THE INTERNATIONAL

Forecast for the Month of January.

It is fitting that the new year should usher in a newer, brighter and greater International. The International is always ahead of time. Instead of being a magazine of the past it is a magazine of the future. The Simon Iff stories symbolize the quality of thought and expression which sets the International so uniquely apart from its contemporaries. Just as Simon Iff is far in advance of the modern detective, so the International takes its place in the vanguard of the new literature, the new freedom.

The January Simon Iff story is not in fact a story at all. It is a slice of that mysterious life in which terrible crimes are committed for reasons which lie deep in the subsciousness of their perpetrators. Do you remember the first time that you read Edgar Allan Poe's stories? Do you remember the thrill and the shock and the horror produced by Poe's tales? You will have that same feeling after finishing the January Simon Iff tale.

We promised you "The Heart of Holy Russia" for December, but you will like it all the more in January. For it will help you to understand the Bolsheviki, the Maximalists, the Grand Dukes, Kerensky. In short, you will gain an understanding of that palpitating life which lies behind the dramatic movements now rending Russia. Do you know that St. Basil and Ivan Veliky, which helped to make Moscow the greatest of all the wonders of the world, have just been destroyed?

Geomancy is a science enabling those who understand its secrets to divine the future, to understand the past. It will answer any questions. One man became a millionaire after mastering this simple yet fascinating science.

A new story by Mark Wells has even stirred our printer. "You've got to hand it to him," said this untutored toiler after reading Mr. Wells' masterpiece. The story explains how a dainty little woman ruled a savage king without paying the usual price, and imposed on him the civilization of her conquered race.

"At the Feet of Our Lady of Darkness" reveals the soul of a Franco-Egyptian girl well known in London and Paris.

The Master Therion speaks confidentially to his disciples throughout the world. In the "Message" and the "Law of Liberty" he gives utterance to an immensely important matter, important to you, too.

Besides these magnificent contributions there are many other delightful articles, poems and stories. You will like them all.

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER

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WE STAND ABOVE.

IT is a somewhat invidious task; but we suppose that some one has got to do it, and it seems as if that some one had to be ourselves.

IN normal times art and literature take care of themselves. Wisdom is justified of her children. Before we have been dead three hundred years somebody is almost sure to notice it. The great mass of people is a homogeneous mass of brainless idiocy. Men are dumb animals, and women only quack. In times of peace the hack journalists are as inconspicuous as they are insignificant; but when war breaks out the hysteria natural to weak minds becomes vocal, and everybody wants to "do his bit" on one side or the other, by squealing when much the best thing to do would be to bury himself.

THESE little minds have no conception of the great ideas which distinguish man from mannikin. They imagine that Rodin was a Frenchman, and Wagner a German. They do not understand that these persons were not men, but Gods. They do not understand that the creations of such men are in the nature of that image of the great Goddess Diana which came down from heaven for us men and for our salvation. They do not understand that Rheims is as sacred as Cologne; that the Kremlin should have been protected from the maniacs, who are trying to translate Bernard Shaw into action, as Jerusalem (if there by anything of artistic value therein) from the British. As a matter of fact, I believe there is nothing but a lot of faked historical monuments camouflaged by the wily Syrian for the exploitation of American tourists of the Chautauqua brand. If this be so, Allenby, go to it!

BUT as for us, we stand above. I do not know whether Bulgaria is at war with England; but if so, it is evidently the duty to God and man of every Bulgarian to knock the block off General Haig. At the same time, if that Bulgarian does not respect Kings College Chapel, or uses my first edition of Adonais for pipe lights, I will knock *his* block off if I can catch the Bulgar at it. We are warring for Democracy, but also for civilization, apparently owing to our inherent love of paradox. We have here a war within a war. We have not only to fight the foe without, and the foe within, but also the foe that is the worst of all, the overzealous friend. We feel rather as the President feels about the Vigilantes. If well-meaning asses were only mules how useful they might be in batteries! We are out to break the political will of another group of nations, and our worst foes are those of our own people who are giving the show away. We go to war to defend the rights of the little nations, and we imprison Irishmen who can not forget that their mothers were raped by British soldiers. We are particularly strong on Belgium, and her representative complains that there is to be no seat for Belgium on the Allied war council. The Germans go to war for Kultur, yet they cannot find an expedient for contracting out of the shelling of cathedrals. And if these things are done in the green tree of the people in power, what shall be done in the dry tree, and withered sticks of the mediocre. We have our attention taken away from the business of fighting by the miserable grunts of these self-advertising pigs, who are only guinea-pigs in so far as they can always be counted on to sell their souls for a guinea. It is not only useless and stupid to refuse the benefits of those who at the very lowest estimate were our friends, but the absolute destruction of the whole principle of civilization.

ART is long and political life is short. If we are enraged with the Germans for shelling St. Mark's, which they have not yet done, we ought certainly to declare war upon the French because of what Napoleon really did do to St. Mark's a hundred years ago. In order to carry out this program still more effectively, we can destroy the statues of Lafayette, and burn our Shakespeares on the ground that the English burnt the Capitol at Washington. It is only the pettiest minds that perceive national qualities in works of art. At most, national schools form a convenient classification. If the Dutch, as at times has seemed likely, decide that the German cause is that of liberty, civilization, and progress, and determine to fight on their side, will some patriot immediately discover that Rembrandt did not know how to paint? Would it not be better to make up our minds about it now? Will Mr. Roosevelt decide to change his name to something less compromising? And shall we destroy the institution of marriage because the inhabitants of the Old Kent Road speak of their wives as "my old Dutch"? Shall we turn the feminine of duke into Americaness, to be quite safe, and rather true, anyhow?

I CANNOT say how deeply I feel about this matter. The insensate screams of the mob threaten to deafen even those few ears which were attuned to the still small voice of wisdom. The danger is enormous. Even defeat would be preferable to a universal iconoclasm. It is not a new story. Again and again the most priceless treasures of antiquity, to say nothing of the structure of the civilizations whence they sprung, have been destroyed utterly and irremediably in the most miserable religious and political quarrels. Was not the library of Alexandria worth more to mankind than the whole Roman Empire? Were not the stained glass windows of the churches of more importance than the entire struggle between Protestant and Catholic? The people who do not understand this are Huns. *

THIS paper is not primarily political. So far as it is so, it is and will be loyal; but it will resent the thesis that in order to be loyal one must be insane. "Battle, murder, and sudden death" is excellent sport, and it is extremely necessary at this moment. The excretory system of nature, pestilence, has been constipated by the misguided efforts of medicine and hygiene. We had to get rid of the surplus population, and we chose our own foolish way instead of Nature's wise way. So not a word against war! But the treasures of art, of literature, of music, must this time be preserved for humanity; and we are determined to resist to the death any attack upon those treasures. We are—for the moment—fighting the Germans; but Faust and Siegfried and Zarathustra, the achievement of Kant in philosophy and of Helmholtz in physics, must be put "out of bounds." We stand above.

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THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF.

By EDWARD KELLY.

No. 4.—The Conduct of John Briggs.

Simon Iff bounded into the Hemlock Club. He was by all odds the oldest member of the club; but to-day he had the elasticity of a boy, and he was so radiant that some people would have sworn that they actually saw flashes of light about his head. He bounded up the great stairway of the club two steps at a time.

The porters relaxed their solemnity, for the man's exaltation was contagious. "So Simple Simon's back from one of 'is Great Magical Retirements again. I wonder wot in 'Eving's name 'e does." "I wisht I knew," replied the other. "The old boy's ninety, if 'e's a dy."

In the lunch-room the atmosphere was certainly in need of all the exhilaration it could find. There were only a dozen men present, and they were talking in whispers. The eldest of them, Sir Herbert Holborne ('Anging 'Olborne of the criminal classes) was neither speaking nor eating, though his lunch lay before him. He was drinking whiskey-and-soda in a steady business-like way, as a man does who has an important task to accomplish.

Simon Iff greeted them with a single comprehensive wave of the hand. "What's the news, dear man?" he asked his neighbor. "Are you all rehearsing a play of Wedekind's? Oh, a steak and a bottle of Nuits," he added to the waiter. "The old Nuits, the best Nuits, for I must give praise to Our Lady of the Starry Heavens!"

"You do not appear to require the stimulus of alcohol in any marked degree," observed Holborne, in his driest manner.

"Stimulus!" cried Iff; "I don't take wine to stimulate. It is because I am stimulated, or rather, fortified, that I drink wine. You must always drink what is in tune with your own soul. That's the Harmony of Diet! It is stupid and criminal to try to alter your soul by drugs. Let the soul be free, and use what suits it. Homeopathic treatment! So give me green tea when I am exquisite and æsthetic like a Ming Vase; coffee when I am high-strung and vigilant as an Arab; chocolate when I am feeling cosy and feminine; brandy when I am martial and passionate; and wine—oh, wine at all times!—but wine especially when I am bubbling over with spiritual ecstasy. Thus, my dear Holborne, I fulfil the apostolic injunction, 'Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God!' Every meal is a sacrament to me. That's the simplicity of life! That's why they call me Simple Simon!"

The outburst brought his fellow-clubmen out of their apathy. One of them remarked that, while agreeing with the thesis, and admiring the force and beauty of its expression, it was unseasonable. He wished to tone down the exuberance of the old mystic, for the sake of the general feeling.

"Why, what is wrong?" said Iff more sedately. "Not that anything is ever really wrong; it's all illusion. But you evidently think there's a great deal amiss; and"—he looked round the table—"Sir Herbert seems to be at the bottom of it."

"I will ask you to spare me," spoke the judge; "this morning I was compelled to perform the most painful duty of my career. Tell him, Stanford!"

"Why, where have you been?" said James Stanford, a long lean lantern-jawed individual who filled the Chair of History at Oxford University.

"Oh, I've been everywhere and nowhere," replied Simon. "But I suppose a historian would take the view—an utterly false and absurd view, by the way—that I have been sitting in my oratory at Abertarff, meditating, for the last two months. I have heard nothing of the world. Are we at war with the Republic of Andorra?"

Stanford leaned forward across the table, while the rest kept silent.

"You remember Briggs?"

"Knew him well at one time; haven't seen him for ten years or so."

"Well, this morning Holborne had to sentence him to death for the murder of his nephew."

"I say, Holborne, that's a bit thick," ejaculated Iff,

rudely. "Just because you dislike the way he ties his neckties, to go and fit him out with a hemp cravat!"

"I am in no mood for your stupid jokes, Iff," retorted the Judge, severely. "I had no course but to give effect to the verdict of the jury, which they gave without leaving their seats." "But your summing-up must have been a masterpiece of imbecility!"

"There was no defence, nor could be. Look here, Iff!" The judge broke out hotly. "I thought you knew men. Can't you see I'm all broken up over this? I knew Briggs intimately; I was exceedingly fond of him; this has been the shock of my life."

"Oh, well!" returned Iff, "it is done now, and the best thing we can do is to forget it. Listen to what happened to me at Abertarff! One of those nasty skulking tramps came round and set fire to my barn. Luckily the stream was flowing at the time—as it does all the time—but, seeing the danger, it directed its course against the fire, and extinguished it."

"Another miracle of Simple Simon!" sneered one of the younger men, who knew the old man chiefly from his reputation as a magician.

"Young man!" replied Simon, "I drink to your better understanding—and your better manners. (Waiter, bring me another bottle of this Nuits!) I shall need much wine." He fixed his small oblique eyes terribly on the offender. "The difference between you and me is this," he continued. "I don't believe the silly story I have just told you; whereas you all do believe the silly story Stanford has just told me."

"Come, come!" said Stanford, "it is stupid to talk like this. You haven't heard the evidence. You're simply defending Briggs because you think you know him; because you think you know that he wouldn't have done such a thing."

"Oh, no!" said the mystic, "all men are capable of every kind of evil intention. But some are incapable of carrying such intentions into effect, just as a paralytic cannot walk, although he may desire infinitely to do so."

"There was no difficulty about this murder. It was a quite plain shooting."

"If you'll tell me the facts, I'll prove to you how you are wrong."

"I wish you could, damn it!" interjected Holborne. "Stanford has made a very special study of this case. He has been in court all the time, and he has verified every piece of evidence by independent research."

"My university asked me to watch the case," explained Stanford. "As you know, I am a barrister as well as a historian. Briggs, of course, was at Magdalen with me, though I never knew him well. The Vice-Chancellor begged me to leave no stone unturned to discover a flaw in the procedure, or in the case for the Crown. I failed utterly."

"Have you your notes with you?" asked Holborne. Stanford nodded. "Suppose we adjourn to the smoking-room? They will take some time to read."

"This is a lovely piece of luck," remarked Iff, as they filtered into the adjoining room. "I come back from my isolation, fairly bursting for distraction, and I walk right into the heart of a first-class fairy story." But he was quite unable to communicate his spirit to the other men; he seemed more of a crank than ever; they liked him, and his theories amused them; but they knew better than to apply mysticism to the hard facts of life.

Simon Iff took the armchair of the Senior in front of the great fire of logs, remarking laughingly that he was the presiding judge. Holborne took the ingle seat, that he might watch the mystic's face. But Iff playfully adopted an air of benevolent neutrality, which we may suppose that he conceived to go well with his position. His second bottle of Burgundy stood on a table before him, with a cup of the admirable coffee of the Hemlock Club. This was almost in the nature of a tribute, for a supply of it was sent to the club every year by the Shereef of Mecca, in memory of Sir Richard Burton, who had been a member of the club. His small pale face was almost hidden by a Partaga Rothschild, in which he appeared more engrossed than in the story which Stanford proceeded to unfold.

The latter prefaced his remarks by an apology. "This is a very simple and very sordid story; in fact, I have rarely met anything so bald." "And unconvincing," murmured Simon Iff. "I shall give you only facts," continued the historian. "Plain, unquestionable facts. I shall not try to tell a story: I shall give you the bare bones of the case. You can reconstruct your animal in the approved fashion."

