

THE INTERNATIONAL

THE EDITOR REMOVES HIS CIGAR.

Now, then, we can talk freely.

But the cigar was really a great comfort; for he that increaseth circulation increaseth sorrow.

Wisdom crieth in the streets, by the voice of the man in the street; and the wise editor regardeth her, or him.

Now the voice of the man in the street hath become exceeding loud of late; and this is the burden of his cry.

That is, if the hundreds of letters of him be truth.

Firstly, he is very tired of the machine-made opinions of the Tenderloin Press. They may be right, or they may be wrong; it doesn't matter so much; he would rather listen to an honest fool than to a kept Solomon.

Secondly, he is utterly weary of materialism. The war has brought death to his front door; and he wants to KNOW. He has no further use for the reach-me-down explanations which were good enough for primitive tribes of Arabs; they may be true, indeed, but he wants to KNOW.

Thirdly, he wants original fiction. He is fed up with the tailors' dummies that do duty for hero and heroine in modern "popular fiction." He wants life as it is, as the great artist sees it.

Fourthly, he wants the real opinions of the men who know, about Art, Literature and the Drama. In most sheets, every book as it appears is the greatest novel since Tom Jones; every new play has got Macbeth in the bread-line. The result is that the puffs are quite worthless, even to the advertisers; for the public has got wise to the dope.

Now, the discerning have long looked to the INTERNATIONAL for light on all these points except the second. On that point we are now going to make a beacon. There will

be no legend; there will be no fad; there will be scientific truth, and no more. And no less. Much is really known; but it has been concealed by the torrent of slush that issues poisonous from the swamp of the fakir. Some of this is to be drained by ridicule; some by the police; we shall be worth watching for a few months, while we eliminate certain plague-spots from the mind of the country. There is no fraud so easy or so cruel as the "occultism" fraud; for it appeals to the most holy and most tender elements of mankind.

We have obtained the co-operation of an adept world-famous in this new part of our activities; and our readers may rest assured that no statement will be allowed to pass that is not authentic. The subject will be presented with more than the ordinary fascination of literary style. We do not commit ourselves to any one view on such matters; the Master Therion must speak for himself. The rest of the paper will be on the lines already familiar to our readers. We shall hit crank legislation with, we trust, constantly increasing vigor; we shall stand for a point of view in world-politics which shall, like that attributed to the President, transcend petty envies and spites by its broad humanity and enlightened good-will. Pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.

We have secured an almost inexhaustible supply of fiction of the highest class. We understand that "highbrow" stuff is not good stuff, but bad stuff; the best stories are the jolly stories, the real stories.

The immortal work of the world is not hard to read; the greatest masters are the most amusing. The schoolmistress whose priggery has taught otherwise have frightened the public off Dumas and Fielding. That is to be done away with; our stories are

going to be the kind that will read as well or better in fifty or five hundred years' time. However, the point is that they will read well now. Which the clean-cut, straight-living, red-blooded young man plus the angel cheyild stories don't. Life is not laid out in patterns like an old maid's sampler; nor is Art.

Will you just glance at the list of our contributors for the present month?

ANATOLE FRANCE.
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER.
WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

Here are three names, each admittedly supreme in its own department, admittedly supreme for many years.

William Ellery Leonard.

George Sylvester Viereck.

Louis Umfraville Wilkinson.

Aleister Crowley.

Here are four names of men still young, still in the heat of the battle, yet already obviously victorious, their banners pressing gloriously above the rout, as men who are doing not only the most brilliant work, but the most permanent work, of the present time. Already their names are of international reputation; is it so with the hacks, who, by appealing to the lowest passions and prejudices of men of the lower sort, have conquered an ephemeral "popularity" on false pretences?

We look for the heartiest support and co-operation from our readers. We shall be particularly glad to hear what you think of the next few numbers, which features please you most, and why. In particular, we shall be glad to hear about the new departure, the science of the soul. Those who would like to KNOW in regard to their personal problems are especially invited to write.

Mr. Storer Clouston's "Baron" once observed to his wife, when she thought his actions a trifle mysterious, "In diplomacy it is necessary for a diplomatist to be diplomatic." We would add, "In criticism it is necessary for a critic to be critical." America's great lack is a standard of criticism in art, literature and drama. Loudly-puffed hogwash has drowned genius. How can the public find the good books and plays unless the critics make an effort to sort them out from the bad? The public cannot read

everything and see everything; and they may thank their stars that they have not got to do so!

We are out to make a selection fearlessly and honestly. There is not enough money in America to make us praise rubbish. Besides, we shall get much more money by proving to the advertiser that our reviews are worth something to them, that the book we honor will be bought by our readers, the theatre we praise thronged by them.

The Confessions of a Barbarian needs no commendation from us. When it first appeared it was hailed everywhere as the first book of the sort worth reading. It woke up those people who had gone to sleep with the conviction that America could never produce literature, that the mind of the United States was a provincial mind.

Now Time comes to confirm this first alarm. The book today reads fresh as ever; in fact, from its topicality, fresher. It is an astonishing thing that any work should make a positive gain in news value as the years pass. Few authors are so fortunate.

Our readers are fortunate, too, in possessing the "Two Lives" of the man whom many consider America's greatest poet, save One. The form is peculiar. To use the sonnet-sequence with success is not given to all of us; to use it in true narrative form, as opposed to a suggestion of vignettes, is, we say confidently, an idea which could only have occurred to an American. The story which the poet has to tell is one of the most absorbing interest; it is at once tragic and romantic, comic and pathetic. It is a story of American life in one of its most intense phases; yet it is not an unique, or even an unusual experience; it is the sort of catastrophe which is only too likely to happen to any one of us, if we forget the first rule of Wisdom. What is that? Now you are asking too much; you must read the poem.

It would be mere impudence to call any special attention to a story by the one greatest writer in France. One does not advertise the Sun in heaven.

But one has to advertise stars now and again. They are suns as big as ours, perhaps; but they are not recognized as such by those who are not astronomers. The people must be put next to the great things that are happening in literature at the present moment. We are particularly proud of a little

story by Ford Tarpley, "Drondon." It is one of the most perfect idylls in the language; both form and idea are luminous and exquisite as starlight on the sea.

"Felo de se" is a very original conception. Aleister Crowley has the strange gift—one, by the way, which has contributed not a little to prevent him coming into general recognition—of conveying serious argument with subtle humor. One is never quite sure **what he really wishes his readers to think.** We asked him about it; but he only replied, with a mysterious smile: "I wish your readers to think." His aim is rather to excite, to stimulate, than to preach any definite dogma.

"Flowers" is one of Arthur Schnitzler's best stories; it is beautiful as an army with banners, yet beneath the gaiety one can, as it were, hear the murmur of battle.

The most urgent moral reforms are urged in the most incisive style by the vitriolic pen of Louis Wilkinson, the famous novelist and lecturer. Here again he cuts deep to the soul of things; whether we agree with him or not, we are bound to realize that he has said a thing most terribly in need of saying, in a time when minds like those of John S. Sumner and Harry Thaw are almost hypnotically powerful among those elements of our population which, not having been educated to high and clean thinking, are susceptible to every base suggestion. The other day we heard a Judge of the Supreme Court say at lunch: "Cocchi did not kill Ruth Cruger; that was done long ago by the morality of the Sunday newspapers." We may possibly print an article next month to explain what he meant in more detail.

Ah, next month. There are a number of pleasant little surprises waiting for you. We are not going to give the game away; no, sir. There is no need; for you have to get the **INTERNATIONAL**, next month, in any case, to read the continued stories.

Would you like a serial, by the way? Please write and tell us. And tell us why; there are so many reasons for and against it. And if you would like one, what kind of a story do you like best?

Till, September, then, think of us sometimes as you wander among the mountains and rivers of our beautiful land, or bathe in the sea that used to keep us out of war, long before Mr. Wilson did.

J. B. R.

AUGUST

CONTENTS

Our Lady's Juggler..	<i>Anatole France</i>	229
Confessions of a Barbarian,	<i>George Sylvester Viereck</i>	231
Two Lives..	<i>William Ellery Leonard</i>	235
Listen to the Bird-Man!.....		238
Gourmet.....	<i>Iris Tree</i>	240
Felo de Se.....	<i>Aleister Crowley</i>	241
Drondon.....	<i>Ford Tarpley</i>	244
Flowers.....	<i>Arthur Schnitzler</i>	245
The Revival of Magick,	<i>The Master Therion</i>	247
The Gate of Knowledge,	<i>A. Quiller, Jr.</i>	249
An Open Letter to General White,	<i>"Briton"</i>	249
Balzac		250
The International Forum: A Plea for		
Better Morals..	<i>Louis U. Wilkinson</i>	252
Drink and Forget,	<i>William Ernest Henley</i>	254

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I am a magazine of international politics, literature, art and events of current interest.

I contain the best fiction and the best essays of the day.

I am finding more friends each month, although I am not quite twelve years old.

I am read by people who write something like this:

"I meant to begin my economies with curtailing magazines; but with one's best favorites—Monahan, Yeats, Schrader and Andrew Lang in the June Number of your splendid magazine, what can I do? Herewith my check for the coming year."

IF you buy me on the newsstands and want to have me visit you regularly,

IF your subscription is about to expire and you want to save my business manager the expense of sending you a bill,

IF you have a friend to whom you would like to introduce me,

PLEASE send me the subscription blank which I am carrying with me for your convenience.



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AUGUST 1917

PRICE 15 CENTS.

OUR LADY'S JUGGLER

By ANATOLE FRANCE.

IN the days of King Louis there was a poor juggler in France, a native of Compiègne, Barnaby by name, who went about from town to town performing feats of skill and strength.

On fair days he would unfold an old worn-out carpet in the public square, and when by means of a jovial address, which he had learned of a very ancient juggler, and which he never varied in the least, he had drawn together the children and loafers, he assumed extraordinary attitudes, and balanced a tin plate on the tip of his nose. At first the crowd would feign indifference.

But when, supporting himself on his hands face downwards, he threw into the air six copper balls, which glittered in the sunshine, and caught them again with his feet; or when throwing himself backwards until his heels and the nape of the neck met, giving his body the form of a perfect wheel, he would juggle in this posture with a dozen knives, a murmur of admiration would escape the spectators, and pieces of money would rain down upon the carpet.

Nevertheless, like the majority of those who live by their wits, Barnaby of Compiègne had a great struggle to make a living.

Earning his bread in the sweat of his brow, he bore rather more than his share of the penalties consequent upon the misdoings of our father Adam.

Again, he was unable to work as constantly as he would have been willing to do. The warmth of the sun and the broad daylight were as necessary to enable him to display his brilliant parts as to the trees if flower and fruit should be expected of them. In winter time he was nothing more than a tree stripped of its leaves, and as it were dead. The frozen ground was hard to the juggler, and, like the grasshopper of which Marie de France tells us, the inclement season caused him to suffer both cold and hunger. But as he was simple-natured he bore his ills patiently.

He had never meditated on the origin of wealth, nor upon the inequality of human conditions. He believed firmly that if this life should prove hard, the life to come could not fail to redress the balance, and this hope upheld him. He did not resemble those thievish and miscreant Merry Andrews who sell their souls to the devil. He never blasphemed God's name; he lived uprightly, and although he had no wife of his own, he did not covet his neighbor's, since woman is ever the

enemy of the strong man, as it appears by the history of Samson recorded in the Scriptures.

In truth, his was not a nature much disposed to carnal delights, and it was a greater deprivation to him to forsake the tankard than the Hebe who bore it. For while not wanting in sobriety, he was fond of a drink when the weather waxed hot. He was a worthy man who feared God, and was very devoted to the Blessed Virgin.

Never did he fail on entering a church to fall upon his knees before the image of the Mother of God, and offer up this prayer to her:

"Blessed Lady, keep watch over my life until it shall please God that I die, and when I am dead, ensure to me the possession of the joys of paradise."

NOW on a certain evening after a dreary wet day, as Barnaby pursued his road, sad and bent, carrying under his arm his balls and knives wrapped up in his old carpet, on the watch for some barn where, though he might not sup, he might sleep, he perceived on the road, going in the same direction as himself, a monk, whom he saluted courteously. And as they walked at the same rate they fell into conversation with one another.

"Fellow traveller," said the monk, "how comes it about that you are clothed all in green? Is it perhaps in order to take the part of a jester in some mystery play?"

"Not at all, good father," replied Barnaby. "Such as you see me, I am called Barnaby, and for my calling I am a juggler. There would be no pleasanter calling in the world if it would always provide one with daily bread."

"Friend Barnaby," returned the monk, "be careful what you say. There is no calling more pleasant than the monastic life. Those who lead it are occupied with the praises of God, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints; and, indeed, the religious life is one ceaseless hymn to the Lord."

Barnaby replied:

"Good father, I own that I spoke like an ignorant man. Your calling cannot be in any respect compared to mine, and although there may be some merit in dancing with a penny balanced on a stick on the tip of one's nose, it is not a merit which comes within hail of your own. Gladly would I, like you, good father, sing my office day by day, and especially the office of the most Holy Virgin, to whom I have vowed a

singular devotion. In order to embrace the monastic life I would willingly abandon the art by which from Soissons to Beauvais I am well known in upwards of six hundred towns and villages."

The monk was touched by the juggler's simplicity; and as he was not lacking in discernment, he at once recognized in Barnaby one of those men of whom it is said in the Scriptures: Peace on earth to men of good will. And for this reason he replied:

"Friend Barnaby, come with me, and I will have you admitted into the monastery of which I am Prior. He who guided St. Mary of Egypt in the desert set me upon your path to lead you into the way of salvation.

It was in this manner, then, that Barnaby became a monk. In the monastery into which he was received the religious vied with one another in the worship of the Blessed Virgin, and in her honor each employed all the knowledge and all the skill which God had given him.

The prior on his part wrote books dealing according to the rules of scholarship with the virtues of the Mother of God.

Brother Maurice, with a deft hand, copied out these treatises upon sheets of vellum.

Brother Alexander adorned the leaves with delicate miniature paintings. Here were displayed the Queen of Heaven seated upon Solomon's throne, and while four lions were on guard at her feet, around the nimbus which encircled her head hovered seven doves, which are the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit, the gifts, namely, of Fear, Piety, Knowledge, Strength, Counsel, Understanding, and Wisdom. For her companions she had six virgins with hair of gold, namely, Humility, Prudence, Seclusion, Submission, Virginity, and Obedience.

At her feet were two little naked figures, perfectly white, in an attitude of supplication. These were souls imploring her all-powerful intercession for their soul's health, and, we may be sure, not imploring in vain.

Upon another page facing this, Brother Alexander represented Eve, so that the Fall and the Redemption could be perceived at one and the same time—Eve the Wife abased, and Mary the Virgin exalted.

Furthermore, to the marvel of the beholder, this book contained presentments of the Well of Living Waters, the Fountain, the Lily, the Moon, the Sun, and the Garden Enclosed of which the Song of Songs tells us, the Gate of Heaven and the City of God, and all these things were symbols of the Blessed Virgin.

Brother Marbode was likewise one of the most loving children of Mary.

He spent all his days carving images in stone, so that his beard, his eyebrows, and his hair were white with dust, and his eyes continually swollen and weeping; but his strength and cheerfulness were not diminished, although he was now well gone in years, and it was clear that the Queen of Paradise still cherished her servant in his old age. Marbode represented her seated upon a throne, her brow encircled with an orb-shaped nimbus set with pearls. And he took care that the folds of her dress should cover the feet of her, concerning whom the prophet declared: My beloved is as a garden enclosed.

Sometimes, too, he depicted her in the semblance of a child full of grace, and appearing to say, "Thou art my God, even from my mother's womb."

In the priory, moreover, were poets who composed hymns in Latin, both in prose and verse, in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and among the company was even a brother from Picardy who sang the miracles of Our Lady in rimed verse and in the vulgar tongue.

BEING a witness of this emulation in praise and the glorious harvest of their labors, Barnaby mourned his own ignorance and simplicity.

"Alas!" he sighed, as he took his solitary walk in the little shelterless garden of the monastery, "wretched wight that I am, to be unable, like my brother, worthily to praise the Holy Mother of God, to whom I have vowed my whole heart's affection. Alas! Alas! I am but a rough man and unskilled in the arts, and I can render you in service, blessed Lady, neither edifying sermons, nor treatises set out in order according to rule, nor ingenious paintings, nor statues truthfully sculptured, nor verses whose march is measured to the beat of feet. No gift have I, alas!"

After this fashion he groaned and gave himself up to sorrow. But one evening, when the monks were spending their hour of liberty in conversation, he heard one of them tell the tale of a religious man who could repeat nothing other than the Ave Maria. This poor man was despised for his ignorance; but after his death there issued forth from his mouth five roses in honor of the five letters of the name Mary (Marie), and thus his sanctity was made manifest.

While he listened to this narrative Barnaby marveled yet once again at the loving kindness of the Virgin; but the lesson of that blessed death did not avail to console him, for his heart overflowed with zeal, and he longed to advance the glory of his Lady, who is in heaven.

How to compass this he sought, but could find no way, and day by day he became the more cast down, when one morning he awakened filled full with joy, hastened to the chapel, and remained there alone for more than an hour. After dinner he returned to the chapel once more.

And, starting from that moment, he repaired daily to the chapel at such hours as it was deserted, and spent within it a good part of the time which the other monks devoted to the liberal and mechanical arts. His sadness vanished, nor did he any longer groan.

A demeanor so strange awakened the curiosity of the monks.

These began to ask one another for what purpose Brother Barnaby could be indulging so persistently in retreat.

The prior, whose duty it is to let nothing escape him in the behavior of his children in religion, resolved to keep a watch over Barnaby during his withdrawals to the chapel. One day, when he was shut up there after his custom, the prior, accompanied by two of the elder monks, went to discover through the chinks in the door what was going on within the chapel.

