

The
INTERNATIONAL

15cts

NOVEMBER 1917



THE INTERNATIONAL

THE EDITOR BOOSTS THE NEXT NUMBER.

THIS Christmas the readers of the International will receive invaluable literary prizes as gifts. For the December number will contain a collection of articles, stories and poems of such high quality that the editor could justly use the celebrated adjective of Tody Hamilton in describing them. But he will not do that. He will leave that to the readers to do. All that the editor has to say about the contents of the December issue is this:

A story of African magic by Charles Beadle is really better than any of Kipling's African tales. That's going some, but it is true.

A Hans Heinz Ewers yarn—one of his most fantastic and fascinating works. They are discovering Ewers in England now. A play of his recently published in the International is now running in Chicago. You will never forget him after reading the masterpiece in the December number under his name.

"Heart of Holy Russia" is the title of the only article published in America which actually reveals the Russian character as it really is. A masterly analysis of the mystic of the Western world. For the first time the strange dreamer of Europe—the man who revolutionized modern political thought—is depicted as he is, with all the wonderful background of Russia palpitating in the picture.

What shall we say of the fourth Simon Iff story? The tremendous interest aroused by these stories prove how fortunate we were in procuring them. Simon Iff is not a mere mechanical detective solving uninteresting problems. He is the scientific peer, penetrating the mind and heart of human beings with an unerring grasp of what is going on in these vital organs. The complicated actions of men and women—in crime and in ordinary life—are comprehended by this great genius with such startling clarity and pity that the dullest is held spellbound by the achievements. The December Iff tale reaches an intensity of action and interest impossible to exaggerate. Read, and though you may run, you will remain enchanted.

There are of course a great many other fine contributions, too numerous to mention

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here. Suffice to say we stake our literary reputation upon the belief that you will like them. Remember the December issue and make it wholly the magazine for you and yours.

HUMANITY FIRST

It may be that one day the gold plate with its diamond inscriptions may be stripped by some vandals—Macaulay's New Zealander or another—from my sarcophagus. It may be that centuries later still the learned archaeologists of some nation yet unguessed, excavating the ruins of Westminster Abbey, may find those bones and send them to anatomists for examination.

The report of these anatomists may be something in these terms: "These are the bones of a mammal, a primate, homo sapiens. The skull is not prognathous; this person was probably a Caucasian."

In such a judgment I acquiesce with pleasure. It would be limitation to be described as "this German," or "this Japanese." Man is man, and in him burns the mystic flame of Godhead. It is a blasphemy to discriminate further, to antithesize the Russian against the Turk, in any matter more serious than national belief, custom, or costume.

All advanced thinkers, all men who realize the divine plan, desire and intend the solidarity of humanity; and the patriot in the narrow and infuriated sense of that word is a traitor to the true interests of man. It may be necessary, now and then, to defend one's own section of mankind from aggression; but even this should always be done with the mental reservation: "May this war be the nurse of a more solid peace; may this argument lead to a better understanding; may this division lead to a higher union."

"A man's worst enemies are those of his own household," and the worst foes of any nation are its petty patriots. "Patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel."

The deliberate antagonizing of nations is the foulest of crimes. It is the Press of the warring nations that, by inflaming the passions of the ignorant, has set Europe by the ears. Had all men been educated and travelled, they would not have listened to those harpy-shrieks. Now the mischief is done, and it is for us to repair it as best we may. This must be our motto, "Humanity first."

All persons who generalize about nations: "Germans are all murderers"—"Frenchmen are all adulterers"—"Englishmen are all snobs"—"Russians are all drunkards"—and so on, must be silenced. All persons who cling to petty interests and revenges must be silenced. We must refuse to listen to any man who does not realize that civilization itself is at stake, that even now Europe may be so weakened that it may fall a prey to the forces of atavism, that war may be followed by bankruptcy, revolution, and famine, and that even within our own lifetime the Tower of the Ages may be fallen into unrecognizable ruins.

We must refuse to listen to any man who has not resolutely put away from him all limited interests, all national passion, who cannot look upon wounded humanity with the broad, clear gaze, passionless and yet compassionate, of the surgeon, or who is not single-minded in his determination to save the life at whatever cost of mutilation to any particular limb.

We must listen most to the German who understands that England is a great and progressive and enlightened nation, whose welfare is necessary to the health of Europe; and to the Frenchman who sees in Germany his own best friend, the model of science, organization, and foresight, which alone can build up the fallen temple anew. We must listen to the Englishman who is willing to acquiesce in the Freedom of the Seas; and to the Russian who acknowledges that it is time to put a term to the tyranny of arms and the menace of intrigue.

The yelping Press of every country, always keen to gather pennies from the passions of the unthinking and unknowing multitude, will call every such man a traitor.

So be it. Let the lower interest be betrayed to the higher, the particular benefit of any given country to the Commonwealth of the whole world. Let us no more consider men, but man. Let us remember who came from heaven and was made flesh among the Jews, not to lead his own people to victory, not to accept that partial dominion of the earth, but to bring light and truth to all mankind.

Had the Saviour of Humanity deigned to accept the patriotic mission of driving out the Romans, he would have united his nation, but man would not have been redeemed. Therefore, his people called him traitor, and betrayed him to their own oppressors.

Let those who are willing, as He was, to accept the opprobrium, and, if need be, the Cross, come forward; let them bear the Oriflamme of the Sun for their banner, for that the Sun shineth alike upon all the nations of the earth; and let them ever flash in the forefront of their battle this one redeeming thought: "Humanity First."

ALEISTER CROWLEY.



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THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF

By EDWARD KELLY

No. 3—Outside the Bank's Routine

"He thought he saw a banker's clerk
Descending from a bus;
He looked again, and saw it was
A hippopotamus."

I.

It was a sunny Saturday in April at Prince's Golf Club at Mitcham, and Macpherson, London manager of the Midlothian and Ayrshire Bank, had the honor at the seventeenth tee. Unfortunately, he was one down. His opponent had been playing wonderful golf; and the Scotsman thought his best chance was to scare him with an extra long drive. It came off brilliantly; the ball flew low, far, and true, up the fairway. Normally, he calculated to outdrive his opponent twenty yards; but this time it looked as if it might be fifty. The other stepped to the tee. "No!" he said to the caddy, "I'll just take a cleek." Macpherson looked round. This was sheer insanity. What in Colonel Bogey's name possessed the man? Was he trying to lose the game?

The cleek shot lay fully eighty yards behind the drive. They walked after their balls, Macpherson still wondering what was in the wind. His opponent might still have reached the green with a brassie for his second, though it would have been a wonderful shot. Instead, he took a mashie and played a long way short. "What ails the man?" thought Macpherson. "He's fair daft." He came up with his ball. Should he take an iron or a spoon? "Never up, never in!" he decided at last, still wondering at his opponent's actions, and took the spoon. "I must spare it," he thought. And so well did he spare it that he topped it badly! Thoroughly rattled, he took his iron for the third. The ball went clear over the green into a most obnoxious clump of whins. The other man chipped his third to the green, and Macpherson gave up the hole and

the match; also a half-crown ball, which hurt him.

By the time they had played the bye, he had recovered his temper. "Man!" he said, "but you're a wunner. An auld man like ye—an' ye keep your caird under your years, A'm thinking." "Yes," said his opponent, "I'm round in eighty-one." "It's juist a meeracle! Tell me noo, for why did ye tak' your cleek to the seventeenth?"

"That's a long story, Mr. Macpherson."

"Ye'll tell me o'er a sup o' the bairley bree."

They sat down on the porch of the club, and began to talk. "When we stood on that tee," said the old man, "I didn't watch your ball; I watched your mind. I saw you were set on breaking my heart with your drive; so I just let you have it your own way, and took a cleek. As we walked, I still watched your thinking; I saw that you were not attending to your own play, how to make sure of a four, but to mine, which didn't concern you at all. When it came to your second, your thoughts were all over the place; you were in doubt about your club, took the wrong one, doubted again about how to play the shot—then you fluffed it. But I had won the hole before we ever left the tee."

"I see."

"If you want to win your matches, play as if it were a medal round. You have all the keenness; and the disasters don't hurt you, which gives confidence. But of course, if you can read a man's psychology, there are even surer ways of winning. Only be sure not to let your opponent get the psychology on you, as happened this afternoon."

"Ye're a gran' thinker, sir. I didn't quite get your name; I wish ye'd dine wi' me the nicht."

"Iff," said the old man, "Simon Iff."

"Not much If," muttered Macpherson, "aboot your wurrk on the green!"

"But I'm afraid I'm busy to-night. Are you free Monday? Come and dine with me at the Hemlock Club. Seven thirty. Don't dress!"

Macpherson was enchanted. The Hemlock Club! He had a vision of Paradise. It was the most exclusive club in London. Only one scandal marred its fame; early in the eighteenth century, a struggling painter of portraits, who had been rejected by the Academy, was blackballed by mistake for an Archbishop of York, whom nobody wanted. They made it up to the painter, but there was no getting rid of the Archbishop. So the committee of the club had dismissed all its servants, and filled their places with drunken parsons who had gone to the bad; in a month the Archbishop withdrew with what dignity remained to him. They had then hung his portrait in the least respected room in the club. To consolidate their position, and arm themselves against counter-attack, they passed a rule that no man should be eligible for membership unless he had done something "notorious and heretical," and it had been amusing and instructive to watch bishops attacking cardinal points of their faith, judges delivering sarcastic comments on the law, artists upsetting all the conventions of the period, physicists criticising the doctrine of the conservation of energy, all to put themselves right with the famous Rule Forty-Nine. Most of these people had no real originality, of course, but at least it forced them to appear to defy convention; and this exercised a salutary influence on the general tone of Society.

On the walls were portraits and caricatures of most of the club worthies, with their heresies inscribed. Wellington was there, with his "Publish and be damned to you!" So was a great judge with that great speech on the divorce law which begins, "In this country there is not one law for the rich, and another for the poor," and goes on to tell the applicant, a working tailor, that to secure a divorce he need only arrange to have a private act of Parliament passed on his behalf. Geikie was there with "I don't believe that God has written a lie upon the rocks"; Shelley with "I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon than go to Heaven with Paley and Malthus;" Byron with "Besides, they always smell of bread and butter," Sir Richard Burton, with a stanza from the *Kasidah*; "There is no God, no man made God; a bigger, stronger, crueler man; Black phantom of our baby-fears, ere thought, the life of Life, began." Swinburne was there too, with "Come down and redeem us from virtue;" and a host of others. There was even a memorial room in which candles were kept constantly burning. It commemorated the heretics whom the club had failed to annex. There was William Blake, with "Everything that lives is holy;" there was James Thomson, with "If you would not this poor life fulfil, then you are free to end it when you will, without the fear of waking after death;" there was Keats, with "Beauty is Truth, Truth, Beauty;" John Davidson, with a passage from the *Ballad of a true-born poet*:

"We are the scum

Of matter; fill the bowl!

And scathe to him and death to him

Who dreams he has a soul!"

Aubrey Beardsley, Ernest Dowson, Beddoes, Crackenthorpe, were all represented. They had

even Victor Neuburg, with "Sex is one; go now, be free."

There was in this room a votive tablet with the names of those who had been invited to join the club, and refused; notably Whistler, below whose portrait of himself was his letter of refusal, which he had sent with it; "I could not possibly consent to meet people of my own kind; my friends tell me it is very painful."

King Edward VII, also, was in this group, with the letter from his secretary: "His Majesty commands me to inform you that greatly as he appreciates the good wishes and loyalty of the president and members of the Hemlock Club, he cannot possibly take an oath declaring himself a Republican, or a Jacobite, as he understands is necessary to comply with Rule Forty-nine."

There were many other curious rules in the Club; for example, a fine of a guinea for failing to eat mustard with mutton; another of Five Pounds for quoting Shakespeare within the precincts of the Club. The wearing of a white rose or a plaid necktie was punishable with expulsion; this dated from the period when it was heretical to be a Jacobite but dangerous to display it.

Many other customs of the Club were similarly memorial; the Head Porter was always dressed in moleskin, in honor of the mole whose hill tripped the horse of William The Third; members whose Christian names happened to be George had to pay double the usual subscription, in memory of the Club's long hatred of the Four Georges; and at the annual banquet a bowl of hemlock was passed round in the great hall, decorated for the occasion as a funeral chamber; for it was always claimed that Socrates was the real founder of the Club. There was a solemn pretence, every year, of a search for the "missing archives of the Club." On November the Fifth there was a feast in honor of Guy Fawkes; and on the eleventh of the same month the Lord Mayor of London of the year was burnt in effigy.

Such is the club to which Macpherson suddenly found himself invited. He felt that now he could marry; he would have something to boast of to his grandchildren!

II

But, as things chanced, Macpherson nearly missed the dinner after all. He would have called off anything else in the world. But he couldn't give up that! However, it was a very sorry Scotsman who appeared at the door of the Club. In keeping with the general eccentricity of the place, the entrance to the Club was mean and small, almost squalid; a narrow oaken door, studded with iron. And no sooner had he reached the great open space within than the Head Porter called him aside, saying in a whisper, "Excuse me, Sir, but the Hanoverian spies are everywhere. Allow me to relieve you of your necktie!" For Macpherson had worn the Tartan of his clan all day. He was accommodated with a selection of the latest neckwear. This trifling matter subdued him most effectively; he felt himself transported to a new strange world. It did him good; for to the very steps of the Club he had been obsessed by the calamity of the day.

Simon Iff received him with affability and dignity, offered him a cigarette, and proceeded to show him the Club. Macpherson was intensely awed; he was in a kind of private edition de luxe of Westminster

Abbey. He resolved to put on all his panoply of Scottish culture. At the memorial chamber he exclaimed aloud: "And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!" He was enchanted with the Whistler portrait. "A true Scot, Mr. Iff!" he said. "He was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again!"

"True, very true!" replied Iff, a trifle hastily. Before Aubrey Beardsley the Scot grew more melancholy than ever, "For he was likely, had he been put on, to have proved most royally," he cried. They came to the portrait of Keats, a Severn from Sir Charles Dilke's collection. "I weep for Adonais—he is dead," said the banker. "Thank Heaven!" murmured Iff to himself, hoping that all would now be well. But his luck was out: he brought the next blow upon himself. "Some have doubted the autograph of Thomson here," he said. Macpherson was determined to shine. "Never fear!" he said, "that's the man's fist. Do we not know the sweet Roman hand?" And he added: "I am but mad nor' nor' west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw." Iff groaned in spirit. He was glad when the memorial chamber was done. They came to the gallery of club members. Here the banker unmasked his batteries completely. Before Shelley he said that he, "like the base Indian, cast away a pearl richer than all his tribe;" he recognized Pope with eagerness as "a fellow of infinite jest;" he said to Byron, "The sly slow years shall not determinate the dateless limit of thy dear exile;" he apostrophized Swinburne, "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments of princes shall outlive this powerful rime," of Burton he sighed, "A great traveler; mebbe the greatest, save Davie Livingstone, that we ever had; and now he's gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." Before Bishop Berkeley, he said; "That was the fellow who thought he could hold a fire in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus or wallow naked in December snow by thinking on fantastic summer's heat." He dismissed Wellington with an airy gesture. "Seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," he said; but, feeling the remark rather severe, hedged with the remark that he frowned "as once he did when an angry parle he smote the sledged Polacks on the ice." Simple Simon decided to take his guest to dinner without further delay, to induce him to feed heartily, and to enter himself, upon a quick-firing monologue.

"I am in a light, French, effervescing mood tonight; I will drink champagne," he said, as they took a seat at the table where, as it was darkly whispered, Junius had composed his celebrated letters. "We have a wonderful Pommery." "I'm with you," replied the banker, "though, for my part, I need it to relieve my mind. 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, nor customary suits of solemn black, nor windy suspiration of forced breath: no, nor the fruitful river in the eye, nor the dejected haviour of the visage together with all forms, moods, shows of grief, that can denote me truly. These indeed seem, for they are actions that a man might play; but I have that within which passeth show; these but the trappings and the suits of woe."

Some of the men at the next table—that at which Clifford, Arundel, Lauderdale, Arlington, and Buckingham had formed their famous Cabal—began to laugh. Simon Iff frowned them down sternly, and pointed to the Arabic Inscription on the wall—it

had been given to Richard I by Saladin—which reads in translation, "He that receiveth a guest, entertaineth God."

"I am sorry you should be troubled on this particular night," he said to the Scotsman; "it is the pride of the members of this club to make their guests happy; and if it be anything within the power of any one of us to amend, be sure that we shall do our best. But perhaps your misfortune is one in which human aid is useless."

"I will not bother you with my troubles, Mr. Iff," returned the banker; "on the surface, it's a purely business matter, though a very serious one. Yet the onus is of a personal nature. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child!"

"Well, if you like to tell me about it after dinner——"

"I think it would interest you, and it will comfort me to confide in you. I do not wear my heart on my sleeve for daws to peck at; but on the other hand, why should I sit like Patience on a monument smiling at grief? But till dinner is done, away with sorrow; we will talk in maiden meditation, fancy-free, and tell black-hearted fear it lies, in spite of thunder."

Then let me tell you something of the history of this club!" cried Simon desperately, and he began to rattle off a combination of legend and fancy, mingled so happily with fact, and touched so elegantly with illustration, that Macpherson quite forgot his culture, and became the plain Scottish man of business, or rather the ambitious boy again as he was thirty years before, when he had first set foot on the ladder that was to lead him to one of the highest positions in the financial world.

When the waiter presented the bill, Iff marked a 19 in front of a printed item at its foot; the waiter filled in £95, and made the addition. Iff scribbled his name. The figure caught the trained eye of the banker. "Excuse me!" he cried; "it's the rudest thing possible, but I would like to see that bit o' paper. I'm just that curious, where there's money." Iff could not refuse; he passed the bill across the table.

"Nineteen Shakespeares!" exclaimed the Scot. "Ninety-five pounds sterling! what 'll that mean, whateffer?"

"Well, I didn't mean to tell you, Mr. Macpherson; it's not very charming of me, but you oblige me. There is a fine of five pounds for every Shakespeare quotation made in this club—and of course, as your host, I'm responsible. Besides, it was well worth the money. The men at the next table have not had such a lovely time for years. Simple Simon, as they call me, won't hear the last of it for a while!" But the Scot was stunned. He could only keep on repeating in a dazed way, "Ninety-five pounds! Ninety-five pounds! Ninety-five pounds!"

"Don't think of it, I beg of you!" cried Iff. "I see that it distresses you. I am a rich man, and an old one; I shall never miss it. Besides, the fine goes to a most worthy object; the Society for Destroying Parliamentary Institutions."

"I never heard of it."

"Indeed! it is very powerful, I assure you. It carried through Payment of Members; it has greatly enlarged the Franchise, and is now working to have it extended to women."

"I thought ye said Destroying Parliament."

"Just so. These measures are directed towards reducing the whole thing to a farce. Already the power of Parliament is a thing of the past; authority is concentrated in the cabinet—nay, in a Camarilla

within the cabinet, and even this Camarilla is very much in the hands of permanent officials whose names the public never hears."

"D'ye ken, I can hardly believe my ain ears."

"When the public demands a law which those in authority don't like, they either block it in the Commons, or throw it out in the Lords, or get the Judges to interpret it so as to mean nothing at all, or the opposite of what it was intended to mean."

"Losh!"

"You're a banker. Would you submit your bank to popular management, interference by people who don't know the first principles of the business?"

