

THE INTERNATIONAL

HELLO, SEPTEMBER!

Utterly regardless of expense, we have secured a series of detective stories which will make the greatest sensation since Sherlock Holmes. Simon Iff is an entirely original character, and his method of detection is the most fascinating in all literature.

In the midst of a great deal of morbid fear of physical pain—that which has gone so far to make humanity degenerate, it is a fine sign that a woman should be found to write with such ecstasy in war as the author of the Lyric Shambles. It is one of the best things yet written on the struggle in Europe.

The Black Windmill is an extraordinarily interesting piece of psychology. It is in a way a classic contribution to the study of that morbidity which arises from the suppression of the Will of Love.

"1066" is probably the best exposition yet written of the English aristocratic system—so little understood in this country.

Sinn Fein again deals with English politics. It shows the way by which England can turn Ireland from open enmity to loyal and enduring friendship.

We have received so many hundred letters from enthusiastic readers that it is impossible to answer them all individually. Will they please accept this general word of thanks for their appreciation and encouragement?

The three continued stories are particularly interesting this month. It is a pity that we cannot print longer installments of them. Every one will agree that nobody could improve the quality of this magazine, and only we could increase the quantity; but if we are to do this every reader must get busy and find half a dozen more. If every one does that, we can have sixty-four pages instead of thirty-two without increasing the price of the magazine.

The October number will contain the second of the Simon Iff stories, "The Artistic Temperament," which is the most astonishing study of murder in the series. We are also featuring a series of stories dealing with the religions of old times, the mysterious rites of strange Gods. There is a most remarkable study of cocaine by one who really

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understands the subject. "The Revival of Magick" is continued as well as the "Confessions of a Barbarian" and Professor Leonard's wonderful "Two Lives," and there are other articles of vital interest on occult subjects, in particular one in regard to the use of the Ouija Board, by the Master Therion himself.
J. B. R.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS

SOMEONE said the other day that there is something about THE INTERNATIONAL which he can't find in any other periodical.

THERE is. It is indefinable; something which even we ourselves cannot describe. It isn't quite enough to say that ours is a magazine of international politics, literature, art and events of current interest; that THE INTERNATIONAL contains the best fiction and the best essays of the day. There is more to be said for the quality and for the style of this magazine.

TO call THE INTERNATIONAL "highbrow" is all wrong. It isn't anything of the kind. After you have read this number you will say: "Ah! Here is the magazine I have been waiting for." That being the case, won't you fill out the subscription blank at the bottom of this page?

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VOL. XI. NO. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1917

PRICE 15 CENTS.

THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF

By EDWARD KELLY

NO. 1. BIG GAME.

I.

Dick Ffoulkes was in good practice at the Criminal Bar, and his envied dinner parties, given to few and well-known friends, were nearly always held in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. They looked out on one of the pleasantest green spots in London.

There was a brooding of fog on the first December night of 1911, when Ffoulkes gave a supper to celebrate his victory over the Crown in the matter of the Marsden murder.

Marsden was a wealthy man, and had no enemies. The police suspected a mere protégé of his unmarried sister, who was his only heir; he might thus benefit indirectly; no other motive could be found. The boy—for he was barely twenty—had dined with Marsden on the night of the murder, and of course the police had finger-prints by the dozen. Ffoulkes had torn their flimsy web to rags, and tossed them in the air with a laugh.

All his guests had gone but one, his oldest friend, Jack Flynn. They dated from Rugby, and had continued their inseparability at Balliol. They had read together for the bar, but Flynn, after being called, had branched off into the higher journalism.

The Marsden case had stirred England profoundly. Slight as was the motive attributed to Ezra Robinson, the suspected boy, there was no other person with any motive at all; faint as were the clues which pointed to him, there were none at all to point elsewhere.

Besides these considerations, there was apparently no physical possibility of any other murderer. Marsden had unquestionably died of a thrust in the heart from a common carving-knife, which was identified as the one which had been sent up with the dinner. Unobserved access to the suite was impossible, a floor clerk being continuously seated in full view of the only door to the whole apartment. The only person known to have been in the room, after the table had been cleared by the hotel servants, was the accused. And even Ffoulkes had not

dared to suggest that the wound—a straight drive from above and behind—might have been self-inflicted. Nor was there any motive of robbery, or any trace of search for papers. But there was an undoubted thumb-print of Robinson's in blood on the handle of the carving knife, and there was a cut on his left hand. He had explained this, and the presence of the knife itself, by saying that it had slipped as he was carving, and that he had run into the bathroom to wash and bind the cut, leaving the knife on the washstand.

The only point clean for the defense was the medical evidence, which put the time of death some two hours later than the departure of Robinson. This coincided with a temporary failure of the electric current all through the hotel. Ffoulkes suggested that the old man, who had drunk a good deal of wine, had gone to take a bath before retiring, seen the knife, remembered his old skill as an amateur juggler, ample testimony of which was forthcoming, and started to play at catching the knife. The light had gone out while he was throwing; he had dodged maladroitly, and the blade had chanced to catch him between the shoulders.

The opposite theory was that Robinson had returned to fetch his cigarette-case, which was in fact found in the room by the police, passed the floor clerk and slipped into the suite in the short spell of darkness, seen his opportunity and seized it, making off before the light was restored. He had not been able to give a satisfactory account of his movements. His story was that he had left Marsden early on account of a severe headache, and had wandered about the streets trying to obtain relief; on the other hand, no one in the hotel would swear to having seen him after his ostensible departure. The floor clerk had testified to a considerable commotion just at the time of the failure of the electric supply; she had heard noises apparently in several rooms; but this might well have been the normal confusion caused by the sudden darkness.

Flynn had been of the utmost service to Ffoulkes in the case. He had performed a weekly miracle in avoiding a spell of prison for contempt of court; for every week he had returned to the charge. There were long articles on miscarriages of justice; others on the weakness of circumstantial evidence where no strong motive was evident; others again on strange accidental deaths. He quoted the case of Professor Milnes Marshall, who slipped and fell while setting up his camera in Deep Ghyll on Scawfell. He was on a gentle slope of snow, yet he made no effort to recover himself, and rolled over and over to the edge of a precipice, at whose foot he was found dead, smashed to a pulp. This happened in full view of several other climbers. This accident was contrasted with that of Arthur Wellman on the Trifthorn. He fell eight hundred feet, and yet only hurt himself by cutting his leg slightly with his ice axe.

A hundred such parallels were at the service of Flynn, and he hammered them into the head of the public week by week, while scrupulously avoiding any reference to Marsden. As the courts had no idea, officially, of the line of the defense, they could say nothing. But Flynn moulded the opinion of the public soundly and shrewdly, and in the end the jury had acquitted Robinson after a bare quarter of an hour's deliberation.

Ffoulkes' guests had complimented him on the ingenuity of his theory of an accident, but the lawyer had not been pleased. "That was a frill," he had replied: "the real defense was Absence of Motive. Grant the police their theory of Robinson's movements; put the knife in his hand, and a certain get-away—which he had not got, mind you; the light might have come on any second—but allow everything, and then ask yourselves: "Why should he stab the man?" There was no quarrel; his marriage with Miss Marsden was not opposed; on the contrary he risked that marriage by a mix-up of this sort; yet we are to suppose that he did it on the mere chance that there would be no fuss, and that his fiancée would have twelve thousand a year instead of four. Why, a sane man would hardly kill a rabbit on such motive!"

But now the guests were gone; Ffoulkes and Flynn lit fresh cigars, and settled down for an honest talk. At the elbow of each stood a bottle of the Green Seal '63, one of the soundest wines that ever came out of Oporto. For some time they smoked in silence.

"This is capital wine, Dick," said Flynn presently.

"Ah, cher ami, it is only ten years older than we are. We are getting to the port and portly stage of life."

"Well, there are thrills left. This has been a great case."

"Yes. I'm glad you stayed. I thought you might care to hear about it."

"Hear about it!"

"Yes, there were interesting features."

"But we need hardly recapitulate."

"Oh, I don't mean what came out at the trial."

"No? . . . I suppose nothing ever does come out at a trial!"

"Just as nothing ever gets into the newspapers."

"All right. Spit it out. I suppose Robinson did it, for a start."

"Of course. There was an accident in it, but one of a different kind. When the elevator put him out on Marsden's floor, he was amazed to recognize an

old flame in that very prepossessing floor clerk Maud Duval. They had been members of some kind of devil-worship club, and one of their games was cocaine. Robinson's a perfect fiend, by the way; we had to smuggle the stuff in to him all the time he was in prison, or he'd have gone crazy. Well, the old passion lit like tinder. They had lost each other somehow—you know how such things happen—both had made desperate efforts to renew the link, but in vain. So he told her his plans in ten words. Her answer was equally sweet and to the point. 'Kill the old man—I'll cover your tracks; marry the old girl; and meet me at our old trysting-place at midnight a year from to-day. We'll find a way to be rid of her. Don't risk another word till then.' Great and successful criminals have always this faculty of firmness of character and promptitude of decision. The rest of the story is short. The knife incident was intentional; for Robinson had brought no weapon. He left the hotel openly at nine-thirty; came in again by the bar entrance, went unnoticed to the mezzanine floor, and thence to Marsden's floor, thus avoiding the notice of the main office. The failure of the electricity had nothing to do with it—happened twenty minutes later. He walked in, killed the old man, and left as he had come. Pretty bold? Only cocaine. So now he's off to marry old Miss Marsden's money."

"I begin to see some sort of motive! Maud is what they call 'some peach' across the Straits of America."

"Yes; a perfect devil, with the face of a baby, and the manners of the jeune fille bien élevée. Just such a woman as you are a man, Jack, you old scoundrel."

"Many thanks. I think your own morals—in this case—have been a trifle open to criticism. I suppose it's your fifteen years of law."

"No; it's being under the influence of dear old Jack, with his fifteen years of journalism!"

"Stop rotting! I'm a bit staggered, you know, straight. Let's have another bottle of port."

Ffoulkes went to the buttery, and returned with a couple. For ten minutes neither spoke.

"I've a damned funny feeling," said Flynn at last. "Do you remember the night we put the iodide of nitrogen in the Doctor's nighties?"

"By the soft leather of this chair, I do!"

"Yes; we caught it! But it's the spirit, not the flesh, which goads me now. I've loved skating around the judges, these last weeks. The best thing in life is the feeling of escape. It's the one real thrill. Perhaps that's why I've always been so keen on solitary climbing and big game shooting."

"I always preferred fishing. My thrill comes from proving my intellectual stamina or subtlety." There was a pause.

"What do you think of murder, anyhow?" suddenly blurted out the journalist.

"The most serious crime, except high treason, known to the English law."

"True, O wise judge! But what is it morally?"

"An art, according to that ass Wilde."

"When I write an essay on it, I shall treat it as a sport. And between you and me, that is why I have never written one."

"Why?"

"Why, old intellectual stamina and subtlety, because if I ever do take it up, I don't want some fool to fix me up with a motive. But after your story of to-night, I don't mind telling you; if I'm caught, I'll

brief you! Observe, O man of motives, the analysis. Man is no longer killed for food, except in distant countries, or in rare emergencies such as shipwreck."

"He is only killed nowadays for one of two motives, gain or revenge."

"Add love."

"That's psychopathic."

"Well, we're all psychopaths; it's only a term of endearment in common use among doctors."

"Get on!"

"But there's the greatest motive of all—adventure. We've standardized life too much; and those of us who love life are more and more driven to seek adventure in crime."

"Or journalism."

"Which is only one of the meaner crimes. But you needn't talk; the practice of law is the nearest thing we have to man-hunting."

"I suppose that's true."

"Of course it's true. But it's a mere pheasant-shoot, with all your police for beaters. The game hasn't a chance. No. The motiveless murderer has the true spirit of sport; to kill a man is more dangerous than to follow a wounded gaur into the jungle. The anarchist goes after the biggest game of all; but he's not a sportsman; he has a genuine grievance."

"Your essay on murder will make some very pleasant reading."

"But doesn't it attract you too, with your passion to prove your mental superiority to others? Think of the joy of baffling the stupid police, fooling the detectives with false clues, triumphantly proving yourself innocent when you know you are guilty!"

"Are you tempting me? You always did, you know."

"Anyhow, you always fell!"

"Cher ami, for that alone I could forgive you everything!"

"Sarcastic to the last!"

"You have me to thank that we usually escaped the consequences!"

"Pride, my poor friend!"

"Truth, comrade in misfortune!"

"No. Seriously. I'm crazy to-night, and I really am going to tempt you. Don't prove it's my fault, blame your own good port, and also certain qualities in your own story of the Marsden case. One or two little remarks of yours on the subject of Miss Maud Duval—"

"I knew something would come of that."

"Yes, that's my weak point. I'm absurdly feminine in vanity and love of power over—a friend."

"Now I'm warned; so fire ahead. What's the proposal?"

"Oh, I haven't thought of that yet!"

"You big baby!"

"Yes, it's my bedtime; I'll roll home, I think."

"No, don't go. Let's sober up on coffee, and the '48 brandy."

"It's a damned extraordinary thing that a little brandy makes you drunk, and a lot of it straightens you out again."

"It's Providence!"

"Then call upon it in the time of trouble!"

Ffoulkes went in search of the apparatus. Jack rose lazily and went to the window; he threw it open, and the cold damp air came in with a rush. It was

infinitely pleasurable, the touch on his heated, wine-flushed face.

He stood there for perhaps ten minutes. A voice recalled him to himself.

"Café noir, Gamiani!"

He started as if he had been shot. Ffoulkes, in an embroidered dressing gown of black silk, was seated on cushions on the floor, gravely pouring Turkish coffee from a shining pot of hammered brass.

At one side of him was a great silver hookah, its bowl already covered by a coal from the fire.

Jack took a second dressing-gown that had been thrown across his chair, and rapidly made himself at ease. Then he seated himself opposite to his friend; bowed deeply, with joined hands upon his forehead, and said with mock solemnity: "Be pleased to say thy pleasure, O most puissant king!"

"Let Scherezade recount the mirific tale of the Two Thousand and Second Night, wherein it is narrated how the wicked journalist tempted the good lawyer in the matter of murder regarded as a pastime and as a debating society!"

"Hearing and obedience! But I must have oh! such a lot of this coffee before I get wound up!"

As it happened, it was two hours before Jack deigned to speak. "To use the phrase of Abdullah El Haji i-Shiraz," he began, "I remove the silken tube of the rose-perfumed huqqa from my mouth. When King Brahmadata reigned in Benares, there were two brothers named Chuckerbutty Lal and Hari Ramkrishna. For short we shall call them Pork and Beans. Now Pork, who was a poet and a devil of a fine fellow, was tempted by the reprobate Beans, a lawyer, whose only quality was low cunning, to join him in a wager. And these were the terms thereof. During the season of the monsoon each was to go away from Benares to a far country, and there he was, feloniously and of his malice aforethought, to kill and murder a liege of the Sultan of that land. And when they returned, they were to compare their stories. It was agreed that such murder should be a real murder in the legal sense—an act for which they would be assuredly hanged if they were caught; and also that it would be contrary to the spirit of sport to lay false trails deliberately, and so put in peril the life of some innocent person, not being the game desired to fill the bag. But it must be an undoubted murder, with no possibility of suicide or accident. The murder, moreover, must be of a purely adventurous nature, not a crime inspired by greed or animosity. The idea was to prove that it would be perfectly safe, since there would be no motive to draw suspicion upon them. Yet if either were suspected of the mamelukes, the Sbirri, the janissaries, or the progins, he should take refuge with the other; but—mark this, O king!—for being so clumsy he should pay to him a camel-load of gold, which in our money is one thousand pounds. Is it a bet?"

Ffoulkes extended his hand. "It's a bet."

"You're really game?"

"Dying oath."

"Dying oath. And now, O king, for I perceive that thou art weary, hie thee to thy chaste couch, and thy faithful slave shall doss it on the sofa."

In the morning Ffoulkes said, over the breakfast-table, "About that bet." "It's on?" cried Flynn in alarm. "Oh, yes! Only—er—I suppose I need about another seven or eight years of law; I stipulate that—what is thrown away—shall be as worthless as

possible." "Certainly," said Flynn, "I'm going to Ostend." "Good for you. Newspaper accounts shall be evidence; but send me the whole paper, and mark another passage, not the one referring to the bet."

"O intellectual subtlety and stamina!"

"Have some more coffee?"

"Thanks."

An hour later each, in his appointed lighthouse, was indicating the sure path of virtue and justice to the admiring English.

II

The Trinity sittings were over. Sir Richard Ffoulkes—for the king's birthday had not left him without honor—was contemplating his wig and gown with disgust. On the table before him was a large leather book, containing many colored flies; and he had just assured himself that his seventeen-foot split cane was in good order. In fact, he had been boyish enough to test the check on his Hardy reel by practicing casts out of the window, to the alarm of the sparrows. It was the common routine for him on the brink of a holiday, but it never lost its freshness.

Then there came back to him the realization that this was to be no ordinary holiday. He was pledged to do murder.

He went over to the mirror, and studied his face steadily. He was perfectly calm; no trace of excitement showed in his keen features. "I have always thought," he mused, "that the crises of life are usually determined by accident. It is not possible to foresee events with mathematical accuracy, and in big things it is the small things that count. Hence the cleverest criminal may always make some slip, and the clumsiest escape by a piece of luck. Let me never forget the story of the officer at Gibraltar who, focussing a new field-glass, chanced to pick up a shepherd in the very act of crime. On the other hand, how many men have got clear away through stupid people disturbing or destroying the clues: from Jack the Ripper downwards! But it is the motive that counts. Where that does not exist, the strongest clues lead nowhere. For our surest faith is that men's actions are founded upon reason or upon desire. Hence the utter impossibility of guarding against lunatics or anarchists. I should hardly believe the evidence of my senses in such a case as this: Suppose the Master of the Rolls dropped in to see me, and in the course of a perfectly sound conversation, broke up my fishing-rod without explanation or apology, and, when questioned, calmly denied that he had done so. Who would believe my story? Hence I think that I could walk into the Strand, shoot a perfect stranger in the crowd, and throw away the gun, with no danger of being caught, provided only that the gun could not be traced to me. The evidence of those who saw me fire would be torn to pieces in cross-examination; they could even be made to disbelieve their own eyes.

"From this I draw these conclusions as to the proper conditions for my murder: First, there must be no conceivable reason for the act; second, there must be no way of tracing the weapon to my possession. I need not trouble to hide my traces, except in obvious matters like blood; for it is exceedingly stupid to attempt to prove a false alibi. In fact, there is no bigger booby-trap for a criminal, *pace* the indignant ghost of Mr. Weller, Senior.

"My plan is therefore a simple one; I have only

to get hold of a weapon without detection, and use it upon an inoffensive stranger at any time when there happens to be nobody looking—though this is not so important."