They saw Barnaby before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, head downwards, with his feet in the air, and he was juggling with six balls of copper and a dozen knives. In honor of the Holy Mother of God he was performing those feats, which aforetime had won him most renown. Not recognizing that the simple fellow was thus placing at the service of the Blessed Virgin his knowledge and skill, the two old monks exclaimed against the sacrilege.

The prior was aware how stainless was Barnaby's soul, but he concluded that he had been seized with madness. They were all three preparing to lead him swiftly from the chapel, when they saw the Blessed Virgin descend the steps of the altar and advance to wipe away with a fold of her azure robe the sweat which was dropping from her juggler's forehead.

Then the prior, falling upon his face upon the pavement, uttered these words:

"Blessed are the simple-hearted, for they shall see God."

"Amen!" responded the old brethren, and kissed the ground.

(Translated by Frederic Chapman.)

CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

(Although "The Confessions of a Barbarian" were written more than seven years ago I find that my appraisals in those days (as they are today) were singularly correct and penetrating. For instance, I saw quite through Mr. Roosevelt in 1910. He was a man of the flesh and not of the spirit, I said, and in spite of the fact that the Colonel has since that time "discovered" the River of Doubt I still doubt whether he will ever perceive the invisible things of the universe—the only things that are really worth while. Not having received any protests from my readers anent the reprinting of my work I shall continue to publish installments of it until the whole book is completed.—Ed.)

THE STATE IDEA.

WE HAVE compared ourselves to the Romans. I, myself, have indorsed that comparison. But I am afraid we flatter ourselves. We are undeniably resourceful and mighty. Our dominion is wider than Rome's. We can match the Appian Way. We even have a sort of Cæsar. That is what the French call him, and not without justice. Cæsar was Rome. America, through Europe's glasses, is Roosevelt. *We*, recognizing the real master in his dual disguise, bow to Rockefeller and Morgan. On the Continent Rockefeller's memoirs met with scant success. Roosevelt's books *went*.

Like Cæsar, Roosevelt is a historian. The future will speak of both as popular leaders. Greek students will perhaps employ the Greek equivalent of the term. Perhaps every statesman must be a demagogue. And every prophet a charlatan. Theodore, like the great Julius, is intensely theatrical, and intensely—convulsively—dynamic. Both men believed in their star. Both men, after startling domestic exploits, submerged themselves temporarily in the African jungle. Roosevelt like Cæsar has hunted big game. But not as big as Cæsar's. He has founded no kingdom by the Nile; nor followed the river to its mystical sources. And there was no Cleopatra. That would take more imagination than Mr. Roosevelt possesses. He has slain lions, instead, and penned laborious articles, at a dollar a word, for the *Outlook* and *Scribner's*.

Intangible values are beyond us all. That is why we adore individuals, not ideas. We worship Roosevelt. But detest "My policies." The invisible world is not for us. We have no use for abstract ideals. That is where the Barbarian pops up. We might well learn a lesson from the scroll of the Jews. They have been loyal for four thousand years to an imaginary kingdom. Perhaps their children will bequeath to America, in token of gratitude, the fine idealism that still, at least in prayer, turns their eyes to Jerusalem. Until that spirit shall have impregnated our system, we shall be inferior to Rome.

The Romans, too, were a practical people. But the Roman brain conceived of at least one great abstraction: the State Idea—Rome's greatest bequest to the world. The Roman law is only its offspring. The State was even greater than Cæsar. He was great, and his successors were great by identifying themselves with his idea. The majesty of the Emperor is the majesty of the State. An insult to him is an insult to all. Hence *lèse majesté*. Every Roman owed allegiance to this abstraction. The moment we believe in an abstraction, we project it into reality. "*Civis Romanus sum*" was the most *tangible* thing in Roman civilization.

We remember our citizenship only in trouble—when we've made fools of ourselves abroad. We, too, no doubt have public-spirited men. We are more generous than Europe. We give billions to libraries. To universities. Churches. Hospitals. But not, willingly, one cent to the State. Who

ever dreams of paying the public debt? On the contrary. We don't mind "doing" the State. We swear off taxes. We perjure ourselves at the Custom House. In our heart of hearts, we approve of illicit rebates. We attach no blame to municipal thievery. We wouldn't abstract a penny from another man's pocketbook. But we'd all like to take millions out of the State's. The State Idea eludes our brains. We are shamed by the beehive. Vainly have we watched with unintelligent eyes, from the day that we swung in the trees by our tails, the government of the ant-hill.

WHERE the State Idea crystallizes in the executive function, we actually fear it. A great national party opposes every extension of Federal power. Our Constitution decentralizes the government. We resent its tangible presence. Even benevolent State compulsion revolts us. That is one reason why we oppose direct taxation. We prefer to pay twice the amount indirectly. For the same reason we shall never be Socialists. The scarlet flower of Socialism thrives only upon the soil of the State Idea. We are, most of us, unconscious anarchists. We believe in the greatest individual freedom, in universal *laissez faire*—except where it is absolutely defensible: in the sphere of sex and individual morals.

Abroad there is a greater laxity in these matters. But rigorous laws regulate everything else. The very rigor of the law makes for greater freedom. A distinct line exists between the permissible and the unlawful. Here we are all at sea. There are so many contradictory laws that no man knows where he stands. The execution of the law is left to individual caprice. Much depends on the temper of the District Attorney and the state of judicial livers.

If all the laws on our statute books were carried out for a single day, the land would be depopulated. We would all be in jail. Abroad I know that the State will make me do certain things. But I may sleep peacefully at night. I need not fear to wake up a convict. There are no legal pitfalls. Here all is uncertain. We all walk on quicksands.

The moment you enter your hotel abroad, the paw of the State is raised. The hotel clerk, transformed for the nonce into the instrument of a sovereign power, with gesture grand presents you with an ominous slip. Lots of questions are printed on it. It's a sort of examination sheet. Where do you come from? What do you want? What's your business? How old are you? And what's your religion? My traveling companions were furious at this in Hamburg, and almost speechless in Berlin. The City of Berlin followed them argus-eyed to their private lodgings. Failure to report their presence, we learned, would have subjected the landlady to a fine. Before twice twenty-four hours had elapsed inspectors would have been hot upon their trail.

One young man wanted to leave for home at once, or, as Schiller would say, "to behold Germany with his back." He had been requested to present himself personally to the police. So far as I know, there was nothing against him. He is nice, clean, upright; quite a likeable chap. I know—I ought to; for, to tell the truth, that young man was *me*.

I am fully aware that this is bad grammar; but in moments of extreme suspense the elegancies of diction desert us.

RESISTANCE being futile, I obeyed the summons. But my feet became frigid. My heart "fell into my trousers"—that is how the Germans phrase it. Not that I was conscious of any crime. But you can never tell! There are so many laws. And alone! In a foreign land! The police inspector looked me over, not unkindly. He asked a few questions. He nodded. And all was over. My landlady was surprised to see me come back. It was so obvious that I felt hurt. I am sure she had taken me for at least a murderer, or the fugitive second vice-president of some financial concern.

I had brought the trouble upon my own head by designating myself as a "Fire-worshiper." I had in mind, no doubt, the Divine Fire; but in Germany fire worship is not recognized by the State. With reluctant hand, I substituted the legally accepted term—"Lutheran"—for my fiery Credo.

One of my fellow-passengers had a harder time of it than I—the lady with the pathetic eyes. I *knew* misfortune was flapping its somber wings over her head. She had registered as a Quaker. The policeman thought she was jesting unduly: in German the word is the onomatopœia for the musical sounds that rise with reiterative insistence on moonlit nights from the frog pond. Unfortunately neither understood the language of the other. The poor girl was terribly frightened when the bluecoat threatened to arrest her for insulting an officer, an instrument of the State.

I regarded the situation with philosophic composure. The troubles of others leave us extraordinarily calm. Finally my good nature prevailed. The girl's friends were angry with the German Empire, until the joke dawned upon them. It never dawned upon *her*. The deeper significance of the incident had, however, impressed itself upon me. I no longer resented the solicitude of the government. Far from it: I felt pleased, touched, elated, moved to tears, yes—and flattered, that the German Empire and the City of Berlin should be so anxious about *me*.

There was something personal in this interest. It was cordial. I felt Germania had taken us to her ample bosom. She protected us. We had become members of her imperial household. Her concern in us was benign. Her questions were the natural curiosity of a friend. Our names are now filed at police headquarters. If we get into trouble, they'll make a cross against our names. They keep tab on our movements.

I admit that powerful arguments may be advanced against the system from the point of view of the thug. However, every net has its meshes. Criminals have escaped even from Moabit. The escapades of the Hauptmann of Köpenik have split the sides of the world with laughter. But the Black Hand will never make its headquarters in Berlin. No Mafia will there raise its head; no band of ruffians establish a reign of terror.

THE German registry system prevails in most continental cities. It is annoying until you grasp it. Ultimately you walk about with a new sense of security. The European merchant princes need never pillow their calculating heads above a loaded revolver. The forces of the State are arrayed to protect them. It's all the difference between civilization and barbarism. I thought of it when I saw *An Englishman's Home*—in the scene where the invading army first enters the house, and Mr. Brown, the landlord, angrily calls: "Police!" Ridiculous? Yes. But also sublime.

Everywhere is the eye of that big abstraction, the State. It is obeyed even when its vigilance relaxes. I have said that

the subway trains had second- and third-class compartments. The tickets are differently colored. But there is hardly any control once you are on the platform. At first I felt tempted to enter a second-class compartment with a third-class ticket. We are accustomed to countenance breaches of the eighth commandment, except in personal business transactions. Let not the Gibson and the Christy Girls elevate their haughty brows. They are hardened offenders. A corporation isn't a person. So we don't feel bound to be honest with it. Now, in Germany you'd be regarded as a common thief if you omitted to pay your fare. Honesty there is not virtue, but habit. Obedience to law is second nature. Factory owners, strange to say, are habitually careful of human life. We have not outgrown the heathen idea that so many pieces of silver atone for a human life. We find murder cheaper than caution.

Abroad regulations are stringent. But the State threatens no one with a year's imprisonment and a fine of five hundred dollars for trivial offenses. In the State of New York, by a curious freak of statute, the penalty for adultery is half that for spitting in a street car. Obviously, spitting is more tempting to the average American than the allurements of Venus. In Europe adultery is a pleasant diversion. No gentleman, however, expectorates in the street. The severity of the law is reserved for important transgressions.

The Tentacle of the Octopus, the youthful hireling of the Standard Oil, recalled my attention to certain significant facts. The columns of smoke writhing like graceful serpents out of factory chimneys are indeed poison-fanged adders. Death lurks in the breath of their nostrils "At home," the youth confided to me, "I don't care what becomes of the chemicals that escape with the smoke. In Austria, where I am going to found a plant, we are compelled to convert them into innocuous vapors."

The Tentacle wriggled with wrath.

"May not the vapors be turned into useful by-products?" I asked. "Man extracts gold from water. Can he wrest no treasure from smoke?"

"Certainly," he replied, with a contemptuous shrug. "But we don't bother about it. We don't think there's enough in it."

The benefit to the community would be incalculable. Children's lungs would no longer be filled with corruption. But the benefit to him as an individual and to the corporation as such was too small. So he swallowed his share of the poison with Socratic composure. We are all free and equal to swallow it.

We'd move heaven and earth to help a cripple. We'd all chip in for a hungry child. But we don't mind poisoning hundreds and thousands of children daily and hourly. Children in the abstract fail to move us to pity. We are a nation of Herods. But Herod had reason for slaying the little ones. And he slew them mercifully and quickly. We have diverse methods of murder.

Our favorite mode of infanticide is asphyxiation. We take air and light from our babies till they languish like starved little plants. Economy is commendable. The Germans are thrifty enough. But they will not let sky-scrapers blot out the sun. The height of a house must be proportionate to the width of the street. They go even further than that. In certain residential sections you are not permitted to put up a house at all unless you follow a prescribed architectural style. Art for once wields a bludgeon, exacting subservience to an æsthetic abstraction. She harmonizes individual eccentricities. In Europe each town is an entity: our munici-

palities are jumbles of iron and stone gazing squint-eyed at heaven.

IF THE State fathers its subjects, the community mothers them. One city, Schoeneberg-by-Berlin, has entered into a secret compact with Herr Stork. Every stork in Schoeneberg drops a bank-book on the window sill when it does its duty. The city presents every baby with a bank account—not a fat one, to be sure. Only one mark, bearing interest at 4 per cent. But it is supposed to grow nice and fat with the baby. If you happen to be a million-dollar baby anyway, you are twenty-five cents more to the good. If you are not, your wee little foot is placed at least on the first rung of the ladder of high finance.

Where happiness reigns, health is the twin of wealth. The circulation of the blood is more important than the circulation of money. The State paternally enforces its sanitary demands. If disease eats your marrow, the forbidding countenance of the State assumes the benignant smile of a Good Samaritan. When old age has weakened your limbs, the inexorable gatherer of taxes will replenish your pockets. The United States, in a similar predicament, conjures up the specter of national bankruptcy. We are too poor to be humane. We must spend half of our national income on battleships. What would we say to a boy who invested half his lunch money in boxing gloves? We would actually rather deal death to others than make living more pleasant for ourselves. England's bill for Dreadnoughts is even greater than ours. Nevertheless, she has her old-age pensions. Germany has a wonderful system of compulsory insurance. If the German owes service to the State, he, in turn, is not unrewarded. The State owes him some compensation—some kind of decent old age.

MAY not have gotten my figures right, and my dates may be inexact, but the idea is this. If you make less than two thousand marks a year, you are compelled to provide through insurance against the three-headed monster—accident, age, and disease. Your employer pays one-half of the expense. You pay the other half. When you are old and cannot work any more, you get your pension. The State sees to that. The State presents you with an additional annual bonus of fifty marks. This payment, insufficient in itself, establishes the principle of reciprocal obligation between the nation and you.

If you work in an industrial concern where there is some danger, and your annual income is less than three thousand marks, your employer must pay the premium on your accident policy. Suppose you work in a factory where you have been earning twelve hundred marks, and you are hurt. At once the State comes to your rescue. A respectable hospital opens its doors to you. Your family receives financial assistance. If you are totally disabled, an annual pension of eight or nine hundred marks assures your daily subsistence. And if you should die, your widow will receive a pension of over six hundred marks for the remainder of her natural life. If she decides to marry again, the State cheerfully presents her with a substantial bonus, and still contributes to the expense of educating your children. You don't have to sue anybody to get your money. You don't have to accept a meager settlement and divide with a rascally lawyer. And whether you want it or not, you are insured. You have nothing to say in the matter. Neither has your boss. Probably your wages will suffer a little, but at least you are safe from the poorhouse. With all her military enthusiasm, Germany is not unmindful of her soldiers of peace, the veterans of her industrial army.

We do not even pension our officials. Recently the sec-

retary of one of our embassies retired from public life. He had served his country I do not know how many years. The snows of seven decades had fallen on his hair. His back was bent, his strength exhausted. Yet he would have been exposed to actual want if a group of prosperous financiers had not discharged from their private fortunes the indebtedness of the Commonwealth. We love to brag of our generosity. But we are niggardly as a nation. We underpay our public servants in office, and out of office we starve them. We subject our ambassadors to humiliation in foreign capitals. We pay starvation wages to our Secretary of State; and force our ex-Presidents to seek refuge in Africa or the almshouse.

"S. M."

S. M." is written across the map of Europe. It flares from the century's forehead. It is a magic key to the German heart. S. M.—*Seine Majestät*—is the vernacular for the Kaiser.

S. M. is a wonderful person. He pervades all Germany. He is everywhere. He is a great man—perhaps the greatest contemporaneous figure. Surely the greatest riddle.

Men, I have said, are ideas incarnate. And besides our natural parents, we have spiritual progenitors to whom we are born in mystical marriage. Strange bedfellows breed strange offspring. The fruit of the marriage between Faust and Helen was Euphorion, a spirit of unstable and rarefied composition. When the Twentieth Century wedded the Middle Ages, William II flashed into life. Euphorion was not of the earth; in him antagonistic elements were but imperfectly blended. William II is cast in enduring mold; a felicitous force has clinched the diverse meaning of two inimical epochs in the brilliant paradox of his being.

Logic, unaided, cannot fathom the mystery of William II. I have always worshiped the Sphinx. I even had a *liaison* with it once. Then I thought I understood it. I didn't. But it is easier to understand than the Kaiser. Woman is an open book as compared with him. And it really isn't difficult for the Sphinx to be mysterious. Its greatest mystery is its silence. But the Kaiser isn't silent. He makes speeches—many of them. We may interview, snapshot, and paint him: he still leaves us puzzled.

William II reconciles in his person the most incongruous traits. He is the most impulsive of reigning monarchs. There can be no doubt about that. Yet he is almost Machiavellian in premeditation. That telegram to Kruger was impulsive—and yet how carefully calculated! And prepared at the Foreign Office! Shrewd observers say that the historical interview in the *Daily Telegraph* had been no less carefully launched. And that the hubbub attendant upon its publication furthered some far-seeing plan.

At the time, it will be remembered, a cyclone broke loose in German editorial ink-pots. And, behold! William, the imperious, humbly bowed his head. Perhaps he smiled to himself somewhat sadly. But he said nothing. *Simplicissimus*, in one of its cartoons, replaced the imperial eagle over the entrance to the Foreign Office by another bird, not famed for discretion. And then, one morning, through a miracle of sudden enlightenment, the German people perceived with a gasp that the greatest defeats of the Kaiser were victories in disguise.

And yet the Kaiser is not a hypocrite. He is temperamentally incapable of deceit. But there is no explanation. We must simply accept him as two distinct personalities. He is monarchical to the bone. Yet it was he who opposed Bismarck's anti-Socialist legislation. He is the official head of the Protestant church in Prussia, yet Roman ritual and Rome

possesses for him a strange fascination. He loves pomp, but his children are reared with bourgeois simplicity. His pre-occupation is war; he, nevertheless, is the staunchest champion of peace. He hates the English, and he loves the English. He is a mystic and a rationalist. His inclinations are mediæval, but he is more intimately familiar with the technical intricacies of a modern gunboat than are his own engineers. He would be capable of restoring an ancient castle, famed of minnesingers, and of establishing wireless telephony on its ramparts. He is the only man who could do this without being absurd, because he is, as I have asserted, the sole legitimate offspring of Romanticism and Modernity.

