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THE MILITARY USURPATION IN NEW YORK

THE effort of the military to take the government of the city of New York out of the hands of Mayor Mitchel was exciting while it lasted. A story or two, circulated in the newspapers here, indicated that uniformed soldiers acted as if martial law had been proclaimed and its administration handed over to them. Tales of lawless procedure filled the newspapers, these reports being all the more mystifying because no one in authority over the troops would accept responsibility for their acts. Meetings were invaded, citizens were subjected to causeless and meaningless arrest and the right of peaceable assemblage ceased to exist. Perhaps the military wish to make the war unpopular. Certainly, the deeds accredited to some men in uniform would justify a suspicion that they were deliberately trying to make their vocation odious. The truth probably is that these young men were instructed in their duties by incompetent officers. The Mayor of this city is supposed to be responsible for its government. He maintains law and order through the police. Are we to assume that the Mayor has abdicated government here or is it possible that by an exercise of superior physical force, the military authorities have simply superseded the local government?

A POSSIBLE PERIL TO THE NATION

IF we are to assume—in the face of the probabilities of the case—that the conduct of the uniformed troops in New York in upsetting the local government, in practically superseding it in the exercise of the police power, reflects a matured policy in high quarters, then a period of extreme tension must ensue. The subjection of a large civilian population to the whim of the military, the treatment of a community accustomed to self government as

if it were an Asiatic satrapy, must in the end kindle a fire that will prove destructive before it is quenched. It can not surely be the purpose of the War Department at Washington or of the militia in the several States to render the war odious, to foment a spirit of cowed revolt, to destroy every organ of expression possessed by the popular will. The creation of such a situation in our large self-governing American communities would be fatal to the war. It would arouse a flaming resentment that must in the end substitute for the war with Germany a severe domestic crisis. So obvious is all this that we must explain the episodes in New York as manifestations of some inadequacy to the situation on the part of inexperienced officers of the army.

OUR BOB AND THE CHINESE IMBROGLIO

IT is not at all unlikely that the enemies of our diplomacy will seek to make Bob a scapegoat in this Chinese business. Somebody sent a note to China and the Japanese do not like it. One story is to the effect that a bogus note got into circulation. This seems to us highly likely. In our opinion the affair amounts to nothing but an effort to discredit Bob. He is the greatest Secretary of State we ever had, especially in the matter of notes. He writes them with surpassing effect. They are far more exciting than the letters of Junius and they ring with the scorn of that immortal unknown. One can tell a note by Bob owing to its indignation at anything like a slur upon democracy. If, as we suspect may be the case, the enemies of Bob have been putting notes into circulation that Bob never signed, the plagiarism ought to be punished. Otherwise, notes will be put into circulation purporting to be addressed by Bob to the British, the French and the Italians, with results that can be imagined. Fortunately, Bob has so long been

widely known as a champion of freedom of all kinds—freedom of the press in particular—that his real note to China can be told at once by the sentiment it preaches. The Japanese should not be so sensitive.

---

OUR BOB GETS AFTER THE  
WILD BEAST

**N**O doubt the Wilhelmstrasse will affect contempt for the attack upon the imperial German Government which our Bob indulged in at Princeton last month. Ever since he became the head of the Department of State at Washington, Bob has studied the imperial German Government with care and we are willing to accept all his impressions on the subject as accurate. The imperial government, Bob tells us, is "the wild beast of the world," and moreover, we are engaged in a war for democracy. All this may be perfectly true. There has never been a doubt in our minds of the sincerity of Bob's devotion to democracy. At the same time he had never avowed this sentiment of his heart and many had wondered why he took no opportunity to do so. Now that his influence is so openly on the side of the freedom of all mankind, his democracy will lend peculiar interest to his next effort to muzzle the press. There have been some ill advised bureaucrats at Washington who lent themselves to this campaign. They were unwilling to tolerate even a discussion of peace terms. However, as Bob said at Princeton, "the will of the people is the sovereign will," and in accordance with that will the next censorship measure ought to have the benefit of Bob's revision.

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NO ATTEMPT TO ABRIDGE  
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

**I**T is scarcely fair to the Federal authorities to make it appear that they are trying to put an end to freedom of speech by cowing public opinion. It has been alleged that our people are being "tamed" into a suppression of their real sentiments regarding both the conduct of the war and the terms upon which it is to be concluded. Now, there is not the least foundation for a suspicion of the kind. The task would not be practicable. The whole Federal Government would be incapable of so suppressing the sentiments of our people that it could force a policy of its own upon them. If a man thinks any law ought to be amended, he is at liberty to write his Congressman to that effect, to write to the newspaper of his choice, to hire a hall and to make a speech in it. There has always been among our petty local despots a tendency to interfere with the exercise of freedom of speech. The war did not make this tendency any worse. The moment a gen-

eral suspicion prevailed among our people that the government was trying to cow the free expression of public opinion, the influence of the administration would be lost. Moreover, we must remember that President Wilson has not the temperament that would permit him to endure the suppression of any constitutional right. He is what is called nowadays an "intellectual," and he would feel ill at ease in a land suffocated mentally. The fact of war necessitates a decided enlargement of the authority of the executive. That fact has been seized upon to raise cries of autocracy and despotism. These cries would sound better on other lips. Some of the men who in the Senate speak loudest against autocracy have not in the past exhibited such enthusiasm for true democracy that we need take them seriously now. It will be time enough to protest in the name of constitutional rights when the administration tries to put through such a mischievous measure as was killed by Senator Johnson of California some weeks ago.

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A COMING DIFFICULTY OF  
PRESIDENT WILSON'S

**M**UCH is said nowadays about the tone and temper of the administration in carrying on the war. There are suggestions of innovation upon our constitutional procedure. To be quite frank, it is affirmed that President Wilson is making himself a kind of autocrat. Now, there can be no doubt that the President has firmness. He does not shrink from the logical consequences of any policy he has thought out and resolved upon. The members of his official family are made to understand that he is no man's man. This is as it should be. A President of the United States should not be "owned" by anyone. He should be able to give the country a lead. There is, however, one aspect of the character of President Wilson which should be carefully considered just now. He is astute in reading public opinion. He is a great political leader, but he does not strain his leadership to any breaking point. In fact, no President has ever shown more sensitiveness to public opinion. If he thought the masses of his countrymen eagerly desired a particular change or reform or innovation he would incline to obey the popular nod. In these circumstances wisdom suggests that no popular pressure be brought to bear upon the President for the mere sake of altering this detail or that in the war plans of the administration.

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THE AGITATION AGAINST  
THE DRAFT ACT

**W**ITH every wish in the world to speak respectfully of those who think the idea of conscription an outworn one, we must confess our



amazement at the plan to have Congress repeal the draft law. Theoretically, the case against the draft is not without plausibility. But practically, the case against the voluntary system for the moment is fatal. The voluntary system, as practiced in Great Britain and in Australia, amounted to compulsion in a most odious form. If we repeal the draft law, we will not help anyone. There will be a furious "enlistment" campaign on the part of war enthusiasts, scores of thousands of "volunteers" who would be invaluable to our cause at home will be sent to Europe in a partially trained condition and many a brave lad will die a quite useless death for his country. The President's plan, while not so spectacular, is more scientific. There will be a careful selection of the youth of the land. Preparation for the field will be expert in character and results. To attempt a repeal of the conscription law will simply encourage the enemy. If we go scientifically to work to prepare a huge army, the mere exhibition of our strength will tell—perhaps end the war.

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DO WE TAKE THE RIGHT  
TONE TO RUSSIA

WORDS could hardly do justice to the iniquity of a certain class of newspapers here which persists in lecturing the new Russian government for being Socialistic. The New York Times is positively imbecile in this attitude. It is none of our business if the soldiers' and workers' council wants to set a socialist state going. Let them do that if they think they can succeed. Our business is to win the confidence of the simple Russians, to let them see that we have no sinister capitalistic prejudice against their economics. If the Russians will but take arms against the common foe, the object of our diplomacy is attained. At present, the Russians now in power at Petrograd will take the alarm if we suggest to them that their plans for a proletarian league of the world are a little premature, to say the least. The war has greatly accentuated the importance of the working classes everywhere. The valuable man just now is he who can do some creative work with his hands. To blink this truth, to permit the workingman to see that his lot will not be bettered by the outcome of this conflict, is sheer madness. The war is supposed to bring a blessing in its wake—the uplift of the wage earner. What madness it is at this crucial time to preach the theory that a revolution based upon the idea that manual workers are the salt of the earth is false, if not wicked. It may be that the Russians have carried the proletarian idea very far. Let them. If they are making a mistake, they will find that out without any assistance from us.

## AN EXPLANATION OF THE NEW IGNORANCE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

IT is greatly to be regretted that some one whose name carries more weight with the Anglo-Saxon world than our own will not come to the defense of the Department of State. It has become the victim of late of a perfectly unique delusion which is the unheeded warning of diplomatic perils yet to come.

Those who follow the progress of events in the chancelleries of Europe and who are fairly conversant with the working of what in courtesy we must refer to as "European diplomacy," will have noticed a curious propensity to ascribe to our Department of State all kinds of mysterious information. The wise men in Washington are presumed to be in possession of facts which would explain their procedures—if we but knew the facts. Secretary Lansing must know ever and ever so much that is hidden from the man in the street and from the journalist in the antechamber.

Now this is so comforting a theory of the workings of our Department of State that we shrink from shattering the illusion upon which it is built. It is a sheer mirage. Not that the gentlemen in charge of the Department of State are responsible for the delusion in question. We are quite sure they do not encourage it or disseminate it. They would humbly admit that they know very little in comparison with what they seek to know. Nevertheless, the simple truth is that our Department of State at Washington is in the nature of things very ill-informed regarding the movements of what we must still call world politics. It is not in this respect very inferior to, say, the Foreign Office in London, the Quai d'Orsay in Paris, the Ballplatz at Vienna or the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin. These great establishments, like our own Department of State are amazingly ignorant of what is going on in the very field they are maintained and trained to cultivate.

This may shock the inexperienced. It may be incredible to the common mind. A moment's consideration will show that this ignorance in Foreign Offices is inevitable. The great Monsieur De Blowitz, for so many years Paris correspondent of the London Times, happily compared a foreign office in a great capital to a deceived husband—never finding out what all the world knows until the very last. When neophytes were sent out to M. de Blowitz to be trained as journalists he warned them solemnly to beware of accepting the official information purveyed by the press bureaus of the

chancelleries as having any relation to reality. The Foreign Office never knows what is going on.

The head of a foreign office gets his dispatches, we will say, from the Ambassador at a particular capital. That Ambassador dines at the capital to which he is sent, but he dines only with the great personages of the court, with a few personal friends. His secretaries, the husbands of rich wives dine with the socially elect. There is much exchanging of cards, a general going to mass if a Catholic ruler dies, a grand opera "gala" and so on. Diplomacy consists largely of waltzing and of signing protocols and of reading protests and of carrying on correspondence correctly. The Foreign Office at home knows what treaties are in contemplation, what negotiation of an official character is progressing and what clique of international lawyers happens to have "the inside track" in the transaction of business. The traditional diplomacy has called into being a small and favored class of international lawyers who practice before this tribunal or that and who are anxious to keep diplomacy as the profession of the few and who will favor the growth of an inter-

national "bar." The modern and the new world into which we are groping our way wishes to break up the clique to which diplomacy and international law are the vocation of the technically trained, of the men who live upon international claims, awards and complications, and who have a code of their own. The most vivid illustration of the dilemma of the old diplomacy is the wish of the Russian revolutionist to drag every treaty and pact out into the open, to hold conferences in the broad light of day. This is so fatal to the clique in power that Bob Lansing had to evoke out of the eighteenth century a statute distorted into an act making it a crime for some Socialist to talk about peace with another in a neutral land.

Mr. Lansing is, in short, an international lawyer of the old school, eager to keep his profession in good standing. He is a survival from the time when State Departments and chancelleries were supposed to be equipped at least with information. It is unfair to accuse Mr. Lansing of being responsible for his own ignorance.

## FREEDOM OF SPEECH IN AMERICA

By ALEXANDER HARVEY.

THE champions of freedom of speech and freedom of the press do not seem to understand that the enemies of their cause are entrenched in the judiciary.

It is a curious fact that the members of the minor or inferior judiciary, State and Federal, are on the whole less friendly to the constitutional right of freedom of speech than are the higher courts. Thus for many years the inferior Federal judiciary used the writ of injunction as a means of abridging the right of the workingmen peaceably to assemble and petition the government for a redress of grievances.

President Wilson put an end to this evil, at least in its gravest forms. But the fact that the lower Federal judges had to get a cue from the executive illustrates a different evil altogether. The friends of freedom of speech should heed it. The lower Federal judges show a disposition to consider themselves the agents of the prosecution when certain kinds of cases are on trial.

THIS evil is an aggravated one in the case of the minor State judiciary here. The petty courts here in New York seem to take their cue from the executive. They are in some respects dependent upon that executive.

These considerations are entitled to weight in all our efforts to find out why it is that the constitutional right of freedom of speech is so constantly abridged. The explanation is to be found in the subservience and incapacity of the judges.

Words could not make plainer than do those of the Constitution the right to freedom of speech. But the words of themselves avail not a jot. A fearless and strong judiciary is the instrument of constitutional freedom, and it is to be feared that the men we have on the bench are with a few exceptions neither fearless nor strong. This is the serious truth behind the still more serious fact that the constitutional right of free speech is everywhere in process of abridgment.

The enemy of freedom of speech is more powerful today than are its friends. Never do we hear of the passage of a bill for the vindication of the right of freedom of speech and for the punishment of those who invade it.

Quite recently, the foes of the freedom of speech have been afforded a new weapon. It consists in the loud cry of "treason." The fact that we must not give the enemy aid and comfort does not mean that we must deny aid and comfort to our people at home.

It was inevitable that a subservient and inefficient judiciary would use the cry of treason to restrict still further the constitutional right to freedom of speech. A judge here in New York has sentenced a high-minded, upright man to prison for distributing a pamphlet in which President Wilson is criticised. The President, this judge affirmed, must not be criticised!

A KIND of reign of terror has thus been instituted.

Now, I have a feeling of the greatest respect for President Wilson and I rejoice in remembering that I voted for his re-election. I appreciate perfectly the immense difficulties of his position. But I am very much afraid that the President is in dire need of very severe criticism by his opponents as well as by his supporters.

The President does not seem to grasp the logical consequence of the fact that our business in this war is to destroy the armed forces of the Imperial German Government.

Our object in this war is to secure the destruction of the armed forces of the Imperial German Government, to repeat, and the fact is lost sight of in a hullabaloo over democracy by men who know nothing about it. It was a tactical blunder to confuse the popular mind on the subject of the war in this way. How to destroy the armed forces of the Imperial German Government is a perfectly legitimate subject of discussion. The effort to suppress freedom of speech on this subject is one more blunder.

—From *The Bang*.



## SPLENDIDLY WITHDRAWN

By ROLAND HUGINS, Cornell University.

## I.

I SAY "That will be all this time, gentlemen." It is my last class for the morning. The students brighten a little and flock out. I gather up my books and walk down the corridor of one of the most expensive "halls for the humanities" in America, until I reach the office I share with five other instructors. There I tarry for a time, or I drift into one of the other offices, for a smoke and a talk.

We are great conversationalists, we professors and instructors. And we talk to good purpose. Seldom do we converse for an hour before we have found a way to pull the nation through whatever crisis is threatening, or have reached a solution to some insolvable problem in philosophy or morals. We argue much, for we regard argument almost as an indoor sport. And often we talk shop. We tell each other how unresponsive our classes are. We assure one another that the students, as a whole, have no intellectual interests but the most feeble, no critical standards that are colorable, and no ideals that will heat the blood. Oh, there are exceptions, it is true. But they are very few, and not enough to leaven the mass. The mass is stupid, or indifferent, or both. We never disagree on that score.

It is a well-worn theme with us, this inelasticity of the undergraduate mind. We have analyzed the causes a hundred times—the worship of athletics, the mad scramble for college honors, the social snobbery of parents, the dilution of undergraduate quality with increase of numbers. We reproach ourselves. We should make our courses more attractive, and link them more intimately with modern life. Or we should make them less attractive, and insist on a return to the classics. Or we should abolish athletics. Or we should conduct a weekly forum of discussion. But, after all, we are a little dubious of our schemes. We know they have all been tried, at one place or another, and have failed to reach the root of the disease. We know that our university is no exception, and that all American universities East, West and Far West, are restless and a little conscience-stricken. What is to be done? Well, next week the president is going to address the undergraduates on "Scholastic Ideals."

We knock out our pipes and go down the hill to lunch.

## II.

SOMETIMES in the evening I wander into the university dormitories, or into one of the scores of fraternity houses, for a chat with the boys. Or, led by an unacademic love for gaiety, I go to one of the downtown restaurants or cafes. Here I meet undergraduates at first hand, and I get to know many of them intimately. And I have to confess that I like them better when I see them thus informally than when I quiz them in the class room. Their conversation is intelligent, though seldom intellectual. They have a sense of humor, and sometimes a ready wit. They have the high spirits of youth.

Our students are drawn from all parts of the Union, and all classes, and show a great diversity in quality. But when one considers the best third or the best fourth of them, one has to admit that here is good human material. These choicer chaps are clean, clear-eyed, well-made. They are often athletic or strikingly handsome. They are well-groomed, and they know how to dress. They meet people—if the truth be told—with more dignity and *savoir-faire* than most members of the faculty. They know something of women, enough to escape crassness. They are far from Puritanic, most of them, yet

their philosophy of life is not cynical or cheap. And they are seldom snobbish, although they have an alert sense of the distinctions, real and false, that divide men.

Very likable boys, that is what they are. And yet just boys. Even when I concede them most I have to admit that the faculty indictment of them is largely true. They have no rigid moral code, such as imposes itself on young Englishmen of the better classes. They have no active intellectual interests, such as fire students on the Continent. They are carelessly ignorant of literature, art and history. They are deeply, almost fanatically, absorbed in their undergraduate activities—extra-curricula. The University for them is not a Tower, from which they view the world, the past and present, and the march of mankind and the stars. It is a playground, a collection of social clubs, an arena in which they struggle for college "honors." Such good human material! And largely going to waste.

## III.

OUR university buildings sit on the crest of a hill—the halls of study, the library, the laboratories. The campus is one of the most beautiful in the country. A little way down the slope cluster the dormitories, the fraternities, the rooming houses. Taken together, here is a great spectacle, eloquent of learning, and tradition, and wealth, and opportunity. I have never quite lost the sense, so vivid in Freshmen, of the glamor of university life. But unlike the Freshmen, I know that the glamor hides an inner emptiness.

Imagine that we visit a great and handsome house. The landscape gardening and the architecture please us. Entering the house, we find everything in good taste—decorations, furniture, pictures. On the tables are the best political and literary reviews, and the library is amply stocked with the best books. But we find, on more intimate acquaintance, that the master and mistress and their sons and daughters treat the refinements about them with Philistine indifference. They seldom pull a book from its shelf, they slake their literary thirst with a magazine of "snappy" stories, and they play only ragtime on the piano. They refuse to talk seriously.