He returned to his fishing tackle. "It's rather a big bet, though," he added; "there's more than a thousand pounds to it. I think I will be pretty careful over details. Practice may not be quite so simple as theory!"

However, the first part of his programme turned out to be delightfully easy. It was his custom to train during the holiday by taking long walks, on his way to the lake or river where he fished. He detested motor-cars. As luck would have it, during the first week, as he tramped a lonely road, his eye was caught by an object lying on the ground. It was a heavy motor spanner, evidently left behind by some chauffeur who had had a breakdown. His mind instantly grasped the situation. There was no one in sight. The spanner was already rusted, had lain there some days. Any of a hundred people might have picked it up. It could never be traced to him. He had never possessed such a tool in his life; besides, the pattern was common. He thrust it quickly into his pocket. When he got home, he packed it away carefully in his traveling cashbox, a solid steel affair of which there was but one key, which never left his chain. "Now," said he, "the problem is to find the inoffensive stranger. I had better leave Scotland. Every one in Scotland is offensive. Also, in the matter of motive, our common humanity urges us all to kill Scotchmen. So goodbye, land o' cakes!"

Further meditations were in this key following: since he was to kill with the spanner, certain precautions must be taken. It must be a very clean kill, with no outcry or struggle. At the end of his cogitations, he decided that the victim had better be asleep. His legally trained mind had snapped its last link with the idea of adventure or sport; his motto was "safety first." His attitude to his projected crime was simply that of preparing a brief; he wished to meet every contingency; the atrocity of his proceedings was invisible to his intellectuality. Reason is perfectly amoral.

It was on his way from Edinburgh to London that the brilliant idea occurred to him. He would kill old Miss Marsden! She was now Mrs. Robinson, by the way, for she had testified to the faith that was in her by marrying her protégé directly after his acquittal. Ffoulkes knew the house well; he had stayed there several days while working up the case. It was a lonely place, and the old lady was a fresh-air fiend, and slept on the veranda, winter and summer. She was perfectly friendly, had paid most liberally for the defense. Everything was in his favor. Even if Ezra happened to see the murder committed, his tongue was tied; indeed, he stood the strongest chance of being arrested for it himself. The servants slept far away from the veranda, at the other end of the old rambling house; there were no neighbors, and no dogs. His presence in the vicinity would excite no remark, for there was good dry-fly fishing in the streams. He would rent a cottage in the district for the second half of his holiday, walk over the downs, five miles or so, nothing to him, one moonless night, do the job, and walk back. A thousand to one that no one would know that he had ever left his cottage.

On this plan he acted. The only additional precau-

utions suggested themselves to him on the spot; he cultivated the vicar assiduously, playing chess with him every evening; and he feigned a considerable devotion to that worthy gentleman's only daughter. It will be well, he thought, to seem to have my mind well occupied with the pleasures of a simpler chase. Further, the villagers would see nothing in a lover taking long walks by nights, in case he were seen leaving the cottage or returning to it.

A last refinement shot across his mental horizon when he began to calculate the time of the new moon. She would be just a week old on the anniversary of the Marsden murder. That would be the night for the job; the clever-clever novelist-detectives would fabricate a mystery of revenge in connection with the date. Ezra, too, would be away to meet Maud. There was, of course, a possibility that poignancy of memory would keep the old lady awake on that particular night; but he must chance that.

Things turned out for him even better than he had hoped. Three nights before the proposed crime the vicar mentioned casually that he had met young Robinson—"the charming lad whom you defended so brilliantly"—motoring to London—called away suddenly on business. He expected to be back in a week or ten days. No, Mrs. Robinson was not with him; "she is slightly ailing, poor lady, it appears."

When the great night came Ffoulkes made his master-stroke by proposing to the vicar's daughter. He was obviously accepted, and the young people, after dinner, went gaily arm-in-arm through the village, and received the congratulations of the few belated travelers in that early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise corner of the planet. But Ffoulkes had the spanner in his pocket, and after bestowing his fiancée at the vicarage, went, deviously at first, then swiftly and directly, over the downs. Luck followed him to the last; he found his victim fast asleep. A single blow of the spanner, which he had wrapped in a paper bag to deaden the sound, smashed in the skull; he made his way home without being seen or heard by anybody.

Two days later he wrote to Flynn, with a cutting from the local paper.

"My dear Jack, here's a terrible sequel to the Marsden murder. It is now clear that there is some family feud connected with the fatal date. Probably an affair going back a generation. Shocking, indeed, even to a hardened lawyer like myself; but you see how right I was to insist that there must have been a strong motive for Marsden's murder. Shall we ever know the truth? It sounds like an Arabian Nights' tale."

A month later he returned to London; he had had no answer from Flynn, and supposed him to be still away on his holiday.

There were no arrests, and no clues, in the matter of Mrs. Robinson. The spanner, which Ffoulkes had dropped by the veranda, served merely to suggest a tramp, who might conceivably have been a chauffeur gone to the bad. But the mystery was deepened by an amazing development; her husband had disappeared completely. There was no question of his complicity in the crime; for on the previous evening he had dined with the British Vice-Consul in Marseilles; and it was physically impossible for him to have returned in time to commit the murder.

The obvious deduction was that whoever hated the Marsdens had included him in the schedule.

"Well," soliloquized Ffoulkes in his chamber, "at

least I shall not lose that thousand pounds. But now I've got to edge away from Miss Bread-and-Butter-and-Kisses. Ugh!"

III.

When you have dined at Basso's, which is the summit of human felicity, you should avoid too sharp a declension to this vale of tears by taking a stroll along the quays to the old quarter on the west of the Bassin. There you will find streets almost worthy to rank with the Fishmarket at Cairo, and decidedly superior to even the best that Hong Kong or Honolulu or New Orleans can produce. In particular, there is an archway called by initiates the Gate of Hell, for it forms an entrance to this highly fascinating and exceedingly disreputable district.

Under this archway, on the night of the exploit of Sir Richard Ffoulkes, stood a young man, quietly dressed in the English style, though with a trifling tendency to over-indulgence in jewelry.

He glanced at a watch upon his wrist; ten minutes before midnight. He then took a little bottle from his pocket, after a quick inspection of the vicinity. From the bottle he shook a few grains of powder on the back of his hand, and drew them into his nostrils. Next came a moment's indecision; then, swinging his cane, he walked briskly out of the archway, and paced up and down a strange little square of green, set there as if somehow hallowed by great memories. After a little while he returned to the archway. This time it was tenanted. A girl stood there. She was dressed in plain black with the extreme of modesty and refinement; but the piquancy and vitality of her face, and the lustre and passion of her eyes, redeemed the picture from banality.

There was a long look of recognition; the girl reached out both arms. The man took them in his own. For a minute they stood, feeding on each other, prolonging the delicious torture of restraint. Then slowly they drew together, and their mouths met in an abandoned kiss.

It would have puzzled them to say how long the embrace lasted; but at its truce they saw that they were not alone. Close to them stood another man, tall, elegant, slim, almost feminine in figure, as he certainly was in the extremity of the fashion which tailored him. Nor was there wanting a touch of rouge and powder on his cheeks. His thin, white hand was lifted to his nostrils, and the lovers perceived that he was taking advantage of the darkness to indulge in cocaine.

The newcomer spoke in silken tones. "Forgive me," he said in softest French, "but it gave me pleasure to be near you. I saw monsieur here a few moments ago, and knew that he was one of the elect. And mademoiselle, too? May I have the honor?"

The girl smiled. "Among friends," she murmured charmingly, and raised the back of her hand towards him. He saluted it with his lips, and then shook out a generous supply of crystal poison from a snuff-box in amber and emeralds that dated from the great days of Louis XIV.

The girl turned her eyes full upon him, almost ardently. "I haven't touched it," she said, "for ever so long. By the way, excuse me, won't you, but aren't we all English?"

"I am," said the exquisite. "I'm an actor on a

holiday. Won't you come to my rooms? It's only a garret, or little better, but I have plenty of the Snow of Heaven, and we could have a wonderful night." "Let's go!" said the girl, pressing her lover's arm. He hesitated a moment. "Three's company," urged the other, "when they all understand."

"It would be perfect," chimed the girl, "and it would suit us—in other ways," she added, darkly. "Yes, the scheme has points," admitted the younger man; "thanks very much. We'll come. What's your name? Mine's Herbert Aynes. This lady—we'll call her Mab, if you don't mind. There's an injured husband in the offing, you know; that's one reason why we have to be careful." "Certainly, prudence before all things; but I've no troubles; call me Francis Ridley." They linked arms, and strolled gaily along the main street of the quarter, enchanted by the color and the chiaroscuro, by the hoarse cries in all strange tongues that greeted them on every side, even by the weird odors—for when people are lit by love and adventure and cocaine, there is no place of this whole universe which is not sheer delight. Presently, however, they branched off, under Ridley's direction, and began to climb the steep streets on their right. A minute later they entered an ancient doorway, and after three flights of stairs found Ridley's dovecote.

It was a charming room, furnished, as if for a woman, with all bright colors and daintiness. On one side of the room was a divan, smothered in cushions; on the other a hammock of scarlet cords hung from the rafters. Ridley went to the window and closed the shutters. "Madame est chez elle!" he announced gallantly. "What a wonderful place!" laughed the girl. "However did you find it?"

"Oh, it used to be a house of assignation."

"Used to be!"

And this time all three laughed in unison.

IV.

The reopening of the courts found Ffoulkes enormously preoccupied. For the past two years several influential newspapers had been accusing Ministers of the Crown of the grossest kind of robbery. They had bought and sold stock, it was alleged, manipulating the prices by using their positions to announce that the government had or had not decided to make contracts with the companies involved, and subsequently denying the rumors when they had taken their profits. The attack had been so persistent that the accused ministers had been forced to desperate measures. They had started a prearranged libel action against a newspaper in Paris for reprinting one of these articles; but people still asked why they did not prosecute one of the sheets that were attacking them in London. Unhappily, not one of these was to be bought; each, carefully sounded, announced its intention to fight; and redoubled its venom.

It was at last decided to attempt a criminal prosecution of the weakest of its enemies, a paper edited by a man personally unpopular, and to bring every kind of indirect pressure upon the court to secure a conviction.

Of course the law officers of the Crown were unavailable for the prosecution; and the choice of a leader had fallen, at the last moment, when their own counsel suddenly declined to go on with the case and returned the briefs, upon Ffoulkes.

He had thus only a month to assimilate what really required six; but if he won, he could be sure of office next time a Liberal Government was in power.

So he worked day and night, seeing nobody but the solicitors and witnesses employed on the case.

He had no news of Flynn but a telegram from Berlin, saying that he would be back in a month, and that there was "nothing to report as yet." This amused Ffoulkes hugely; it would be great if Flynn failed to bring off his murder. However, he had no time for trifles like murder these days; he had to get a conviction for criminal libel; nothing else mattered.

But when the case came actually into court he saw it to be hopeless. His opening was masterly; it occupied two days; but on the second day he sent word to his clients during the lunch hour that it was no good to go on, and that he felt forced to take the measures previously agreed upon. These were simple; near the conclusion of the speech he managed to blunder into disclosing a flaw in the procedure so obvious that the judge could not possibly overlook it. His lordship interrupted: "I am afraid, Sir Richard, that you have no case. If you will refer to Jones vs. The Looking Glass, you will see that it has been expressly laid down that—" An elaborate legal argument followed, but the judge was inexorable. "You must redraw your plea, Sir Richard. The case is dismissed."

The docile organs of the government consoled with the great counsel for losing an "already won case" on a technicality; but Ffoulkes was sorry he had ever touched it. He would go to the club and play a game of chess. Flynn would be there later; he had returned to London that morning, and telegraphed his friend to make it a dinner and the Empire.

In the lounge of the club was only one little old man, who was known as a mathematician of great eminence, with a touch of the crank. He had recently finished a pamphlet to prove that the ancients had some knowledge of fourth-dimensional mathematics, that their statement of such problems as the duplication of the cube implied an apprehension of some medium in which incommensurables became tractable. He was especially strong on Euclid's parallel postulate, which has not only been unproved, but proved unprovable. He was also a deep student of Freemasonry, whose arcana furnished him with further arguments on the same thesis.

This old man, whose name was Simon Iff, challenged Ffoulkes to a game of chess. To the surprise of the lawyer, who was a very strong amateur, he was beaten thrice in very short games. Iff then took off a knight, and won a fourth game as easily as before. "It's no good, sir," said Ffoulkes; "I see you are in the master class." "Not a bit of it," replied the old man, "Lasker can beat me as easily as I beat you. He really knows chess; I only know you. I can gauge your intellect; it is limited in certain directions. I had a lost game against you most of the time; but you did not make the winning continuations, and I knew that you wouldn't and couldn't."

"Let me tell you something, if you'll forgive a senior for prosing. There are two ways to play chess. One is a man against a man; the other is a man against a chess-board. It's the difference between match and medal play at golf. Observe; if

I know that you are going to play the Philidor defense to the King's Knight's Opening, I do not risk being forced into the Petroff, which I dislike. But in playing an unknown quantity, I must analyze every position like a problem, and guard against all possibilities. It takes a great genius and a lifetime's devotion to play the latter game. But so long as I can read your motive in a move, so long I can content myself with guarding that one line. Should you make a move whose object I cannot see, I am compelled to take a fresh view of the board, and analyze the position as if I were called upon to adjudicate an unfinished game."

"That's exceedingly interesting. It bears rather on my game, law."

"I was about to venture a remark upon that point. I was fortunate enough to be present at the trial of Ezra Robinson, and I cannot compliment you too highly on the excellence of your defense. But, as you will be the first to admit, his acquittal was no solution of the question, 'Who killed Marsden?' Still less does it tell us who killed Mrs. Robinson exactly one year later."

"Do you know the solution?"

"No; but I can show you on what lines to attack the mystery."

"I wish you would."

"I may be tedious."

"Impossible. You have beaten me so abominably at chess that I am all on fire to learn more from watching the working of your intellect."

"Intellect is our weakest weapon. This world is run upon 'inflexible intellectual guiders,' as Zoroaster put it, but it was 'the will of the Father,' as he also explained, which laid down those laws which we call laws of nature, but, as Kant has shown, are really no more than the laws of our own minds. The universe is a phenomenon of love under will, a mystic and poetic creation, and the intellect only stands to it as mere scansion does to poetry."

"It is at least a charming theory."

"It works, Sir Richard. Let us apply our frail powers to this Marsden mystery. Let us take the second murder first, because it is apparently the more abstruse. We have no clues and no motives to mislead us. True, Robinson had a strong interest in his wife's death—yet not only does he prove an alibi, but he vanishes for ever! If, as we might imagine, he had hired a knave to do the job, he would have kept in sight, pretended decent grief, and so on. Of course, as has been suggested, he may himself have come to some sudden end; but if that be so, it is a marvelous coincidence indeed. No! We are forced to believe him guiltless, of this second murder at least. Consequently, having eliminated the only person with a motive, we are thrown back upon the master's way of playing chess, pure analysis. (Notice how Tchigorin handicapped himself by his fancy for that second move, queen to king's second, and Steinitz by his pawn to queen's third in the Ruy Lopez. Their opponents got a line on them at once, and saved themselves infinite trouble.) Pardon the digression. Now then, let us look at this second murder again. What is the most striking fact about it? This, that it was committed by a person with a complete contradiction in his mind. He is so astute that he leaves no clue of any sort; there has not even been any arrest. If he did the first murder also, it shows that he is capable of turning the same

trick twice. In short, we see a man of first-class mind, or rather intellect, for we must assume a lack of moral sense. A man, in fact, with a mind like your own; for since this afternoon's exploit, I imagine you will not claim to be scrupulous."

"You saw through the trick?"

"Naturally; you knew you had no case, so you preferred to lose on a foul, and claim a moral victory."

"Good for you!"

"Well, this same first-rate intellect is in another respect so feeble that the man takes pleasure, or finds satisfaction, in arranging his crime on a significant date. He must be the sort of man that takes precautions against witches on Walpurgis Night!"

"Jove, that's a good point. Never struck me!"

"Well, frankly, it doesn't strike me now. There are men with such blind spots, no doubt; but it is easier for me to think that the murderer, with plenty of nights to choose from, chose that one in particular with the idea of leading people astray—of playing on their sense of romance and mystery—of exploiting their love of imaginative detective stories!"

"If so, the point is once more in favor of his intellect."

"Exactly. But now we are going to narrow the circle. Who is there in whose mind the date of the first murder was so vivid that such a stratagem would occur to him?"

"Well, there are many. Myself, for example!"

Iff began to set up the pieces for another game.

"We must eliminate you," he said, after a few moments of silence, "you lawyers forget your cases as soon as they are over."

"Besides, I had no possible motive."

"Oh, that is nothing in the case. You are a rich man, and would never do a murder for greed; you are a cold-blooded man, and would never kill for revenge or jealousy; and these things place you apart from the common run of men. Still, I believe such as you perfectly capable of murder; there are seven deadly sins, not two; why should you not kill, for example, from some motive like pride?"

"I take pride in aiding the administration of justice. My ambition is a Parliamentary career."

"Come," said Iff, "all this is a digression; we had better play chess. Let me try at Blackburne's odds!" Iff won the game. "You know," he said, as Ffoulkes overturned his king in sign of surrender, "whoever killed Mrs. Robinson, if I read his type of mind aright, has left his queen *en prise*, after all. There is a very nasty gap in the defenses. He killed the woman from no common motive; he has therefore always to be on his guard against equally uncommon men. Suppose Capablanca dropped into the club, and challenged me to a game, how should I feel if I had any pride in beating you? There may be some one hunting him who is as superior intellectually to him as he is to the police. And there's a worse threat: he probably took the precaution of killing the old woman in her sleep. He could have no conscience, no remorse. But he would have experience in his own person that such monsters as himself were at large; therefore, I ask you, how does he know, every night, that some one will not kill him in his sleep?"

Ffoulkes called the waiter, and asked Iff to join him in a drink. "No, thank you," returned the old man, "playing chess is the only type of pleasure I dare permit myself."

At this moment Flynn came into the club, and greet-

ed both men warmly. Iff had written many a glowing essay for the Irishman's review. He wanted both to dine with him, but once again Iff declined, pleading another engagement. After a few moments' chat he walked off, leaving the two old friends together.

They dined at the club, and pointedly confined the conversation to the libel case, and politics in general. With their second cigars, Flynn rose. "Come round to Mount Street," he said, "I've a lot to tell you." So they strolled off in the bright autumn weather to the maisonette where Flynn lived.