"Good," said the old magician. "You won't omit any essential facts, will you, there's a dear man?"

"Of course not. Don't I know my business?"

"I'm sure of it. Your acknowledged eminence—."

"Oh, don't rag! This is a serious affair."

"Dr. Stanford will now read his memorandum."

"I begin," announced Stanford.

"One. History of the parties concerned. John Briggs, aged forty-three, was Professor of Engineering at the Owens College, Manchester, but resigned his chair five years ago in order to devote himself more closely to experimental work. Peter Clark, aged twenty-four, the murdered man, was the son of Briggs' only sister Ann. Both his parents were dead. Neither he nor Briggs have any near relatives living.

"Two. The scene of the crime.

"Briggs lives with an old butler and housekeeper (man and wife), but otherwise entirely alone, in a house on Marston Moor in Yorkshire. It stands in its own grounds, which extend to three hundred acres. Detached from the house is a large laboratory, where Briggs was accustomed to work, and often to sleep. His lunch was usually brought to him there on a tray, and sometimes his dinner. In fact, it may be said almost that he lived in the laboratory.

"This room has two doors, one towards the house, the other away from it. There are no other houses within several miles.

"Briggs had one ruling passion, the fear of interruption in his work. As tramps of a rather dangerous type infested the district, he had, after a violent scene with one of them four and a half years ago, purchased a Webley revolver. This weapon had lain loaded on his desk from that day to the day of the murder. It was seen there on the morning of that day by the butler when he went with the professor's breakfast. It was this weapon which was used to kill Clark.

"Three. Relations between Briggs and Clark.

"These were extremely hostile. Clark was rather a wild youth, and Briggs blamed him for the death of his mother, to whom Briggs was devotedly at-

tached. Her son's conduct had grieved and impoverished her; she had broken down nervously; and in this weak condition a chill had proved fatal to her. It had been aggravated by the deliberate neglect of Peter Clark, who had refused to call in a doctor until too late. Briggs had been heard to say that he hated one man only, and that was his nephew. On one occasion he said to him, before witnesses, 'If the sheriff balks, Peter, I hope I shall be there to do his work for him.' There was thus the greatest possible animus.

"Four. Financial relations of the parties.

"The Briggs Family Settlement disposes of the sum of ninety-four thousand pounds. From one-sixth part of this Briggs drew an income; Clark, on the death of his parents, was entitled to a similar amount. The balance was held in trust for the next generation; that is, if either Briggs or Clark had children, the fund would be divided among these on their attaining majority. If Briggs died without children, the income would accumulate with the bulk of the fund in expectation of heirs to Clark; but if Clark died first, Briggs, as sole survivor of the earlier generation, would enjoy the income at present paid to Clark in addition to his own. Thus Briggs would find his income doubled if Clark died, while, if Briggs died, Clark could only benefit indirectly through his children, if he ever had any. Thus we see that Briggs had a strong financial motive for the murder; whereas Clark would gain nothing whatever. Nor had Clark any other motive for killing Briggs: on the contrary, he was always hoping to conciliate his uncle, and get him to help him, both directly in a financial way, and indirectly through his influence. The bearing of this will be seen later, when we touch upon the actual circumstances of the crime.

"Briggs had been making some elaborate experiments in connection with aircraft, and was in great need of money. Eight months earlier he had mortgaged his house, down to the Old Red Sandstone. This emphasizes the motive for the act.

"Five. Conditions immediately antecedent to the murder.

"Clark had been staying in the neighborhood, and had pestered his uncle intolerably. On one occasion he had come into the laboratory while the professor was eating his lunch. The butler, who was present, says that this was exactly two weeks before the murder. He remembers the date, because it was a Sunday, and lunch had been late, owing to his having been over the moor to church.

"He swears that he heard the professor say the following words: 'Mark me, Peter. At the house I don't mind so much; but if you come bothering me here, I shall most assuredly have recourse to assassination.' With that he had risen, gone over to his desk, taken up the revolver, and tapped it, nodding his head repeatedly. The boy, thoroughly scared, had slunk out of the laboratory.

"Six. The day of the murder.

"This was a Sunday. Briggs had again passed the night in the laboratory. The butler had gone over to church, leaving his wife at home. She heard the clock strike twelve, the signal for her to prepare lunch. Immediately afterwards she was startled by the sound of a shot; but she was not particularly alarmed, as small explosions frequently occurred in the laboratory.

"This fixes the moment of the crime within one or two minutes, and the medical evidence confirms it.

"She expected her husband to return at 12.15; he did not do so. She went out to look for him, and saw him driving towards the house with another man, who proved subsequently to be the vicar of the parish. Reassured, she returned to her kitchen.

"The butler, with the vicar, drove to the house, took out the horse, and went over together to the laboratory.

"This is what they saw. The professor was stooping over the body of Clark. He was apparently in deep thought, and seemed undecided as to what to do. The men were shocked into silence, and had the fullest opportunity of watching the actions of Briggs.

"He remained motionless for some little while; ultimately he laid down his revolver, which was still in his hand, and picked up a Brown automatic, which was firmly grasped in that of Clark. This was done with the evident intention of representing the death of Clark as the result of suicide.

"This latter weapon, although loaded, had not been discharged; the Webley had been fired recently, and the empty shell was still in the chamber; as appeared later. It was a Webley bullet which killed Clark; it had been fired from a very close range, estimated at two yards by the experts.

"The vicar now interrupted by a shocked exclamation. Briggs remained intent upon the automatic, looking at it as if it were some strange new object.

"The professor looked up as the two men approached him. He waved a hand. 'Go away! go away!' was his only remark.

"The vicar sent the butler to fetch the police and a doctor; he himself remained on guard. Briggs went over to his desk, put the automatic on one side, and buried his head in his hands. It was clear to the vicar that he was stunned by the realization of what he had done.

"But the vicar made a supreme effort. He went over, put his hand on his shoulder and shook him roughly. 'Man,' he cried, 'Don't you realize what you have done?' Briggs answered: 'By God, you bet I do.' This is the only intelligible remark that has been drawn from him. A plain confession. Then silence.

"Seven. Subsequent events.

"It has proved impossible to rouse the professor from his apathy. He has made no defence of any kind. He remains crouched and inattentive; when addressed he merely repeats: 'Go away! go away!' He would not even plead when brought into the court: he said nothing when he was sentenced this morning.

"The reason for this course of conduct is evident. He is a man of the acutest intelligence, and realizing that he was caught practically in the act, is relying for escape upon simulation of dementia. We investigated the point on his behalf, supplying him with writing materials as if it were part of the prison routine. After a short time he seized on them with apparent eagerness. Here is what he wrote: 'Revolve—gyre—explode—balance—soul—wings—action and reaction.' Under that he drew a thick line. The rest of the sheet is covered with abstruse mathematical formulae, evidently intended to impress us still further with the idea of madness; but although they are unintelligible to the mathematicians to whom they have been submitted, they

are, wherever they can be understood at all, perfectly correct. He is certainly not insane. With great shrewdness, on the contrary, he has chosen just the one chance of saving his neck."

Stanford paused.

"Is that all?" asked Simon Iff.

"All?" cried Holborne. "Could any case be more complete? Two strong motives for murder, one of them urgent. Expressed intention to commit it; caught in the act of endeavoring to set up a defence; confession of the crime immediately afterwards; a subsequent attitude compatible only with the simulation of insanity. There isn't a link missing."

"No, but I think there's a missing link!" snapped Simon Iff. "In heaven's name, where are your brains, all of you? Look here; let me repeat that story, word for word, only instead of 'Professor Briggs' let us say 'the cabbage,' or 'the antelope,' wherever his name occurs. You wouldn't suspect them, would you? And I assure you that Briggs is just as incapable of pulling a gun on a man as either of those! It simply would not occur to him to do it."

"My dear man," said Holborne, "we all appreciate your attitude, I assure you; but facts are chiels that winna ding."

"Ah, facts!" cried the mystic, with as near a sneer as he ever allowed himself. "Now look out, Stanford, I'm going to pump lead into you! You promised me two things: to give me all the essential facts, and to give me nothing but the facts. You are doubly perjured, you lost wretch!"

"Come, come, I say! I think I've given you an absolutely full and fair account."

"No: Omission number one. You don't say why he resigned from Owens College."

"Yes, I do; he wanted to prosecute his experiments with less distraction."

"Just half the fact; I happen to know that he was forced to resign."

"What?"

"They simply could not get him to lecture. Either he would not go down to the classroom at all, or else he would forget all about the class, and start hieroglyphics on the blackboard!"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Why, the problem is the man's mind. You say nothing about his mind. You don't even tell us the most important thing of all; which is, what is he thinking of at this moment?"

"Wondering if he'll dodge the noose," put in the young man who had previously laughed at Simon Iff.

"Oh, no!" flashed back the mystic, "with death so near him, he must be thinking of really important things—perhaps even of you!"

"That would at least explain his dejection," he added musingly. "Having crushed it, let us pass on to my next point. You actually permitted yourself to draw deductions which are quite unjustifiable. You say that he exchanged pistols with the corpse, evidently to set up a defence of suicide. Evident to whom? You see, you fatally neglect the calibre of Briggs' mind. To me, it seems much more likely that he was quite preoccupied with some other matter. You judge him by yourselves. You assume that he killed Clark, and then argue. 'But if I had killed Clark, I should be thinking solely of how to escape.' I say that if he did kill Clark, two seconds later his mind would have returned to the problems on which it had previously been at work. You men don't understand concentration: Briggs does. Besides all this, if he was going to put up the suicide theory, why not do it? He did not know that they had seen him change the weapons."

"Hang it all, he confessed to the vicar."

"That was my next point; he did nothing of the sort. He told the parson, emphatically, that he realized what he had done. But what was that? No word of any murder! The question is what he did do, and what he is doing now."

"You're super-subtle," said the Judge. "I wish you were right, but there's nothing in it."

"Stick to the point! What does his whole attitude, from the very moment of discovery, indicate? Simply this, that he is busy."

"Busy!" It was a general shout of derision. "Busy! with his throat in a noose! Busy!"

"I ask your pardon, Stanford," said the magician quietly; "you are the historian here, and I beg you to correct me if I have my facts wrong. At the siege of Syracuse—" "The Siege of Syracuse?" The company became hilarious, despite themselves.

"I forget who conquered it; it doesn't matter; but whoever he was, he gave orders that the great geometer Archimedes should be spared. The soldiers found him drawing figures in the sand, and asked him who he was; but he only said: "Get away! Get away! I'm busy!" And they killed him. Waiter! let me have another cigar and some more coffee!"

The Judge was a little impressed. "This is an amusing theory," he said, "though I'm damned if I can believe it. How do you propose to develop it?"

"Will you help me?"

"You bet I will."

"Well, I want a copy of that jargon of Stanford's about 'wings'; and I want five minutes alone with Briggs in the condemned cell."

"Here's the paper," said the historian.

"I'll get you an order from the home secretary this afternoon. I'll go now. If you can do anything, all England will have to thank you." This from 'Anging 'Olborne.

"Oh, I can't do anything; but I think Briggs can."

"Ah, you think he's shielding some one!" put in the objectionable young man for the third time.

Simon Iff lit his cigar with deliberation. "I shall certainly be obliged to you," he replied with studied courtesy, "if you will recommend me some of the lighter types of sentimental detective fiction. Time often hangs heavy on one's hands in London, for one cannot always be certain" (he rose and bowed to the young man) "of enjoying such very entertaining and illuminative conversation."

"Look here, Iff," said Holborne; "come with me, and we'll see the Home Secretary right away." They left the room together.

Two hours later, Simon Iff, armed with authority, was in the condemned cell. The professor was seated on the floor, his head sunk deeply on his breast, his hands playing feverishly in his long sandy hair.

The old mystic went close up to him. "Briggs!" he cried aloud. "I'm Iff. You know me! I won't keep you a moment; but this is damned important."

The professor gave no sign that he had heard. "I thought not," said Simon.

The magician proceeded to insert his thumbs under the arm-pits of his old friend, and began to tickle him. Briggs wriggled violently, but only murmured: "Get away!"

"I knew he was innocent," said Simon gleefully to

himself. "But I see there is only one way to get him to talk."

He sat down very positively in front of his victim, and began to recite from the paper in his hand, "Resolve!" "Gyre!" "Explode!" "Action and reaction!" "Balance!" "Soul!" "Wings!" Briggs looked up suddenly, savagely. "You'll never do it!" went on the magician. "You thought you did; but you didn't, and you never will. It's hopeless! Resolve—gyre—explode!"

"Damn you; get out!" said Briggs.

"Taking G as 31 point 2," continued the torturer, and Pi as 3 point 24156, and *e* as——" Briggs sprang to his feet. "You can't! You're getting it all wrong. Curse you! Curse you!" he yelled.

"You'll never do it! You'll never do it!" went on Simon implacably. "Sin Theta plus Cos Theta equals twice the root of minus eight! You'll never do it! You'll never do it!"

"Are you the devil come to torture me before my time?"

"Good. No. I'm Simon Iff. And all I want to know is—how long do you need to finish your problem?"

"Oh, get out! Get out!"

"Seven times six is forty-four, and——"

"Get out!"

"Log one plus X equals X, minus half X squared plus a third X cubed plus——

"Minus, you dolt!" shriekcd Briggs. "For God's sake, stop! You're putting me all out!"

"Some people are going to disturb you very soon by hanging you." He squeezed the professor's windpipe till he gasped.

"Tell me how long you need to finish the problem, and I'll go, and I'll see you have all you need, and no disturbance."

"A month, six weeks. Oh, go, there's a good fellow!"

Simon Iff went out without another word. He had an appointment to meet 'Anging 'Olborne for dinner.