This comparison fits the American university and college, despite its exaggeration. For the occupants of a home are free, after all, to live their lives as they wish, whereas a university is formally dedicated to cultural pursuits. The collegiate situation is essentially a paradox. The students, the pick of them, at least, who should give tone to the whole, have just as good fiber and just as alert minds as any students in the world. The faculties include men of profound scholarship and unimpeachable ideals. These teachers are, moreover, keenly discontent with the partial success they achieve. They struggle valiantly to remould their little worlds, but some impalpable force thwarts them. They are like an army doomed to unceasing trench warfare. They hold their ground, but they make no headway.

I am not certain that I see the way to remedy matters. But of one thing I am convinced: that we have been, most of us, wrong in our diagnosis. We have looked for the cause of our shortcomings inside of our colleges, when the causes really lie outside of them. We have blamed our students, and reproached ourselves. We have been a little too morbid in our soul-searching. We have not seen clearly enough that our universities are conditioned by the great American life that flows about and through them. That life is greater than we

are. We only yield to a vainglorious conceit if we imagine that we lead and mould America in its larger aspects. We are a part of America, we represent America, and we suffer the same disabilities that America in general suffers.

## IV.

I CAN make the point clearer by a quotation from a little book I have been reading, "Appearances," by G. Lowes Dickinson. The passage occurs in the course of his comments on present-day America. Mr. Dickinson is far from complimentary, but he is not on that account less interesting. He says:

"Nowhere on that continent, so far as I have been able to see, is there to be found a class or a clique of men, respected by others and respecting themselves, who also respect not merely art but the artistic calling. Broadly, business is the only respectable pursuit: including under business, Politics and Law, which in this country are only departments of business. Business holds the place in popular esteem that is held by arms in Germany, by letters in France, by Public Life in England. The man, therefore, whose bent is towards the arts, meets no encouragement; he meets everywhere the reverse. His father, his uncles, his brothers, his cousins, all are in business. Business is the virile pursuit for people of education and means, who cannot well become chauffeurs. There is, no doubt, the professional career; but that, it is agreed, is adopted only by men of no ambition. Americans believe in education, but they do not believe in educators. There is no money to be made in that profession, and the making of money is the test of character. The born poet or artist is thus handicapped to a point which may easily discourage him from running at all. At the best, he emigrates to Europe, and his achievement is credited to that continent. Or remaining in America, he succumbs to the environment, puts aside his creative ambition, and enters business. . . . There is one pursuit, commerce; one type, the business man; one ideal, that of increasing wealth. Monotony of talk, monotony of ideas, monotony of aim, monotony of outlook on the world. America is industrialism pure and simple; Europe is industrialism superimposed on feudalism; and, for the arts, the difference is vital."

Mr. Dickinson paints with a broad brush. He says, moreover, only what has often been remarked before. Yet what candid American would deny the truth of his impeachment?

Any civilization, as a matter of fact, is made up chiefly of hopes. What ambitions does it stir in its young men and women? To what goals does it lead them to aspire? What self-discipline and what educational rigors does it lead them to impose on themselves?

## V.

THIS, then, is what I believe to be the chief thing hampering the American university: the feeble stimulus that American life offers to aspirations of the higher sort.

The soil of this country is inhospitable to artists. We have no public or private patronage of the arts that gives assurance of a successful career to merit. Politics is almost a closed door to the educated classes. Genuine public service, carefully prepared for, carries no guarantee of recognition or reward. The avenues of political preferment are choked with petty politicians; and the art of bootlicking is distasteful to young men of spirit. Literature, outside of short stories and newspaper writing, supports no robust clientele. Scientific or historical research leads at best—what a consummation!—to a professorship.

I have seen young men of very promising talent turn, under the pressure of hard facts, from idealistic careers to more gainful pursuits. I have seen minds open to an intellectual interest like a flower to sunshine, and then watched that interest fade under the chill of a bleak future. I have never known a single student who was consciously fitting himself for public life, although many students have told me that they entered college with the idea of training themselves for Congress or the diplomatic service, and abandoned the idea when they found how futile their ambitions were likely to prove. A college course is very often a progress in disillusionment. Only our Freshmen aspire to be Presidents.

Possibly we of the faculty do not hold our banner high enough. Possibly we should advise promising undergraduates to cling to their aspirations, to sacrifice the hope of social and financial rewards, to give up the idea of wife and home, and to keep burning, despite laborious poverty, or despite a surrender of pleasure and ease, some candle of truth. But that is the sort of thing one does with misgivings. And even if we do peddle noble, quixotic advice, we find that it runs counter to the counsel of relatives and companions. Most of the sure, subtle influences in the undergraduate's environment incline him toward a career in commerce or finance, toward a participation in his father's business, or, in case he is at once idle and wealthy, toward a life of dissipation and extravagance.

Personally I feel somewhat relieved when I reflect that whatever censure may be due the American university falls properly neither on us nor our material, but on the foundation that underlies us both. A realization of this fact need not discourage us. It may save us, perhaps, from some needless tinkering with courses and rules. It may draw some of the shrillness from our exhortations and protests. And it may enlist us, at the last, in a bigger struggle than was ever waged for academic principles, the struggle, namely, to reconstruct and dignify American life, that long, tedious battle that will have to be fought year after year through our quiet halls as well as in noisier forums and thoroughfares.

## ROSE

By WITTER BYNNER.

BEFORE I knew you,  
Then I said:  
In you was born  
The perfect flower:  
That love and beauty,  
Having wed,  
Created you  
That hour.

But now I know you—  
And shy earth  
Has whispered to me  
What is true:  
Not love and beauty  
Gave you birth—  
But they were born  
Of you.

When shall I know you  
All you are.  
You who but smile  
And will not say?  
When I have touched  
The farthest star,  
And thrown the world  
Away.



## A DEATH BED REPENTANCE. TO THE MEMORY OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

### I.

ACCORDING to the local G. P., there was no hope for Timothy Bird. There was nothing the matter with him beyond the fact that he was 86 and that his weakness was alarming. People snuff out at all ages: accident apart, our vital clocks vary immensely in the matter of mainspring.

The mind of Timothy Bird was extraordinarily clear and logical; in fact, so logical that he was unreasonable. He was unwilling to die until he had made one further effort to transform that which had most embittered his life into its crowning joy. At the last moment, said he, God will surely touch the heart of my dear lad.

He therefore telegraphed, with a faith which 30 years of disappointment had done nothing to shatter.

The telegram was worded thus:

John Nelson Darby Bird,  
99 New Square,  
Lincoln's Inn.

Jesus calls me at last unless He comes first come to your father and your God Luke XV

Father.

The curious wording of this message mirrored infallibly the mind of Timothy Bird.

Why (do you interrupt) assert religious beliefs in a telegram? Because the Holy Ghost may "use" the telegram to "reach" the clerks in the Post Office. Enough of such querulous query: to the facts!

John Nelson Darby was the founder of the "Brethren gathered together to the name of the Lord Jesus" and called "Plymouth Brethren" owing to their early great successes having been won in Plymouth. This excellent man was a very fine Hebrew scholar, to say nothing of Greek. His eminence had entitled him to the offer of a seat on the Committee of the Revision of the Bible, but he had refused to meet other scholars of heterodox theological views, quoting:

Matthew, XVIII, 17,  
II Thessalonians, III, 6 and 14,  
Romans, XVI, 17,

and particularly

II John, 9, 10, 11.

His undoubtedly great all-round mind led him to see that One Infallible Authority is necessary to any religion. Rome had this in the Pope; he followed the apostasy of Luther, and proposed to replace this by the Bible. Now, since the Bible is the actual word of God, dictated by the Holy Ghost—else where is its authority?—this word must be taken literally in every part as well as in the whole. Now you may formulate a sorites from any one text and another sorities from any other. But a contradiction in your conclusions will not invalidate either of your first premisses!

This involves a somewhat complex metaphysic, in spite of the fact that metaphysic, being the work of heathen philosophers, is of its father the devil.

It is, however, impossible in practice to corner a Plymouth Brother in these or any other ways, because he scents danger from afar and replies with an argumentum ad hominem on these simple lines:

I am saved.

You are not I.

Therefore, you are damned (I John, v., 19.)

In these degenerate days fact is supposed by the ignorant

to be truer than fancy, and one must therefore plead for belief by referring the sceptic to Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son." Reviewers of that book cast doubt on the possibility of such narrowmindedness as is shown by Philip Gosse. But in the boyhood of another writer sprung of the loins of the Brethren, the poet of "The World's Tragedy," the name of Philip Gosse was a byword, a scorn and a reproach; he was an awful warning of the evils of latitudinarianism!

And Timothy Bird was of the anti-Ravenite section of the Exclusive Plymouth Brethren. His had been the dominant voice of that Assembly Judgment which "delivered" Philip Gosse and his kind "to Satan for a season"; and he had been the mainstay of the movement which expelled a majority of the remainder when Mr. F. E. Raven had "blasphemed" in a manner so obscure and complex that not one in twenty of the most learned of the seceders ever gained even a Pisgah glimpse of the nature of the controversy.

For Timothy Bird was indeed a Gulliver in Lilliput. He had known John Nelson Darby intimately; he had been the close friend of Wigram and Crowley, even of Kelly before his heresy; he was a scholar of merit if not of eminence; he was a baronet of the United Kingdom and a man of much property. Baronets not being mentioned in the New Testament, he had refused to use his title; but the other brethren, at least those in the lower middle classes, never forgot it.

He lived simply, using his large income principally for the distribution of tracts; he evangelized greatly while he had the strength, going from town to town to establish or confirm the brethren, and it was generally known that he had left the whole of his great fortune in trust to Arthur Horne and Henry Burton for the use of the brethren to the entire exclusion of the aforesaid John Nelson Darby Bird, who had not only backslidden but gone over wholly to Satan, being in fact a barrister of repute, the most distinguished member of the Rationalist Press Association, and, worse than all, a zealous and irrefutable advocate of easy divorce.

This disinheritance weighed little with the younger Bird, who at 44 was earning some £5,000 a year, and who had such painful memories of eighteen years of the most cruel (because perfectly well-meaning) form of slavery that the word "home" was habitually used by him in moments of excitement instead of the familiar "hell" of the pious Englishman.

Now, as Herbert Spencer (a little late in the day) maintained, "Action and reaction are equal and opposite"; and experience teaches that fanaticism does not escape this law. There are no anti-Christians like the children of Plymouth Brethren. They have the Bible at their fingers' ends; they quite agree that Brethrenism is the only logical form of Bible Christianity; they associate it with every grand tyranny or petty spite of the hated home; and so they are frankly of Satan's party. Terrible opponents they make. The Plymouth Brother can find a text of Scripture to buttress his slightest act, and his son has consequently an equal armory of blasphemy, which, with a little knowledge of Greek and Hebrew and of various infidel writers, makes him unchallengeable in debate.

Timothy Bird had learnt to fear his son. From the age of puberty he had been in fierce revolt; it was the subtleties of that five years' intense struggle that had made him intellectually supreme both in strategy and tactics, the most dangerous advocate at the Bar. He had become a fine psychologist as well; he had penetrated every blind alley of his father's

mind, and to that mind he was merciless. He, too, was a fanatic. He really wished (in a way) to avenge the tortures of his boyhood; and perhaps he felt that his emancipation was not complete until he had converted his torturer. However this may be, year after year with ever-gathering strength, he hurled battalion on battalion at the squat blind citadel—to foreseen repulse. It was probably the parable of the importunate widow, or the endurance which his horrible boyhood had taught him, that made him continue. It is impossible to argue with a Plymouth Brother, for his religion is really axiomatic to him, so that everything he says begs the question, and you cannot get him to see that it does so. This is not so unusual as it appears; it requires a very good mind to acquiesce, even for purposes of argument, in non-Euclidean geometry, so fixed is the mind in its certainty that the whole is greater than its part, and the like.

It is good to hear them discuss anything.

Propose the question of the Origin of Evil; your Plymouth Brother will remark sooner or later, but always irrelevently, "God is a just God." You argue that his God is certainly not just, or he would not have commanded the rape of virgins by the thousand, or sent bears to devour forty and two little children whose sole fault was to call attention to the baldness of a prophet.

This is unanswerable; give up the story, as the better mind does, and you are launched for atheism or mysticism; hold to it—the Christian's only hope—and the sole possible reply is, "Shall not the judge of the whole earth do right?" "Yes," you retort. "He shall: that is just my proof that your God is a tribal fetish, and not at all the judge of the whole earth." The conversation, after a sulphurous interlude, again rises to the dignity of argument, and on some infinitely subtle and obscure minor point which he had never thought of before—I speak of a rare incident much prized by connoisseurs—you do really and truly prove to him from Scripture that he is wrong.

Is he downhearted? NO!

The momentary cloud upon his brow passes; the glorious sun shines out amid the wrack:

"The devil can quote Scripture."

In vain you reply that this consuming doubt invalidates the whole of his arguments, which are all drawn from Scripture; and this again admitting of no reply, the worthy man will continue to breathe out lightnings and slaughter until physical weariness bids him desist.

Yet it was the cherished belief of John Nelson Darby Bird that the last straw will break the camel's back; or, more practically, that if you sandpaper bricks at the base of a building long enough the building will suddenly and without warning reel and fall. You remember that Noah spent 120 years building the ark—with hardly a shower. When the flood came, it came suddenly. J. N. D. Bird, K. C., was quite ready to "go to the ant, thou sluggard," or to Noah, as circumstances might indicate.

Before he answered his father's telegram he borrowed the billiard chalk from the waistcoat pocket of his clerk, whose sporting instincts had got the best briefs for his employers in horsey and divorcee circles.

(Lord John Darcy v. the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Riddell v. Riddell, Clay, Arthur, Thompson, Battersby, Jacobs, Bernheim, de la Rue, Griggles, Waite, Shirley, Williamson, Klein, Banks, Kennedy, Gregg, Greg and others. These were the remarkable cases that established the reputation of Mr. Bird. His successful defense of Mrs. Riddell had won him, in addition, a vice-presidency of the Anthropological Society.)

To those who are not Plymouth Brethren it will not be obvious why John Bird pocketed the billiard chalk, and a new

digression becomes Cocker.

Chalk is the commonest form in which carbonate of calcium is found in Nature. Under the microscope it is seen to be composed of the dust of the shells of minute marine animals. Geologists consider it impossible that a layer of chalk 10,000 feet thick should have been deposited in the course of a week, or even in the course of, say, 4,004 years.

The year after John Bird was called to the Bar he had fleshed his maiden steel upon his father by taking a piece of chalk, a microscope, and twenty-seven volumes of geology to Carnswith Towers for the long vacation. Father and son talked chalk day and night for nine weeks. It was a drawn battle. The father had to admit the facts of geology. "Then," said the son, "I cannot believe that God wrote a lie upon the rocks." Timothy replied, "Let God be true, and every man a liar!" He also very ably urged that it was not a lie. If men of science were not blinded by the devil (owing to their seared consciences and their quite gratuitous hatred of God) they would see, as he, Timothy Bird, saw, that it was obvious from the chalk itself that it had been created in a moment. Alternatively, God *had* written a lie upon the rocks in order to blind them. "God shall send them strong delusion, that they may believe a lie."

The immorality of this latter proceeding, of course, led to the old "God is a just God" line of argument with its inevitable conclusion in Sheol for the younger Bird.

Phoenix-like, however, he caused lumps of chalk to be conveyed to his father at irregular intervals; for he saw, with the astuteness that had discomfited Lord John Darcy, that his father's belief had really been shaken by the argument. The outworks held; the citadel crumbled. In the deepest shrine of sub-consciousness Timothy Bird, or, rather, Something that was in very truth *not* Timothy Bird, knew that the world was not made in six days, that the Book of Genesis was a Jewish fable, that the whole structure of "revelation" was a lie, that the Incarnation and the Atonement were but dreams.

Armed, therefore, with the integrity described by Horace, and the billiard chalk, John Nelson Darby Bird went to Carnswith Towers by the 3.45 for a final wrestle with the Angel.

## II.

The old man was sitting up when his son arrived. Arthur Horne and Henry Burton, the one pale, the other sallow, the one stumpy and fat, the other dried up, had come to pray with him. The doctor, who was not of the fold, appeared nauseated at the unction of the vultures, and (before he left) communicated a portion of this feeling to the nurse who, although a "Plymouth Sister," had experience in her profession of the realities of life, and consequently to some extent saw things, though dimly, as they really were.

Burton was praying audibly as John Bird entered. Without moving a muscle, he directed the current of his supplications into a new channel.

"And, dear Jesus, we beseech Thee, on behalf of one among us, or perhaps now among us, or soon to be present among us (it would not do to admit that he knew of anything that was occurring in the room), one we truly fear dead in trespasses and sins and so it seems far indeed from the precious blood. May it please Thee that this thine aged servant may at last be gladdened, ere he pass into his exceeding great reward, by Thy wonderful mercy working in this hard heart and unregenerate Adam . . ."

With utter weariness of tautologies and repetitions, the prayer meandered on for another ten minutes. At last came the Amen.

Not until then did Timothy Bird open his eyes and greet



his son. Feeble as he was, he began to "plead with him" to "come to Jesus." The son had a terrible temptation to acquiesce, to spare the oldster "useless" pain. In the stern school of the Brethren, truth, or what passes for truth, must outweigh all human feelings, as if a sword were thrown into a scale wherein two oat-husks were contending. The obstinacy of those five terrible conscious years of revolt assisted his decision to sway to that austerity which here he thought was cruelty.

"Father," said he, "don't poison your last hours by these delusions! If there be a God, it is certain that He never trapped man as you say He did."

Arthur Horne interrupted: "God is a *just* God."

"Then why did he make vermin?" retorted the barrister.

A long and labored explanation followed from the excellent Horne, who never suspected that the repartee was not part of the argument.

It all wound its weary way back to the old subject of the sure and certain damnation of John Bird.

The latter paid no heed. His human feelings swamped all else. He knew instinctively at that moment the supreme human truth that the son is the father, literally identical of one substance. Also, in the great presence of death there is no place for religion of any kind. The sham of it becomes patent—a hideous masque and revelry of mocking thoughts. Even where it is the strongest of all drugs, it lowers, hypnotic cloud or levin of storm, shines never as a sun of life. The Pagans knew: try and write even a letter of condolence to a friend bereaved, and you will know it too. Glib consolations are the work of shallow hypocrites, or of cowards too scared to face their fear; they break into a sweat of piety; their eyes glaze with a film—the easy falsehood of immortality. The iridescent bubble of faith is easily burst—woe to the man who dares touch it by so much as one word of truth on any serious subject!

"My son," began Timothy Bird, to whom the approach of death now lent a majesty indescribable—the feeble baronet might have been a patriarch of the patriarchs—"my life has failed. Its one desire has been that God would bring my only son to His grace. It was not His will. To that I bow; my times are in His hand. His will, not mine, be done. It may be that my death may be the means . . ." and on he rambled the well-worn paths of "pleading with a soul," things so hackneyed that John Bird, facing his own problem as he was, hardly heard them trickle through his ears. He only marked a stumbling, a growing hesitation, and a look of trouble and of awe. It was a machine interrupted; yet, strangely, not so much as if it were breaking down, but as if a new hand were on the levers. Surely the end was near. The old man himself seemed to think so. He detected his own weakness; he flushed with a sort of shame; he seemed to gather himself for an effort.

"John," said he firmly, "shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right? You are a lawyer; you understand the value of testimony. Here are we four, three living and one almost gone to be with Christ, all ready to lift up our voices and testify to the saving grace of God. Is it not so?"