V

They made themselves at ease on the big Chesterfield. It was a strange room, a symphony of green. The walls were covered with panels of green silk; the floor was covered with a great green carpet from Algeria; the upholstery was of green morocco; the ceiling was washed in delicate eau-de-Nil with designs by Gauguin, and the lamps were shaded by soft tissues of emerald. Even the drinks were of the same color: Chartreuse, the original shipping, and crème de menthe and absinthe. Flynn's man brought cigarettes and cigars in a box of malachite, and set them down with the spirits. Flynn dismissed him for the night.

"Well," said Jack, when the man had gone, "I see you got away with it all right."

"I had a scare this afternoon. Old Iff made rings round me at chess, and then proceeded to develop a theory of the—exploit—that was so near the truth that I thought for half a moment that he had guessed something. Luckily, he's just an old crank in everybody's eyes; but, by Jove, he can play chess!"

"Iff's one of the biggest minds in England; but the second-raters always win in London."

"Well, what about your end of the bet?"

"Oh, there's no news yet. But they'll find the bodies next week when my tenancy of the place expires."

"Bodies!"

"Two. You see, I went after your friend Ezra Robinson and the fair Duval. I knew from you of the appointment on the anniversary of the murder, but not the place; so I had him shadowed from the day of the bet. I took a room in the old quarter of Marseilles, when I found that he had stopped there. I got myself up as Francis Ridley, whom you may remember in certain amateur theatricals.

"I got them along to make a night of it, and filled them up with cocaine, while I took—mostly borax. Then when we got to the stage of exhaustion and collapse, I unslung a convenient hammock that hung in the room and told them what I meant to do. And then I hanged them by the neck until they were dead, and may the Lord have mercy on their souls! Next day I crossed to Algiers, went down to El Kantara and shot moufflon—I'm having a fine head mounted especially for you—then I came back through Italy and Germany. That's all!"

"I say," cried Ffoulkes, shocked, "that's hardly in the spirit of the bet, old man. I don't see any moral turpitude involved!"

"You wretched hypocrite," retorted Flynn, "it was deliberate murder by both French and English law. I don't see what you can want more than that. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, with your legal mind!"

But the lawyer was not satisfied. He began to argue, and ultimately turned the discussion into what

was as near a quarrel as such old friends could ever contemplate. In fact, Ffoulkes saw the danger, and went home at an unusually early hour.

Flynn dismissed the matter from his mind, and passed the night in composing sonnets, in French, to the honor of the green goddess—absinthe.

VI.

A month later. Flynn had been unusually busy, and saw little of his friends. Twice he dined with Ffoulkes, but the latter was more moody and irritable than ever. He had lost three important cases, and seemed altogether out of luck. His looks reflected his worry as much as his manners. Flynn asked him to come to Paris for a week's rest; he refused; Flynn went alone.

Returning to London, he called at the chambers in Lincoln's Inn. They were shut up. He went on to the club, hoping for news.

Almost the first man he saw was an old college friend, a judge, the very man to have the latest tidings. Probably Ffoulkes had been in court that day.

"Hush! it's terrible," said the judge, and drew Flynn into a corner of the lounge. "They had to take him away yesterday. He had persecution mania, a hopeless form, I'm afraid. Hadn't slept for a month. Said he was afraid of being murdered in his sleep! These things are too bad to talk about; I'm going home. Brace up!" The judge rose and went; but when Flynn came out of the stupor into which the intelligence had thrown him, he found Iff seated at his side.

"You've heard? Isn't it awful?"

"No," replied Iff, "not more so than the fact that two and two make four. Which in a sense is awful indeed, and according as you are for or against the tendency of the universe, is encouraging or terrifying. But it is fatal and inexorable. Perhaps to say that is to say enough!"

"Explain what you mean."

"A little while ago," replied the old mystic, "he came here to play chess with me—you remember; you were there, the day of your return. Well, I mastered his mind; I saw its limitations; I mapped its roads; I measured its heights and depths; I calculated its reactions. I beat him easily, at odds. We then began to talk of the Marsden mystery, and I analyzed the mind of the man who killed Mrs. Robinson—a mind like his own. I showed that the co-incidence of dates was probably a deliberate false trail. I then asked who would be likely to think of such a point, who would have vivid reason to think of that date. I was speaking in perfectly general terms; no suspicion of him had crossed my mind. He instantly suggested himself. I knew how he played chess; so I knew that he must have had himself in view subconsciously; that he must be trying to put me off the scent by boldness. It was just the same type of tactics as choosing the anniversary of the first murder. From that instant I knew that he was guilty."

"A moment later he confirmed me. I suggested that a man like himself might kill for such a motive as pride; and he replied that he took pride in the administration of justice. Now after that libel action, and coming from such a man, the English hypocrisy, which might have been natural in a lesser man, was a complete confession. Therefore I determined to punish him. I knew there was only one

way; to work upon his mind along its own lines. So I said to him: Suppose the murderer realizes that there are intellects superior to his own? And—how will he sleep, knowing that there are people who will murder others in their sleep without reasonable cause? You know the answer. I suppose that I am in a sense the murderer of his reason."

Flynn said nothing; but his eyes were streaming; he had loved Dick Ffoulkes dearly, and a thousand memories were urgent in his heart and mind. Iff seemed not to notice it.

"But the murderer of Marsden is still a mystery. Ffoulkes can hardly have done that."

Flynn sat up and laughed wildly. "I'll tell you all about that," he cried. "Ezra Robinson did it,

with the help of the floor clerk. They were to meet on the anniversary of the murder. I tracked them down, and I hanged them with these hands." He stretched them out in a gesture of agony. The old man took them in his.

"Boy!" he said, "—for you will never grow up—you have perhaps erred in some ways—ways which I find excusable—but you need never lose a night's sleep over this business."

"Ah!" cried Jack, "but it was I who tempted my friend—it was a moment of absolute madness, and now I have lost him!"

"We are all punished," said the old man solemnly, "exactly where we have offended, and in the measure thereof."

THE LYRIC SHAMBLES

By FRANCES GREGG

The age-old instinct for rebellion against the limitations of mortality, working blindly through an unresisting people, is accountable for war. To be, not a single human entity, but a People, and that a great People: to fulfil the need for dependence: to create, and to destroy: these are the things that beget wars.

An exile, I have seen crowds surging through the streets of Rome, crying out for war; I have seen the conscript trains drawing out from Paris, and I have seen the recruiting agent at work in England, and on the faces of all these peoples there was the glamor of romance. What did it matter to them that thin rationalists were crying through the cities: "There is no romance, there is no glamor, there is no personal glory in this war of the machine!"; that the cry was going out: "What does it matter to you, Man-in-the-street? Will you be any the better off for their war?"

They were the "better off," if only for that one ecstatic vision of adventure. The emotional occasion justified all shattering and mangling of bodies. Where there had been poverty, there was richness of experience. Where there had been a man smitten into stupidity, or brutality, or genius, by the reverberating echo of hopeless human desire: where there had been a soul crying up through the darkness of the commonplace: where there had been an ego ceaselessly demanding its legitimate annihilation: there was now a unit of force, of force made noble by the subjection of all life to an inexorable obedience.

Does it not matter to any god that, in the shameful humor of our Creator, our thoughts, our minds, our identity, were made to spin round and round in those rocking bowls, our skulls—were made to clap and jangle in those bone boxes, subject to all the petty limitations, the extraordinary chance thickening of the senses, of separate human bodies? And to the impotent gesticulation of our shamed fury only the god of war responds with the one word, "Immolation."

I do not mean to intimate that the sober English Tommies burst upon the recruiting sergeant with impassioned speeches in the fantastic lyricism of Russian style. They go to "do their bit" in response to some crude and sentimental poster, and they don't talk about it; because they have adenoids, or are anaemic, or have only a board school education, or have been subjected

to public school corsetting of the emotions, all of which things are inimical to the art of self-expression.

It is the glamor of adventure that whirls the English volunteers and all the conscripted hordes into the agonized vortex of war—adventure, that deep-rooted longing for romance. The very word stirs in us that instinct for the grand manner, the wish to live in the grand style, the desire for more enthralling situations, for a heightening of existence, for more than human emotion.

That alone, that "more than human emotion," accounts for the inhuman atrocities of all these civilized nations. That lurking savagery in us, that drop of black African blood, that blown dust of an Egyptian king, that atom of an Assyrian slave-driver that was in the manure that fertilized our vegetables—that archaic cruelty assimilated by one means and another into each human being, to lie in uneasy restraint before expediency, fear of consequences, pride of virtue, and those other ape-like moral mannerisms imposed by civilization—burst forth at last under pressure of "crowd psychology" (that strange subsidizing of emotion), into an orgy, an ecstasy, a more than human frenzy of Sadistic indulgence.

What accounts for the astounding spectacle of thousands of men advancing, *cheering*, to almost certain impact with tons of explosive material that is being voided upon them by invisible machines? Any one of these men, under normal conditions, put into range of a .22-calibre repeater, would turn and run like a rabbit; but surround him with a thousand of his kind, all acting in unison, with the danger heightened beyond a thousandfold—nor is he, poor wistful fool, any less solitary than he has always been—yet he will drive on, at a high tension of poetic fervor, to a revolting and filthy dissipation of all his parts. Again it is an orgy, an ecstasy, a frenzy, this time for an ideal emotion, the purely aesthetic quality of courage.

There enters into this last, of course, that obedience to which he has committed himself in going to war. An obedience entered into with what Saurian content! Here he has the institution lowered to the last level of immoral efficiency. He ceases to be responsible for any deed; he is no longer required to plan any course of action. The desire for dependence that has been

rostered in him from the beginning of civilization is gratified in the most perfect form. Born, as all poor mortals are, ignominiously fettered, weighed down with shackles, the one thing he might reasonably hope for is an all-powerful above him; instead of which he is confronted by the horrible problem of free will. Brought up, as he has been, to rely upon everything, from the omnipresent policeman to an omnipresent God, and yet required, with all these carefully loosened fibers, to shape events, he clings to all institutions, Church or State, and finds in them his only retreat from life. In the noble institution of war his subjection reaches the lowest depths of its infamy; he is put into a uniform.

Englishmen, those young lords of illusion, those last inheritors of the world's romance, look charmingly in "the khaki," but see it upon some people of the South, where beyond romance and passion there is something hard and unsentimental! I have seen a company of Italians after an all-night route march. They came up over the brow of a hill in the early morning as though they were being born out of the rising sun. File after straggling file, squat and spare, some in step, some not, their faces and heads white with the white dry dust of the road—to—Rome, their empty faces like masks made by a cruel young sculptor too much bent upon betraying life. It was a thing to remember, those peaked crowns and flat back-heads, and all the expressions there are of vacuity being borne along above the same garments. Well, they had satisfied their need for dependence while the rest of mankind were crying out upon God or upon science.

If there were nothing else to drive men to war there

would be the madness of change. In the many years that I have lived, and in all my wanderings to and fro through many lands, I have only met one man who wanted to live for ever with all things and people exactly as they are; and that static contentment of mind, it seemed to me, spoke very excellently well for that man's life. But for the rest of us there is always the mirage of change. In our childhood there was the fairy who "took a wand—," and for our youth the myths of metamorphoses; but for our age there is only war: war, a destruction of the existing and a recreation of the unchangeable, a magic that does not work, a metamorphosis that is the same thing too bloodied over, too torn, too mangled, too unchangeably the same.

And, as one strains back the petals to gaze into the heart of this thing, there is "immolation" written upon the very core. And before this last mystery one draws back; here is a veil that a bolder than I must lift. Men have seen stars hurl themselves into the nothingness of the abyss, and souls shrivel before dreams of their own making; they have seen the frost lay waste the earth's surface, and the hot sun parch already fevered places, and the moth's wings curl in the flame of the candle: these things are immolation.

And what of the women, while men palpitate with the tremor of the earth's bosom, and destroy themselves with the earth's will to destruction, and are blown upon the rhythms of creation—what are the women doing? Do they not still give birth to children?

So the basic note of creation sounds, through ecstasy, in destruction. There is no will but the earth's will. As long as the stars swing in sublime stupidity, so long is war.

THE PURPLE MANDARIN

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

There is a purple mandarin
With mystic madness in his eyes;
He hath deflowered the virgin Sin,
And she hath made him overwise.
He eats, he drinks, he sleeps, he sports:
He never speaks his thoughts.

Well knoweth he the Way of Phang,
Matching the Yang against the Yin;
He marketh Tao in God and dung,
Seeth the secret—"soul is skin."
With power and sight behind his will
He chooseth to keep still.

For he hath dreamed: A blossom buds
Once in a million million years,
One poppy on Time's foamless floods,
A cup of cruelty and tears.
Its heart secretes a sacred gum
—Man's only opium.

O mystic flower! O midnight flower
Chaste and corrupt as patchouli!
A silver saint—a porcelain tower—
A flame of ice—a silken sea—
A taint—a vice—a swoon—a shame—
Pure Beauty is thy name!

I sought thee in Sahara's sand,
Hunted through Himalayan snows;
Gods led me friendly by the hand—
Me blind! where every soul-wind blows.
I was more foolish than my kin,
The purple mandarin.

He dreamed—I followed. Then the Gods
Who mock at Wisdom spun the wheel,
Reversed the incalculable odds
And flung out laughing—flint to steel—
The one impossible event:
Pure Beauty came—and went.

Come back to me, my opium-flower,
Chaste and corrupt, my saint of sin,
My flame of ice, my porcelain tower
—I hate the purple mandarin
Who gurgles at me in his fall:
"Dream's wiser, after all."

THE BLACK WINDMILL

By LOUIS WILKINSON

Doctor Peachey, carrying his small black bag, walked down the drive of Mr. Mallam's Preparatory School for Boys. He had been paying his weekly professional visit.

"Well," he was murmuring to himself, "well—so that's it. That's it. That's it."

He became conscious of the clicking of his feet on the gravel path. "Right—left—that's it—right—left—that's it—tap—tap—that's it—that's it."

He stopped in the middle of the drive; he had to break up those damned reiterated tap-taps: that business of the next one being pendant when the other fell, he couldn't stand it any longer. He put his bag down, took out his handkerchief and pretended to blow his nose. "Though I haven't a cold," he said to himself. "I haven't a cold," he repeated. He stared at the sea that lay irrelevantly stretched out to his left—the same sea, the same ships. He hated it all. What a detestable place! And those little boys at the school—if only they would all die. They couldn't have understood—those school-masters couldn't have understood—nobody could—and what stuff and nonsense people talked about Nature!

The doctor took up his bag, and went on again. Tap, tap—click, click—I—hate—I—hate—right, left—I hate—

Instead of going straight on through the big gate at the end of the drive up the main street of the town to his house, he turned sharply to the right into a lane that led along out into treeless, drained marsh-land, beyond which there stood a disused and battered windmill—a black windmill, with ominous arms stretched out stiff. The lane was shut in by a wooden wall on the one side and a high hedge on the other: he could get away, be alone, there, and few people would be about on that marsh-land in the morning.

After some steps along the lane, Doctor Peachey again put down his bag, looked down the lane and up it, then took out his pocketbook and drew from it a little Kodak photograph of a girl. The photograph was creased and rather faded, but the girl's face was clear enough. She stood against a boat, smiling, with her head thrown back, and her hair hanging, quite loose, to just below her shoulders. Her hair was limp and straight, and you could have guessed from it that she had just been bathing, even if she had not been holding a towel in her hand. The mouth was rather large, the lips a little parted; she was very slender, she looked fragile. There was frailness in the curve of her slanted neck. You guessed that her eyes would be blue and her hair very fair. She wore a jersey, a skirt that came just below her knees,—no cap. A girl of about thirteen; not at all an unusual type of delicate child.

The doctor turned the photograph over, and read what was written there in unequal rounded letters:

"To dear Doctor Peachey from his loving little friend Effie." Then a date of about five years since.

He had taken the photograph, then he had asked her to write something. Perhaps her mother had dictated it. They had always been friendly to him, the Molliotts, ever since he pulled their little boy

through diphtheria. Effie had been his patient, too, several times—nine. He remembered each one of those times, he remembered very often, and he remembered many details,—very many details—but she had never been seriously ill. Never a robust child, though,—no, not robust.

He remembered how she had once had her teeth banded with one of those gold wire arrangements. She had never minded his seeing her with that disfigurement, and he remembered that he had liked it, he had liked her being less pretty. He had not asked himself why; he did not really know why, even now—he wondered.

He put the photograph back, and walked on. Tap, tap, again,—but it wasn't so bad now. The ground of the lane was softer than the gravel; and soon he would be in the fields.

Mrs. Mallam, of the School, had just told him the news. Effie Molliott was engaged to be married. Yesterday evening, she had become engaged. A Captain Frankford, a London friend of the family. Captain Rupert Frankford; but his intimates always called him "Frankie." Frankie! Frankie and Effie! Frankie and Effie! The names began to beat time with the doctor's steps. He had met the man: several times, lately, he had met him there in this "seaside resort" where he practiced. He had wondered a little at the length of his stay in the place, in April, out of the season,—but he had never suspected. He had seen them together, too; but Effie had just the same face as when she was thirteen, the same eyes that were so moist in their whites, the same delicate faint color that looked like a fugitive flush, the same mouth with those sweet unstable lips, the same way of laughing rather nervously and shyly. She was just as slender as when she was a child,—only taller—of course she was taller. How could he have told? He had known her since she was seven or eight, when he had started his practice in the town: he was twenty-four then. Thirty-four now, but he knew he looked older,—older, perhaps, than this Captain Frankford, who must be rather more than forty.

Doctor Peachey went over again and again all that Mrs. Mallam had said: "Oh, yes, such a *desirable* match. Of course *we* think Effie so young, but she's eighteen. Quite a marriageable age for a girl, doctor, isn't it? And the Captain is in his prime, such a charming man,—so handsome and such a manly fellow! He came and played football with our boys the other day—quite won all their hearts—and I think they're very good judges, don't you, doctor? Such a good family, too," she had lowered her voice, "and *quite* enough money. It is all most satisfactory. Mrs. Molliott—delighted—and dear Effie, of course, in the seventh heaven! I went down to congratulate them all early this morning. It's not to be one of those long engagements—they are so unsatisfactory. Mrs. Molliott tells me the wedding is to be *quite* soon—in a couple of months or so. There's *really* no reason why they should wait—"

"Why they should wait." "*Wait.*" The doctor's mind had a good deal of commerce with those particular words, on his way to the Black Windmill.

When he came near the Mill, he was suddenly frightened by its sinister black dead arms; he felt as though it might be some sort of a ghost. He wanted

not to walk to it, but he had to; he even had to touch it with his hand, and he felt it behind him on his way back.