OF HIS two natures, one belongs to the Twentieth Century, one to the Middle Ages. One is despotic, one democratic. One hates the English, one loves them. One talks freely—perhaps too freely; one is silent as the sepulcher. The Inquisition itself was not more secretive. Peace lights on his right, hounds of war are leashed to his left. There are two Kaisers, both of whom labor for the benefit of the realm, each in his separate way.

By this duality William II is the authentic exponent of modern Europe. In Europe today the war between Science and Faith wages more fiercely than ever. The wolf of Modernism has invaded even the fold of St. Peter. The lives of most Europeans are absurd because they have not yet found the equation between the Old and the New. Faith and Science live unreconciled, in one bosom, like two inimical brothers. Even we who are a century behind European thought begin to vibrate with the conflict. Perhaps Professor James is the prophet who shall lead us out of the wilderness.

A parallel problem is presented in Europe by the incessant conflict between the monarchical idea and republicanism. Mediæval institutions coexist with democratic institutions. It seems preposterous that people who can think for themselves should not also govern themselves. Yet no small part of the strength of Europe roots in the mediæval. Something of this struggle, modified by our environment, is going on in America. The government in Washington steadily tightens its grip, while the steer of democracy raises its ominous horns.

We live in a curiously transitional period. Probably authentic democracy lies at the end of the road. I should prefer some transfigured aristocracy. The greatest individual development is perhaps possible under a cultured tyrant. He is the man of destiny. His brain is the scroll of the *Zeitgeist*.

Most modern monarchs compromise either too much or too little. Great Britain having disposed of the only logical basis of royalty, the divine right of kings, her ruler exercises primarily an ornamental, æsthetic function. The Tsar, on the other hand, entrenched behind prejudice and tradition, lives in constant dread of nitro-glycerine protests. The problem facing the world today is the readjustment between the passing order and the new order. The mental unrest has invaded even Asia Minor. When Abdul Hamid vainly tortured his

wits for a solution to the question vexing the world, the monster, Sphinx-like, hurled him into the abyss.

THE giant Modernity everywhere shakes his fist against the lavendered glory of mediæval tradition, impotent to obliterate its immemorial traces. William II is the living incarnation of this great contradiction. He is logical, because he is illogical. He is the only logical monarch in Europe. He is an ideal Kaiser. He is in tune with the *Zeitgeist*. If Germany were to be declared a republic today, and a president had to be chosen, the unanimous choice of the people would be William II.

America could never have produced William II. We lack the glamor of the Middle Ages. We have inherited only their shadows—their intolerance of the flesh and their hatred of beauty. Not ours the halo of tradition. We have sometimes compared the Kaiser to Roosevelt. I, myself, am an admirer of Roosevelt. But to liken him to the Kaiser is like comparing a phonograph to a nightingale. It may imitate the nightingale bravely, but there is something missing. No mechanical ingenuity can conceal its absence. There must be some secret property defying investigation, like the *timbre* of an old instrument—perhaps some quality of the blood.

I wonder if the blood of kings is really like other men's? What a pity no one took the trouble to examine the blood of Louis Capet when he parted company with his head! Perhaps it was not blue, after all. We would need a psychic microscope to discover the truth. We know that a king's head may be wrung like a carl's. Even imperial legs grow heavy with gout. And the abdomen is dreadfully democratic. As Nietzsche says, it always reminds us that we are human. But the brain, ah! that is different. Not anatomically. A woman's brain is almost as large as a man's. And wasn't it Lombroso who couldn't tell, on one occasion, the brain of a genius from that of an idiot? But there is something else. There must be. It lurks in the brain-cells. Some memory—the real self. A brain where the notion of the divine right of monarchs has been rooting for generations must be different from the brains of other men.

No mean man, it is said, has ever been President. The majesty of the office is such that, like Christ, it heals the leper. Even a confirmed kleptomaniac will renounce his nefarious habits when fate has made him lord of the White House. Yet the President's reign is brief. He is often elected by doubtful methods. The King receives his crown out of the hand of God. It has descended to him from his sires. It will pass from him to his sons. He is porphyrogyne. He rules not for a period of years, but for ever. The King cannot die. In the animal kingdom, the insignia of royalty are corporeal. The queen-bee differs from her hive in appearance. Human distinctions are subtler, but no less real. Any young bee may, if sufficiently fed, develop into a queen. Generations of careful selection are needed to evolve a ruler of men. The king, of necessity, differs from his people. The process of evolution has endowed him with peculiar functions for the business of kingship. This heritage alone would have stamped William II as a remarkable ruler. But he is also a genius.

(To be Continued)



TWO LIVES

A Narrative in Verse

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

PART I. (*Concluded.*)

VIII.—THE STORY SHE TOLD HIM.

ONE night when early winter had begun
 With gusty snows and frosty stars to keep
 Our lives still closer, and our love more deep
 Than even in autumn wanderings with the sun,
 One night when we together, one-and-one,
 Were sitting in the cushioned window-space
 Planning some purple flower-beds for the place
 After our marriage, with new vines to run
 About the basement wall; one night when time
 Seemed all to come, and at its coming ours,
 And we (as by an irony, sublime
 In its gaunt mockery of human powers!)
 Drifted at last backward to clime and clime
 And years and years of uncompanioned hours,

From her own lips I learned the awful truth—
 Which, like a child of hope with perfect smile,
 She babbled, O so innocent of guile,
 As some adventure of an alien youth,
 Rescued by white sails from a midsea isle
 Of shrieking beaks and fins and claws uncouth,
 Or eerie dream demanding never ruth
 Because but dream and vanished the long while—
 As something far and strange that I should hear. . . .
 And why? Because she would conceal me naught,
 As bound in honor? No. Because of fear
 I'd learn of others someday? No. She thought
 Her lover would rejoice—rejoice to share
 Her exaltation after *such* despair.

From her own lips—yes, even as they smiled—
 I learned full truth: In France, five years before
 (Her father, a voyager and ambassador),
 "*Housed with a band of ladies wan and wild,*
Herself a shuddering maniac, "exiled
With strange physicians," and "behind locked door
Mumbling in bed, or tracing on the floor,
'The Lord is my Shepherd, I' "
 "Good night, my child"—
 (That none had told me, seems, you fancy, odd?)—
 And so I kissed and left her. Did I cry?—
 I've never cried. Or did I moan 'My God'?—
 Nor that. Or walk out under starry sky?—
 I went upstairs, undressed, put out the light;
 And shook with pity and terror all the night.

IX.—WHAT IT MEANT TO THE MAN.

All the long night with pity and terror I shook:
 With pity for her. She was so happy; she,
 With those blue eyes, found all her life in me;
 A thirsting wild thing at a forest brook,
 For love was life to her. If Love forsook,
 Again forsook, *as thrice in other years,*
 When thrice her woman's hands reached out in tears,
 She'd be, beyond return of laughter, strook—
 Forevermore . . . With terror for self—that too.

Suppose I broke away: to cast ahead
 And see that loveliness insane or dead,
 And be myself the one who loved and knew.
 Suppose, with desperate manhood, I should wed,
 What would life give me in the end to do?

Next day I met my classes—but our theme
 Was not the garden of Alcinous,
 Nor Hector tossing up the timorous
 Boy near the mother, startled at the gleam
 Of bristling helmet, nor the flamy dream
 Of pregnant Hecuba, nor Helen's fate
 To watch the warriors from the Scaean gate,
 Nor Agamemnon nor Scamander stream;
 Was not of Stoa nor of Academe,
 Nor the Ten Thousand's "O the sea, the sea—
 Thalassa, Thalassa!" Not of Greek trireme
 At Salamis nor of Thermopylæ—
 But of the hereditary *Ædipus*
 And daughter of the House of Tantalus.

I met my classes; at the Club I dined
 With colleagues, and our talk was far indeed
 From Hellas: of the cell, the wondrous seed
 Becoming plant and animal and mind
 Unerringly forever after its kind,
 In its omnipotence, in flower and weed
 And beast and bird and fish and many a breed
 Of man and woman, from all years behind
 Building its future. As I walked away,
 I overheard a man of science say:
 "Our Grecian here he needs of me or you
 Some caution, if the rumors round be true."
 So much they see whose hearts are not in play,
 So much they see—and yet so little too.

There was no choice: convulsed with pain and hope,
 I gasped, and then stepped forth in grim repose
 Upon the unpathed mountains, with their snows
 And green crevasses, without guide or rope
 To bear my fortunes up the fearful slope,—
 Perhaps to perish in the girdling mists,
 Mocked by their glimmering golds and amethysts,
 Perhaps to reach the sun, and win the scope
 Of clear horizons—sometime? So I stepped,
 Not without knowledge, but yet drawn or driven
 By powers, stronger than ever to knowledge given,
 By powers than all life's wisdom more adept—
 And men who'll chide in name of "reason" show
 How little they've reasoned and how less they know.

We act in crises not as one who dons
 A judge's robe and sits to praise or blame
 With walnut gavel, before high window-frame,
 Beside a Justice-and-her-scales in bronze;
 We act in crises not by pros and cons
 Of volumes in brown calfskin still the same;
 But, like the birds and beasts from which we came,
 By the long trend of character—the fons,
 Fons et origo—fountainhead and source—

Of deeper conduct, whether in unleashed hound
That tears the fleeing stag unto the ground,
Or thrush in battle for its fledgling's corse,
Or boy who sees the crack'd dam, hears a sound,
And down the peopled valley spurs his horse.

X.—REASON'S AFTERTHOUGHTS.

And yet my reason still did prop my feet:
"Love that restored her from the undertow,
If still it watches, still shall keep her so"
(If still it watches!). Or: "Her sister's sweet
Friendship will join with me" (will join with me!).
Or: "From all stress she shall be guarded, she
My gentle wife" (be guarded from all stress!)
"And live the peace of a Tuscan nunnery"
(And live the peace!). Or: "Love has been no less
New vigor for myself" (new vigor! yes!).
Or still: "This risk is manhood's challenge—you
From selfish years now rise with work to do,
Of noble service" (noble service!).—Time
Yields me but mocking echoes* and a rhyme.

(A rhyme: this rhyme* of echoes low and late,—
But yet another of a louder tone,
Of larger imagery, of earlier date,
"Amor Triumphans—Love is on the Throne"—
The title line . . . A magazine of fame
Purchased the manuscript. Each month she'd look,
Cutting the pages, in its every nook,
To find the poem and the poet's name . . .
As eager as the author . . . The delay
Of print is irksome—makes a common jest;
But ye who read me, jest not now I pray—
For that she died not ere she won her quest,
Takes one small item from my grief away—
As ye will grant me, when ye've read the rest.)

But chief of Reason's afterthoughts was this:
"What is it, this mating of the woman-man,
What is it in nature since the twain began
To need the common hearth, the common kiss?—
When are they mated, for the universe?—
When each in other once has found its own,
When each is lost, or all but lost, alone,
Then are they one—for better or for worse.
The ritual, the ring, the surpliced priest,
Concern the civil order and not them;
The flowers, the music, and the wedding feast,
Postponed for friends and neighbors, not for them."
(True, true; but married life, today at least,
Can not be compassed in an apothegm.)

XI.—WARNINGS IN THE HOUSE OF MIRTH.

Now each new Warning died with its first voice,
A phantom, a shrill echo, slain at birth
Upon the threshold of the House of Mirth:
For Warnings came, but yet there was no choice;
No choice forevermore! New Warnings came;
But came too late: Her dear sweet random ways
Would more and more reveal their tragic phase
(As of a candle with unsteady flame,

Through fierce combustion of uncouth element)—
Proving that love itself, though it can put
Light in the eyeball, swiftness in the foot,
Can not restring, within its choral tent,
The mind 'twould play on (as a lyre or lute),
When God has tampered with the instrument.

New Warnings came: secure in her new *wife*,
She told me of her olden search for *death*
Thrice thwarted by her father, when with breath
Thrice choked in foamy agony of strife
Under the summer waters off our pier,
Thrice had she felt his hand on matted hair,
Been thrice recalled, as he put forth a hand
Over the gunwale, to love and linger here
Among the living, with love not anywhere—
Thrice in the years ere I had come inland
Yes, from her story a new Warning came
Of impulse ineradicable and sure:
And Death to her was still a shining lure
(Though hid awhile), as for the moth the flame.

New Warnings came: building the fire, I spied
A crumpled letter with my name, and caught
Some phrases zigzag in the folds, their thought
Leaping into my face: . . . "*marriage*" . . . "*have*
died" . . .
"*Avoid those matters and*" . . . "*we're justified*" . . .
So I unfolded (and why not?). From then
My faith was shaken in two righteous men—
Plotting 'gainst me, yet plotting for my bride,
The sister, daughter. I was welcome there
As "the solution of her future"—means
Not manhood, was I unto father, son:
But did they reckon how that deed unfair
Would work across the drama's later scenes
In my own dealings with my lovely one?—

"Yet plotting for my bride": I think I see
How ran their thought: 'Love and a fixed goal
Will give her meaning, give her health of soul'
'Twas written; and, too *near* of blood was she
For them to reckon her infirmity
As of the blood, beyond redemption ever;
And I too *far*, a stranger in endeavor,
For them to take much tender thought of me
And my salvation. Or was it more than this?
Had they devised, 'gainst what the years might bring,
To shift the burden of her fostering,
And found me, as new guardian, not amiss?—
That Query hung between us like a knife,
Unknown to her, when we were man and wife.

New Warnings came: good friends began to tell
"What some good friends were saying." As for me,
I hushed them by my silence. But to be
(I, deemed a watchman on the citadel
Of Reason once, with cry of "all-is-well")
By friends now deemed a recreant to the cause
Of living, and of living by life's Laws,
As one now bound and blinded by a spell,
Was hard—and hard . . . and not without a scope
Beyond my pride, touching my work with men,
Imperilling my usefulness, should fate

*The "mocking echoes" are the poet's parenthetical and ironic repetitions, uttered in retrospect.

*That is, the poet's present narrative, with particular reference to the preceding stanza.

Some day come calling on the fields of hope
For one best proven by self-regimen,
To speak, as poet-scholar, in the state.

New Warnings came: the children in the street
Or neighbors' yard at tag or prisoner's base,
The babes in go-carts with their mittened feet,
And little necks all bonneted in lace,
Smiling upon me as I snapped my thumb,
The brides of yester spring-time with slow pace,
And long loose gowns, and God-illuminated face,
Bearing within their bodies Life-to-come,
Were still reminders: Love was here on earth
Not only for the lovers . . . And I seemed
To hear her called to by an infant's voice . . .
Such were the Warnings in the House of Mirth—
Was I as one who doted as he dreamed?—
I heard, I understood.—There was no choice.

She lacked all analytic to infer,
Knew not my sufferings; though afterward,
When things with us began to go so hard,
She felt, she knew what I'd become for her
Or tried to: "O my knight, my rescuer,
From cave and forest, O my savior-prince,
For whom I waited, O long since, long since,
Without your coming, where and whither were
My steps today."—Her poignant gratitude
Would shame me into silence, into fear—
For on her lashes there would be the tear,
And something not of earth in her wild mood.
And from my neck I would unwind her arms,
And quiet hers and hide my own alarms.

XII.—OWNING HALF-WINTER AND ALL-SPRING

Of which . . . not yet. We were to wed in June,
With winter half before and all of spring;
And Love so buoyant in his piloting,
Whistling at helm so cheerily his tune,
Made us forgetful of all far-or-soon,
Made us awhile forgetful of the past
And the irrevocable shadow it cast
In sprawling black of quivering rigadon,
Across the prow.—The dancing shadow black
We marked it not, we three—she, Love, and I—
But there, or with the wind or on the tack,
There with full canvas bulging to the sky,
There, on the waters ever by our prow,
It lay, it lay . . . and I remember now.

Too near to life for poesies, I speak
Not long in metaphors. Our wintering
Was glorious white and red: white, on the wing
In whirling drifts; white resting week by week
On undulating hills and bluff and peak

Beyond, beyond; white round the house of white—
And white the lake, save where in cirque and streak
The bared ice shone a polished malachite.
The red, the red, the crimson of delight,
Moving across the landscape, set in snow,
And thus more pure, more eloquently bright,
The season's red (O not by nature's freak,
But by her law established long ago)
Was the resplendent crimson of her cheek,

When on the driven dunes we'd pelt each other
(The blue-jays in the bare oaks shrieked their worst),
Romp as merry children, girl and brother
(For Love restores us childhood at the first,
Even whilst it wakes the elemental thirst
That means in time the father and the mother);
When over the bay, more swift than many another,
We skated round the Point to Lindenhurst;
Or, when, returning in her worsted coat
From our "Ice-arrow" (of the winter fleet
Upon the Four Lakes once the swiftest boat),
Outside the vestibule she stamped her feet,
And talked of something warm to drink or eat,
And loosed the fox-furs from around her throat.

Too close to life for poesies, I flout
Most bardic metaphors. Our only spring
Was red and green—green where the ice went out,
Green in all tints in every greening thing,
And deepening with the northing of the sun
In willow, larch and poplar, elder, birch,
And oaks and maples, from all greens to one—
Save for the oriole on his skiey perch,
And yellow crocus, with the earliest thaw,
Peeping from out the sodden leaves and straw,
Save for the starry dots of flashing blue
Among the grass, or buds upon the haw,
Save for the cherry blossoms (such as grew
Behind our house), save for the dust and dew.

The red was still the crimson, still as fresh:
The crimson, with her footsteps on the run
Up Willow-Walk; crimson behind the mesh
Of spotted veil, when rowing in wind and sun
Home with wild blood-root and wild maidenhair
(She knew all woodland gullies, every fern),
I watching for our landing, at the stern;
Crimson when lifting her lithe arms in air
To pull a spray of cherry; crimson, again,
As on the rug, spread at the shading oak,
Beside her work-bag, scissors, pins in tray,
And cuttings blown around us now and then
(Across her lap the basted purple yoke),
She hummed and sewed against her wedding day.