Solemnly enough, Horne, Burton and the nurse gave their assent.

"Will you not accept their witness?"

"I, too, have witnesses," replied John Bird; and he drew the billiard chalk from his pocket and laid it on the mantelpiece. "Let God be true," said he, "and every man a liar!"

The light of fanaticism that blazed from the eyes of the moribund man flashed once, and went suddenly out. An uncomprehending stare replaced it. He seemed to search the Infinite. All thought he was at the extreme, and Horne and

Butler, intent as they were on their own plans, were frightened into silence. John Bird returned to his problem: it was himself that was dying. And yet no, for the true self was living in himself. And he understood that marriage is a sacrament, and must not be blasphemed by hedging it about with laws of property, and canon prohibitions, and inspection and superintendence sacerdotal. Every man is a king and priest to God; every man is the shrine of a God, the guardian of an eternal flame, the never-extinguished lamp of the Rosicrucian allegory.

The eyes of the old man were still fixed on the chalk in an unwinking stare. His color heightened and his breath came faster. Yet his muscles grew ever more rigid; he seemed to grip the arms of the chair in which he was propped by pillows.

It was he at last who broke the silence. "Nurse," he said, very slowly but firmly and distinctly, "take my keys and open the buh! cabinet." The woman obeyed. "Bring me the paper in the lower middle drawer." She did so.

With perfect calm and deliberation, but with more vital energy than he had yet shown, and with his eyes shining now with a warm kindly lustre, he tore the paper across and across.

"Burn it!" said he. The nurse took it to the flame of her spirit lamp and consumed the pieces.

The son understood what had been done.

"Father," said he, "I don't want the money. I didn't come down here for that."

Placidly came the amazing retort: "Then give it to the Rationalist Press Association!"

Horne and Burton broke into a shrill twittering and rumbling of protest. His mind is gone, was the burden of their swan-song. The old man smiled, like a God smiling at his puppets. Their plaint turned to denunciation.

John Bird aroused himself. "You must leave the house," said he. With barely a push they complied; they were too astounded to do themselves justice.

The dying man beckoned his son. "Your life must have been a hell," said he, "and I made it so. But it was blindness and not unkindness, Jack." His son had not heard "Jack" for thirty years. He fell on his knees beside his father, and burst into strong sobs. Those thirty years of strife and wrong and misunderstanding came back, single, and in battalions, too!

The old man's head had fallen back; a smile had softened the old stern expression; the eyes closed as if in ecstasy.

Even the nurse was mistaken; she touched the shoulder of the barrister. But John would not move; and suddenly she recognized that the old man was breathing; from swift and shallow it deepened to strong and slow; a great sleep was upon him.

For three hours his son knelt by him, his lips fastened on one hand; and of the experience of those three hours who shall speak?

Then came the doctor—to pronounce the patient "wonderfully better."

And indeed he lived three years, sane, healthy and strong.

I saw him the year after at the annual dinner of the Rationalist Press Association—the weight of his theories rolled off the grand old shoulders. And far down the table I saw Messrs. Horne and Burton; but not being encouraged.

There is a cenotaph in the family vault. Following the usual recital of the virtues of the deceased, written in smiling irony by his own hand, comes this text:

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

## THE HISTORICAL PRESENT IN POLITICS

By STANTON LEEDS.

A GROUP of men gathered around a green table in Chicago, Illinois, early (the morning of Saturday, June 10, 1916, received a message destined to shape history. It was to the effect that George B. Cortelyou, out in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, in the home of Charles G. Dawes, had been hearing things over a special long-distance telephone wire. It seems that a voice—let me say "a voice"; young and with life before me, I can afford a while to forego being called a liar and made famous—a voice, then, had just said to the former National Chairman the words that follow:

"All right, let them go ahead. Four years from now they'll crawl to me on their hands and knees to put the party together."

The men to whom these words were repeated, as morning dawned grayly over the leaden waters of a great lake dimpled by rain, were very important men; still are, but less so. They were also very tired. For hours they had been attempting to agree on a compromise candidate to place before the Republican National Convention. They had told Mr. Roosevelt that, besides Mr. Hughes, three men were possible nominees, and had asked him to express a preference for one of these three. This he had not done. Nevertheless, among themselves, they had managed finally to agree only to find that they could not deliver their delegates. The delegates they were supposed to control were, at heart, for Hughes.

They had reached this point when the message from Evanston set them bowing like automatons before the inevitable, nor did Mr. Roosevelt's afterthought, suggesting the name of Senator Lodge, serve to force an adjournment and further dickering over Sunday. The relation of all this to my chief purpose in writing this paper will be sufficiently evident presently.

What is immediately relevant is the fact that, just as in art the curtain is rising on a renaissance the extending grandeur of which is as yet only meagerly imagined, so in politics we stand today upon the threshold of an era. To this era, as to all eras, it is possible to find a parallel in the past, a parallel running like a clear river of interpretation through the obscuring mud of the obvious event. To find this particular parallel we must turn back the pages of history over two thousand years.

Rome then was a city which had known neither Cicero nor Cæsar. Wealth was already wrapping it in the swaddling clothes which induce to second childhood. Corruption, after rotting the high patrician leafage, was beginning to seep down through the trunk and fibre of the imperial republican oak. The aristocracy was ceasing to be an aristocracy. It was being changed to, or replaced by, a plutocracy. To make money had become less a bracing necessity than a passion feverish from love of luxury and power; for, with the fall of Carthage, the one power sufficient to oppose her, Rome had set out on conquest. Riches, flooding back, bathed the city in pleasant but weakening comforts, and this enervating circumstance joined influence to undermine Roman character with the axiom that when a free people seeks to impose slavery on alien races decay sets in.

IN a national sense the effects were also dangerous since the Italians generally, seeing opportunities for greater profit beckoning them oversea, were abandoning farm and countryside. The stanchly bred recruits for the legions were

being replaced by slaves who tilled what were no longer small farms, but fields bought up by the wealthy and combined into large estates. Attempts made by Tiberius and Caius Gracchus to remedy these conditions had before this spurred the patricians into a violent defense of their imperiled plunders. The Gracchi both were murdered, and to complicate an internal situation that made for disorder, among the Numidians there arose at this time—that is to say, about 122 B.C.—a prince named Jugurtha, who had usurped the place of his cousin, a sovereign ostensibly under Roman protection.

Luxury had touched with distemper even the majesty of Rome, and from the Senate itself Jugurtha was long able to purchase immunity. "A venal city," was the Numidian prince's comment upon the stepfather of civilization, but he reckoned without deep undercurrents of strength upon which the senators were to toss shortly like decorated chips. In his final battle with his cousin, Jugurtha inadvertently brought to their death a number of Roman citizens, and the news made the Roman people themselves thunderous for vengeance. The Senate had to act, but the condition of Rome yielded an army miserably officered and inadequate to its task. It was destroyed, and at last seriously alarmed the Senate sent another army, commanded this time by an honorable aristocrat, whose value to posterity is best emphasized by the fact that as his chief lieutenant he took with him Caius Marius.

LITTLE known outside the military clubs, Marius, destined by marriage to be the uncle of Julius Cæsar, was of the old-fashion, a strong, sincere and simple Roman. Where formerly the army had been merely an affair of each citizen leaving the plough and running to arm when danger threatened, Marius made soldiering a profession, in great measure an engineer's profession. Where formerly the legionaries provided their own arms, Marius made a change; equipment became a function of the state. Under his direction, for he came rapidly to chief command, a new and rigid discipline was enforced. He used the sword itself to cut from among his officers the Eastern vices devitalizing their manhood. By these methods he made ready his professional army. With it he broke Jugurtha's power forever, and brought the prince a prisoner to Rome. Such was his course to power. Despite the forbidding law, he was destined to be chosen consul several times in succession, but before that came about other happenings intervened.

In domestic affairs the Romans had attempted to deal with a social problem. They had been faced by a neighborhood problem, but Marius settled it for them. Now they were to shiver before an international menace so appalling in its possibilities as to lay them prostrate at the feet of the one man who appeared able to save them.

In the meantime we find Caius Marius standing aside, his voice urging military preparation, a return to old healthy standards, lost amid the mouthing of demagogues demanding corn laws, land laws, what not if only it furthered social readjustment. It is possible that Marius did not understand the connection between these laws and the health of the body politic. It is possible he did not care. Marius was a soldier, not a politician, and with the threat of the vast migration of Germans which annihilated Roman armies in succes-



sion, turned aside from Italy of his own volition to sweep through Gaul into Spain, and return, his justification came. The hardy, rough-worded soldier who had grown unpopular with his reiterations of the need to prepare was called on to save the republic.

**M**EN change, but the phenomenon of nations repeats itself through the ages. If we are not too intent on nosing out the petty and individual differences, the important, underlying parallels will appear. As it was with Rome, so it is with America.

I have said that we stand today upon the threshold of an era; in other words, at the point of departure into God knows what future. In a nation's life always this period is reached. Are we to go ahead, stand still, decline? Some nations never reach the acme of their possibilities. Some begin the inevitable decadence before it is inevitable, and history shows us that only those nations which were guided by minds exceptionally far-sighted passed the danger point we in America have reached. In Rome what Marius began Cæsar confirmed, and the empire lived five centuries longer than it would otherwise have lived. Here in America have we a Marius to pave the way for Cæsar?

That is a question. Certainly, here other conditions are similar to those invading Rome in the second century before Jesus. We are fattening with wealth. Corruption is still corruption, if of another sort than the Roman. In our modern world the plutocrat is replacing the aristocrat; business with us has become almost a universal preoccupation, and, since the fall of Spain in this hemisphere, we have shown signs of an intention to impose our rule on alien races. Meanwhile, the cities beckon the healthy sons of the farmer, and recently the alarming fact drew attention that the number of tenant farmers has increased to over forty per cent. of the whole. In industrial conditions the state of affairs has squeezed out such shrieking protest and is too vividly in remembrance to need recapitulation here.

**W**E have remedied only a little. If the platforms demanding a still further reformation, which in reality is to be individualistic, appear to be communistic, that fact is no more than a paradox which makes easier to remember that in the health of each citizen is a nation's strength declared. That is the true interpretation of the vision mirrored in the moving waters of humanity now threatening to flood round and undermine the heaped sand dunes of our present system. Who, if any man, can bank with granite and direct toward some worth-while accomplishment these gathering tides? Can Theodore Roosevelt do so, as some would have us believe?

The answer in this case, and in general, depends on developing conditions. If the war were to end tomorrow we should still have Mexico with us. As we have the poor, so we seem to have Mexico with us always. Both are solvable problems, but they—the problems of poverty and the problem of what to do about our neighbor below the Rio Grande—would become relatively minor considerations were we to come face to face during the next four years with trouble threatening us from abroad. Despite the unpopularity of the suggestion, it is well to remember that Germany can reach us only by permission of the British fleet; that we cannot possibly build a navy sufficient to deal with England's, and that we arm not only to meet Germany, if necessary, but also to meet a possible Japanese advance through

Mexico, or an English threat aimed at ourselves through Canada.

Whether the war in Europe, however, is to end tomorrow or next day is largely beside the point. What is question-marked in our minds is whether another war is to come to us, a war dangerous and vitally so, to our being. Is this Mr. Roosevelt's vision? Is it his belief that war will restore his authority?

It would seem so. Certainly if he is to be called on to put the Republican party together there must be a demand for him. He has shaped everything as if believing that in the near future a particular and single demand will occur. He has brushed other issues aside. He has let his organization relapse into desuetude. As a former State Chairman of the National Progressive party assured me last summer:

**“W**E spent our money. We built up an organization, and then what does he do? He goes off to look for a River of Doubt, when he might have stayed home and helped us keep the nails in our fences. I'm through.” So are many, many others, among them the social workers “betrayed” in Chicago for the sake of a war-time idea, but their defection to a new leader to their liking, and standing wide armed to receive them, began before the “betrayal.” With misgiving they had listened to Mr. Roosevelt entirely direct attention in his conversations with the vast body of us to the need to prepare for war, and, barring the unexpected, only a compelling coming true of his prophecies can unite them again behind him. As strange a thing as the recent cleavage between the East and the West was foreseen by the alert, and either Mr. Roosevelt has lost his political acumen or else previsions the future with an enviable correctness.

In either case it is a mistake to insist too much upon the personal in drawing historical parallels. It has been something of a fashion among us to wrap our imaginative idea of Mr. Roosevelt in the scarlet and purple that distinguished the dress of Cæsar. This is unfair to Theodore Roosevelt, and to Julius Cæsar. Nor does he resemble Marius. It is rather the rise and fall of nations, as such, that suggests comparison. Here the formula is eternally the same. Occasionally, as I have said, leaders appear whose abilities are of a nature to accelerate the rise or to slow down the decline, but, in the last analysis, leaders are really details tossed into prominence by conditions. Prophecy should concern itself mainly with the difference between peoples; in this case with the difference between the Roman and the American people, and the latter, by and large, at present are best divided, summed up and considered in the persons of the President and of Theodore Roosevelt.

**W**HERE Mr. Roosevelt is an aristocrat, the President of the United States is a democrat. Where Mr. Roosevelt seizes on popular passions only to shape and direct them the President keeps his ear to the ground attuned to hear and to carry out the popular will. Where the one has tended to surround himself with the intellects of the high order sometimes thought possible only in monarchical governments, the other calls to his aid ever the lesser minds. Where the one was born to the purple, the other rose from origins comparatively simple.

It would have been impossible in the early days of the Republic to divide the American people sharply, to part, so to speak the sheep upon the right hand and the goats upon the left, but today examination reveals this country's growth to have been caused by, and to have caused, marked charac-

teristics. Daring survives among us because our ancestors had to be daring, plunging as they did into the unexplored. Independence survives: in the past if a man did not speak for himself who else would ever speak for him? Individualism still persists, for competition has been mostly among ourselves, while love of ease, of fame, energy inborn and the desire for power has driven us into an activity that has won us the name of a strenuous race.

There are still among us, moreover, those who demand success, and on the way to it, action, immediate and evident. Contact with this type of American often reveals a tendency on his part to call the other fellow a liar when any matter comes into dispute; quite as frequently by the other fellow's activities he is moved to make some such threat, some statement such as: "If that guy does that I'll break his neck for him!" There you have the big stick. These two—the "You're a liar!" "You're another!" and the use of "the big stick" on the slightest provocation—these are American characteristics, and the demand for their chief exponent, now war is upon us, will yet resound in the land. Those who liked Mr. Roosevelt's taking the initiative by sending ammunition to Admiral Dewey, despite Mr. Long's orders, before the unpleasantness with Spain, remember and in time will make themselves heard.

THIS, however, is half the story. The hardy pioneer no longer fills the picture. Those whom he obscured because of the very nature of the old and difficult days, those light-headed believers who were always with us, but in other times were hammered into the scheme of things by necessity's sledge strokes, today are being heard. They

have escaped from discipline, and escaped untaught, free at last to pay allegiance to endless political panaceas and theological inventions, to light their brief candles of intellection round the altars of such puerile, untested theories as only the uninformed have ever stayed to worship.

They are free to do more than this, for politically they move like shifting sands under the feet of the best we can produce, a best grown nervous with strange corruptions. Lust for wealth, social pushing, ambition, sentimentality—this last and most of all—have swept through our classes for all the world like a plague. Roman corruption was different. The Romans were strictly material, building their race up from fundamentals. Sentimentality was never their fault, and, in time of war, as with most nations, it was their habit to rely for leadership on the patrician. Less and less has that become the American custom, but—well, we shall see.

As a political authority recently put it to me: "With \$50,000 and a new man, I can chase every one now in the public eye over the fence and out." Already very important men, indeed, have their eye on the type of man. To them political parties, in the last analysis, are really unimportant. Whether the man turn out to be the Republican, Leonard Wood, or the Democrat, John J. Pershing, to them is a minor matter. What to them is of first importance is that the man, whoever he may turn out to be, should go South beyond the Rio Grande and return another Marius. Then we should see what we should see. They look beyond the present war, a war they regard primarily as a training course for armies that shall later back our own imperial program.

## THE SPIDER'S WEB

By ERNEST McGAFFEY.

A TAWDRY, gaudy, gilded room,  
With violet-scent of faint perfume;  
And here, while slow days rise and ebb,  
A spider spins her subtle web.

Rich-framed upon the garish wall  
A shepherd, near a water-fall,  
Makes chaste love to a shepherdess  
Responding to her coy caress.

On marble mantel, high in air,  
Are seen in flight a clinging pair—  
A bronze-wrought tragedy, above,  
Of Paolo and Francesca's love.

In this rare vase of old Japan  
(A present to the courtesan)  
Are blue-bells, blending with the blue  
Of azure china shimmering through.

An alcoved dim, unholy room,  
That somehow spells the sense of doom;  
And here, as time's tides flow and ebb,  
A spider spins her tangling web.

This ivory mirror, shaped a shell,  
What secrets might its history tell,  
Of how the weak o'ercome the strong,  
Of wine and woman, lust and song.

Yon tiger rug beside the grate  
Seems even now to lie in wait,  
Tense-stretched and tawny, crouching down,  
Within this jungle of the town.

These glasses by this ormolu  
That toast, "to Lais, and to you"—  
What idle follies flicker vain,  
When drink and passion fire the brain!

A soft, suspicious, furtive room;  
Which twilight makes a den of gloom.  
And here, as seasons sink or ebb,  
A gold-haired spider spins her web.

Upon the closed piano there,  
A song which might have seemed a prayer;  
But uttered here, would lose its spell,  
And sound a ribald chord from Hell.

Strewn round among the littered shards  
Gleam remnants of a pack of cards;  
While on the table linger yet  
The ashes of a cigarette.

The touch of color, music, art,  
Each set and staged to act its part,  
With her who plays the leading role,  
Of fell destroyer of the soul.

A brilliant-lit, decisive room,  
With laughter gay, and flowers in bloom;  
And here as midnight moments ebb,  
A Bacchant spider spins her web.



## THE FLOWER PAGEANTS OF JAPAN

By Yone Noguchi.

MY friend looked aghast when I declared: "The beauty that we gladly attach to the Japanese plum-blossom (I say Japanese to distinguish it from the Western plum-blossom) may not exist; it is, I dare say, only the stories or poems of long-dead people which are associated with them that make them look beautiful." I do not mean to speak striking language merely to pose as a clever man; I always believed in what I said to my friend upon the plum-blossom. It would perhaps be better to begin with the definition of beauty; beauty is no beauty, I think, if it has no universal appeal. I almost thought it wrong to speak of the beauty of the plum-blossom, though beautiful it is in some meaning; I was often asked by a foreigner why we make so much of them. It is perfectly right of him not to see the beauty which we think we see well; because a Japanese story or poem in association with the plum-blossom makes no slightest impression on his mind. It is in that story or poem, as I said before, their beauty is, but not in the flowers themselves. We at once see the tremor of the ghosts of old history or tradition, the ghosts of reminiscences, in the thrill of whiteness in their petals, we might say, like something of an angel's smile or like a rim of eternity; if there is an unmistakable beauty in the plum-blossom, it is in your own mind. Well, after all, where is beauty if not in your imagination?