"It wad be the shutters up in just one se'nnight!"

"Nor will we intrust our country to people who know neither law, nor history, nor geography, nor commerce—except in their own petty trade—nor foreign affairs, not so much as whether our interests lie with those of our neighbors or clash with them; nor any other of the arts necessary to government."

"Weel, weel, but these are strange sayings. But I doot ye're richt."

"Let us have our coffee in the lounge, and you shall tell me all about your troubles. I feel I've bored you with all my talk about the club."

They walked into the lounge and took a seat in the low window which overlooks St. James Park. "See the palace!" said Simon Iff. "The Foreign Secretary is with the King to-night. His Majesty was anxious about the Ultimatum to Russia."

"Russia! She's our ally!"

"Last night war was thought a certainty. This morning a way out was found. How would it do to let that cat out of the bag, with the press howling for blood? The price of Democracy is eternal Hypocrisy!"

Macpherson was by this time completely overwhelmed. He felt himself among the Powers. He thought of Paul caught up into the seventh heaven, and hearing things not lawful for men to speak.

"Now, then, your little private grief," said Simon, when the waiter had brought the coffee, a box of Upmanns, and two great Venetian glasses, milky with threads of gold, in which was the special club brandy from the cellars of Frederick the Great of Prussia. "It's a serious situation, Mr. Iff," began the banker, who, once on familiar ground, grew confident, lucid, and precise.

III.

"My bank, as you know, is situated at the corner of London Wall and Copthall Avenue. The chief officials are three; myself, Fraser, who came with me from Edinburgh, has worked with me for 14 years, and Fisher, who has been with me for two years only. Both men are steady in every way. Fisher, for example, though a young man, has already managed to purchase the house in which he lives at Tooting Bec; a charming though compact detached residence with a garden, which he spends most of his leisure in tending. He won a prize in the "Daily Mail" Sweet Pea competition, and his roses are wonderful. An extremely promising young man.

"Next week is Easter. At this time there is a very great demand in Paris for English Bank-notes; this year we are sending no less than twelve thousand pounds in tens and fives. On Friday, this sum arrived from the Bank of England; it was checked, made into a special parcel ready for transmission to-day, and stored in the safe.

"I had noticed some unusual commotion in Fraser

during the whole of this past month; on Friday I asked him its cause. He replied that he was in love, having recently met Miss Clavering, a customer of the bank, by the way, with an average monthly balance of some five to seven hundred pounds. I wished him good luck. He was to take her to the Earl's Court Exhibition that night, he said.

"So much for Friday. On Saturday I reached the bank at a quarter before nine, as is my custom. I saw Fraser disappear into the bank as I approached it. He did not go to his desk, but was waiting for me to enter. He had his hand to the side of his head. The face was decidedly swollen, and the eyes injected. 'Mr. Macpherson,' he said, 'I had to come down; I've not missed a day since we came to London; but I'm in agony of neuralgia; I've not slept all night.' He jerked the words out with evident difficulty. 'Go right home!' I said, 'or why not run down to Brighton for the week-end, and let the sea wind blow the poison out of your system?' 'I will that,' he said, and was gone. Fisher, by the way, had entered the bank and heard this conversation, or all but a few words.

"On Saturday the bank closes at one o'clock; but several of the clerks stay behind to finish the week's work. I myself leave at noon, or a few minutes earlier, in order to attend a short conference in connection with our American business. The banks concerned each send a representative. I had intended to go to a matinee last Saturday, but the brightness of the day tempted me to Mitcham, where I had the pleasure of meeting you.

"Now let me tell you what occurred after I had left the bank. A few minutes only had elapsed when Fraser appeared. 'I'm going to Brighton on the one o'clock train,' he told Fisher, who was, of course, surprised to see him; 'but I'm worried to death. I've got it into my mind that the Paris parcel was not put into the safe.' Together they went and opened it; they could not have done it separately, as Fisher had the key, and Fraser the combination. The parcel was duly found. Fraser took it up, looked at it, noted the seals, and replaced it. 'That's all right,' he said with relief; 'see you Monday.' 'So long,' said Fisher, and Fraser went out.

"Now, sir, the story becomes bizarre and uncanny in the extreme. We'll suppose that the Paris package has been tampered with, as turned out to be the case. Then you'll imagine at least that we'd hear nothing of it until Monday; perhaps not until the packet reached the bank in Paris. Instead, the plot goes off bang! Bang! like the scenario of a moving picture.

"I return from golf to my rooms in Half Moon street. I find Fisher waiting for me. Fraser had wired him from Brighton to be at my place at once, and wait. The message was so urgent that he could not disregard it. There is a telegram for me on my hall table. From Fraser. 'Absolutely certain Paris parcel has been stolen. Formally request you make sure.' Nothing for it but to go down to the Bank. Sure enough the package is a dummy. We warn the police, public and private. By Sunday morning evidence is tumbling in like an avalanche.

"Fraser was seen at one o'clock at Euston. He bought a return ticket to Edinburgh, and paid for it with one of the stolen notes. He was in no hurry, and bothered the clerk a good deal trying to get some kind of holiday ticket that the railway didn't issue. He talked of his old mother in Edinburgh; hadn't seen her for two years. The clerk recognized his photo-

graph at once; remembered him specially, because he had given him his change a shilling short, and, discovering the error immediately, sent a porter to find him; but he could not be seen. This in itself struck the clerk as curious.

"He was recognized in the luncheon room of the Old Ship Hotel at Brighton, at a time so near that of the Euston incident that he must have jumped into a high-power car after buying the ticket, and broken the speed laws every yard of the way to Brighton. He is known in the hotel; besides, Murray, of the City and Shire Bank, saw him and spoke to him. Fraser said, 'I'm going back to London. I'm sure there's something wrong at the Bank. I dreamed it three nights running.'"

"At dawn on Sunday Fraser's body, horribly mangled, was found at the foot of some cliffs near Ilfracombe—another long drive. His letters and papers were found on the body, and about eighty pounds of the stolen money.

"I had this news about 11:30. Ten minutes later the telephone rang. It was Fraser's voice, without any question. 'I'm worried about the Paris package,' he said. 'I hope you don't think me quite mad. Do tell me you went to the bank, and found all well.' I was so amazed that I could not speak for a moment. Then I saw that the question was one of identity, first of all. I asked him a question which it was most unlikely that anyone else could answer; who was paying teller at the bank when he first joined it, and where did he live? There was no answer. Ten minutes later the bell rang again. 'They cut us off,' he said, and then gave the reply correctly.

"By this time I began to believe myself insane. 'Where are you?' I cried, 'I want to see you at once.' Again the telephone went dead. Two hours later the front door bell rang. It was Fisher. 'Has he come?' he cried. Fisher said that Fraser had driven to his house in a big touring car very early that morning, and called him out by honking. 'I can't stop,' he had said. 'I'm on the track of the stolen money. Meet me at Macpherson's at two.'

"I forgot to tell you that inquiry at Fraser's rooms showed that he had left about 6 on Friday, saying that he would be out until late. He had not returned, so far as the landlady knew; but he had a latchkey. However, his bed had not been slept in.

"I waited with Fisher until three o'clock. There was no Fraser, and no further word of him. I had telephoned the police to trace the calls I had received, and obtained the reply that no record had been kept. The operator fancied that it was some exchange in South-West London; but enquiries at those exchanges produced no result.

"About one o'clock on Monday morning two cyclist policemen, returning from the patrol of the Ewing road, heard an explosion in front of them. Turning a corner, they came upon a powerful car, its lights out, its identification marks erased. In this car was the body of Fraser, the bowels torn out by a shot from a heavy revolver, one of the Bank revolvers. In the pockets were a signed photograph of Miss Clavering, a watch, a handkerchief, six hundred pounds of the stolen money, and some loose gold and other coins. I saw the body this morning; it was undoubtedly that of Fraser. But the doctors said he had been dead since Sunday afternoon!

"This was at eight o'clock; I went to the Bank at nine; among my mail was a telegram from Fraser.

'Everything all right now. Consider the incident closed.' The police brought me the original, which had been handed in by Fraser himself, apparently, at a near-by office in Cornhill; it was in his own handwriting.

"There's the case so far. Man, it defies the imagination!"

"No, no!" replied Iff briskly, "it defies the conventions of the routine of banking business."

IV.

Macpherson opened his eyes in amazement. He did not in the least comprehend the point of view.

"Let me try to make this matter clear to you."

"Clear!"

"Like all mundane matters, its complexity is illusion. Let us begin at the beginning. The soul of man is free and radiant, like the sun; his mind light or dark as he happens to be illuminated by that soul. We call this night; but it is only that we are in the shadow of the earth itself; the sun is shining gloriously, I make no doubt, in China."

"I don't see how this bears on the robbery and murders, Mr. Iff."

"Exactly. Which is why you are only Mr. Macpherson of the Midlothian and Ayrshire, instead of Lord Macpherson, pulling the financial strings of the whole world. Observe; you know all about banking; good. But you make the mistake of not seeing that banking is only one of the smallest fragments of knowledge needed by a banker. Your acquaintance with Shakespeare is a good sign—yet I feel sure that it has never occurred to you to put that bit of your brain to work on the rest of it. The cleverest banker I know is passionately devoted to the Russian Ballet; Nijinsky pirouettes before him; he translates Nijinsky's legs into the movements of the gold supply, and out comes a scheme to shake the world."

The Scot shook his head. "I ken the mon ye mean; but it's juist an accident."

"There are no accidents in this world. There are only ignorances of the causes of certain events."

"Oh ay! that's true. Davie Hume said that."

"I see you're a scholar, Mr. Macpherson. Now do let us try to use these qualities to explain the problems which at present beset you.—To begin: You are puzzled by the complexity of the case. To me, on the other hand, the fact simplifies it at once. I perceive that the entire drama has been staged by a highly-colored and imaginative mind."

"Fraser's mind was as prosaic as his own ledgers."

"Precisely. Fraser is clearly an entirely passive agent in the whole business. Note, please, how Mr. Some One Not Fraser has obsessed you with the name Fraser. Even when Fraser's body is found dead, you somehow feel that he is responsible. In other words, Mr. Some One has shouted Fraser at you till your ears are dinned.

"Now let us look at the facts in detail. Practically everything you have told me is an Appearance of Fraser, like a ghost story.

"Either he is there or he writes or telephones. He's the busiest man in England all this week-end. He has two of his own corpses to play with, and his wire this morning leads you to hope that he is still alive."

"I loved that lad like my own son."

"Yes, yes; but you must forget that for a moment; or rather, you must detach yourself from it, and regard it merely as one of the facts in the case."

"Now let us recapitulate the Appearances of Fraser. Check me as I go, please.

"One. At the bank at nine on Saturday. Anything suspicious?"

"Well, yes, now you say so. I can imagine a personation, aided by the neuralgia. But I had no suspicion at the time. And if it were not Fraser, why did he come?"

"To prepare the minds of the others for his visit number two."

"But they were surprised to see him."

"Just what he wanted, perhaps. Yet I'm not sure. He may have done it merely because that it was unlikely that he should do it. The man's prime intention was to confuse and bewilder your mind."

"He did that!"

"Number Two. Sure that was the real Fraser?"

"No; but Fisher didn't doubt it."

"Fisher's mind was prepared by your recognition of him earlier in the day. Or—wait a minute. That may be merely what clever Mr. Some One wants us to think. Wait a moment."

There was a long pause.

"If that were so," continued Simon Iff, "it would look as if Mr. Some One were trying to make things easier for Fisher. Has Fisher acted naturally throughout?"

"Perfectly. He's an exemplary man for a subordinate position."

"Yet he grows roses. That's a suspicious trait. Rose gardening is a devilish pursuit!"

"Ye're joking, man."

"Oh, a Scotsman can see a joke when there isn't one there! However, to go on to Number Three. Vision of Fraser at Euston. Now that was certainly not Fraser."

"Why not?"

"He didn't count his change. You tell me he's the most accurate man you ever had."

"Never made an error or so much as an erasure in ten years."

"You see! If that man were walking in his sleep he'd still get his figures right. It's part of his being."

"I think you're right."

"Note too that he does everything, not too unusual, to get the clerk to remember him. In fact, we might think that he took the short change on purpose to attract notice. It would strike Fraser to do such a thing. So he may have been Fraser after all."

"Number Four. Brighton. Again the identification is very doubtful."

"Number Five. Ilfracombe. Here the corpse is certainly not Fraser's; yet all pains are taken to make us think that it is his."

"But that's so silly, when he is going to bob up again a few hours later."

"All done to keep you happy during the weekend!"

"Number Six. The first telephone call."

"That was his voice. He spoke as if in pain, as on the Saturday."

"Still doubtful, then. Number Seven. The second telephone call."

"It's most improbable that anyone else could have got the information. He could have no idea that I would ask."

"But he might have got it from Fraser in the intervals between the calls."

"And why should Fraser give it, if he's not in the game?"

"Ah!"

"But I'm dead sure of his voice. On the Saturday I might have doubted; I was not paying attention. But this time I was concentrating my whole mind on the question of identity. And, ye ken, identity's a question of constant and primary importance to a banker."

"I agree with you. Number Eight. Fraser at Tooting. Here we have only Fisher's identification, which we suspected once before, though there's no reason to do so in either case. Yet we note that Fraser makes an appointment which he does not keep; nor does he refer to it in his telephone call. Number Nine. Fraser's corpse again, this time the real thing. No doubt possible?"

"None. The face was quite uninjured. I knew every freckle by heart."

"And no disguise possible, of course. It would have been easy to blow away the head; so Mr. Some One Clever wanted you to find him. Yet the doctors say the man had been dead twelve hours?"

"Nearly that; an hour more or less."

"I wonder if Mr. Clever thought that might have been overlooked. You see, I'm sure it wasn't suicide, though it was made to look like it. I'm sure this last scene—for I shall dismiss Number Ten, this morning's telegram, as an obvious fake; the wire was written out long beforehand—this last scene was most carefully stage-managed. And what is the significant article, the one thing to attract our attention? The picture of Miss Clavering!"

"I can't see the bearing of that, on any theory."

"Luckily, I've got no theory, so far. Let's boil down these facts. The only visions you are sure of are not visions at all. You heard Fraser on Sunday morning; but so far as you can be absolutely certain, he has not been *seen* alive since Friday night."

"That's so, by heaven!"

"Did he ever meet Miss Clavering that night?"

"No; she had made the appointment with him, as it chanced, in the bank itself, where she called on Friday morning to draw a hundred pounds. She looked ill, and I remarked on it. She replied that she had drawn the money for the very purpose of resting over Easter at Ostend. But she did not go. That afternoon, shopping in Bond street, she slipped on a banana skin, and twisted her ankle. A doctor took her to her house in John street. Her servants had been given a holiday from Saturday to correspond with her own, and she allowed them to go as if nothing had happened; a nurse is with her, and prepares her food. The doctor calls twice daily. Of course she was the first person whom we questioned. It is extraordinary that Fraser should not have called there that evening."

"Perhaps he was prevented. No; no one has seen him, to be positive, since the dramatic features began. later than Friday evening, or perhaps possibly after he left the bank."

"That's so; and there's nae doot o' it."

"But he was seen after leaving the bank on Friday: a man answering to his description hired the big touring car in which his body was found this morning, at an hour very shortly after he left me. Otherwise he has not been seen, as you say."

"Yet infinite pains have been taken to show you the man, dead or alive, here, there, and everywhere."

"But some of those are unreasonable. This morning, for instance, and the corpse at Ilfracombe."

"Yes, my poor pragmatic friend, that is the point. You would have analyzed purely rational appearances; these were beyond you. The strange atmosphere of the case bewildered your brain. It's probably the same at Scotland Yard.

"Observe how you were played on throughout. Why alarm you so early and so elaborately? Criminals always prefer the maximum time to make their get away. This thing was planned from long before—and probably, if you had refused to be frightened about the money, the whole scheme would have miscarried. Note that Mr. Clever does not begin to alarm you until after Vision Number Two, when doubtless he changed the package for the dummy. Stop! what was the size of the package?"

"Pretty bulky; about a cubic foot."

"Then I'm an ass. Oh dear! now I must begin to think all over again."

"If he changed it before Fisher's eyes, Fisher must be in the plot. Yet that would compromise him hopelessly. Besides, that must have been Fraser, now that I come to think of it. He had the combination."

"Oh, that doesn't matter, as I see it. I've been rash and foolish, but I see the whole thing now, I think. Others besides Fisher would have noticed if Fraser had carried a parcel, or a bag, in or out?"

"Yes: I asked that. He had nothing in his hands; and his light overcoat was buttoned tight to his very slim figure, so he couldn't have concealed it."

"Thank you. Everything is perfectly clear now. But I don't want to tell you; I want to prove it to your eyes. Let me call at your apartment at 9:30 tomorrow morning, and we will settle this business together. Can you keep the morning free?"

"Oh yes! Fisher can do all that is necessary at the bank."

V.

The next morning Simon Iff was punctual to his appointment. "Our first business," he told Macpherson, "is one of simple good feeling and good manners. Miss Clavering must be in a terrible state of mind. We will call and tell her that Fraser has been cleared, and condole with her upon his loss. Would you telephone and ask for an appointment?"

Macpherson did so. The answer came that Miss Clavering was still asleep; on her waking, the message would be given. Where should she, the nurse, telephone?

Macpherson gave his number. About twenty minutes later the nurse called him. "Could you be here at ten minutes before eleven?" she said. Macpherson agreed. "Splendid!" cried Iff, when he hung up the receiver; "of course, I wish she could have made it twelve minutes instead of ten. We may be a little late at the bank." The Scot looked at him to see if his mind were not sick; but his whole face was so radiant, his eyes so alight with mischievous intelligence, that the banker could not fail to divine some signal triumph. But he was none the less amazed. What information could the man have gleaned from the mere time of a quite commonplace appointment?

Simon Iff was exceedingly punctilious in pushing the bell at Miss Clavering's to the minute. They were admitted at once. The girl, a tall, slim, languid beauty, Spanish in type, with a skin of extreme pallor, was lying on a couch. She was dressed very simply in black; her mind seemed exhausted by the grief and pain through which she was passing.

The nurse and doctor, kneeling at the foot of the couch, were in the act of dressing the injured ankle. It was probably adorable in normal times, but now it was swollen and discolored. The first consideration of Macpherson and his friend was to express sympathy. "Is it a bad sprain?" they asked the doctor. "I have a feeling that one of the small bones is displaced; I have asked Sir Bray Clinton to step in; he should be here in a few minutes." "Perfect, perfect!" murmured Iff; "if the case goes ill, it will be from no lack of care."

"Everybody is charming to me," lisped Miss Clavering faintly.

Macpherson then proceeded, as arranged, to exonerate Fraser from guilt; though he said that he had no idea of the real culprit, and it was the most bewildering case he had ever heard of.

"We know the principal party concerned, though," chirped Iff. "He is a Chinaman, we are sure of that, though we don't know his name; and there's not the least chance of arresting him. In fact, one can hardly say that he is guilty."

Macpherson turned open-mouthed upon the mystic. "A Chinaman!" he gasped.

"Well, now you mention it, I don't really know whether he was a Chinaman after all!"

Macpherson thought it best to hint that his companion was a little fanciful. At that moment the bell rang. "That will be Clinton!" said the doctor. "I'm so charmed with your calling," sighed the girl, in evident dismissal, "and I'm so relieved that at least Mr. Fraser died an innocent man." She covered her face with her hands for a moment; then, mastering herself, extended them to her visitors, who leaned over them, and departed with the nurse. On the doorstep stood Sir Bray Clinton, to whom both Iff and Macpherson extended hearty greeting.