(To be Continued)



LISTEN TO THE BIRD-MAN!

HERBERT SPENCER pointed out that the fittest, who survived, were those who could get used to anything. How wonderfully fit we all are these days! Three years ago we could be surprised and upset by the mildest political crisis anywhere; to-day the greatest revolutions do not make us even yawn. The war will have been a good thing for the world if it teaches us all that great truth of Heraclitus that Everything Flows. The Buddhists have the same philosophy. Nothing truly IS; it is only a flux, a set of combinations constantly flowering in some new way, never crystallizing. To harden is to die; ask your arteries.

So it is delightful to find people seriously discussing "the inevitable Anglo-German rapprochement," in spite of the campaign of hate on both sides; North-cliffe coming out for Home Rule, and Socialists sickening of Socialism. The fact is that all the "isms" are doomed; common sense is beginning to assert itself under the stress of the terrible and beautiful facts of war. Sir Edward Grey perhaps never realized that his devotion to certain political principles would materialize in the bombardment of London. Time has shown us what high explosives ideas are, when there is a detonator handy. But it is more important to concentrate our attention on the fact that nothing matters that we used to think did matter.

FOR here is Lady Aberdeen, of all people, talking like a Sinn Feiner. There was applause, says the New York Times, when she said that she looked forward to the time when Ireland would take her place as "one of the sisterhood of free nations that make up the British Empire." This is just two years since Mr. Aleister Crowley said almost the same words facing the Statue of Liberty, to be hailed as a madman or a traitor, and but five quarters of a year since the Irish Martyrs wrote similar remarks in blood in the streets of Dublin, and on the flagstones of the Tower of London.

It is time that we all took a new look at the world. Things are not what they were. In fact, they never were at all; our beliefs have been prejudice and illusion. Only canned brains should be incapable of the effort now required. We are, by definition, the fittest, since we survive; and if we are to continue this process, we must do so by accommodating ourselves to the changed conditions.

WE have seen where national prejudice and the gospel of hate have led us. Any one who continues to preach hate is simply a snake. We are talking to the Irish who hate England as much as to the French who hate Germany. It simply will not do. We are in an impoverished world, and for the future we have got to pull together. It is absurd to repair "historical injustices"; no nation but her past is black with such. We must get off the plane of hate and envy together. We must recognize the plain truth that quarreling does not pay. Germany and England are both very silly to starve their best customers—each other. But we should like to put it on a little higher ground than this; it is inhuman to be inhumane. There is only one attitude possible to an

enlightened man to-day. It is not original. It was worded rather epigrammatically quite a few years ago, as follows: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." (Heaven knows the idiots who brought about this thing didn't know. But most nations trust their destinies to imbeciles.) In the Dhammapada, a classic of Buddhism, six hundred years before Christ, we find the same idea, though without any religious theory to clog the wheels: "The state of hate doth not abate by hate in any time or clime;

But hate will cease if love increase; so soothly runs the antient rime."

The idea had whiskers, even then; but the idea is not proved false by the fact that Mr. Wilson is clean-shaved.

Here, then, is yet another reason for the vigorous prosecution of the war. To fight a man honorably is to win him to respect and love you; a course of mutual cheating, as in time of peace, has the precisely opposite effect.

THE obstacle to mutual understanding has been, of course, ignorance. "Greek" means a thief; Johnny Crapaud, as a term for a Frenchman, commemorates the legend that Frenchmen live entirely upon frogs; even the Bulgar has contributed in a similar way to the wealth of the English language. An idea has to be well fixed before it gets into the language in this way. Mohammedan hill-men always refer to Bengalis as fish-eating bastards. The French think all Englishmen "perfidious." And so it goes, or rather went, for travel, and this war, in particular, is slowly driving the truth home, that we are all men. We must learn to tolerate each others' customs, and we must understand that LAW is only the concrete and organized expression of those customs.

AMERICA has a good point in this matter, and a bad one. The good is that we are accustomed to the most radical changes, not indeed, in ideas, but in the essential conditions of life. The average man of 50 may have been bell-boy, horse-thief, bank messenger, minister of the gospel, cowboy, ragpicker and college professor before settling down to serious life as a yeggman. We live in a country where the economic conditions change overnight in the most amazing fashion. We are a live people, accustomed to catastrophe as others to a change of weather. Nothing can abate our elasticity. But we are cursed with the most dreadful of all plagues that can afflict a nation: variegated law.

IN America no man knows whether he is a criminal or no, unless he is sure that he is one. And this conviction is very widespread. Laws being passed in Albany alone at the rate of 600 per annum, even the judges make no attempt to "keep up with the Joneses," as Judge Welles complains in his recent book. The general disrespect for law has become universal. It is impossible to go into a bar in New York without seeing men in uniform being surreptitiously supplied with alcohol. The

decent man objects to being made into a criminal by a few faddists who slyly pass laws directed against his normal actions. He consequently ignores the law completely, and relies solely on his conscience. This is all very well for the good man, but it encourages the bad man. "One may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb," says he, and finds murder more profitable than spitting on the sidewalk.

THIS business of having two sets of laws on top of police regulations is Gilbert and Sullivan. When a burden is greater than a man may bear, he simply dumps it. It is already a curse in Great Britain that Scotland should have a separate law. If you rent a shooting lodge, your lawyers get a letter couched in a corruption of mediaeval French of which they cannot understand one word. You have to compear as a panel and grant warrandice, and you are never quite sure how this is to be done. But you do understand how necessary it was to let a Scots jury return a verdict of "Not Proven"!

Much of the trouble in Ireland comes from this same business of multiplying sets of laws. That is one reason why Home Rule will never work. The Federal power will always be interfering; a separation as completely as Australia's is the only practical solution, since an assimilation as complete as that of Wales is out of the question.

NOW America has this curse in forty-nine-fold measure. In one State you are an honest man; ten miles off you are liable to be boiled in oil. It is bad enough to mess up the civil law; that confuses business and makes it possible for all sorts of shysters to graft by setting booby-traps for perfectly good citizens. But to play this joke in criminal law is to trifle inexcusably with the lives and liberties of the people. In prohibition States the first thought of every man is to offer his friends a drink. The minds of the inhabitants are completely obsessed by the Demon Rum. This applies to the men who themselves vote the Prohibition ticket. They drink themselves, but they think they are such fine fellows, and their neighbors such weak fools that they must have the law; oh, dear, yes!

ANY European visiting the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave is practically compelled to form the most extraordinary conclusions. For example, let him read the new law in West Virginia, constraining every able-bodied man to work thirty-six hours in every week. "Why," he exclaims, "this is stark, crude slavery, naked and unashamed." Of course it is nothing of the sort; but we shall be glad of some line of explanation that will convince the average Englishman.

Take again the little matter of the censorship. Congress refused to pass several laws on this matter. "Tut," said Secretary Baker, "Tut." And gave orders to establish exactly what Congress denied. Nobody seems to have cared very much, except the aforesaid average Englishman, whose mind flew instantly to the scene in the House of Commons two hundred odd years ago, when Cromwell marched in with his mus-

keteers, threw the Mace on the floor, and cleared the House with the simple remark: "Give place to honest men." To the English mind it seemed that the Administration had abolished the farce of representative government with a stroke. To that mind the incident was highly encouraging; the Englishman is always glad to see the strong silent men take hold, and get rid of the gaping mob of busybodies. But what does the American think? He doesn't think. The political game has long ceased to interest him, except so far as he can use it in his business.

It is because of this attitude that law after law is passed against the will of the majority, against common sense, against the most obvious principles of the Constitution. Nobody cares. Nobody is going to take any notice of the law, anyhow. And the result is that we have a practical anarchy.

IN East Saint Louis we hear that the sole regret of the white population is that their little ebullition of natural feeling should have attracted notice elsewhere. They meant the party to be quite private; no flowers. One hears the most appalling stories from private sources: One man stops flying negroes, promises them safety, takes them into a dark alley, and shoots them. A gang tosses them, men, women, and children, back into their burning houses. Young girls beat an old negress to death with her own shoes. The most conservative local estimate is 175 dead; many think 300 a nearer figure. Coming on top of the abominable torture and lynching in Memphis of a few weeks ago, this is a Sign. People are not acting according to law, but according to conscience. And the political term for this mode of government is Anarchy. The whole trouble lies with double legislation, complicated by crank legislation.

WHERE respect for law is inbred in a community, where the conscience of the solid elements of the community is expressed by the law, there is no trouble in the enforcement of the law. But where law grows rank and wild, where nobody cares about it, habitually, there may be grave trouble at just the moment when the most danger is. As things are in this country, an absolutely unpopular law may go through without notice; and if the authorities happen to be serious, for once, and attempt to enforce it, the spectre of Civil War may leap from the churchyard before any man is aware. Where the people are despised because of their longsuffering, ruthless repression of even mild and lawful protest is the first thing that occurs to the police. We noticed the other day some beautiful and timely pictures of the new automobile machine guns supplied to the New York Police. We suppose these are wanted in case of an invasion by the Republic of Andorra.

IT is a splendid sign of our national efficiency that Talk is never permitted to interfere with business, except, of course, the legitimized talk of Congressmen. The world must be kept safe for democracy, and the only way to do this is obviously by the exercise of autocracy. Otherwise, democracy degenerates into anarchy. One cannot find much sympathy for the people who, whatever their merits, had not the intelligence to come in when

it rained. Lots of us thought that the war was a pity; we even thought that Eve made a mistake about eating that apple. But the mischief has been done. The only sensible word is Shakespeare's: "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee." If chased by a bull, it is unwise to occupy the mind with considerations as to whether the bull may not, after all, be in the right of it, or with reflections upon the bull tribe in general as useful to mankind. If a part of one's brain persists in such thoughts, it is, at that particular moment, a traitor to the whole organism, though very likely on any other occasion it may be the most valuable part of it.

IT is hard to please some people. A dear friend writes to the N. Y. Times to complain of the editorial attitude of the International, and to demand its suppression. The ground chosen is a delightful one; it is that that attitude is so scrupulously correct that it must conceal some nameless horror. If I say that So-and-so is a crook, that is a libel; if I say that he is an honest man, that is "obviously sarcastic." As a matter of fact, there is a case in which this argument is perfectly sound; it is when everybody is well aware of the fact that the man in question is crooked. Then whatever you may say about him simply reminds people of that fact. A corollary of this proposition is that when a man knows himself to be a crook he becomes ultra-sensitive to any reference to himself whatever. He spies the cloven hoof even on the devil's good leg. He may even become suspicious of silence itself. This is the psychological penalty of the tyrant. Free Speech is, therefore, the very best proof of good government; it is like the coldness of a dog's nose. Men whose conscience is void of offence before God and man, and who are busy with their work, do not give a damn what fools and knaves are saying about them.

ONCE a nation starts to distrust its own people it enters upon a very slippery slope. Secret service men multiply. The "agent provocateur" appears. Presently you get a man like Azeff, who is trusted by police and revolutionaries alike; and no one knows, even after his death, on which side he really was. Every citizen looks upon his neighbor with suspicion; he may be either an anarchist or a spy; the production of bombs would prove nothing; the production of police authorities would prove nothing. The Reign of Terror begins where all evil begins; in the mind of man itself. And it does not take very long to translate that into action.

SPY-FEVER is one of the most dreadful mental diseases. Just as a nervous man with some trifling ailment may seek its diagnosis in a medical book, and conclude that he has Bright's disease, diabetes, tubercle, leprosy and Herpes Zoster complicated with typhus fever and cancer, so the spy, amateur or professional, watching his neighbor, will soon find something sinister in the way he parts his hair. There is no rational way to refute such a proposition, unfortunately; a conspirator will nat-

urally adopt the most innocent-looking symbol of his dread intent. Ergo, the more innocent a man appears, the more dark and deadly a villain is he likely to be. The only cure for this frame of mind is resolute conquest of it by the Will. Reason only makes bad worse. Of course, the original cause of the malady is just plain FUNK. If the sick man does not want to live, he should worry whether he has cancer or not. It is his fear of death that causes his anxiety. In the body politic we should not be afraid to die well if we have lived well; our business is to go ahead with courage and good-temper. If we take to seeing a robber behind every bush, and a ghost in every scarecrow, we are soon morally lost. A man who goes through life in the perfectly rational fear of "germs" cannot be said to live at all; at least, it is not a Man's life. It's much better to be shot from ambush now and then than to spend existence crawling on one's belly in the furrows. It is the difference between a man and a worm.

THE "House of Windsor" is a very interesting joke. George V is a German of the Germans. His mother was Russian, but the Romanoffs are German too. "Albert the Good," the Prince Consort, was of course the purest possible German. He was selected for being such a perfect specimen of German Germanness. He endeared himself to the English bourgeois by his priggishness and the correctness of his frock-coat and watch-chain. In fact, in these articles of adornment his name still lives. Now it occurs to us as something of a slur upon this Best of Men that his name should thus be contemptuously disowned. It is a blow to bad poetry, too, for Tennyson lackeyed himself into the peerage by adulation of this Prince. Obviously, we must now stop reading those pro-German propagandist tracts, *In Memoriam* and *The Idylls of the King*. We must also pull down the Albert Hall and the Albert Memorial. And if this is done, it will be a deathblow to the cowardly pacifists; for no one will ever be able to say again that war does not bring the greatest conceivable blessings to Humanity.

A. C.

GOURMET

By IRIS TREE.

HOW often when the thought of suicide
 With ghostly weapon beckons us to die,
 The ghosts of many foods alluring glide
 On golden dishes, wine in purple tide
 To drown our whim. Things danced before the eye
 Like tasselled grapes to Tantalus: The sly
 Blue of a curling trout, the battened pride
 Of ham in frills, complacent quails that lie
 Resigned to death like heroes—July peas,
 A muffin or a crumpet, tea to drink
 And honey gathered from the clover bees—
 A peach with velvet coat, some prawns in pink,
 A slice of beef carved deftly, Stilton cheese,
 And cup where berries float and bubbles wink.

FELO DE SE.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

It lacked a little of midnight. In the east the moon, rising high above the trees that fringed the river, made a lane of light. Her beams fell full upon the face, delicately pensive, with the lips thinly tightened from their drooping corners, of a young exquisite, in whose slender and nervous fingers trembled a gold-headed cane. He was standing at the very edge of the calm water, upon the narrow grass that lay between it and the towing-path. On his right, across the river, rose a hill, cloaked in giant woods, a menace and a mystery. On his left, a clump of beeches sheltered a knoll of velvet grass, one would have said a lover's bower. Behind him lay many miles of pleasant fields and villas. There was no sound in the night but the rare hooting of an owl in the great wood, and the secret undercurrent of sound caused by the commotion of a distant weir.

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. A fine night!" said a strange voice in the young man's ear. He failed to catch the first part of the greeting, so absorbed was he in his thoughts; to the second he answered mechanically "a fine night, sir!" As he did so he turned to look at the stranger. He saw a man between thirty and forty years of age, both full and broad, yet slender, and giving the impression of great strength and activity. It was, however, the face, barbered in Vandyke fashion, which startled him. No one could ever forget it. Deep melancholy lay upon it, yet only as a veil to roguishness. The mouth was small, scarlet and voluptuous, although firm. But in the eyes lay something beyond any of this. The pupils were extremely small, even in that dim light, and the expression was of such intensity that the young man, startled, no doubt, by the suddenness of the apparition, thrilled with fear. By instinct he moved backwards to the towing-path, for in that place the river runs exceeding deep—and who could decipher the portent of such eyes?

"I am afraid that I have broken in upon your meditations," continued the new-comer. "Pray excuse me, I will resume my walk." But the young man gave a little laugh, harsh and bitter. "Not at all," he said with a little sneer, "I am only going to kill myself."

"Good," returned the other, whom we may identify as a Master of the Law of Thelema—and this story will explain what that is—"I applaud your decision."

The youth, although not a disciple, failed entirely to understand that the Master meant what he said. He sought instantly to excuse himself. "If you only knew all my reasons," he began gloomily.

"I do not ask them," replied the elder man. "You have announced your intention. I do you the common courtesy to assume that your intention is in accordance with your Will. That is reason enough and to spare. There is no Law beyond: Do what thou wilt. Besides, you'll make a bonny corpse."

The young man stared rather wildly. "No, I'm not a lunatic," smiled the Master; "would it perhaps bore you if I explained my reasons for not excluding *felo de se* from that infinite list of acts which are now lawful? It may relieve you of some

silly scruple, and enable you to take the plunge with that calm ecstasy which should accompany our every act."

"You interest me greatly," acquiesced the youth. The other nodded.

"Let us then sit here, where we can enjoy the beauty of the moonlight. Perhaps you will join me in a cigar?"

"I only smoke cigarettes."

"Every man to his taste. Well," and he lit up, "in order to set ourselves right with the Academies we had better begin with Plato. What say you?"

The youth removed his cigarette and bowed with deference.

"The *Phaedo*," continued the adept, "is certainly the feeblest of all the Dialogues. It is a mass of very silly sophistry, and the classic of *petitio principii*. But the argument against suicide is put with all the cogency of a nursemaid. 'The Gods will punish it, probably,' is the Alpha and Omega of that monolith of stupidity. Socrates himself saw it, no doubt, for he changed the subject abruptly. His only attempt to save his face is to shelter himself behind Pythagoras. Now he saw, just as you do, that death was desirable to the philosopher . . . and young though you are, my friend, if I may dare call you so, that brow bespeaks the love of wisdom . . . yet he would not 'take death the nearest way. Gathering it up beneath the feet of love, or off the knees of murder reaching it,' because of the gods. He has given the most excellent reasons for wishing to die, but he will not admit their validity. Yet he had himself, as he admits later, committed suicide by not escaping 'to Megara or Boeotia.' True, he gives an excellent reason for so acting, but to admit one reason is to admit the edge of the wedge. If an act is permissible for love of law and order, even unjust law—and this is, as you know, the reason advanced by Socrates—then why not for—let us say—the safety of the republic? What of the messenger, fallen into the hands of the enemy, who kills himself lest torture wring the army's secret from him; the man who throws himself from the raft, that his comrade may be saved—or his enemy—

"I alit

On a great ship lightning-split,

And speeded hither on the sigh

Of one who gave an enemy

His plank, then plunged aside to die."