However, there are some reasons why our ancestors loved the plum-blossom and we love them still. I do not know how we became the passionate lovers of flowers: it is the fact that we are; and during the months of winter we are deprived of joy with the flowers. And the plum-blossom happens to appear from under much snow and wind as a harbinger or prophet of spring. Some Japanese essayist says: "You are the prophet Jeremiah; you are John the Baptist. Standing before you I feel as though in the presence of some solemn master. Yet by your presence I know that winter has passed and that the delightful spring is at hand." The fact of their being a first-born among the flowers makes the Oriental mind, in love of symbolism and allegory, associate it with courage and undaunted spirit; their simplicity in appearance, their utter lack of wealth in floral substance, has become profitably an object-lesson for the cherishing of pride even in poverty. A thought of plum-blossom reminds me of an age, perhaps the age under the Hojo feudalism, when life's simplicity was promulgated even as a theory; I think the love and admiration of the plum-blossom belong to a comparatively modern age in Japan, which is almost agelessly old. But I do not mean to say they had no admirer in ancient age: they had, for instance, Michizane of the ninth century.

THERE is, in fact, an almost endless list of people in Japanese tradition or story who have left a sign of close attachment for them; they are not the flowers for children and people uneducated, but for those of culture and imagination, who are in truth their creators and at the same time their admirers. The mere existence of them as flowers is slight; but it is our imagination that makes them great.

Speaking of the evolutionary side, it seems to me that they have almost reached the highest possible when they turn to fragrance; the flowers gained it by sacrifice of the bodily beauty. Oh, what a fragrance! If there is any flower that shows the utmost economy of force it is the plum-blossom. If they exist, they exist in suggestion; they are not the flow-

ers of display like the cherry-blossom or camellia. They are suggestive; therefore they are strong. They are the Oriental flower through and through, and, above all, the gentleman of flowers of the East—simple, brave, economical, true and suggestive.

I always come to a plum orchard at the proper season, not only to admire them, but to gain the spiritual lesson. Our forefathers used the flowers and trees to advantage as an object lesson, as it was not the day of text-books; and I hate to learn from the books, and come to the plum-blossom to improve my thoughts, and always feel happy that I have learned something of them.

The cherry-blossom has its great popularity with us unlike the plum-blossom, largely because we have no need to refer to any particular story or tradition (though stories and traditions of it abound); but only to itself for our appreciation. With us appreciation of it is most natural, while often forced art in another place. And you can make on the spot, if you wish, a story or tradition, of heavenly thing, or human being, to suit the cherry-blossom and also your own whim, and even imagine it to be partly your own creation. It is remarkable that any story or tradition, provided it is beautiful, will be found fit for it. I know some flowers of whom I can fancy an ugly thing; but your imagination will soon be disarmed if you start with hostile intention towards the cherry-blossom. It seems to me that the biggest offense to the cherry-blossom is to write poetry on it. How many million poems have we written on it? It is really appalling to see what bad poems we could turn out; it is a fact that the poems on the cherry-blossom have never even once been good. I do not like to believe it to be from the reason that it is a very difficult subject to write on. Indeed, I incline to think that the flower itself is ever so pleased even with a bad poem. There is a flower like the plum-blossom, for instance, looking so critical and hard to please, whose severe appearance repels poor poetry; and we are almost afraid to write a line on the lotus, because it looks so holy. And the formal behavior of the Iris makes our personal approach impossible. It is like the Japanese tea-master wrapped in cold silence. But the cherry-blossom is in temperament like love, generous enough like love to make a poet believe his work is good; but in truth he always fails, again as in love.

I OFTEN quarrel with my friends, who insist that the cherry-blossom is vain, like a pretentious woman; I always say to him that a proof that it is not will be seen in the fact that it never asks your imagination to value it for more than it is, as does the plum-blossom sometimes, and the morning-glory quite often. If you think it is pretentious, it is only the flower's misfortune. Go into the street and ask any *jinrikisha* runner or even beggar whom you come across what he thinks about the cherry-blossom; you will be told by him exactly what you think about it, not less, not more. I am ready to say that there is only one occasion during a long run of three hundred and sixty-five days that we, low and high, poor and rich, perfectly agree with one another, in the moment when we are looking up to the cherry-blossom. Beneath the cherry-blossom we return at once to our first simplicity. Without that archaic strength we should never be able to hold up our lives and world.

I have heard many people could not understand why the plum-blossom must bloom at such an early season, when it

even trembles on the naked branch, and why the maple leaves must turn red, like the showy *kimono* of a gay daughter in carnival, before they enter into wintry rest; but anybody's heart of hearts, always awakens at once when he sees the cherry-blossom in bloom, indeed, the spring of his soul and the spring of the flower call to each other. We love it, too, because it is the Japanese way to agree in love. We agree often foolishly but innocently, before we ask why, when we hear a voice of a leader. Who was the leader of the movement for the general admiration of the cherry-blossom? It was the children, I believe, who brought it home from the countryside a thousand years ago when it was a nameless flower; and it was the poets of the Heian age who properly introduced it into our Japanese life. The poets were the leaders; and our spirit, which is of the crowd, made us follow after them. Is there any greater work for the poets than the bringing of a flower into lives? It is natural with us that the cherry-blossom should spiritually evolve and gain an influence even to change the physical side of our life, particularly two hundred years ago, when we had a popular saying that the *Bushi* or fighter was the man of men, and the cherry-blossom the flower of flowers. It is, indeed, an interesting psychological study to examine the real relation between the cherry-blossom and the Japanese. We danced, ate, and more freely drank the *sake* wine all gold, under its falling petals. As we did last spring, so we will do again.

I do not care what history the cherry-blossom may have; what concerns me most here is its real beauty which is the more enhanced by a touch of sadness under the gray bosom of the sky with mists. What a lamentation of the flower when it is suddenly called to the ground by the evening temple bell or sudden rain! Why has she to haste when we all wish her to stay longer? I would like to think that we who come like the cherry-blossom shall go again like it. Our human lives are, indeed, beautiful like that flower, and its sigh under the night's wind is ours. It is quite commonplace to say that the life of a flower is short. But it is most wonderful to observe what a gusty energy is put into that short life of the cherry-blossom; it blooms, true to say, without any care, straight from the right heart of the earth. I shall see the low sky with the still lower clouds of cherry-blossoms by a stream (what a picture to please the Tosa school of artists!), and again the cherry-blossom with lanterns and jolly people in dance, which would be a subject for a Hokusai or Hiroshige. When a poet sings Spring to frighten from him the Invisible or Unseen, it is from his desire to make the affair sudden and strange, to make a mysterious world with laughter and tears arm in arm.

My Spring thought, which started more objectively, slowly entered in subjective appreciation, and my psychical quality of mind is strangely evolving in April, when I see not each shape of Spring, but the one big Vision or Imagination of all Spring now appearing, now disappearing, as one big mist, into whose seen or unknown breath my own existence will be lost; by losing myself I know I shall get a greatest joy of life. My desire will soon be exhausted when it is filled. And I will rest in reverie.

THE season, too, will rest in rain before getting another pang of force. Nature, who began as strong and objective as a Chinese art and then turned as voluptuous and quite real as the *Shijo* art, more as our beloved *Ukiyoe* art, is now becoming the art of Korin design in the season of iris and wistaria, great Korin's favorite subjects. The Japanese nature of May is most decorative.

Certainly it was Korin's adventurous turn of artistic mind

to strikingly introduce the morning-glory, the blushing flower lasses by the bamboo fences of the countryside almost too shy to call attention, into the six-folded screen of gold (what an aristocratic world) in pigments of red, white, purple and green; while, far from deeming Korin a true artist of flowers, I always agree with him in the point of his emphasizing, let me say, the greatness of little things. Through the virtue of such an Oriental attitude of philosophy which serves as moral geometry, defining our sense of proportion to the universe, we have made the morning-glory gain its floral distinction of today from the state of nameless wood of long ages ago which a certain Obaku temple priest of Uji brought from China. What a change in the public estimate!

I love the months of summer because I can commune more intimately then with the nature from whose heart of imagination and peace, unlike that of spring too fanciful and defiant, again unlike that of autumn too philosophical and real, I will build a little dream and slowly wear away my soul as if a cicada tired after a heartfelt song; I love them as I find in them quite a celtic infinitude which is commingled twilight and weariness. Hear the nocturnal song of the summer nights in the flashes of fireflies and lanterns swinging as if the spirits from another world, which shall be, long before reaching the climax, interrupted by the early dawn (how short are the summer nights!), when my heart at once opens wide as the morning-glory; I am an early riser then, in spite of my being late riser in other seasons, with that morning-glory whose floral beauty or flame is born out of dews and sunlight, the color of transparency itself out of whose heart, as it seems to me, whether it be blue or purple, red or white, all the color has been taken. How the flower stands in relation to the breath or odor of the summer dawn would be exactly the same problem as how I stand toward it; I am glad to read myself through their presence, my own strength of impulse toward nature and song. What a stretch of vines of the morning-glory, what force of theirs hardly conceivable as belonging to the vegetable kind, what a sensitiveness more than human; there's no wonder when one can read every change of the hour and even minute of the day in their look and attitude. I often ask myself why they do not speak a word of grief or joy, when they fade away with their spirits of flight across the seas of the unknowable; perhaps they do speak it, although my ears seem not to hear it at all.

WHEN Kaga no Chiyo, the lady *Hokkushi* or seventeen-syllable poetess of some two hundred years ago, wrote:

"Asagawa ni  
Tsurube torarete  
Morai mizu."

I see at once, not the moral teaching, although the commentator wishes to bring it out first, but one beautiful emotion of accident realized by the morning-glory and her heart with the summer dawn as a background. But where Sir Edwin Arnold translated Chiyo's poem into the following English:

"The morning-glory  
Her leaves and bells has bound  
My bucket-handle round.  
I could not break the bands  
Of those soft hands.  
The bucket and the well to her left,  
'Let me some water, for I come bereft.'"

I see that the lyrical gleam of the original has turned, alas!



to prosaic formality: I almost cry that it is hopeless if the poet has to put in two lines (the fourth and fifth) which the original has not (in fact, the translation has ten times more than the original, and spiritually ten times less), and wonder at the poetical possibility of the English mind. And how those rhymes bother my Japanese mind in love with irregularity!

It might be proper to thank, if thank one must, our Japanese moralists for their tireless propagation in popularizing the morning-glory, as they find them to be the things fittest for encouraging the habit of early-rising; it seems they do not quite understand how the word simplicity sounds to our modern minds, whose passion is more psychical, when those good old moralists wish to solve all the questions of the morning-glory with the power of that one word. I agree with them in calling them plebeian or democratic on account of the little cost of raising them; I see frequently they are blooming as beautifully as in any millionaire's garden upon the dangerous roof of tile or badly kept bamboo porch for people who cannot well afford to have even a few yards of ground in crowded cities. It is surprising to find out that the flowers which were raised under such conditions of privation always get the distinguished medals at the general exhibition. I am told that the chrysanthemums are often the true cause of a man's poverty; but the morning-glories will never invite such a reproach when they only entreat you to rise early (but remember, with plenty of love), and, when you have company, I suggest that you offer a cup of tea.

**P**UTTING aside all sentimentality, the whole credit, I think, should go to our horticulturists, who, as with the chrysanthemum, have raised the morning-glory from a weed into a floral wonder as we see it today, of such a variety of shapes, from a dragon's moustache to the hanging bell; of such a variety of color, from the foam of the sea or frozen moonlight to the purple sky or striped shade of a cascade; of such a variety of size, from half a foot in diameter to starlike smallness. There is no other flower like the morning-glory, so sensitive to our human love, and, let me say, horticultural art. I have only to wonder whether the human beings and the morning-glory are not born from the same old heart of mystery in Japan.

No doubt your heart of real flower-lover will be quick to denounce Dangozaka or "Kokugikwan" of Hokyō, where the annual chrysanthemum show, the most bewildering, fantastic thing of the world, in fact, is held. It is not only Hoichi, but everybody whose mind is in an old-fashioned quiet cast will call the waxwork chrysanthemum showman of Dangozaka an inferior heart of man. However, no one who never saw it can imagine the cleverness and some sort of wonderful art of Japan that are expressed in these show-pieces. Most of the scenes of the chrysanthemum puppet show are from an old play, or a page of history, or, most memorable of all, the newest occurrences of the day commemorated in the flower. The central idea is to build the flower monument of the years before we enter into sleep, silence and oblivion, and the rather cruel act of separation from flower of December and January sets in with snow and storm. Indeed, autumn is the very season for our minds to think and reflect what we did in the last nine months. The flowers which are used for the puppet show are the real potted ones, not cut flowers, the lovely plants in full bloom, the genuine plants, the roots of which are skilfully hidden or disguised. The color of the flowers will be combined to represent the gowns; the harmony of colors and grace of lines are indeed striking. How docile they are! Their docility is like that of the most beau-

tiful and sweet of women. If you hear a voice composed of sky and light, in silk, laces and jewels and curls, certainly you will see in the chrysanthemum gowns the true lyric and song of the sun, the earth, man and life, above all, of autumn.

**B**ESIDES the puppet show, this Dangozaka and also "Kokugikwan," like the gardens of Marquis Okuma and Count Sakai, are famous, too, for the real chrysanthemums. Oh, what a wonder of the flower corridors! Here you see a kind which is to be compared only with fairies with magic on fingertips, the flower that stopped dancing by accident and gazes at you ready to commence again any moment. It is called the "Dethroned Angel"; but I should like to call it the "Angel Born on the Earth." See this flower named "Amanokawa"—Milky Way—really the name itself tells. It is colored in light purple that is woven from the silver of the mist and gentle rain; if you see it from a proper distance, it is no other than a Milky Way almost ready to disappear and still quite distinct in its airiness. Here is a kind with the name of "Dew" or Tsuzu, whose color is, of course, white, the creation or fashioning of frost and freeze; if you touch it, it were no wonder if it should vanish like a dream or poetry. "Haru Kasumi," or Spring Haze, reminds me of the day, or Spring with the air and wind and smoke-like amethysts, and our mind is nimble as that of a lark; the flower is gray-colored, and its shape charmingly gay.

**F**OR a thousand years the chrysanthemum was admired as a retired beauty by the garden fences, and under a simple method of culture; but it became the flower of rich personages to a great measure under the Tokugawa feudal regime; and lately the culture of *kiku*, or chrysanthemum, is the greatest luxury. It would surprise you to know how much Marquis Okuma and Count Sakai, these two best-known chrysanthemum raisers in Japan, have to spend yearly. It seems to me that such is a degeneration; still you cannot but appreciate and admire our advance in horticulture. When the chrysanthemum used to be called—that is, of course, long ago—"Kukuri Bana," or Binding Flower, from the reason that the flowers tie or gather themselves at the top, and have the appearance of a bouquet, they were supposed to be even a sort of wild grass, perfectly unknown to a flower-lover. The honor of the creation of the modern wonder of chrysanthemum, as with morning-glory, goes to a somewhat bigoted florist, to a somewhat frenzied horticulturist, to whom we owe, not only chrysanthemum and morning-glory beds, but nearly all exquisite flower-beds, our more varied, more delicious vegetables and fruits. What a surprising advance of the chrysanthemum from being a mere weed; and what a wonder of an evolution!

Maeterlinck says: "It is among familiar plants, the most submissive, the most docile, the most tractable and the most attentive plant of all that we meet on life's long way. It bears flowers impregnated through and through with the thoughts and will of man; flowers already human, so to speak, and, if the vegetable world is some day to reveal to us one of the worlds that we are awaiting, perhaps it will be through this flower that we shall learn the first secret of existence, even as, in another kingdom, it is probably through the dog, the almost thinking guardian of our homes, that we shall discover the mystery of animal life."

After all, it may not be altogether ridiculous to fancy the day will come when the chrysanthemums will speak to you and me of the secret and beauty of their flower kingdom. And this ghostly world and life are really mysterious.

## PANTOMORPHOPSYCHONOSOPHILOGRAPHY

The New School of Literature: A Note on Louis Umfraville Wilkinson and John Cowper Powys.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

I HAVE a liver. This organ is so constituted that if, at midnight, at the Café des Beaux Arts, I consume a ham sandwich with its own weight in mustard, and a pint of iced coffee, the result is similar to, but more urgent than that alleged of a dose of a quarter of a grain of morphia. A sleepless night of violent and concentrated, yet widely roaming, thoughts, passionate yet pellucid, is obtained at this tripling cost: I perceive and glorify the infinite goodness of God.

The ancients did not know these things; great classics (still unappreciated in some quarters, 'tis to be feared), like the authors of "East Lynne" and of "Lady Audley's Secret," show no acquaintance with these phenomena. When good Queen Victoria wept for priceless Albert these things were not so. At least, Emily Bronte, she alone, foresaw the possibilities of today.

The incalculable increase of human knowledge has been such that no mind could follow it. I have sat at meetings of the Chemical Society where only two or three of the eminent men present were competent to discuss the paper read; perhaps not more than a dozen could even follow it. The mind of man has, therefore, developed like a cancer, thrusting out tentacles in every direction, depositing strange poison even in the remotest tissues, and bearing no relation, save the most malignant enmity, to the rest of the structure. We have known too much; we have lost our standards of measurement. In "East Lynne" it is merely a question of the Ten Commandments. All our motives, as our acts, were as simple as they are—in those dear dead days beyond recall!

NOW we have discovered pantomorphism. We have broken down the line between man and monkey, nay, between man and moss and malachite. We can still argue that nothing has a soul, or that everything has a soul; but the half-way houses have lost their licenses.

Zola, in a vague symbolic way, makes his still or his locomotive accomplice in his tragedies; but it is only the modern pantomorphist who makes the seaweed and the spindrift characters in his novel as active as its human protagonists. It is really the old animism, the old demonology, come again, the Rosicrucian doctrine of elementals burst into sudden flower; and it comes triumphant over all its enemies, because it has placed itself beyond the reach of criticism, basing itself as firmly on the Academic Scepticism as on the Academic Theology. No self-consistent theory of the universe can rule it out.

Pari passu has come—almost as part of this—the discovery of the human soul. In the old days a man was a man and a rock was a rock, "and no damned nonsense about it, sir"—which nonsense consisted in persistence at "But what is a man? What is a rock?" and ended, as above stated, in pantomorphism.

So also our souls were not souls; we were going to heaven or hell or purgatory, and there was nothing to worry us. But what are "we," asked the man of science, and ended by the discovery: "Every man and every woman is a star." The soul is now recognized as an individual substance, beyond the categories of time and space, a king in itself; not one of a group, but capable of its own destiny. The old theory of

stars—night-lights in God's bedchamber or holes in the floor of heaven—has gone the way of phlogiston. We no longer confuse Sirius with Aldebaran. Each is itself. Just so every man is Himself, with his own Way to Heaven.

MANY of us are become conscious of this truth; and, reaching out and up on our new wings, are at times liable to dizziness, to spiritual cremonophobia, agorophobia, claustrophobia—and nostalgia is in any case become quite normal to us.

Hence the psychonologists have begun to construct manuals of spiritual pathology. They have hardly done anything even to describe the varieties of disease. Von Krafft-Ebing was the first to gain popular appreciation. He saw (at least) that the Seventh Commandment was not a simple matter of the divorce court, and even got a glimpse of the fact that to inhale the perfume of a gentian on the mountain-side may imply a sexual "abnormality" more profound and possibly more terrible than a thousand rapes. He erred (he has since seen the error) in classing these manifestations as disease. They are "variations" in the Darwinian sense, evidence of the growth of the race. The ox, the savage, the Victorian, the modern American, the cave-man, do not suffer in this way from the specialization of the functions of the soul. But since these phenomena are undoubtedly accompanied by severe distress, we are at present justified in speaking of psychonology.

