsible for the fall—beguiled by the serpent to expand her arboreal bill of fare? There is verisimilitude in this story of vicarious sacrifice, but be that as it may. Ever since it has been her consistent desire to sit beside the flesh-pots and eat to the full thereof. Man's function from the first was to fill their cavernous cavities with the products of the chase and of war. So it came to striking and throwing. In these exercises man became an expert, whereas woman remained a mutt—witness her ineffective appearance in militancy and sport. Here then the economic explanation of the sham subjection of woman and the spurious superiority of man.

A SORRY day, indeed, when the Lady of the Leafy Mansion left her fruitful larder to trudge along after her carnivorous consort, bearing the burdens, and babies besides. By her ineptitude excluded from the striking and throwing system, the female of the species was straightway banished from the board. So for long ages she served, content, or seemingly so, to gather such crumbs as should fall from her master's table. I'm a little uncertain concerning flesh-pots and

tables, it may be a mixed metaphor, but I'm not in the least doubtful about "love, honor, and obey."

Unable to reinstate herself by swinging, the disfranchised feminist took to climbing again. That she might make her way once more into masculine society and sit beside the superior sons of men.

"See what a grace is seated on his brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself."

Compare Hamlet, act III, scene IV, for a further portrayal of this striking and throwing colossus, "shining through the ages like some embodied defiance." Look you now what follows: in the train of the feminist movement comes the counterfeit presentment. Captains of industry, so-called, speculators and exploiters in sooth, filling the flesh-pots vicariously with the products of factory and farm! It's a jejune story, this, of the descent, or shall I say the domestication, of man? Suffice of the descent, or shall I say the domestication, of man?

Because of his striking and throwing proclivities man had the best of it so long as militarism prevailed. He seems to be coming into his own again in this recent recrudescence, by bayonet charges and hand grenades. But when it came to industrialism woman won out—by exercising her subtler wit in sedentary and seductive ways. Once a semblance of law and order was established (by paid officials: pedagogues, policemen, parsons and priests), the femme-covert found herself in sufficient security to dispense with the protective service of the covert-baron, her former defender. Whereupon he, the striking and throwing consort, was relieved of his domestic responsibilities, and shorn of his authority besides.

FOR mark you, my Feminist Friend, this is not a man-made world as you so glibly suppose. Man's crowning ambition has been, on the contrary, to destroy. So far as ownership is concerned, it's a woman's sphere. Though in a constructive sense (if they hadn't acted only as agents), the non-descript neuters should be held responsible for the sorry scheme. Since the workers of the world are asexual, even as the inhabitants of the hive. Where for sooth does sex enter in?—why even age is disregarded in the industrial operations of our day. Men, women, and children withal, work together indiscriminately, within the factory and out on the farm, if not for reproductive, for productive purposes, at any rate, promiscuous intercourse at present prevails. As a Spenserian would say: this immense monoecious organism, the proletariat, is differentiated along functional, not along sexual lines.

But to get back to the sex struggle: it was a one-sided con-

flict to start with, and another-sided victory in the end. Woman was worsted when swinging and climbing, became obsolete; man was successful so long as striking and throwing prevailed. Then under industrialism an era of neutrality, as digging and delving became necessary to stave off diminishing returns. "Man is as lazy as he dares to be." Then, too, striking and throwing require the free use of the strong right arm, so woman was forced to it first. Her digging stick is the prototype of the spade; from the "conjugal relation" we may even suppose she harnessed her husband to the plow. But soon she bethought herself: "Why should my striking and throwing consort continue to kill? better it were to capture and disarm. Suppose I allow him his fascinating females, if he deliver over to me the emasculated males?"

Thus what began by a two-fold fight became in conclusion a three-cornered campaign between the two sexes over the disposition of the sexless, in order to counteract niggardly nature and offset diminishing returns. Even so it was no easy task for the feminist to force the effeminate to work for woman's whims, under male orders, as heretofore, but henceforth at her behest.

FIRST the forces of slavery failed, then those of serfdom broke down. Freedom being requisite for further productive purposes, liberty, equality and fraternity were pretentiously proclaimed. With this practical effect: wage-earners and salary-recipients were straightway contracted for, and instructed by superintendents to speed up the job. All went well under this mercenary hegemony—so long as invention and efficiency availed. When, by way of adumbration, old familiar portents began to appear. Again nature exposed her niggardly character and among the asexuals virility re-arose. At these ominous signs the masters of the situation resorted to conciliation, keeping striking and throwing suggestively in reserve. But physical force shows so clearly through masculine diplomacy—it is altogether absent from feminine guile. So the mistress of the occasion put the question again: "If it's foolish to force, why not cajole the effeminate, even so far as to encourage the effete?" Thus, under the aegis of respectability, the feminist movement was inaugurated. And non-descript neuters are still on the job, producing nutriment enough for the augmenting masses and luxuries galore for the declining elite. Of which sex is the elite? Pardon me, my lady, if I appear banal; I ask you only: are your inconsistent desires eventually fulfilled?

"But what good came of it at last?"

Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why that I can not say," said he,

"But 'twas a famous victory."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of The International, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1917.
State of New York,
County of New York, ss.:

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George Sylvester Viereck, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the International Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, The International Monthly, Inc., 1123 Broadway, New York City.
Editor, George Sylvester Viereck, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

Managing Editor, Joseph Bernard Rethy, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

Business Manager, R. S. Toth, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) The Fatherland Corporation, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

G. S. Viereck, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. G. S. Viereck, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

W. W. Stake, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

Fred. F. Schrader, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon

the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

G. S. VIERECK,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1917.

[Seal] A. L. SCANTLEBURY, 173.
Notary Public, Kings County. Certificate filed in New York County (My commission expires March 30, 1919.)