One can think of a thousand cases from Curtius to Jesus Christ, this last surely the most deliberate suicide possible, since he had planned it from all eternity, even taking the trouble to create a universe of infinite agony in order to redeem it by this suicide. You are, I hope, a Christian?"

The young man declared that he was an humble, and erring, but sincere, follower of the Man of Sorrows.

"Then observe how suicide is the hallmark of your religion. 'If thine hand offend thee, cut it off.' Scourge thy body, starve it, lick the sores of lepers, risk everything, but save the soul. This is all suicide, some partial, some complete. It does not even

demand a reason; sheer hatred of the body is sufficient. Again 'The carnal mind is enmity against God'; suppress it; faith and obedience are enough; reason will surely destroy them and the soul as well.

"Now, even those unfortunate persons, who, like myself, not being Christians, cannot assent to so much, can at least admit that some one man, in some one strange circumstance, may rightly lay violent hands upon himself. Then who is to judge of such a circumstance? Is the man to consult his lawyer, or to ask for a referendum? Absurd, you will agree. Then what is left but a private judgment? And if it seem good and sufficient cause for self-murder that 'I am idle; also, it is true, I have no more money,' as in the case of Prince Florizel at the Suicide Club, who shall judge me? You may disagree; you may call me mad and wicked and all manner of names; I can do the same to you with equal right, if I wish to be discourteous. But I can imagine many a situation, incomprehensible to any but its central figure, which would justify such an act in all men's eyes if they understood the case. Every man is commander-in-chief of his own life; and his decisions must always be taken in the sanctuary of his own soul. The man who goes to others for advice abdicates his godhead, except so far as he does it merely because he wishes to hear the case argued by another. The final decision is his own responsibility; he cannot really evade it, even if he would, except by a subservience and slavishness which is more horrible than any suicide of the body could be to those who most object to it. . . ."

"Of course, the law forbids suicide," urged the young man, puffing violently at his seventh cigarette, "on the ground that a man owes service to the King."

"It is a convenient weapon, like religion itself, and all its other precepts, of the tyrant against the slave. To admit this argument is to confess yourself a slave. It is a wise weapon to have forged, moreover. If one hundred workmen were to commit suicide simultaneously, instead of starting silly strikes, the social revolution would arrive that day. I did not ask the King for permission to be born; I came here without my own volition; at least allow me the privilege to depart when I please! In the Middle Ages the necessity of preventing suicide was so well understood that they devised horrible and ridiculous maltreatments of the body—as if any sensible suicide would care. Nowadays populations are larger, and it does not matter so much. The tyrants rely on silly superstitious terrors. I am supposed, by the way, to have a great deal of what is called occult knowledge, and when I make a magical disappearance, as I do now and then, without warning, my most devoted disciples always console my anxious paramours with the remark that I can't have killed myself because I 'know only too well what the penalties are.' It would be more sensible to retort, 'Anyhow I bet he hasn't killed himself for your sake, you cuckoo!' But my disciples have no sense; they prefer to utter pompous and blasphemous nonsense, and to defame my character. James Thomson makes Bradlaugh say, in that stupefying sermon:

'This little life is all we must endure;
The grave's most holy peace is ever sure;

We fall asleep and never wake again;
Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh
Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh
In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.'—
that sermon which concludes on the grand diapason:

'If you would not this poor life fulfill,
Then you are free to end it when you will,
Without the fear of waking after death.'

I know of nothing to reply to that. I tell you on my magical honor that it is so. I will admit that I know of states of Being other than that familiar to you as a man. But does the ego persist after death? My friend, you know very well that it does not persist after one breath of the nostrils! The most elementary fact in Buddhist psychology is that! Then (to pursue Gotama into his jungle) "What can be gained, and what lost? Who can commit suicide, and how?" But all this metaphysics is more unsatisfying than chopped hay to an alderman. I counsel you, my young friend, to avoid it in your next incarnation, if you have one. (It doesn't matter to you whether you have or not, since you won't know it. What has posterity done for you, anyway?) At least let us avoid it for the few brief moments that remain to us. To revert to the question of the right to make away with yourself—if it be denied that you have the right to end your own life, then, *à fortiori*, I think you must admit, you have no right to end another's. Then you should be in revolt against a government whose authority rests in the last resort on the right of capital punishment. You are particeps criminis every time a murderer is hanged; you deny the right of peoples to make war, and possibly that of doctors to practice medicine. You have excellent reasons for hanging and shooting others, and do so, by your own hand or another's, without a qualm. Surely then you are on unassailable ground when you sacrifice a victim to Thanatos not against his will but at his express desire. The only objection I know to allowing doctors to offer a fuller euthanasia to hopeless sufferers than is now permitted is that it might facilitate murder. Well, do any further objections to your very sensible decision occur to you?"

"People say it's cowardly," ventured the young man, who was now enjoying a cigar, slipped to him by the adept, and lit with the acquiescence of one half-hypnotized.

"Shame, foul shame!" returned the Master with indignation, as he started to his feet and began to pace the path to and fro in his honest wrath. "Shame on the slanderers who try to mask their own cowardice by branding with that stigma of indelible infamy the bravest act that any man can do. Is not Death the Arch-Fear of Man? Do we not load with titles and honors and crosses and pensions the man who dares death even by taking the small chance of it offered in battle? Are we not all dragged piteously howling to the charnel? Is not the fear of death the foundation of religion, and medicine, and much of law, and many another form of fraud and knavery? But you, in perfectly cold blood, face this fiend calmly and manfully—you with no chance of temporary escape like the soldier or the man in the consulting-room—you who face a certainty when the rest of the world tremble at a chance—they call you coward! Why, death is such a fear that the very word is taboo in

polite society. Is it not because religion has failed to fortify the soul against this apprehension that religion is no longer the vogue? Instead we indulge in dances and music and wine and everything that may help to banish the thought. We permit no skeleton at modern feasts. Philosophy dwells much upon death: perish philosophy! Mankind today dreads every discussion of realities, because to modern men death is the supreme reality, and they wish to forget it. It is the fear of death that has fooled men into belief in such absurdities and abominations as Spiritualism and Christian Science. I would be honored, sir," he stopped in front of the youth, "if you would allow me to grasp the hand of the bravest man that I have ever met, in the very moment of his culmination!"

The youth arose, automatically almost, and gave his hand to the adept.

"I thank you, sir," continued the latter, "you have given me an example, as you have taught me a lesson, of sublime courage. You are a thousand times right. When the evils of life become intolerable, they should be ended. I have half a mind to join you," he added, musing. "I have many disciples."

He sighed deeply, and threw away the butt of his cigar, first lighting another from the glow. "It seems to me that far too much fuss is being made about death now-a-days, as it is about death's deadlier twin-sister, Love. The ancients were our masters in these matters, and so are the Japanese and Chinese of today. The fear of these two things—who are but the man and wife at the lodge gates of Life Park—was probably imported from the effeminate, cowardly, and degenerate races of the Indian peninsula. Early Christians, with their agapae and their martyrdoms, feared neither. The Crusaders feared neither. But those nations that have become effetes, that preach peace and morality, and women's rights, these have the cur's spirit, the eunuch's soul, and in these nations death is dreadful and love dangerous. The virile temper of the Romans grasped love and death like nettles that excite even as they sting. That temper has decayed—the war should revive it—and men flee from death and love. Love stands apart and weeps; but Death cries Tally-Ho, and hunts them down to hell. 'But dried is the blood of thy lover, Ipsithilla, contracted the vein,' 'Novem continuas futationes!'" ended the adept, raising his voice even more than possibly the best taste would have sanctioned, though after all a river's marge at night is not an alcove. However, he recollected himself, and continued more gently. "Pardon me, young sir, I beg," he said, "my feelings overcame me for the moment. Balk at love, you balk at death; balk at death, you balk at life. It's hard to score," he added laughingly, "with both balls in baulk." (The allusion is to the English game of billiards.) The young man laughed, not wholly from courtesy, but because he was really amused, despite his tragic situation.

"If we all took things more easily," the Master added, "they would go more easily. Confidence is two battalions in every regiment that we have. Fear, and you fumble. Go ahead, a song on your lips and a sword in your hand; and meet what comes with gaiety. Damn consequences! If you

see a girl you like, prove it to her by Barbara and Celarent all the way to Fresison or whatever the logician's Omega is—I forget."

The boy was unable to remind him. He had taken Paley for the Little-Go.

"If you see a danger, embrace it," went on the elder man. Nothing seemed to exhaust the energy of his harangue. "If you escape, you have lived more beautifully and more intensely. If you die, you die, and one more bother is done with. Best of all, then, when one is tired of life, to face the Great Adventure gay and gallant—as you do to-night!"

"Then do you see no objection, of any kind," answered the youth, a trifle more earnestly than his habitual manner (Harrow and Trinity Hall) would have permitted in more usual circumstances, "to the fatal act which, as soon as you deprive me of the great charm of your company, I shall have yet one more excellent reason for putting into execution?"

"None," smiled the Master, bowing rather pontifically at a politeness to which years of the servility of disciples had inured him. "Unless, perhaps, we look at the matter in this way. Assume one moment that you are what we empirically call an immortal soul incarnating from time to time in various bodies as occasion offers. Very good; then you willed to live in this body. You knew the conditions—assume that! Good; then you formulate the accursed dyad, you deny your own will, by cutting short this life. Or, say this; assume that your body is an instrument by which you perceive material things, for a whim, or from some inexplicable desire, I know not what. Then, why destroy your instrument? True, it is hopelessly damaged, let us suppose, so that it perceives badly. If it were possible to mend it, you would cheerfully endure the necessary pangs; but all being decayed, scrap it, and get a new instrument. The only argument is that you may have willed to observe the great cruelty of Nature, not only by seeing, but by feeling it, so that you may thereby become fortified in your resolve to 'redeem it from all pain.' But this is all a mass of assumptions, little better than the twaddle of the Buddhists and the Christians and the Theosophists and all the other guessers. Ignore it. 'Thou hast no right but to do Thy Will. Do that and no other shall say thee nay.' Then since it is your Will to kill yourself, do not be turned from your purpose. That indeed would be a crime. The best argument I ever heard against suicide, if you will pardon my introducing a new witness, was an English journalist whose face resembled a cancer of the stomach in a rather advanced stage of the disease. 'Excuse a personal remark,' said I, 'but consider our feelings. Why not blow it all away with a pistol?' He replied with ready wit: 'I use it to pour drink into.' Clever Cecil!"

The adept rose once more. "But I detain you," he murmured apologetically. "Religion, philosophy, ethics, and common sense concur in approval of your purpose. I am infinitely obliged to you for the pleasure you have given me by your elegant and informed conversation; I dare not even voice a regret that I shall have no opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance. Farewell! Love is the law, love under will."

The Master bowed and moved slowly towards the towering beeches. But the boy—he was barely

eighteen years of age—sprang to his feet and followed him. "You say," he babbled eagerly, in his enthusiasm a little forgetful of propriety, "you say you are a Master, that you have disciples. Won't you take me?"

The adept showed no embarrassment. He would not even seem to rebuke the outburst, unconventional as it was.

"Certainly," he returned. "Since I have persuaded you with all my power to do a thing and you now desire to do the opposite, you are pre-eminently fitted for a disciple. You will get on splendidly with the others, I am sure."

Such ready acquiescence, couched as it was in the

delicately-phrased English of which the adept was an acknowledged master, and made tart by that silky subacidity which had made him famous and infamous, delighted the boy beyond all bounds. He sank to his knees, and caught the Master's hand and kissed it, his face wet with tears, and his throat choking. The Master's own eyes dimmed for a moment; something rose in him that he did not even try to suppress. He stooped and put a friendly arm about the lad and raised him. "Come," he said, "it is no such great matter. Let us talk of other things. Or, if you will, enjoy the silence of this moonlit loveliness."

Presently the sun rose, and woke the world to a new day's life worth living.

DRONDON

By FORD TARPLEY.

IN the garden of blue flowers Lucien found me. I was gathering delphinium for the green bowl on the piano because he liked them there. A moment before I had been looking wonderingly at myself in the fountain and he was part of my thoughts. And I knew he would come; so his voice was no surprise.

But when I looked around my smile suddenly became a gasp of fright. Running at his side was a lean black hound, and I thought I had never seen such a strange animal. My first glance was into his weird eyes, and it was like running onto a snake in long grass.

"Sara, he is to stay with you," Lucien said. "I can't bear to think of you living in this lonely isolated house any longer. But with Drondon near you I shall feel at ease. He is an extraordinary creature. He is supposed to see into the hearts and souls of those around him. And when he accepts you as his master or mistress his devotion is like that of a mother for her child. . . ."

Drondon was gorgeous on the black rug in the music room, and there he loved to lie watching me at the organ or piano. And on all my walks he would accompany me. What a decorative spirit he was, darting through the long alleys of cypress or over the open lawn! And when I rested, what a delight it was to see him spread out the glorious design of his sleek black body beside me on the marble benches.

At the full of every moon a flutist comes to play in the grove behind my house.

Lucien and I walked there for the first time with Drondon.

Star-jeweled trees against silver sky! The moon a great lantern tossing amid the branches! Sweet swooning scents! Melody! . . . Flute notes drifting from the darkness on the quiet mid-summer breezes (Pan sobbing his heart away for a dream). . . . The dripping water in fountains. . . . A bird breaking the far-off silence. . . .

Blue moonlit meadows rising to distant hills. . . . Dark depths of surrounding woods. . . . The gleam of marble against smooth soft lawns and amongst climbing vines. . . . The black velvet of red geraniums. . . . Ghost-like white lilies . . .

Oh, memorable night! . . .

Lucien walked very closely at my side. Often he would take my hand for a moment in his and then I would feel a tremor pass through him and he would draw away as if frightened. . . . Aimlessly we wandered for hours. . . .

Seldom did we speak. But on the long flight of steps leading back to the house he suddenly seized me in his arms and muttered my name over and over again as if I were trying to escape him. . . .

And he asked me to be his wife.

"Do not answer now," he said. "Think—Consider—I shall return at dawn, and if I find a rose beneath your balcony then I shall know."

Night of wonder! . . . Of fear! . . . Of hope! . . . Of dreams! . . . Of dread! . . .

The madness of lips near and warm breath! And hands! Eyes!

At the foot of the long flight of steps he left me.

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Morning.

A humming bird is sipping sweets from the blossoming vines clustered around my windows. A gentle breeze lifts lightly the blue curtains and leaves them drifting into the room waving me the sweet treasures from my gardens of flowers.

Often I have thought of the delicious excitement with which an artist must regard the clean space of blank canvas upon which he intends to produce his masterpiece. As filled with possibilities is this day for me.

Suddenly a cry!—A piercing shriek! My maid! I sent her out to bring Drondon in.

Stifled hysterical sobs—and then the excited voice of the gardener!

Silence.

I wait—I wait—

Finally a hand fumbles at my door and it opens.

Lucien is dead.

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Lucien is dead. I have seen him. Between the long rows of narrow cypress trees he lay, his face lifted upwards and slightly smiling and white as last night it was with the moonlight upon it.

But on his throat were the red wounds of teeth.

In his hands the withered petals of a shattered rose!

I swooned. I seemed to be falling into dark infinite depths—like depths of eyes—depths where were innumerable hidden snakes.

Drondon!—Drondon!—

They have killed Drondon.

They found him in the woods crying like a human being; and they shot him.

FLOWERS

By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER.

I WANDERED about the streets the whole afternoon, while the snow fell slowly, in large flakes—and now I am at home, my lamp is burning, my cigar is lighted, and my books lie close by; in fact, I have everything that affords true comfort. Yet all is in vain; I can think of but one thing.

But had she not been dead for a long time as far as I was concerned?—yes, dead; or, as I thought with the childish pathos of the deceived, “worse than dead”? And now that I know that she is not “worse than dead,” but simply dead, like the many others who lie out there, under the ground, forever—in spring, in the hot summer, and when the snow falls, as today—without any hope of ever returning—since that time I know that she did not die a moment sooner for me than she did for the rest of the world. Sorrow? No. It is only the general horror that we all feel when something that once belonged to us, and whose entire being is still clear in our minds, sinks into the grave.

It was very sad when I discovered that she was deceiving me; but there was so much else of it!—the fury and sudden hatred, and the horror of existence, and—ah, yes—the wounded vanity—the sorrow only came later! But then there was the consolation that she also must be suffering. I have them all yet, I can reread them at any time, those dozens of letters which sob, pray, and beseech forgiveness! And I can still see her before me, in her dark dress and small straw hat, standing at the street corner in the twilight as I stepped out of the gate—looking after me. And I still think of the last meeting when she stood in front of me, with her large, beautiful eyes, set in that round, child-like face that now had become pale and wan. I did not give her my hand when she left me—when she left me for the last time. And I watched her go down the street from my window and then she disappeared—forever. Now she can never return. . . .

My knowing it at all is due to an accident. I might have been unaware of it for weeks and months. I happened to meet her uncle one morning.

I ASKED for his niece, more out of politeness than interest.

I knew nothing more about her; her letters had stopped coming a long time ago; only flowers she sent me, regularly. Recollections of our happiest days! Once a month they came; no card, just silent, humble flowers. And when I asked the old gentleman he was all astonishment. “You don’t know that the poor girl died a week ago?” It was a terrible shock! Then he told me more. She was ill for a long while, but was in bed hardly a week. And her illness? “Melancholia—anæmia. The doctors themselves were not quite sure.”