Returning, he passed by the School playing-field. Some of the boys were kicking a football about; they were out of school, so it must be after twelve o'clock. The doctor remembered his neglect of his office hours; he automatically walked faster. He was a very regular and conscientious man. Eleven thirty to one, he should have been in from eleven thirty to one. A boy caught sight of him, and made some remark to another. No doubt they thought it unusual that old "Plummy" should be out for a walk at that time of day. The boys didn't like him. Why should they like an insignificant little man with mouse-colored hair? He hadn't any sort of a way with boys—or with girls, either. But little Effie had sometimes liked him—been glad to see him—he thought. Well, that didn't count for much now.

Doctor Peachey walked rapidly home.

The maid was in the hall as he came in; she gave him a glance of some surprise.

"Anyone called?" he asked her.

"Mrs. Rodman and Miss Purvis, sir," she replied. "But they couldn't stay. Then Captain Frankford came about ten minutes ago. I told him you would soon be back, sir. He's waiting now."

"Thank you."

Doctor Peachey, with his eyes fixed on the ground, slowly took off his overcoat. "Thank you," he said again; then opened the door of the waiting-room.

"Oh—ah—glad to see you, doctor." The Captain rose, and stood very erect. He was rather above middle height, with a trim pseudo-juvenile figure. His face, too, was youngish. "Been out to your patients, I s'pose? Thought I might as well wait. You see—er—the fact is I shan't take up much of your time."

The doctor glanced at him as he spoke, then lowered his eyes rapidly. Captain Frankford was a little puzzled by this apparent embarrassment; he tried to make the other feel at ease.

"Just come back from a round of golf," he went on chattily. "Fine links you have down here—Ah."

"Good morning," said the doctor suddenly, remembering that he had not said it.

"Oh—er—yes." The Captain reflected that the man was a bit of an ass. He hadn't paid any attention to him at their other meetings. "Well, doctor, just wanted a little talk with you about myself—"

"Shall we go into the consulting-room?" Doctor Peachey recovered himself, and opened the communicating door. The Captain followed in silence. They sat down.

"Just a little talk. You—ah—I don't know if you've heard that I'm going to be married."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Mallam told me. I congratulate you, Captain." The doctor did not seem at all embarrassed now. Seated in his familiar chair, he regained professional assurance.

"Er—thanks very much. Thought you might have got wind of it. Well—er—fact is, rather delicate matter, you know,—but of course I'm speaking to you purely as a medical man—"

He hesitated. His words had wildly excited the doctor, but there was no betraying sign.

"Of course," the little man assured him. "I quite understand that."

"Seal of the Confessional and that kind of thing."

The Captain laughed uncomfortably, with an unpleasant twist of his thin lips. Then he cleared his throat. Doctor Peachey noticed that his skin had the crass mottled look of a middle-aged man who has led an open air life, while eating and drinking too well. But he noticed, too, that he was still good looking, that his light blue eyes were what girls would call "nice," that the grey in his dark-brown hair was scarcely noticeable, that he had a certain sparseness and hardness. There were a good many little lines by his eyes, and by the mouth with its short well-kept moustache. He was dressed in a brown Norfolk jacket, with loose knickerbockers.

"Well, doctor." The Captain broke the pause. "No use beating about the bush. You medical men understand these things. I'm not so young as I was—not *passé*, I don't mean that—not any older than my years, I don't mean that—but—you understand—when a man's getting on for forty—and going to be married in a month or two—well, it isn't quite as though he were a young buck of five and twenty. He has to think of things. You're a man of the world, now, doctor, you—"

Doctor Peachey did not tide over the Captain's hesitation.

"Now of course I—er—want to give a good account of myself—want to—er—do myself justice, you understand—"

Captain Frankford looked at the doctor; he did not like his expression. So damned serious! Perhaps the fellow was one of that goody-goody Puritanical lot; still—it's a question of *marriage*; what earthly right has he—? Maybe, because the fellow knows the family—still—as a *doctor*—a question of looking facts in the face—in decent privacy, of course—a question of common sense. Anyhow, why the deuce doesn't he help me out?

"Well, doctor?" he looked very straight at him. "Surely you know what I'm driving at?" Doctor Peachey met the gaze, but there was no anticipated smile or nod of male freemasonry. "Hang it all!" the Captain went on impatiently, "you must know. Marital duties—ahem! Hang it all, I can't make it *much* plainer, can I?"

"That's all right, Captain Frankford," replied the other in a low voice of extreme courtesy. "I understand perfectly."

"Ah! Well, now we can begin to talk. What I want, doctor, is for you to put me on some kind of régime, with—er—that particular end in view. I'm fit enough, of course, sound as a bell—always have been—but as you know *Tempus Fugit*, eh? and I've been stationed in some rotten places abroad—India and all that. Yes, I want building up a bit. I want a régime. Time's short, you know, and the sooner we begin the better. That's why I came to you right away. Now if you could just give me a few hints about diet—and tonics—no quack stuff, of course you wouldn't—that would be exactly my ticket. I believe there's something to be said for raw egg—?"

Doctor Peachey took a sheet of paper. "Certainly," he said, "I'll write you out a régime."

"Capital. And, before I forget it, how about smoking? Suppose I ought to cut down cigars and cigarettes?"

"Three or four cigars a day—half a dozen cigar-

TWO LIVES

A Narrative in Verse

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

PART I. (*Concluded.*)

XIII. THE HONEYMOON

Mid-morning of mid-June: Her sudden whim
Among the guests (who chatted ill at ease):
"O let's be married out beneath the trees—
This mantel with its garlands is so prim."
As if she said, "Let's row an hour or swim";
As if she said, "Let's pick the white sweet peas,
And leave the pink and purple for the bees";
As if she said, "Let's get the shears and trim
The lilac stems" . . . Blue lake and bluer sky
Merged with the green of earth, of odorous earth,
A scarlet tanager went flashing by,
The unseen thrasher sang with all his mirth
An ancient lady said with happy tears:
"The sweetest wedding of my eighty years."

.
My boat lies waiting where the willow stirs
By cat-tails yonder, moored not *now* to dock,
Each spruce oar ready in its forked lock,
Well laden for escape (the plan was hers) . . .
We skirt the woodsy hillsides under boughs
That dip in shallows—we grate on sunken stones,
With chuckling speed—we crouch—in whispering tones
We fancy the poor guests scouring bush and house—
We portage over the Neck. And safe behind
The promontory, with its bluffs and brakes,
Row down the open waters, down the Four Lakes,
From outlet on to outlet, till we find
The hunting lodge, deserted in the June—
Which was our camp one quarter of the moon.

.
The long train passed the Great Lakes, on across
The Wheat Belt, over Appalachian hills,
The train with its five hundred hearts and wills
Beside hers, mine, with all their gain and loss
To us as nothing. . . . Back to the old farm,
And father, mother, and New Hampshire pines
I took her, back among the columbines
And granite mountains, ever on my arm,
Questioning ever of my boyhood: "Here
The lane you drove the cows on? . . . This the knoll
Where you read Homer; with no teacher near?
This hollow by the waterfall 'The Bowl'
You wrote of in that love-poem?—What a whirl
Of foam and spray.—What happened to the girl?

"So that's the mountain, that to left of where
The little distant steeple seems to sprout,
From a green world of treetops sticking out,—
So that's the mountain, over the valley there,
You climbed to hear the thunder at your feet—
And all alone,—how could you ever dare?—
And only twelve?—And did your mother care?
O see the mail-coach lumbering up the street—
You used to drive it sometimes? Let's go down—
I love to see the people of the town
So glad to see you." (And these simple folk,
Though she had neighbored long with Wealth and Pride,
She understood in all they did or spoke,—
She understood, because she never tried.)

She knew the ocean but from city docks
Or liner's taffrail—which is not to know;
And thus I took her to the coasts to show
The kelps, maroon and green, the fisher's box
Of brine-sprent tackle, the lighthouse with the flocks
Of silvery gulls around it in the glow,
And the great waters in their ebb and flow
Pounding forever on the mighty rocks . . .
One sunrise, I remember, as I woke
I missed her; and I followed down a path
Below the cliffs; there off a little beach
I spied her, as the mists about her broke
(Her love and laughter just beyond my reach),
There in the salt-sea billows at her bath.

Once she became the guide, as we turned west,
West to the Four Lakes, the white house: "As June's
The *time*, so there's the *place* for honeymoons,
And we must do in *all* things as the rest"—
(Not often such self-knowledge she confessed,
Ironic critic of the world, but she
Caught now and then some trick of mind from me).
So at the Falls we stopped. And 'twas her jest
(Type of her own untutored girlish fun),
Wandering the low Three Sister Islands round,
Or watching at Prospect Point in the great sun
The Sun's great waters flash, and fall, and bound
(I thinking what ten thousand years had done
And, mid my love, yet hearing still their sound);

It was her jest (so like her), 'mongst the gay
Tourists by park or bridge, or at the rail,
With leathern fieldglass in the summer gale,
Bespent with far-flung eddies of wild spray
From round the rainbow rocks of the abyss,
Her jest, beside the eternal cataract,
To cloak her bridehood under word and act
(Secure, when back in chamber, of a kiss):
"Too bad we couldn't bring the children, dear"
(For two old ogling schoolma'ams she said this);
"How worn this bank is since our bridal year
By wave and water" (for mama and miss);
Or tilt herself the scarlet parasol,
And make me let her spread herself the shawl—

Pretending we'd been married long and long. . . .
Was it some subtle feeling that she'd striven
To conjure Time beyond what Time had given,
Or was to give, that suddenly choked my song?—
Or was't that whosoever with keen nerve
Too closely stares upon that charmed brink,
The gliding shimmer of that green downward curve,
Is wooed from all tomorrows, as to sink
One with the waters? . . . But I broke the spell
Before I plunged . . . said nothing . . . yet 'twas
then
Came horror, as to the House of Mirth, again,—
As when she told me of her prayer in Hell . . .
That night we rode into the West-of-men,
To this our City of the Fair-and-well.

(*To be continued.*)

A Study of the Ruling Classes of England.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

The first date I ever learnt, and almost the only one that I have never forgotten, is "William the Conqueror, 1066." But most people seem to have omitted this item from their curriculum.

It is customary to think of England as Anglo-Saxon. It is this mistake which leads to all misunderstanding about the kinship of the English with the American. The British government has always been Celtic and not Teutonic. The five Celtic nations, at one time or another, in one way or another, have always come to the front. The Scandinavian and Saxon elements have been made hewers of wood and drawers of water. The paradox is sufficiently curious, since it is the Celts themselves who have been oppressed. But until the time of William III. when the kingly power passed to the aristocracy, once and for all, no monarch of other than Norman or Celtic blood sat upon the throne. The Celtic chiefs allied themselves, too, with the Norman nobility.

Now the principal characteristic of the Celt is that he is a mystic; and whenever mysticism condescends to take hold of the common things of life and becomes aggressive, it is the most dangerous of qualities. In the first place, it confers the most extraordinary subtlety; in the second, it puts its possessor right with his conscience. It makes him the prince of diplomatists; for he is never so sincere as when he is telling his most elaborate lie. It is quite impossible for the Anglo-American to understand this temperament. All the strength and virtue of the American people lie in that section of the population which is of German origin. The Anglo-Saxon elements were mostly the scouring of the Puritan latrine. The only other good element in America, and it is not nearly so numerous, consists of the Irish. Most of them seem to have come over actuated by a positive spirit, seeking for freedom. The others had little choice in the matter. It is for this reason that the Irish and Germans have gone ahead so rapidly, and now control most of the government and most of the big business. The purely Anglo-Saxon name is nowhere prominent. Wilson is Lowland Scots, Roosevelt Dutch, Morgan Welsh. The deeper one looks into the ancestries of prominent men either here or in England, the more one is struck by the complete absence of the English. Run through the British cabinet to-day: I think it will puzzle anyone to find a genuinely English name in the whole crowd.

Now, the conception of the most elementary principles of things is radically different in the case of the Celt to what it is in the case of the Saxon. The Saxon idea of law is based on justice. In the Celtic conception it is a device for getting what you want with an appearance of justice. In England in the last twenty years the judges have again and again deliberately misinterpreted the plain intentions of the law, and stultified the House of Commons completely. This does not imply a conflict between the legislature and the judiciary. It is a kind of practical joke, carefully pre-arranged, in order to fool the people. Take

a single, concrete example: Home Rule. The House of Commons passes this bill again and again. And it is always thrown out by the Lords, as Gladstone and all who fathered the bill intended that it should be. The device becomes a little threadbare; so a great agitation is started to destroy the power of the Lords. With infinite pains an act is passed, making the veto of the Peers only temporary. In ninety cases out of a hundred it would never happen that this law came into action at all. The framers of the bill hoped that the majority in the House of Commons would always break up long before the act became operative. By a series of accidents, however, the Irish remained masters of the situation for the necessary period, and the Home Rule Bill became law over the head of the House of Lords. Nobody minded. A civil war was quietly arranged with the connivance of the military authorities and therefore of the King, and the situation would have been calmed down by the usual massacres, if the British working man had not seen whither these things tended. His political education had been carried too far. He had become capable of reasoning that the same methods to defy the will of the people would be just as applicable when it came to some of his own pet measures. And one of the Labor men got up in the House of Commons and made a speech which thoroughly frightened the government.

The reader will doubtless remember that in the first part of 1914 Ulster was, save for an "if" inserted by the legal mind of Sir Edward Carson, actually in rebellion. It had established a provisional government; it was drilling and arming an army; munitions were being run into the country under the very nose of the British navy. To these facts the Labor member in question called attention. He accused his own government of acquiescing in armed revolt against its own authority, and he intimated that the people would not stand it. The situation now appeared very serious to the ruling classes. They did not mind civil war in Ireland—on the contrary, every little helps—but civil war in England was a very different thing. All sorts of abortive conferences were held, with the idea of persuading the people that something was being done to settle the difficulty. As a fact, it *was* being discussed; though not at ridiculous conferences, but at the proper places, dinner parties, smoking rooms, and golf clubs. Everybody who was anybody argued that much the best way out of the trouble was a European War. There was nothing in the political situation to make this undesirable. The weak spot in the intellectual grasp of the situation was that nobody recognized the rottenness of Russia. This was because Russia had been the bogey for so long. So the war was hastily decided upon, and the results lie before us.

The whole of this incident is extraordinarily characteristic of the dominant, aggressive, unscrupulous, super-subtle, mystic minds of the Norman and the Celt. They will find a needle in a haystack, if they have to burn down the haystack to do it.

It is because of this strange temperament that the methods of the English have always been so inscrutable. They have a caste secret, as incommunicable as the divine Tetragram, and as powerful. It has been carefully explained to the world by Rudyard Kipling;

but only those who already knew it have been able to understand what he meant. A very illuminating incident is given in one of the early chapters of "Stalky & Co.," where the headmaster thrashes three boys who have proved their innocence to the hilt. It is one of the essential features of the mind of the Celt that he refuses to take the least notice of facts. He refuses to be bullied by his own reason. It is for this reason that Britain has been so extraordinarily successful in dealing with Orientals. A Hindoo will come along with a wonderful and beautiful story carefully prepared in many months with the utmost subtlety; and then his case will be judged by a boy of twenty-five on some totally different ground. It will be judged justly, too, and the Hindoo will appreciate and respect the moral superiority implied.

When George V. was in India he only made one hit, and that was by accident. A particularly important Rajah had come a particularly long distance with a particularly large retinue, to bow before the heir of the great King-Emperor . . . and the latter was too lazy or too hot to notice him. So the Rajah crawled out of the presence, and remarked afterwards, confidentially, that that was something like an emperor! He felt that all his pains had been well repaid by the contempt with which he had been treated; it flattered him that he should have been in the presence of a person who could practically fail to notice him.

It is this habitual insolence which galls all those who are not prepared to cringe before it. Unless a man has absolute assurance of some equal kind, it is bound to annoy him. And it is so strongly rooted, that death itself seems to bear its impress. It is part of the general scheme, the incomparable code of manners in vogue in England, the idea that a gentleman must never show his feelings. This is of the utmost importance; and of course the corollary is, that one who does show his feelings is no gentleman, except in the case where the feelings in question are assumed. Had the English been really indignant about Belgium, there would never have been a word about it in the newspapers. The indignation with regard to the Lusitania and Edith Cavell was just as factitious. Both incidents pleased enormously, because their effect upon the ingenuous American could not but be admirable.

But this mask is so much part of the face, that the man himself cannot see it even in the looking-glass. At the time when he is showing the feelings, he is apologizing to himself for showing them; he is explaining to himself that unless the circumstances were so hideous and so unprecedented, he would not bat an eyelid. This is not actual hypocrisy. He has taught himself to simulate a mood so well, that he really feels it at the time. It is only when the opportunity arises to do something, that he walks away from the mood, just as a man who has been sitting over the fire all morning suddenly notices that the rain has stopped and the sun is shining, and he instantly goes out for a walk. So one sees in private life the most apparently hypocritical actions, which are really only temperament. A man loses his wife, and calls heaven and earth to witness to the greatness of his grief, refuses to do his work, is completely upset, visibly, before the eyes of all men. . . . when without so much as twenty-four hours' warning he marries somebody else. Incidentally he has had from two to six mistresses in full blast all the time.

Conduct of this kind staggers all other nations. Moreover, it makes them rather afraid. They never know where they are. Hence the term "Perfidie Albion." To this day in France it is the Normans and, to a much less extent, the Gascons who have this reputation, or something rather like it. A Norman horsedealer will unblushingly rob an Armenian of his last maravedi.

I do not think that there is anything in the world so subtle and so strong as this peculiar caste feeling which obtains in the ruling classes of England. You can recognize a public school boy (in the event of this article being read by savages, it will be perhaps best to explain, that in England "public school" does not mean a place of free, elementary education, but a highly privileged and exclusive institution, very expensive, where nothing whatever is allowed to be taught except the Secret of Government) forty years afterwards, when drink has brought him to sell matches in the gutter. He never altogether loses a peculiar power which is apparently only conferred by the application of various instruments of flagellation by that caste within a caste, head-masters. It is absolutely impossible to convey to the American mind what one means by a head-master. He is utterly different in kind, not only in degree, from all other masters. It is almost unheard-of for a house-master to become Head in the same school. He is often quite a young man. But he is certainly not of the same flesh and blood as other men.

The same idea is carried out in the universities. The vice-chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge are the most absolute monarchs in Europe, and the strongest testimonial that one can bring to the quality of the spirit which makes the English what they are is that the authority of the vice-chancellor is never brought in question. Professors are often unpopular: the master of a college is sometimes the subject of attacks; but the vice-chancellor could expel the whole university and hardly arouse comment. If the vice-chancellor were abolished, the masters of colleges would begin to acquire some of his immunities.