Now, the soul is eternally silent; it expresses itself only through the sexual instinct and its branches, Art and Religion. The Unconscious Will of a man is, therefore, his sex-instinct, in the first place. Therefore, this new passionate growth of his new-found soul must perforce express itself in sexual abnormality. Freud and Jung have done much to trace sex in the unconscious mind, in symbolic thinking, in instinctive selection of literary metaphor, and so on; Jung, in particular, has brilliantly perceived that sex expresses the Unconscious or True Will. But deeper thinkers, deeper because they are artists with the vision of Gods, not groping, purblind men of science, have gone further, and discerned sex beating at the heart of man's simplest, most conscious, and most rational acts.

I REFER to Louis Umfraville Wilkinson and John Cowper Powys. In the latter his "Eureka" is so vivid that it resembles the cry of an epileptic; the former bears himself more godlike, the cynical yet caressing smile of some hermaphrodite child of Pan and Apollo quivering faintly upon his lips. Powys makes you want to go out and invent something deliciously damnable; Wilkinson makes you feel that everything you have ever done is damnable delicious. The former reveals to you the possibilities of life; the latter reveals you to yourself as a past master of all actualities.

It is needless, I trust, to insist that these masters have left Krafft-Ebing and his school with Dens and Liguori—nay, they have buried him far deeper. For the older writers did really understand the appalling possibilities of "innocent" things, though their simple standard of right and wrong prevented their perception of whither their facts tended. But Wilkinson and Powys see more clearly. They know that one can morally contaminate a soap-bubble, if one go the right



way to blow it, defile the virginity of a valley by looking at it, or corrode the soul of a strawberry by refusing to eat it.

It will be hard for Puritan legislation to check the cerebralist!

**B**UT why (ask!) should we so uniformly perceive this curious development as evil? Wilkinson, it is true, is beyond the illusion of good and evil; not so is it with Powys, whose characters mostly understand themselves as unfathomable abysses, haunted by nameless horrors. The reason is simple: Powys is temperamentally a Christian. The soul is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked"; therefore its will is evil; therefore its sex-instinct is evil; therefore its universe is evil. Such is the Puritan sorites; and to the inverted Puritan, whose pleasure consists of inventing "sins" in order to commit them, the Pagan simplicity of a Wilkinson is rather tragic. For the Pagan accepts joyfully the Law of Liberty: "Every man and every woman is a star": "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." He delights in his independence, in pursuing the glory of his orbit, free, self-balanced, inscrutable, ineffably alive. The mind

which is bound to the Christian philosophy, the clinging, parasitic, Oedipus-complex, mind, dare not confront Immensity. In a word, a Christian, when he dies, wants to go to heaven; a Pagan shrugs his shoulders and takes things as they are.

But, will he, nill he, these pantomorphopsychonosophilographers have "unloosed the girders of the soul," as Zoroaster says, Wilkinson rather as a chorister in love for the first time, Powys as a child that has lost its mother; but the effect is the same. We must learn to take care of ourselves, to be suns in ourselves, not plants lackeying a central orb. We must conquer "air-sickness," the nostalgia for atavistic superstitions to comfort us. In a few years we shall be as happy in being ourselves as we have hitherto been in our dependence, physical, mental and moral, upon others. Then, not till then, will constructive work, the mapping-out of a free universe, become possible. And in that day let us not forget the noble, the austere, the elegant, the august spade work of these great pantomorphopsychonosophilographers, John Cowper Powys and Louis Umfraville Wilkinson. *Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.*

## A LETTER TO LORD NORTHCLIFFE

(The following letter addressed to Lord Northcliffe was published in the London "Star" more than a year ago and created a sensation throughout England. A. G. Gardiner is a noted and fearless journalist, and his indictment of Northcliffe makes particularly interesting reading just now, in view of the fact that the Lord of Thanet has come to the United States in order to take personal charge of the organs of the Allies. "We all acknowledge the Kaiser as a very gallant gentleman, whose word is better than many another's bond." Thus exclaimed Northcliffe's "Evening News" October 17, 1913. Let us bear this in mind when the Northcliffe papers scream the loudest and demand the utmost sacrifice of blood and wealth.)

My Lord: This is not a time when I should wish to write to you or about you, for there is something indecent at such a moment in inflicting the old battle-cries on the public. But you have chosen to issue a book of newspaper scraps the object of which is to cover yourself and the *Daily Mail* with honor as the true prophets of the war and *The Daily News* and other representatives of Liberalism with odium as the false prophets of peace. To let such a challenge pass would be a wrong to the cause which this journal holds sacred, and therefore, unwillingly, I address you.

Your claim to be the true prophet of the war does not call for dispute. It has always been your part to prophesy war and cultivate hate. There is nothing more tempting to the journalist than to be an incendiary. It is the short cut to success, for it is always easier to appeal to the lower passions of men than to their better instincts. There is a larger crowd to address, and you have never deserted the larger crowd. The student of your career will find it difficult to point to anything that you have done and to say "Here Lord Northcliffe sacrificed his journalistic interests for the common good, for the cause of peace, for some great human ideal that brought no grist to his mill; here he used his enormous power not to enrich himself but to enrich the world." But he will have no difficulty in pointing to the wars you have fomented, the hatreds you have cultivated, the causes you have deserted, the sensations, from the Peking falsehood to the Amiens falsehood about the defeat of the British army, that you have spread broadcast. You have done these things not because of any faith that was in you, not because of any principle you cherished. You have done them because they were the short cut to success—that success which is the only thing you reverence amidst all the mysteries and sanctities of life.

### "NOTHING."

If one could find in you some ultimate purpose, even some wholesome and honest hate, you would present a less pitiful

spectacle to the world. You would at least be a reality. But you are nothing. In all this great and moving drama of humanity you represent no idea, no passion, no policy, no disinterested enthusiasm. Like Mr. Lowell's candidate you

scent which pays the best an' then

Go into it baldheaded.

When you preached war against the Boers it was not that you hated the Boers or loved England; it was only that you understood how to sell your papers. When you preached war against France, told her that we would roll her in "mud and blood" and give her colonies to Germany, it was not that you had any rooted antagonism to France, but that you knew how to exploit the momentary passions of the British mob. When you called for reprisals against Russia over the North Sea incident it was not that you did not know that there had been a mistake, but that you knew that a cry for war was a good newspaper thrill. When last spring you set all your papers from *The Times* downwards prophesying "civil war" and went to Ulster to organize your brigade of war correspondents and triumphantly announced that hostilities were about to begin, it was not that you cared for Unionism or hated Home Rule. You care for neither and have coquetted with both. It was only that you thought that Parliament was going to be beaten and that you could be the prophet of red ruin and the breaking up of laws. Even your loves are rooted in hates as meaningless as your loves. When you covered the Kaiser with adulation, called him "Our friend in need," and pleaded for an alliance with Germany, it was only to make your gospel of war with France more effective. In a word, you have been the incendiary of journalism for twenty years—a man ever ready to set the world in a blaze to make a newspaper placard.

### MR. F. E. SMITH'S TRIBUTE.

And as you have been the preacher of war abroad so you have been the preacher of discord and hate at home. There

is not a movement of our time to which you have contributed one idea, one peaceful influence, one constant loyalty. When you thought the insurance bill was popular you supported it; when you thought it was going to be unpopular you travestied it, misrepresented it, and organized the servant girls and the duchesses to resist it. When the Progressives were assured of victory in 1904 you were their champion; when you saw the tide had turned in 1907 you turned a stream of virulent slander against them and headed the most infamous campaign in all the annals of our public life.

Do you say that this is malice dictated by party feeling? You are mistaken. I am conscious of no feeling for you except scorn, and, I think, a little pity, for indeed a life like yours is a thing for pity. But lest anyone should think that I am prejudiced let me call Mr. F. E. Smith as a witness. This is what he said of you on August 5, 1911:

"I remember, a few years ago, when Mr. Chamberlain introduced his tariff reform proposals the *Daily Mail* said it was opposed to them because they constituted a stomach tax. Well, being at that time very young and simple, I thought they must be right. A few days later I opened the *Daily Mail* and read 'Mr. Chamberlain's great campaign. Triumph of Tariff Reform. Necessity of taxes on corn to cement the Empire.' Well, I, like the *Daily Mail*, have always had a mind open to conviction. So I said 'certainly,' and I spent four or five years in backing up the *Daily Mail* over that. Well, I opened the *Daily Mail* about three months ago and I read the leading article, and it said 'Tariff Reform is dead.' Where are we? . . . No one has followed them more faithfully than I have. When they said to me 'don't buy trust soap,' I didn't. When they told me there had been a massacre in Peking I bought crepe. I think it is rather hard lines that in the middle of my political life I should be left with only two subjects on which I can give them ungrudging support—'Standard' bread and sweet peas. I can understand and even admire their desire to preserve an ancient barony from contamination."

That is what your friends think of you. What is there left for your foes to say? Indeed, the late Lord Salisbury said the final word about you long ago. The *Daily Mail*, he said, was "written by office boys for office boys," and though you have soared to *The Times* since then, you have only succeeded in dyeing it with the colors of the office boy's mind. For just as it was the *Daily Mail* which proclaimed the massacre of Peking, so it was *The Times* that proclaimed the rout of the British army.

And you charge "Mr. Cadbury's *Daily News*" with "horrible commercialism." Mr. George Cadbury has ceased his connection with the *Daily News* for years past, and you know it, but it pleases you to strew the pages of the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News* with venomous allusions to his name. In the abysses of your mind you discover that the name appeals to some poor prejudice or some vulgar ignorance. Perhaps you are right. But the record of George Cadbury can be left to the judgment of his countrymen. His work is known. Your work, too, is known. I think I know on which side the scales of judgment will fall.

#### WHY WE WORKED FOR PEACE.

But you say that we prophesied peace. Yes, we not only prophesied peace, but we worked for peace, just as you prophesied war and worked for war. We lost and you won. And you rejoice in the victory that has made Europe a shambles. Is it really a matter for rejoicing? A million men have died on the battlefields of Europe already and a million more will die. Millions of lives are being broken, millions of poor homes darkened by death and suffering. Is this really a subject for

a newspaper advertisement? Do not suppose that we could not have preached war, too. It is the easiest thing in the world. It makes you popular, it brings you readers—as you know. It is so much simpler to burn down than to build up, and a fool can light a powder barrel. The crowd will run to a fire, but it will never run to see the builder add stone to slow stone. No, we did not work for peace because it paid. It does not pay to go against the popular tide. No one knows that so well as you who talk of the "horrible commercialism of the *Daily News*," and who have spent your life in an infamous servitude to the changing passions of the hour. We worked for peace because we believed that that was the duty of a responsible journal. We worked for peace because we wanted to see a better and a juster world, because we believed that the fulcrum of human society is international co-operation, and not international enmity, that civilization cannot co-exist with barbarism, that war would ruin all the hopes of that social readjustment, that alleviation of the lot of the poor that was the purpose for which the *Daily News* was founded and for which, whatever its failures, it has lived.

#### WAS IT A LOST CAUSE?

And who shall say that in working for peace we were working for a lost cause? It was not a lost cause. Did Mr. Bonar Law believe it was a lost cause when he made that memorable speech in November, 1911, in which he repudiated the doctrine of the inevitable war, recalled how in past years there had been prophecies of "inevitable" wars with Russia which had not taken place, showed how the perspective of the world was constantly changing, and declared that if war took place it would be due not to any irresistible natural laws, but to the want of human wisdom? Were we wrong in working to strengthen that human wisdom or were you wrong in working to destroy it? You yourself had moments of penitence. Only last year you published in the *Evening News* a eulogium of the Kaiser far more extravagant than anything that ever appeared in these columns—a eulogium in which you spoke of that "gallant gentleman's" efforts for the peaceful development of his country, of his just ambitions, of his word "which was better than many another's bond," and of the respect in which this country held him. If you believed that war was inevitable what was the motive for that extravagant praise? But, most conclusive of all, on this question of whether peace was a lost cause, turn to the French Yellow Book, published this week. There you will find the King of the Belgians and the French Ambassador at Berlin recording only last year a change in the attitude of the Kaiser. Till then, they agreed, he had stood for peace and had resisted the war-like influences about him as he had resisted them for a quarter of a century. Now at last they saw he had yielded. Only a year ago.

Why had he yielded? Why was the cause of peace lost? I do not minimize the evil influence of the militarist party in Germany. Perhaps that evil influence was destined in any case to prevail. Who shall say? But can you doubt that among the factors that finally delivered the Kaiser into the hands of the militarists was the ten years of bitter newspaper war carried on between the incendiary press of this country and the equally incendiary press of Germany? Can you absolve yourself from any share in bringing this calamity upon the world? Nay, do you wish to absolve yourself? Are you not rather claiming this war as a tribute to your prescience and your power?

1815-1915.

But even if, in working for peace, we were working for a lost cause, is that a fact for which we need to apologize? What is the case of this country before the world? Is it not



this, that we have had no designs against Germany, that we desired to live at peace with her, that we strove to live at peace with her, that we were driven to war regretfully and by compulsion? If that is our case, then to have worked for peace is to have worked for the good name of this country, for its honor and for its freedom from complicity in this vast crime. But you deny this case. You proclaim to all the world that the most powerful press in this country worked steadily not for peace but for war. And to that extent you have made us partners with the guilty. That is your claim. That is your boast. And you think to shame us because we do not share your guilt.

You are mistaken. We are without shame and without regret. When this nightmare passes away we shall still work

to bring the nations together and you will still work to keep them asunder. You will discover some new foe with whom to play upon the fears of the public and through whom to stimulate your sales. But you will work in vain. In this war you have reached your zenith. The world that will emerge from this calamity will be a world that will belong to the democracy. And the democracy knows you as the poisoner of the streams of human intercourse, the fomentor of war, the preacher of hate, the unscrupulous enemy of human society. It will make an end of many things, and among them it will make an end of the most sinister influence that has ever corrupted the soul of English journalism.

I am, my lord, yours, etc.,

A. G. G.

## TWO LIVES.

*A Narrative in Verse.*

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

### FOREWORD.

IN the present revival of poetry two tendencies seem clear: the rehabilitation of the English literary tradition in theme, diction, and cadence, and a painfully conscious effort to overthrow that tradition at all three points. The following poem is aligned with neither of these tendencies, neither with the iconoclasm of the "New Poetry" nor with the recrudescence of the Victorian. Its literary relationship is continental: that poetic art which, accepting the established verse forms as the authentic grammar of poetic speech, registers and interprets, through the imagination, in the dialect of living men, the realism of nature and of human life, finding no fact, and no word or phrase intrinsically unadapted to its purpose, but seeking by no *tour de force* to compel to its purpose any fact or word, simply because conventionally conceived as unpoetic. Representing no cult or propaganda, it is simply the sincere art of impassioned *talk* about the *realities that count* in man's spiritual life, as ethically evaluated by first-hand experience in this immemorial world. One who is a better critic than I tells me this continental art finds its nearest English equivalent in some pages of Browning, Meredith, and Arthur Symonds. It is itself best represented in Germany, Scandinavia, and Russia. I feel, however, that this, my own smaller work, has been more the outgrowth of an inner process in imaginative thinking and speaking than of theory or of imitation.

I have utilized the world I know best, the world of modern American college life: its backgrounds of woods and waters, its campus and classroom, the shaded streets of the college town itself, the undergraduates of both sexes, the college games, the faculty group and the faculty club. This is not what the Bohemian poets of metropolitan cabarets, nor the Socialist poets of factory and wharf, nor the dinner-party poets of things fashionable and "beautiful," nor even the poets that wander among remote mountain tribes or on our own peopled and flowered hills, would call "life." But it is surely one phase of life, complete and meaningful in its own reality, and one can learn to feel its quality.

The man of the story is a college teacher toward the beginning of his career. The sheltered quiet, the cloistered ease, of academic men has been too readily taken for granted. The truth is, rather, that there is no other group in America where, man for man, there may be found more of the factors that

make of human life a deep, a hard, and an earnest thing: the factors of high ideals, eager and generous ambitions, temperamental sensitiveness accentuated, too, by education—all these in undemonstrative but heroic struggle (how often!) with narrow means and self-denial, and with the universal burdens of sickness, death, obloquy, and the universal passions of love and hate. I have had the man tell his own story. "The technique of the first person" enabled me with fewer narrative trammels to attend to my main interest, human character, and thus to reveal the man through the man's own revelation of the other people of the story.

The woman, the young wife of whom he speaks, whose story is so much his own story, will represent for the thoughtful a phase of this world's tragic mystery more frequent in life than its infrequency in literature would suggest: not merely "sweet bells jangled out of tune," not the mere Ophelia-pathos of a lovable but quiescent nature that is suddenly overthrown, but the life-long and subconscious effort of a restless and talented mind forever thwarted in the loving fulfillment of its own gentle and ideal cravings, not indeed by any ethical flaw, but by the congenital fact, as one line of this poem reads, that

"God has tampered with the instrument"

and rendered reason itself from the beginning unstable and intermittent, and, thereto, permitted the blundering or impatience of well-meaning associates and the cruelty of untoward circumstances to co-operate in hastening the last phase of its solemn and heart-rending bafflement.

I have borrowed a device from the old-fashioned days and supplied a few "author's notes"; with a difference, however, since mine pretend to no erudition—beyond such explanations of my own text as might be interjected in familiar reading aloud to a friend.

W. E. L.

University Heights, New York City.

### THE PERSONS OF THE STORY.

THE WOMAN.

THE MAN.

THE WOMAN'S FATHER.

THE WOMAN'S BROTHER (*in a distant city*).

THE WOMAN'S SISTER.

THE HUSBAND OF THE SISTER.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE MOTHER.

## THE TIME OF THE STORY.

Early in the first decade of the Twentieth Century.

*(The time of the telling of the story is supposed to be about three years after the culmination of the events of the story.)*

## THE PLACE OF THE STORY.

An inland American city, known as the City of the Four Lakes.

## POEM.

## PART I.

## THE WHITE HOUSE BY THE LAKE.

Adventurers, from voyagings returned,  
Whether in Afric forests perilous,  
Whether beyond Antarctic Erebus,  
Tell what of wild and wondrous things they learned,  
What blizzards blinded, or what fevers burned,  
And how when almost perishing afar  
(Now sound again, except a crutch or scar)  
For home and song ineffably they yearned.  
We read their books, with maps in blues and reds,  
And landscapes pictured under alien suns,  
Or under sultry moon or frosty star;  
Then, studying their portraits, bearded heads  
Thrill into words: "O these the mighty ones,  
These the strong heroes"—as indeed they are.

Adventurer, from voyaging which passed  
Beyond earth's continents, whilst things befell  
Which none who've met before ere lived to tell  
Am I, it seems: the first, perhaps the last.  
Ye shall not see my portrait, and my name  
Ye shall not hear, but, if ye read my book,  
Though unadorned, ye'll say (by pause or look):  
"Man still is man, even when without his fame."  
Ye need not say "a hero." Yet regard  
This tale at least in one respect like theirs:  
That, urged like them, by what of high and hard  
I found in awful tracts of Otherwheres,  
I made my notes with an Explorer's pen,  
And, coming home did write them out for men.