I remained a long while on the spot where the old gentleman had left me; I was enervated, as if I had just gone through some great trouble. And now it seems to me as if today marks the termination of a part of my life. Why—why? It was simply something external. I had no more feeling for her; in fact, I seldom thought of her any more. But now that I have written this all down I feel better, I am more composed. I am beginning to appreciate the coziness of my home. It is foolish and tormenting to think of it any more. There are certainly others today who have a great deal more to mourn about than I.

I have taken a walk. It is a serene winter’s day. The sky looks so gray, so cold, so far away. And I am very calm. The old gentleman whom I met yesterday—it seems as if it had been weeks ago. And when I think of her I can see her

in a peculiarly sharp and finished outline; only one thing is lacking: the anger which always associated itself with my thoughts of her. The real appreciation that she is no more on earth, that she is lying in a coffin, that she has been buried, I have not—I feel no sorrow. The world seemed calmer to me today. I once knew for just one moment that there is neither happiness nor sorrow; no, there are only the grimaces of joy and sadness; we laugh and we weep and we invite our soul to be present. I could sit down now and read deep, serious books, and should soon be able to penetrate into all of their learning. Or, I could stand in front of old pictures, which heretofore have meant nothing to me, and now appreciate their true beauty. And when I think of certain dear friends who have died, my heart does not feel as sad as it used to—death has become something friendly; it stalks among us but does not want to harm us.

SNOW, high, white snow on all the streets. Little Gretel came to me and suggested that we ought to take a sleigh ride. And we drove out into the country, over the smooth road, the sleigh bells ringing and the blue-gray sky above us. Gretel rested against my shoulder and looked out upon the long road with happy eyes. We came to an inn that we knew well from the summer. The oven was all aglow, and it was so hot that we have to move the table away, as Gretel’s left ear and cheek became fire red. I had to kiss the paler cheek. Afterwards, the return home in the twilight! Gretel sat very close to me and held both of my hands in hers. Then she said: “At last I have you again!” She had thus, without racking her brain, struck the right note to make me happy. But perhaps it was the biting, clear air that unchained my thoughts, for I feel freer and more contented than I have in the last few days.

A short while ago again, as I lay dozing on my couch, a strange thought came to my mind. I appeared hard and cold to myself. As one who, without tears, in fact, without any emotion, stands at the grave in which he has buried a dear one. As one who has grown so hard that he cannot reconcile the horror of death. Yes, irreconcilable, that is it.

Gone, quite gone! Life, happiness, and a little love drives all that foolishness away. I go again among people. I like them; they are harmless, they chatter about all sorts of jolly things. And Gretel is a dear, kind creature, and she is prettiest when she stands at my window and the sunbeams shine on her golden hair.

Something strange happened today. It is the day on which she always sent me flowers. And the flowers came again as—as if nothing had changed. They came with the first mail, in a long, narrow white box. It was quite early, and I was still sleepy. And only when I was actually opening the box did I gain full consciousness. Then I almost had a shock. And there lay, daintily tied with a golden string, violets and pinks; they lay as in a coffin. And as I took the flowers in my hand a shudder went through my heart. But I understand how it is that they came again today. When she felt her illness, perchance even when she felt death approaching, she gave her usual order to the florist so that I would not miss her attention. Certainly, that is the explanation; as something quite natural, as something touching perhaps. And still as I held them, in my hands, these flowers, and they seemed to nod and tremble, then, in spite of reason and will power, I looked upon them as something ghostly, as if they had come from her, as if they were her greeting—as if she

wanted always, even now that she was dead, to tell me of her love—of her tardy faithfulness. Ah, we do not understand death, we never shall understand it; and a person is dead only after all that have known him have also passed away. Today I grasped the flowers differently than usual, as if I might injure them were I to hold them too tight—as if their souls might begin to sob softly. And as they now stand in front of me on my desk, in a narrow, light-green vase, they seem to nod their heads in mournful gratitude. The full pain of a useless yearning spreads over me from them, and I believe that they could tell me something if we could only understand the language of *all* living things—not only of the things that talk.

THE flowers are in the tall, green vase; their stems are in the water and their scent fills the room. They still retain their odor—in spite of the fact that I have had them a week and that they are already fading. And I believe all sorts of nonsense that I used to laugh at: I believe in the possibility of conversing with things in nature—I believe that one can communicate with clouds and springs; and I am waiting for these flowers to begin to talk. But no, I feel sure that they are always speaking—even now—they are for ever crying out, and I can almost understand them.

How glad I am that the winter is over! Already the breath of spring throbs in the air. I am not living any differently than before, still I sometimes feel as if the boundaries of my existence are expanding. Yesterday seems far off, and the happenings of a few days past are like vague dreams. It is still the same when Gretel leaves me, especially when I have not seen her for several days; then our friendship appears like an affair of the past ages. She always comes from afar, from so far away! But when she begins to chatter it is like olden times again, and I then have a clear consciousness of the present. And then her words are almost too loud and the colors seem too harsh. Yet as soon as she leaves me all is gone; there are no after-pictures or gradual, fading recollections. And then I am alone with my flowers. They are now quite faded, quite faded. They have no more perfume. Gretel had not noticed them at all, but today she saw them, and it seemed as if she wanted to question me, but then she suddenly appeared to have a secret horror for them—she stopped speaking altogether and soon left me.

The petals are slowly falling off. I never touch them; anyway, if I did they would crumble. It makes me very sad to see them faded. I do not know why I have not the courage to make an end of all this nonsense. The faded flowers make me ill. I cannot stand them and I rush out. Once in the street I feel that I have to hurry back to them, to care for them. And then I find them in the same green vase where I left them, tired and sad. Last evening I wept before them, as one weeps at a grave. Yet I never gave a thought to the sender of them. Perhaps I am wrong, yet it seems as if Gretel feels that there is something strange in my room. She does not laugh any more. She does not speak so loud, with that clear, lively voice to which I am accustomed. And I do not receive her as I used to. Then there is the fear that she will question me, and I realize what torture those questions would be.

SPRING! My window is wide open. Late last evening Gretel and I looked out on to the street. The air was warm and balmy. And when I looked at the corner, where the street lamp spreads a weak light, I suddenly saw a

shadow. I saw it and I did not—I know that I did not see it—I closed my eyes and I could suddenly see through my eyelids. There stood the miserable creature, in the pale lamp light, and I saw her face very clearly, as if the yellow sunshine were on it, and I saw in the pale, emaciated face those wounded eyes. Then I walked slowly away from the window and sat down at my desk; the candle sputtered in the breeze. And I remained motionless, for I knew that the poor creature was standing at the corner, waiting; and if I had dared to touch the faded flowers I would have taken them out of the vase and brought them to her. Thus I thought, and sincerely thought; yet I knew all the while that it was foolish. Now Gretel also left the window and came over the back of my chair, where she remained a moment to touch my hair with her lips. Then she went and left me alone.

I stared at the flowers. There are hardly any more. Mostly bare stems, dry and pitiful. They make me ill and drive me mad. And it must be evident, otherwise Gretel would have asked me, but she feels it, too. Now she has fled as if there were ghosts in my room.

Ghosts! They are, they are! Dead things playing with life! And if faded flowers smell mouldy, it is only the remembrance of the time when they were in bloom. And the dead return as long as we do not forget them. What difference does it make if they cannot speak now—I can hear them! She does not appear any more, yet I can see her! And the spring outside, and the sunshine on my rug, and the perfume of the lilacs in the park, and the people who pass below and do not interest me, are they life? If I pull down the curtains the sun is dead. I do not care to know about all these people, and they are dead. I close my window, and the perfume of the lilacs is gone, and spring is dead. I am more powerful than the sun, the people, and the spring. But more powerful than I am is remembrance, for that comes when it wills and from it there is no escape. And these dry stems are more powerful than the perfume of the lilacs and the spring.

I WAS pondering over these pages when Gretel entered. In her hand she carried a bouquet of fresh flowers. Then, without speaking, she laid them on my desk. Next moment she seized the withered stems in the green vase. It seemed as if someone had grasped my heart—but I could not utter a sound. And when I wanted to rise and take her by the arm, she Gretel stood at the sill, facing me. And on her head was the sunshine, the bright sunshine. And the aroma of lilacs came in through the window. And I looked at the empty green vase on my desk—I am not sure, yet I think I felt freer—yes, freer. Then Gretel approached me, picked up her bouquet, and held in front of my face cool, white lilacs. Such a healthy, fresh perfume—so soft, so cool; I wanted to bury my face in them. Laughing, white, beautiful flowers—and I felt that the spectre was gone. Gretel stood behind me and ran her hands through my hair. “You silly boy,” she said. Did she know what she had done? I grasped her hands and kissed her.

In the evening we went out into the open, into the spring. We have just returned! I have lighted my candle. We took a long walk, and Gretel is so tired that she has fallen asleep in the chair. She is very beautiful when she smiles thus in her sleep.

Before me, in the narrow, green vase, are the lilacs. Down on the street—no, no, they are not there any longer. Already the wind has blown them away with the rest of the dust.

THE REVIVAL OF MAGICK.

By THE MASTER THERION.

The obvious course for one who wishes to write on Magick is to invoke the God Thoth, for He is Lord both of magick and of writing.

In truth, that is the very apt slip for our leash of silence. The word used by Sir Walter Scott for Magick is "gramarye," and a ritual of magick is a "grimoire," "grimorium," or grammar; all from gramma, a letter. Thoth, scribe of the Gods, was probably just a man called Tahuti—the Egyptian form of the Coptic word Thoth—who invented writing. Fust, one remembers, who invented printing, became Faust, the "black magician." The first great miracle of progress, after the conquest of fire, was this art of writing.

Magick then may be defined for our present purpose as the art of communication without obvious means. Curiously, the new harnessing of that form of fire—I use the word in its old magical sense—called electricity to the shafts of the car of progress was followed by a new art or rather series of arts of communicating without obvious means; the telegraph, the telephone, and now Hertz's discovery (exploited by one Signor Marconi) of wireless telegraphy.

Now no man doubts the existence of a supreme and illimitable power, whether he conceive of it as soulless, unconscious and mechanical, or as spirit, self-conscious, and self-willed. You may think the Sun to be God; some very ignorant and some very illuminated people have done so; but the fact is disputed by none, that the Sun, within the limits of its own system, is, physically speaking, the source of all light, heat, Energy in all its forms, as well as of the earth itself, Being or Matter in all its forms as we know it.

Now if we wish to obtain heat from the Sun, we can go and sit on Palm Beach; or we can dig up solar energy in the form of coal—and so on; in a hundred ways we can make communication with that material source of heat. Very good; magick pretends to be able to do the same thing with the Secret Source of all Being and all Form, all Matter and all Motion.

It claims to be able to draw water from the Fountain of All Things, according to its needs, by certain methods. And though ordinary prayer is a part of Magick, this point is to be considered, that in the purely religious theory, God may or may not think it fit to answer prayer. This then is the great heresy of Magick—or of religion, if you happen to be a Magician! The Magician claims to be able to force a favorable answer. If he tries to make the Elixir of Life, and fails, he has simply failed. He is a bad Magician, just as a chemist is a bad chemist who tries to make Oxygen and fails. The chemist does not excuse himself by saying that it was the Will of God that he should not make Oxygen that day!

The explanation is simple. What the Magician

calls God is merely the divine Emanation in himself. And the reconciliation with orthodox theology follows at once. The Magician is using the formula of Hermes Trismegistus, "That which is below is like that which is above, and that which is above is like that which is below, for the performance of the miracles of the One Substance." That is to say, in order to perform his miracle he must call forth his own God in the Microcosm. That is united with the God of the Macrocosm by its likeness to it; and the Macrocosmic force then operates in the Universe without as the Magician has made it operate within himself; the miracle happens. Now then it follows that unless the will of the magician be really at one with the Will of the Cosmos, this likeness does not exist, this identification does not take place. Therefore the magician cannot really perform any miracle unless that be already the Design of the Universe. So that he who sets out by saying "I will impose my will on all things" ends "Thy will be done."

It is possible, indeed, to perform magic in other ways by other formulae, but all such efforts are mere temporary aberrations from the path; at the best they are mistakes; persisted in knowingly they become black magic; and in the worst event the sorcerer is cut off by his own act from the Cosmos, and becomes a "Brother of the Left Hand Path." This truth is taught by Wagner in Parsifal. Klingsor was unable to comply with the requirements of the Graal Knights; he could not harmonize Love and Holiness; so he mutilated himself, and was for ever debarred from even a possibility of redemption.

It was because the Church misunderstood this doctrine, and saw in magic but a rival power, that she strove with all the agony of fear to suppress it. Soon only charlatans dared to practice it, because they were known to be harmless. The whole thing fell into contempt.

When I was twenty-two years of age I devoted myself to the attainment of adeptship, or whatever you like to call it. That was indeed the question: what should I call it? (For I am first of all a poet, and expert in the use of words.) I decided to call my life-work *magick*. For this very reason, that it was fallen so utterly into disuse. I cut myself deliberately off from the modern jargon "theosophy," "occultism," and so on, all words with an up-to-date connotation. I would make my own connotation, and impose it on the world. The only chance of confusion was with prestidigitation, and that not being of the same universe of discourse, hurt no more than the homonymity of "box," "game" and a hundred other words. There was something of boyish defiance, too, no doubt, in my choice of the word. However, I labelled myself with it, and I used good gum!

It has been necessary to insist that Magick is done by an identification of the magus with the Supreme in order to show how in practice one goes to work.

There are two branches of this one tree; we may conveniently call them the Catholic and Protestant.

The Protestant method is that of direct prayer.

As a child asks its father for a toy, so the magician asks God to cause rain, or whatever he may need at the moment. The prayer book is full of such spells, even to the extreme use of "Oh, Lord, who alone workest great marvels, send down upon our Bishops and Curates the healthful spirit of Thy grace." But there is no record of any favorable answer to this particular prayer!

In the supreme prayer of Christ in Gethsemane we find the advanced magician speaking. "*If it be Thy will, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done.*" This ends in "My will, which is Thine, be done" for bye-and-bye Christ tells Pilate that if He wished He could have twelve legions of angels to defend Him. But he no longer wishes the cup to pass from Him; His will is one with the Father's.

Now, in order to persuade the God addressed that it is right to grant the prayer, or in order to convince oneself that one is asking for a proper miracle, one resorts to commemoration of other miracles wrought by that God in the past.

Thus the talisman made by Dr. Dee, which raised the tempest in which the Spanish Armada was destroyed, has figured upon it a symbolic image of a face blowing forth a great wind, and around it is the versicle "He sent forth His lightnings and scattered them"—or some similar words. God is reminded that in the past He brought victory to His chosen people by raising a storm at the proper moment. There is, in legal phrase, a precedent for the miracle.

The conjurations of the Grimoires abound in this sort of recitation before the God of His previous exploits.

Here then is the link with the second form of magick—the "Catholic." For in Catholic magick the formula is this; the story of the God is enacted before Him; He is moved by the sight of His own sufferings or adventures (Here we must remember that most Gods are deified men) and at the same time the sympathy of the actors with the God is stirred to its highest point.

The Bacchae of Euripides is a perfect example of this kind of ritual. In fact, almost all Greek drama of the classic period is of this kind. The "deus ex machina" speech at the end marks the identification complete.

Similarly, the Eleusinian Mysteries celebrated the adventures of Demeter; those of Adonis and Osiris and Mithras tell the story of the Sun, and thus invoke his power. J. M. Robertson goes further, and says that the story of the Last Supper, Trial and Crucifixion of Christ is not a history but a scenario. Nor is this view confined to rationalists and anthropologists of the type of Spencer, Frazer, and Grant Allen; many Christian mystics uphold it, and say that their reverence for the Logos is not lessened but increased by the identification of the legend of His life and death with that of the Cosmos.

I must again call attention to the necessity of this formula of identification in order to show the impossibility of evil in magick. Evil is synonymous with failure.

With the low class sorcerer who sells himself as a slave to some "devil" we have nothing here to do. That is the antithesis of magick. The aim is to com-

mand the spirits. Very well; suppose we begin in a gross, selfish, avaricious way, and try to get the spirits to bring us gold. We call Hismael, the Spirit of Jupiter. Nothing happens. We learn that Hismael will not be commanded but by his proper Intelligence, Iophiel. So we call Iophiel. Equal recalcitrance on the part of Iophiel, who is only amenable to the orders of Sachiël, his Angel. Same story with Sachiël. We go to Tzadquiël the Archangel. Still no good; for Tzadquiël obeys none but El. Good; we invoke El, the God. We must then become El; and having done so, having entered into that vast divine essence, we cannot bother any more as to whether we have any money. We have left all that behind. So then we see that to perform any miracle we must show a divine reason for it. I have often asked for money and obtained it; but only when the money was really needed for some manifestly cosmic benefit.

In fact, with whatever work one begins, one is led up to the Great Work. This is a logical process, and even if one were tempted to be illogical, and turn to Black Magic, those great forces whose names one has (perhaps ignorantly) invoked are invisibly about one, and bring one into line with a jerk—and none too gentle a jerk at that!

Eliphaz Levi defines Black Magic as the result of the persistence of the will in the absurd. One does not go mad on seeing the devil, because before invoking him one must be already mad.

It is extraordinary how the formula of Hermes Trismegistus holds throughout; Magick is but the extension of the microcosm in the macrocosm. And as the macrocosm is the greater, it follows that what one does by magick is to attune oneself with the Infinite. "In myself I am nothing: in Thee I am All-self. Dwell Thou in me! and bring me to that Self which is in Thee!" concludes the great prayer of the Rosicrucians.

This, however, explains why those who meddle with magick out of curiosity, or who try treacheries on magicians, find themselves in trouble.

The Magician is an expression of the Will of the Universe: the meddlers rebel, and suffer. To oppose a true Magician is as silly as to put your hand on a circular saw in motion. But the handless blames the saw.