"Now," said Iff, as they turned down the street, "that pleasant duty off our minds, to the bank, and prepare for sterner work!"

VI.

"It is a cold morning," said Simon Iff, taking a chair in the managerial room, "at least, to so old a man as I. May I have a fire, while we are waiting? And would you please be so good as to ignore me for a while; I will tell you when all is ready."

Macpherson grew more bewildered every moment, for the day was very warm; but the authority of the Hemlock Club still weighed upon his soul. He was a snob of snobs, like all Scotsmen who barter their birthright of poverty and independence for England's sloth and luxury; and he would almost have jumped out of the window at a request from any member of the aristocracy. And the Hemlock Club thought no more of snubbing an Emperor than a child of plucking a daisy.

Half an hour elapsed; Macpherson busied himself in the bank. At the end of that time Iff came out, and brought him back. "I should like," he said, "to have a few words with Mr. Fisher."

Macpherson complied. "Shut the door, Mr. Fisher, if you please," said the magician, "we old men fear the cold terribly. Take a seat; take a seat. Now I only want to ask you one small point connected with this case; it is one that puzzles me considerably." "I'm entirely baffled myself," returned Fisher; "but of course I'll tell you anything I know."

"There are really two points: one you may know; the other you must know. We will take them in that order. First, how did the doctor come to miss his ap-

pointment on the Ewing Road? Second, how long——"

Fisher had gripped the arms of his chair. His face was deathly.

"How long," pursued the mystic, inexorably, "is it since you fell in love with Clara Clavering?" Macpherson had bounded to his feet. He compressed his Scottish mouth with all his Scottish will. Simon Iff went on imperturbably. "I think perhaps you do not realize how critical was that failure of the doctor to materialize. Knowing the moment of Fraser's murder, everything becomes clear."

"I suppose this is what you call the third degree!" sneered Fisher. "I'm not to be bluffed."

"So you won't talk, my friend? I think you will when we apply this white-hot poker here to your bare abdomen."

Fisher faltered. "That was terrible!" It was the cry of a damned soul. "*Was* terrible, you'll note, Mr. Macpherson, cried Simon Iff," not *will be*. Come, Mr. Fisher, you see I know the whole story."

"Then you had better tell it."

"I will. You'll remember, Macpherson, I told you that I saw in this whole plot the workings of a creative mind of high color and phantasy; possibly on the border of madness. So I began to look for such a mind. I did not need to look for clues; once I found the right kind of mind, the rest would fit. I began to suspect Mr. Fisher here on account of his rose-growing activities; but I soon saw that he had too many alibis. Fraser, with a mind like a Babbage calculating machine, was out of the question from the start, although he had just fallen in love—which sometimes works some pretty fine miracles in a man!

"The only other person in the circle was Miss Clavering herself, and I made an opportunity to see her. I saw, too, that she was not very much in the circle; she appeared accidentally and quite naturally. I thought that such an apparent comet might be the Sun of the system of deception.

"I was delighted when I was given an exact time, not a round hour or half hour, for the interview; it suggested an intricacy.

"I arrive at the house; I see a perfect stage picture; an undeniable swollen ankle, which is also an undeniable alibi; and, in case any one did doubt the ankle, there was a witness above all suspicion, Sir Bray Clinton, on his way to see it. Could I doubt that Miss Clavering was awake when Macpherson first telephoned, and used the interval to make a date with Clinton and the doctor? Only we must not be there for the interview; Clinton would ask when the accident happened. It would not do to tell him "Friday," when the other doctor had deliberately dislocated the foot, as I was sure, on Monday, after Vision Number Ten of poor Fraser.

"But how does it happen that Fraser writes and telephones just as Miss Clavering dictates? Here we touch the darkest moment of the drama. He was evidently a puppet throughout. It is clear to me that Miss Clavering, disguised as Fraser, hired the big racing car; that she met him on Friday night, chloroformed him, took him to the house of Fisher here, and kept him in durance.

"On the Saturday she and Fisher play their appointed roles. Vision Number Two is devised to make it appear that Saturday noon is the moment of the robbery, when in reality the parcels had been exchanged long before."

"I never packed the notes," said Fisher. "I put

them away in my bag and took them home with me on Friday night."

"Good boy! now we're being sensible. Well, to continue with Saturday. Miss Clavering has a corpse in her car—and this made me suspect a medical accomplice—goes through her tricks, and returns to Fisher's house. They then proceed to put pressure on Fraser. He resists. Miss Clavering resorts to the white-hot poker. How do I know? Because care was taken to destroy the abdomen. Under this torture Fraser wrote the telegram which was later handed in by Clara; then he was set to telephone to you, Macpherson, with the implement of torture ready in case he should make a mistake. Yet he kicked; they had to ring off, and have a second orgie of devilment before he would give the answer you required. It was useless for him to give a false answer; his best chance of help (as they probably showed him) was to convince you that it was he.

"Directly this is over, Fraser is murdered. It would really have been safer to wait till the last moment——"

"Of course it would. You don't know all, though you must be the devil to know what you do. But Fraser had aortic regurgitation; he died while still speaking to you. We had meant him to say a great deal more. That was where our plan broke down."

"Still, it was a good plan," returned Simon Iff cordially. "And the rest is simple. The car is left on a lonely road, with Fraser in it, an evident suicide. And the doctor was to drive past; he was in waiting, after firing the shot into Fraser's abdomen, for the lights of the patrol or whoever should come up; and he was to certify that the shot had caused death. Why should anyone suspect anything else? Perhaps the doctor would offer to take it away in his car, and lose time in various ways, until the hour of death was no longer certain. Now, Fisher, why didn't he do as arranged?"

"Clara was full of morphia up to the neck. She did it all, plan and execution, on morphine and hysteria. Oh, you don't know her! But she broke down at that moment. She was in the car with Leslie; she had a fit of tearing off her clothes and screaming, and he had to struggle with her for an hour. When she came to, it was too late and too dangerous to do anything. When I heard it, an hour later, I knew the game was up. I knew that Fate was hunting us, even as we had thought we were hunting Fate! The two accidents—Fraser's death and her insanity—were the ruin of all! God help me!"

"So she took morphia!" cried Macpherson. "Then was that what you meant about the Chinaman?"

"Good, Macpherson! You're beginning to bring your Shakespeare into the bank!"

"But you—how did you know about it?"

"I was ten years in China. I've smoked opium as hard as anybody. I recognized the drama from the first as a mixture of opium-visions and sex-hysteria."

"But I still don't see why they should play this mad and dangerous game, when it would have been so simple just to steal the money and get away."

"Well, first, there was the love of the thing. Secondly, it was exceedingly shrewd. The important point was to cover the one uncoverable thing, the theft of the money. Left alone, your business routine would have worked with its usual efficiency. You would have traced the Paris package minute by

minute. Instead of that, you never gave it one thought. You were out on a wild goose chase after Fraser. She took you out of the world you know into the world she knows, where you are a mere baby. I could follow her mad mind, because I have smoked opium. You might try that, too, by the way, Macpherson, if the Russian Ballet doesn't appeal to you!

"And now, Mr. Fisher, I wish you to answer my second question. I have reasons for inclining to acquit you, in part; for giving you a chance. The man I mean to hang is Dr. Leslie. He is one of a common type, the ambitious money-loving Scotsman, clever and handsome, who comes to London to make his way. They become women's doctors; they seduce their patients; they make them drug-fiends; they perform abortions; and to the extortionate charges for their crimes they add a tenfold profit by blackmail. These men are the curse of London."

"It's true; I think he ruined Clara with morphine. I feel sure she was a good girl once."

"Tell us of your relations with her."

"I met her a year ago. Her fascination conquered me at once. Oh, you don't know her! She could do anything with us all! She could tantalize and she could gratify, beyond all dreams. She was a liar to the core; but so wonderful, that even at the moment when reason declared her every word to be a lie, the heart and soul believed, as a nun clings to a crucifix! I was her slave. She tortured and enraptured me by day and night. At this moment I would kill myself to please her whim. She has delighted to make me do degrading and horrible things; she has paid me for a week of agony with a kiss or a smile; she——"

The boy gasped, almost fainted. "Are there such women?" asked Macpherson. "I thought it was a fairy-tale."

"I have known three, intimately," returned Simon Iff: "Edith Harcourt, Jeanne Hayes, Jane Forster. What the boy says is true. I may say that indulgence in drink or drugs tends to create such monsters out of the noblest women. Of the three I have mentioned, the two latter were congenitally bad; Edith Harcourt was one of the finest women that ever lived, but her mother had taught her to drink when yet a child, and in a moment of stress the hidden enemy broke from ambush and destroyed her soul. Her personality was wholly transformed; yes, sir, on the whole, I believe in possession by the devil. All three women ruined the men, or some of them, with whom they were associated. Jeanne Hayes ruined the life of her husband and tore the soul out of her lover before she killed herself; Jane Forster drove a worthy lawyer to melancholy madness. Of their lesser victims, mere broken hearts and so on, there is no count. Edith Harcourt made her husband's life a hell for three years, and after—"

her divorce broke loose altogether, and destroyed many others with envenomed caresses."

"You knew her intimately, you say?"

"She was my wife."

Macpherson remained silent. Fisher was sitting with his head clasped in his hands, his body broken up with sobs.

"Now, Macpherson, we are going to compound felony. I'm glad there was no murder, after all. I want you to let me take Fisher away with me; I'm going to put him with a society of which I am president, which specializes in such cases, without cant or cruelty. Its aim is merely to put a man in the conditions most favorable to his proper development. This was a fine lad until he met the woman who destroyed him, and I know that such women have a more than human power.

"It will be your business to put Miss Clavering in an asylum, if you can catch her, which I sorely doubt. But I think that if you go warily, you may catch Leslie."

It turned out as he had said. Clara had scented mischief, with her morphine-sharpened intellect and her hysteric's intuition. She had persuaded Sir Bray Clinton to send her down to a hospital of his own in the country—and on the way she had seized the soul of the chauffeur. They disappeared together, and there was no word of her for many a day. But Leslie had suspected nothing in the visit, or had laughed it off, or had decided to bluff it out; he was arrested, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Fisher justified the good opinion of Simon Iff; but his spirit was broken by his fatal love, and he will never do more than serve the society that saved him, with a dog's devotion.

Macpherson followed the old mystic's advice; he is to-day the most daring, although the soundest, financier in London. Two nights ago he dined with the magician at the Hemlock Club. "I've brought Shakespeare into the Bank," he said, laughingly, to Simple Simon. "But I'll keep him out of the Club, this time!"

"Oh well!" said Simon, "to spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are themselves perfected by experience; crafty men condemn them, wise men use them, simple men admire them; for they teach not their own use, but that there is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation. It's well worth Five Pounds!"

"But," objected Macpherson, "that's not Shakespeare; that's Bacon!"

Simon Iff did not permit himself so much as the antepenumbra of a smile. "William Shakespeare wrote the works of Francis Bacon; that is one of the Official Beliefs of the Hemlock Club."

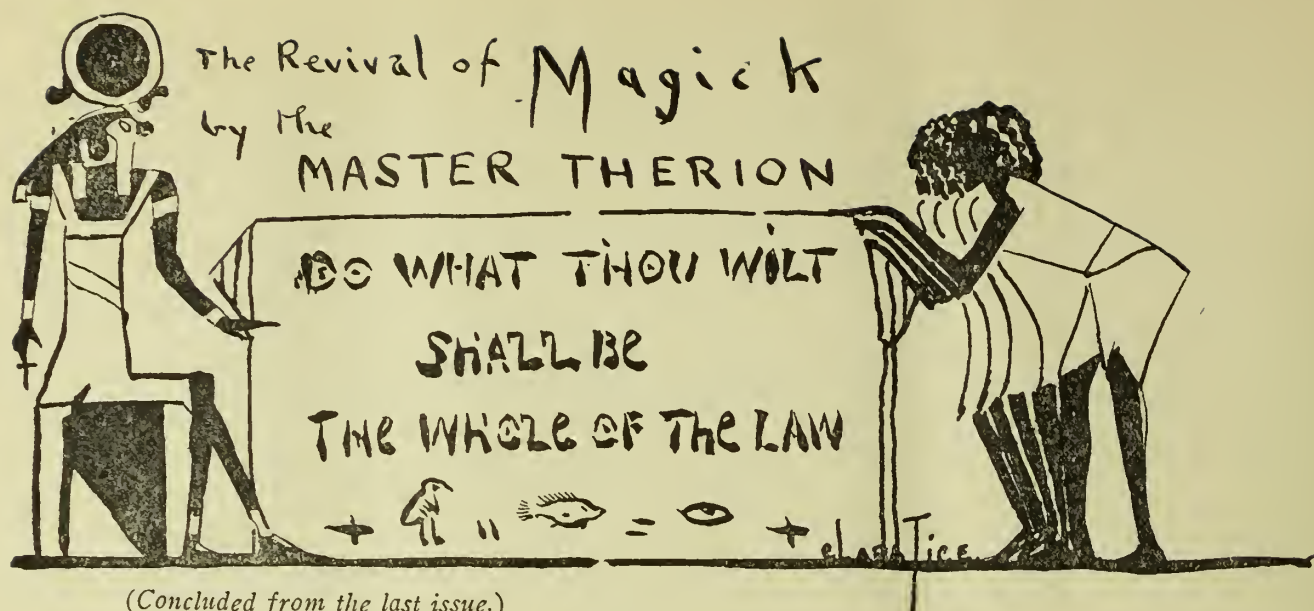
"For the Lord's sake!" cried the Banker. "I'll never live up to this Club. Man, it's a marvel!"

"Well," answered the magician, sipping his wine, "You might try a course of William Blake."

SEKHET.

By Adam d'As.

Shall it be claws or paws to-day,	Breast against bosom, shall I feel	Will you express your spirit-stress
Jehane, your lover-lion play?	The lure of velvet or of steel?	By laughter or by holiness?
Sweetness of torment bring completeness	Will it be fire or water flies	I care not—either serves our play—
To love, or torment sharpen sweetness?	From the wild opal of your eyes?	If it be claws or paws to-day.



(Concluded from the last issue.)

Another important attainment is that of traveling in the "astral body." This, too, I practiced hard. I was able in time to make my presence known to a person at a distance, by a sort of instinct. Soon I got it so that I could be both seen and heard. I have not yet been able to impress inanimate objects, for I gave up this class of work as not essential to the Great Work. For instance, when I was in Honolulu I had a long talk with a girl in Hong Kong. I described the town, and her house and room, with accuracy, in great detail. She, too, saw me and wrote down my remarks correctly. But I failed to knock a vase off the mantel, as I wished.

The point is this. To "get into the astral body" really means to allow the consciousness to rest in a vehicle of fine matter, and, detaching that from the gross body, to move about. But this has its drawbacks. One is no longer at all on the material plane, but on the astral plane, and one must not expect to see material things. This is the blunder made by "physical clairvoyants" and the cause of their constant errors. No; for physical clairvoyance, or for action at a distance, somewhere on the astral one must pick up ready material as a basis for a sort of "incarnation." Thus the girl I speak of had burnt incense specially to give me a body visible and tangible and audible. But incense is not strong enough to make a body mechanically solid. It becomes sensible to the eye and ear of a living person, as a cloud is, but not strong enough to resist pressure.

However, by offering blood one can construct a body good enough for, say, courtship and marriage. I have done this often enough; it is not at all difficult when the conditions are right. It is dangerous, though; if anything happened to the blood when you were using it, there would be a nasty mess, and if the blood be not carefully destroyed after you have finished with it, it may be seized by some vampirish elemental or demon. I think no one below the grade of Magister Templi should use blood, unless he be also an initiate of the IX° of O. T. O.

Such have been only a few of very varied activities. I may remark that the methods so far employed are not altogether satisfactory. There is too much accident, for one thing. Quite recently, a disciple of mine, painting that great square of letters which synthesizes the elemental forces of water, had a tank burst and flood his house. On another occasion, at headquarters, teaching astral traveling

through the Tablet of Fire, we had five fires in three days, while the disciple who was being taught went home the third night, and found his house burning, a fire having started in the coal cellar. A "natural" fire can't start in a coal cellar, especially, as in this case in winter.

For another thing, these methods are very tedious. A proper evocation of a spirit to visible appearance means weeks of preparatory work. Again, they do not always succeed as fully as one would like. In short, I felt the need of further initiation, and the communication of a method as safe and sane and easy as railway traveling.

I will not here detail the steps by which this came to me; enough to say that the A. A. A., the mightiest organization on the planet, chose me eleven years ago to do a certain work, and rewarded me in no niggard spirit. Then, nearly six years ago, the Frater Superior of the O. T. O. came to me, and appointed me Grand Master of the Order in all English-speaking countries of the Earth, and Special Delegate to America. With this He conferred the secret of high Magick which I wanted. Easy to operate as a bicycle, and sure of results as a bottle of brandy, it only needed a little intelligent study and practice to supplant all the old methods, which became, as it were, adjutants of the real thing.

It is upon this that I am still at work, for I have not yet completely mastered it. There are two parts to every magical operation. The ancient Alchemists expressed this in their formula "Solve et Coagula." First, one must subtilize matter so as to be able to mould it, and then fix it again in gross matter so as to retain the desired form.

The first part of this is swiftly and surely accomplished by the method of which I write; the second part is not equally easy. The result is that one obtains always an earnest of the desired goal, a shadow of the reward, so to speak. But this does not always materialize. For example, one performs an operation "to have \$20,000." A few days later a prospect of obtaining that exact sum suddenly arises, then fades slowly away. Exactly what to do in such a case is a problem of which I have not yet found the perfect answer. Fortunately, it rarely happens that this trouble supervenes. In five out of six times the desired event comes naturally to pass without further disturbance. But I confess that I should like to make that sixth time safe, and I believe that in another few months I shall have done so. Already matters

have improved seventy per cent. since I first was initiated in the Great Secret.

It is no great wonder, then, that Magick has revived. When I began the work of the A.:. A.:. I had over a hundred pupils in less than six months. The system of the A.:. A.:. is singular in many respects; in none more than in this, that it is really secret. No man except the Head and His Chancellor, and His Praemonstrator, knows more than two members; that one who initiated him, and the one that comes to him for initiation. In this way the work has spread through the world with no fuss or trouble. Only now and again is any open work visible—when Isis lifts her skirt enough to show her stocking!

For instance, one hears of public ceremonies on A.:. A.:. lines in South Africa, in West Africa, in Vancouver, in Sydney, in Paris and London and (maybe) New York. These appear sporadic; their simultaneity is really the mark of what is passing in the mind of the Masters of the A.:. A.:. .

The success of the O. T. O. is even more striking to the uninitiate, because its results are more apparent.

Part of the policy of this order is to buy real estate everywhere, to build and furnish temples, lodges, and retreats. Hardly a month passes but I hear of some new branch already financially sound, with its own headquarters, some beautiful property in the country, a fine house, large grounds, all that is needed both for initiations, and for the practice of that life, and of those works, which bring forth fruit from the seed of those initiations. And every week brings me news manifold of what is being done. There is hardly a country in the world which has not dozens of members hard at work at magick, and for the most part making progress at a rate which almost makes me jealous, although for my generation I made advance which was a miracle of rapidity and excited the envy of all the duffers. But the work done by my Masters and (I think I may truly say) by myself also has simplified the work incredibly for all. In the Equinox, 777, Konx Om Pax and a few secret documents, the whole mystery has been explained; and, for the first time in the history of Magick, a standard Encyclopedia has been published. It is no longer necessary to study fifty strange tongues and wade through ten thousand obscure and ambiguous volumes. With three months' study and a year's practice any man of moderate intelligence and sufficient will-power is armed, once and for all, for the battle. Only in the O. T. O. is some knowledge kept back, and that because the great secret is so easy to learn and so simple to operate that it would be madness to entrust it to any person untested by years of fidelity.