"Well, I had to put him to the torture," said the magician; "but I got him to say one rational sentence. Now I want you to trust me in this. Get the execution postponed for a month. Don't disturb old Briggs. Let him have anything he calls for, in reason; he'll need little. As soon as he talks rationally again, you and I will go and see him in the cell. I can promise you this thing is going to clear up like a day in spring. April showers bring May flowers."

Just five weeks later Holborne telephoned to Simon Iff to come round to his house. "Briggs has woken up," he said; "for the last week he has been working with drawing materials which he had asked for. Suddenly he swept the whole thing aside and looked up at the warden. "Who the devil are you?" he said. "And where's the lab. gone?" They rang me up at once. Let's get down."

They found Briggs pacing his cell in a rage. "This is an outrage!" he cried when he saw his friends, "a damned outrage! I shall write to the Times!"

"You'd better talk to us first," said Holborne. "I may say that all England has been waiting to hear from you for some months."

"I should say so," retorted Briggs; "and you may go and tell them that I did it! Alone I did it!" "Are we not talking at cross purposes?" suggested the mystic mildly. "Our mundane minds are preoccupied with the small matter of the murder of Peter Clark. And I don't think you did that."

"Who? I. Of course not. Don't be so silly!"

"Well, you were there. We should really be grateful if you would tell us who did do it."

"That fool Marshall, of course."

"Marshall?" said the mystic.

"The farmer down by Saffield. Peter had seduced his wife. He tracked the boy up here—I mean up there; I can't realize this isn't my lab., you know, just yet. Followed him into the lab. Peter drew an automatic. Marshall got my Webley, and fired while the boy was hesitating. Then he threw down the gun, and went out."

"Don't you think you might have explained this before?" said Holborne. "Do you realize that you've been convicted for murder; if it hadn't been for Iff here, we'd have hanged you a fortnight ago."

"How could I?" said Briggs irritably. "You don't understand."

"Well, explain later. We'll get you a free pardon as soon as possible. I may tell you that Marshall fell down a quarry the same night as the murder. He must have been half insane. But we never connected his death with your case. Anyhow, I'll see to it that you get out by to-morrow, and we'll celebrate it at the club. Perhaps you would make us a little speech, and tell us what you've been doing all these months."

"All right. But I've got to see Williams right away."

"Williams!" said Simon Iff. "So that is what it was, was it? I'll tell him to-day to come right down and see you; and we'll have him up to the dinner to-morrow, and we'll all live happy ever after!"

Two days later Briggs was on his feet at a great and special gathering of the Hemlock Club. Simon Iff was on his best behavior, except that he would drink only tea, saying that his mood was exquisite and aethestic like a Ming Vase. Briggs, as the guest of honor, was seated on the right of the president of the club, on whose other hand sat Rear-Admiral Williams, a trusted member of the Secret Committee of Public Defense, which is known to just a few people in London as a liaison between Navy and Army, and a background to both.

The professor was no orator, but he did not lack encouragement. "I want to thank you all very much," he said. "Of course we can't tell you just what this thing is, but Admiral Williams has been good enough to say that it's all right as far as he can see, and that ought to be good enough for us all. He's a jolly good fellow, Williams, and I wish we had a few more like him. I mean I'm glad we've got a lot more like him. Oh hang it! that's not what I mean either. I'm no speaker, you know; but anyhow I thought you'd like to hear just how I came to think of this damned thing. You see I was working that morning—just finished verifying Mersenne's statement for p equals 167, rather a tricky proof, but awfully jolly, so my mind was absolutely clear and empty. Well, here comes the Watts and the Kettle business. That poor devil Marshall runs in after Peter, right on his heels. Peter draws; I didn't notice particularly, Marshall gets my Webley and fires. I see it revolve and explode. See! Two ideas, revolve and explode. Nothing in that. Well, then Peter stays on his feet, quite a while, though he was dead. So I thought of reflex balance; you know, the automatic dodge in our soles; it goes wrong when you get locomotor ataxia. Then he gives a gasp, and puts his arms out, like wings; and then I thought of his soul flying away. Nothing in that. Well, then, Plummer throws down my Webley by the

body and runs out. I picked up the gun, because its proper place was on my desk; I'm a man of precision in such matters; but to get to the desk I had to cross Clark's body, which should not have been there at all. It brought me up with a jerk. I stood by it, I dare say for a long time. Now here's the funny part. I was thinking, or rather something inside me was thinking, for I don't know to this minute who was thinking, or what. The next thing I remember, I was picking the automatic out of Peter's hand; and my mind clove to the contrast with the revolver, the way in which recoil is used to reload and recock the Brown. Then all the pieces of my mind flew together. I became conscious of an idea. I would make a duplex rotating engine to act as a gyroscope, with a system of automatic balances, operated by the recoil of the explosions in the engine. In other words, I had the idea for a self-balancing aeroplane, a true mechanical bird. When the vicar asked me if I realized what I had done, I naturally replied: "By God, I should think I did," or something of the sort. After that I got more and more absorbed in the details of the problem—can you wonder that I could think of nothing else? I remember nothing but a great deal of irritating talk around me, though with long intervals of most blessed silence. Then I woke up to find myself in the condemned cell! I want to tell you all how much I appreciate your kindness, and I thank you all very much."

He sat down suddenly, exhausted and embarrassed. "I hope I said the right thing. I'm such an ass," he whispered to his neighbor. But the applause reassured him.

A little later the president turned to the old magician. "I'm sure we are all keenly interested to hear how Mr. Iff solved this case, and saved his friend—our friend—and helped him to do this great thing for England. I will call upon him to say a few words to us." Iff rose rather awkwardly. "I'm afraid of boring you," he said; "you know I'm a bit of a crank, with theories about the tendencies of the mind."

"Go on! Go on!" came from every quarter.

"Well, it's like this. If we get full of alcohol—any of us—too often and too steadily and too long—we begin to see rats and serpents and such things. We don't see horses and elephants. That is, our minds are machines which run in grooves, narrow grooves, mostly. We can't think what we like, and how we like; we have to think as we have been taught to think, or as our whole race has been taught to think by aeons of experience. So I know that there are certain ways of thought in which a given man cannot think, however obvious such ways might seem to another man. For instance, imagine a man of high lineage and education and wealth. By some accident he is stranded penniless in a far city. He is actually starving. He revolves the situation in his mind. He exerts his whole intelligence to meet the problem. But what does he do? There are thousands of ways of making money. He could get a job at the docks; he could obtain relief at a charitable organization—no such method occurs to him at all. He does not look through the want advertisements in the papers. His one idea is to go to his consul or some person of position, explain his situation, and make a highly dignified loan. Perhaps he is too proud even to do that; ultimately it strikes him to pledge his jewelry. A thief in a similar position is equally limited; he looks about him merely for an opportunity to steal.

Similarly, an Alpine guide will despair and die on a quite easy mountain if it be unfamiliar. It is the flower of biological success to be able to adapt oneself to one's conditions without effort. The whole of human anatomy is in accord with these theses. The brain is merely a more elaborate thinking machine than the rest of the body. The spinal cord thinks, in its own fashion. Even such simple organs as those which operate digestion have their own type of thought; and narrow indeed is the groove in which they move. A bee, inclosed in an empty flower pot, held against a window pane, will beat itself to death against the glass, though it could escape quite easily at the other end, if it were only capable of thinking outside its groove; similarly, the alimentary canal is so convinced that its sole duty is peristaltic action that it will insanely continue this movement when rest would save the man attached to it from a lingering and agonizing death. We are all highly specialized and not particularly intelligent machines.

In the matter of crime these remarks are peculiarly applicable; outside quite obvious things like picking pockets, you have merely to describe a crime to the police; they will tell you that five or six men only, in a city of as many millions, could have done it. Swindling has as much individuality and style as writing poetry—and it is infinitely more respectable! But I digress. With regard to this case, I knew at once that however much our friend here might have wanted to get rid of his nephew, it simply was not in him to do it. It is not a question of his moral outfit, but of his mental equipment.

But much more interesting than this, which is, or should be, obvious to us all, is this point: How did I manage to communicate with the man, absorbed as he was in some world beyond ordinary ken? I found him quite insensible to direct appeal. His situation? He did not know that there was any situation. I tickled him. His body responded automatically, but his mind was wholly disconnected by an act of his very highly trained will, and was merely conscious of an irritation and disturbance.

So I determined to talk to his mind on its own plane. I knew from the so-called confession to the vicar that he was acutely conscious of having done something. I suspected that something to be of the nature of the solution of a problem; and by his continued abstraction, I knew that he had only got a general idea, and was at work on the details. So I told him that he would never do it, again and again. I knew that he must have had many moments of despair. It woke him up; the voice of his particular devil—we all of us have one; he always tells us to give up, that it's hopeless, that we shall never do it—that voice became material in mine; so he responded with curses. But that was not enough; to rouse him further I began to attack his mind by quoting mathematical formulae incorrectly. I knew that must upset his calculation, confuse him, rouse him to contradiction. The plan succeeded; he had been deaf—physically deaf, to all intents and purposes—to all other remarks; but to an attack on the fortress in which he was shut up he was bound to reply. I forced him to come to terms by refusing to stop the torture. He was distracted, upset, uncertain whether two and two still made four. In this way I made him tell me how long he needed to finish his work; and it was then easy to arrange a reprieve to allow him to finish his work. I'm sorry; I hope I have not bored you." And he sat down abruptly.

N Q O

By CHARLES BEADLE.

I.

One of the thousands turned out yearly by the British educational machine, grandiosely ignorant save of the verb "to rule," Bob Byron was switched at twenty into the position of Assistant Deputy Commissioner for Native Affairs in Southern Rhodesia. Civilized peoples think as spoiled children do; Byron happened to think as an unspoiled child, which comes near to "seeing black." After twelve months of service an unknown lion stuck a paw into his destiny and gave him the satrapy by chewing his superior, the Deputy Commissioner.

Caste upheld Byron where a Solomon would have fallen. A native problem which would have baffled any other white appeared to Byron to be obvious; the native logic satisfied his mind. Shut off in a native world he learned the dialects slowly and very thoroughly. Natives loved him as a child loves an adult who still believes in fairies. He abandoned the stereotyped methods calculated to impress the native mind; he would stalk into a hostile camp with a riding whip, hold an indaba squatting with the elders, and settle a difficult problem with apparent ease. He earned the nickname of Native Bob, and became invaluable to the Administration.

But when whites began to come into the country he developed an absurd sense of equity—an inability to comprehend that the opening up of a country required the exploitation of native labor. Accordingly he was labelled "difficult;" and the foxy old Governor, who knew nothing of natives and cared less, but knew Byron's value, had him removed to the most remote district on the Portuguese Border.

As the strands of a white man's normal interests atrophied, Byron grew the more absorbed in the black mind. To native legends and songs he listened until his brain was cluttered with them. No sense of artistry bade him give to his fellows these impressions of beauty and horrific mystery; rather, the native reticence inhibited any suggestion to translate these sagas into his own tongue. His was not an introspective type of mind, so that he was never aware of the influence permeating the texture of his thought processes.

As the years wore on the manifestations grew more marked: he began to dread the biannual furlough, enforced for medical reasons. England became a land of chilly mists in which many of his kind had been doomed by a fever-ruined health to dawdle out their lives among an alien folk, tormented by vain dreams of the sudorific glory that was theirs. Native Bob lost all desire to see his own people; for his tongue was stiffened to English words, his eyes were haunted by vast spaces and his ears by the throb of drums in the shrill silence; that hypnotic throb which rouses unconscious resistance to the civilized inhibitions—a conflict expressed by the white man in, "Oh, damn those drums!" Also it was borne upon him, without any realization of abnormality, that the frantic strivings after pleasure and gain which composed "Civilization" were—stupid! His fellows spoke to him of things he knew not of; white women asked of him —things of which they did not know.

So glad was the heart of Native Bob to leave this purgatory for his quinine-soaked paradise of solitude and heat—and the distant pulse of drums by night.

And to him came black destiny walking in a uniform.

II.

At the northern foot of the gaunt watershed of the Pungwe, is Nani, a lone koppje, bald topped save for a single euphorbia which stands sentinel over a domed mass of granite that chance, in the glacial epoch, had balanced upon a crag; and in the shadow of Nani, like great brown lizards dozing, lay the square bungalow and native huts of D. C. Robert Byron.

On the wide verandah sat Native Bob. As he stared down the yellow Mazoe valley the pale eyes appeared to be listening to the mutter of a drum in the shrill silence. Away across the curve of bleached grass a dark smudge moved from the shadow into the oblique rays of the sun; flickered and steadied, developing into four dots. He raised a glass of whisky and sparklet from the table beside him with the jerky action of fever-worn nerves. His scrawny features were mapped by the sun and malaria; his beard was rusty and streaked with grey; yet was he young by the standards of tropic life.

The violet shadows crept stealthily across the valley and ate up the moving dots. An intombizaan, whose white cotton robe, wound above the firm breasts and under the armpits, fell in classic folds, glided, lithe as a leopard, from the doorway, refilled the glass and as noiselessly disappeared. As the grotesque shadow of the sentinel upon the summit of Nani shot the crest of the eastern hillside, a tall figure in a khaki uniform of shirt and knickers, red striped, carrying a brass wired knobkerry, emerged from a thicket of elephant grass; following him came a stunted Mashona with a rifle upon his skinny shoulders and two women bearing loads wrapped in grass mats upon their heads, their hips swaying rhythmically.

At the gate of the zareba the leader stiffened as he swung aside, and marched across the compound with an exaggerated military step. On the edge of the verandah he halted abruptly before the white man, and raising the right hand high above his head, ejaculated a bass: "N'koss!"

Impassively Byron regarded the figure silhouetted against the amber sky, the tribal cicatrices below each temple gleaming blue in the half light. At a murmured word and a slight nod, the hand came rigidly to the knicker seam. A few questions and grunted replies, a jerky military salute, the ebon legs turned stiffly and the tall figure marched away with automatic precision. . .