## I. THE CITY OF THE FOUR LAKES.

The shining City of my manhood's grief  
Is girt by hills and lakes (the lakes are four),  
Left by the ice-sheet which from Labrador  
Under old suns once carved this land's relief,  
Ere wild men came with building and belief  
Across the midland swale. And slope and shore  
Still guard the forest pathos of dead lore  
With burial mound of many an Indian chief,  
And sacred spring. Around me, Things-to-come  
Are rising (by the plans of my compeers)  
For art and science, like a wiser Rome  
Upon a wiser earth for wiser years.—  
Large thoughts, before and after, yet they be  
Time's pallid backgrounds to my soul and me.

'Tis no mean city: when I shut my eyes,  
To thought she seems memorial as they,  
The world's white cities famous far away,  
With her own beauty, her own sunset skies  
Across her waters, her own enterprise  
Beside her woodlands, with her thousand homes,  
Her squares and flowering parks, and those two domes  
Of Law and Learning, and her bold and wise.

She too shall have, and has even now, her fame  
(Like Florence or Geneva, once the fair  
Sojourn of worthy men), and of the same,  
A solemn part, perhaps, shall be that there,  
By house and tree, to flesh and blood befell  
The things whereof this story is to tell.

## II. HIS COMING TO THE CITY.

I came from years already grim forsooth  
With gruelling adventures: as a boy  
Puzzling on farmstead my slow way to Troy  
With Homer, the Ionian; then, as youth,  
Fighting 'gainst poverty to close with Truth,  
In colleges by Hudson, Charles, and Rhine;  
Climbing in tempest Alp and Apennine;  
Drinking with peasants in a tavern booth  
By Seine and Tiber to forget a face;  
As man, an office drudge for shelter, bread—  
My own and others'—with never kind release  
From aching eyes; still sleepless in my bed—  
So when Life called me to this lovely place.  
I wrote a friend: "I've found my work, my peace."

'Tis no self-pity, with an "O-how-long,"  
'Tis no self-love, with "yet-I-mastered fate,"  
That rivets that stanza to the iron gate  
Whereby ye enter this demesne of song.  
Here as I open the black bolts and strong,  
Whilst first ye look upon this new estate  
Of the still-living Muse, read once again  
That scroll: brief record of my strife with Pain  
In years before. Thus, when ye meet his face  
Herein, hereafter—more wrinkled, leathern, grim—  
Meet Pain more fierce with many-spiked mace,  
His body sprouting many a strange new limb—  
Ye'll know with what a desperate embrace  
'Twas mine a second time to strive with him.\*

A second time with what a weary back,  
And scarred shoulder; for the first had been  
A strife to me so memorably keen,  
That now I said, "No more can he attack  
With such a might, and now I know his worst."  
Yet though still weak from battles unforgot,  
With tongue still sanded from old fear and thirst,  
I hoped; for hope was in this inland spot,  
Twin of its inland beauty. So I wrote  
My friend (my friend who knew, from talks together  
In sea-board cities, through what world of weather  
I'd kept for years my little bark afloat):  
"Rejoice with me; at last the tempests cease;  
I've come to land; I've found my work, my peace."

I found my work: Life gave to me the lease  
Of scholarship, as long I'd struggled for.  
With desk and bench and blackboard; by the door  
A broad blue map of all the Isles of Greece,  
Northward to Colchis and the Golden Fleece  
And west to Ithaca; beside the clock,  
Eternal Parthenon on that high rock;  
A plaster bust, the white-helmed Pericles,  
In further corner. Here from day to day,

\* "The scroll" is the preceding stanza, represented as written and rivetted over "the iron gate" that forms the entrance to this new estate of the Muse, namely the following poem. The scroll tells briefly the poet's earlier experiences with pain and will give (it is averred) to his later, more tragic experiences (whereof this poem treats) an added grimness in the telling as being a second encounter, almost before recovery from the first.



While through the window flashed the lake and wood,  
 I taught what Hellas still has soul to say  
 To generous boys and girdled womanhood.  
 O had my work remained my all for me,  
 I had found perhaps my peace . . . 'twas not to be.  
 I came from other labor, other times,  
 And other houses, half a fugitive  
 Till then round earth. I sought a place to live,  
 After my needs: a table for my rhymes  
 And books, a bed for sleep, for human sleep,  
 A friendly household, that would let me roam  
 Its grass and porches, like a man at home—  
 Yet yield (O prose of life!) its roof-tree cheap.  
 I wandered, hunting, many a pleasant lane  
 And highway under elms in arching rows,  
 And many a brick-paved court, with saplings set  
 And lilacs, rang at many doors in vain,  
 Whose housewives smiled . . . until, toward day's bright  
 close,  
 I spied a placard: "Attic room to let."

### III. THE WHITE HOUSE BY THE LAKE.

That house stood white . . . with earth's old evening sun  
 Beside her (yet behind her far and still  
 Across the shimmering Indian lake and hill),  
 Vista-ed through private oaks. The lawn did run  
 In shining emerald, curving like a bow,  
 (As I explored) O under cherry and peach,  
 And hedged from neighbors by the golden glow  
 And hollyhock, down to a little beach  
 And rustic shelter. In front were beds of flowers . . .  
 Whose names I learned . . . thereafter. A strange vine  
 Wound up the pillars with the summer hours,  
 And two great trunks, festooned with thick woodbine,  
 Bordered the wooden path—could such a place  
 (And why?) still crave a stranger's step and face?

Between those festooned trunks, at gable and  
 Of that white mansion, looking out upon  
 The low moon (yellowing after set of sun),  
 A triple window, like a waiting friend,  
 Seemed calling me to enter and ascend,  
 So cosy were the little panes of glass,  
 Half-curtained in the dusk above the grass;  
 Joyous it seemed and ready to defend,  
 As 'twere a living thing, whoever might,  
 With genial hopes and sinless memories,  
 Labor by day, or slumber there by night  
 Within its chamber . . . gloaming fancies these . . .  
 Then downstairs some one lit an early light . . .  
 An Old Man pulled the shade behind the trees.

### IV. THE ATTIC CHAMBER.

That attic room became my destiny:  
 In each man's life there's some excelling spot,  
 Indoors or out, that may not be forgot—  
 Some hall whose music set his spirit free,  
 Some stream unbridged which lost him victory,  
 Some hut, some hill, determining his lot,  
 Dividing still what-is from what-is-not,  
 In life of each man—whether you or me . . .  
 Of which hereafter . . . But you shall not think,  
 You few who read my story shall not say,  
 "He would make big the things of everyday  
 By out-worn rhetoric." For my hair is gray  
 Through manhood's commonplaces, and all ink  
 Lags ever in the rear of such as they.

That attic room became my destiny.  
 Although for long elsewhere I've slept since then,  
 And elsewhere been so busy with the pen  
 And elsewhere talked, 'tis no mere memory—  
 For there, still there, I seem to breathe, and be  
 There, with the spacious light of east and west  
 From either gable-end, by chair and chest  
 Table and bookshelf, looking out to see  
 Now the still street of elms and now the lake,  
 As if 'twere windowed only for my sake—  
 Windowed in front, and yet behind, for one  
 Who loves on earth, beyond all reason why,  
 O both the rising and the setting sun,  
 The morning and the evening of the sky . . .

There by the chimney and the open fire  
 Of splintered shingles, brush, and billets (borne  
 In arm from snow-swept woodpile many a morn)—  
 There, as the yellow flames in tongue and spire  
 From their foundations leap a span and higher,  
 And live suspended in the dark recess,  
 And then, like summoned ghosts in swift distress,  
 Sweep up the flue, and vanish ere they tire  
 There, whilst I lean against my knees, and guess  
 (Stirring with idle poker now and then)  
 What song it was the Siren sang to men,  
 What Helen's girdle, what Calypso's dress,  
 I hear (for I seem there, forever there)  
 A tiptoe footstep on the attic stair.

### V. THE STRANGE PEOPLE OF THE WHITE HOUSE

Wild tales of that white house were whispered me  
 Across the neighbor's fence. An old dame said:  
 "A beautiful mother paced, with bended head  
 And fingers muttering monotony,  
 That porch in other days, and seemed to see  
 Only the squirrels burying nuts and bread,  
 Which over the rail she tossed them fitfully—  
 At last they took her off; her little three  
 Learned all they knew of her at their father's knee . . .  
 And when she died she did not die in bed . . .  
 She haunts us most when waves are white to view  
 Under those bluffs—and pointed down the sky—  
 And now the old man is about to die,  
 And have you seen the old man's daughter?"—"Who?"

"The lovely lone one, the unhappy child,  
 The gentlewoman, she who keeps the house."  
 "I have not seen her."—"Like a twilight mouse  
 She slips away; but like a bird the wild  
 Few notes she sings. Her mother, when she smiled  
 Had that same wistful glance—you'll see it there  
 In the old portrait over the jardinière  
 Just off the vacant hall. The father, mild  
 Of temper sometimes, never free of hand,  
 Scarce notices her love and her despair  
 Now in his cumbered age; but sits in chair  
 And figures rents and dividends and land,  
 And grudges her the little sums she spends  
 On orchard, garden flowers, and odds and ends.

That make the house his home." But that same night,  
 Upon my way upstairs, I sat an hour  
 In library with him. And I found power,  
 And wisdom, and adventure. Recondite  
 The verse he quoted by the green lamp-light—  
 All apropos of journeys over-sea,

Or battles when our armies fought with Lee,  
 "Or foreign politics and civic right.  
 He had been general, writer, statesman, he  
 Who owned the fair house now that sheltered me,  
 And I was proud. And those brave eyes and bright,  
 Could any "something" be thereunder hid?  
 This crown that grief had rendered nobly white!  
 I'll not believe it!—(Yet in time I did.)"

## VI. THE DAUGHTER.

He touched not on his daughter . . . But ere long,  
 One morning passing down, in act to close  
 The outer door, I heard her at her song.  
 I listened . . . It grew fainter . . . It arose  
 Higher within the haunted house somewhere—  
 Until, O clear on that September air,  
 From out my attic window forth it flows—  
 An old French folksong of the outre-mere . . .  
 "So it is she who has been busy there  
 In household duties with the broom and pans,  
 And tied my curtains with the new green bows,  
 And ranged my papers, pillowed me the chair,  
 And left the plate of fruit, the Astracans,  
 And she who on my bookshelf set the rose."

I caught myself that day at thoughts of France,  
 Humming the folksong that she did begin:  
 "The Cavalier came riding with a lance  
 And drank the red wine at my father's inn"  
 For I had heard it, wandering long ago  
 Through Savoy in the vale of Chamonix,  
 Of peasant girl in Alpine afterglow:  
 "And in the wars he thinks no more of me."  
 Where did she learn it So I thought of her  
 And what they told me. Beautiful and rare  
 This unseen presence singing things that were  
 And serving the stranger with a quick "beware,  
 He must not see me," swift to minister  
 And swift to vanish . . . What was her despair?

I met her first, half-turning up the stair,  
 Her foot just lifted from the rug in hall.  
 She stopped, as timid at her father's call.  
 He introduced me. She pushed back her hair  
 With one hand, struggling long to play the host,  
 Though silent, and, as if afraid to fall,  
 She clung and leaned against the newel-post  
 With the other . . . girl-and-woman lithe and tall,  
 In flowing saffron muslin. With full throat  
 And large black lashes over large blue eyes,  
 A queen of ladies . . . what had she to fear?  
 And when I thanked her, with an anecdote  
 And kindly jest, for household courtesies,  
 She spoke, and almost laughingly drew near.

She took me round the parlor, welcoming:  
 "This vase shows Ariadne on the isle,  
 'Twas found on Lemnos. And this peristyle—  
 (You know it? Notice how the wild flowers cling  
 About the base)—I painted one bright spring  
 At Athens. And that boy in purple tile  
 We got from Florence. That's my mother's smile,  
 That portrait—'Mona Lisa wondering'  
 I call it sometimes." And I startled then—  
 The fancy seemed bizarre and loveless; yet  
 She named the name so wistfully and mild.  
 I looked upon the portrait and again

On her I looked: I never can forget—  
 In her the likeness of the mother smiled.

"But you'll not find on that piano top"  
 (She said, as I turned aside) "what brings  
 Our house much credit—only simple things  
 Of Schubert. Father long since had me drop  
 My foolish lessons . . . O that photograph  
 Among the music? Do you know him—yes?—  
 He's married to my sister—O how odd.—  
 And yet the world is not so big, I guess—  
 And all are brothers—you believe in God?" . . .  
 I knew him. Students had we been together  
 In Bonn am Rhein, and wandered hills and dells  
 By Godenburg and round the Drachenfels.  
 And smoked our German pipes in stormy weather.  
 And she was glad. And called her father in,  
 As if I'd proved some new-discovered kin.

Surely not so unhappy. Surely not  
 So furtive, silent. Save the moments there  
 When she had fled me up the broad oak stair,  
 Cordial to admiration . . . Life its plot  
 Weaves of all hours, remembered or forgot:  
 At first she'd stepped aside then face to face  
 We did encounter . . . and with change of place.  
 A cryptic comment?—It was now my lot  
 To steal from her. I knew my loneliness.  
 I knew with sorrow, not with arrogance,  
 How quickly love might master her and me:  
 With sorrow, for *I* was crippled by distress,  
 With sorrow, for *she* had her inheritance,  
 And marriage was not meant for such as we.

## VII. BETROTHAL.

Her goodness was upon me. She would be,  
 As I came in, between maroon portières  
 And ask me to the parlor unawares  
 Of afternoons: "You'll drink a cup of tea?"  
 And I would follow. Or with random glee  
 Surprise me on the lawn, as there I fed  
 The scampering squirrels scarcely coaxed by bread;  
 "Here, give them these cracked almonds, and you'll see."  
 Or knock of evenings: "Father thought you'd like  
 This plate of cream—for cream, you know, won't keep—  
 O, I must run and fetch a cloth and spoon" . . .  
 Enough . . . such homely things they strike, they strike,  
 They pierce me through . . . they come again in sleep . . .  
 Though (nay, *because*) more dead than earth's dead moon.

She saw me in blue glasses: "If your eyes  
 Pain so at night, can't I then try to speak  
 Your book aloud: I had four years of Greek"—  
 (Naively as a child)—"and took the prize  
 As Senior." Was it scholar's enterprise  
 Made me accept the offer?—For a week  
 She read me Homer, I with hand on cheek  
 And temple warding off the lamp side-wise . . .  
 And watching her. And I'd correct the pitch,  
 Acute or grave, or chant her, the long roll—  
 Perhaps Odysseus at the bloody ditch,  
 Talking to brave dead comrades soul by soul;  
 Perhaps Nausicaa beside the sea,  
 Or the lone island and Penelope.

I overheard the Old Man scolding her.  
 I'm blaming not his anger—peace to him;



Nor probing you the cause, whatever it were  
That chafed—whatever oddity or whim—  
That you might know her in her sweet desires  
And pity her gentle strangeness. Not for this,  
Neither on her account nor on her sire's  
Do I report.—But for analysis  
Of mine own mood and act: I'd have you see  
His harsh words through the shut door piercing *me*,  
And rousing an instinct that will have its food,  
When man approaches woman, as a man—  
The soft-fierce instinct of protectorhood—  
Spell out my bungled meaning as ye can.

And so Life drew us both, and so Love drew  
Both, both—the woman without thought at all,  
So starved for chance of service all in all,  
The man of thought that knew (or deemed he knew).  
So reading turned to talk; and talk then grew  
To little silences. Then song grew rife—  
The song she most would sing to her was new:  
"Freut euch des Lebens—Take ye joy of life" . . .  
Turning the leaf of music, at her side,  
As she ran over the keys, I kissed her hair  
One night at last . . . The Old Man multiplied  
And added in his study over there  
Across the hall . . . That painted Face so fair  
Looked down upon her daughter and—my pride.

"The man of thought that knew." But came the heart  
With sweet proposals, subtle arguments:  
"Love will itself create its own events,  
And marriage shall become its work of art—  
We shall be strong and happy." And the word  
Of father in the house, of brother, wide  
Across the states, confirmed my hope and pride—  
Averting what my pride and hope averred,\*  
And yearned so much to hear. And so we gave,  
The Girl and I, with nature's old routine  
(Forever new with each new cosmic wave  
Of love) our lovers' pledge, unheard, unseen—  
And so with lips that played even then the wife:  
"Freut euch des Lebens—Take ye joy of life."

"Freut euch des Lebens—take ye joy of life—  
Weil noch das Laempchen glueht—whilst the lamp glows—  
Pfluecket die Rose—pluck, O pluck the rose—  
Eh' sie verblueht—before it fades" . . . [my wife!] . . .  
"Man schafft so gern—we plague from morn to morn—  
Sich Sorg' und Mueh'—ourselves with care and strife—  
Sucht Dornen auf—we seek too oft the thorn  
Und findet sie—and find it" . . . [O my wife!] . . .  
"Und laesst das Veilchen—leave the violet fair—  
Ach, unbemerkt—unnoticed evermore—  
Das dort am Wege blueht—that blossoms there  
Along the roadside" . . . O'er and o'er and o'er,  
Ring in my widowed heart the words, the air,  
As if I heard them from the Other Shore.

She played the wife, she was the wife indeed  
From Love's awakening. In its bird-like joy  
Her love was too pervasive to be coy,  
Too much the flowering of the native seed,  
So long unwatered and unsunned, to need  
The tricky tender teasings that young love

In its first exercise is guilty of,  
Too trusting, self-forgetting to take heed  
Of any secrets. But to go with me,  
With mushroom basket on a woodland walk,  
To serve with many a household ministry  
Of pin or needle, and to read, and talk  
(As mate already) of my work, or come  
Each evening to the door with welcome home,

Was as her breathing. Nay, she never took  
Thought of her beauty. With unconscious grace  
Her auburn ringlets fell across her face,  
And her unjeweled fingers held the book.  
Her dress was simple as a summer brook  
Among the mignonettes, the colors blent  
Even as the birds', as if an increment  
Of nature from within. Her voice, her look  
Unstudied as the wind, the stars. Strange, strange,  
If I praised her beauty, how she reckoned not of  
My *praise*, because so happy in my *love*  
As something more, and never stopped to range  
One ribbon or give one wandering whisp a shove . . .  
Meantime the old smile changed or seemed to change

How I exulted! and the sister, wed  
With my remembered comrade of the Rhine,  
Wrote from the Tyrol: "O could you divine  
How much this touches me! One born and bred  
To live with joy forever, heart and head  
Giving to others joy, yet never given—  
Her patient gentleness so sorely riven—  
But now—but now—she lives—she is not dead—  
She lives and *That* can never smite again"—  
(Of this, the half I understood not then)—  
"To think it should be you! When we get back,  
We'll have so much to talk of.—You've forgot—  
But fate has been long busy at the plot:  
I saw you once in Bonn—your eyes are black."

But often her father's talk of me she'd tell:  
"Your beau's a dreamer, better at a verse  
Than at a bargain—yet it might be worse:  
See that you keep him—I'm not well, not well . . .  
You'll soon be left alone . . . be more the belle  
And less his servant . . . you will pall, I say,  
Upon him, with your household negligee—  
And with your chatter you will break the spell,  
And he'll be off." And she would laugh, "poor man,  
He doesn't know you, and he never can."  
(He never did.) But I, between disgust  
And wonderment, I did not laugh—in dread  
Both of the backgrounds to the things he said,  
And of the sweet abandon in her trust.