These, then, are the principal causes of the Revival of Magick. It is not possible to publish the figures, nor would it be desirable. But I can assure the public that one has only to enter the magick path to find on all sides and in the most unexpected quarters, men and women whose whole life is secretly devoted to the attainment of the Royal and Sacredotal Art.

Already Magick is once more a World-Power; the print of the Giant's Thumb is already the amazement of the incredulous; and within five years it will be clear enough to all men Who brought about the World war and why.

We shall see science triumphant, philosophy revolutionized, art renewed, commercialism checkmated; and astride of the horse of the Sun we shall see the

Lord come as a conquerer into His Kingdom.

The Revival of Magick is the Mother of the New Aeon.

And who is the Father?

"Ho! for his chariot wheels that flame afar,

"His hawk's eye flashing through the Silver Star!

"Upon the heights his standard shall plant,

"Free, equal, passionate, pagan, dominant,

"Mystic, indomitable, self-controlled,

"The red Rose glowing on the Cross of Gold!"

Do you wish to find Him?

Herein is wisdom; let him that hath understanding count the number of The Beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred and three score and six.

FLOWERS

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

Rose of the dawn as saffron wan, lighting a gaunt grey sea,

Or a red, red rose by the garden wall at the foot of a red rose tree,

But or ever I wake or sleep at last, the rose of her breasts for me.

Poppies that blaze in a blaze of gold, fair and more fair than fair,

Yellow as ever the dull brocade that the Lords and Ladies wear,

But never a gold shall time unfold like the gold of a woman's hair.

Brown, wine-brown is the wall-flower's plume that near to the fountain lies,

Brown as the sheen that jewels the wings of the hovering dragon-flies,

But pale by the glow of autumn fire which lurks in a woman's eyes.

Lilies? I see them white and still, caught fast in the ripple-strands,

Enmeshed in the web of a loitering stream a-dream by the river sands.

Beautiful! Yes! I grant you that, but the lilies of my Love's hands!

HYMN

(From Baudelaire)

Most dear, most fair, Hilarion,
That fillst mine heart with light and glee,
Angel, immortal eidolon,
All hail in immortality!

She permeates my life like air
Intoxicated with its brine,
And to my thirsty soul doth bear
Deep draughts of the eternal wine.

Exhaustless censer that makes sly
The air of some dim-lit recess,
Censer that smoulders secretly
To fill the night with wantonness,

Love incorruptible, my works
Are void; thy truth is over art.
Musk-grain invisible that lurks
In mine eternity's inmost heart!

Most pure, most fair, Hilarion,
That fillst my life with health and glee,
Angel, immortal eidolon,
All hail in immortality!

THE HEARTH

By MARK WELLS.

(In these days when the principle of kingship has become debateable through the notoriety of such wretched examples as the spineless Romanoff, the assassin Karageorgeovitch, and the brainless Couburg, this story is of peculiar interest and importance. We do not want a hereditary monarchy with the dangers of in-breeding; or an elected monarchy, with the certainty that the worst man will win; or a temporary monarchy such as a republic affords, with its discontinuity of policy. We want the strongest and best man to rule; we want a man

I.

Reverently the King approached the flame that flickered in the centre of the hut. It was a small round hut, built of wood, reeds, and straw; but it was called the King's House, although the King actually dwelt in a more pretentious building a few yards away. It was in a very particular sense his house, however; for in it was his power enshrined, and the life of his people. For the King was King of the Sylvii, that dwelt in the mighty forests of oak that clothed the Alban Hills, far yet from the Maremma and the Tiber and the rise of Rome. The oak was the sacred tree of the tribe, their badge, their totem, and their god.

The sky was but the roof of the oak, and the thunder but its voice monitor or oracular.

More, to these people the King was actually the oak, and the god of the oak; and the life of the King was the life of the people. It was the office of the King to sustain the works of nature; and in particular he must provide men with fire. Thus the hearth of blazing oak-boughs was itself bound intimately with the life of the King, and had the fire become inadvertently extinguished, disaster must assuredly ensue. Hence the King's own daughters were vowed wholly to the maintenance of the sacred flame; and no thought of man might pollute that diamond devotion.

Yet since all nature renews itself every year to restore its vigor, so must it be for the king and for the fire. Every midsummer the King must prove himself to be of unimpaired force, and every spring the fire must be ceremonially extinguished and rekindled by the King himself, assisted by his eldest daughter.

It was this latter rite at which he was now president. Having approached the flame, he placed his hands upon it, and with firm dignity crushed it out of existence. In vain his daughter blew upon the ash; no spark was left.

Assured upon this point, she went to the sacred storehouse which contained the ancestral urns, and the magic weapons of the forefathers of King Sylvius. From this place she took a flat board of soft wood, in which were a number of charred holes.

This she laid upon the floor of the hut, and squatted behind it, holding it firmly with both hands and feet. The King knelt down in front of the board, and, producing a new-cut oaken stick, sharpened at one end, placed the point against the board and began to twirl it rapidly. Soon evidences of heat became manifest; the girl placed tinder around the point of contact; smoke arose; she caught it in her hands, and blew the spark into a flame.

Immediately she rose from the ground, and placed the burning tinder in a nest of young dry twigs of oak over which she had placed larger and larger branches; in a few minutes the flame shot in a rose-

whom we can trust, as opposed to one whom the trusts can. Why not, therefore, return to the original, the efficient principle of selection? Keep the good part of the hereditary plan by allowing the royalty to pass through the daughter of the king, and secure the new blood and the merit by vesting its power in her consort, the man who can win her by strength and by intelligence. Provide, further, against the decay of the royal faculties by an annual test of physical, mental, and moral fitness.—Contr. Ed. Int.)

gold pyramid into the air. Meanwhile the King had opened the door of the hut, crying jubilantly:

"The child is born!" These words were taken up a great shout by the whole people of the Sylvii, who were waiting in awe and adoration without. One by one the women came forward, each with her bough of oak; each entered the hut, kindled her bough from the great fire, and went out to bear it reverently back to her own extinguished hearth.

At last all was finished. The King was once more alone with his daughter. "Julia!" The girl stood with her hands folded meekly on her breast, awaiting with bowed head the paternal admonition. "O first of the wardens of the sacred flame! O daughter of the son of the fire of the oak! O thou that keeping vigil upon the holy hearth art visited by the words of Truth! Declare to me the omens!"

Julia raised her head, "O king!" she cried, "O great Oak! O Master of the Sky and of the Thunder! O son of the fire of the Oak! O mighty to slay and to save, hear the word of the fire of the Oak!" So far was ritual; she spoke with regular intonation; now she became troubled, and it was with hesitating tongue that she declared the omens. "The flame was fierce," she went on, "the tinder burned my hands. The dry twigs would not kindle; then they lit suddenly and with violence, flying in the air like startled birds.

"Then came an air from the East, and blew all into a blaze. No sooner was this blaze bright than the air blew no more, but the flame leaped to heaven like a pyramid."

The king threw his robe over his face, and went out of the hut. She looked on him with staring eyes. "It is then terrible for him—though I do not know the meaning of the omens.

"But oh! I did not dare to tell him that which I do know. I could not speak the words—how the flame leapt out at me like a serpent and caught me between the breasts. He loves me too much; how will it be when I am ashamed before all men and must die? Oh terror of the darkness, as I lie in that cavern of the worm beneath the earth—awaiting death. O me!"

It is a characteristic folly of clairvoyants to keep back part of their visions from the magicians who alone can interpret them successfully.

Julia was entirely at fault in this matter of the omen; she was not an initiate, and she relied on old wives' tales. Such faults carry their own doom, and the means of it; for, being sure that something could go wrong, she had no more confidence that anything would go right; and one cannot hole a six-inch putt without confidence.

"If the sun and moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out."

But perhaps the King had some good ground for his anguish. Omens are curious things. If you sit down thirteen at table, and die within the year, you are just as dead as if you had always dined alone!

II.

Julia was the eldest daughter of the King, and the throne went with her hand, according to the custom of the people.

A plague of smallpox had ravaged the oak-groves ten years earlier when she had seen eight summers, and left her sole survivor of the royal family, except Claudia, a child of three years old. All her other sisters were therefore much younger than she; her brothers had gone afield to seek their fortune in strange places. The plague had not left her wholly scathless; she bore a few small pocks on her forehead and cheek. But these tended rather to increase the fascination of her beauty. She was lithe and long, but robust and well developed for her years. Her head was small and well-poised upon a pillar throat, the face oval, the eyes large and very lustrous, the nose long and straight, the mouth beautifully curved, with a long upper lip which shone with faint down. But her greatest beauty lay perhaps in her hair, which was extraordinarily fair, the very lightest shade imaginable of brown, with a certain ashen tinge which made it almost transparent to the sunlight. The length of it, and its abundance, were the wonder of the people, who saw therein a good omen of the vigor of the royal house.

In the time of the plague, and the harsh years of building up the community again from it, that followed, she and her father had drawn very close together. He had come to rely on her almost exclusively, for there was no one else so near that he could trust. On her side, too, the whole warmth of her nature went out to him. She was of fierce temper, but slow smouldering; of purpose inscrutable and indomitable. Often her stubbornness had strengthened the hands of the king, her father, when he hesitated; she had pushed him through doubt and through disaster to success.

Her occupation as Vestal had left her utterly innocent; she knew what god she worshipped, and she knew that she was the bride of the fire, and would one day bear children to it; but she had formulated no connection in her mind between these facts and those of human nature. She was the daughter of God; the people were as far beneath her as the stones under her feet. That she should sink to their level by any acceptance of their limitations was to her mind unthinkable; hence the passionate horror aroused in her soul by her misinterpretation of the omen of the flame.

The impression which had been made soon faded; three weeks later the festivities of spring drove everything else from her mind. The quaint figure of the Green Man, with his wreaths of oak and his fantastic mask, his weird and intense dances, and the ceremony of drenching him with water, made a mark on her mind which it had never done before. So deep was it that for three nights successively she dreamed of the dances, and on each night she heard voices from the sacred storehouse where the fire-drills represented the ancestors of the royal house; it seemed that they were talking together. She caught the tone of excitement, but could make nothing of the words; for of course they were speaking in the secret language of the gods, which only her father, of all the Sylvi, knew.

Then for a week or two things seemed to slip into the old routine. But now came something new and quite beyond nature into her; she became for the first time conscious of herself. Instead of seeing the

King's House about her, she saw herself moving in the house. It was not merely the fire on which she threw the boughs; she saw herself throwing boughs on to the fire. External things became subordinate. With that, she discovered that she was restless; time, which had hitherto meant nothing to her, instead of flowing unperceived, became insistent. Unable to forget herself, she began to analyze herself. She noticed that she was always pacing to and fro, and wondered why. Her body became an obsession.

Soon she acquired the habit of lying down before the fire, and gazing into it. Here, with her head resting upon her hands, she would remain for hours, motionless save for one leg, which she would swing on toe and knee from side to side, now fast, now slow. The whole of her being would concentrate in the muscles of that leg; she would be conscious of nothing else, and she would analyze the sensation in it, which would become extraordinarily acute and voluptuous. She delighted in feeling the different rhythms of its movement. She would halt them deliberately, torturing herself with exquisite anticipation of the moment when she would begin again. It is hard to record such subtleties of thought. Somewhat thus, perhaps, they danced. "Fast and slow—tense and slack. How hard can I push down? How hard can I pull up? Side to side—to and fro. Circular movements. All concentration in the foot; toe by toe extension and contraction. Which toes can I move separately? Could I balance my leg by its own weight without supporting it by stiffening a muscle?—most exquisite, subtle and voluptuous problem! Tap—tap—tap; that is my heel upon the floor of that hut; I understand. Now Tap tap—tap—tap—tap tap—another rhythm, another world of music and beauty. Now slow, now fast; every rhythm has infinite capacities of modulation. I am alive in a live world of infinite ecstasies—abyss after abyss opening at each timid step. Eternity cannot exhaust the variations of delight that can play on this one muscle! What a world to live in! Ah! Ah! Ah!" After a while this would become too overpowering; the possibilities of pleasure would appal her by their multiplicity; and she would rub her thumb and forefinger slowly together with every kind of motion, watching intently, and so drinking in the wonder and splendor of life through sight as well as touch.

One very curious thing she noticed. Now and again the moving muscles seemed to take up an independent personality, to wish to assert themselves as individual wills, and to impose themselves upon the rest of the body by causing it to join in their movement. She would nearly always resist this, though sometimes the thumb and forefinger would set the muscles of the arm and shoulder twitching, and sometimes the leg would communicate its swing to the whole body. But for some reason, or rather in accordance with some instinct, she resented the domination of the other will. But the pressure constantly increased upon her; and one day she gave way completely. She never knew what happened; her memory told her nothing; but when she came to herself, she found that she had slept for hours; her clothes were bathed in sweat, and the dust of the floor was wetted here and there by drops of it. From the footprints, too, she divined that she must have been dancing; evidently until exhaustion, and sleep, supervened.

Of this she told her father. "Julia!" said he, "there is nothing to fear. The ancestors themselves

have taught you the Sacred Dance of the Vestals." From that time she resisted no more; she allowed delirium to take its course. Such crises gave her the most exquisite relief; the perfect physical fatigue was an enchantment. Gradually, too, she mastered the possession, and knew what she was doing. But as she gained this, she lost the effect; she failed to reach the summits of enthusiasm, and the fatigue, instead of being pleasure, was partial, a dull ache, in which she was too tired to dance, not tired enough to sleep. But one thing grew upon her, the fascination of the fire. The play of its heat upon her face tortured and delighted her. Sometimes she would loosen her robe and thrust her breast over the glowing oak, rejoicing as it scorched her. Sometimes she would play with the flame with her hands, passing them through and through it. She imagined them as fish leaping in the water. But nowhere was satisfaction to be found. She became moody and wretched, toying fatally instead of willfully with the fire, obtaining no pleasure, yet unable to stop. One day she took a brand from the flame, and began to dance the marriage dance with it; was she not the Bride of the Fire? Round and round the hut she leapt and whirled, thrashing herself savagely with the burning bough, until in ecstasy of pain and excitement she flung back the brand into the flame, and fell prone upon the ashes about the fire in a swoon of utter collapse.

When she awoke to life she found that she was badly burned. But the ancestors had communed with her in her trance; from that moment she was a changed creature. She reverted to her old quiet ways; she lost the self-consciousness that had disturbed her; and she occupied herself with patient toil. It was a curious task that she had set herself; she took long strands of her hair, and wove them, wove them, day and night, into a fine network, a glimmering veil scarcely visible for glamor, a pallor of ash like the harvest-moon, but strong with deft inlacement so that she might have bound inextricably a young bull in its elastic tether.

The autumn fell upon the hills; no untoward incident had marred the life of the tribe; at the midsummer ceremony of the Flight of the King her father had conquered easily, running lightly from his palace to the hill-top where stood the twin oaks solitary and proud that marked the turning-point of the race, passed between them, and taken refuge on the hearth of Vesta, the flaming bough waving triumphantly in his hand before the first of the suitors for the kingdom had reached even the top of the little ridge that was the last landmark in the race. His start, which amounted to nigh a fourth of the course, was ample, save in serious debility or accident.

He who was first of all the disappointed crowd was a stranger from a very far country. He was like a young leopard, ruddy bronze, with gleaming eye and flashing teeth, long-armed, with black hair curled upon his brows. When he saw that the king was safe, instead of following and joining in the banquet which was always ready in the palace to refresh the contestants of the race, and to celebrate the renewed life and vigor of the King, he waved his sword, gave a great shout, and, swerving from the course, ran wildly through the village, and was lost to sight.

Julia asked her father who he was, and why he acted thus, not in accordance with the custom. "His name is Abrasax, and his surname Ithys, which means The Straight One, and he is of an island called Chi in the great sea which he says reaches to the bounds of the world. He is full of strange tales. I do not know why he has gone."

Perhaps Julia herself knew; for on the day before her eyes had fallen upon him as he passed, and seen in his gaze that it was she, more than the kingdom, that he desired. Perhaps he had gone because he would not come to her unless triumphant. And she flashed with scorn and anger that he should treat her as a woman. And that night she knew. For when all was still, an arrow with blunt point was shot into the King's House, and in its notch was fastened a thin piece of bark on which was written one word—"YET."

So summer passed and fell into autumn; Julia had finished her veil, twelve yards in length, a foot in breadth, and bound it round about her brows for a crown, a tapering cone of beauty towering from her forehead.

The days drew in; Julia fell into utter listlessness and lassitude. She could hardly force herself to tend the sacred fire. She sat hour by hour brooding over it; it had lost its power to kindle her; she let a brand fall on her wrist, and it only woke the flesh to pain, dull and stupid, a dark hall of melancholy and of the shadow of death. She became brutalized; only, like a dog, she sought her father constantly, taking refuge with him from her ill-ease; to feel his arms about her seemed protection from—she knew not what.

Yet in all the monotony of her misery there was a single point at which all concentrated; the memory of a leap and a shout, a bronze leopard body, fierce eyes, black curls, a long sword glittering to heaven, and an arrow shot into the holy house of Vesta. And so acute became that pang that in her heart was born a deadly hatred. He had insulted her by his proud glance; he meant all that was dangerous, all that was evil, in her life; she personified the malice of all damned ghosts and sorcerers, the menace of her people, in him.

This hate so grew upon her that it turned to sickness; blue lines came under her eyes; her skin was loose upon her; her limbs were heavy; she could not eat; she spent her days squatting before the fire, now and then lifting a great bough with weary arms to let it drop dully on the embers. She never cared to make it blaze up brightly; so long as a live spark lay in the ash, she was fulfilling all she need. Even in the bitter nights of winter, when the wind howled through the rude walls of the hut, and snow came through the opening in the roof to hiss upon the fire, she preferred to sit and shiver in her robe, rather than to heap the boughs. At last all this formulated itself in a single conscious will. Abrasax would return at midsummer, she was sure; well, let him come. She knew how he must pass from the palace to the hut appointed for his bestowal at night after the banquet; she would waylay him and kill him. So now she took a dagger and passed her days sharpening it on a stone, testing it on the boughs of oak; her whole soul black with bitter lust of murder.

And then came the day of the Rekindling of the Fire. She had regained her peace of mind, her confidence, her calm. With a firm voice she declared the omens; all were favorable. Only, as the days drew on to midsummer, gladness grew upon her even as the flowers upon their stems; only twelve days more—eleven days more—ten days more—before she would plunge that steel into the heart of the man whose image mocked and taunted and defiled her.

III.

Now all things drew on apace to the conclusion. Three days before the Ceremony of the Flight of the King, the strangers began to arrive. Julia marked Abrasax among them and, withdrawing, looked to her dagger. It was sharp, deadly sharp. Her arm was strong; it sank an inch into the oaken doorpost as she lunged. She was more than human, in the glee that filled her. Her sister, Claudia, now fourteen years of age, spoke of his strength and beauty. Julia stopped her with one venomous word.