As lieutenants to his overlordship Byron had one dozen native police. They were recruited, on the principle that kinship leads to treason, from alien tribes. Every man who served under Native Bob was a model to all the Rhodesias. One of those splinters of fate which change the course of mice and nations had pierced the foot of the sergeant; through the aperture an evil spirit had entered into the body and had ousted the soul of that sergeant into the ghostland. To fill what a soulless Headquarters termed a "vacancy," they sent, acting on their favorite maxim of handing over any native difficulty to Native Bob, a certain sergeant Ufumbula who, said the accompanying report, "exercised

an unusual control over his men as well as natives, but was given to ineorrigible outbreaks of savagery."

From the ease of loin cloth in the acrid smoke of his hut among his women, Ufumbula was summoned to the presence of the white man, whom he discovered in a yellow silk dressing gown lounging on a charpoy on the verandah. Ufumbula knew the reputation of Native Bob as well as any native. So the taboos of the white man's drill game were left behind with the uniform. Ufumbula returned Byron's greeting in the dialect with native dignity of manner and sank upon his haunches. . . Before the indaba was over, Native Bob understood the seeret of Ufumbula's "unusual control over his men"—Ufumbula was a witch doctor.

Ufumbula came from the Pungwe valley, far over the gaunt mountains of the mist; rich was he in a folk lore and magic as new to Byron as a hive to a honey bird.

After the manner by which Native Bob had won his nickname and his power over the natives, these two spent the hot evenings in the telling of legends and stories of bloody deeds and black; in grave discussions, as between medicine men, upon the merits of turning water into blood—by the aid of permanganate of potash; of the divining of the future in the entrails of birds and beasts; of the "smelling out" of predetermined victims as possessors of the evil eye; and also they spoke of deeper mysteries, things forbidden even to any native who was not of the initiated.

So the administration of Native Bob ran sweetly. By day they played the white man's game: Deputy Commissioner for Native Affairs Byron, seated in the Chair of Authority, satrap of the great white King across the seas, assisted by sergeant Ufumbula—and by night they foregathered to attend to the serious things of life.

Then as the first rays of the moon greened the lone euphorbia beside the dome of granite, and the drums pulsed like an artery in the inscrutable face of the mother of death and mystery, did Ufumbula begin the revelation of the motive which had urged him from the murmuring river to the uplands to seek service with the white man; the search for an ingredient to complete the making of a potent talisman that none could resist, such as the mighty Ingombaan had possessed; a talisman to be composed of a part of the heart of a leopard to give courage, of the lung of a gazelle to give swiftness, a tooth of a crocodile to give cruelty, of a certain portion of a virgin to bestow the power to command love, and—but to mention the missing ingredient was taboo, lest the familiar spirit of a rival should overhear.

When the telling of the tale was done they sat silent—carven figures in chrysoprase and lazulite in the turquoise heat.

Through the insectile anthem pulsed that rhythm, a single beat, monotonous, soaking into the white man's being as the first rain soaks into the sand of a river bed. The influence of the drums was always the same; he grew restless, yet remained immobile, receptive to the spell probing ever deeper into the subconscious, vitalizing the clutter of legends and sagas in his mind.

The drums ceased. Being seemed in suspension. Began a slower beat—as in the Marche Funèbre, throttling the feverish urge to the labor of a failing heart. . . . The pauses hurt, producing the illusion of an artrial control. The sense of inability to resist increased. He closed his eyes in masochistic longing, like a woman in sweet expectancy of a lover's fierce earess. . . . Images floated mistily; red impulses stirred. Myths pranced into reality. Grew an obsession that he was being possessed by the spirit Nqo—the sublimation of all his ancestors.

A ehange of rhythm partially awoke him. He saw that the intombizaan was squatting beside him. He was swaying unconsciously. Ufumbula was chanting in a minor key. Native Bob obeyed the urge to repeat the incantation in endless repetition. Inyama congo! . . . Inyama congo! . . . The meat is red! . . . The meat is red! . . . The meat is red! . . .

Now he had the illusion that he had been expelled from his body by Nqo, who seemed bound by some fixed law to repeat those two words for ever. His body trembled in a faint alarm, yet was soothed by the delicious joy of being possessed. . . . The three figures swayed in unison, and the hum of their voiees rose like a gigantic mosquito dancing. . . .

Suddenly the drums changed to exultation; an imperative summons to action. Fear and delight danced madly. Nqo plucked at his sullen limbs; stabbed internally; wrenched back his lips in a lupine snarl. Hysteric groans in sympathy came from the native camp. The rhythm began to exercise a pneumonic control, seemed like a hand convulsively clutching his lungs. In the eyes of Ufumbula was the glare of the epileptic. Broke a falsetto chant ending in the "ough! ough! ough!" of the maddening chorus. The pallid ghost of reality drowned slowly.

"Oh, my friend, Nqo hath spoken!"

The whisper came at a moment when dissociation of mind was almost complete. Ufumbula rose up like a buck from out the grass. Unconscious of the surrender of his will, Byron obeyed.

In the native compound a large fire warred with the moon. Blue and yellow tints flickered on the dusky limbs of bodies dancing in grunting unison. A eircle of women who were crouched in a shuffling dance, screamed shrilly in the staccato chorus as spear crashed against shield, knobkerry against calabash.

All suddenly there leaped the great figure of Ufumbula with horrific cries. Scattering symbolic embers, wild eyes rolling and hands outclawed, spewing froth and screams, he led the hysteric orgy. . . . Beside him pranced and gasped a white man who wrestled with the yellow ghost of Nqo.

III.

The art of the medicine man, be he white or black, orator or witch doctor, is to play upon the emotions of the people by exuding powerful stimuli without permitting himself to be controlled by his own suggestions.

A dream is most vivid immediately upon awakening; so were the confused memories of the night to Native Bob. The first emotions were amazement and terror—similar to the emotions of a Puritan maid overtaken by passion. As a drunken parson fears that the congregation may remark his heavy eyes, so did Byron dread the possible loss of prestige of tne white man. Yet he eould not distinguish any trace of insolence in the manners of his servants, and the placidity of gazelle brown eyes reassured him. The

images of that saturnalia faded; became the incredible happenings of a nightmare. Clearly could he recall impressions up to a point—after which they merged into the phantastic quality.

Haunted by the mysterious uncertainty, he opened the business of the day nervously. But the eyes of Ufumbula and his subordinates were as inscrutable as ever, irreproachable; the game was played with the habitual solemnity.

But as he sat that evening upon the verandah with his whiskey and sparklet, penates of his white estate, he was puzzled by a sense of relief—the satisfaction of an animal which has slaked a thirst. Yet behind a pale wonder at the monstrous dream of a yellow ghost with intoxicating hands there lurked a longing. As he watched the village smoke rise in lazy spirals on the heavy air unrippled by the throb of drums, he knew that he was listening, and as a drunkard sternly denies his own desire even as he lifts the glass up to his lips, so Native Bob forbade that Ufumbula should be summoned to his presence.

But as the great moon leaped, like a released balloon, above a hairy ridge, came Ufumbula stalking with an easy grace. No word said Native Bob, but listened as Ufumbula began to talk as if no buck had fed, no lion had roared with satisfaction since the telling of his epic story.

No drums were there that night, for the feast of the full moon was passed. Inscrutable as a sphinx the witch doctor sat and talked, thinking in perceptive images of the goal to which his impulse urged, and quietly lounged the white man, scarcely conscious of the elemental ego craving for the mental drug which loosed the bonds of civilized taboos. . . . But upon the fourth night Ufumbula brought with him a hand drum and with it wove a black cocoon. . . . In the hut of Ufumbula squatted Native Bob, mumbling incantations to the rhythmic throb in the acrid air of smoke and native sweat.

Thus, easily and inevitably, developed a complete state of dissociation of personality; the link between Deputy Commissioner Robert Byron and Native Bob thinned to the texture of a spider's web. Orgies there were of which every native from the Zambesi to the Limpopo knew, but no white as much as heard a whisper, for he was one of them, of the caste of the medicine man.

IV.

Then with the tightening of the heat strings came a summons from Headquarters which disturbed the dual lives of Native Bob and merged them into one. There was to be a conference upon the native labor problem. Reluctantly, and as sulkily as a schoolboy at the end of a holiday, went Native Bob; and with him Ufumbula, smart and soldierly in his uniform, a credit to the power of Deputy Commissioner Byron, a veritable familiar to Native Bob.

In the capital of tin bungalows scattered like a frightened flock of sheep around a red-bricked Residency at the foot of a wooded koppje, Native Bob shocked the Commissioner of Native Affairs by an uncompromising refusal to urge the dignity of labor and the advantages of miners' phthisis and pneumonia upon his swarming peoples.

"Damn the man! Been so long among 'em that he's half nigger himself," commented the Native Labor agent, thinking ruefully of his pound a head.

"'Straordinary! 'straordinary!" muttered Sir George irritably. "The man's invaluable. Only got to raise his finger and they'd come like flies!" and determined to detain Native Bob until the coming of a governor from Downing Street.

So it was that Native Bob was condemned. The shyness of the up-country man is proverbial, a morose breed given to monosyllables and orgies of contemplative silences. In Native Bob these phenomena were exaggerated by the conflict of a half-freed primitive with the atrophied white partially resuscitated by social contact with his kind; the black in him was forced into the background, and it protested as furiously as a recaptured leopard after tasting blood again. In his official capacity social life was forced upon him, so that even talks with Ufumbula were taboo. At Government House and private dinners he appeared a sullen misogynist even as compared with his fellows from the back veldt; painful to observe in the presence of women white and clothed.

Now in the township dwelt one Mrs. Stella Downend, the buxom wife of a treasury official, possessed of two things, each more virtuous than the other. The first was a daughter, pallid in the heat, of body slim, of beauty none; and the second was a robust hallucination that she understood men. As sex projects romance so was the relation of the one to the other. As her husband was a member of the boiled shirt brigade, the wildest place she had ever seen was Salisbury; nevertheless, she made a specialty of the up-country man. She could scent him from afar; would lie in wait as stealthily as a wild cat, and no matter how skilled the quarry was in jungle lore, he knew not enough to escape this ferocious animal, seeking prey for her young. She informed him that she understood him; that his lonely life in the "frightful jungle" must be "perfectly awful"; that what he required was young society—which was the cue for the daughter to break cover. She would herd the two from tennis court to dinner, from picnics to the card table, supremely unconscious that she would have answered the call by a fit of hysteria had she known what was baying and snarling for expression in the mind of the stammering victim.

Native Bob as Deputy Commissioner of Native Affairs was big game. After him she loosed Sybil.

That he did not respond nor even reply to questions, mattered not at all; Sybil chattered for him, at him, round him. The sight of this morose, sallow man haunted by the slim young gadfly provided grim amusement to his silent kin, for his persecution was their immunity. After a fortnight Native Bob was seriously contemplating a bolt to his station without official permission, or the resignation of his office. Although there leaped a joy within him at the latter proposition, the economic chain held him fast.

His health began to suffer. He became obsessed by a fear that he would lose control. At the sound of distant drums the torture became acute, and often when he was beside Sybil's lithe young body the throb through the warm night caused to well a terrible impulse which shook his hands like an ague. What object that impulse had he did not know. Many times the urge to abandon his will became so intense that to save himself he rose abruptly and left her. But his rudeness caused no remark, nor did it slacken the efforts of the huntress; for all up-country men were "queer, y'know, my dear!"

Through the mask of Ufumbula's official face as

he rigidly escorted Native Bob about the social paths there gleamed an impelling invitation, prompting the impulse to cry, "Oh, my friend, let us go," to flee away over the shimmering horizon to the places of shrill silence; and at times the brown eyes rested upon the slim white girl, and then upon the white man, conveying an autocratic message, which Native Bob would desire to obey and yet deny.

V.

To celebrate the coming of the viceroy of the great white king beyond the seas a great indaba was commanded, to be preceded by a dance of two thousand warriors. Fortunately for Native Bob, official etiquette forbade the employment of his services in a district that was not within his jurisdiction; but the news disturbed and worried him. Tied by the official leg in a plane that was no longer his, he feared the influence of the drums. But escape was impossible. Relentlessly the day grew near; stinging and baiting, the gadfly buzzed around him; more insistent grew the mysterious message in the eyes of Ufumbula.

The Goveror arrived. Salisbury looked like an ant heap disturbed. For three days glided long snakes of warriors into the long yellow valley to the persistent throb of drums from the hour of the monkey to the resting of the bat.

From the maze of the official reception and the Governor's dinner party stalked Native Bob in white duck, an unaccustomed sword at his hip, haggard and sallow, with absent listening eyes; to luncheon, dinner and the race course, pursued by the blue-eyed cheetah, haunted by the terror of the impulses that writhed within him. From women white and clothed he fled to sit upon the club verandah as long as any man was there, clinging with desperate hands, drinking hard to drown the terrible sound of drums by night, fearful of the lonely bungalow policed by white taboo.

All the morning pulsed the drums, a single beat, relentlessly persistent through the yellow glare. As the triangular shadow of the koppje began to devour Pioneer street, the dusky red road to Buluwayo became alive with mule carts, jinrikshas, horses and a few coughing automobiles, swarming to a point a mile away, where, like a huge black fan against a yellow dress, a great mass of natives squatted, awaiting the coming of the Governor.

Native Bob, helmeted and sullen, sat beside Miss Sybil Downend in a mule cart, shrinking in apprehensive fear from her white-gowned limbs. That persistent throb seemed to beat upon his brain. Reality appeared like a wet rock from which, if he relaxed his clutch, he would slip into the dread pool of beautiful dreams. A faint illusion of the arterial control persisted. Vague images danced and faded like mists upon a river. Reality was false; to his own hurt he was clinging to that which did not exist.