I know of one modern Master who has been often attacked. In every case the attacker has come to absolute ruin. One woman came to him, a woman old and sly, and wormed herself into his confidence. He knew her for an enemy, and trusted her absolutely. He left her his check-book duly signed, and she embezzled his money. He left his wife in her care, and she tried to corrupt her. By-and-bye it became obvious to the woman that the Master knew everything. He only smiled, and continued to trust her. So she went down with meningitis, and there was an end of her.

In such a case the only mistake the magician can make is to defend himself in the normal manner. He leaves his castle; he will be slain. You must not go on to the enemy's ground. Perfect love, perfect faith, perfect trust, and you are unassailable. But use the weapons of the flesh, and you are lost.

(To be continued.)

THE GATE OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."

"The Menace of Peace," George D. Herron. (Mitchel Kennerley, 1917.)

It is said that many soldiers have lost their minds owing to the war. So have some civilians. But we do not think that George D. Herron is in either group. He raves in a most blasphemous manner about Christ, and he looks every night under his bed for a Jesuit.

The world is indeed hysterical when such delirious cat-calls find a publisher.

Not content with destroying the German body, he must destroy the "German mind," another phantom like his "wicked Pope Benedict" bribed by German gold, like (I suppose) the Earthquake of San Francisco. Probably the Flood was started by the Germans to try out their U-boats. Such alleged partisans of the Allies are their gravest enemies.

A book of roaring blasphemy like this is just the argument that the enemy most needs.

Lord, save us from our friends!

A. QUILLER, JR.

The Unveiling: a poetic drama in five acts, by Jack-son Boyd; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915.

Only last month an old and valued friend of mine reviewed the works of Mr. Robert Frost for Pearson's Magazine. I chanced to call upon him in his sumptuous yet chaste atelier. I found him prone, the prey of a proud melancholy. "Speak, speak!" I cried impetuously. "I am surpassing glad and sad," quoth he, "for lo! I have attained my apex, my apogee, my

meridian, my asymptote, my climax. I have made the great discovery of my life; now I must pass into the sere and gamboge, a wailing derelict. Yes, my poor brother, Othello's occupation gone. Never can I pierce further than I have done into the hells of bad verse; never shall I find an intellect more imbecile, a style more wooden, than that of Robert Frost!"

At that precise moment a clarion peal upon the bell broke in upon my gloomy meditations. Two powdered lackeys ushered in the visitor. It was a special messenger from G. P. Putnam's Sons, his hair flying loose, his garments dusty and disordered with his haste. Yet apparently he had been two years on the way, for he brought a volume published all that time ago.

The volume fell from my friend's nerveless hand. "Open it!" he sobbed pitifully. I performed the rash act amid loud applause from all present. It was indeed "The Unveiling." "Be of good cheer," I shouted, as I scanned the pages, "whaur's your Robbie Frost noo?" My friend has completely recovered his health and good spirits; but I am perfectly certain that Pearson's, in holy awe and godly fear of the Society for the Suppression of the English Language, will never allow him to print what he thinks of this book. "Worse than Frost!" he keeps on repeating to himself, in a kind of ecstatic coma.

(No further bulletins will be issued.)

A. QUILLER, JR.

AN OPEN LETTER TO GENERAL WHITE.

Sir: In reply to your invitation I presented myself at 280 Broadway on the morning appointed by you.

After a brief pause for embarrassment, a young and very charming officer addressed me and my fellow-loyalists as follows:

"Haw. Haw. Awfly sorry, you chaps, dontyerknow, but the fact is we aren't ready. We put it in the newspapers, of course, but some rotten blighter's let us down. No rooms to undress in, haw, haw; no forms, no stationery, what."

My name and address was then taken, to save trouble; I was to be summoned when they did get ready.

I did not get this summons; so I went down again in a week or so. This time I was examined by a "doctor," one of the funniest men I ever saw. Without making the necessary tests—I happen to be a doctor myself—he pronounced a diagnosis which had the merit of being totally at variance with that of the best opinion of Harley Street. He then promised to mail a certificate of exemption, which I have not yet received.

Yesterday I told my troubles to an American. He said: "You are lucky to get off so easily. How many of your friends are lying dead at Gallipoli, in Mesopotamia, on the Somme, and so on, just because of the mutton-headed incompetence of these gold-braided dummies? It's all of a piece."

I stopped him there with a short hook to the jaw.

Was I right? And what should I do now?

I have the honor to be, Sir, in undying loyalty to the Empire, your most humble and obedient servant.

BRITON.

P. S.—I cannot but think it an error to employ the insulting neologism "Britisher" in addressing Britons.

It is bad logopoiesis to try to construct a noun from an adjective by adding "er." You can make a word like "mucker" from "muck," to mean "one who mucks things"; "stinker" from "stink," to mean one who makes a stink; for "er" added to a noun or a verb gives the idea of agency. But "er" tacked on to an adjective gives the idea of increase; it is the sign of the comparative; as "stupider" from "stupid."

Briton is a noble word, a word consecrated to us by the use of generations, as by the genius of Dibdin. Britisher is no word at all; it is simply a term of abuse and contempt invented by the American sea-captains when they felt that way. To use it to us as a term of endearment is just one more instance of the muddle that is risking the loss of the war.

I almost think that it has been a mistake to distrust the few men of brains that we possess. Sir Richard Burton got into trouble for furnishing his superiors with full and accurate information of the Indian Mutiny two years before the outbreak at Meerut; Consul Litton was banished to Teng-Yueh because he offered to give the Ambassador complete details of the Boxer organizations while they were still incoherent; Sir William Butler lost his reputation because he predicted the Boer War; Sir Bampfylde Fuller was dismissed because he told the truth about India. Why do you so hate and fear intelligence when we who happen to possess it are willing to offer it single-heartedly to our country?

BALZAC—A NOTE.

It is said of the artist as of the philosopher that he is inevitably limited by the spirit of his age, the *Zeitgeist*; that it is his highest attainment to represent that spirit in fullness. Yet the *Zeitgeist* is only a phase of "The Holy Spirit of Man" after all, a sort of mood conditioned by economic and climatic conditions as well as by the only noble engine of human progress, the influence of the truly great men of the race. So the Artist at his best is both the creator and preserver of mankind; he is also, in a sense, the destroyer. For he burns out the inessential and the accidental elements, and leaves only the Truth.

Honoré de Balzac was not so dynamic a force as Mohammed. One cannot be equally creator and preserver. Those men who push humanity directly, the poets and prophets, are not so perfect as the great historians in the matter of representation. The poet is always yearning to create a new heaven and a new earth; his desire blinds his vision. Shelley leaves an entirely wrong impression of his contemporaries; his passion colors his sensorium. Shakespeare, a careless easy voluptuary, minion of lordlings, and squire of fast dames, was a reactionary, so far as he was anything. The poet in him was emasculated by the court favorite. But his outlook on humanity was whole. He saw all, and, bar a trifle of snobbishness, the appanage of all Anglo-Saxons, he saw steadily and straight.

Balzac was an artist of this type. He was not biassed, as Shakespeare was, by "evil communications." His mind was in reality much more comprehensive than Shakespeare's. He knew the whole of society from the top; he was not handicapped like Shakespeare by being a climber. The Swan of Avon made a lot of his portraits "out of his head"; they are fantastic and romantic figures, boyish dreams rather than things seen. Balzac paints only from nature. Practically every character in the *Comédie humaine* is to be found in our own environment today. Shakespeare admittedly took his material from existing story or legend. Balzac's model was life, direct. It is evident to the student that Shakespeare was observing at second hand most of the time.

The mind of the great Frenchman was moreover of infinite grasp. His whole plan was coherent. His characters appear and reappear in novel after novel, always consistent, always real. Shakespeare's characters rarely reappear; where they do, there is no development, no increase of our knowledge concerning them. Consider only the case of Falstaff, the best of such. Here the only scene that tells us more than the Gadshill scene is the death scene. Beside Balzac, Shakespeare's characters are mechanical and unreal. They are too poetic to be solid. Further, the portraits of the nobles, to take one case, are the merest smudged sketches. Who can distinguish Rivers from Hastings, or a dozen others, for example? It is only in rare instances that he takes the least trouble over them. Balzac, on the contrary, often risks boring the reader by being at too great pains to introduce his characters properly.

For these causes we must admit that Balzac is one of the first minds that the race has produced. Zola tried

the same thing; but oh! with what laborious effort, what sweat of office-work! Balzac worked as hard, but in a more concentrated and natural manner. There is no forcing evident in his method. He is natural, too, where Zola is symbolistic or artificial; he is the supreme master of reality. Again, Balzac is a universalist; nothing is too small or too great to escape him. He has a sense of proportion which no other master even approaches. In a day like ours, when the Russian masters are beginning to come into their own, it is absurd that their archetype should fail to be recognized by all as such, as the first man to read, and the last. There is nothing in Tolstoi, Turgenieff, or Dostoieffsky which has not been done, and done better, by Balzac. It may be admitted that the study of Balzac is a life's work in itself; but how sublime and interesting a study! There is not a dull page in all that array of volumes.

To the American reader there is one peculiar charm. Balzac never, no matter in what height of tragedy, forgets the ever-present problem of money. He interweaves economic necessity with every tale. This is one of the great reasons of his power. Other writers occasionally introduce the topic; some base their whole theme upon it; but no one else keeps the matter in mind in the consistent way that Balzac does, treats it as a true strand of the cord of life, as it is. What Zola does in "*La Curée*," consciously, Balzac does all the time, without seeming to perceive it. In this, and a thousand other subtle ways, he conveys the reader to a world which must instinctively be recognized by every one as reality shorn of all accidental and indifferent elements, as the Truth of Life itself.

Balzac is not an author to pick up and to throw down again. He is a man to live with. He is perhaps the only writer who is genuinely educative, who is of actual use to the reader in his effort to comprehend the world he lives in. He is worth much more to the ambitious youth than any correspondence course whatever. He is the next best master to Life itself; and his lessons are not so long, so painful, and so badly arranged. One can learn more in a month from Balzac than in a year from Life. In this world to be forewarned is to be forearmed; and Balzac shows every situation, and the way it develops, in so vivid a form that one is compelled to live it in the person of every one of the actors of the drama. It is impossible to escape from the spell of the magician; you are obliged to understand his villains as well as his heroes. For he never creates false values. His figures are never puppets, carefully labelled. One realizes throughout that even the worst of us is human, that faults spring from destiny just as inexorably as more gracious qualities.

One does not understand life without the aid of literature, for one is limited by one's own small experience. Balzac puts one wise in the quickest, the most universal, and the most thorough way. It is absurd to try to wander about the planet without this supreme guide to its inhabitants. Also, one must assimilate one's own heart and mind to that guide; and to do that, one must have him on one's bookshelf, always with a gap showing the absence of the particular volume in immediate use.

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THE INTERNATIONAL FORUM—A PLEA FOR BETTER MORALS

LOUIS U. WILKINSON ANSWERS HIS CRITICS.

(The appearance of Mr. Wilkinson's remarkable novel, "The Buffoon," has created consternation in the camp of the Comstocks and the Grundys. This daring work powerfully exploits those vital sexual and spiritual phases in the life of man which the United Spinsters (both sexes) of the World have tabooed and interdicted. We herewith publish the English novelist's answer to his critics. We are anxious to know what our readers think of the controversy and welcome all comment on the subject. In our next issue we shall publish letters for and against the contentions of Mr. Wilkinson.)

WHAT would happen to a novelist who tried to exhibit, truthfully, the sexual emotions of the average "moral" person? A single moment's contemplation is enough to sweep us off our feet with a frisson of horror: what a welter of obscenity! And how would public and critics, hit so un-expectedly below the belt, rave and squeal! But how illuminating, how educative! Let some one, as a sacred duty, write a novel called, say: "A Mr. Wilkinson, a Clergyman": a clergyman, perhaps, of the Grace M. E. Church. Let the truth be told about this Mr. Wilkinson, no matter if the novelist goes mad or expires in telling it. For his cell or his tomb will hold a martyr in the shining cause of moral education, and is not that enough?

I myself, a Mr. Wilkinson, but not a clergyman, have no stomach for moral stinks, and am therefore unequal to the task of pitchforking the horrific manure of my namesake's soul. But we may well be perturbed by the knowledge that such souls exist, and by the conviction that, judging from the way things are in now, they will go on existing for a long while yet. The malignant sex-taboo that grips us so uncleanly is not relaxing the grip, but tightening it; with a strait bitter clutch maniacal enough, indeed, to start some hope that the climax is reached, and that a reaction to relative sanity may not be further off than our own dotage. In this country the discovery of a lust-murder in a cellar, or the organizing of military encampments, sets bubbling over at once the pus of sex-suppression: all our Mr., Mrs. and Miss Wilkinsons disgorge their frenetic sexual yelps, rush rampant for their malicious revenges. Victims themselves of the taboo since earliest consciousness, they must needs serve the taboo by making victims of others: and all the dammed energy that should have flowed for their natural satisfaction is released in sterile side-volume to compel the unnatural dissatisfactions of other people. The men and women whose lives are paralyzed by our barbaric sex-conventions find relief in censoring "immoral" books and plays and pictures, in tracking down naked bathers—even though, like the ladies of Keswick, they can only see them with a telescope; in screaming "White Slavery!"; in the agitation of schemes for the personal supervision by a Board of Matrons and Spinsters of all girls under twenty-five in the large cities, or for the raising of the age of consent to twenty or thirty—why not eighty, and be quite safe? As safe, at least, as in this wicked world one can be. It is now a further outlet for the morbid sex-morality paranoiac to bandy philosophic profundities about "Moral Zones" round training camps, concluding, with the high wisdom of a hen and the illumined benevolence of a serpent, that we can only win this war

with strong, healthy young soldiers, who are kept perforce as abstinent from women as Simeon Stylites and as abstinent from liquors as the Grand Lama.

In England recent manifestations of the sex-taboo seem to have been equally degraded and lewd. The reaction towards a less stringent sex restraint which war, coming near enough, invariably brings, has been met by Puritan legislation more than usually vindictive and mischievous, even for an Anglo-Saxon country. As a result it is certain that blackmailers at least will have no difficulty in meeting the increased cost of living; they have taken their place, in fact, in the most prosperous class of war-profiteers.

BUT a far more seriously malefic stroke of the taboo appears in the increase of venereal disease, an increase generally recognized as formidable. Mr. Max Pemberton in an article on "The Grave Sex Plague That Faces Britain," quotes authority that 70 per cent. of London prostitutes are diseased, and there seems no reason in the light of admitted facts to question his statement that the plague is "spreading every day" and that "it will kill in the long run vastly more than ever died by the pestilence of which Defoe wrote." Nothing, of course, stands in the way of stamping out venereal disease but the sex-taboo. In any country where modern medical science has scope both syphilis and gonorrhea can be more easily suppressed, as any doctor knows, than rabies; the reason why they are not suppressed is that moralistic degenerates do not want them to be. In the old days these enemies of the people met proposals of Contagious Disease Acts naively, by full disclosure of their inverted Sadism: "Those who sin must suffer"—Ignoring the unanswerable argument that those who suffer from these particular diseases are in thousands of cases not those who "sin." Nowadays the methods of obstructors of protective legislation are different, but the neurotic venom of the impulse towards obstruction is the same. It is quite certain that we English, "with that commonsense and sanity for which we are famous," as Mr. Pemberton puts it, will do nothing valid against syphilis or gonorrhea unless we are plainly threatened with being beaten if we don't: we shall continue to fool about with our grotesque "Royal Commissions" and the panic futilities of our cant-mongers of pulpit and press.

The stupid ferocity of moralism has such devastating effects on life that even a novelist may be sometimes inclined to pass over its no less vicious and baleful influence upon literature and art. But it is scarcely unimportant that in America and England it should be impossible to write truthfully of sex-emotion and sex-relations without being certainly attacked as a pornographer and possibly being suppressed, as happened lately to notable novels by Theodore Dreiser and D. H. Lawrence. It is scarcely unimportant that the most tremendous and the most real love-poem since Shakespeare's Sonnets—"Clouds Without Water"—should have to be restricted to a private printing: scarcely unimportant that unless an author is content to give an utterly superficial and false idea of the sex-passion, he can gain no general recog-

nition, but that if he is clever and unscrupulous enough to fall into close line with Sir James Barrie and the Sunday newspaper fiction he will be popular at once. The supreme convention of the taboo is that everything connected with the sex-impulse shall be either sentimentalized or vulgarized, with the result that we are choked by a welter of crude phantasy and vile coarseness alike intolerable to the healthy spirit.

UNHAPPILY there seems little hope of extrication. Our intellectualists are, for most part, in thrall themselves to the taboo, however sanely they may think on other subjects: sex, with them, too, is the blind or the diseased spot. Like nearly everyone else, they are victims of their early training, victims of suppression; they are terrified of being thought "dirty-minded": at the merest approach of sex suggestion reason fails them. Mr. Bernard Shaw—most noteworthy example!—shrieks "Hog!" and "Circe!" at the idea of an amour between Caesar and Cleopatra, and opines that the badinage of Benedick and Beatrice was grossly unbecoming to the gentleman and lady they were supposed to be. As a very young man, eager to satisfy the promptings of an inquiring mind, I asked Mr. Shaw what he considered the most serious obstacle to the advancement of women: he replied in one surcharged word: "Lust." Fortunately I had a friend wiser in this than Mr. Shaw, a friend whose name is not for nothing that of Henry Fielding's famous hero: he rejoined that as lust was eternal women would never advance. Not being a feminist, he was pleased by the reflection.

How did we come to this present sorry pass? Whence derive these Mr. Wilkinsons, who insist upon syphilis as though it were the natural birthright of the human race, who foam over gnashed teeth when they brood behind their mental bars upon sex-inversion, yet invent and manipulate every restriction, every persecution, against the normal force that makes our life? What is the lineage of our present order, our system so shameful and corrupt? Our system planned, it would seem, with the skill of an arch-foe of mankind—planned to drive the physical creative impulse inwards for festering, for "holding enmity with the blood of man." Why have we "locked love the dove in a close cage and loosed the tiger marriage"?