It was the night before the race. She could hear the revelry in the palace; it would be very dark; the moon was new, a cadent crescent hung over the sunset. The shouts of the men at feast became less boisterous; now was her hour. She fed the flame till it roared high; then wrapped herself close, and stole forth into the darkness. From the shelter of the house where she lurked she could watch the palace; she saw the lights die down, one after one; she saw man after man come through the brilliant doorway. At last came Abrasax. She crouched, tense and eager, ready to spring. Only a moment now!

But the moment drew out unfathomably; no sound of drunken song, no stumbling footstep. He had simply vanished in the darkness. She set herself to wait. The minutes passed, nerve-racking, hideous. She was within a few yards of the door of the house where he lodged; he could hardly have gone round another way and reached safety. Then clarity came to her; she realized that in the open air and in the darkness his drunkenness must have overcome him; he would be prone, perhaps not far from the door of the palace. She would go find him. But first she must return; she had been perilously long away from the King's House; the fire must be replenished. She would throw logs upon it, then go to her glad work!

Stealthily as a tigress, she shrunk back to the hearth. She opened the door. Only just in time; mere sparks, no flame, in the House of the King! She went forward.

Instantly she was overthrown and nearly strangled by a lean arm that shot from the blackness. Before she could scream, her mouth was caught in the vice of gorilla jaws. The blood gushed from her lips. She could not move her dagger hand; her arms were pinioned. A rough knee-stroke left her bare of her last fence; she lay at the mercy of her murderer.

Then blackness devoured her as with fire; she sank far below being; but the throb of her blood, bursting in her ears, was like the universal cry of all her ancestors. She fell into a hell of roaring flame, of blazing shouts; she died once, twice and thrice. She knew no more.

Suddenly she awoke; she found herself in utter darkness; her one thought was of the fire; the fire was out. Savagely she dragged her bruised and broken body to the hearth; no spark remained. "The fire is out," she moaned, "and I am lost." "We shall rekindle it," boomed the voice of Abrasax; "go, bring the drill!" The blasphemy of the idea appalled her. Only the king himself might twirl the sacred oak. A clenched fist struck her ear. She went to the storehouse, took the board, and a striker at random, returned, and squatted down as her custom was. Abrasax took the drill; under his vigorous palms a minute

sufficed to heat the tinder; her breath blew it into flame. She saw his cruel face alight with laughter; blood from her mouth was splashed upon it. She threw the tinder on the hearth, caught up dry twigs, and built the fire. Instantly it leapt and crackled; the flame soared in a pyramid of blue and rose and gold, showering out sparks of glory, a rain of meteors.

When she turned to face her assailant, he was gone.

For an hour she lay motionless, as one dead, before the fire. She rose with shaken limbs; stiffened herself to fate, with serpent swiftness she put her hands to her hair, then, darkling, sped from the hut.

She was no longer the same woman as when she had left it earlier in the night; then, her virgin will, conscious and glad, impelled her; now, it was impulse seated in some cavern of her soul that she had never plumbed, obedience, unquestioning and blind, to the fact of an inscrutable and an inexorable fate.

IV.

The King, a blazing brand of oak in his right hand, ran lightly to the crest of the ridge beyond the village. There he threw it down, as symbol of his temporary abdication, the signal for the strangers to race after him. He ran lightly and easily as ever; only a month before he had run down a lone wolf by sheer speed and endurance. Disappearing over the crest, he was soon visible again upon the slopes of that high hill where the twin oaks formed the turning point. Abrasax had gained slightly on him; the others not at all. The King turned near the top of the slope; he perceived the situation. But he was going to take no risks; now was the moment to break the heart of his pursuer. He would show him his speed on the steep hill; he could increase the distance, sprinting the few yards that lay between him and the summit; thence he would leap down the long slope like a deer pursued by a wolf; in that critical half-mile he would finish the race, almost less by speed than by psychology.

He took a deep breath, and increased his pace; he positively leapt up the last slopes; he reached the level; his limbs loosened; he opened his great chest and ran like the wind.

Abrasax, laboring, followed him warily, holding in his strength.

The King, reaching the trees, was at the top of his pace; then, in the sight of all his tribe, he stumbled and fell. The shock was tremendous; but to that wiry frame not irretrievable. He could not understand it; it was the first time in all his life that it had chanced; but he had no time to reason; he must run. Down the long slope he plunged, and was lost to sight of the Silvii behind the crest of the low ridge whence he had started.

Julia stood at the door of the King's House. She was clad in the vestments of a priestess, and in her hand she bore the blazing oak bough, symbol of the sovereignty of the Silvii. With straining eyes she watched the crest of the ridge, and all her people stood about her, solemnly ranged to keep the course. When the King fell, a gasp went up to heaven, but his quick recovery seemed to augur his safety.

But the minutes hung; the King did not appear. Then on the crest there towered the figure of Abrasax; a moment more, leaping, a leopard, he was at the threshold of the King's House. In his right hand he held aloft his crimson sword, in his left, the bearded head of the old king. His fingers stiffened in its hair; its blood dripped on the vestal

robes of Julia, who, sinking to her knees, held out the flaming branch and cried, "My Lord! My Lord! Hail, O great Oak! O Master of the Sky and of the Thunder! O son of the fire of the Oak!"

And all the people cried aloud, as he flung down his sword and held the bough to heaven: "Hail, O great Oak! Hail, King of the Sylvii!"

Then he raised Julia and kissed her before all the people, so that their acclamations rang again; echoes from the woods and from the hills caught up the cry; the whole of Nature seemed regenerate as the new King stood erect and cried his triumph to the world.

He laid the brand upon the hearth. It was Claudia, and not Julia, who followed him; for Julia might no more enter into the temple. In her was the royal power, and she was vowed to the new king. The younger girl seemed overcome with sorrow and anger; but her sister moved as a sleep-walker moves, automaton, entranced.

Abrasax took her by the waist, and led her to the palace. The banquet was to be their wedding, and his confirmation in the royal power. Julia lay like a dead woman against his breast; she would not eat, but drank huge cups of the black terrible wine of the country.

The ceremonies were ended; the guests departed;

PAN.

By Vincent Starrett.

In a dim grotto of the wood, they said,
Great Pan lies dead;
And then they flew
Laughing across the sand, but paused anew,
Clad in white chastity, upon the brink—
Shy fawns at drink,
Half-frightened by
The murmuring treetops and the water's sigh—
Viewing the wood with half-alarmed grimace
For a strange face.
The goat-eared Pan,
They said in bravado, is not a man
But a dead god; an antique legend sung
To charm the young.
And then the sea
Robed them in living jewels lavishly;
Clasped his wet arms about them—ah, so slim!—
Drew them to him.
Beware, old sea!
Dost thou not fear Pan's maddened jealousy?
Dost thou think, too, that Pan is dead and cold,
Deep in the gold
Dead leaves of fall,
Leaving all this to thee as seneschal?
Long since thou heard the cloven hoof resound
Upon the ground;
Since thy pale glass
Gave back his image. Ah, the years may pass
But Pan lives yet, for love is more than death.
Hear'st thou a breath
Hot in the wood,
Where in thy youth the shaggy lover stood?
Then—not too far, thou graybeard charlatan,
For I am Pan!

the head men of the Sylvii gathered up their robes, and made their way to their homes.

Abrasax and Julia were left alone. He led her trembling to the royal chamber, still vivid with the daily chattels of her father.

"You who hate me," said he bitterly, "shall serve me as a slave." He clenched his fist; his blows rained upon her body. "Thus—and thus—and thus—will I teach you to serve me—and to love me!"

She lay back in his arms, her hair dishevelled hanging in great cascades upon the floor, her face bloody with his blows, and her eyes mad with wine. But her bruised mouth dropped words like some thick poisonous perfume from the athanor of an alchemist. "I stretched my veil between the oaks so that my father might fall—oh my lover!"

He understood.

His passion foamed over the bounds of his consciousness! Hers mastered his.

The sun was up near noon when his eyes fell upon her face; she lay like a corpse upon the straw.

He mused awhile; then decision came into his eyes. He rose and robed himself; the golden circlet twined with oak leaves bound his brows. He called together the head men of the Sylvii; he led them to the bridal chamber.

"Fathers!" he cried, "I found this woman not a virgin; let her be buried alive as is the custom; I will take Claudia to wife."

IRELAND.

By Faith Baldwin.

Oh, it's you that are the Wistful Land, the Land
of Singing Winds,—
You've kissed your sorrows into stars and
crowned your black, black hair,
And Life has colored Dreams of you with gallant
scarlet blood and true,
And armed your poets with a sword . . .
those dreamers debonair!

Oh, it's you that are the Haunting Land, the Land
one takes to wife,—
You set your sweet mouth to a man's and breathe
his soul to fire,
And oh, the sea-strong surge of you, the spell and
ache and urge of you,
The Land of Beauty that you are—of heart's
most high Desire!

Oh, it's you that have the brave young voice to
cloak the bitter tears,—
And it's you that have the white, white hands
to guide your lads . . . and cling,
And oh, no man is free from you, he'll come from
land and sea to you,
The Land of Sun-jewelled waters and of wild,
wild gulls a-wing!

Oh, it's you that are the Princess in a living Fairy
tale,—
You are calling from your towers where they
hold you shackled yet,
But more sure than sun and tide and sea, the Prince
shall come to strike you free,
Oh, Land of dim green Loveliness, which no man
can forget!

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

I once knew an Armenian gentleman named McPherson, who was crossed in love. He sought out his successful rival, and lent him ten thousand dollars "without security—on his note of hand alone." A year later McPherson had added to that kindness in two ways; he had taken the other man's wife off his hands, and had given him a steady job at fourteen dollars a week in his office.

McPherson used to charge a nominal interest on the money he lent. It looked at first sight between 3 and 4 per cent. Besides, as he often explained, the borrower did not have to pay it at all; the burden could be shifted (by a simple transaction), from the present to the future. McPherson never took any harsh steps; all you had to do was to keep on signing scraps of paper just so long as your capital lasted. And every time you signed a new document, McPherson would hand you out real money with a sunny smile.

But a careful examination of these scraps of paper would reveal a singular phenomenon. What looked in the beginning like $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and was really about 11, soon began to look like 15, when it was really 40, and then like 35, when it was really 80.

McPherson disapproved of the principle of usury; he sympathized with the hardship of the man who had to pay interest, and he always preferred to add the interest to the capital. The only noticeable point was that the man who began by wanting one hundred dollars on the security of ten thousand soon found that he wanted a thousand to discharge the same liability as the hundred once satisfied. McPherson used to say that this enlarged the man's mind; it taught him to "think imperially."

The upshot of all these transactions was simply that McPherson got the money, because these were only minute transactions, infinitesimal incidents in a vast system of exchange. If we enlarge the scope of our considerations to national finances, we shall find strong similarities, but one big difference.

Suppose a small nation begins to borrow, and fails to use the money as a means of increasing income. Here the case is parallel, because the transaction is still on too small a scale to upset the balance of wealth of the world to any serious extent. But when borrowing becomes universal, conditions are altogether different.

The financial transactions of the last three years have not really been borrowing at all in any proper sense of the term. There has been nothing constructive about it. The world has been squandering its capital. The lives and the labor of men everywhere have been lost. The actual wealth of nature has been misapplied to purposes of pure destruction, and none of this lost wealth can ever be regained.

It was all very well for Henry the Fifth to invade France and recoup his losses by tribute and ransom. That is now impossible, since the enemy is bankrupt even before he is defeated. The question remains: What has happened to the borrowed money? The answer is plain: It has been lost. It is simple jugglery to make it appear otherwise.

It will be noticed in particular how very easily we have learned to "think imperially." England was quite shocked by the first loan of some dozen

million dollars; a year later she is quite reconciled to the idea of spending thirty million every day. The United States decides to sit in the game in no piking spirit, and calls not for seven million, or even seven hundred million, but for seven thousand million. That, it may be remarked, is about fourteen years' income of the whole British Empire.

But now we see a very great difference between these transactions and those of my good friend, McPherson. However much the borrower paid him, a dollar was at least a dollar, because the outside exchange remained steady. Dollars are nothing but chips. The wealth of the world has been steadily squandered; the amount of goods which we are getting for our seven billion dollars could have been bought for three million three years ago. That process will continue so long as the unproductive expenditure of the world's real capital continues.

The rate of interest constantly increases as the amount of money borrowed increases. But how is the interest to be paid? Only in two ways; firstly by taxation; secondly, by borrowing more money. But the second process only means increased taxation later on. Nothing replaces the wealth which has been squandered, and nothing ever can. All attempts to get away from that fact are mere intellectual cocaine.

One may say something worse. Nations seem to get delusions of grandeur when they begin to think in billions, instead of millions—it is a sort of general paralysis of the insane, and is only too likely to terminate in a similar manner.

Once finance becomes unsound, a vicious circle is soon created. When a man has to pay forty dollars for what used to cost twenty, he has to get more money somehow—and what is money? What is a dollar? It is fine to get \$35 or \$40 on a \$1,000 Bond. But suppose that in a year or so that is the price of a packet of cigarettes?

Economy is all very well, but it means nothing to that immense class of the community which already lives from hand to mouth. Therefore wages must go up; that further increases the cost of production, which again makes it necessary to increase wages still further. One arrives at a condition of inflation which can only spell the words everlasting smash.

Already twenty years ago the dollar was dangerously watered. It was the price of a beefsteak both in El Paso and in Juarez; but the El Paso dollar, as a dollar, could be exchanged for two Mexican dollars. At that time I already saw the danger and said, "If ever the United States gets into war, the dollar will at once fall to fifty cents." It would have already done so if the rest of the world had not fallen into the soup ahead of her.

The economic process is continuing, although at present masked by the financial expedients of the bankers. Men are being killed; labor is being diverted to unproductive ends; the wealth of the world is being destroyed; the land itself is being rendered sterile. We should face the situation. We should raise the needed money in a straightforward manner, by direct taxation; not by a camouflage which represents a loss as a profit.

No matter how many billion dollars we borrow, no matter how many we steal, we do not thereby increase the production of necessities. It is pos-

sible to do this when we are playing off one part of the world against another, when we have a surplus available to enable some primitive country to increase production by the introduction of machinery, for example. But when our surplus becomes imaginary, a matter of mere bundles of waste paper, no such transactions are any longer possible.

When we get down to bed-rock, the value of any security depends on whether or not it can earn interest. A railway which can pay no dividend has no value, and its stock is worthless, except so far that there is a hope that it may one day show a profit. Now, the actual destruction caused by the war has reduced a great number of industries to a point where they can never show a profit again. When the show-down comes, it means their annihilation. In their fall they will remove the dividend-earning capacity of many others. The whole system of industrialism will tumble like a house of cards.

It is certain to my mind that this will take place in some form or other, and I find it difficult to imagine that it can do so without a series of revolutions, amounting to universal anarchy. If one turns the edge of a sword, the sword will still work more or less, and it is fairly easy to whet it on a convenient stone. But a very small obstruction in a complicated piece of machinery may put the whole thing out of commission for good and all. Our civilization is so delicate and complex, each part so dependent on each other, that the collapse of a single, and apparently insignificant unit, may destroy the entire structure.

Russia exhibits this process before our eyes. We hear merely that the transport system is near breakdown; but what must we suppose is happening to the rest of the production? A factory which cannot get its raw material or send out its finished product is not likely to be prosperous!

The transport system in America is already be-

ginning to show signs of strain, although there is no invasion, no active internal dissention, no overt financial difficulty. Yet even a small percentage of its capacity being diverted to munitions, the farmers cannot obtain transport for their products. They will, therefore, produce less and ask more. This again will make the railroads increase their freight charges, and this further increases the price to the consumer, who, being a wage-earner, must demand more wages. That throws further stress on the employers of labor, the farmers and the railroads, and again we have the vicious circle in full swing.

Apply this same principle to municipal or to Federal affairs. We find the same cause produces the same effect. We are wasting life, we are wasting labor, we are wasting natural resources; and we can only do that so long as we keep within the very small margin of surplus.

If our natural profit from the bounty of life and nature amounts to 25 per cent, we dare not waste more than that amount. The moment we do so we come to absolute grief. Our accumulated wealth is of no use to us if we cannot afford to use it.

Our shoe factories have got to shut down just as soon as people cannot afford to buy shoes and decide to go barefooted. The men employed in the shoe factories are then thrown on the market, with the result of reducing wages, and forcing further economies on the part of those very men who have just decided that they cannot afford shoes!

One ruin involves another. The closing of the factories implies the death of the cities, and our civilization ends where it began, in the self-supporting agricultural unit.

I have a vision not unlike that of Anatole France in "L'Ile des Pingouins," but I do not need an anarchist as my God from the machine to destroy civilization. I see the machine itself crumble as the result of its own brainlessness.

A. C.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MILITARISM

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Written before the distinction was drawn between militarism and universal military service in defense of Democracy.)

SOMEWHERE in Germany there is a warrant sworn out for my apprehension. Somewhere the Public Prosecutor peers across the sea with a spy-glass. The German Empire, strangely enough, regards me still as her subject. She clings to me with the tenacity of a woman. I think she accuses me of desertion. A uniform, spick and span, and with brass buttons, is waiting for me. But I don't want it. I'd rather wear my blue serge suit. And, of course, it's all a mistake. I have politely informed Madame that I am an American citizen, and that she can not, can really not, count upon me.

It isn't surprising that she carries my name on her list. It seems I was born between 1884 and 1885 in the city of Munich. The event is said to have occurred on New Year's Eve. So, in a way, I have fallen between two stools. Future historians will have small difficulty in proving that I wasn't born at all. I don't want to be too definite about it. The lives of poets should be delightfully vague. The greatest poets are shrouded in mystery. The author of Shakespeare's plays, it seems, never existed. And seven cities vie for the honor of having given birth

to a person named Homer, who is alleged to have written the *Iliad*.

Let two continents wrestle for me.

Henceforth shall I shun the detective camera. Like d'Annunzio, I shall sleep in the daytime. I shall endeavor to become a mythical figure like Bernard Shaw. All the elect know Bernard Shaw doesn't exist. It is horribly indiscreet of me to say so, but he is really a hoax. He invented himself. That is one of the reasons why he persistently refuses to startle the United States with his enigmatical presence. All the world loves a bluffer—at least in America. We have raised humbug to a fine art. But we are quick to discern it. Shaw is afraid we'd find out that he is merely a resuscitated epigram of the late Oscar Wilde, dropped by mistake in a volume of Marx.

Already an aura of myths surrounds my head with a nebulous halo. I shall be a legendary figure before I die. That is the reason why I have deliberately courted a bad reputation. It is a valuable asset for a poet of passion. When Swinburne lost it by moving to Putney Hill with Mr. Watts Dunton, the savor

went out of his song. I am convinced I shall never lose my evil glamor. I have builded too well for that. And an hundred hands are stretched out to help me. Even if I weary, my friends, I feel sure, will persist in supporting the tottering structure.

I need not dwell here upon the now historical fact that my mother is a native of California. Years before my nativity my father made a lecture tour through the country. The date of my first appearance here I have never been able to verify with precision. *Who's Who* places it at the age of eleven. And through all the elapsing years some German magistrate's scribe has conscientiously traced my footprints. Surely the mills of the Government grind exceedingly small!