"Oh," exclaimed a voice beside him, "I do wish those horrible drums would stop, don't you? They make me feel funny—as if I were choking. And yet I want to laugh—or something. I don't know what. Don't they make you feel like that? Ah—but I expect you're used to them, aren't you?"

He turned to stare at her. Something in his mind kicked for freedom at every throb; his muscles contracted spasmodically. He clutched the cushion of the seat.

"Oh, how queer you look! . . . Why, what's the matter?"

He wrenched his eyes away; struggled and was conscious of the distending of his nostrils; heard a mechanical portion of his mind making his stiff lips say: "I'm afraid I've got a touch of the sun." The words suggested escape. He continued hurriedly: "You must excuse me. I had better go back. I'm not well."

He called out to the driver to pull up, and rose.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she exclaimed. "Do let me come back with you, Mr. Byron! I don't want to see this silly old show. Perhaps I can help or do something."

"No. Go on," he said imperatively. "Your mother will expect you," and he stepped down from the cart, bidding the driver to continue.

He stood in the dusty road, staring stupidly, conscious of Sybil's anxious face. He wondered if he were really ill. If only those drums would stop or—A sais came along upon a brown mare. Native Bob barked an order to dismount, leaped up, gave the mare a cut with his riding whip and galloped furiously across the veldt.

The thud of the hoofs seemed in time to the rhythm of the drums. Sweeping in a great circle round the koppje he arrived at his tin-roofed bungalow with the mare in a lather.

VI.

He hurried within and tore off the uniform of white with the impatience of a lover. He shrank from the inhibited suggestion of the white taboo. In the yellow robe he squatted in an inner room. Excitement had produced a physical reaction. He drank thirstily. The distant throb sought him out and possessed him. He began to sway in beatific relief.

The roar of the royal salute at the coming of the Governor contracted his muscles; sent a gleam into the pale eyes. The pulse of the drums changed to the staccato beat. The reality of the white man's environment faded. The orgasmic grunts began to exercise the pneumonic control; the invisible hand squeezed his lungs, causing him to grunt in unison. . . . The tall figure of Ufumbula towered above him, sank and appeared to blend with his own personality.

The illusion of complete absorption into the rhythm intensified. His arteries pulsed under the delicious domination. Masochistic enjoyment became ineffable. The spirit of Nqo possessed him. The Universe throbbed.

"Inyama congo! . . . Inyama congo! . . . The meat is red! The meat is red! The meat is red! The meat is red! The meat is red! The meat is red! . . ."

A tenuous voice, incalculably distant, was saying:

"Oh, Mr. Byron, I just came back to see—oh, what are you doing?"

The words had no meaning. Some part of him, detached, understood. But—Nqo saw not.

"The meat is red! Red! Red! The meat is red! Red! Red! . . ."

Rhythm had changed. Nqo—saw! Limbs of white. Flesh! Flesh! Desire to act. Act! Act!

Nqo was blood. Blood! Blood! Rhythm was blood! Blood! Blood! . . .

"The meat is red! Ough! Ough! The meat is red! Ough! Ough! The meat is red! Ough! Ough! . . . . ."

VII.

Like a singed spot in a blue blanket was the place of Nqo in the light of the great full moon.

From the indigo shadows of the forest rose the throb of drums and the grunts of many voices. In the circle of the sacred ground was a calabash upon a fire. Yellow kisses flickered on the body of a grotesque figure dancing. His voice was as the roaring of a bull. A lion's mane was set upon his head. His face was three feet long; and his limbs were decked with human bones. In his whitened hands he held an object black and shrivelled, the heart of a white slain by her kind for the making of the potent talisman of the mighty Ingombaan . . . . and beside him pranced and jibbered . . . a frantic god of jade with amber beard . . . . . Nqo.

An Epistle of Baphomet to the Illustrious Damozel Anna Wright, Companion of the Holy Graal, Shining Like the Moon.

CONCERNING DEATH

That She and Her Sisters May Bring Comfort to All Them That Are Nigh Death, and Unto Such as Love Them.

Beloved Daughter and Sister,

DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW.

Let it be thy will, and the will of all them that tend upon the sick, to comfort and to fortify them with these words following.

IT is written in the Book of the Law: Every man and every woman is a Star. It is Our Lady of the Stars that speaketh to thee, O thou that art a star, a member of the Body of Nuit. Listen, for thine ears are become dulled to the mean noises of the earth; the infinite silence of the Stars woos thee with subtle musick. Behold her bending down above thee, a flame of blue, all-touching, all-penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth and her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers, and think that all thy grossness shall presently fall from thee as thou leapest to her embrace, caught up into her love as a dewdrop into the kisses of the sunrise. Is not the ecstasy of Nuit the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of her body? All that hath hurt thee was that thou knewest it not, and as that fadeth from thee thou shalt know as never yet how all is one.

Again she saith: I give unimaginable joys on earth, certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death. This thou hast known. Time that eateth his children hath not power on them that would not be children of Time. To them that know themselves immortal, that dwell always in eternity, conscious of Nuit, throned upon the chariot of the sun, there is no death that men call death. In all the universe, darkness is only found in the shadow of a gross and opaque planet, as it were for a moment; the universe itself is a flood of light eternal. So also death is but through accident; thou hast hidden thyself in the shadow of thy gross body, and, taking it for reality, thou hast trembled. But the orb revolveth anon; the shadow passeth away from thee. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu! For inasmuch as thou hast made the Law of Freedom thine, as thou hast lived in Light and Liberty and Love, thou hast become a Freeman of the City of the Stars.

LISTEN again to thine own voice within thee. Is not Hadit the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star? Is not He Life, and the giver of Life? And is not therefore the knowledge of Him the knowledge of Death? For it hath been shown unto thee in many other places how Death and Love be twins. Now art thou the hunter, and Death rideth beside thee with his horse and spear as thou chasest thy Will through the forests of Eternity, whose trees are the hair of Nuit thy mistress! Thrill with the joy of life and death! Know, hunter mighty and swift, the quarry turns to bay! Thou hast but to make one sharp thrust, and thou hast won. The Virgin of Eternity lies supine at thy mercy, and thou art Pan! Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our age-long love. Hast thou not striven to the inmost in thee? Death is the crown of all. Harden! Hold up thyself! Lift thine head! breathe not so deep—die!

Or art thou still entangled with the thorny plaits of wild briar rose that thou hast woven in thy magick dance on earth? Are not thine eyes strong enough to bear the starlight? Must thou linger yet awhile in the valley? Must thou dally with shadows in the dusk? Then, if it be thy will, thou hast no right but to do thy will! Love still these phantoms of the earth; thou hast made thyself a king; if it please thee to play with toys of matter, were they not made to serve thy pleasure? Then follow in thy mind the wondrous word of the Stélé of Revealing itself. Return if thou wilt from the abode of the stars; dwell with mortality, and feast thereon. For thou art this day made Lord of Heaven and of Earth.

The dead man Ankh-f-na-Khonsu
Saith with his voice of truth and calm:
O thou that hast a single arm!
O thou that glitterest in the moon!
I weave thee in the spinning charm;
I lure thee with the billowy tune.

The dead man Ankh-f-na-Khonsu
Hath joined the dwellers of the light,
Opening Duant, the star abodes,
Their keys receiving.

The dead man Ankh-f-na-Khonsu
Hath made his passage into night,
His pleasure on the earth to do
Among the living.

LOVE IS THE LAW, LOVE UNDER WILL.

The Benediction of the All-Begetter, All-Devourer be upon thee.

PAX HOMINIBUS BONAE VOLUNTATIS

These words, "Peace to men of good will," have been mistranslated, "Good will towards men." Christ said that he did not come to bring peace, but a sword: that he would divide mother from son and father from daughter, careless of the effect of such remarks upon the feelings of Dr. Sigmund Freud. There is no warrant to suppose that Christ was any kind of a Pacifist. On the contrary, he not only prophesied the most terrible wars and disasters to humanity, which, by the theory, he had absolute power to stop, but he threatened eternal damnation to the great mass of men. Billy Sunday's presentation of Christ is a perfectly scriptural one. Christmas is therefore a season of peace to men of good will, and to them only. But who are these men of good will? Only those who happen to agree with us for the moment.

We have the most artistic photographs dating back not so long ago of Mr. Roosevelt with his arm around the Kaiser's neck. Immediately before the war Mr. Erbert G. Wells published a book in which he said that Germany was the one country in the world worth living in. German science, German manners, German morals, German everything was the only love of Mr. Erbert G. Wells. No sooner did war break out than he published another book to prove that Germans were raving maniacs hypnotized by Nietzche. It is evident from these shining examples that our humanitarianism, like all other forms of thought, is strictly limited by time and space. The circumstances of the moment must rule our deepest beliefs. In other words we must be opportunists. The idea of moral character is outworn and ridiculous. Herbert Spencer has shown that the animal which adapts himself to his circumstances is going to survive longer than those who resist their environment. Away then with all considerations of principle! Good feeling, honor, truthfulness are merely false ideas. They are liable at any moment to get you into a mess. We must do as Mr. Pickwick said, "Shout with the largest crowd." One of the most dangerous things that we can do is to think for ourselves. Archimedes lost his life through being intent upon a geometrical problem when he ought to have been reading the newspapers so as to see the proclamation that his life was to be spared. His business was really to identify himself, and claim the protection of the conquerors. We hope that no reader of this paper is so foolish as to try to think for himself. What are papers for, but to save all this trouble? The only problem that can possibly present itself to us is this, "Which is the largest crowd?"

The idea of resisting repression is a totally wrong one. Christ submitted willingly to what is generally admitted to be the greatest crime ever perpetrated, although, as he himself explained, he had twelve legions of angels actually mobilized, which would have made as short work of the Romans as the angels of Mons did of the Germans in the early part of the war.

I have never been able to understand, by the way, why the angels contented themselves with a single victory. It would have been much nicer for everybody if they had marched straight on to Berlin. I have, therefore, the highest authority for submission to any kind of tyranny. Christ said, once again, "Agree with thy adversary quickly while thou art in the way with him, lest he deliver thee to the officer and the officer deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the jailor, verily I say unto thee, thou shalt not come out till thou hast paid the very last mite," or words to that effect.

It is sometimes a little awkward to draw one's morals exclusively from the teachings of Christ. They sometimes lead apparently to contradictory conclusions; and, being equally bound by both, contensions arise in ourselves which are only too likely to lead to a neurosis; and that, as you know, leads to a kind gentleman asking us about what happened when we were three years old. The Australians have a better way of explaining these things. They say truthfully, "Oh, you are all right," and then as a sort of after thought, sadly, "It is a pity the tree fell on you."

Religion is in some respects a difficult if not a fallacious guide. Quot homines tot sententiae; or, as the Indians say, "A new language every eight miles." Our true guide is certainly the biological indication. Now, as explained above, biology counsels adaptation to circumstance. We shall save ourselves knocks if we do what the other man tells us without any grumbling. We may go so far perhaps as to say "brute" or "pig" when he is not within an ear shot, but even that is a little dangerous, tending rather to the calamity of thinking for ourselves. However, there are certain animals whose idea of biological adaptation is not quite so simple. There is the tiger, who adjusts his environment, or himself to his environment, by means of tooth and claw. The question is whether man is a savage brute like a tiger, or a dear little caterpillar whose highest aim in life is to look like a dead twig. It depends very largely as far as I can make out whether one happens to be a vegetarian or otherwise. It is a remarkable fact that this article appears to lead absolutely no where. The biological test of conduct breaks down in very much the same way as the religious test. What are we to do?

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law!

Now perhaps we shall get somewhere. If we conceive of each individual (with his heredity and environment complete) as a machine constructed to serve one definite purpose and one only, we relieve ourselves at once from all difficulty about moral judgment. We can justify the existence of President Wilson in keeping us out of war, making the world safe for democracy, and all these nice things which he does so splendidly; and we can also justify the existence of the monster, tyrant, assassin and religious maniac invented by the New York papers and labeled William. The economy of nature provides for all types. You cannot feed a horse on rabbits or a snake on grass, in spite of Mr. Swinburne's remarks about "the chewing of some perfumed deadly grass." At the same time, we have a perfect right to take sides with either the horse or the snake. If I were a machine made in Germany, I have no doubt that I should shout, "Hoch der Kaiser" whenever there was a slight lull in the conversation. Even so, if I had been born in a cannibal island, I should have been constantly agitating for a regular supply of missionaries, and cursed my local Hoover if the distribution was insufficient or the price prohibitive. So long, then, as we are true to ourselves, it is as with William Schwenck Gilbert, "You are right and I am right and everyone of us is right." At the present juncture my righteousness consists of being an animal of such a nature as to wish the power to pass into the hands of

those people who are reasonable. I do not quarrel with any one for being insane. I think he is perfectly right to maintain that he is a poached egg; but I also think that it would be more generally convenient if he airs that belief in seclusion. He will probably disagree with me; and we shall then proceed to submit the issue to various methods of arbitrament, ending with that of arms. But let there be no mistake about it, both sides are absolutely in the right. Even if I prove that the other man is dishonest in his belief in the righteousness of submarine warfare or whatever it may be, the situation is not changed at all. He has a perfect right to be dishonest if he wants to. I may dislike this quality in him so much that I am willing to kill him as the only cure; and he is equally right to kill me if he dislikes the color of my necktie. How many people were killed because they wanted to spell "Homoousios," "Homoiousios" with the iota?" But one thing seems evident to me: that unless we get rid of our hypocritical Anglo-Saxon plague of Pharisaism, we shall never be fit to live with.