Now, in this extraordinary respect and obedience, there is no idea of subservience. It is part of the game to suffer at the hands of the proper person, if it is only one's house prefect. The individual realizes himself as part of the governing machine, really very much more strongly than has now been done with Germany, where the humblest official has been taught to regard himself as an essential cog in the clock of state. But the Englishman's is not an honest pride that he is helping on the good work. There is a very devilish quality, a sardonic joy, in his position. He feels himself an honored member of the great conspiracy against the world. This attitude accounts for the superior smile of recognition with which members of this truly secret society greet each other. Observe a couple of Englishmen, strangers to each other, perhaps even disliking each other at first sight, at a party in New York. There is an immediate understanding, an unspeakable contempt for all the Americans present, which they do not even try to hide, and which, being the grossest possible form of rudeness, naturally annoys. They may have every kind of antagonism for each other, these two men; but they could and would act in perfect harmony, without word spoken, against the rest of the world, if the emergency arose.

The trouble in which England now finds herself is

partially due to the gradual decadence of this system. The idiotic "intellectuals" have been a terrible nuisance. And the death of Edward VII. was of course an absolutely stunning blow. George V. has none of the qualities required in an English king. He is therefore being left to the management of Mary, and we hear nothing of him, except when he falls off his horse and hurts himself, which is one of the things that no king can do. Various stories have been circulated about this humiliating accident; but the world may rest assured that, had it been anything honorable, there would have been more fuss made than when Achilles conquered Hector. "Why then," the reader will ask, "did not the press bureau, so fertile in invention, hasten to invent something very beautiful about him?" Because it is no part of the policy of the rulers of England to praise this shadow of a king. He is despised and detested by everyone for his weakness, his imbecility, his grotesque physical appearance, and all the rest of it. We do not want this man to reign over us. And for this reason he is subtly discredited in every convenient way. On the whole I think that the old spirit is strong enough to win its particular battle, which is not in the least against Germany. On the contrary, the Hohenzollern spirit, as opposed to the German spirit, has many points of great similarity. The Hohenzollerns are of course no more Teutons than the Fijians are. As a further illustration, we shall see how the existence of this secret explains some otherwise quite inexplicable problems like Lloyd George, the natural successor of Joe Chamberlain.

Lloyd George is nobody. He might be made king-emperor, and he would still be nobody. He is a solicitor from Wales; nobody quite knows who his father was; and he doesn't count. He is very useful for the moment. He got an act through Parliament which reduced the working classes to the level of galley-slaves. They were branded like so many cattle by the government itself. Just now, munitions are wanted, and he is very useful to boom the supply. But all the while, though every one is praising him and saying: "Ah, yes, there is the man for prime minister! There is the great genius! There is the savior of the country!" we are saying quietly to ourselves that he is just a splash of mud, to be wiped off our trousers by our valets, when we return from our stroll on this damp morning.

The possession of the secret is the one passport to success in England. If you have this, you can go anywhere and do anything; you may make a perfect cad of yourself and commit all the crimes in the calendar. But as long as you do not do anything "un-masonic"—to borrow from the craft the only word which hints at one's meaning, since this greater craft has been so clever in the matter of secrecy that they have even taken care not to invent a word to mean it—so long are you "possible." An obvious example is the immunity of Alfred Douglas. Here, in spite of innumerable violations of the law of the most outrageous kind, both by him and his enemies, no prosecutions ever take place. A ring is kept for the antagonists, and very good sport they have given us in the last ten years or so. The whole thing is a family quarrel, just like the European war. As soon as education and progress have been knocked on the head, we shall all be good friends again.

Onlookers never understood why Wilde was disgraced. It was because he was popularizing one of the secrets of the aristocracy, a disgusting thing to do, when you are just trying to gain admission to it. Wilde was letting the uninitiated know what the initiated did. The church, the army, the bar, the Houses of Parliament, are packed with people who practice strange vices. The head-master of Eton, in quashing some vulgarian's complaint the other day, said that "it mattered no more than the measles." But this is one of the things which it doesn't pay to advertise, at least not in the way Wilde did. In spite of this he was given every chance. He was furnished with a thousand pounds in gold and told that the "two-twenty" (from London to Paris) would not be watched. But he misunderstood the nature of his power. He thought he was an important person, whereas his only claim to consideration was that he had an inkling of the secret.

No person is important in the English system. Every one who violates the code is thrown to the wolves without a moment's hesitation, and nobody ever knows why. The protection afforded to anyone who does behave properly, on the other hand, is absolute. The most damning indictments may be prepared; the public prosecutor will never act upon them. If he were absolutely forced to do so, the man would be given a chance to get away; or some wonderful technical flaw would be discovered, which would prevent the business from ever becoming public. Parnell and Dilke were destroyed because they were irreconcilable.

It is of course impossible to explain in so many words exactly what you can't do. There is no Penal Code in England. There is nothing which is "verboten." You cannot make sure of keeping within the law in England—you cannot even make sure of breaking it. The one essential is the instinctive knowledge of right and wrong (in the English sense) conferred by a public school and university training, or Sandhurst, or something equivalent. Even in these degenerate days money is not very important. A penniless subaltern with the secret is stronger than a millionaire without it.

Observe what happened to the harmless, good natured Hooley. He gave ten thousand pounds' worth of gold plate to St. Paul's, and it did him no good at all. You cannot buy the favor of the English. They are utterly unbribable. What you want to be able to do is to tell the story of the scholar of Trinity who, running down to chapel in the morning from his first all-night wine party, appealed to the Dean: "I can't read the lesson, sir, this bloody duck won't keep still!" (Readers resident in Sze-chuen, Tonga, and the Cameroons are hereby informed that the reference was to the eagle of the lectern.) If it seems not antecedently improbable that you were present on that historic occasion, you may steal the crown-jewels, and become prime minister.

I remember one quite small but characteristic incident, illustrative of the way things are done. The son of a church furnisher who had somehow got into Trinity, had been horsewhipped by me for telling lies about me, and he complained to my tutor, Dr. A. W. Verrall, who was of course bound by his office to rebuke me. So he "halled" me, which, being interpreted, is, wrote to me to call on him; and when I got there informed me baldly of the complaint, changed the subject immediately—without

awaiting an answer—to the merits of Ibsen, introduced a remark about the desuetude of duelling, went on at once to something else, and asked me to dinner. He had complied with his duty, without doing it; and that is the sort of way in which all such things are treated. All legality, all formality are absolutely taboo. They are only brought forward in order to conceal some crime. Witness the Jameson raid. The officers had to be punished in some sort of way. But it was made as mild as possible, and it was also atoned for by all sorts of advantages of other kind and any amount of kudos. If the raid had been a success, there would have been no difficulty for them at all.

On the other hand, the smallest indication on your part of ill-will towards the system, and you are ground down without respect of place or person. One of the most distinguished publicists in England took it into his head to run a South African mining magnate to earth. Libel actions and other forms of argument were started against him, but as he was evidently able and ready to fight, postponement after postponement took place. He saw they were afraid of him, and became a little self-confident. He went off for a holiday; and in his absence another man was attacked in his paper, this time a person of real importance. Prosecution was started, not by the person libeled, but by the authorities themselves, the charge being that he had commented upon a case before the courts in such a way as to prejudice justice. The printer and publisher apologized nicely, and were dismissed with a few kind words. The publicist himself does not seem to have realized that it was a frame-up against him, something in the nature of a kindly warning that he was sailing too near the wind. He refused to "play the game"—to apologize for something which he had not done.

He was immediately committed for contempt of court, thrown into prison, and brutally ill-treated. He was supposed to be a first-class misdemeanor, but the rules of the prison itself were violated in order to annoy him. This was simply because he wanted to insist upon his rights. There are no rights in England. There are only privileges. Luckily for him, a friendly warder told him that there was no limit to what they could do to him, unless he changed his tone. It is perfectly possible to administer death by torture in an English prison without causing comment. A warder has only to annoy a prisoner until he retorts. The warder then says that he was threatened and is afraid of his life. The prisoner can then be put in irons, and the irons can be fixed in such a position that he goes off his head in a few hours from the tortures of cramp. This is only one of twenty different methods of insuring peace and harmony within the dungeon walls. The publicist was wise enough to modify his tone to some extent, but he still refused to apologize for an act for which he was not responsible, and it was only when they were at last convinced that his life was in immediate danger that they grudgingly let him out. The conduct of this man may appear praiseworthy to some; but to others it will appear wrong-headed.

To the present writer (for example) there is no sense in refusing to apologize for what you have not done. If it is something that you have done, stand for it by all means; but how can something that you have not done concern you? If you are playing a game, play it according to the rules. If the judge

wants you to swear that black is white, go into the box and swear it. If he then says: "No, black is black! Swear that!" do so. If he then proposes to commit you for perjury, explain that, overawed by the majesty of the court, you became bewildered and did not quite know what you were saying. It is all very well to be a martyr if you have devoted your life to destroying some particular form of tyranny. But even so, do not waste that life on side-issues. These two examples are characteristic of the ethics expected from those who would flourish in the shade of the oak trees of old England.

Quite in keeping is the political game which people outside England regard with such wonder. Sir Archibald Montfort gets up in the House of Commons and tells Lord Algernon Fitzsimmons that he is a cad, a blackguard, a liar, a thief, a traitor, and wants to impeach him. Lord Algernon replies in terms of even greater violence. The debate closes; they go out together, have dinner at the club, and spend the evening amicably playing billiards. It is not exactly that they did not mean what they said; it is rather that they meant it in a limited way, in a way pertaining to the "universe of discourse" of politics, one having no bearing whatever on the real things of life.

At the basis of this is the most profound and complete system of immorality which the world has ever seen. A man may do anything except be caught cheating at cards, and one or two things of the same order; and it will not interfere with, say, his marrying. Marriage is a serious business, having to do with settlements, estates and property generally. Morals have no importance whatever. Oscar Wilde understood this secret very well, and constantly indicates it in his plays. In fact, nearly all the humor of his plays depends upon the treatment of this peculiar convention. Of course, a woman must not be divorced, because here questions of legitimacy arise, and therefore questions of property; there is therefore a real sin against the code. Nor is it well for any one, man or woman, to be an open and notorious evil liver; because that is giving away the secret. Morality is the principal fetter of the lower classes, and they must not find out that their masters always do exactly what takes their fancy, without a moment's regard for any other consideration.

In the older days religion had equal importance; in fact, greater importance. And in those times atheism was a sin against the caste. Hence the persecution of Bradlaugh. But the advance of science, and the efforts of the Rationalist Press Association, have made the British pretense of religion impossible for anyone of intelligence. The clearer sighted have seen that that cock won't fight. It is only in the country districts, where education is still at naep, that the squire and the parson still work together. It is well known that the British Cabinet just before the war contained three avowed atheists. The educated man in the working classes—and there are plenty of him, nowadays—is likely to despise his masters if he thinks them Christians. He is consequently told: "Observe, here are Morley and the rest, who admit they think as you do." The others of course really think the same, but make a pretense of religion for the sake of their women, and so on. The Church of England is even stronger as a political machine than the Greek Church. Its basis is so frankly illogical, that it is hardly possible

to defend it; and for this reason anything that seemed like a real religion, which had any basis of real enthusiasm, was extremely taboo. Atheism itself is, of course, a kind of religion. And while nobody in the least minded practical atheism, even on the part of the working classes, it was quite impossible to tolerate an atheist propaganda of radical reform.

But with continuing years a subtler method has become necessary. All parties have had to play at reform, and the game (explained above) by which all such measures are stultified was adopted. Old Age Pensions, the Shops Act, and the Insurance Act, are really amazing masterpieces of chicanery. All the propertied classes united to pretend the bitterest opposition to these measures, and the proletariat imagined a great triumph when they were passed. The actual effect of these measures was to remove every shred of independence from the workman. If he went one step beyond the bounds of the most slavish subservience to his employer, if he were not steady and patient as an ass, he risked losing his pension. The Shops Act prevented him from rising in life, principally by limiting the number of hours in which he could work, under the pretense of care for his poor, dear health. And the Insurance Act furnished a kind of automatic blacklist, at the service of every employer in the country. A man was no longer able to change his job. In other words, his servitude has been accomplished . . . strictly in his own interest.

There is no doubt in my mind, there can be no doubt in the mind of any person who understands history, that these measures will be successful. The

privileged classes will be strengthened, not weakened, by the war. The army will not lend itself to revolution. All the economic forces of Europe will unite to prevent things going too far. No one knows better than the Kaiser that the break-up of the English system would spell ruin for the fortunes of his house. He would feel just as George III. did with regard to the French Revolution. The navy would obviously fight for the privileged classes, and revolutionaries in England could be starved into surrender in a fortnight without need of striking blood, much less of importing foreign mercenaries, as has been done on previous occasions when need was.

England's handicap so far has been her over-subtlety and over-confidence. The power of the lawyer did certainly become too great, and it has taken all these months for the silent pressure of the real rulers to become properly manifest. This is the explanation of the stiffening of the blockade. It is still, however, a little difficult to tell how things will go in the immediate future. A sudden peace with Germany, an arrangement for the two victorious powers to come together and share the spoils without fighting each other any further about them, seems as probable as anything. It is at least certain that the only people who possess any interest in England are fully alive to it, and is not to be supposed that the spirit which has ruled since 1066, becoming ever stronger and subtler with the centuries, is going to be overwhelmed by the storm it created in order to sweep away that opposition to it, which had risen owing to the readjustments of society necessitated by the discoveries of science.

Floreat Etona!

CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN

(Continued.)

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK (Written over seven years ago)

WILLIAM II," one of his intimate friends impressed upon me with conviction, "would have been conspicuous in any profession. If a cobbler, he would have been a master cobbler." He is versatile, myriad-minded—strategist, poet, musician, diplomatist, huntsman, painter and engineer. Nero tried his hand at some of these things. But it cost him his head. Frederick the Great dabbled in verse. But it was wretched verse. The Kaiser's endeavors in manifold fields would have made several reputations for men of lesser caliber. But he still remains, above all, the Kaiser.

The Prussia of Frederick the Great was less isolated than the German Empire in certain critical periods under the present régime. Today she plays the leading fiddle in the Concert of Powers. The luminous figure of William II dominates the earth. The shadow of his sword paralyzes the British lion. But, unlike Frederick the Great, William the Great has accomplished his victories without bloodshed. For one and twenty years he has been Lord of Peace. The Seven Years' War was surely a wonderful thing. But what shall we say to a three times Seven Years' Peace?

Germany is divided into two camps: those who follow the Kaiser blindly, and those who oppose him blindly. There is no neutral ground. I have a sneaking suspicion that even the Socialists secretly adore William II. If Bebel were the Chief Executive of a German Democracy, he would make the Kaiser his Chancellor. Even the Opposition draws its life from the negation of him.

The Kaiser's personal charm is more potent than that of

Circe. Unlike Circe, he turns his admirers not into swine, but into patriots. Like Julius Cæsar, William II can be all things to all men. He is a brilliant conversationalist, and as he listens to you he seems to enter into your mind. Yet all the while, *his* mind is a garrisoned fortress. The portals are closely guarded. Never a word passes his lips unchallenged. Caution is posted on the tip of his tongue. That, I believe, is the secret of rulers of men.

It is almost incredible what sacrifices Germans, hard men of business, will make for one smile from his imperial lips. There is August Scherl, the German newspaper king. Mr. Scherl controls the syndicate publishing the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger*. Formerly this sheet might have been designated as ultra-yellow. Suddenly Mr. Scherl reverses his policy, and deliberately makes his paper, politically, the dullest in Berlin. The whisper had reached his ear that the Emperor read it: let no offensive opinion provoke a wrinkle on His Majesty's forehead! The circulation, however, continued to soar. Suppressing its yawns, Berlin still religiously peruses the *Lokalanzeiger's* castrated pages. "You see," the German explains, half apologetically, half with the pardonable pride of sharing, in a sense, the mental pabulum of his ruler, "S. M. reads it; I. M. (*Ihre Majestät*, Her Majesty), also."

AND yet it is all a myth. Far be it from me to affirm that the Kaiser never reads the *Lokalanzeiger*. He is indeed an omnivorous reader. All the new magazines find their way to his table. His desk is strewn with a bewildering variety

of publications. Sometimes, no doubt, he even sees August Bebel's radical mouthpiece, the *Vorwärts*. It is all nonsense, of course, that his news-dispatches are "doctored." William II would brook no such interference. He picks up information wherever he likes. But being a busy man, he has his news "romeiked," to employ a new verb, coined, I believe, by Richard Le Gallienne. The *Wilhelmstrasse* supplies him regularly with clippings on every imaginable topic of interest. And finally the *Füstenkorrespondenz*, a sort of *Literary Digest* for Princes, supplies him with the epitome of the daily news and excerpts from editorials. I do not think, however, that he lets that brilliant but venomous reptile, the *Zukunft*, coil up on his desk.

The mention of Maximilian Harden's unmentionable magazine recalls to my mind one of the blackest chapters in the history of the German people. Harden's one object in life has been to play the *advocatus diaboli* to William II. At the time of the Eulenburg scandal and subsequently, when the Kanser's Anglophile interview exploded with bomb-like concussion, it seemed almost as if the editor of the *Zukunft* had planted his sting. The cyclonic excitement over the interview was largely the after-effect of Harden's revelations concerning the alleged "camarilla."

The so-called "camarilla" owes its existence solely to the gossip of demagogues and of lackeys. The "Round Table" is a malicious invention. Men of Prince zu Eulenburg's temperament are found frequently in all walks of life. Like many obviously minor poets, he is incurably romantic. It is only natural that he should have been attracted, as the moth to the flame, by the splendid and virile personality of the monarch whom he served with mediæval devotion. Count Kuno von Moltke is a man of culture in the sense of the author of *Marius the Epicurean*. He has Nietzsche and Goethe at his finger-tips. Harden needlessly and unjustly dragged his name through the mire, wrecking his happiness to no purpose.

Eulenburg's case is still undecided. He seems to have stumbled over a breath—a word—call it perjury if you will. Harden's clever journalistic machinations have spread the erroneous impression that he has proved his case: he hasn't. Eulenburg, hounded almost to death by Harden's sensational persecution, may never again be able to speak in his own defense. Harden, however, stands morally convicted of treason to his country, and, incidentally, to his own scientific convictions. He has passed judgment upon himself. His weekly mental acrobatics, scorned by the truly elect, serve to amuse only the intellectual gallery. To the majority of the German public he is no longer a martyr. The shield of the Hohenzollern gleams brighter than ever. His absolute independence of irresponsible advisers and his political sagacity are no longer questioned.

Like Frederick the Great in his time, William II is the cynosure of the world. His seal is graven upon the Book of Life perhaps more deeply than Bismarck's. Still, there must be bitterness in his heart when he remembers the immediate past. I thought of it in Potsdam when I retraced the steps of his great progenitor.

Potsdam, the Kaiser's favorite residence, is intimately associated with memories of Frederick the Great. It means much more to the German than Washington's headquarters means to us. Washington had many headquarters. His appetite, apparently, was terrific. He seems to have stopped at every roadhouse between New York and Philadelphia, and to have slept in innumerable places.