An answer might prudently begin by an admission that the origins of present sexual discontents are natural enough. It is natural that when a man falls in love he should swear eternal and exclusive fidelity to his girl, and that she should swear likewise. (Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his whimsical immoral way, finds in this fact a remarkable argument for indissoluble unions: one should be bound for ever, he thinks, because one has wanted to be bound for ever in a moment of abnormal excitement.) It is also natural to be like Othello, who

"Had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses."

IT is natural to be emotional and greedy, selfish, cowardly and vain: from such natural instincts most of our ills have flowed. Poverty, as Mr. Shaw has so often told us, comes from stupidity and egotism. So does chastity, when it is enforced from without by punishment and persecution. In the caveman smashing his neighbor's skull to rob him of the beast he has just killed, you have an early precedent for capitalistic enterprise: in the same caveman smashing the

other neighbor who wants to run off with his woman and with whom his woman wants to run off, you have a precedent for the Blue Laws of New England, for the state of mind of Othello and the average jurymen. No doubt the taboo has a long family-tree, and equally no doubt that this is no reason whatever for thinking it respectable.

The momentary idealism of lovers, then, and the primitive lust for exclusive possession, stand clear in the ancestry of our modern sex-restrictions and sex-neuroses. To trace roughly, men are—we all know this!—prone to demand chastity of women, for the ignoble reason that they want to be sure of having their special women all to themselves. (Meredith long ago optimistically foresaw that future wiser generations would "detect an infinite grossness in this demand for purity infinite, spotless bloom.") However, obviously enough, female chastity is incompatible with male unchastity, and the dilemma of the male arises, how to secure a system by which he may be reasonably certain that his mate is caught chaste and kept chaste, without at the same time too inconveniently curtailing the scope of his own sexual varietism? At this point comes the inevitable "modern" moralistic cry: "Down with the double standard!"—but no one has ever yet attempted to meet the patent difficulty of applying a single standard of morality to a creature capable of producing two or three hundred children a year and another creature capable of producing only one. This simple fact is quite enough in itself to explain why women are naturally more chaste than men, especially when we remember that most women's desires are more or less suspended during pregnancy, and for awhile after the birth of the child. No: the dilemma of the voracious male, bent on eating his cake and having it too, was met by the expedient of prostitution, the natural complement of marriage. Again to quote Meredith: "Monogamic societies present a decent visage and a hideous rear." And the "hideous rear" is not only Piccadilly or the "Tenderloin," it is also the monogamic chamber—after a certain lapse of time. No prostitution is more gross than that of a wife to her husband, when the sex-attraction is burned out or worn down; and one may pertinently question the moral effect upon children of daily contact with the parties to a hoggishness so crude and so dull. With the "advance" of "civilization" the whole matter grows more and more vilely tangled: economic pressure forces the age of marriage further and further beyond the age of puberty, which is nature's mating season; and the period of sex-suppression is therefore extended, with the formidably evil results known to Freud and all the other psychoanalysts who have come so late in the day to the discovery of their heart-rending science.

WHAT then is to be done with the lamentable offspring of our "Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman," with the young son who has sucked in the virus of the taboo with his mother's milk?—and heaven knows *she* has cause enough to think sex a shameful thing! When he has finished his moral education at the hands of blighted and indriven spinsters, at the hands of moving picture romances, what remains? He may be continent, either because he is undersexed or because he's afraid of Hell or of disease or of not making money—or he may be a furtive fornicator, a "sport": but what he certainly will not be, sexually, is a freely thinking and freely acting creature, neither unnaturally lewd nor unnaturally inoperative. Sex will have turned, in greater or less degree, to poison in him, and he will infect. He will lie about sex, be dishonest to himself and everyone else about it, his training and inherited prejudices will successfully inhibit him from bringing to this matter his reason and

commonsense, or his instincts of generosity and justice, supposing he has them. Whether he is "virtuous" or "vicious" he will be so blindly, he will be so destructively, like his parents before him, like the friends and companions of his present hours, like his minister, his lawyer, his doctor, his favorite poet, his favorite novelist, his favorite newspaper writer.

When, we tragically ask, is this mess going to be cleared up? Not till the plain fact is understood that chastity enforced from without is valueless; and worse than valueless, malign. Not till this fact is understood and accepted, with all its implications. Only the most stupid cynic would deny that chastity enforced from within has value, and beauty of a peculiarly rare and admirable kind. The girl or boy, chaste for the sake of a true love imagined but unrealized yet: two lovers, passionate for one another only, rejecting therefore any rapport of sense that is not mixed with spirit after that high, fine way they know: these will always be poetically present, refreshing us with the living waters of true virginity and true marriage. The false virginity, the virginity of the girl who's afraid of having a baby or of getting talked about or of spoiling her chance of marrying, the virginity without spiritual motive, has no beauty, no refreshment; nor has the false marriage, the marriage bereft of inward impulse, the marriage that drags on because husband and wife can't afford to live apart, or because if they were divorced he would lose his job, or because of mere vicious habit, or *because of the children*—what savage irony!

WHEN this blessed hour of discrimination between true and false arrives, when the enforcement from without of chastity and of marriage union is damned forever by reason and humanity, the maladies of the taboo will be no more. An individual demanding exclusive sexual possession of another individual who does not desire it will be placed in precisely the same category as an individual who desires to steal another's food, and it will avail him quite as little to sermonize about "natural feeling." A person who desires

to give free play to venereal diseases for the compulsion of chastity will be regarded as no less maliciously and insanely antisocial than one who desires to retain polluted wells for the prevention of water-drinking: and agitators against birth control will have no more attention paid to their arguments than agitators against aeroplanes, denouncers of the unnaturalness of defeating the Divine Will that men, not having been created with wings, should not fly. With the removal of these goads to pseudo-chastity the way will be clear. The taboo that was spawned by brute and blind sex-egotism and has spawned in its turn innumerable diseases, hideous, of the soul, along with disease of the body hardly less revolting in cruelty and horror; the taboo that has raised prostitutes, promiscuous or married, as thick as mushrooms for centuries; the taboo that has thrust undesired childbearing on weakened women as though they were broodmares—the great taboo at last will totter—"totter and crash, a crumbled crone." Let us "drink bulls' blood" to that day! Then will sex be clean and free, not smeared nor docked. The conditions of sex-alliance will be determined by the mutual consent of the parties to it, and by nothing else. "Light" men and natural-born hetairae will no doubt still exist, and invert; but, let alone, they will not be the vulgar and furtive creatures that most of them are forced to be now: and we shall be spared any blasphemous money-commerce, any lying masquerade of chastity. The chastity of that golden future will be a very chastity that depends on itself, is a thing in itself, not an abortion forced out under evil pressure; it will be the only chastity worth homage and song.

The new morality of this far future will, of course, make some demands. We shall have to sacrifice something: smutty jokes at vaudeville shows: Billy Sundays: white slavery: moving picture stories on the screen and off: delicate humor about husbands being kept late at the office and wives sitting up for them with rolling pins: pleasantries about old maids and mothers-in-law: societies for the suppression of vice: indecency: and the reeking corruptness of "a Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman."

DRINK AND FORGET

By WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

LET us be drunk, and for a while forget,
 Forget, and, ceasing even from regret,
 Live without reason and despite of rime,
 As in a dream preposterous and sublime,
 Where place and hour and means for once are met.

Where is the use of effort? Love and debt
 And disappointment have us in a net.
 Let us break out, and taste the morning prime....
 Let us be drunk.

In vain our little hour we strut and fret,
 And mouth our wretched parts as for a bet:
 We cannot please the tragicaster Time
 To gain the crystal sphere, the silver clime,
 Where Sympathy sits dimpling on us yet:—
 Let us be drunk!

HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO GET AN AUTOMOBILE

9—MOTOR CARS FREE—9

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL AND VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

take pleasure in announcing a stupendous Automobile and Grand Prize Distribution Campaign. Nine Motor Cars together with a magnificent array of other prizes will be showered upon Men, Women, Boys and Girls of the United States without a cent of cost to them. This remarkable opportunity is open to all. A fortune of prizes is to be given away in return for only a little effort on your part. The opportunity may never come again, and winning one of these Touring Cars is a matter of ambition. You have always wanted an Automobile of your own. Let us give you one FREE.

Two (2) 1917 Six Cylinder Detroit 6-45, Five Passenger Touring Cars, \$1,250 F. O. B. Detroit.

Seven (7), Ford Five Passenger Touring Cars, \$360 F. O. B. Detroit, or we will give you their cash value.

Seven (7) \$125 Aeolian Vocalion Phonographs, Style G 1, including Columbia records.

Seven (7) \$50 Gold Watches of standard make.

Seven (7) \$35 Wardrobe Trunks.

Seven (7) \$25 Traveling Bags, including Toilet Sets.

Seven (7) \$15 Cameras.

Any resident of the United States can share in this wonderful prize distribution on entering as a Contestant in VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION! Once a contestant has entered, a merry pastime of gathering votes begins and votes alone decide the winners. These votes are obtained by securing subscriptions to the above mentioned publications. It isn't necessary to be a subscriber in order to enter this campaign. Neither does it cost a cent to compete for the prizes either now or later. The prizes

are FREE. Just gathering subscription votes, that's all. Men, women, boys and girls are eligible. This campaign will continue from Wednesday, July 18, until Wednesday, October 10, 1917, inclusive.

Get an early start! One of these 1917 Model Touring Cars is for YOU!

Read every word of this announcement carefully. Scan the big prize list, see how the prizes will be awarded—then nominate yourself—or a friend—TODAY.

HOW PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED

GRAND PRIZES

The Two Contestants securing the largest number of votes, regardless of District, will be awarded the two Grand Prizes, consisting of two DETROITERS MODEL 6-45 Five Passenger Touring Cars, \$1,250 each F. O. B. Detroit.

DISTRICT PRIZES

After the grand prizes have been awarded, Six (6) District Prizes will be awarded in each of the Seven Districts as follows:

FIRST DISTRICT PRIZE—To Contestant securing the largest number of votes in each District, a \$360 Ford Touring Car or its value in cash (F. O. B. Detroit).

SECOND DISTRICT PRIZE—To Contestant securing the second largest number of votes in each District, a \$125 Aeolian Vocalion Style G 1 with Columbia Records.

THIRD DISTRICT PRIZE—To Contestant securing the third largest number of votes in each District, a \$50 Gold Watch.

FOURTH DISTRICT PRIZE—To Contestant securing the

This Means That Any Contestant Can Win Two Prizes—A Special Prize as Well as a Grand or District Prize

fourth largest number of votes in each District, a \$35 Wardrobe Trunk.

FIFTH DISTRICT PRIZE—To Contestant securing the fifth largest number of votes in each District, a \$25 Traveling Bag with Toilet Set.

SIXTH DISTRICT PRIZE—To Contestant securing the sixth largest number of votes in each District, a \$15 Camera.

SPECIAL PRIZES

For the largest number of subscriptions secured before August 29, 1917, to any Contestant irrespective of District, a \$100 set of The German Classics (translated into English, 20 Vols.).

For the second largest number of subscriptions secured before August 29, 1917, to any Contestant irrespective of District, a Cash Prize of Fifty Dollars (\$50).

For the third largest number of subscriptions secured before August 29, 1917, to any Contestant irrespective of District, a \$32 set of The History of the German People (in English, 15 Vols.), including an ornamental oak book rack.

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

There are no obligations in entering this contest, except that each Contestant must conform to the rules. It costs nothing to try.

To enter, cut out the nomination blank, fill it in as directed, and mail it at once to Otto Bismarck De Haas, the Manager of VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

Contestants may nominate themselves or be nominated by their friends.

As soon as your subscription is received you will be credited with 1,500 votes.

Every Contestant who turns in five (5) or more yearly subscriptions and does not win one of the Grand, District or Special Prizes will receive some reward to be announced later.

CONDITIONS AND RULES OF CONTEST

1. Any one who is of good character is eligible to compete in this campaign. This includes men, women, boys and girls.

2. No employee of THE INTERNATIONAL or VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY or member of his immediate family is eligible.

3. The Manager of the Grand Prize Distribution reserves the right to reject any nominations.

4. Any Contestant wishing to withdraw after being nominated must send his withdrawal in writing to the Manager.

5. In case of a tie for any of the prizes, the Contestants tying will receive prizes identical with the one tied for.

6. This campaign begins Wednesday, July 18, 1917, and closes Wednesday, October 10, 1917, at midnight. This means that all votes and subscriptions

with full remittances must be in your Post Office before midnight, Wednesday, October 10, 1917, and must reach the Manager of the Grand Prize Distribution by Tuesday, 6 P. M., October 16, 1917, and show the postmark as having been mailed October 10.

7. Contestants will not be permitted to transfer their votes to other Contestants. Votes cannot be bought or sold, and will only be given for paid subscriptions as per schedule.

8. Contestants may secure subscriptions anywhere in the United States.

9. In the event of a typographical error, THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY, Inc., and the Fatherland Corporation shall not be held responsible except to make the necessary correction on discovery of same.

10. Any question or controversy that may arise is to be settled by the Man-

ager, and his decision will be final and conclusive. The Manager also reserves the right to make whatever additions to the prize list he deems necessary in the interest of the competition.

11. Votes will be counted and checked by a committee of prominent men, who will act as judges, decide the winners, and award the prizes. Votes issued to contestants are good only in VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION, ending October 10, 1917.

12. No statement or promise made by any one varying from the rules as here-in set forth will be recognized.

13. Persons making payment direct to this office and desiring to have votes credited to their favorite Contestant must name such Contestant.

14. In accepting nominations, all Contestants must agree to abide by all the above conditions.

VOTES WILL DECIDE

The Winners of the Prizes Will Be the Contestants Who Secure the Most Votes in the Competition. The Manner of Voting Is Explained Below.

IT COSTS NOTHING—ENTER TODAY!

DECLINING VOTE SCHEDULE

FIRST PERIOD

From July 18 to Aug. 29 the following votes will be given for Subscriptions anywhere in the United States.

VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

	Price.	Votes.
6 months.....	\$1.00	1,250
12 "	2.00	3,000
24 "	4.00	8,000

THE INTERNATIONAL

12 months.....	\$1.50	1,000
24 "	3.00	3,000

SECOND PERIOD

From Aug. 30 to Sept. 22 the following votes will be given for Subscriptions anywhere in the United States.

VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

	Price.	Votes.
6 months.....	\$1.00	1,100
12 "	2.00	2,750
24 "	4.00	7,000

THE INTERNATIONAL

12 months.....	\$1.50	900
24 "	3.00	2,500

THIRD PERIOD

From Sept. 24 to Oct. 10 the following votes will be given for Subscriptions anywhere in the United States.

VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

	Price.	Votes.
6 months.....	\$1.00	1,000
12 "	2.00	2,500
24 "	4.00	6,000

THE INTERNATIONAL

12 months.....	\$1.50	800
24 "	3.00	2,000

Take Advantage of Present Rate of \$2.00 for VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. After October 10, 1917, the Rate Will Be \$2.50 Per Year

DISTRICTS

DISTRICT No. 1—Consists of the States of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Arizona, Texas, New Mexico and the Territory of Alaska.

DISTRICT No. 2—Consists of the States of Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Missouri.

DISTRICT No. 3—Consists of the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan.

DISTRICT No. 4—Consists of the States of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio.

DISTRICT No. 5—Consists of the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and the District of Columbia.

DISTRICT No. 6—Consists of the States of Pennsylvania, New York (except Greater New York City and Long Island), New Jersey (except the counties of Hudson, Bergen and Essex), Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

DISTRICT No. 7—Consists of Greater New York City and Long Island in the State of New York and the counties of Hudson, Bergen and Essex in the State of New Jersey.

ALL SUBSCRIBERS when sending remittances as per above schedule are entitled to votes.

When the nomination is made the Contestant is given credit for 1,500 votes.

Votes cannot be purchased. They can be secured only for subscriptions paid for in cash.

THERE WILL BE NO LOSERS PROVIDED YOU TURN IN FIVE OR MORE SUBSCRIPTIONS. THE NATURE OF THE REWARD TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER. "FAIRNESS TO ALL" IS OUR MOTTO.

GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION MADE PLAIN

A Question and Answer Review of the Generous Prize Offer.

Q. What is the Grand Prize Distribution?

A. It is a voting campaign provided for the giving away of thousands of dollars in prizes.

Q. How will the prizes be distributed?

A. There are two Grand Prizes for the highest Contestants, irrespective of district, and forty-two district prizes, six to each district. Also three special prizes for first vote period.

Q. What must be done to make a person a Contestant?

A. Fill out a nomination blank and mail it to MANAGER VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

Q. Who may enter this profit-sharing campaign?

A. Anybody (Men, Women, Boys or Girls) of good character in the United States.

Q. How may votes be secured?

A. They may be obtained by turning into this office cash advance subscriptions to THE INTERNATIONAL and VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY as per schedule. Cash, postal or express money order, or draft must accompany a subscription order and be sent to MANAGER VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

Q. Will a Contestant be compelled to get votes only in the district in which he is entered?

A. No. A Contestant can secure votes anywhere in the United States. The districts have been named only to divide prizes more equably.

Q. Is a Contestant furnished with any records with which to handle subscription cash?

A. Yes! Receipt books and report sheets for securing subscriptions and sample copies can be had upon request to the Manager. They are free!

Q. From whom can subscriptions be secured?

A. From anybody, whether they are present subscribers or not.

Q. How is information secured regarding any details of the contest?

A. By writing to or making personal calls upon Otto Bismarck De Haas, MANAGER VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

Do not send personal checks unless exchange is added.

Use this blank for making nomination. Fill out as directed and send to MANAGER VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION, 1123 Broadway, N. Y. City.

NOMINATION BLANK Good for 1,500 Votes

Date.....1917

MANAGER VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION:

I nominate.....

Post Office.....

Street & No.....

State..... Dist. No.....

as a Candidate in VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION

Signed..... Address.....

This nomination Counts 1,500 Votes. Only one nomination blank will be credited to each contestant. The nominator's name will not be divulged if so requested.