The other day I came into a fortune, and went to buy a necktie. The young man (or should I say gentleman) who accommodated me in this matter was English, and remembered me in those days of glory when I wandered in Bond street, and bought as many as three neckties on the same day. Having purchased my tie and wept together about Bond street, we began to talk about the war. I said to him: "If I had come into this shop (or should I say store) with the firm conviction that you were a dangerous maniac, thirsting for my blood, that you were insensible to every feeling of humanity, that the fiercest and most malignant wild beasts had nothing on you (I believe that is the correct phrase) in the matter of atrocity, I do not think we should have settled this matter of the tie (or should I say neckwear) with the philosophic calm which has characterized our interview up to this point." I regret to say that this person was so lost to all sense of patriotism as to agree with me.

It is necessary in many circumstances to fight; and, in order to fight well, one needs certain quite definite qualities. In olden days I did a good deal of fencing, by which I do not mean receiving stolen goods. I mean the play of rapier and small-sword. I learned that I must be entirely concentrated on the business on hand, and that elaborate arguments purporting to prove that my opponent was a Chinaman or a heretic, were out of place. I learned also that my best chance of defeating him was to know what he was going to do before he did it; to read his mind in his eye and his wrist. I think it will be clear that in order to read the man's mind, you must put away from you anything like emotion. You are there to kill him efficiently, and you should practice the detachment of the surgeon, who does not wring his hands and wail when he sees the patient on the operating table.

Whether we want to fight Germany or to come to an amicable understanding with her does not matter. In either case, we are handicapping ourselves by hating her. We are failing to see her point of view. The Germans are under the monstrous delusion that God is with them; that they are fighting for their hearths and altars. It is none of our business to cure that delusion. We must accept it in estimating their minds. We can tell what they will do as soon as we can tell what they are thinking; if we make any mistake as to what they are thinking, we can no longer tell what they will do. Just so long as we hate them, we blind our eyes and confuse our minds. Now, with regard to German atrocities, they may be perhaps a little more systematic than atrocities on the other side; but that is evidence of more system, not of more ferocity. I think, therefore, that we do wrong in blaming either side for any atrocity that they may have committed, whether it is the murder of an English nurse or a Javanese dancer.

And surely the rape and murder of a single Frenchwoman by one of the heroes who are saving France may outweigh a thousand such crimes committed by avowed enemies.

The mildest of animals, if it feels itself cornered, will resort to every means of defence. Queensberry rules were not invented for men who are scrapping in a life and death combat. How is it that the sentimental stay-at-home, domestic German becomes Giant Blunderbore? It is not a miracle. It is not an outbreak of collective sadism. It is simply the feeling that he is cornered. All Germans feel this. It may be a delusion on their part; but they have it; and we have to act on the assumption that they have it. Now what is the proper way to deal with people in this situation? There is only one sensible thing to do. We must remove the cause of their belief. Until we do this they are assuredly right in continuing to believe it. We should, therefore, say, "My dear friends, you are quite wrong in supposing that you are cornered. We do not wish to hurt you. We wish to come to an agreement with you on the points in dispute." This may be a little difficult, as we have all forgotten what those points were; but at least we can try to come to some arrangement as to what is best to be done. In other words, let us quit fighting for a few weeks or months, and have a conference. If nothing happens, we can go on fighting again with renewed zest. Speaking as an Irishman, I might go further and suggest talking and fighting at the same time—an ideal state of affairs! Now one cannot help saying that the Germans have shown their good faith in this matter very clearly. They are always proposing "peace conferences," thereby indicating that we are not, as some of their publicists maintain, "a gang of enraged millionaires bent upon destroying German liberties as American liberties have already been destroyed," but a set of sensible people who want to settle down and live happily ever after. We reply, "Certainly not, you are monsters. On with the revel!" In such circumstances the German can hardly be blamed for thinking that we are set upon their utter destruction, and this thought is bound to destroy in them all considerations of mercy and kindness, or even ordinary reasonableness. They must argue that we who will not even discuss the question of peace can be none other than Huns. (Now I've said it!) I am told that the German offers are not sincere. Then call the bluff by agreeing to the principle of conference. We need not be afraid of an armistice; time is on our side, not theirs.

Where such ideas are pushed to the limit the results are utterly abominable. We need only refer to the destruction of one of the finest races of the world, the American Indian, which was due to nothing but the conviction that he was a remorseless and treacherous savage. The American Civil War would have resulted in the utter ruin of the whole country had it not been that Grant, in the moment of victory, forgot all about Simon Legree, dismissed the whole howling of the wolves of the press as nonsense, and observed succinctly: *Let us have peace.*

THE BOX OF COUNTERS

By H. H. EWERS

Om dat de werelt is soe ongetru
Daer om gha ie in den ru.
—Breughel the Elder.

I had been waiting a very long time that evening for Edgard Widerhold. I was lying in a long chair, while the boy behind me slowly pulled the punkah. The old fellow had Hindoo boys, who had followed him here a long time ago. And now their sons and grandsons served him, too. They are good servants, and know how to wait on us.

"Go on, Dewla, tell your master I am waiting."

"Atcha, Sahib." Without a sound he glided away. I was lying on the terrace, and, like a vision, I saw the "Clear Stream" beneath. An hour ago the week-old clouds had dissolved; an hour ago the tepid rain had stopped falling, and the broad shafts of low light from the evening sun made bars across the violet mists of Tonkin.

Below the junks were riding at their moorings, and stirring from their sleep. The crews crawled out on deck: with round shovels, floor cloths, and tamarind-brooms they sluiced out the water and cleaned the sampans. But no one talked; they worked so quietly it was all but impossible to hear them; hardly a sound rose up to disturb the leaves and tendrils on the bank. A large junk sailed past, closely packed with légionnaires. I waved to the officers lying in the campan; they returned my salute wistfully. I dare say they would have rather sat with me on the spacious verandah of Edgard Widerhold's bungalow than have sailed up river for days and weeks through the hot rain, up to their miserable station. I counted—there were at least fifty légionnaires on the junk. A few were Irishmen and Spaniards; a few Flemings and Swiss, no doubt . . . and all the rest were Germans. Who may they be? No teetotalers, but boys after the heart of Tilly or of mad Duke Christian. There are sure to be some incendiaries amongst them, robbers and murderers—what better could be chosen for the purposes of war? They know their trade, you may believe me. There are others, too, from amongst the upper ten, those who disappear from society, to go under in the troubled waters of the Légion—clergymen and professors, members of the high nobility and officers. A bishop was killed in the storming of Ain-Souf; and how long ago is it that a German man-of-war came from Algiers for the corpse of another légionnaire and rendered to it all the honors due to a prince of the blood?

I lean over the balustrade: "Vive la Légion!" And they answer back, bawling loud from their raucous, drinkers' throats, "Vive la Légion! Vive la Légion!" They have lost their country, their family, their home, their honor, and their money. They have got only one thing left, which has to do duty for it all, *esprit de corps* —— —— "Vive la Légion!"

I know them. Drinkers and gamblers, souteneurs, deserters from camps all over the world. Anarchists all of them—who do not know what anarchism is, who rebelled and fled from the oppression of some insupportable compulsion. Half criminals and half children, small brains and big hearts—real soldiers. Landsknechts with the right instinct, that sacking and violating women is a fine thing, their very own profession; for they have been hired for killing, and he who may do the greater thing should also be allowed to do the lesser one. They are adventurers who were born too late into this world of ours, who were not strong enough to hew out their own pathways. Each of them has been too weak for that, has collapsed in the undergrowth, and can move no further forward. A flickering will o' the wisp has led him astray long ago from the beaten track, and he was not able to find a way of escape. Something went wrong, but he does not know where. Each of them has been stranded, a miserable and helpless wreckage. But they find each other, they close the ring, they build a new pride of their own: "Vive la Légion!" It is mother and home and honor and country to them, all in one. Listen to their shouts: "Vive, vive la Légion!"

The junk draws away into the evening, westward, where at the second turn the Red River rolls nto the Clear Stream. There she disappears, steers deep into the mist, far into this country of violet poisons. But they do not fear anything, these fair, bearded men; not fever, not dysentery, and least of all the yellow rebels. Have they not got alcohol enough and opium and their trusted Lebel rifles? What more could they want? Forty of the fifty will have to die; but, never mind, whoever comes back signs on again, for the glory of the Légion, not for that of France.

Edgard Widerhold entered the verandah. "Have they passed?" he asked me.

"Who?"

"The légionnaires!" He went to the balustrade and looked down the river. "Thank goodness, they have gone. The devil take them; I cannot stand seeing them."

"Is that so?" I said. Of course, like everybody else in the country, I knew the peculiar relations between the old fellow and the Légion, and I tried to fathom it. That's why I feigned surprise. "Is that so? And still the whole Légion adores you. A captain of the second Légion told me of you at Porquerolles, years ago: if ever I came to the Clear Stream I was to be sure to visit Edgard Widerhold."

"That must have been Karl Hauser, of Muhlhausen."

"No; it was Dufresnes."

The old man sighed. "Dufresnes, the Auvergnat! It's many a glass of Burgundy he drank here."

"Like all the rest, no doubt!"

Eight years ago, the house, nicknamed "Le Bungalow de la Légion," had closed its doors; and Mr. Edgard Widerhold, "le bon Papa de la Légion," had instituted his depot of supplies in Edgardhafen. That was the small harbor of Widerhold's farm, two hours down river. The old man had persisted in having even the postal designation, "*Edgardhafen*," on the stamp, and not "Port d'Edgard." For though his house had indeed been closed to the Légion since that time, neither his heart nor his hospitality had been lacking. Every passing junk of the Légion called at Edgardhafen, and the manager took a few cases of wine aboard for officers and men. With it went always the old man's visiting card with the message: "Mr. Edgard Widerhold regrets greatly not being able to see the gentlemen this time. He begs of them to accept kindly the pres-

ent gift, and is drinking the health of the Légion." And every time the officer in command would express thanks for the kind present and the hope of being able to thank the giver in person on his return. But it never went any further; the doors of the spacious house near the Clear Stream remained closed to the Légion. Sometimes a few officers still paid a call, old friends, whose wine-gladdened voices had rung often enough through the rooms. The boys took them to the verandah and put the choicest wines in front of them; but the officers would never be able to see the old man. Consequently they stayed away; slowly the Légion got used to the new way. There were already many who had never seen him, who only knew that at Edgardhafen it was the thing to call, to take wine aboard, and to drink the health of a mad old German. Every one of them looked forward to this, the only break of the hopeless journey though the rain on the Clear Stream, and Edgard Widenhold was as much liked in the Légion as before.

When I came to him I was the first German he had talked to for years—of course he had seen many of them down the river. I am certain the old fellow hides behind a curtain and looks down whenever a junk of the Légion passes. But to me he talked again in German. I think that's the reason why he keeps me here, always finding some new reason for postponing my departure.

The old fellow does not belong to the shouting kind. He abuses the German Empire like a pickpocket. He is very old, but must needs live ten times as many years to suffer all the penalties which his crimes of *lèse majesté* alone would cost him. He curses Bismarck, because he allowed the continuance of the Kingdom of Saxony and did not annex Bohemia, and he curses the third Emperor because he allowed himself to be cheated into swapping the East African Empire for Heligoland. And Holland! We must have Holland, if we mean to live on, Holland and her Sunda Islands. It's got to be, it cannot be helped; we shall go to the devil if we do not get it. Then of course the Adriatic! Austria is a calculated piece of nonsense, an idiocy which is a blot on any self-respecting map. Ours are her German provinces, and, as we cannot allow them to shut the door in our face, we have to have the Slavonic districts which keep us from the Adriatic as well, Carniola and Istria. "The Devil take me!" he shouts; "I know we shall get lice in our furs with them! But rather a fur with lice than being frozen to death without a fur!" Already to-day he sees himself sailing under the black-white-and-red from a German Trieste to a German Batavia.

Then I ask him, "And what about our friends, the English?"

"The English!" he bawls: "they shut up if you hit them square on the jaw!"

He loves France, and is glad for her to have a spacious place in the sun; but he hates the English. Such is his way; if a German pours poisonous abuse over Emperor and Empire, he rejoices in it and laughs. And if a Frenchman jokes at our expense, he laughs, but is not slow in paying him back by recalling the latest idiocies of the Governor at Saigon. But if an Englishman dares so much as make the most innocent remark about the most idiotic of our consuls, he waxes furious. That was the reason that he had to leave India. I do not know what the English colonel said, but I know that Edgard Widerhold lifted up his riding whip and knocked one of his eyes out. That is now as many as forty years ago, may be fifty or sixty. He had to flee, went to Tonkin, and was squatting on his farm long before the French came into the country. Then he hoisted the Tricolore on the Clear Stream, sad that it was not the black-white-and-red flag that waved to the breeze, but still glad that at least it was not the Union Jack.

Nobody knows how old he actually is. Whom the tropics do not devour in his younger years they dessicate. They make him weatherproof and hard, and give him a mail of yellow leather, which defies all corruption. Such an one was Edgard Widerhold. An octogenarian, perhaps a nonagenarian, he was six hours daily in the saddle. Long and narrow was his face, long and narrow his hands, every finger armed with big yellow nails, each longer than a match, hard as steel, sharp and curved like the claws of a wild animal.

I offered him my cigarettes. I had long ago given up smoking them, the sea air had spoiled them. But he loved them—they had been made in Germany.

"Won't you tell me for once why you banished the Légion from your bungalow?"

The old fellow did not go away from the balustrade. "No!" he said. Then he clapped his hands. "Bana! Dewla! Wine, glasses!" The boys set the table; he sat down near me, and pushed the papers towards me. "There," he went on, "have you read the *Post?* The Germans gained a splendid victory in the motor race at Dieppe. Benz and Mercédès or whatever make they are. Zeppelin has finished his airship—he promenades over Germany and Switzerland, wherever he wants. There, look at the last page—chess tournament at Ostend. Who has got the prize? A German! Really it would be a joy to read the papers if only they had not to chronicle the doings of the lot in Berlin. Look at their idiocies —— ——."