The picturesque is conspicuously absent in our history. We haven't much of a history, anyway. There is the story of the Cherry Tree and the Declaration of Independence, a

couple of wars, and Lincoln's assassination. For me, American history begins with Poe, not with Plymouth; not with the Constitution, but with *Annabel Lee*. Everything seems too near. We are dreadfully unromantic. Perhaps that is the reason why native historical art fails to impress us. Who would be moved by the statue of the Father of his Country, standing in what seems to be a bathing suit, on top of a pole in the Capital?

Frederick the Great and Washington were contemporaries.

In Potsdam I felt the weight of the centuries, and that a wonderful spirit had dwelt there. The little house where lived Voltaire, his dearest literary friend, somehow gave me a curious thrill. And with a chuckle I thought of the cruel things he said about Frederick's verse.

I mounted the terrace that leads to the unpretentious hall where Frederick himself had presided over his minions, smoking tobacco and saying acute things in French. And I saw in the twilight the pool on which Frederick had set his heart, and which had never been completed in his lifetime, owing to the miscalculations of a stupid contractor. And there, in the shadow beyond, was the Historic Mill, whose owner had flaunted defiance in the face of the King. How they all hampered him in little things—the philosopher, and the miller, and the rascal who made a mess of the pool! How like their descendants!

NIGHT had fallen over the trees. Wistfully the moon smiled from above. Through the green foliage peered the pallid faces of statues, archers and Ganymedes, and delicate breasts bathed in moonlight. Seven little tombstones beckoned and gleamed from afar. "These," remarked my companion, like myself an admirer of Frederick the Great, "these are the graves of his greyhounds. Despairing of men, he turned for solace to them."

Frederick had ordained in his will that the faithful hounds should be buried at his side. Even that last wish was denied him. To me, these graves are the most pathetic things in the world. In the history of sorrow there is no page more sorrowful and more sweet. I wonder if the Kaiser sometimes thinks of Frederick and his greyhounds?

All great men are sad at heart. I can imagine the Kaiser, wrapped in a military cloak, standing there of a night and evoking in spirit the seven little ghosts of the hounds. Germany has forgotten how in a moment of hysterical agitation she trod his love underfoot. William II is great enough to forget. But surely, sometimes, like the smart of an old wound, the memory comes to him by the seven little graves in the gardens of Potsdam.

EDWIN MARKHAM

Broad-browed, full-bearded like a bard of old,
With eye of brown, fed from an inner flame;
Selfless, aye, humble in the sun of Fame;
Humble, yet with an holy anger bold.
Across that vision dreams of pearl and gold,
The pageant of life's glory and the shame,
Lit by the poet's fancy, bravely came
And brought him joys and sorrows manifold.

Yet Beauty could not bribe that valiant soul,—
Beauty, the lure eternal in the heart,—

For, Love, he knew, was first in Heaven's plan
Wherefore, he rose a Prophet, free and whole,
And, with the wondrous music of his art,
Sang for the Godlike love of man for man!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

BRAIN-WAVES DURING THE HEAT-WAVE

THE Pagan conception of the Universe has one great philosophical advantage over its competitors; this, that it recognizes a certain sardonic humor in the Lords of Destiny. It is a little more than practical joking, and a little less—but not much less—than Sadism. This humor is hidden from academic and commercial minds; even among artists it is only a few that understand and enjoy it.

Observe what happens to our ideals! One has only to formulate a desire in order to find Fate force one into a passionate denial of it. We seek to escape from the "dull monotony" of marriage, only to find ourselves the prey of a procession of the most tedious chorus girls.

We find no hate so embittered as that engendered by Love. The more one tries to help the poor, the more poor one makes them. One has only to overthrow a tyranny to find oneself compelled to impose the death penalty for sneezing, as Dictator Kerensky would bear witness. To make the world safe for democracy we must abandon all popular control of the Executive. To destroy militarism we must create a military caste.

ALL this is in the nature of things; it is the standing joke of the Gods; and those who only joke with difficulty add to our pleasure by their freely expressed annoyance.

The whole spirit of ancient comedy is resumed in the universal plot, which has been the basis of every religious legend. You take a man, dress him up as a Priest or a King or a hunter, and set out with him to the chase or the war or the sacrifice. Then, before you kill him, you break it to him gently that he is himself the destined victim of whom you spoke so eloquently! The whole of one's attitude to life depends on whether this strikes one as a joke or not. If not, you are the "goat."

IT has been suggested that, when Mr. Balfour came over to this country, saluted Mr. Wilson as the Savior of Democracy, urged him to make sure of the war loans, and cast flowers and tears upon the tomb of Washington, the wily Scot was playing just this joke. Mr. Wilson's high seriousness fits him to be a victim, and Mr. Balfour's humor is of just this order.

But that any one in the world should believe Balfour a democrat is almost inconceivable. I have a very great respect for Mr. Balfour. His uncle, Lord Salisbury, was called "a lath painted to look like iron"; but Miss Arabella is iron painted to look like a lath.

THERE are only two theories of government; Socialism and Anarchism. Most existing states compromise. But "in the last analysis" (good phrase, that! I wonder why no one ever used it before), the one runs quite amusingly into the other. The excessive individualism of this country has created trusts so large that a single step further would turn them into state-owned concerns. Similarly, socialism always topples into anarchy the moment it becomes universal. A man is not very much hampered by being called an official of the state: what he loses in one way he more than makes up in another. The form of government makes little odds to a nation, so long as wolves have teeth, and lambs have fleeces.

BUT there are three inestimable treasures in monarchy; yea, four things joyful which other systems do not give.

Firstly, one knows pretty well who the king is; if it be not himself, it is his mistress or his barber, which may be even better.

Secondly, the king is a human being like oneself, not an unassailable abstraction. Theoretically, one can approach him and obtain a request. Even a refusal is better than a beating of the air; at least one knows where one is. But one cannot ask favors of a Cosmic Urge or get the ear of an Economic Trend.

Thirdly, one can estimate the situation of the moment; one can judge of human actions, even when they are monstrously inhuman. Committees have no soul to damn, and no body to kick; so they are capable of actions which are not human at all, in any proper sense of the word. Even their most admirable laws lack the human touch. Who would not rather be a beggar dependent on the careless generosity of drunkards and prostitutes than a well-fed pauper in a workhouse? The first may (by a miracle) get a five or ten dollar bill now and again; the second is shorn clear of hope; his fate has become visibly ineluctable; he can see clear down a well-swept avenue of slavery all the way to the Mausoleum.

Fourthly, when a king becomes intolerable, one can cut his head off and get another, with some hope of gain by the change. But all committees are on the same dead level of heartlessness and stupidity.

IT is in such forlorn vestiges of democracy as Congress that the expert sleuth can trace the wailing ghosts of the Social Contract and Magna Charta. We are still in that slave-minded condition where we feel the necessity of explaining our actions to others. We dare not drink beer without some sort of medical approval; we excuse ourselves for love on eugenic grounds; in other words, we are all afraid of each other. It was not enough to elect our best and bravest man to the Presidency; he felt bound to explain what needed no explanation, and naturally he has failed to convince a great many people. "L'état c'est moi" can only be answered by the lie direct. To give one's "reasons" is to appeal to reason; and reason happens to be a kind of interminable game of chess in which neither side can win. Reason has not yet decided so much as whether we exist at all.

IN all crisis a dictator is a necessity. Gallipoli was a better bet than Salonica; even disaster is preferable to inaction. Fabius, "qui cunctando restituit rem," has been represented as a slow-moving person by such imbeciles as the modern Fabians, who impudently took his name. No: Fabius was an exceptionally quick individual; it was the enemy in whom he induced the slowness.

Committees inevitably mean delay. The rules of debate, the rights of the minority; the whole conception of such bodies is to hear all sides, to thresh everything out, to fight every detail to a finish. And there is this particular purpose in view—to check autocracy.

In peace-time, in matters of no urgency, this is well enough. In war it is comic. Soldiers voting upon

their next manoeuvre is, of course, the *reductio ad absurdum*.

WHY then do we not take our own common-sense psychology to heart? Why do we not realize that, whatever may work in peace, we must have the "benevolent despot" in war-time? Because we fear that he may use his power to enslave us after the victory. Free men should not suffer such fear; they should rely upon themselves to supply a tyrannicide if need arose. While people are quarreling as to whether to build steel ships or wood, whether the people are to drink beer or nut sundae, whether a piece of bread should be buttered on the right side or the left, nothing is done.

IHAPPENED to be in Eastbourne, England, a month or so after the war began. It was bad enough to watch the hordes of cigaretted slackers; but after all that might have been the indifference of courage. What struck me as symptomatic of sheer rottenness was the regiment of tub-thumpers howling out the advantages of their competing brands of religion and ethics. In war one needs a crude belief (like Mohammed's or Mr. Roosevelt's) in some equivalent of Thor. People who cannot shed their civilised criticism, for the time being, will not make good soldiers. If one were to analyze the pacifist, one would find him, as a rule, an over-educated man, a man the slave of his own reason, unable to become a savage when the occasion arises for dealing with savages. One must fight fire with fire. Hence we find the bench of bishops in England opposing reprisals for the air raids. Leave it to the "atheistic" French to kill 200 school children in Karlsruhe!

FOR three years I have fought against muddle and hypocrisy. We should not pretend that it is possible to fight with kid gloves on. If we killed our prisoners, and cooked their hearts and livers to give us courage, it would be no worse; and we should know where we were. War under Queensberry rules is not war at all, because there is nobody to exact any penalty for the breach of these rules. "Atrocities" is a good cry when you have a referee who can award you the fight on a foul; in a tussle with another savage for life or death, the cry is simply the wail of a weakling. Now that the referee, Uncle Sam, is in the war himself, we can at least stop this, and become as "atrocious" as the English in Ireland and South Africa, the French in Madagascar, the Belgians in the Congo, the Germans in South West Africa, the Russians in Finland, the Italians in Tripoli, the Turks in Armenia—is there any one stupid enough not to see what St. Paul saw? "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

SO now we have what has been always admitted to be the best of all possible governments—a benevolent despot. There is nothing personal about it. It is the will of the people incarnated in a single mind. It is the apotheosis of democracy. The arrangement is exceedingly convenient in other ways. It solves the puzzling problem of the name for this particular section of the American continent. *Wilsontia* is neat and easy to remember; and it has further the advantage of sounding like an apartment house in the Bronx. To make things pleasant all around, the wilder parts of the country might be called, on the South African analogy, the *Roose Veldt*.

BUT whatever may be the powers exercised by any government, there is one thing which cannot be done without a revolution. That is to interfere with the customs of the people. A custom may be the silliest superstition, or the most deleterious habit, but it is inviolable. History is full of examples of tyrants who fell because of attempts to interfere in such methods. I almost wish I had not forgotten my history, because I should like to quote a whole lot of examples. However, history is all lies; it will be just the same if I invent a few cases. Timur Bukh was assassinated by a child of twelve years old in the midst of his victorious army, only a month after he promulgated his infamous decree forbidding his use of toothpicks. Mamilius tried to alter the date of the festival of the God Rumtum, and his dynasty crumbled in an hour. The emperor, Chwang Myang, lost his throne through forbidding people to feed goldfish on oatmeal as formerly.

AS a matter of fact there is a recent and rather terrible case, the Sipahi Mutiny in India. The entire country had submitted uncomplainingly to all sorts of tyrannies and exactions. But as soon as the Mohammedan thought that he was to be compelled to defile himself with pig, and the Hindu with cow, there was an immediate outbreak. It is impossible to alter by an act of legislation those deep-seated customs which refer to the satisfaction of the primary needs of men, the need to support life and the need to reproduce it. It is notorious that a food riot is the most terrible of all the danger signals.

BUT interference with those customs which contain reference to pleasure is even more dangerous. The man of the common people has so little pleasure in his life. It is as crazy as it is criminal to attempt to remove the little he has got. Robbing the poor man of his beer is a desperate adventure.

IF prohibition were enforced in any State, revolution would instantly follow. Trouble does not arise in dry States under the present system, because in addition to the pleasure of drinking you have the pleasure of thinking that you are putting one over on the law. It is humiliating to reduce men to the level of school boys. I shouldn't care to do it myself; but I dare say it is good fun for those who like it.

TO attempt any such change in war time is entirely suicidal. I am perfectly convinced that the prohibition of Vodka was the determining cause of the Russian revolution. If any Russians hate Germans, it is not for any economic reasons. The Russian peasant does not understand political economy; he knows scarcely more than the average professor of that subject in a university. But the story was put about that the Germans had mutilated his ikons; and that put him into a baresark rage, although it did him no manner of harm.

THE whole history of popular warfare is that of the attack and defense of sacred symbols, or superstitions, or customs, that could not be rationally defended for a moment. I do not know whether I like beer or not; for as it happens I have never tasted it. But I value my option. If any one comes into my office, and forbids me to drink beer, one of us has got to die. Any person not similarly irrational and violent has no just title to the name of man. A. C.

THE REVIVAL OF MAGICK

By THE MASTER THERION.

(Continued from last month.)

It is in this somewhat dry disquisition, bordering as it does, I am afraid, on metaphysics, that is to be sought the reason for the revival of magick. Unless this explanation were first given, it might seem a mere phenomenon of folly, an hysterical exacerbation due to over-civilization.

But assuming that irrefutable form of idealism which contents itself with the demonstration that, knowledge being a function of the mind, as the materialists not merely concede, but insist, the universe as we know it is equivalent to the contents of that mind; and assuming also that the mind contains a power able to control thought; then there is no absurdity in asserting that mind may be the master of matter. And the empirical rules laid down by the magicians of old may prove to some extent of use in practice.

Such rules are in fact the inheritance of the Magi. This is not the place to discuss the disputed cases of the Rosicrucians, of the Comte de St. Germain, of Cagliostro, and others whose names will readily occur. The periods in which they lived are obscure, and the controversies sterile. But it is at least evident that some valid tradition lurked somewhere, for within the memory of living men are Eliphaz Levi and his pupil Bulwer Lytton. Now it is not philosophical to suppose that Levi was an upstart genius, though he does claim to have "forced an answer from the ancient oracles" and indeed to have reconstituted magick. I do not believe this to be strictly true; I believe that Levi had living masters. But that Levi first translated ancient ideas into modern terms is undeniable. Moreover, the influence of this great master was enormous, even in spheres external to his particular orb. The revival of French Literature with Baudelaire, Balzac, Gautier, Verlaine, de Banville, d'Anrevilly, Haraucourt, Rollinat, the de Goncourts and a dozen other names of the first rank, was in a sense his work. It was he that formulated the philosophical postulates that made their art possible and triumphant. Such sentences as this: "A pure style is an aureole of holiness" may pass as the very canon of art. His reconciliations of right and duty, liberty and obedience, are cardinal to the gate of modern thought. I do not hesitate to assert that very soon "The Key of the Mysteries" will be recognized as the very incarnation of the spirit of his time.

In this book Levi offered to the Church a way out of the difficulties raised by the advance of Science. That she rejected it was her suicide; just as Napoleon's disdain of his political philosophy was written large in letters of blood at Wörth, Gravelotte, Metz and Sedan.

However, the few capable of initiation took Levi to their hearts; and from that hour the revival of magick has never been in doubt. At the moment almost of Levi's death the Theosophical Society was founded; and Blavatzky's debt to the French Adept is the greatest of all her obligations. In England Anna Kingsford—a mere megaphone for Edward Maitland—was at work; also there was Mr. S. L. Mathers, a considerable magician who subsequently fell, and was smashed beyond recognition; and, in the nineties, the giant figure of Allan Bennett.

In magical literature itself we find, as is to be

expected, a reflection of these facts. Ever since Christian Rosencreutz there is nothing serious and first-hand, until Eliphaz Levi. The magical tradition was the basis of gracious fables like Undine, and of frivolities like the Rape of the Lock and its source the Comte de Gabalis. Sometimes it is treated more seriously, as in Lewis' "Monk," and Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein." There are legends of Cagliostro, too, in Dumas' *Memoirs of a Physician*, and there is the "Diable Boiteux" and the "Diable Amoureux." Nor let ever be forgotten that terrible and true magical apologue "La peau de chagrin."

Casanova gives an admirable view of the matter, and Thackeray copies him cleverly enough in "Barry Lyndon." But it is all hearsay.

Eliphaz Levi comes up stage, and says plainly to the world: "I myself did such and such an operation of magick in such and such a time and place."

He wears a mask illegible enough, it is true; but we have at least *oratio recta* and not *oratio obliqua*. For which we who remember bitter schooldays thank God, and prefer Levi to Livy!

In his footsteps if Bulwer Lytton did not follow, it was because of his public career. He comes near it. Every one within even the widest ripple that is caused on the water of society when the Stone of the Wise is thrown therein knew that Sir Philip Derval's laboratory was an accurate description of Lytton's own magical cabinet. It was clear to all ripe intelligence that in "Zanoni" the author was seriously expounding his own beliefs, discussing his own problems, justifying his own career. In the "Strange Story" he recounts incidents surely seen with his own eyes.

Read his account of the evocation of a demon, and his other of an ordeal, and compare them with the stories of Levi. Observe how the ancient directness revives in them, and contrast them with the sneering rubbish of the courtly abbé who wrote the Comte de Gabalis.

It is evident where the truth lies. And now let us turn to the evidence of men yet living.

III.

Allan Bennett was born at the time of the Franco-Prussian war. His father, an engineer, died when he was a young child, and his mother brought him up a strict Catholic.

When he was about 8 years old he happened to hear that if you repeated the "Lord's Prayer" backwards, the Devil would come. This enterprising infant at once set himself to learn it backwards, and, when letter-perfect, went into the garden and said it. Something—the Devil or one of his angels—did appear, and the child ran screaming in terror to the house.

We hear of nothing else of the same kind for a long while, and the same startlingly sporadic success is true of his first step in mysticism. When he was about 18, without any premonitory symptom, he was suddenly caught up into the trance called *Shivadarshana*. We cannot stop here to describe this; suffice it to say that it is the highest attainment in this line, save perhaps one, possible to man.

Its effect upon him was catastrophic; he realized instantly and without any doubt that no other state was worthy of a moment's thought, and he unhesitatingly abandoned all, if perchance he might discover

how to achieve of set purpose what had been thrust on him by destiny. His natural tendency to magic drew him into that line of work, and so at the age of 25 we find him already famous for his powers in this art.

He had a "blasting rod" constructed simply of the lustre of an old-fashioned chandelier, and he was always cheerfully ready to demonstrate its power by pointing it at any convenient sceptic, and paralyzing him for a few hours or days.