"This is the red rose, dear, and this the white,  
The white rose this, beloved, this the red:"  
As I unpinned the paper, thus I said  
In hallway (from the florist's come one night,  
When on the square the moon in winter's height  
Shone out above Orion); and bent my head  
With proffering hand, as if a gallant bred  
In speech and flowers: "Be these thy twin delight,  
Love's passion and Love's purity" . . . She knew . . .  
And kissed me twice—for red, for white, a kiss—  
And set in slender vase of gold and blue . . .  
In after years I murmured: "This . . . and this" . . .  
Opening her box of letters—"Roses?—Two?"— . . .  
Each brown and shrunk, a withered chrysalis.

\* That is, the father by conversation and the brother by letter confirmed the man's "hope and pride" that this love would "create its own events," and render both "strong and happy."

# CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

(In 1910 I made my famous impressionistic journey to Europe. Since that time I have been abroad at least twice. But never did Europe appear so fresh and wonderful to me as it did in that year, which culminated in the publication of the "Confessions of a Barbarian." As I read that book today I find that it is singularly advanced and even brilliant. In fact, I am a little jealous of its author. But that is another story. The fact remains that the book, although widely and wisely praised, has not been read so widely as it deserves. For that reason I shall publish it in installments in *The International*. If any of my readers feel bored I shall stop it. Or cancel their subscriptions. We shall see.)

## PREFACE.

THIS book reveals America to herself by interpreting Europe. I stand in symbolic relation, so to speak, to both hemispheres. My twofold racial consciousness serving as a fulcrum, I am enabled to pry two worlds—Archimedes aspired to lift but one—out of the furrow of their mutual misconception.

I have seen the soul of the subtle siren Europe. I have chronicled facts from her unwritten history, from the secret pages of diplomatic portfolios. From her have I also learned verities greater than facts. I may speak *ex cathedra*: infallibility I claim not. I have emulated not the labored minuteness of old school painters who, numbering each hair of the head, make themselves rivals of God, but the thumbnail sketches of Whistler and the chromatic riots of Boecklin.

My book, though published serially in William Marion Reedy's brave weekly, *The Mirror*, is journalism only in the sense in which that term may also be applied to the *Reisebilder* of Heine. If the dramatic poet may fashion himself to the exigencies of the stage, shall not literature disguise itself unreprieved in the cloak of news? Only those are of all time who, like Rabelais, Cervantes and Voltaire, are in immediate touch with their own time.

Having navigated unknown seas of Germanic psychology, I chart them. I trace the tangled lines of an elder civilization. I record spiritual data that elude Baedeker. The guileless American mind rebels against certain peculiarities in the culture of Europe. I have dived through troubled waters as one dives for the pearl, to discover their hidden meanings, the wisdom encrusted in all things ancient.

I urge Europe's gospel of tolerance. I lead those who follow me out of the Babylonian captivity of Puritan prejudice. I have been accused of posing, because, in a world of antinomies, I am an inveterate truth-teller. This is my flesh and blood. I could not more frankly denude myself in the sanctity of the Confessional. I speak with the truthfulness of Saint Augustine, of Rousseau, and of George Moore.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

## THE OLD WORLD LURE.

I HAVE no intention of rivaling Baedeker. I met him abroad. He is an excellent man, the distinguished son of a distinguished father—high priests of travel both. Far be it from me to take the bread from his mouth.

It gave me a curious feeling to meet Baedeker. It was almost like meeting the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. I had always thought of him as a little red book, not as a man.

I don't remember what we said. Probably it was of no special significance.

One speaks of *sins* of omission. Why not of *virtues*? Besides, I am not a vender of useful information. I don't like scenery. I detest things. And of geography I have a positive horror. The distinguished Harvard professor was not far from right when he said I was more interested in myself than in Europe.

I am an inveterate individualist. Men and ideas are to me the only realities. Even we human beings are but ideas incarnate, particles mysterious and vibrant of the great world-brain. Perhaps, as Heine suggests, life is only the fevered dream of some malevolent demon?

We are not theologians, however. Without inquiring into primary causes, we ponder with changing emotions the prism of the world. Of its multiple aspects some to us are exciting and novel. We respond less readily to stimuli already familiar. To the weary eyes of the gods all things are hued with indifference. I shall depict the exceptional from an exceptional visual angle.

I admit I am very unjust, and surely misleading. The grotesque piques my curiosity. I over-emphasize sex. Nevertheless, I am truthful. I practice all the Christian virtues, without faith in any. If my impressions are colored—they are—there is always Baedeker to fall back upon. There is consolation in statistics, and an antidote in the atlas.

Not long before my trip abroad I had lunch at the Astor with the German novelist Felix Holländer, literary adviser of the *Deutsche Theater* in Berlin. We looked out upon Long Acre Square. My visitor was disappointed. It seemed to him that we were already too sophisticated, too civilized. He had not expected Indians in City Hall, but he deplored the absence of the vigorous primitive note which the imagination of the Old World associates with the New.

I assured him that our seeming culture is all superficial. Can we learn in a century, except parrot-wise, the lesson of five thousand years? With us it is all veneer. Scratch the American and the aboriginal Indian appears.

The savage, to be sure, is more interesting at times than the sophist. But he is utterly absurd when he is ashamed of himself, or pretends to be civilized. The average American in literature and in morals is a Hottentot wearing a stove-pipe. His sophistication is unreal. His wisdom is shrewdness. His vices are ordinary, his religious convictions shallow. He is good-natured, but ignorant and irreverent. He has the heart of a child and the conceit of a monkey.

Abroad they imagine that our minds are as vast as our lands. They credit us intellectually with the expansiveness of the Harriman roads and the subtlety of the Standard Oil. They don't understand that we have subdued the forces of nature materially without having conquered them in spirit. We do not penetrate to the heart of things. The poetry of commerce eludes us. We build highroads between continents, without imagination. Our outlook is provincial. We utterly lack *finesse*.

Our patriotism is the only imaginative ingredient in our national structure. It is crude at that—and hysterical. And it does not prevent us from cheating our country in business. Our savagery is apparent in our mediæval administration of



justice; in our vulgar disregard of æsthetics for morals; above all, in our absurd and insincere worship of females. The American man has rightly been called the pay-monkey of the American woman. He pays for her *lingerie* as well as her folly. She is protected, set aside, placed on a pedestal, both by the law and by custom. He is defenseless. Our government is a matriarchy in disguise.

I WAS born on the Continent, but brought up in America. My racial consciousness is distinctly dual. I am at home in America. I have an insider's view. But an insider's view from the outside—dispassionate, impartial. Yet I am not embarrassed for a thread in the labyrinth of Europe. I need both countries as a legless man needs his crutches.

Europe is essential to my well-being. I must bathe periodically in the fount of its authentic civilization, wallow in its corruption, soar in its dreams. Still, I am too much of an American to lose myself in it altogether. I have seen its depths and its heights. I have conversed with counts and cabbies, art students and ambassadors, scientists, soldiers, privy councilors, and prostitutes. There was much that I admired, and much that depressed me.

I tried to understand it all, and to make the best of it. At every step I became increasingly conscious of being constituted differently from the people I met and saw. But the first impressions were overwhelming. When, alone and a stranger, I entered Berlin, the luminous heart of Europe, my emotions were those of a young Barbarian who had crossed the Alps for the first time, and for the first time saw Rome.

The trip itself held no allurements for me. Like Oscar Wilde, I am bored by the ocean. I prefer sherbets to sunsets. I am, however, not insensible to the loveliness of the visible world. But I cannot take it, as Germans drink beer, in slow sips. I gulp it down, like a cocktail.

It is absurd to go abroad in the summer when everybody is in the country. I went late in the fall. There were only a few people on board. Mostly musical students. There were two flirtative Western girls with their mother. The mother was like a hen—an intelligent hen. The girls were singing birds—pretty and flighty.

One of the girls on board had large eyes like a doe. They tell me her voice was charming. She had scraped together every cent to study abroad. And she was very grateful for every little attention. It hurt me when she laughed. I always felt somehow as though she were going down to some tragic cataclysm.

I hope she will never see this.

Then there was a flute-player, a spirited little girl, with whom I was in love for two hours, while the train rolled from Cuxhaven to Hamburg.

The men were in the minority. There was a coarse ship's physician. And there was Hans. Hans was a sailor-boy, eighteen summers old, and absolutely delightful. The women made positive indecent advances to him which they would hardly have made to a social equal. The boy, clever, well educated, requited their efforts with smiling contempt. They saw only the smile. The contempt escaped them.

In the first cabin were only three men passengers and a tenor. The tenor had no voice. One of the men was a Chicago physician, whom the law permitted to practise and to kill within the confines of the United States, but who went to Vienna to acquire more precise methods of murder. The Standard Oil Octopus was also represented on board. It had one of its tentacles there: a young engineer. I looked upon him with awe, as one looks upon a policeman.

The Standard Oil Company is the most awe-inspiring thing in the United States. It is more stable than the government.

Certainly it is more powerful and of more profit to us. Trust magnates, like politicians, work for their own pockets. But trust magnates can afford to be more magnanimous. The trust, being productive, cannot enrich itself without enriching the country.

I completed the masculine trio.

We spent most of the time in the smoking room, discussing women—the three men and the tenor. I did the talking. The trip was a liberal education—for them. I painted the Eldorado of Europe in glowing colors.

Not that I believed in that Eldorado. I was afraid that I would be horribly disappointed. Yet intellectual curiosity urged me on. I sometimes seem to myself like the Wandering Jew in Otto Julius Bierbaum's *Seltsame Geschichten*, doomed ever to seek for the truth without believing in its existence.

Emotionally I was totally apathetic, until we approached the British Isles and the Old World Lure began to exert upon me its irresistible fascination. Vast and multi-colored vistas came to me on the pinions of memory when I realized with a thrill that the jagged line at my left hand was Shakespeare's England and that "the pleasant land of France" dreamed at my right. I thought of Napoleon crossing the channel, a prisoner. And I thought of another sad exile whom the British have killed and whose grave is in Paris.

OSCAR WILDE rests not far from one whom Germany, to her shame, has rejected. Like him, a poet, brilliant and cynical. And, like him, the son of a race down-trodden and melancholy. I wonder if in desolate nights the ghost of Oscar Wilde holds concourse with Heinrich Heine? And if the worm has not devastated their smile, they may even smile, seeing that both are revenged on their people. Bernard Shaw, the cynical voice of Wilde, with none of Wilde's poetry, has turned England topsy-turvy; and *Jüngstdeutschland* has received from Heine his poison, but not his honey.

And I thought of the Vikings who discovered the New World before the birth of Columbus. And of the Wars of the Roses. I thought of Swinburne, the voice of the sea and of sin; and of Darwin and Goethe; of Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio. I thought of Jeanne d'Arc, who was burnt as a witch and is now a saint. And I thought of the Roman days.

I thought of Cæsar who had conquered Gaul, and of the Briton who conquered Cæsar. I saw Plato with noble, strangely Germanic visage, and Socrates with the face and the cheeks of the Slav. This was the land where Jupiter had loved Europa, and Prometheus had snatched the fateful fire! And in the far distance I almost felt the presence, stupendous and terrifying, of Asia, mother of continents, plagues and messiahs.

We in America make things most unpleasant for newcomers. We inquire into their solvency. We question their morals. And, naively enough, ask their political faith. Europe receives her visitors with the smile of a woman of culture. And beams her broadest smile upon us. The Old World regards us with a curious mixture of amusement and awe. Much as the subtle-witted Greek may have looked upon his Barbarian conqueror. They are afraid of us, but they refuse to take us seriously. Some one has compared Germany to Greece; we have been called the Rome of the Western World. In Germany today the spirit of Athens is vibrant—there are some who say that Plato himself was a German. Our coarse-fibered strenuousness relates us in many ways to the Romans.

Like the Romans we lack ideals and ideas. Subtleties are beyond us. We have no sense of tradition and reverence. There are only three traditions we cherish: the Monroe Doc-

trine, the Puritan Sabbath, and the absurd superstition that the White House should harbor no man for more than eight years. We adhere to these traditions with Antony's devotion to his matchless inamorata. We nurse them with the frantic affection of a grief-stricken Niobe. They are all we have. All else is chaos.

Irreverence for old age is bred in our bones. We hate established things. Like children, we sometimes break our toys merely to break them. To feel that we can do things. The will to live is strong in us, but we express it crudely. Frequently, to use a Vergilian phrase, by "making a noise with our mouths." On Election Day and on the Fourth of July we are the noisiest two-legged animal. The rattlesnake, not the eagle, should be our national emblem. The League of Silence, consecrated to humanity by Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, and the "noiseless gun" invented by Hiram Maxim, are the two most auspicious events in the history of American culture.

Quiet distinction is beyond us. We must shriek at the top of our voices. We have no manners. We lack urbanity. The little tug that takes you to shore in Hamburg is called "Welcome!" And across the bow of the one that takes you back is written "*Auf Wiedersehen!*" No American brain could have conceived of this. It is too gracious and simple. We would christen the one, "Undesirable Immigrant;" and bestow upon the other the appellation "Avaunt!"

THERE is a train that takes you to Hamburg from where you land. It is more comfortable than our parlor cars. There are little compartments, each with doors and curtains. Drawing down these curtains, one may safely stretch one's limbs in the languid sleep of the wicked. If sleep has no allurements for us we may yield to the blandishments of his brother Cupid. The German's *coupé* is his castle. No Pullman porter's face emerging from the horizon like a great, black moon, will eclipse, even momentarily, your beautiful *vis-à-vis*.

I received, however, two severe shocks on that trip. One, when the conductor on his circuit of inspection demanded the visible evidence of my right to occupy the compartment. He spoke to me tenderly, as a mother speaks to her nursling. My astonishment yielded to utter felicity—I gasped open-mouthed, when he actually lifted his cap to me. He saluted me! He made feel like a railroad president. Courtesy dwells in the bosom of the German railroad conductor.

The second shock was no less severe. The Western lady with the two daughters (the Hen), was the cause of my consternation. There was a man selling beer at the station. She almost gobbled up his tray with her hungry eyes. But her tongue still refused to articulate the desire that had already subjected her conscience. For he who looks at a glass of Pilsener with an evil longing is no longer a teetotaler in his heart. At last, with a gesture of despair, she beckoned to him, glancing guiltily at my countenance, then lit up with incomprehensible glee. I am sure she felt horribly wicked. But the struggle between thirst and propriety had consumed several minutes. Precious minutes! By the time the man reappeared with his tray the train was already in motion. He slowly vanished from our field of vision, waving to us from afar his frantic regret, like the ghost of a sin we had not dared to commit.

The sense of propriety, like the chameleon, changes with its environment. Americans abroad are humanized for the time being. They dispense with convention; they breathe with a novel freedom. Our conventions don't fit us. They don't fit any man. We are glad to discard them. We leave them in cold storage in Hamburg or Bremen. We redeem

them on our return. Once back in America we are very proper—Tartuffe when he goes to church.

When you arrive in a European city the first thing you do is to take a cab. It is delightful and inexpensive. How different from when you land in New York! Abroad, if you think you are overcharged, you call a policeman. And you are safe. Alas! it is not so here. Recently a friend of mine, a young Hungarian poet, on his arrival hired a cab at a Hoboken ferry. His destination was Harlem. When the cabby finally mentioned his price, the bard insisted upon being driven back to Police Headquarters in Mulberry street. He came near being locked up. In the end he had to unburden his pocket of twenty-five dollars. For that price you can hire a cab for a week in Berlin.

There is much to be said for the cab. Need I conjure up the delightful murders and mysterious elopements the novelist's imagination associates with this vehicle? Wherever the hansom monopolizes traffic, life is wonderful and complex. It is an inducement to self-respect. It makes you feel like a millionaire. The swift revolution of the wheels annihilates distance, and creates class distinction. I can afford to take a cab. My washerwoman cannot. That is, abroad. In this country we would both travel by trolley, and I should have to give her my seat if the car were crowded. I don't want to hang on the same strap with my barber! Not that I am a snob. But the thing is impossible.

Europe recognizes without much ado the barrier between us. America blatantly denies the ultimate lesson of evolution, the doctrine of differentiation. Here he and I are equals, unless my coffers overflow with iniquitous riches, and the smell of gasoline is sweet in my nostrils. Then, indeed, even Justice will incline her scale in my favor, and the magistrates of the police court, sitting in judgment over the quick, not the dead, will tenderly hail me by name when a blundering officer of the law has again arrested my speed and my *châuffeur*.

IN Europe the barber will always remember his station. He will not forget it if we meet on the street. Decades may pass while he wields the razor; his shavings may amount to a pile: he will still be a menial. Of course the case is different if he suddenly develops a tenor voice. Then Europe will carry him upon her shoulders. The bomb of genius breaks through the barrier of caste. But the day we erase from our cerebrum the absurd fallacy of equality we shall rejoin the choir of civilized nations. Inequality, differentiation—as Washington knew—is the essence of culture.

On leaving the cab you tip the coachman; only a few pennies—he will salute you, and smile, and be happy. In America, where he is your equal, he will pocket your generous tip with a savage growl, as if you had tried to insult him. He will hardly say "Thank you!" In that respect he seems to have entered into a silent conspiracy with his cousin the barber, and his brother the waiter. When I give a tip abroad, I feel that the Recording Angel is entering the transaction on the credit side of my ledger. When I tip an American I feel I am being robbed. Wine turns to gall in my glass. I become a misanthrope and a miser.

At the hotel you will probably order a meal. You may not want a hearty meal. You may not feel like eating your way through a big *table d'hôte*. So you order some *Wiener Schnitzel*, and *Preisselbeeren*, and some Moselle wine. The *Preisselbeere*, let me add, is the cranberry raised to the *n*th power. The waiter brings you the viands, not as if he were doing you a favor, but as if you were actually a person of consideration. Everything he brings you is toothsome. There is a delightful individuality about it all.

Our lack of imagination is most obvious in our food. The



art of dining expires upon the bosoms of our cooks. The intolerable monotony of the American menu merits a chapter in Dante's *Inferno*. We are invariably compelled to fall back upon the last resort of the unimaginative—steak. In Europe every restaurant has its specialties. Try the same dainty in two different *ratskellers*; you can tell blindfolded which is which. That is, if you are a *gourmet*. If you chew your food with your imagination, not alone with your teeth.

Ah! and the nice crisp rolls they have! And for their rye bread I would sell my soul to the devil. You are about to regale yourself with the bread. Suddenly you miss something—"Ober!" you cry. That means Waiter Superior. Every German waiter is called *Herr Ober*. That is a sop to German patriotism. It implies the excellence of the German waiter. He is the Overman of waitersdom.

The *Herr Ober* appears anxiously scanning your face. "Where is the butter?" you ask.

"Butter? The gentleman didn't order any."

Yes! You are actually expected to order your butter. And, what is more, the items will appear on your check. In France they make you pay for your napkin. But at the final reckoning you find that you are saving a lot of money. In New York I pay for my modest needs at lunch almost a dollar. In Berlin I have had *Backhaendl* a dream in chicken delicious beyond words; ineffable *Preisselbeeren*, a cantata in whipped cream called strawberry bomb; and a jug of honest wine, all for one mark and twenty *Pfennige*, or about thirty cents. But I have to pay two cents for butter!