But I interupted him. I did not care to hear any more about the diplomatic stupidities of these gigantic asses. I drank to him "Good health! To-morrow I have got to go."

The old man pushed his glass away. "What—to-morrow?"

"Yes: Lieutenant Schlumberger will pass with part of the third battalion. He is going to take me along."

He gave the table a blow with his fist. "That is a dirty trick!"——"What?"

"That you want to go to-morrow, to the devil! A low down trick I call it."

"Well, after all, I cannot stay here for ever!" I laughed. "It will be two months, next Tuesday——"

"That's just it! Now that I've got used to you. Had you ridden away after an hour, I should not have cared."

But I would not give in. Good Lord, had he not had people staying with him often enough and seen them leave again, one after the other? Until some fresh ones arrived.

That made him start. In olden times, yes, indeed, in olden times he would not have lifted a finger to keep me. But now, who was there to see him now? Two people a year, and once every five

years a German, ever since he could not bear any longer to see the légionnaires.

There I got him again. And I told him I would stay another week if he told me why——

That, again, he called a low down trick—what, a German poet bartering his ware, like a tradesman?

I argued upon that. "Raw material," I said. "Wool from the peasant. But we spin the threads and weave colored rugs."

He liked that; he laughed. "For three weeks I shall sell the story!"

I have learned bargaining at Naples. Three weeks for a story—most expensive. And then, I told him, it meant buying a pig in a poke without knowing whether the stuff was any use at all. At the best I would get two hundred marks for the story, and I had been here already two months, and he wanted me to stay for another three weeks—and all the time I had not produced as much as a line. And, after all, there would have to be something for myself, and as it was I was always out of pocket, and, in short, he was ruining me.

But the old fellow looked after his own. "The twenty-seventh is my birthday," he said. "I do not want to spend it by myself. Well, then, eighteen days—that's the best I can do! I will not tell the story for less."

"All right, then," I sighed, "that is a bargain!"

The old fellow shook hands. "Bana," he called, "Bana! Take away the wine. Bring shallow glasses and champagne."

"Atcha, Sahib, atcha."

"And you, Dewla, get Hong-Dok's box and the counters."

The boy brought the box, and at a nod of his master's put it in front of me, pressing a spring so that the lid moved back. It was a big box made of sandalwood, the delicate scent of which filled the air in a moment. The wood was closely inlaid with the tiniest leaves of mother o' pearl and ivory, the sides were carved with elephants, crocodiles, and tigers set in scroll-work. But the lid showed a picture of the Crucifixion; it may have been copied from an old print. Only the Saviour was beardless, had a round, or rather full, face, which, however, betrayed an expression of the most terrible suffering. There was no wound in the side of the body, neither was there a proper cross; this Christ seemed to have been nailed to a flat board. The tablet at His head did not show the letters I. N. R. I., but others, viz., K. V. K. S. II. C. L. E.

This presentment of the Crucified God had an uncanny realism; I could not help being reminded of Mathias Grunewald's painting, although they had nothing at all in common. The innermost conception was radically different; this artist did not seem to have derived his powers of attaining the extreme limit of realism in portraying the terrible from an immense pity or from a capability of understanding, but rather from a passionate hatred, a voluptuous submersion in the torments of the sufferer. The work had been executed with an immense amount of pains; it was the masterpiece of a great artist.

The old fellow saw my enthusiasm. "You have it," he said quietly.

I grasped the box with both hands. "Do you want to make a present of it to me?"

He laughed. "Present—no! But I have sold you my story, and the box you hold—is my story."

I was burrowing amongst the counters—round, triangular, and rectangular pieces of mother o' pearl of a deep metallic iridescence. Each single one showed on both sides a little picture, the contours cut out, the details finely chased.

"Will you give me the key to it?" I asked.

"You are playing with the key there! If you put the counters in order nicely, as they follow each other, you may read my story as in a book. But now close down the lid and listen. Fill up, Dewla!"

The boy filled the glasses, and we drank. Then he charged the short pipe of his master, handed it to him, and put a light to it.

The old fellow inhaled the acrid smoke and blew it out sharply. Then he leant back and motioned to the boy to start the punkah.

"You see," he began, "it is quite correct what Captain Dufresnes or whoever else it was told you. This house well deserved being called the bungalow of the Légion. Up here the officers sat and drank—and the privates down below in the garden; often enough I invited the latter also to come up on the verandah. You know, the French do not have those ridiculous notions of class difference as we have them; off duty the ranker is as good as his general. Most of all this holds good in the colonies, and particularly in the Légion, where many an officer is a peasant, and many a ranker a gentleman. I used to go down and drink with the men in the garden, and whoever I liked I asked to come upstairs. Believe me, I met in those days many a curious beggar, many a hard-boiled sinner, and many a babe longing for his mother's apron strings. That was my great museum, the Légion, my great big book, which told me new fairy tales and adventures over and over again.

"For the boys used to tell me things; they liked to get me by myself and to open their hearts to me. You see, it is quite true, the légionnaires loved me, not only because of the wine and the few days' rest which they got here. You know the kind of people they are, and that each considers his rightful property whatever he claps his eyes on; that it is not safe for either officer or ranker to leave the smallest thing lying about, for it would disappear in the twinkling of an eye. Well, then, in over twenty years it happened only once that a légionnaire stole something from me, and his comrades would have killed him had I not interceded myself on his behalf. You do not believe that? Neither should I if somebody else told me, and still it is literally true. The boys loved me because they were well aware that I loved them. How did it all come about? Good Lord, as the time went on. No wife, no child, and quite by myself out here through all the years. The Légion—well, it was the only thing, that gave me back Germany, that made the Clear Stream German for me, in spite of the Tricolore. I know, the law-abiding citizens at home call the Légion the foulest dregs and scum of the nation. Gaol fodder, worth nothing better than to perish. But these dregs, which Germany spat out contemptuously on to these latitudes, these outcasts, of no use any longer in the beautifully regulated home land, contained dross of such rare color that my heart laughed with joy. Dross indeed! Not worth a farthing for the jeweler, who sells big diamonds set in heavy rings to prosperous butchers.

But a child would pick it up on the sands. A child and old fools like myself, and mad poets like yourself, who are both—children and fools! For us this dross is valuable, and we do not want at all that it should perish. But it perishes. Without help, one piece after another—and their manner of perishing, pitifully, miserably, through long tortures, that's what I cannot bear. A mother may see her children dying, two or three. She is sitting there, her hands in her lap, and cannot help them; she cannot. But all that passes, and the day will come when she will get the better of her pain. But I—the father of the Légion—have seen a thousand children die, each month, nearly every week they died away. And I had no power to help them, none at all. You see now why it is I do not collect dross any longer; I cannot go on seeing my children die.

"And how they died! In those days the French had not penetrated the country as far as to-day. The furthest outpost was only a three days' sail up the Red River, and there were exposed posts in and around Edgardhafen. Dysentery and typhoid were the usual and expected thing in those damp camps, and side by side with both tropical anæmia cropped up here and there. You know this particular illness: you know also how quickly it kills. Quite a light, weak attack of fever, that scarcely makes the pulse go quicker, day and night. The patient does not want to eat any longer; he gets capricious, like a fine lady. But he wants to sleep, sleep all the time—until at last the end comes slowly, the end that he welcomes because at last he will get his fill of sleep. Those who died of anæmia were the lucky ones, they and the others who fell fighting. God knows, it is no fun to die of a poisoned arrow, but, after all, it is a quick job, over in a few hours. But how few were there who died like that—scarcely one amongst a thousand. And for their luck the others had to pay heavily enough, those who happened to fall alive into the hands of those yellow devils. There was Karl Mattis, who had deserted from the Deutz-Cuirassiers, corporal in the first company, a broth of a boy, who would not be deterred by the maddest danger. When the Gambetta station was attacked by a force a thousand times superior in numbers, he undertook with two others to slip through and to take the news to Edgardhafen. During the night they were attacked, one of them was killed, Mattis was shot in the knee. He sent on his comrade and covered his flight for two hours against the Black-flags. At last they caught him, tied his hands and legs together, and tied him to a tree trunk, over there on the shallow banks of the stream. For three days he was lying there, until the crocodiles devoured him, slowly, bit by bit, and still they had more pity than their two-legged fellow countrymen. Half a year later they captured Hendrik Oldenkott, of Maastricht, a seven-foot giant, whose incredible strength had been his ruin; in a state of heavy intoxication he had killed his own brother with his bare fist. The Légion saved him from the gaol, but not from the judges he found over here. Down there in the garden we found him, still alive. They had cut his belly open, filled the abdominal cavity with rats, and neatly sewed it up again. Lieutenant Heudelimont and two privates had their eyes picked out with red hot needles; they were found in the woods half dead of starvation. They hacked off Sergeant Jakob Bieberich's feet and made him play Mazeppa on a dead crocodile. Near Edgarhafen we fished him out of the river; for three cruel weeks he lived on in the hospital before he died.

"Is the list long enough for you? I can go on, string name on name. One does not cry out here any longer—but had I shed a few tears for each of them they would fill up a barrel, bigger than any in my cellar. And the story contained in this box of counters is only the last little drop which made the full barrel run over."

The old fellow pulled the box towards himself and opened it. With his long nails he searched among the counters, picked out one, and passed it to me. "There, look you; this is the hero of the story."

The round mother o' pearl counter showed the picture of a légionnaire in his uniform. The full face of the soldier showed a striking likeness to the image of Christ on the lid; the reverse showed the same inscription as over the head of the crucified figure: K. V. K. S. II. C. L. E. I read: K. von K., soldier, second class, Légion Etrangère.

"That's correct!" said the old fellow. "That's he: Karl von K——" He interrupted himself. "No, never mind about the name. If you want, you could find it easily enough in an old Navy List. He was a naval cadet before he came over here. He had to leave the service and the fatherland at the same time; I believe it was that foolish paragraph 218 of our previous criminal code which brought about his prosecution. There is no paragraph in that code too idiotic to win recruits for the Légion.

"Dear me, he was a joy to look at, the naval cadet! They all called him that, comrades and officers alike. A desperate fellow, who knew that he had gambled away the chances of his life, and now got his sport by playing the Limit all the time. In Algiers he had defended a camp by himself; when every officer and non-com. had fallen he assumed the command of ten légionnaires and a few dozen goumiers, and stuck to the hole, until relief came up a few weeks after. That was when he got promoted for the first time; three times he was promoted, and as many times reduced to the ranks again. That's their way in the Légion—sergeant to-day and private again to-morrow. As long as they are out in the open it's all right; but this unbounded liberty cannot stand the atmosphere of the towns; they get into some nasty trouble in a moment. It was also the naval cadet who in the Red Sea jumped after General Barry when he slipped on the gangway and fell into the water. Amid the cheers of the men he fished him out, regardless of the giant sharks.

"His faults? He drank heavily—like every légionnaire. And, like all of them, he was for ever after the women, and at times he forgot to ask nicely for permission first. And then—well, he treated the natives a good deal more *en canaille* than was absolutely necessary. But otherwise a magnificent fellow, for whom no apple was hanging too high. He was clever; in a few months he spoke the gibberish of the yellow scoundrels better than I had learned to in all the years I have been living here in my bungalow. His comrades thought I was making a fool of myself over him. Well, well, it was not quite as bad as that; but I was very fond of him, and he, too, stood closer to me than the rest. A whole year he was in Edgardhafen: and he drank a mighty gap into my cellar. He did not say, "No, thanks!" when he had only got to the fourth glass, as you do! Go on, drink! Bana, fill up!

"Then he went to Fort Valmy, which was the furthermost station in those days. Four days you have

to sail up river in a junk, crawling through the never-ending bends of the Red River. But it is much nearer as the crow flies; on my waler mare I can ride up there in eighteen hours. In those days he came here only very seldom; but, nevertheless, I saw him sometimes when I used to ride there to pay a visit to another friend of mine.

"That was Hong-Dok, the maker of this box.

"You smile? Hong-Dok—a friend of mine? That's what he was, all the same. Believe me, there are people out here quite your equals—few, very few, I must own. But he was one of them, Hong-Dok. And perhaps he was more than my equal. Fort Valmy—we shall ride out there one of these days; the Marines are quartered there now—no légionnaires any longer. It is an ancient, incredibly dirty town; the small French fortress rises above it on a hill near the river. Narrow, muddy streets, poor miserable houses. But that is only the town of to-day. In olden times, many centuries ago, it must have been a big, beautiful city, until the Black-flags came from the north, those cursed Black-flags, who give us so much trouble still. The heaps of *débris* around the town are six times as large as the town itself; whoever wants to build there can get the material cheap enough. But right amongst these miserable ruins there stood a big old building—you might have called it a palace—close to the river: Hong-Dok's house. It had been there from time immemorial, and the Black-flags had spared it out of some kind of religious fear.

"In that house used to live the rulers of this country, Hong-Dok's ancestors. He had a hundred generations of ancestors, and still another hundred, and yet a third hundred—more than all European dynasties put together—but he knew them all. Knew their names, knew what they had done. Princes they had been and emperors, but Hong-Dok was a wood carver, as his father had been, and his grandfather and great-grandfather. Because the Black-flags had spared the house, it is true, but nothing further, and the rulers were reduced to beggarly poverty like the least of their subjects. Thus the old stone house fell to pieces amongst the red blooms of the hibiscus bushes. Until a new glamor lit it up when the French arrived. For Hong-Dok's father had not forgotten the history of his country, as had done all those who ought to have been his subjects. And when the Europeans took possession of this country he was the first to give them greeting on the Red River. He rendered invaluable services to the French, and in recognition he was given land and cattle and a small stipend, and was made a kind of civil prefect of the town. That was the last little piece of good fortune that the ancient family experienced. To-day the house lies in ruins, like the surroundings. The légionnaires smashed it; they did not leave one stone upon another; they avenged on it the murder of the naval cadet, because the murderer had escaped them.