For more serious magical work he had a rod of almond tipped with a golden star of five points, each point engraved with a letter of the Ineffable Name Jeheshua; in the centre was a diamond. With this he would trace mysterious figures in the air, and, visible to the ordinary eye, they would stand out in faint bluish light. On great occasions, working in a circle, and conjuring the spirits by the great names of the Key of Solomon or the "Enochian Calls" of spirits given him by Dr. Dee, he would obtain the creature necessary to his work in visible and tangible form. On one occasion he evoked Hismael, the lowest manifestation of Jupiter, and, through a series of accidents, was led to step out of his circle without effectively banishing the spirit. He was felled to the ground, and only recovered five or six hours later. But this was simply a single untoward incident in a career of almost monotonous success.

However, he was certainly a careless person. On one occasion he had consecrated a talisman of the Moon to cause rain. (As he lived in London, I cannot imagine why he did this!) To make it work it had to be immersed in water. He would put it in a basin or tumbler, and within a few minutes the clouds would gather and the rain begin: instructive to his pupils, and beneficial to the country. But one day he lost the talisman. It worked its way into a sewer, and London had the wettest summer in the memory of man!

It was early in 1899 that I became the pupil of this great master. I say "great master," and I ask to be taken on trust, for in this account of magick it would be dull to dwell upon his true qualities; I must rather seek to amuse by recounting his misadventures. Incidentally, any magical manifestation whatever is a regrettable incident. Just as in war, even the greatest victories cost something. Every battle is an obstruction in the march of the conqueror.

In order to explain my meeting with Allan Bennett it is necessary to give a short resumé of my own magical career.

IV.

I was in my third year at Cambridge when the call came. I had been intended for the Diplomatic Service, and had also a great ambition to be a poet. In fact, I had written many hundred thousand lines, all of which I diligently destroyed in one great holocaust of paraffin and paper a matter of eight years later. It now struck me quite suddenly that, even if I got the Embassy at Paris—why, who was ambassador a century before? I did not know, and nobody knew, or cared.

Even if I got fame like that of Aeschylus—why, who reads Aeschylus? A few scores only, even in a University where Classics are compulsory.

And, anyhow, one day or other the earth must fall into the sun, or go dead like the moon.

I saw the Vanity of Things. I must find a material

to build my temple; something more permanent than the hearts and minds of men.

This conclusion came to me reasonably enough, yet with all the force of a vision. I cannot hope to convey the quality of that despair. I rushed to the Bookseller, ordered all works ever published on Alchemy, Magic, and the like, and spent the long winter nights in ploughing those dreary sands. I had not knowledge enough even to begin to understand them.

However, the magical capacity was there, as will be seen. "In my distress I called upon the Lord; and He inclined unto me and heard my cry."

This is indeed the essential quality of a magician, that he should be able, without obvious means, to send forth his will-currents to the desired quarters, and awake them to answer. It is not necessary that the reply should come magically; he should expect his will obeyed in the ordinary course of events. As an example, let me give the use I made of a talisman of Abramelin "to have books of magic." When I consecrated it, I was childish enough to expect the instant appearance of a Genie with flames in his mouth and books in his hand. Instead of this, all that happened was that a man called to see me with just those books that I needed, for sale. The point of the story is that I had spent weeks with all the booksellers in England, trying to get just those books. And the man knew nothing of that; he had come on an impulse.

To return: one of the books that I had bought at Cambridge was the "Book of Black Magic and of Facts," the catchpenny production of an ignorant, dipsomaniac, half-demented scholiast named Waite, whose sole asset was a pompous jargon composed of obsolete words. In his preface he said—so far as one could understand—that he was in touch with more Masters, Adepts, Mahatmas, Rosicrucians and Hermetists than had ever appeared even in pseudo-occult literature.

To him I wrote for advice and received many folios of rigmarole in return. The only intelligible sentence was one in which he recommended me to read Von Eckartshausen's "Cloud Upon the Sanctuary." This book spoke of a secret church, of a brotherhood of initiates, exactly filling the bill. I read this book over and over again at Wasdale Head in Cumberland, where I spent Easter of 1898 climbing with a splendid mountaineer, one of the three best the world has ever seen, but a terrible scoffer at all occult lore. However, I sent out my S. O. S. call to the Brotherhood, and this is what resulted:

In July, 1898, I was at a camp on the Schönbühl Glacier above Zermatt, and had gone down to the village for a respite from the constant snowstorms. In the Beerhall one night, like the young ass I was, I started to lay down the law on Alchemy. To hear me, one would think I had just discharged Nicolas Flamel for cleaning my athanor badly, and beaten Basil Valentine over the head for breaking my alembic!

One of the party took me seriously; he saw that my bombast concealed a real desire of knowledge. We walked to the hotel together. I saw that he really knew what I pretended to know, and I dropped my "side" and became the humble learner. I had promised myself to renew the conversation in the morning: to my consternation he had disappeared. I made a vigorous search, and three days later caught him as he was walking down the valley to Viège. I walked

with him and never left him till he had promised to meet me in London and introduce me to a certain Brotherhood of which he spake darkly.

The rest of the story is short. In London he introduced me to a really great magician, one known to adepts as Frater Volo Noscere, who introduced me to a true magical brotherhood. It was more than a year afterwards that I found myself again at a dead-centre. Again I sent out the S. O. S. call from the City of Mexico. The next mail brought me a letter from Frater V. N., solving the questions which I had not

asked! And again, two months later I sent out the call. This time a Master came from England to teach me a New Path—and who should it be but the mountaineer, who had always passed for a sceptic? At the moment of my first call he had been sitting opposite me at the fireplace, had been linked to me on the precipices of Scafell by a rope—if only I had the eyes to see him!

My life has been full of such incidents; if any one cry "coincidence," let him also admit that her long arm was very effectively pulled by my conjuration!

(To Be Continued.)

SINN FEIN

By SHEAMUS O'BRIEN

"We do hereby declare war upon England until such time as our demands being granted, our rights recognized, and our power firmly established in our own country, from which we are now exiled, we may see fit to restore to her the blessings of peace and extend to her the privileges of friendship." The Declaration of Independence of Ireland.

On his accession to the throne of England, it did not escape the observant eye of King Edward VII that the grounds of Balmoral Castle were somewhat conspicuously decorated with a statue of the late John Brown.

This John Brown is to be carefully distinguished from the abolitionist hero of the same name; for we here write of the gillie who is said to have been morganatically married to the Queen of England.

Now Edward VII had no personal feeling about John Brown, so far as we know; and we are not told whether he disliked the statue on aesthetic grounds, though, if it pleased Victoria, there may have been some reason for a very hearty abhorrence. But he expressed no such sentiments as you or I might have done; he simply ordered it to be removed to a part of the forest where deer or grouse were likely to be the only persons shocked.

Dirt has been well defined as "matter in the wrong place"; for instance, raspberry jam in one's hair. It may be the most excellent raspberry jam; but so long as it remains in one's hair, one is annoyed by it. One quite stupidly calls it bad names, and one adopts divers expedients for removing it.

If I were a young girl, I might be exceedingly in love with some fine stalwart man. I might think him simply perfect—and yet you might hear me speak quite sharply to him if he chanced by some inadvertence to be standing, with his nailed shooting boots on, upon my face. Nor, I fancy, would an extension of this process over seven centuries, varied by a war-dance whenever I protested, acclimatize me.

Whenever and wherever Irish and English meet as equals they are the best of friends. Their natures are opposite, but they fit delightfully, better, I think, than any two other races in the world. It has been England's salvation that she has always had Normans or Celts for her real rulers. There is hardly a "Sassenach" in the government to-day. Yet no government has proved capable of dealing with the Irish question, for the perfectly simple reason that its simplicity has been misunderstood. Even Irishmen have misunderstood it. All sorts of nostrums have been tried; the land question has been tinkered for generations; the experiment of this and of that statesman begins with applause, continues with irritation, ends in failure. It is like

the woman with the issue of blood who had spent all her living on physicians, and was nothing bettered but rather grew worse. On the whole, the most satisfactory plan—as philosophers have pointed out—has been the policy of rape and murder, starvation, forced emigration, wholesale massacre. It was considered a good joke in my boyhood to say that the Irish question could be settled quite easily—by submerging the island for four-and-twenty hours. (The kind of mind that thinks that funny is hardly like to be of much assistance, perhaps.) Yet the question was and is perfectly simple. All Irish protests, whatever their appearance, meant one thing and one thing only: "Get off my face!"

I have no patience with those Sinn Feiners who are out of temper, and regard the English as monsters and devils. They are the most charming people in the world, and merely become monsters and devils when they try to deal with Ireland.

The British rule in India has been a miracle of beneficence, under the most appalling difficulties of climate, race, language and religion. I have lived long enough in India to know that. But India is not Ireland: for some uncanny reason, in Ireland, England always does the wrong thing at the wrong time. I wish to avoid rancour and recrimination; I wish to cover England with my charity—which is proverbially capable of the task. I impute no blame. I wish to treat all that has happened as misunderstanding. Even England admits that she has blundered. It is really almost a case of sheer mental deficiency. Think of the imbecility of the Piggott forgeries! The whole story is simply incredible. Even G. K. Chesterton, writing a formal apology for England, can only urge that the outrages—which he deliberately parallels with those alleged of the Germans in Belgium—were committed not by England, but by England's Prussian soldiers!

Even pro-Ally Americans were shocked into indignation by the appalling tactlessness of murdering the revolutionists of Easter, 1916; and when, not content with hanging Sir Roger Casement, who was, at the very worst, an unbalanced crank of impracticable idealisms, they proceeded to defile his memory by circulating—in secret, so that no man could challenge and refute it—an alleged diary attributing

to him just that very vice for which their own gang at Dublin Castle, the men who stole the crown jewels, were notorious, we simply concluded that the last trace of reason or of common sense had left the authorities for ever.

They capped it, however, by sending over "Bloody Balfour"—so that the President could simply not avoid asking: 'What are you going to do about Ireland?' The reply is the "all-Irish convention." It is to laugh.

Redmond and Company were discredited once and for all when they agreed to the hanging-up of the Home Rule Act.

The party is dead as mutton; its sheep's bleat and its sheep's brains and its sheep's sheepishness have not saved it. Ireland is Sinn Fein, eleven men in, twelve, maybe more.

Will we come to the convention? What—talk again? We only want one thing of England: "Get off my face."

The moment we are an independent republic like Canada or Australia or the South African Union there can be no further grievance. "We may fight among ourselves?" Well, that's our business, not yours. (Besides, it's a pleasure.)

Until that day of freedom we can do nothing whatever but fight for it. We have had seven centuries of England on our face, and we are desperate. We will use every means; all's fair in love and war. Quoth the genius of Ierne: "No, I don't want you to lend me money; I don't want you to protect my commerce; I don't want you to assist me to overcome my own digestive troubles; I want you to get off my face."

When that day of freedom dawns, the situation;

will dissolve like a dream. Free Ireland will see—with one glance at the map—that she can have only one friend, one ally—England. We are intermarried with the English quite inextricably. The attempt to revive Gaelic is quite on a par with the German reaction toward Gothic type—does any sane Sinn Feiner expect his American cousins to learn Erse?

I, for one, am ready to fight on England's side to-day, against any foe but Ireland. Why should we be foes? It is lunacy, it is against nature.

Get off my face! Let me up, and I'll fight side by side with you. I'll lead your armies to victory, as in the past; I'll replace your dummy officers with men of brains. I have imagination, courage, wisdom—everything you lack—and it's all at your service. But I can do nothing while you are standing on my face.

Cannot England try the experiment, at least? Things cannot well be worse—and yet they grow worse inevitably with the induration of time.

Once a republic, shall we not help our sister France? What grudge have we against you but the one grudge? We do not wish to annex Lancashire; in fact, God forbid! We shall not try to starve you with submarines; on the contrary, we can help each other with food. But we'll treat as friends and equals; Britons have not a monopoly of "never will be slaves."

You are so stupid in all that concerns Ireland that I fear you may not see that I am not uttering a pious wish, but stating an apodeictic proposition, declaring the inexorable logic of events.

But after all, even if our republic doesn't work as I say it will, and know it will, would you be worse off than you are now? And surely we can talk better arm in arm—Oh, do get off my face!

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE LEADERS OF THE NATIONAL SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT

MESDAMES:

May I address a few words to you with regard to the general policy of the campaign in favor of Woman Suffrage? In most respects the conduct of that campaign has been admirable, but I should like to indicate what appears to me a remarkable omission.

You have understood perfectly that general education is a necessary feature, yet you have not put your finger upon the one great obstacle to the emancipation of women. I refer to what is known as wholesome literature. In England to some extent, but still more in this country, the purveyors of fiction cut away the ground entirely from under your feet by the constant assumption that woman is nothing but an instrument of sex. In the average novel, no matter what the subject, what is called the "love-interest" means nothing more than that the real pre-occupation of the book is with the question as to whether she will, or whether she won't. The entire plot is a species of tantalization. It never seems to occur to the popular writer that a man (even) could take a genuine interest in

those things which persons like myself at least are really interested. The doctor who discovers a new cure for diabetes, the inventor who opens a whole new world of activity to the human race, the poet who seeks to translate the divine ecstasy into language, are doing this, according to the popular writer, merely in order to get hold of a girl. It is this fundamental pre-occupation with sex, this enormous over-valuation of sex, which is making it impossible for the people of this country to assimilate in the idea of a woman as a human being, something more than Swinburne's "Love machine With clock-work joints of supple gold, No more, Faustine."

At the present moment we are inaugurating in this magazine a campaign to put sex in its proper place—as a necessary ingredient of life, indeed, but not one to be allowed to obsess the mind. The sex-taboo is the enemy of human progress. Until that is removed mankind can never dwell upon the heights; the mischief done in life by it is made possible principally by the mischief done by so-called wholesome literature.

CEREBELLUM.

THE GATE OF KNOWLEDGE

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

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

"A Chaste Man," by Louis U. Wilkinson. (Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.)

Mr. Wilkinson's new book is a distinct advance on "The Buffoon." In that work he showed himself as a novelist of manners of great excellence, but, he gave no indication of his new development. The new book places him among the supreme masters of tragedy. He is not merely equal to the greatest of the Russians, but superior to them; for the worst tragedies of Russia can never equal those of England. Russia, at the very worst, is a place where something happens. In England lives are ruined by the hundred thousand through the fact that nothing happens or ever can happen. Even the war seems to leave but a superficial impression.

The book opens by showing us the hero duly reminding Mr. Somebody that this is the third application, etc., and that unless, etc., and remains his faithfully. Despite the enthralling adventure described in the book, the hero has not enough sense to live up to his opportunities. As a result he is found on the last page still reminding Mr. Somebody that this is the third application, etc. People have got so habituated to this sort of thing that they seem to have lost consciousness of its horror.

There is practically no difference between the life of a pauper and that of a young man in a good situation like the hero of this book. Life should be intolerable without hope in youth of doing worthy things, and memory in age of worthy things accomplished. Under the modern industrial system 95 per cent. of the population never get a chance either for hope or memory. Yet life is not intolerable to them, for the virile spirit has been destroyed by generations of "propriety."

In this novel is conveyed with overwhelming power the tremendous moral lesson that a man, by refusing to grasp the nettle of fate, not only fails in himself, but ruins others. The final tragedy of the girl Olga is indeed most pitiful. Yet, it is a tragedy which happens every day. That, in fact, raises one's sense of pity from the personal to the cosmic. One begins to realize the appalling price that has to be paid for cheap clothes and what are absurdly called the conveniences of life.

If people could awake to a true sense of the universe, they would understand that a year in the trenches is much better than a year in the comfortable home. The ancients knew that the soul must be purged by pity and terror; and these are just the elements against which modern civilization has been striving. The comic catastrophe in which it has been involved is the only good thing about it. Comfort, regularity, peace are the most dreadful enemies of the soul.

If I look back upon my life, I find that the only

things worth remembering are the adventures, the times when I was undergoing incredible hardships, when I was in hourly peril of immediate death. Of course, it may be different if one is a tame animal; but how dreadful a thing it is to be tame!

This book is written with sublime simplicity, with that art which conceals art. Every page is interesting in itself, yet every incident is duly subordinate to the brooding horror of the main theme. The Buddhists say that the three great enemies of the soul are greed, hatred and dullness. How could one better describe life in a modern city? Dr. Wilkinson has seized upon this gruesome theme with the aplomb of a master. Without a high-pitched voice, without violence or didacticism, he lays bare the corpse of our modern death-in-life.

A. QUILLER, JR.

"Jap Herron," a novel written from the Ouija Board. (Mitchell Kennerley). "The Love Letters of St. John," (Mitchell Kennerley).

Literary forgeries are sometimes interesting, but they have to be clever. It is possible that St. John corresponded with a courtesan, but we should be more satisfied as to the authenticity of such a correspondence if we had the manuscript. As the person responsible for the volume claims to have had letters that were given to an old priest in Tuscany long ago, we might at least have had a sample of the original. Instead, we obtain nothing but stuff which would hardly do for the sob column of the least sophisticated evening paper. The ideas attributed to St. John are so cheaply sentimental, and the attempt to imitate part of his style is so crude, that one simply cannot bother to attempt a serious analysis. There is nothing in the book but vague drivel. It is the most modern brainless tosh. The worst of all ancient authors never abandoned himself to such a debauch of futile footling. The whole thing is beneath contempt.

"Jap Herron" is prefaced by an elaborate introduction as to how the book was obtained. We have no wish to doubt that the spiritualists who did it are sincere. They may think that Mark Twain wrote this book; but if so, Mark Twain has simply forgotten how to write. It is hardly even a washed-out Mark Twain. There is not a line of humor or a phrase of wit in the entire production, of the kind that one could call characteristic.

There appears to be a kind of painstaking imitation of the style, such as might be within the powers of one of those playful elemental spirits who love to make fun of those who invoke them without proper magical precautions; but no one with the smallest sense of criticism could possibly imagine that Mark Twain wrote this book. It limps a thousand miles behind the very feeblest of his earthly efforts. I say this not by any means as a whole-hearted admirer of Mark Twain. I think he wrote a great deal of third-rate stuff, forced humor, false sentiment, at times sheer tosh. But this book is a revelation of how good that bad stuff was.

On the other hand, it may be argued that Mark Twain is now "regenerate." His new experiences may have modified his attitude to things terrestrial. The book, standing on its own feet, might be found interesting and genial; on the stilts of spiritualism it fails.

MILES.

The Journal of Leo Tolstoi—1895-1899. (Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.)