One night I was dined at the house of one of the Big Wigs of the German War Ministry. My host, cultured and genial, like all German officers, talked interestingly of the army. I asked him whether he knew of any general philosophic exposition of militarism. He gave me some books on the subject, which I subsequently pondered with care. I know now how to marshal an army, and how to build bridges across a river, besides various strategic devices. But my knowledge is theoretical, like a young poet's knowledge of sin. And I nowhere discovered the theory of militarism, the philosophic defense of the thing. After all, nothing that exists needs a defense. Pope was right about that.

Of course, it seems preposterous that people should be drilled to riddle each other with bullets. I, for one, don't believe in it. Life to me is a sacred thing. Besides, I'd be afraid to handle a gun. I'd rather have a broken heart than a toothache. Still, Good, like Evil, inheres in all things. I agree with the Persians who divided the cosmos equally between God and the Devil. We must accept both, and then establish our personal equilibrium. That, it seems to me, is the art of living. Militarism is not wholly the work of the Devil. I cannot picture the Goddess of Peace without a sword. The olive branch of the dove should really be a torpedo. To the German mind no such justification is needed. It is as natural to the German to serve in the army as it is to be born; and those who do not serve might as well never have been born.

One year's compulsory military service is a salutary experience. Most of us are neglectful of exercise. We develop certain sets of muscles, but there is little general training even among college athletes. Systematic and rigorous physical training at a critical age is worth more than millions. The Emperor's service, moreover, keeps the young male, if not out of mischief, at least out of marriage, until the white fires of adolescence sober into the steady warmth of conubial affection. "But," you say, "time is money." Twelve vital months canceled from your accounts! Yet I should hardly consider them a loss, but a profitable investment, bearing an interest of one thousand per cent. Medical authorities have carefully calculated that compulsory military service lengthens the German average of life by ten years.

F. Anstey, in one of his yarns, tells of a Time Savings Bank, where futile hours may be deposited, to be drawn upon when necessity or delight prompts us to lengthen the day. I have vainly searched in financial directories for this unique institution. Even J. P. Morgan, master of destinies and of millions, cannot purchase a single minute from Father Time. No Wall Street operator can corner this market.

Military service is the only practical Time Savings Bank in existence. After the first substantial deposit, the directors exact small periodic payments when military maneuvers mimic the ire of Mars. Soon expenditures cease altogether, but at the end of your life—or what would have been the end—you can live on the interest.

IT HAS been said that the Prussian schoolmaster won the battles of Frederick the Great. The German army to-day is a national school. Every company is a school class, with recruits as pupils, and officers as instructors. The officers, in turn, receive instruction from their superiors, and the War Academy in Berlin furnishes, so to speak, special post-graduate courses in warfare. Military service is said to increase the efficiency of the young German by twenty-five per cent. Rustic swains return to their homes with new ideas. They learn to apply themselves systematically. They learn manners, respect for their intellectual betters. And, incidentally, also, the use of soap.

The young soldier is a powerful factor in German aesthetics. He is a splash of color on the gray face of the world. His glittering uniform and his bluish cloak, artistically lined with red, are an eloquent plea against insipid civilian Fashion, which has banished gaiety in masculine attire to the comic opera stage. There is nobility in his carriage. His eyes flash fire. He is handsome, being healthy, young, and, in the beginning at least, clean-shaven.

There is something distinctly animal in bearded faces. Perhaps that is the reason why some women succumb to their spell. The beast in the female responds to the simian reminiscence—*atavistic*, no doubt—in the male. To me, a bearded man suggests the ancient Assyrian. The dust of the ages seems to nestle in the hirsute projection. I would not be at all surprised if a *scarabæus*, startled at a touch, were to creep from its somber recesses. Young men should shave clean. Later, when sin and sorrow have dug holes in their cheeks, and the years have distorted their lips, it is perhaps well that they should hide their wasted loveliness under a growth of hair.

I have no æsthetic objection to flowing beards in old men, and to a mustache in a father. I couldn't imagine my own father without one. The well developed mustache may epitomize masculine maturity and completeness. But the fragmentary, tooth-brush-like growth many young Germans affect on their upper lip is perfectly hideous. A young German teacher confided to me that he had grown a beard in order to impress his pupils with a sense of his dignity. He has the face of a cherub, yet he makes himself look like a goat!

Soldiers are garrisoned, as a rule, far from their homes. Regiments are frequently shifted. The soldier thus comes in touch with various parts of the country. Everywhere he acquires new knowledge. He learns to see his own community in its proper perspective. The oneness of the Fatherland dawns upon him. It is an object-lesson in patriotism.

In the past, at least, maneuvers were held alternately in various spots of the country with unavowed ethnic intentions. Some villages, far from the high road, were degenerating. Inter-marriages between relatives were the rule. Hydrocephalous children were not infrequent. The presence of the soldiers injected new blood into the shriveled veins of the

hamlet. The stork followed frequently. Marriages sometimes. "Nice" people won't approve of this. But it is defensible from the viewpoint of racial ethics. Nature isn't moral, and she has a trick of not waiting for magisterial permits.

The modern railway has largely supplanted the necessity for this system, but it is still a factor in racial development. Remember that all able-bodied young men are pressed into service, and that they are scattered all over the country. The glad blood leaps in their veins. Courtships are spun everywhere. Many return to wed where they wooed. It is fascinating to reflect how the administrative process that carries young manhood from province to province furnishes a striking parallel to the function of the wind, love-courier from garden to garden in the vegetable domain.

In the ranks of the officers, aristocratic titles prevail. In some regiments only blue blood is accepted at par. The growing power of the *bourgeoisie*, however, is shattering this feudal barrier. I am not democratic, and I cannot say that I hail the change with delight. There is much to be said for blue blood, and old titles, and families with traditions. We estimate a horse by its pedigree, and we value the family tree of a puppy-dog. The same laws of heredity and evolution surely apply to humans. Nobility is the pillar of state and throne. What I have said of the institution of monarchy applies with equal force to the noble. His subsistence to-day is incongruous. But life itself is pregnant with contradictions.

THE aristocrat, no doubt, frequently falls short of his standards. But his standards are fine. Not long ago, a cousin of mine, a young lieutenant, scion of one of the oldest families in the country, committed suicide because his superior officer had censured him for some trivial misunderstanding. His sense of honor was so acutely developed that a word of disapprobation was a death-warrant. Foolish, perhaps. The boy was high-strung, unbalanced.

Recently an American officer was tried before a court-martial for a flagrantly dishonorable act. The sentence passed upon him, being absurdly light, was subsequently overturned by the commander-in-chief. A mistaken sense of *esprit de corps* seems to have blinded his judges. Whatever their motives, whose code of honor was higher, theirs or the dead lad's? To whom would we rather entrust the safety of a country?

The incident, presumably, is not symptomatic. Our officers, I am convinced, are as honorable as any. In Germany, however, certain canons of honor are established immutably. The duel is partly responsible for the German rigor, barbarous at times, in matters relating to honor. It is not a purely military institution, but a practice sanctioned by academic tradition. Insult is not passed over lightly among Germans. We freely hurl, at least in print, insulting epithets at each other. We may not blacken a person's eye, but we blacken his reputation. Yet every time we call a public servant a thief or a liar, the moral standard is lowered. If the president is a liar and the governor a thief, crime seems innocuous. Through constant

reiteration, first the word, then the thing itself, impresses us more lightly. Our libel laws are inefficient. The use of the fist is unsatisfactory, especially as moral heroes are apt to be undersized. A sword scratch is wildly romantic; a bloody nose isn't.

THE army, in spite of the preference given in some regiments to titled officers, is a republican institution. It is more democratic than Bebel. There is nothing more democratic. Military service, being incumbent upon all, temporarily levels distinctions of caste. Once they wear "the Emperor's coat," prince and peasant are equals. Even princes of the blood are not spared the tribulations of the poorest lieutenant. Any tendency to uppishness is promptly suppressed.

Where officers and privates belong to the same class, cordial relations are irreconcilable with etiquette. The German officer can afford to make himself democratic, because he is not, so to speak, one of the common people. He cannot lose caste socially by mixing with them as comrades. I remember walking down *Unter den Linden* with my military friend. Every time a common soldier saluted, and it happened with embarrassing frequency, he courteously returned the salute. He had instructed his subordinate officers to be equally attentive. And every salute was a renewed assertion of the unity of the grandiose machinery in which general and private, each in his own way, are of equal importance.

I am an individualist. Yet there are moments when it is sweet to grow out of the shell of self. There is, perhaps, dangerous intoxication in crowds; to be swayed by the common impulse when the mysterious force psychologists call "mass suggestion" sweeps through the channels of the brain, breaking the flood-gates of mental reserve. Such must be the soldier's experience in war or some great maneuver. Think of a million young souls swearing fealty to one flag, made one by the ties of comradeship and obedience, and a new sense of brotherhood born of common experience!

All the vitality of the nation is there. Passion and youth, brawn and brain, are enthralled by one dominant purpose. How irresistible is this phalanx! What an immense force! What strange hysteria! Only Walt Whitman could depict such emotions, cosmic and sensuous. Even the most confirmed egotist forgets his subjective existence. His heart for the nonce beats in unison with the world's. He is one with the race and the earth. Earth-emotions, Titanic and terrifying, throb in his veins. He can perform miracles of endurance and valor.

Henceforth, if his country calls, he will blindly follow her summons. He will love the Fatherland with a love intensely personal, as one loves a woman. He has experienced an emotion deeper than patriotism, fiercer than lust. Future and past have met in one glance. A subtle change is wrought within his being. He is the citizen transfigured. Never again will he be quite what he has been—like a child who, having strayed in the world, has had converse with fairies. Like the lover to whom passion has revealed its ultimate secret. Like the prophet who has seen God in a bush.

SHAKESPEARE: REBEL, ARISTOCRAT AND PESSIMIST

By LOUIS WILKINSON

The rebel will last as long as the human race. Revolt is a perpetual mood of the human spirit; the myths of the rebel Jove and the rebel Lucifer present a reality that has witnesses innumerable to-day, had them yesterday and will have them to-morrow.

Those reformers who work towards a world where there shall be no cause for any rebellious cry, build their smug dreams on sand. Shakespeare knew better than they, Shakespeare who saw that Man himself, under Fate, is the eternal scourge of Man, Shakespeare who rebelled against refusals and restraint's and injustices recognized as of eternal recurrence, Shakespeare who more than any English poet has shown that the supreme emotional aspect of humanity is this aspect of revolt against its own essential air, against all that ministers to and sways it: that the sublimest thing in the world is the explosion of humanity's irremediable anguish. For no end of "betterment"; not with the possible wish to reform, but with the impossible wish to overthrow.

"It is so and it was so, and Heaven be cursed that it should be so!"

Or, in words familiar even to the "newest constructive thinkers":

"Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire

To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,

Would we not shatter it to bits—and then

Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

Shakespeare and all great figures of revolt are a part of this destructive spirit; a spirit which well includes reformers in its annihilating aim—for what are reformers, even when they seem to achieve, but the grease on the wheel which is to be smashed?

It is obvious, then, why the modern "Progressive" hates Shakespeare. We understand this moral indignation of Mr. Bernard Shaw as he points out the impotently clenched fist mated with Lear's cry of revolt in despair:

"As flies to wanton boys' are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport."

The essential cruelties of life, Shakespeare knew, cannot be touched by reform: "The world is out of joint." "The pity of it, the pity of it!"

Reformers in their shallow optimism believe that a juggling with systems of government will so far cure human ills as to make existence generally tolerable or even generally pleasant. Their revolt is against tyranny of a monarch or tyranny of aristocrats or tyranny of rich men. "Take power from these," they cry, "and give it to the People. Then all will be well!" How much deeper Shakespeare's rebellion goes! He did not believe in Democracy, that pedantic chimera. He was, in fact,—let us grant this to his critics—a "snob" who mistrusted the people, and was profoundly convinced of the truth that should be well enough proven to our generation, the truth that the tyranny of the masses is the worst tyranny of all. Brutus, lover of the people, is shown as a noble but misguided prig: Caius Marcius, despiser of the people, "chief enemy of the people," is portrayed with unstinted admiration. In *Julius Caesar* the conduct of the mob in

the Forum justifies to the hilt all the contemptuous diatribes of Coriolanus.

"He that trusts you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;

Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun."

Shakespeare rebels in derision against a proletarian rule which results in the conferring of an unstable authority upon delegates of the capricious mob. Such delegates, he knows—and we have better reason to know it than he—are hypocrites, liars, base men, most of all enemies to the good life. Shakespeare rebels, indeed, against *all* delegated authority; his rebellion is especially against the kind of government from which men chiefly suffer: for what are the tyrannies of kings or oligarchs compared with the tyrannies of officials, who

"Dressed in a little brief authority

Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven

As make the angels weep?"

Political "freedom" is powerless to destroy such oppressions; it abundantly creates them. We may as well, then, forbear with Shakespeare to rail against kings and aristocrats, and smite rather where he smote, against the instinctive unreason and brutality of the human race. This dull cruelty seizes upon authority as an excuse for its self-expense, with equal avidity now as in Shakespeare's day; only its opportunities for the deflowering and discoloration of life are greater now that rulers are multiplied throughout the length and breadth of our democratic lands.

The people cast votes—sound their "voices"—for their own torment. As Coriolanus told them:

"Your affections are

A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

Which would increase his evil."

Well? In democratic America, in this country where every man has a vote, and no man more than one, what is gained but liberty of the masses to afflict themselves? Liberty to be overworked, to be sold adulterated food and villainously "doped" whiskey, liberty to be housed in loathsome tenements, liberty to enjoy monstrous labor for their children. Shakespeare, who regarded that everlasting tragic panorama of the suffering populace with eyes at least as humane as those of any reformer, wished better for the masses than that they should be governed by themselves.

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are

That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,

How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,

Your loop and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en

Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;

That thou may'st shake the superfluous to them

And show the heavens more just."

It is a king who speaks, not an official elected by the people; and he indicates the only possible palliation of poverty, by benevolent alms bestowed in protest against a universal and inherent injustice. The only possible palliation—yes!—until men wax strong enough to "shatter the sorry Scheme to bits."

For human nature, in the main, is evil; the world, in the main, is bad: we live under "the weight of inauspicious stars,"—this is the Shakespearean doctrine. This is why Shakespeare's rebellion leads him into protests that seem to reformers "impotent" because they are not coupled with a declaration of impotent

* The recurrence of familiar quotations must be pardoned, because time has selected for emphasis those passages in which Shakespeare most authentically speaks.

remedies: this is why Shakespeare cannot believe in multiplying the sinister impacts of human nature upon the individual life by extending authority upon the individual life to the people. He knows how "the mutable rank-scented many" persecute artists: he knows how cruelly the greatest and noblest suffer from the envious gnawings at their flesh by the "common cry of curs": he knows that "plebeian malignity," as Doctor Johnson called it, the malignity that is most of all malign when confronted by genius.

"Who deserves greatness, deserves your hate" is an observation justly to be addressed to the populace of all ages as yet known. In America, where all the spleenful devils of bourgeoisie and canaille have freest play, where the commonplace and the undistinguished impose inexorable tyranny, we shall do well to remember it.

In what other country, however "reactionary" or "tyrannical" its government, would such "Suppressors of Vice" and "Censors" as exist so verminously here, be tolerated? Imagine, in Germany or the old Russia, a publisher being impudently "summoned to appear" for having published an obscene book in *Homo Sapiens*; or Carmen's embrace of her lover being cut in a Moving Picture to stipulated moral length; or the excision, on bourgeois compulsion, of the ecstatic abandon of a faun in a Ballet. Grotesque pruriencies of this kind could be multiplied literally *ad nauseam*, for there is at least emetic value in the spectacle of sewer-rats spilling their own filth on works of art and then licking it up. We know what the author of *Measure for Measure*, *A Winter's Tale*, *Lucrece*, and *Venus and Adonis* would have thought.

"What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion
Make yourselves scabs?"

We know, too, what the creator of Jack Falstaff—no less than that other creator who turned water into wine, and wine into his own blood—would have thought of Prohibition and its prophets—these horrible "evangelists" who make of "sweet religion" "a mockery of vows." He would scarcely have sided with a democracy that realizes such tyrannies; he knew the ends of a rebellion specialized to the narrow directions of rule of kings and rule of peers. At least his age would have given short shrift to these vulgarian preachers and their "messages," short shrift to "vice-suppressors," short shrift to most of the things that make life here more acutely disagreeable to sensitive people than it is anywhere in Europe, even in the trenches.

Yes, Democracy represents only an unsuccessful effort to escape, an effort resulting in worse entanglements in the life-net that vexes us still more than it vexed Shakespeare. There is no help. In the *Sonnets*, where Shakespeare speaks not as a dramatist, but in his own person, is he optimistic about the nature or the issues of this "mortal coil"?

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell."

Does he not in this poem, this great personal utterance, take his place with Hamlet, Lear and Macbeth, rather than with the villain optimist Edmund, who scoffs at the power of Fate and declares it an evasion of whoremaster man to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star? And what are Hamlet and Lear and Macbeth—what are all Shakespeare's tragic figures—but rebels? Not myopic rebels

against little superficial details of injustice, but rebels on the grand scale, in the grand style, against the whole scheme of human existence.

"Duncan is in his grave.

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is seen no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

In Jacques's famous speech there is the same sense of the futility of life. From "the infant mewling and puking in his nurse's arms" to "the lean and slipper'd pantaloan," all are stages in a vain progression, "signifying nothing." A recurring mood of Shakespeare speaks in Jacques's phrase "the foul body of this infected world," and in Hamlet's "an unweeded garden that grows to seed." Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Every man hath business or desire,
Such as it is."

"What to me is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, nor woman neither."

"Get thee to a nunnery. Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. . . . To a nunnery go, and quickly, too."

Here is a revolt against the sex instinct which causes life, a revolt as bitter as that of Schopenhauer who exclaims upon lovers as conspirators against the peace of the world, which without them—without their romantic droops of eyelashes, their half-withdrawals and their half-surrenders, and all their little ways—would mercifully sink into oblivion for ever!

Then we have the arraignment of things as they are, in the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, and the pessimistic reflections, in the Gravediggers scene, on mortality,—that mortality of which Lear's hand smelt.

Lear himself, shocked by anguish from kingship to anarchy, is the rebel supreme among them all.

"When we are born, we cry that we are come

To this great stage of fools."

Lear's destructive fury is terrific, far more terrific than that of the elements which he "taxed not with unkindness," knowing Man crueller than Nature, as did those Arden exiles who sang: "Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou art not so unkind as Man's ingratitude." The aged Lear, his illusions of a lifetime stripped from him with sudden fearful violence, seeks a remedy in a return, by way of devastation, to the bedrock of existence. Let us take all these cursed accretions of ours—these hideous graftings on—let us smash them to a thousand shivers, and so only will our rebellion yield its fruit!—"Off, off, you lendings, come, unbutton here!" In his savage intent to reduce all to its elements he tears his clothes from him as a symbolic act, and the echo of that eternal laughter follows: "Prythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in."

Lear, in frantic ecstasy, hails "poor mad Tom," the naked outcast, as his "learned Theban," his "noble philosopher." "Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor bare forked animal as thou art."

(Continued on page 352.)

HOW HOROSCOPES ARE FAKED

By COR SCORPIONIS

I have always been opposed to the receiving of money for anything which has in any way to do with the occult sciences. Because they are so important and so sacred, one ought to be particularly on one's honor with regard to them. As the Scripture says: "Avoid the appearance of evil." The more serious one is about the subject, the more careful one should be to do nothing which can make any one justified in calling you a humbug.