We Americans always expect something for nothing. We are a nation of grafters. We have not yet mentally digested that the *least* is always the *most* expensive. We pay most dearly for what costs us nothing. Besides, we are in the habit of continually wasting money by paying for things we don't want, or don't get, merely because others presumably want them and get them. We have an idea lodged somewhere in our cranium that money is easily made, because at the touch of some modern Midas watered stock turns to gold. Albeit few of us are initiates in his secret, we are tempted to emulate the munificence of his household. We live within his means, not ours.

The average American, like the savage, makes no provision for the future. The mind of the twelve-dollar clerk, oblivious to the actual value of money, refuses to grasp that a dollar is the symbol of half a day's wearisome drudgery. And all sense of the significance of the individual greenback is lost in a roseate mist when his salary climbs up to the dazzling height of twenty-five *per*. We have yet to learn the rudimentary fact that the value of a coin fluctuates continually as it wanders from one man's hand to another's. We are, in consequence, the most wasteful of nations. Wasteful of nerve-juice and sweat, equally wasteful of forests and nature's multiple bounties. Far from being a business-like people, we wallow like hogs in our transient abundance.

HERE is waste everywhere. In the Berlin subway—to instance a significant illustration of municipal economy—every man is his own conductor. This I suspect to be a devious method on the part of the State to cultivate in its subjects the military virtue of self-reliance. In American cities, the conductor sneezes, coughs, or makes some other inarticulate sound when the train approaches the station. To interpret these catarrhal noises in intelligible terms well-nigh exhausts the imagination. There are no plainly marked stations as in Berlin; and who would dare address a conductor? His primary function, apparently, is to impress upon us in

uncouth colloquial gabble the urgency of dispatch. Sometimes he jabs us.

On the subway trains of the German metropolis there are no conductors—neither is there danger to life and limb. There is no obscene crowding, there is no strap-hanging—modern substitutes for mediæval institutions of torture. When a car is filled to its capacity no avaricious syndicate attempts to disprove the truth still maintained by the physicists that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

Well may a sense of personal grievance intrude upon the calmness of my philosophic reflection: the New York subway system has snatched from me (at Ninety-sixth street) the best-beloved of sweethearts! How well I remember the tragic occurrence! Fate has engraved each detail on my brain with her indelible pencil! A sea of human agony pressed upon us from all sides. Suddenly she was gone! One last glimpse of her beckoning hands! One last swish of departing silks! A muffled cry—I cannot explain it, being neither H. G. Wells nor Jules Verne—and the hungry jaws of incomprehensible void had closed upon her. She had actually been crushed out of known space, and disappeared into the fourth dimension. Now, in Berlin, the police would not permit such a thing to happen, because "it is strengthly undersaid" to leave the platform without having delivered one's ticket to the Cerberus at the gate.

We are wastrels of time in bar-room and club, but we risk our lives to save a minute in locomotion. The German law, unlike our own, does not regard suicide as a punishable offense, but at least it saves you, even against yourself, from being murdered—by inches—in a crowded car. However annoying it may be to be compelled to wait until the next train rolls leisurely into the station, saintship does thereby hold out its crown to you: you may practice the Christian virtue of patience. Your misery, moreover, is not unaccompanied. But if you are in a hurry a second-class compartment will hospitably receive you on payment of an additional obolus. Mortals less fortunate travel third. The system comprising two classes, even in city traffic, is an excellent thing, excellent from your point of view, commendable also from the point of view of your financial inferior, to whom plush seats are not indispensable.

The democratic delusion of equality and mob rule has not yet addled the brains of Europe. Abroad even the Socialist is not convinced in his heart that "all men are created free and equal." But people respect your personality and your comfort. They do not ask you to twist your body, made in the image of God, into ludicrous shapes as you hang to a strap. But they boldly affirm the rights of man—as distinguished from woman. I devoutly believe in the rights of woman. I even uphold universal suffrage, irrespective of the vulgar distinction of either age or sex, limited merely by a severe educational test. I believe in votes for children as well as for women, provided they have the brains. But I vigorously resent the monstrous attempt of the American female to usurp man's rights without man's duties, without, moreover, relinquishing her prerogatives as a woman. In Berlin every car has a special compartment for smokers. We refuse to grant to the male that last refuge, but, absurdly enough, institute special cars for the ladies—a startling flashlight into the feminine character of our vaunted American "civilization."

WE fondly imagine that we are a practical people. We invent time and labor-saving machines. Our ingenuity, however, deserts us when it comes to making life more pleasant. We should all like to live in houses with elevators, but insolvency stands at the gate like an irate angel. The ordinary elevator is a monstrous thing, devouring space and

service. But the wizards of Berlin have installed in dwellings hardly larger than a Nuremberg toy house, lilliputian lifts commensurate with their size. Electricity ingeniously applied supplants the attendant. A good fairy disguised as the landlady presents every tenant with a magic key. When it is slipped into the keyhole the elevator promptly answers your summons. The doors swing open to welcome you, and the moment you step on the mat within, a cunning device turns on the electric light. The brain-endowed elevator halts at your floor; you close a partition, and—presto!—down it goes of its own accord.

Profiting by the mishap of the hero of the Arabian Nights, the municipality subjects you to an examination of your ability to pronounce the magical Sesame before the key is entrusted into your keeping. But the whole affair is so simple and so safe that a child can learn it all without special instruction. Rents are high in Berlin, comparatively speaking, but many people can afford to live in elevator houses over there, who wouldn't dream of it here. And yet I feel sure that in our city houses, honeycombed with apartments, thousands of women are annually crippled or killed by climbing too many stairs.

There are few things beyond our reach if we are determined to get them. But where shall we look for guidance? Our instincts are wavering and vulgar. We are the *parvenu* among nations. Our children's children may, perhaps, acquire reverence, refinement and polish. But there are things one can only inherit. The atmosphere of a place cannot be bartered for so many pieces of silver. We can purchase with our gold pigeons of the color of grapes, and of the color of slate-quarries. We can pauperize them as we pauperize the squir-

rel. We can make them docile, until they nestle upon the palm of our hand. But we cannot duplicate the Place of St. Mark in Venice.

Aesthetic values are connotative. There is a picturesqueness in Europe that one looks for in vain in a newly-made country. Take the lovely swans on the Alster in Hamburg. How lordly they circle upon the river, fed by delicate Ledas from the casements of restaurants by the water. And in winter the seagulls are there. Myriads and myriads of them. And there is an old man who makes his living by selling fish to feed them. You cannot help thinking of Heine watching the birds and perchance writing a melancholy sonnet about them. This is the city where he felt most at home. It is strange that he should never have sung of its loveliest aspect.

**B**UT the weirdest thing in Hamburg is its wonderful mists. They rise from the ground like a thin veil until they swallow the city—*Rathaus*, Alster and all. I had a curious thrill watching a group of children playing on the lawn while slowly, with mist-embroidered wings, the afternoon faded into the dusk. At first the milk-white veil barely touched their feet. They were like angel-boys in some Raphael painting, dancing on clouds at the knees of God. When I looked again, the chilling breath of the fog had enveloped them, as the Erl-King in Goethe's ballad envelops the dying lad. Higher and higher rose the white doom. At last I could only faintly distinguish their figures; they seemed like children frolicking in blissful unconsciousness at the bottom of the sea. Then they disappeared altogether.

They must have caught cold. I am sure the fog is unhealthy. But beauty is apt to be.

## A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA

By MAXIM GORKY.

**I**T is as if thousands of metallic wires were strung in the thick foliage of the olive trees. The wind moves the stiff, hard leaves, they touch the strings, and these light, continuous contacts fill the air with a hot, intoxicating sound. It is not yet music, but a sound as if unseen hands were tuning hundreds of invisible harps, and one awaits impatiently the moment of silence before a powerful hymn bursts forth, a hymn to the sun, the sky and the sea, played on numberless stringed instruments.

The wind sways the tops of the trees, which seem to be moving down the mountain slope toward the sea. The waves beat in a measured, muffled way against the stones on the shore. The sea is covered with moving white spots, as if numberless flocks of birds had settled on its blue expanse; they all swim in the same direction, disappear, diving into the depths, and reappear, giving forth a faint sound. On the horizon, looking like gray birds, move two ships under full sail, dragging the other birds in their train. All this reminds one of a half-forgotten dream seen long ago; it is so unlike reality.

"The wind will freshen toward evening," says an old fisherman, sitting on a little mound of jingling pebbles in the shade of the rocks.

The breakers have washed up on to the stones a tangle of smelling seaweed—brown and golden and green; the wreck withers in the sun and on the hot stones, the salt air is

saturated with the penetrating odor of iodine. One after another the curling breakers beat upon the heap of shingles.

**T**HE old fisherman resembles a bird: he has a small pinched face and an aquiline nose; his eyes, which are almost hidden in the folds of the skin, are small and round, though probably keen enough. His fingers are like crooks, and stiff.

"Half a century ago, signor," said the old man, in a tone that was in harmony with the beating of the waves and the chirping of the crickets—it was just such another day as this, gladsoime and noisy, with everything laughing and singing. My father was forty, I was sixteen, and in love, of course—it is inevitable when one is sixteen and the sun is bright.

"Let us go, Guido, and catch some pezzoni," said my father to me. Pezzoni, signor, are very thin and tasty fish with fine fins; they are also called coral fish, because they live at a great depth where coral is found. To catch them one has to cast anchor, and angle with a hook attached to a heavy weight. It is a pretty fish.

"And we set off, looking forward to naught but a good catch. My father was a strong man, an experienced fisherman, but just then he had been ailing, his chest hurt him, and his fingers were contracted with rheumatism—he had worked on a cold winter's day and caught the fisherman's complaint.

"The wind here is very tricky and mischievous, the kind



of wind that sometimes breathes on you from the shore as if gently pushing you into the sea; and at another time will creep up to you unawares and then rush at you as if you had offended it. The boat breaks loose and flies before it, sometimes with keel uppermost, with you yourself in the water. All this happens in a moment; you have no chance either to curse or to mention God's name, as you are whirled and driven far out to sea. A highwayman is more honorable than this kind of wind. But, then, signor, human beings are always more honorable than elemental forces.

"Yes, this wind pounced upon us when we were three miles from the shore—quite close, you see, but it struck us as unexpectedly as a coward or a scoundrel. 'Guido,' said my father, clutching at the oars with his crippled hands. 'Hold on, Guido! Be quick—weigh anchor!'

"WHILE I was weighing the anchor my father was struck in the chest by one of the oars, and fell stunned into the bottom of the boat. I had no time to help him, signor; every second we might capsize. Events moved quickly; when I got hold of the oars we were rushing along rapidly, surrounded by the dust-like spray of the water; the wind picked off the tops of the waves and sprinkled us like a priest, only with more zest, signor, and without any desire to wash away our sins.

"This is a bad look-out!" said my father when he came to, and had taken a look in the direction of the shore. 'It will soon be all over, my son.'

"When one is young one does not readily believe in danger; I tried to row, did all that one can do on the water in such a moment of danger, when the wind, like the breath of wicked devils, amiably digs thousands of graves for you and sings the requiems for nothing.

"Sit still, Guido," said my father, grinning and shaking the water off his head. 'What is the use of poking the sea with matchsticks? Save your strength, my son; otherwise they will wait in vain for you at home.'

"The green waves toss our little boat as children toss a ball, peer at us over the boat's sides, rise above our heads, roar, shake, drop us into deep pits. We rise again on the white crests, but the coast runs farther and farther away from us and seems to dance like our boat. Then my father said to me:

"Maybe you will return to land, but I—never. Listen, and I will tell you something about a fisherman's work.'

"And he began to tell me all he knew of the habits of different kinds of fishes; where, when and how best to catch them.

"Should we not rather pray, father?" I asked him when I realized that our plight was desperate; we were like a couple of rabbits amidst a pack of white hounds which grinned at us on all sides.

"God sees everything," he said. 'If he sees everything He knows that men who were created for the land are now perishing in the sea, and that one of them, hoping to be saved, wishes to tell Him what He, the Father, already knows. It is not prayer but work that the earth and the people need. God understands that.'

"And having told me everything he knew about work my father began to talk about how one should live with others.

"Is this the proper time to teach me?" said I. 'You did not do it when we were on shore.'

"ON shore I did not feel the proximity of death so."

"The wind howled like a wild beast and furiously lashed the waves; my father had to shout to make me hear.

"Always act as if there lived no one better and no one worse than yourself—that will always be right! A land owner and a fisherman, a priest and a soldier, belong to one body; you are needed just as much as any other of its members. Never approach a man with the idea that there is more bad in him than good; get to think that the good outweighs the bad and it will be so. People give what is asked of them.'

"These things were not said all at once, of course, but intermittently, like words of command. We were tossed from wave to wave, and the words came to me sometimes from below, sometimes from above through the spray. Much of what he said was carried off before it reached my ear, much I could not understand: is it a time to learn, signor, when every minute you are threatened with death! I was in great fear; it was the first time that I had seen the sea in such a rage, and I felt utterly helpless. The sensation is still vivid in my memory, but I cannot tell whether I experienced it then or afterward when I recalled those hours.

"As if it were now I see my father: he sits at the bottom of the boat, his feeble arms outstretched, his hands gripping the sides of the boat; his hat has been washed away; from right and left, from fore and aft, the waves are breaking over his head and shoulders. He shook his head, sniffed and shouted to me from time to time. He was wet through and looked very small, and fear, or perhaps it was pain, had made his eyes large. I think it was pain.

"Listen!" he shouted to me. 'Do you hear?'

"At times," I replied to him, 'I hear.'

"Remember that everything that is good comes from man."

"I will remember!" I replied.

"He had never spoken to me in this way on land. He had been jovial and kindly, but it seemed to me that he regarded me with a lack of confidence and a sort of contempt—I was still a child for him; sometimes it offended me, for in youth one's pride is strong.

"His shouts must have lessened my fear, for I remember it all very clearly."

The old fisherman remained silent for a while, looking at the white sea and smiling; then with a wink he said:

"As I have observed men, I know that to remember means to understand, and the more you understand the more good you see; that is quite true, believe me.

"YES, I remember his wet face that was so dear to me, and his big eyes that looked at me so earnestly, so lovingly, and in such a way that somehow I knew at the time that I was not going to perish on that day. I was frightened, but I knew that I should not perish.

"Our boat capsized, of course, and we were in the swirling water, in the blinding foam, hedged in by sharp-crested waves, which tossed our bodies about and battered them against the keel of the boat. We had fastened ourselves to the boat with everything that could be tied, and were holding on by ropes. As long as our strength lasted we should not be torn away from our boat, but it was difficult to keep afloat. Several times he and I were tossed on to the keel and then washed off again. The worst of it is, signor, that you become dizzy and deaf and blind—the water gets into your eyes and ears and you swallow a lot of it.

"This lasted long—for full seven hours—and then the wind suddenly changed, blew toward the coast and swept us along with it. I was overjoyed, and shouted:

"Hold on!"

"My father also cried out, but I understood only:

"They will smash us."

"He meant the stones, but they were still far off; I did not

believe him. But he understood matters better than I: we rushed along amid mountains of water, clinging like snails to our 'mother who fed us.' The waves had battered our bodies, dashed us against the boat, and we already felt exhausted and benumbed. So we went on for a long time; but when once the dark mountains came in sight everything moved with lightning speed. The mountains seemed to reel as they came toward us, to bend over the water as if about to tumble on our heads. One, two! The white waves toss up our bodies, our boat crackles like a nut under the heel of a boot; I am torn away from it, I see the broken ribs of the rocks, like sharp knives, like the devil's claws, and I see my father's head high above me. He was found on the rocks two days later, with his back broken and his skull smashed. The wound in the head was large, part of the brain had been washed out. I remember the gray particles intermingled with red sinews in the wound, like marble or foam streaked with blood. He was terribly mutilated, all broken, but his face was uninjured and calm, and his eyes were tightly closed.

"And I? Yes, I also was badly mangled. They dragged me on to the shore unconscious. We were carried to the mainland beyond Amalfi—a place unknown to us, but the people there were also fishermen, our own kith and kin. Cases like ours do not surprise them, but render them kind; people who lead a dangerous life are always kind!

"I FEAR I have not spoken to you as I feel about my father, and of what I have kept in my heart for fifty-

one years. Special words may be required to do that, even a song; but we are simple folk, like fishes, and are unable to speak as prettily and expressively as one would wish! One always feels and knows more than one is able to tell.

"What is most striking about the whole matter is that, although my father knew that the hour of his death had come, he did not get frightened or forget me, his son. He found time and strength to tell me all he considered important. I have lived sixty-seven years and I can say that everything he imparted to me is true!"

The old man took off his knitted cap, which had once been red but had faded, and pulled a pipe out of it. Then inclining his bald bronzed skull to one side he said with emphasis:

"It is all true, dear signor! People are just as you like to see them; look at them with kind eyes and all will be well with you, and with them, too; it will make them still better, and you, too! It is very simple!"

The wind freshens considerably, the waves become higher, sharper and whiter, birds appear on the sea and fly swiftly away, disappearing in the distance. The two ships with their outspread sails have passed beyond the blue streak of the horizon.

The steep banks of the island are edged with lace-like foam, the blue water splashes angrily and the crickets chirp on with never a pause.

## KATE BUSS DISCOVERS JEVONS BLOCK.

AND now here comes Kate Buss, of Boston, and in a tiny book of fifty-three pages interprets the characters of twenty inhabitants of Jevons Block. Where is Jevons Block, you inquire? Search me. For all I know Jevons Block is a fancy of Miss Buss' brain. But almost every city and town possesses such a section of humanity. What Miss Buss has done is this: She has made the Shoe Salesman, the Dress-maker, the Masseuse, the Cosmetic Seller, and the "candle-stick maker" reveal themselves. Each character, from the lady who sells cosmetics to the Entertainment Bureau Agent, is given one page in free verse.

Now my well known hostility to this form of literature prevents me from being entirely just to Miss Buss' slender book. "Jevons Block" interests me as a good novel would. I have read the book over and over again. Each reading improves this curious collection. That is to say, "Jevons Block" is a book one must read. There are some books—hundreds of books—which I have not read, but which are completely familiar to me. Kate Buss' work cannot be divined in that fashion. To understand her creations one must actually come in contact with them. The task is a most pleasant and profitable one. Happily "Jevons Block" in no wise resembles the Spoon River Anthology. This fact alone makes it noteworthy.

For instance, Simon Weaver, bric-a-brac repairer and

neighbor of Dr. Devine, the physician beloved of women, introduces himself in the following effective manner:

My neighbor is closeted  
All day  
With lovely ladies,  
They hold his hands and weep.  
If one should smile at me  
I would wipe away her tears  
With my apron,  
And join together  
The broken wings of her grief.  
I will ask my neighbor  
To bring me a lovely lady  
To mend. . . .  
He is walking down the street  
Swinging a stick

This may not be poetry. But it is poetic as Miss Buss once explained in an admirable article anent one of the greatest of contemporary poets. It is not only poetic. It is effective. The trick is done. Simon Weaver has been created. "Herz, was willst du noch mehr."

J. B. R.