Many passages of this record will be painful and shocking to all good Americans, for does not this great republic justly pride herself beyond all else on her indomitable chivalry, her deep reverence for womanhood? Tolstoi's view of women is hideously antipodal to the views of Boston Ethical Societies, Beatrice Fairfax, Chautauqua lecturers, Robert W. Chambers, Colonel Roosevelt, Ma Sunday, the Houses of Congress, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Now that the news is broken, turn to page 251 of these journals, in which, the publisher's note tells us, Tolstoi "placed great importance, deeming them to be the true mirror of his inmost self"; an observation which is entirely just, for they give their author's essence, confirming and deepening all we know of him.

"Woman . . . is the tool of the devil. She is generally stupid, but the devil lends her his brain when she works for him. Here, you see, she has done miracles of thinking, far-sightedness, constancy, in order to do something nasty; but as soon as something not nasty is needed, she cannot understand the simplest thing; she cannot see farther than the present moment, and there is no self-control and no patience (except child-birth and the care of children)."

Pass, if you have strength left, to page 291:

"For seventy years I have been lowering and lowering my opinion of women and still it has to be lowered more and more. The woman question! How can there not be a woman question? Only not in this, how women should begin to direct life, but in this, how they should stop ruining it."

This is awful.

It is as bad as St. Paul. The reasons for the misogyny of both prophets are the same; they are of equal psychopathic purport. Both Tolstoi and St. Paul were lustful men swerved by violent reaction to the ascetic ideal, and if your lustful man unconverted is a misprizer of women, still more bitter and ferocious is he in his misprizing when he "sees the light." Women show him the concrete forms of the most terrible, the most agonizing temptations that life holds; they are the potential, and, alas! too often the actual instruments of his falls from grace and the spirit. He fears and hates them with all the force of his stemmed sex passion. These are facts that every feminist and every good American should know; they should realize that Puritanism is at bitter enmity with feminism and Americanism. Study, then, this illuminating journal with its records of mania, perversion, depression, struggle, dissatisfaction, spiritual suffering, "general despair," back-aches, "weakness and pain in the spinal column."

The inferiority of Tolstoi's later work is amply explained. Suppose a man living by the sea in a hot climate. After extravagant bathing he conceives the idea that such indulgence is wicked. He refrains, or struggles fiercely to refrain, altogether. The heat grows more intolerable for him; he is obsessed by the heat, by his renunciation of bath-

ing. The obsession diverts and absorbs his energies, his mind is distorted by manias, he is passionately convinced of various absurdities, he comes to believe that there is something wicked about the ocean. He cannot work, he is miserable and useless.

The Journal should be widely read as a tragic object-lesson, a dreadful warning of what happens to a man of genius, a man of turbulent but real creative power, when he is perverted to asceticism, and determines, logically, to undergo all the disfigurements of his creed. Logically: for as Tolstoi and Paul see, if desire is vile, wedlock is vile. "There never was and there never can be such a thing as Christian marriage." "The highest condition to which woman can attain is that of maidenhood." "It is good for a man not to touch a woman." So let "the most dangerous of all passions" cease to exist, and the world with it! And let women, "tools of the devil," snarers of the spirit in the toils of the flesh, women whose very smiles "often season something entirely foul"—let them depart to the place which is prepared!

LOUIS WILKINSON.

"The Crimes of Charity," by K. Bercovici. (Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.)

(The Crimes of Charity is one of the most interesting books of the season. It is also one of the most heart-rending. The author has not attacked persons; he has confined himself to exposing the effects of wrong principles. Nevertheless his book has been boycotted by many of the libraries. The book is splendidly written. The author has the great gift of enabling the reader to visualize the scenes described without effort. Merely as an artistic production, this book ranks extremely high. Each section is a perfect little vignette of humanity. It must not be missed by anyone who wishes to qualify for the Abou Ben Adhem class. A. C.)

Institutions are hindering the free development of human activities. They are concerned with average quantity and not individual quality. There is no more fiendish institution than Organized Charity. Vested with the care of the invalids of our economic system, Organized Charity is more anxious to sell absolution to the sinners than to take care of the sinned against. The modern parvenu, the weaver of our social fabric, is too greedy not to maim and kill for profit, but he is too weak not to feel remorse, during the few minutes he allows himself to be away from the crushing wheels of industry or the coarse and noisy anæsthetic pleasures of our epoch.

Bred of industrialism and hypocrisy, Organized Charity is a mongrel cuddling to the rich to obtain a bone from their table, and after trimming it of all the meat and fat for its own maintenance it brings the bone, naked but dirty with saliva, to the starving poor in whose name it exists.

In my book "The Crimes of Charity," I have attempted to show how they do it, how they kill every human sentiment in the giver and receiver, how they could not exist if the givers had any faith in human nature or if the poor had any pride left in their crushed souls, that it is the object of Organized Charity to kill both the faith and the pride of the one and the other. It is its very *raison d'être*.

Love and pity is merchandise, and it is sold *en gros* and *en detail*. Like a flock of crows over a battlefield Organized Charity hovers over the carcass of our bleeding civilization.

(Continued on next page.)

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THE GATE OF KNOWLEDGE.

(Continued from page 235.)

I have attempted to show that instead of healing the wound, Organized Charity is filling the ulcers with the pus of other wounds. Through spying, lying and deceiving they have risen to dangerous power, so that they now command an army of millions. One is a subject of Organized Charity whether he gives or receives alms.

From their patrons, wholesale dealers in potatoes and munitions fattening on the sustaining and taking of life with equal hypocrisy and patriotism, Organized Charity emulates the old wholesale dealing in human flesh and tears of the slave days. More than two million people in the United States are in the clutches of Organized Charity. Its aggregate income is more than two hundred million dollars a year, and its property one billion dollars. It is the greatest power of evil on earth.

I have attempted to show how the poor are herded and labeled and libelled and insulted, how their private life is destroyed and besmirched. Organized Charity considers poverty a crime and riches a virtue. It acts on this principle; the poor are criminals. The alms are administered as punishment. Absolute destitution is considered a crime deserving the severest punishment.

I have suggested no remedy, beyond the personal giving of alms as of old, because I know that any remedy would immediately be institutionalized, for the sake of efficiency, on the unchristian theory of the "deserving poor."

To those whose peaceful slumber I have disturbed and who cry "how impossibly horrible!" I say again, "Can you keep your head high when you see the single file of a bread line? Can you imagine anything more brutal than to compel men to bare their souls to shame that the body may live—a little longer?" From those ranks, murderers, prostitutes, and strike breakers are recruited. It symbolizes the methods of Organized Charity. Watch now the intrigues of the diverse war charities as to who shall obtain the fattest bone!

Charity is now fast becoming an International Power; and if I have not compared it to the Camorra, the Mafia, and the Black Hand, it is because I feared to do those institutions an injustice.

KONRAD BERCOVICI.

"*Spirit Intercourse, Its Theory and Practice*," by J. Hewat McKenzie. (Mitchell Kennerley, 1917.)

I have never read such nauseating twaddle as this book. The author is so ignorant, so impudently ignorant, that he even claims ordinary vaudeville performances as operated by spiritual means! There is also a great deal of disgusting nonsense about the frightful things that happen to you after death if you lead a normal healthy life on earth.

A. QUILLER, JR.

"*The Hand Invisible*," Edited by E. B. Harriett. (International Historical Society, Inc., New York, 1917.)

This is a very interesting book. No great pains have been taken to insist

upon the nature of the means by which it was obtained. The book therefore stands or falls by its own merit; and in this case the merit is considerable. It is true that there is not any particularly new truth; but there is much which cannot fail to help and encourage a great many people in this country. At times the thought is decidedly epigrammatic: "Painted fun knows no mirth."

There is much quiet wisdom, too, one may say, on almost every page. It is not a book which will be of any use to those who are spiritually advanced in the technical sense; but its influence upon the average reader can but be helpful.

MILES.

"*Kelly of the Foreign Legion*." (Mitchell Kennerley, 1917.)

Most writers of war stories have been sophisticated persons who thought that they had better put in some fine writing and some profound philosophical thoughts. Among these, thank God, is not to be found Kelly of the Foreign Legion. I think we may take him as the average soldier. A perfectly simple-minded, decent, good fellow. His highest thoughts about the war are to say that it is an asinine thing. We consequently get a very charming account of what soldiers really go through, without the slightest attempt at swank, and padding, and trying to make an impression. It is quite the best book on the war I have yet seen.

A. C.

Henrik Ibsen

Henrik Ibsen is beyond question the most important figure in modern thought. There are after all very few writers who have perfectly summarized great periods of the history of the race. Sophocles represents to us in dramatic form, perhaps better than any of his contemporaries, the real trend of ancient thought. Aristotle may be considered his only rival; and Sophocles is more important than Aristotle because he employs the method of art. The dark ages are dark to us, mainly, because they lacked so perfect an exponent. Dante is the only poet who is at all satisfactory. The spirit of the Renaissance is far more perfectly expressed in Shakespeare than in any other writer. After his time there is no one of planetary importance until we come to Balzac. But Balzac wrote in a period of transition; revolution and counter-revolution had already made earthquakes in Europe. But the world at large was not alive to the significance of what was happening. Nobody foresaw the extent of the dominion of science.

Ibsen was the first man to realize how tremendous an upheaval was involved in the discoveries of chemist and physicist. Revealed religion had already gone by the board so far as thinking men were concerned; and with it had gone the crude morality which is based upon it. People were feeling the need of confession while revolted at the idea of confessing to a priest, the need of redemption while appalled at the thought of a redeemer. Man was shaking himself free from the nightmare of ages, and he was in the curious condition which often happens to one in the morning. One is not sure whether one is awake or asleep. One does not fully realize where one is or who one is. This condition is often one of great

anguish. It never occurred to our grandfathers to discuss the problem of a woman who refused motherhood; of a man who doubted whether his duty was to himself or to his country.

Now Ibsen represented with the most sublime art, with the simplicity of Greek tragedy, all these earthquakes of the soul. There is hardly any phase of the great spiritual revolt which he does not portray. Even such questions as the value and propriety of truth fell under his analysis. He has often been represented as a propagandist. He may have been that in his capacity of citizen; in that of artist he was divinely impartial. His plays are not tracts.

It is doubtful whether one could argue any single proposition from one of his plays. He spares us the moral. One is often amused by people maintaining that "A Doll's House" is a plea for the emancipation of woman. It is obvious to the reader, and still more to the spectator, of the play that, however hard Nora banged the door, she was sure to be back in time for dinner. Ibsen himself made fun of his stupid admirers in "The Wild Duck." So far as he expressed his own opinion at all, it is in the earlier poems. For example, in "Brand," we find that the hero, while perfectly correct in asserting that "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law," fails through his not going on with the interpretation of that divinely given phrase, "Love is the law, love under will"; and in "Peer Gynt" he shows how the "will to love" of Solveig is the one magical spell necessary to the redemption of the hero. This is hardly a dogmatic statement. It is merely a dramatic presentation of the Law of the New Aeon.

Ibsen remains therefore the important figure of all recent times. It was very greatly the moral uncertainty produced by the spiritual revolution, the failure to adjust our systems of ethics to our material reconstruction, that made the war possible. This period of unrest is by no means at an end. The old Gods are a little more obviously dead. One hears everywhere the wailing of the babe Horus as he draws his first breaths, but, for many of us, the problems discussed by Ibsen still remain unsolved. They remain of supreme interest and importance. Even if we have read Ibsen thoroughly and carefully at the time of his greatest influence, twenty or thirty years ago, it is still incumbent upon us to read him again in the light of what has happened since.

The other day I took out "Brand" from my shelves and read it. I was astonished to discover how entirely my point of view had changed since I read him at college fifteen years ago. It was, one might say, an entirely new poem. Time had interpreted between Ibsen and the spirit. The absorbing and commanding interest remained undiminished; in a sense, its vigor had increased. The same applies to practically all the great plays of the Norwegian master; and it is really astonishing to observe on what heights he lived habitually, to what depths he invariably probed. Ibsen has certainly established his claim to be the supreme interpreter of the spirit of his age.

To-day, more than at any other period, it seems urgent to study him with reverent care, for we are approach-

ing a period of reconstruction and regeneration; and it is Ibsen above all others who can tell us what not to do. In the "Twilight of the Idols," many monsters appeared; and in this hour of the dawn of the new creation it is as it was (according to the Hebrew tradition) in the old creation, "Faces, half-formed, arose." Those faces perished because there was no substance in them; and to-day we are in danger of being obsessed by many ideas, sometimes beautiful but usually fantastic, that wish to impose themselves upon us for the true Gods of the Aeon.

We must beware of these phantoms, and our best sentinel against them is that thorough skeptical examination of moral ideas which we owe to Henrik Ibsen. ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Social Shopping Service

It struck me as rather odd when I was asked whether I would undertake to shop for "International" readers, for somehow, I never thought that "Intellectuals" need any shopping.

But on second, sober thought I do agree with your editor that even intellectuals must have automobiles and zithers, eau-de-cologne and dogs, upper and lower ties, and all that sort of thing; and it is true that intellectuals are particularly helpless in getting from the shops of Gotham all the things, big and little, which they need for themselves and their huts in the by-ways.

I have been for many years an expert buyer for some of the most important people in New York, "smart ones" at least in the social sense, and somehow they have looked to me to find for them that gentle touch not easily gotten by correspondence with shopkeeper's clerks.

If "International" readers would like advice on books or music, soap or stationery, baby-carriages or opera cloaks, diamonds or pajamas, what-nots or roadsters, and if they will tell me just how much money they are prepared to spend, whether the thing he bought is for the maiden-aunt or soldier boy, I shall be happy to look about for them.

The editors of the "International" have asked me to do this, because they want to establish a closer relationship with their readers and they instructed me to tell you that you will not be charged for my services.

The Secretary.

P.S.—I am married. My husband loves me. I am shopping for all of his sisters, aunts and brothers. Try me.

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The Black Windmill

(Continued from page 270)

ettes. That would be moderation." The doctor went on writing as he spoke.

Captain Frankford drew an envelope from his pocket and consulted some notes he had made for inquiry.

"Ah, yes, and drinks—well, I suppose moderation in everything, and early hours? That's about the ticket, isn't it?"

"Yes. I should recommend you to be always in bed before midnight, if possible."

"Diet, too. Of course, I know that's important." The Captain was walking about the room, gravely preoccupied, beginning to display a bachelor fussiness. "But of course you're attending to all that in that regime you're writing out? Some people say that whole wheat bread—I shall be down here most of the time during the next month or so—I'll come and see you pretty regularly, of course. Excellent to know someone really reliable down here. We might have a test for blood pressure or something of that sort later, to see how things are working, eh?"

"Certainly." Doctor Peachey finished writing, then he looked up with a sudden smile at his patient. "A test for the blood pressure. Certainly." He folded the paper, keeping it between his fingers. "I think, Captain," he went on, "I'll make you up your first dose of the tonic now. Excuse me for a few minutes."

He smiled again; people used to remark on the peculiar sweetness of his smile, and the Captain felt it was friendly and encouraging.

"Good little fellow," he thought as the doctor went out to the dispensary. "Nice, quiet, unpretentious little chap. Bit of an ass, but a good sort. And everyone says he's a splendid doctor—best for miles around. I've come to the right shop. Those damned London men—make you pay through the nose—and no time for individual attention—always in such a beastly hurry—"

Doctor Peachey came back with a half-full tumbler, in which he stirred with a spoon.

"Drink this now, Captain," he said. "This is the best tonic I know—with your particular end in view. It'll make you feel quite different."

Captain Frankford took the tumbler. "Here's luck, then!" he cried facetiously, and swallowed the blue liquid at a gulp.

He laughed; then became conscious that the doctor was staring at him. He felt uncomfortable and irritated. "Hulloa, what's up?" he asked brusquely. "What the deuce is the matter with you, doctor? I say, don't look at me like that." He could not have said how the doctor was looking at him, but it was an expression that struck him as damnable queer; he had never seen anything like it before. He turned away. "Well, suppose I'd better be off. Oh, you forgot to give me my prescription—my régime." He held out his hand. The doctor was still staring. "I say, man!" the Captain cried sharply, "are you ill?"

Doctor Peachey burst into uproarious laughter. He laughed riotously, laughed

continuously, laughed in shakes and quivers and howls. He stooped over his bookshelf, laughing, laughing still.

The color of the Captain's mottled cheeks changed as he regarded this astounding exhibition. "Good God!" he gasped at last, "good God!" He gurgled and choked, raised his hand, then tottered against the table, falling into a chair. "Poisoned me," he whispered, "the devil's poisoned me." He showed features mutilated by pain. "Help!" he called loudly, "help!" He tried to rise.

"That Black Windmill—and you!" The doctor, leaning back his little unimportant head, laughed and laughed.

THE INTERNATIONAL FORUM

Dear Sir:—

Can you give me any information as to a person named Henry Van Dyke? I am told he is or was a professor of literature at Princeton, but I cannot believe it. He is responsible for a poem called "The Heavenly Hills of Holland." Of course, Holland has no hills. Possibly Mr. Van Dyke thinks that it is poetical to see something which doesn't exist. The poet should be a master of reality rather than of paradox.

It would be absurd for me to call Mr. Van Dyke an ass. He is not an ass. He has two legs, not four. His ears are not so long or so hairy. For all I know there may be other points of difference. Nor did I ever hear of an ass who was so impudent a plagiarist as to begin a poem

"The heavenly Hills of Holland,
How wondrously they rise,"
a century or so after some one else wrote,
"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand."

J. K.

[We can obtain no information about this Mr. Van Dyke. He appears to be utterly unknown in this country.—Ed.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL:

Sir: I thought the article on Magick was splendid. As soon as it is complete, I am going to read it to our Women's Club.

Very truly yours,
K. L. R.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,
August 7, 1917.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL:

Sir: Let me congratulate you on the new tone of your editorials. Your "bird-man" is fine. Will you give us more of his cosmopolitan observations in future numbers?

Sincerely yours,
R. Y.

Zanesville, Ohio, August 16, 1917.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL:

Sir: I have received the set of Balzac and am greatly pleased with it. I cannot understand how such a set of books can be sold at such a low price.

Yours truly,
V. O. G.

St. Louis, Missouri, August 20, 1917.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL:

Sir: I picked up the August copy of the "International" Magazine during a recent stay in your city. To say that I found it interesting is to put it mildly, and I not only propose to become one of its subscribers, but intend to get you a good many new ones in this State.

Mr. wife was very much interested in a poem called "Two Lives," and I would appreciate it were you to forward me the previous numbers in which this magnificent piece of poetry was started.

Very truly yours,
L. E.

Richmond Virginia, August 13, 1917.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL:

Sir: As a subscriber to the International—will you kindly advise me whether Mr. Michael Monahan is still a contributor? In the last two numbers I have noticed nothing from his pen.

W. W. A.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, August 11, 1917.
[Don't despair, he will be with us again soon.—Ed.]

And another subscriber writes: Herewith my renewal subscription. Mr. Wilkinson's "Plea for Better Morals," is alone worth \$150.