The laws of the State of New York are supposed to prohibit fortune-telling, and they are, indeed, applied with great severity so far as the little fish are concerned. But the big fish, the most conscienceless swindlers of all, seem to dodge the police. A lot of bluff has been put up about "scientific" astrology. I propose to show how the game is really worked.

Let us pay a visit to one of the best known of them. We find an expensive apartment in one of the best parts of the city. We are not very much impressed by the furniture. There is a good deal of muddle, a good deal of junk, a complete absence of taste. The spider of this web is a grey-haired old woman of exceedingly shrewd expression. She explains to us by pamphlets and by word that she is a really "scientific" investigator. In setting up a horoscope, for example, she is very careful to calculate the places of the planets, not only to degrees but to minutes and seconds. That sounds wonderfully accurate, doesn't it? However, when it comes to making the real calculations upon which astrology is based, an error of ten or twelve degrees is of no account at all. Which is rather like announcing that a man took two hours, 33 minutes and 14 2-5 seconds to run *several* miles. The alleged accuracy is quite meaningless. It is only a sham to impress the client. It is also to be observed that owing to the pressure of business she has these calculations made by her chauffeur! This, I suppose, is a point of war economy.

She is grotesquely ignorant of the first principles of astronomy. She has no conception, for example, of the Solar System as a Disk, but imagines that the planets are all over the place, like the raisins in a plum-pudding. She calls her country house the Zodiac—and doesn't know what the Zodiac is!

One word more on the "scientific accuracy" business. If astrology is to be done at all, if there is any sense in it whatever, which I do not for one moment deny, the calculations depend upon a fairly close approximation of the hour and minute of birth. For example, the Seventh house, the place of the setting sun, refers to marriage, so that if a person is born with an unfortunate planet like Saturn setting, he may expect an unfortunate marriage. It is obviously of vital importance for the inquirer to know whether Saturn was setting or not. There is a certain amount of latitude, from about one to two hours, for Saturn would remain in that house for about that period. But where the birth hour is not known within about an hour the horoscope becomes worthless. If the time were six hours earlier, Saturn would be in the mid-heaven and bring misfortune in business or reputation rather than in marriage. However, to the fashionable astrologer this must not matter. She has to get the dollars from the people who do not know in the least at what hour of the day or night they were born. She has the impudence to assure them that it doesn't matter, all the time insisting upon her wonderful scientific accuracy.

There is no need to cast any doubt upon the sincerity of the belief of the woman. She talks astrology day and night. She dreams of it. She sets up a horoscope for her vast family of cats and dogs, and is scared out of her life when some planet threatens her horoscope.

But the people who deceive themselves most effectually are also those who deceive others most effectually. Whether it is knavery or folly does not matter very much. What I want to do is to explain to the people who are paying five dollars that they are not getting genuine astrology at all. It may be said that a horoscope (granting for a moment the genuineness of the science) is a complete map of the life and character of the native. To read one properly would mean at least a week's continuous work. But the demand is for \$5 and \$10 horoscopes; and obviously no more than a few minutes can be given to each one if the lady is to clear her forty or fifty thousand a year. It is also necessary to give a good deal of *apparent* value for the money. There are only 12 signs and only 9 planets to be considered. For the influence of the rising sign, therefore, one only needs 12 multi-graphed pages. As each planet can be in any sign we shall need 9 times 12 multigraph pages to cover the action of the planets. Each planet can be, roughly speaking, in fortunate or unfortunate aspect, and 162 more pages will be needed. These pages need not be prepared right away. A new one can be dictated as each aspect turns up in practice. These pages are all pigeon-holed, and by means of a chart the astrologer can tell her secretary which paper to pick out for any horoscope that comes along. The secretary can then pick them out and pin them together in a very few minutes, and there is your horoscope.

The objection to this proceeding is fairly obvious. In practically all horoscopes there are indications which clash with each other. To judge such a horoscope properly, the whole thing should be taken into individual consideration, and a reconciliation obtained. With the "reach-me-down" method all this is necessarily ignored, and the client may be surprised to find on page two of the horoscope, that she is kind and considerate, and on page 4, that she is selfish and inconsiderate. There is further a great theoretical objection; which is that a horoscope, to be a horoscope at all, must be a live thing. To get them out in this mechanical fashion is to offer a corpse instead.

It is true that the astrologer sometimes condescends to look upon the horoscope as a whole, and dictate one or two pages at the end, but this is not always done. There is no guarantee that it will be done.

It is probably difficult to take legal exception to this branch of the business, but it is only a very small branch. It is the thin end of the wedge. The fortune telling, pure and simple, comes afterwards. The astrologer issues a series of so-called monthly forecasts which explain how the actual position of the planets in the heavens at the time should react upon any given horoscope. Another set of multigraphed pages is of course required for this. These pages are carefully examined by a lawyer, for we are now getting into the danger zone.

(Concluded on page 352.)

AN ALTERED CIRCUMSTANCE

By ALEXANDER HARVEY

August 22, 1917.

My Dear Master:—

The rejection of a manuscript from your hand is an event of greater literary importance than the publication of no matter what by any other American author. Today, then, I make history.

You are aware that no severer critic than myself exists, that I take cruel pleasure in nailing a Noyes to my barn door, or in flagellating the fatuities of a Frost; let me further assure you that Cato himself was not less accessible to influence, or Brutus to the claims of friendship than your admirer and your friend who addresses these words to you.

Put therefore from your mind, I pray you, any suggestion that I wished to flatter you in my exordium. In all matters of art I yield no precedence to Rhadamanthus.

To prove it, let me say that I hold your style in abhorrence and your judgment in contempt, whenever you set yourself to praise. You have made Charles Hanson Towne ridiculous by hailing him a "Prince of Love" and preferring his barley-water to the ripe wine of Petrarch; your opinions have lost value in the very measure in which they have unveiled the radiant virginity of your nature. I can but bow my head as I think that nigh half a century of life on such a planet as ours has not abated your innocence. *Integer vitae scelerisque purus Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu; Nec venenatis gravida sagittis, Fusce, pharetra.* I, bearing such weapons and having used them, may now lay them aside, and return to my rejection of your manuscript.

You know in part what writings I have already published, and you will not suppose that I fear the noxiousness of a Sumner; rather I might incline to err by seeking an opportunity to stamp out such cockroaches from the kitchen, instead of paying strict attention to the preparation of the banquet.

Nor is my action based upon any failure to appreciate your mastercraft. In such stories as "The Toe," "The Moustache," "Miss Dix" and many another you have shown yourself the Elisha on whom the mantle of Edgar Allan Poe has fallen. Ethereal as he was, you have spread wings in an Empyrean beyond his furthest flight.

In compensation, you have no such grip of earth as he had when he swooped down upon it.

Nothing in this miserable room of mine that I could pawn for bread! Twice within the week had my landlady reminded me that the trivial sum I owed for rent was overdue.

I lifted a worn and tattered volume on the subject of anatomy from the crazy table on which my little medical library reposed. A despairing inspection of its shabby state confirmed me in my fear. The maddest and most romantic Jew in Elizabethan drama would never have risked his farthing upon my entire treasure. Within the week I hoped to pass the examination that was to win me the precious privilege of practicing as a physician in New York. It seemed now that I must die of hunger in the streets meanwhile.

As I placed my poor book among its poorer companions and fell into a mood of pity for the fate that made them mine, a knocking knuckle sounded at the door. I ignored it altogether. I could not pay the rent. The hour of my doom had struck. I would yield it no welcome.

"Oh! You are in."

My landlady had not awaited my summons. She stood before me in her tall severity, a black-browed symbol of the last of all things. I smiled at her. Odd as it seemed to me then, I could smile into that grave face of hers.

"I have no money."

I said this with a sigh, although I had no longing for her pity. I thought I heard a sigh upon her own

It is but rarely that you strike home to humanity. That tale in which the husband arises from his coffin and in which a wife is won by flagellation are your strongest, and Poe has twenty stories to surpass them in that quality. You remember the Albatross of Baudelaire? "*Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher.*" That is your case.

I know of no writer who uses the English language as you do. At your touch words take wings and fly. There is no story in your story; there is not even atmosphere. There is a faint and elusive impact on one's sensibility which is nowise linked with memory or even with imagination. You produce somewhat of the effect of a presentiment. It is impossible to publish a presentiment!

Your style defies the scalpel; you write as simply as de Maupassant, and in as mundane terms; but your characters have a quality similar to that which I have observed in the Hyperion of Keats, in Homer, in Ossian, and in the Prophetic Books of Blake. In each person of the drama we find what I must call "giganticism." We are not told, as by the crude method of Dante, that *Thel* is so many cubits high; his story is simple as a villager's; yet we are somehow aware that he is colossal, a being huge as heaven itself. There is no room in the universe for any figures but those actively present in the drama.

Your characters have not these Titan thews, this starry stature. You write of commonplace people such as we meet every day. But you have the gift of endowing them with most mysterious importance. The subtlety of your satire, the delicacy of your humor, are but the gossamer at whose center lurks the spider of your art most strange, remote and fascinating, a soul bizarre and sinister. It is a doom intangible as invisible, and by all paths as ineluctable as death. The expressed and comprehensible horror of Poe or of Hans Heinz Ewers holds no such terror.

I perceive that I must borrow the lady's privilege, and publish the story. . . . at least, another one!

With homage and devotion, my dear master, I offer the assurance of my impregnable esteem.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

lips as she sank upon that rickety chair beside the table.

"But I have not come for the rent."

I fixed my gaze intently upon the head of dark hair that met my eye as her head drooped. She looked up at me suddenly.

"I have had to take refuge here," she explained, "from that man."

"Your husband?"

She bowed her head and for an interval there was silence. I had never taken too seriously the complaints this landlady perpetually made against him to whom she loved to refer as her brute of a husband. My landlord did not appear to me in the least brutal. He was, I understood, a sort of truckman, very irregularly employed for the time being in consequence of the congested traffic conditions in the city of New York.

"What has he done to you now?"

My voice had in it a ring of much impatience. The grievances of this woman had grown preposterous to me. That she saw at once. The dark eyes flashed proudly in her head. I had affronted this creature. I would be reminded of the rent.

Before the words escaped her lips the door was flung wide open. My landlord stood upon the threshold.

"Will you give me that money?"

I thought at first this question must be meant for me. The landlord, however, was gazing steadily at his wife. He did not heed my presence in the least.

The woman stood up to confront him and they eyed one another defiantly.

"That money!" She stepped back a pace. "It's mine."

"I say it's mine!"

"You shan't have it!"

He seized her by the wrist, and I saw him give her arm a wrench. Her struggles to be free brought the masses of her hair in confusion about her shoulders. She strove to bite him. His persistent twisting of the arm he held drew from her at last a cry of anguish. A crumpled green banknote fell from her hand to the floor. He fled with it from the room.

"Brute!" The door had slammed behind her husband, but she screamed so loudly that he must have heard her. "I hate you!"

When she sank once more upon the rickety chair and made a cushion for her head with an arm, I emerged from the spell wrought by this scene of violence. My movement must have been a very slight one, yet her ear detected it. I found her suddenly looking up at me through the masses of that hair.

"Coward!"

She did not hiss the word. She did not hurl it at me as she might have hurled a curse. She smiled. That smile was to me a whip of which I felt the sting on my cheek.

"But," I protested feebly and with a most humiliating sense of the feebleness with which I protested, "what would you have had me do?"

"Kill him!"

I marveled at the music in her voice. It had a cruel emphasis and yet a power that subdued my spirit. She understood me at that moment far better than I understood myself.

"Kill him!" She stood up at this repetition of her behest, speaking in that slow and thrilling tone. "Be a man!"

Never until then did it occur to me that she was beautiful. I observed the liquid quality of her eyes, and strove to avert mine from them. I could not. Her face was very white and she pushed those coils of hair away from it with gestures of a miraculous seduction.

"Here!" Her voice revealed how thoroughly she realized the conquest she had made of me. "Use this."

It was a carving knife. She thrust it into my hand before I could reply to her. The suasion with which she urged me to the door was not gentle.

"There is no one in the house but ourselves."

She addressed me in a whisper as I hesitated on the edge of the stairs outside. I glanced at the long, keen knife in my hand. I turned once more to gaze into the eyes of the woman. Then I stole down, step by step, the woman peering over the railings all the time.

Not until I reached the kitchen in the basement did I come upon the man. By this time I had thrust the knife into my belt and there it was hidden underneath the coat I wore. My landlord was making a frugal meal of bread and cheese at a little deal table in the corner beside a wash tub.

"Aha!" He seemed disconcerted at beholding me. "Did you pay the rent?"

"I will pay your wife in full," I assured him as I drew near, "this very night."

"Aha!" This must have been his favorite oath. "Has my wife sent you here to murder me? Every time we get a tenant he comes to me with that intention. Where's the carving knife?"

These revelations left me motionless and staring. He took advantage of my great surprise to hurl himself upon me. I did not dodge in time, but as he seized my arm I got a good grasp upon his shoulder. Our turnings and circlings about the kitchen so disarranged my clothing that he could see the knife at my belt easily. The sight inspired him to make a demand in tones that reached the roof for a surrender of this trophy. I merely seized the empty bottle on the table as the pair of us described fantastic angles all about it. A purpose to hit my landlord on the head was in my own mind, and this had been anticipated by himself. He snatched the bottle as I poised it menacingly in the air, and then he brought it down upon my head. I stood dazed. He had that knife out of my belt in a flash.

"Aha!" He cried aloud triumphantly. "Don't be afraid."

I had taken refuge in the cupboard, shutting the door upon myself quickly and completely. My landlord made no further effort to pursue me. I could hear him moving about the kitchen. At last I heard the sound of that knife. It seemed to undergo a process of sharpening. I heard its scraping.

"I tell you again I'm not going to hurt you."

A note of such perfect sincerity informed the voice of my landlord that I ventured to set the cupboard door ajar. He knelt at present in front of the stove. I observed him closely as he moved that knife back and forth. No look of ferocity inflamed that face of his.

"What do you mean to do?"

He replied to my question almost as soon as I had asked it by making a thrust at his breast. I managed to leap upon him in a fashion sufficiently agile to avert a fatality, although I could see that he had cut himself. I clutched the hand that held the knife. He tried to free himself, but I did not let go.

"Let me die, I tell you! I cannot trouble her then."

Once more the pair of us described fantastic circles. We knocked the table over. We fell into that tub. We broke all the dishes in the place. He called his wife the vilest names. He said that I might have her, but he added that my fate if I took her must be as dreadful as his own. He took a solemn oath to die, die, die!

Words more dreadful still he mouthed above the din we made, and then he fell. It proved an easy task to rob him of that knife, for he had fainted. Loss of blood from that trickling wound of his had made this victory for me. I stripped him of his shirt and improvised a bandage from it for his chest.

"Will he live?"

My landlady stared at us through the broken pane of glass in the kitchen door. She had bound up that hair.

"He is not much hurt," I told her, "but he has received a shock."

She trod delicately among the broken dishes and the lumps of coal until she reached that knife. This she lifted from the floor and put into the oven. I followed every movement of hers with my eye in-

tently, as if I looked upon some absorbing scene in a theatre.

"Philip!"

She had knelt beside her husband, but he lay as if he had left him, breathing easily. She made her way next, with that characteristically delicate step, to the sink. There she filled a bowl with water, taking it to the side of our patient and kneeling at his head. She put her lips to his forehead.

"Philip, my darling!" How perfect the note of love in her voice! "Speak! Tell me you are all right."

"And you," I said, bending over her to whisper the words, "and you put that knife into my hand and sent me here to kill him. What has changed your mind?"

"Fool!" she cried, pillowing her husband's head upon her bosom. "Fool! He needs me now!"

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PLUTOCRAT

By S. J. MILLS.

Professor Bugsby was an old man at fifty! Externally nothing much was the matter with him; his cheeks were rosy, and his dreamy blue eye was soft and kindly as ever; but his nervous system, and especially his will, had broken down under the strain of his long fight with Plunks the banker. Bugsby had started out with all the gaiety of youth; he had thought it simple enough to win the fight; he had merely to prove the wickedness of Plunks, and the folly of mankind in allowing him to rob them, and they would rise and end not only Plunks himself, but the system that made Plunks possible. Alas! he only found himself in a welter of intrigue. He was forced to fight fire with fire, to scheme, to agitate, to cabal—and it was all in vain. Time and again he had been on the brink of success at least partial. It was all arranged for him to become President of his University; from this vantage he could bombard Plunks more easily; but at the last moment the long arm of the billionaire had moved a pawn, and blocked the check.

So we find poor Bugsby in Chicago in January, 1917. He had attempted to form a triple entente of Chinese laundrymen, drug store clerks, and sundial adjusters, which would frustrate the enormous shipping combine which Plunks was supposed by the Sunday newspapers to be meditating.

But the Milkless Milk Company (a mere alias for Plunks, as Bugsby knew only too well!) had stepped in, and by a series of adroit manoeuvres had alienated the laundrymen from the movement.

Bugsby, his life's work ruined, turned into the Blackstone. Wrong was triumphant—so be it, then! He would have a last dinner, write a last paper of protest, and seal his witness with his blood.

But, as he reached the lobby, who should he see but Plunks himself! By his side was his confidential secretary, Grahame, a villain only slightly less abandoned than his master. A sinister grin of open triumph was on the face of the billionaire. The monster had thrown off the mask! Bugsby had never before seen him in the flesh. He jumped at his opportunity. Walking straight up to the plutocrat, he began, without a word of preface, his harangue.

"Vampire!" he cried, "at last I confront you! Liar, thief, murderer, for twenty years we have wrestled in a death-grip. To-day it seems as if you had won!

Railroad wrecker, Wall Street gambler, cornerer of wheat and oil and copper, steamship pirate, land grabber, lobbyist and grafter, in all you have succeeded—so it seems! Seems! Seems! To the philosopher you are but a doomed man. Had you my Weltanschauung, you would know it too. The economic forces which I lead, invisible though they may be, are rising to unseat you. The exchange system is tottering; the financial oligarchy crumbles; my Distanzliebe is as lebendig as your Pattvereiningdungen is starr!!!" The professor paused for breath. "Forgive me," said the anarchist. "You have the advantage of me. I know your name perfectly well, of course, but I can't remember your face."

"Tremble not!" replied the professor, "tremble not, although my words sear your corrupt brain as with a white-hot shaft of steel. Tremble not! you triumph over me, for I am beaten. Behold in me your sworn, your life-long enemy! I am the man whom you have fought these twenty years, whom you have kept from the presidency of my university; it is my works that your subsidized publishers have turned down; I am the man whose courage and address have time and again come nigh to hauling you from your bloodstained throne—I am Professor Bugsby of the University of Muttville!"

Plunks interrogated his secretary with a glance. A slight shake of the head was the reply.

"Bugsby!" said the billionaire, kindly; "of course, of course! Upon my word, my dear fellow, this is very distressing. I hadn't the least idea of all this. Why on earth didn't you come to me direct? Well, well; never too late, you know; I'll found a university for you, and make you president, and we'll get out all your books for you, and you shall knock me as hard as you can for the rest of your natural life. (Just put that through to-morrow morning, will you, Grahame?) Then you'll come and lunch with me here, won't you, my dear Bugsby, at one sharp, and we'll sign the papers. Where are you staying? I'll send a car for you." "I'm staying right here," said the professor.

And when he had brought his grip over, and dined luxuriously, and retired for the night, his dreamy blue eye sought inspiration from the mirror as he adjusted his nightcap. "I wonder what frightened him," said the professor, meditatively.

A COMEDY OF DISILLUSION

By JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY.

Mr. Marshall: Are you very happy?

Julia: I am very happy.

Mr. Marshall: And you have no regrets whatsoever?

Julia: Absolutely none.

Mr. Marshall: You are too positive, Julia. If you only sighed or wept. Then I would know that you are really happy.

Julia: Ah! But I am happy, Don Juan. A great deal happier than you imagine.

Mr. Marshall: (*Somewhat disappointed.*) O, I see, you really love me?

Julia: Indeed I don't.

Mr. Marshall: Julia, I am shocked. After what happened last night how you can say that you do not love me? A night of beauty....

Julia: You mean a ghastly night! I can and do say that I do not love you. I have paid a tremendous price for my curiosity, that is all. But I am happy. Now at last I understand myself. Now at last I know the meaning of life. And I am happy because I realize that henceforth I shall be master of myself.

Mr. Marshall: You are disappointed. That is what is the matter with you, Julia.

Julia: And how disappointed! Not so much in you, Don Juan, as in my own self. I was never so foolish as to imagine that you could make me as supremely happy as you promised. But I really did think that it was in me. Now I see it is not. But I am happy because I see things finally as they really are. I wonder if you can understand that, clever man that you are?

Mr. Marshall: (*Brightening up.*) Julia, you please me. Now for the first time I am firmly convinced of your innocence. For innocent you are. You imagine this morning that you are separated from yesterday morning by the wisdom of the ages. You imagine that the events of a few hours ago have revealed the secrets of life to you. Most women in your place would plead for more love and yet more love and always more. They would demand a pledge of eternal allegiance. But you, you demand freedom. That is something new. In all my career such a thing has not happened. You hate me. You have discovered that love is quite commonplace. That the great flame is only a feeble pallid light. That the yellow sunbeams have put out that light altogether. Sitting here at breakfast with me you see how pitifully poor the reality is compared to the tremendous radiance you expected. And you say to yourself—with this valueless, unnecessary, bagatelle I can dispense completely.

Julia: You are right. Bagatelle is the word for it. In a little while I shall leave you. And I go gladly, strong in the consciousness of my strength. Happy because I was disappointed and deluded. I go with absolute ease.

Mr. Marshall: You say that so bravely. You speak with such sincerity. But do you know that Cleopatra and Lesbia and George Sand spoke almost exactly your words years ago. The next morning at breakfast they felt just as you do now. They too

were disappointed. Shall I tell you why you are disappointed?

Julia: Tell me. You speak so well that although I do not love you, I love to listen to you.

Mr. Marshall: (*With great earnestness.*) Julia, a man who picks up the violin for the first time is bound to be disappointed in the instrument. It may be a golden Stradivarius. But in his clumsy fingers it can only give forth a few discordant and hideous sounds. The selfsame instrument in the hands of a Kreisler becomes a divine organ of melody and passion. All that is beautiful and voluptuous speaks with a candor and graciousness that words could not, even if they would, utter. You are like the man who cannot play. But you will learn. Last night for the first time you lifted up the lyre of love. Unable to strike harmony from its strings you threw it away in disgust. But you will pick it up again. I know you will. You will be driven to master it. Then will come the day when you will understand how to compel it to produce the most wonderful nuances, the most delicate phrases, the most powerful chords. And you will smile to think that once you scorned this priceless gift. Why do I speak so enthusiastically? Because I am a master. I am a veteran. Therefore, the lyre of love can never bore me. Only dilettantes and amateurs are wearied of its song. Only the weak fly from it.

Julia: If what you say is true then indeed I am accursed. Then indeed I should be unhappy.

Mr. Marshall: No! No! No! Ten thousand times no! You should be happy. Believe me, Julia, knowledge is not only power. It also spells happiness. Why am I the most envied of men on earth? Because the ignorant, the innocent, the weak know that I am happy. So do the wise. And so you shall be happy, too, if you discover the one great secret of life.

Julia: What is that secret?

Mr. Marshall: The secret of life is this: If you can stand alone you have conquered the world. If you can stand alone, men and women will flock to your side. Wealth will be lavished upon you. All that is wonderful and rare will be yours for the asking. If you can stand alone, Julia, you will have mastered life. Then from the lyre of love you will evoke imperishable melody. But you must stand alone.

Julia: (*Who has listened, deeply moved.*) But I cannot stand alone, Don Juan. (*With intense passion.*) I love you. I love you madly. Kiss me again and again and again. Let me swoon in your arms. Let me kiss your lips, let me feel your hair upon my face. (*Marshall has risen. He puts on his gloves and reaches for his cane.*) Don Juan, do not desert me ever. I need you every moment of my life. Do not go.... O Don Juan, Don Juan (*her voice trails off in a bitter cry*).

Mr. Marshall: (*Rapidly walking up the road. His voice is far off and faint.*) I said to you, Julia, that he who stands alone has conquered life. I am the master of my soul. He who stands alone....

Julia: (*Her head on the table, weeping bitterly.*) Don Juan, Don Juan, Don Juan, I love you... I need you... every minute... of my... life.

END.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE THEATRES

While the American armies are getting ready to invade the territory of the Central Powers, German and Austrian playwrights are invading the American stage. Several of the most successful plays, including "Maytime," "The Tailor-Made Man," "The Riviera Girl" and "The Deluge," are the handiwork of German and Austrian authors, although their names do not appear on the program and the origin of the plays is carefully concealed from the audience.

Judging by the instantaneous success of the "Dreimaederlhaus," produced by Rudolph Christians at the German Theatre in New York, another German-made play will shortly be seized upon by American producers. The "Dreimaederlhaus" is a charming operetta based upon an incident in the life of Schubert, the great composer. The music is skillfully chosen from Schubert's own music. The play is full of charm and it is admirably presented.

It is surprising how, in spite of many limitations, Director Christians is able to achieve such remarkable scenic effects. His playhouse has some of the artistic qualities of a little theatre conducted entirely for connoisseurs and of a popular playhouse. His actors appear one day in a tragedy of Schnitzler and the next day we see them dancing and singing to some tuneful ditty in a musical comedy.

The fact that the German Theatre in New York continues without disturbance is an excellent testimony to the fact that the metropolis has grasped the meaning of President Wilson's message that we are not waging war against the German people. Neither, it follows as a necessary corollary, are we waging war on German art. Of course, the German Theatre studiously avoids producing any play that could give the slightest offense. Mr. Christians' productions are always interesting and we are glad

to note that the English-speaking press is giving serious attention to them.

It is difficult to teach an old dog new tricks. But remember, as Alexander Harvey suggests, how many tricks an old dog really knows! This is apropos of a criticism recently pronounced against Bernard Shaw by a writer who maintains that the great Irish dramatist is beginning to repeat himself, that he has nothing new to offer us. The production of "Misalliance" at the new Broadhurst Theatre is the incident which caused this gentleman to deliver his judgment. After reading his remarks we witnessed the performance and were never so agreeably disappointed. For "Misalliance," so tedious in book form, sparkles delightfully on the stage. All the tricks of a dramaturgic master are employed by Shaw to interest his audience in a discussion of parents and the duty they owe their children. Shaw, like Oscar Wilde, is never so happy as when his characters are comfortably seated and talking. And in this play the amount of talking is prodigal. To get his dialogue over Shaw uses and uses expertly every device of the conventional theatre. Shaw's directions call for one long act for the entire production, but William Faversham, who produced the piece, wisely split it into three sections. Although everybody in "Misalliance" talks tremendously on every conceivable subject one is constantly interested. It is amazing the way in which this play grips. The audience listens spellbound as though it were witnessing one of Jack Scribner's burlesque shows on the Bowery. Mr. Faversham is to be congratulated on the good work he is doing. "Getting Married" last year and "Misalliance" this year prove that it pays to put on plays the public likes.

J. B. R.

MUSIC

My dear Yvonne:

Don't you feel relieved that the concert season is about to burst its glories upon us—and we can lose ourselves in its beauties—and so forget the horrors of the war for brief and beautiful intervals? And that reminds me of the lamentable attitude of our friend Campanini—who casts such an insult upon American music lovers by his decision to eliminate German operas during the Chicago Opera Season. Why should Wagner be held responsible for torpedoes and poisonous gases—Zeppelin raids, etc.? Then again if that attitude of mind be allowed to run riot—why not blame Bach and Beethoven also? The elimination of all the great German operas and symphonies has nothing to do with making the world safe for democracy. Surely art is universal. Then why this imbecility? Shame on Signor Campanini. Doesn't he know that "Maryland, My Maryland" is sung to an old German air—why not suppress it also? This is not fighting Germany—it is making ourselves ridiculous. Would Mr. Campanini also debar us from hearing the Jupiter Symphony?—the Eroica, the Unfinished?—the violin concert of Mendelssohn? The second Symphony of Brahms?—all of them absolutely created in the

enemy zone? "Even fair minded Americans cannot be expected to listen with equanimity to music created in the enemy country."

Surely the drummer of a jazz band in a fifth rate café couldn't be more stupid!

One thinks with gratitude of Frederick Fischer—who is doing such excellent work in St. Louis—and achieved such splendid success at the recent open air music festival in that city, where he conducted French classics with equal interest to those of his own country. The next two weeks will bring us to the splendid orchestral concerts offered by Mr. Walter Damrosch with his New York Symphony, and the Philharmonic under Mr. Strinsky. Many important recitals by old favorites are scheduled—and amongst the younger players, Wynne Pyle, the brilliant Texas pianist, who made such a great success here with the Philharmonic and St. Louis and Minneapolis orchestras last year will make several important appearances. Also Doris Barnett, the finest pianist Australia has produced up till now—a favorite pupil of Leopold Godowsky, who created a furore in Vienna and London—will make her first appearance before New York music lovers.

Isolde Menges—undoubtedly the greatest girl violinist of the day—who created such a sensation here last winter and has been delighting thousands of enthusiasts in Canada, will give two recitals in

New York before leaving for London and Paris to fill her engagements there.

One hears with great regret of the absence of Ugo Ara, the magnificent Viola of the Flonzaley Quartet—who has gone into active service in Italy and will be greatly missed here.

One is glad to know Percy Grainger will continue his recitals, and the Red Cross will benefit greatly by the receipts generously turned over to them by this popular young Australian. San Francisco still laments over the absence of Mr. Nikolai Sokoloff, the very gifted young conductor, who has offered his services to France and will spend the winter there doing relief work. Speaking of con-

ductors, one hopes Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the distinguished piano virtuoso, will again appear in the role of conductor this season; for he certainly thrilled us all in the three memorable orchestral concerts. His marvelous magnetism absolutely electrified the audiences. Opera lovers are saddened by the death of that distinguished lyric tenor Luca Botta, whose wonderful career was finished by cancer at the early age of 35. One thinks with gratitude of the many young artists cheering the sick and wounded—in the many camps here and abroad—au revoir, Yvonne, see you often at Carnegie and the Aeolian.

Yours,
Haut Boy.

The Gate of Knowledge.

"The Golden Verses of Pythagoras with an Essay on the Essence and Form of Poetry," by Fabre d'Olivet. Translated by Nayan Louise Redfield. (Putnam & Son.)

This translation of these famous essays is in all respects excellent. The prose is sonorous and well measured, and the translator has well seized the sense of the original. The only blemishes are occasional idiomatic lapses where Miss Redfield, as it appears to us, imitates the French usage too faithfully. The edition is finely produced, and should form a most valuable addition to any philosophical library.

There is here no space for an extended criticism of Pythagoras or of this interpretation of him. A volume of nearly equal size would be required to do justice in such a manner. We will therefore not dwell upon what appears to be the failure to transcend dualism, beyond remarking that there is only one solution to the problem of evil. That solution is given in the "Book of the Law." The universe has two phases. One delights in creation and the other in destruction, and the cyclic process serves each in turn. But it is most pertinent to remark that Fabre d'Olivet announces a doctrine which in its essence is singularly harmonious with that of Blavatsky regarding perfectability. It is indeed the doctrine of the adepts which is here foreshadowed. Fortified by this tradition, this author has managed to do good work in the matter of Eastern religion, despite the dreadful ignorance and misapprehension which prevailed in his time with regard to the purport of oriental doctrines. Those minds in which Truth exists as an inheritance can never be upset by the discovery of new facts; on the contrary, such discoveries confirm them in their Truth.—Therion.

"The Duality of the Bible," by Sidney C. Tapp.

The mystery is out. We owe our readers a sort of apology for the tone of voice which we used last month in reviewing Mr. Tapp's other volume. We ought to have known that so unwholesome a mind might imply an unhealthy body. In this present volume Mr. Tapp explains that he suffered when young from certain diseases of the ear, necessitating operations which were evidently partial failures; for we find

that he could not write his book with his own hand, owing to a spine injured by these operations.

Mr. Tapp's views on sex are therefore those of an unfortunate rather than of a wicked person. (It may be philosophically doubted whether these two things are not one.) However, the point is that for Mr. Tapp to lay down the law on sex is like an oyster lecturing on the disadvantages of being vertebrate. We are extremely sorry for this wreck of humanity, but we shall not take it for our guide, any more than we should listen to the crew of reformed drunkards who tell us that we cannot drink a glass of wine without being dipsomaniacs. One of the worst results of our present policy of preserving the lives of the abnormal and degenerate is that they have worked their way into public affairs till civilization has become a hospital.—A. C.

CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN

By

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK
The San Francisco Chronicle:

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Songs of Manhattan.

By MORRIS ABEL BEER.

MANHATTAN.

There's Asia on the avenue
And Europe in the street,
And Africa goes plodding
Beneath my window-seat.

This is the wondrous city,
Where worlds and nations meet;
Say not romance is napping:
Behold the city street!

ON SPRING-STREET.

A son of Dante's singing dells vends
lemonade and creams,
In younger days, enthralled of art, he
reared a dome of dreams;
But now, before his little shop, pale
children dance with glee,
And he smiles to think, though stars
may fall, how happy men may be.

TO DREAM IS WELL.

"Wine and whiskey, ale and rum,
Bottles of dreams for the years to
come,"

This is the tune that the beggars hum
From Battery Park to Cooper Square,
When the rain beats hard and the days
are fair,
When the summer's green and the win-
ter's bare.

O the tune is merry and the tale is old,
And the bar-rooms ring with a beggar's
gold,
For a beggar's blessings are manifold.
No kin has he to love and tell
Of the stinging lashes of a living hell,
And so he sings—to dream is well.

M. A. BEER.

BOWERY AT DUSK.

There are smiling beggars, fools of fate,
In sun and rain who roam
From Cooper Square to the harbor's
gate,
And never wander home.

For them the streets are paved with
gold,
And life with promise sings,
Though river winds bite often cold
And youth has taken wings.

For a nickel buys a glass of dreams,
And a dime an iron bed,
And the lodging house—a heaven
gleams
When a hungry man is fed.

Fake Horoscopes.

(Continued from page 345.)

The phraseology is very carefully chosen, for nothing must be said which would be indictable as a prediction. Thus, instead of saying, "you will be lucky in speculation during the first week of October," the phrase is "financial conditions seem to be operating favorably during the first week in October." These monthly forecasts are received at \$24 a year, and as they require a good deal of trouble in preparation, it is evident that the cheapness has something behind it. These forecasts are what you may call bait, and the fish to be caught is the "personal consultation."

Suppose I am told in my forecasts that financial conditions are favorable for a certain period, I am going to ask for more. I want to know exactly how to make the best use of the opportunity; so I ring up the lady and get an appointment. This appointment may ostensibly be a \$5 or \$10 one; but in reality I may have to pay much more for it. I may have to let the lady in on a percentage of profits on the gamble in "war babies." Similarly, if I am an actress, or other easily exploitable person, I may have to pay a great deal extra. Once the fly is in the web, the spider can dictate its own terms.

Women are particularly foolish with astrologers. They tell all their love affairs. Again, even cautious Mrs. A. will tell one side of a story; prudent Miss B. next day, the other side. The astrologer becomes mistress of these women, body and soul. Perhaps she does not blackmail them; but she is in a position to do so if she wishes. At the very least, the victims realize their own position, and are careful to do anything the astrologer may ask.

Then, again, there is the matrimonial agency graft; and the highly profitable business of entremetteuse. (We do not assert that, in the particular case we are discussing, these things are done, but they could be done. It is immoral to permit the existence of a secret power of this kind.)

It is all done under the cloak of astrology. Mr. C., calls and looks for a soul-mate; the astrologer soon finds some woman, "whose Venus is on his Sun," and arranges a little dinner-party. All in the sacred cause of astrology—scientific astrology; the old lady would be genuinely shocked if you called her by her real name. But she takes her commission all the same, and superstition is so extraordinarily strong that when faith is established there is no limit to the amount of which the victim can be fleeced. This being the really dangerous part of the work, the astrologer is extraordinarily careful about making appointments. One has to have very good introductions. Word quickly goes round as to what the

police are doing. For example, a few months ago it was rumored that a red-haired detective had been engaged, and all women with red hair, unless previously known, had to pass the 33rd degree before they reached the center of the web. There is no doubt in the mind of the astrologer that she is breaking the law. She lives in continual terror of the police. She knows well enough that it was only a fluke that she was not convicted at her previous prosecutions. However, she boasts openly of her "pull" with certain society leaders who can protect her from the police. Properly managed, evidence is easy to obtain. Will not Mrs. Isabel Goodwin look to it?

Shakespeare's Rebel.

(Continued from page 343.)

The "great image of authority" shakes and falls before the tremendous onslaughts of this king turned anarchist:

"A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear; change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar? . . . And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obeyed in office."

"None does offend, none, I say none!" Well believed in as reason—can we doubt it?—by Shakespeare the perpetual satirist of little men in authority, Shakespeare, who had been tried by Sir Thomas Lucy, did not forget the inanities of the Law and its pillars when he came to Justice Shallow, to Dogberry and Verges.

"Thou rascal headle, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore?
Strip thine own back.

. . . The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices
do appear;

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.
Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurt-
less breaks;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth
pierce it."

An excellent inscription for any Court of Law; but more pleasing to the prisoners than to the judges.

The contempt of Shakespeare for the hypocrisy of the professed virtues—the Purity Leaguers of our day—is constant; but we are stirred more deeply by Lear's outburst than even by the portraiture of Angelo:

"I pardon that man's life; what was
thy cause?

Adultery.

Thou shalt not die; die for adultery!
No;

The wren goes to't, and the small
gilded fly

Does lecher in my sight . . .
Behold yon' simpering dame

Whose face between her forks pre-
sageth snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake
the head

To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse,

goes to't
With a more riotous appetite."

As it is now, so it was then. The changeless spirit of revolt had no less scope for action in Shakespeare's age than it has in our own, nor will it have in ages to come. Rebellion will end when an end is made of all we know; then and not before will this one of Shakespeare's spirits wander in waste air. Then shall be the destined final touch, the touch of conclusion in Necessity, that touch whose ultimate noiseless crumbling of all things Shakespeare, in his last Play, foresaw. There, in the furthest coign of the furthest figure of the Future, stands that Moment when:

"Like the baseless fabric of this
vision,

These cloud-capp'd towers, these
gorgeous palaces,

These solemn temples, the great
earth itself,

Yea, all that it inherits, shall dis-
solve;

And like this insubstantial pageant
faded,

Leave not a wrack behind."

There only, in that consummate dissolution, shall Rebellion be brought to silence.

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