"Hong-Dok, my great friend, was the murderer. Here's his portrait."

The old man handed me another counter. It showed on one side in Roman letters Hong-Dok's name; on the other the picture of a native of the noble classes in native costume. But its execution was careless and lacking in detail, not approaching the beautiful work of the other counters.

Edgard Widerhold read my thoughts. "You are right," he said; "it's no good, this counter, the only one amongst the lot. It is very curious, just as if Hong-Dok did not care to call even the least attention to his own person. But have a look at this little gem!"

With the claw of his forefinger he shot another counter in my direction. It showed the portrait of a young woman, who was beautiful even according to European notions; she was standing in front of a hibiscus bush, a little fan in her left hand. It was a masterpiece of unsurpassable perfection. The reverse showed again the name, Ot-Chen.

"This is the third figure in the tragedy of Fort Valmy," continued the old man. "Here you see a few minor actors and supers. He pushed a few dozen counters across the table; they showed on both sides big crocodiles in all sorts of positions; some of them swimming in the river, others sleeping on the bank, a few with jaws wide open, others again whipping their tails or raising themselves high up on their forelegs. A few were conventionalized; most of them, however, realistic; they all showed an extraordinary observation of the animal's habits.

Another lot of counters slid across to me, impelled by the yellow claws of the old man. "The venue," he said. One counter showed a big stone building, evidently the home of the artist; on others were representations of rooms and vignettes of a garden. The latter gave views of the Clear Stream and of the Red River—one of them as seen from Widerhold's verandah. Every one of these wonderful counters called forth unbounded delight in me; I actually took sides with the artist and against the naval cadet. I stretched out my hand for more counters.

"No!" said the old man; "wait! You shall see it all in proper order, each in its turn. As I have told you, Honk-Dok was a friend of mine, as his father had been. Both of them had worked for me through all those years. I was practically their only customer. When they became rich they kept on cultivating their art—only they would not take money any longer. The father even went so far as to insist on returning to me the last farthing of the money which I had paid him one time and another, and I had to accept it, if I did not wish to offend him. Thus, indeed, the contents of all the cupboards which you are so fond of admiring did not cost me a farthing.

"Through me the naval cadet became acquainted with Hong-Dok; I took him there once myself. I know what you are going to say: the naval cadet was a petticoat-hunter, and Ot-Chen was a most desirable quarry. Is not that it? And I might have thought that Hong-Dok would not just sit there and look on? No, no; there was nothing I could foresee. You might, perhaps, have thought that; but not I, who knew Hong-Dok so well. When all had happened, and Hong-Dok told me the story, up here on the verandah—oh, in a far more quiet and collected way than I do at present—it appeared to me, nevertheless, so unlikely that I found it scarcely possible to believe him. Until, right in the middle of the river, a proof came swimming along, which admitted of no more doubt. I have often thought about the matter, and I think I know now some of the curious reasons which impelled Hong-Dok to his deed. A few, but who could read everything in a brain that carried the impress of a thousand generations and was sat-

urated to the full with power, with art and with the all-penetrating wisdom of opium?

"No, no; there was nothing I could have foreseen. If anybody had asked me then, 'What would Hong-Dok do, if the naval cadet seduced Ot-Chen or any other of his nine wives?' I would have answered without fail, 'He would not even look up from his work!' Or even, if he is in a good temper, he will make a present of Ot-Chen to the naval cadet. Thus must have acted the Hong-Dok I used to know, thus and not otherwise. Ho-Nam, another one of his wives, he caught once with a Chinese interpreter; he thought it below his dignity to say as much as a single word to either of them. Another time it was Ot-Chen herself who deceived him. So you can see that there was not a particular preference just for this woman by which he was actuated. The almond eyes of one of my Indian boys who had ridden with me to Fort Valmy had fascinated little Ot-Chen, and even if the two were not able to say a word to each other, they soon were in sweet agreement. Hong-Dok caught them in his garden; but he never lifted a hand against his wife, neither would he allow me to punish the boy. All that touched him no more than if a dog barked at him in the street—he would scarcely turn his head. There doesn't seem to me the most remote possibility that a man of Hong-Dok's unshakable philosophic calm should have lost his head for a moment and have acted in a sudden ebullition of temper. And, quite apart from that, the severe investigations which we held after his flight amongst his wives and servants showed clearly that Hong-Dok had deliberated and carefully executed even the smallest detail of his deed. Thus it would appear that the naval cadet was a constant visitor to the stone house for three months, and kept up all this time his relations with Ot-Chen, relations of which Hong-Dok was told after the first few weeks by one of his servants. But, in spite of it all, he let them go on with it quietly, rather using the time to mature the cruel manner of his vengeance, which I feel certain he must have decided to take from the first moment.

"But why did he resent as a bitter insult what the naval cadet did, when the same action committed by my Indian boy made him scarcely smile? I may be mistaken, but I think I have found the tortuous path of his thoughts after a prolonged search. Hong-Dok was a king. We laugh if we find on our coins the letters D.G., and most of our European princes deride no less their tenure by the Grace of God. But imagine a ruler who believes in it, whose conviction that he is the Lord's anointed is really as firm as the rocks. I know the comparison does not quite fit, but there is a certain likeness. Hong-Dok, of course, did not believe in a god; he only believed the precepts of the great philosopher; but that his family was a thing apart, sky high above everybody else, of that he was—and quite rightly so—firmly convinced. From ages without origin his ancestors had been rulers, monarchs of unlimited power. A prince with us, if he has got a scrap of intelligence, knows quite well that there are many thousands in his country who are very much more clever and a great deal better educated than he is himself. Hong-Dok and all his ancestors were equally certain of the contrary; a gigantic chasm had always separated them from the great masses of their people. They alone were rulers, while all the rest were abject slaves. They alone had wisdom and knowledge—they came in contact with their peers only on those rare occasions when ambassadors arrived from the neighboring kingdom on the sea, or from Siam far away in the south, or even Chinese mandarins across the mountains of the savage Meos. We would say, Hong-Dok's ancestors were gods amongst men. Theirs was a different kind of life: they felt themselves men amongst dirty animals. Do you see the difference? A dog barks at us—we scarcely turn our heads.

"Then arrived the barbarians from the north, the Black-flags. They took the country and destroyed the town, and many other towns in these regions. Only the house of the ruler they would not touch; they did not hurt as much as a hair on anyone's head who belonged to the ruler's house. Where peace and quiet had been ruling the country now echoed for ever with murder and killing; but the turmoil did not reach the palace on the Red River. And Hong-Dok's ancestors despised the savage hordes from the North as much as they had despised their own people; nothing could have bridged the colossal chasm. Animals they were, exactly as the others; but they themselves were men who knew the wisdom of the philosopher.

"Then lightning cleft the mists on the river. From far distant shores strange white beings arrived, and Hong-Dok's father saw with joyous surprise that they were men. He could see, of course, the difference between himself and the strangers; but this difference was infinitely small, compared with that which separated him from the people of his own country. And, like so many others among the nobles of Tonkin, he felt at once that he belonged to them, and not to the others. Hence his ever ready assistance from the first moment, consisting chiefly in teaching the French to discern between the quiet, peaceful aborigines and the bellicose hordes of the north. And when he was appointed civil prefect of the country the population continued to see in him their real, native sovereign. It was he who had freed them from the nightmare of the Black-flags; the French had only been his tools, foreign warriors he had called into the country. Thus he was considered as ruler by his people, with powers quite as unrestricted as once his ancestors, of whom they were told in half-forgotten tales.

"Thus grew up Hong-Dok, the son of a prince, destined to rule himself. Like his father, he considered the Europeans men, and not silly animals. But now that the good fortune of the old palace had been built up again he had more leisure for looking closely at these strangers, for finding out the differences existing between them and himself, also amongst them. Being in constant touch with the Légion, he acquired as sure a knowledge as my own in recognizing the private who was a gentleman and the officer who was a serf, in spite of the gold lace. Indeed, all through the East it is far more education than birth which distinguishes the gentleman from the serf. He was well aware that all these warriors towered high above his people—but not above himself. While his father had considered every white man as his equal, Hong-Dok did not do so any longer, and the closer and the more intimate his acquaintance with them the fewer he found who could be considered his equals. He agreed they were wonderful, unconquerable warriors—each single one of them worth more than

a hundred of the dreaded Black-flags—but was that fame? Hong-Dok despised soldiering as much as any other profession. They all were able to read and to write—their own characters, it is true, but he did not mind that; but there was scarcely one amongst them who knew the meaning of philosophy. Hong-Dok did not demand that they should know the great philosopher, but he expected to find some other foreign wisdom, equally profound. And he found nothing. These white men knew less of the ultimate origin of all things than the lowest smoker of opium. But there was one thing which caused him surprise and greatly lowered his esteem for them: the attitude they assumed to their religion. It was not the religion itself which he disliked, and he thought the Christian creed as good as the others he knew of. Now, our légionnaires are anything but religious, and no clergyman, mindful of his duty, would allow any of them to partake of the Sacrament. And yet at times, in moments of great danger, a mutilated prayer for help tore itself from their hearts. Hong-Dok had noticed that—and he found that these people actually believed that an imposible help might be sent to them by some unknown power. Now he went on with his investigations—did I tell you that Hong-Dok spoke a better French than I?—and made friends with the kindly military chaplain of Fort Valmy. And what he discovered then corrobated more and more the conviction of his own superiority. I remember quite well still, how he talked to me about these matters one evening in his smoking-room, how he smiled when he told me that now he knew how the Christians really looked at their cult, and that even the priest had no understanding for the symbolical.

"The worst of it was that he was right; I had not a word to say to him. We Europeans are believers—or we are not believers. But for Christians in Europe who guard the faith of their fathers with loving care like a beautiful raiment covered with profound symbols, you may look with the lantern of Diogenes, and you may be quite sure you will find not a single one out here in Tonkin. But just some such conception was the most natural thing for this Eastern sage, a thing that goes by itself, indispensable for the man of real education. And when he discovered its downright absence, and was not even understood by the priest in thoughts which he considered the most simple, he lost a great deal of his admiration and esteem. In many things the Europeans were his superiors—things, however, which he thought of scarcely any value. In others, again, they were his equals; but in the matter most important of all, the profoundest recognition of all life, they stood far, far below him. And as the years went on, this contempt gave birth in him to a hatred that slowly grew, the more the foreigners became the actual rulers of his country, the more they advanced, step by step, uniting all power in their strong hands. Already in his country they did not need any longer that mediating semblance of power which they had given to his father, and later on to himself; he felt strongly that his father had been mistaken, and that the old stone house near the river was out of it for ever. I do not believe that, for all that, bitterness crept into the mind of this philosopher, who took life as it came: on the contrary, the consciousness of his own superiority may have been for him a source of joyous satisfaction. The modus of living with the Europeans which he evolved in the course of the years was very simple; he retired into himself as much as he could, but treated them in all externals quite sincerely as his equals. But he closed to everybody the gates and windows of the house behind his angular yellow forehead, and if he opened them at times to me, that was owing to a friendship which he had practically imbibed with his mother's milk, and which was ever kept alive by my vivid interest in his art.

"Such a one was Hong-Dok. Not for a moment could it stir him, when his wives compromised themselves with the Chinese interpreter or one of my boys. Had there been any results of these trifling escapades, Hong-Dok would simply have had the brats drowned, not out of hatred or revenge, but just as one drowns puppies—simply because they are not wanted. And had the naval cadet, when he took a liking to Ot-Chen, asked him for her as a present, Hong-Dok would have given her to him at once.

"But the naval cadet came into his house like a gentleman—and he took away his wife like a scullion. On the first evening already Hong-Dok recognized that this légionnaire was made of finer stuff than most of his comrades; I could see that, because with him he came out a little from the shell of his courteous reserve. And during their further relations with each other—all that is only surmise on my part—the naval cadet most probably treated Hong-Dok exactly as he would have treated some country gentleman in Germany whose wife he admired. He brought into play the whole range of his glittering amiability, and I am sure he succeeded in fascinating Hong-Dok as much as he had always fascinated me and all his superiors; you simply could not help liking this clever, fresh, and attractive boy. That's what Hong-Dok did, to the extent of descending from his elevated throne, he, the ruler, the artist, the wise disciple of Confucius, to the extent of making friends with the légionnaire and loving him, certainly loving him more than anybody else.

Then a servant brought him the news, and he saw from his window how the naval cadet took his pleasure with Ot-Chen in the garden.

"So, that was the reason of his coming to him. Not in order to see him—only because of her, a woman, an animal! Hong-Dok felt shamefully deceived—oh! not at all like a European husband. But that this foreigner should have feigned friendship for him, and that he should have given him his friendship, that was the point. That he in all his proud wisdom, should have been fooled by this base-born soldier who, secretly, like a scullion, went after his wife. That he should have wasted his love on something so miserable, so far below him. You see, that's what this proud yellow devil could not get over.

* * * * * * *

"One evening his servants carried him up to the bungalow. He descended from the palanquin and came smiling up to the verandah. As usual, he brought me a few presents, little fans, beautifully carved in ivory. A few officers were also here. Hong-Dok greeted them most amiably, sat down with us, and was silent; he scarcely spoke three words until they left an hour afterwards. He waited until the sound of their horses' trot lost itself along the river; then he spoke up, quite calmly, quite sweetly, as if he had to give me the best of news: 'I have come to

tell you something. *I have crucified the naval cadet and Ot-Chen.*'

"Although Hong-Dok was not at all in the habit of making jokes, this astounding piece of news caused me but one sensation; there must be some good fun behind it all. And I liked his dry, casual way of speaking so much that I entered into it right away, and asked him, in the same quiet strain, 'Is that so? And what else have you done with them?'

"He answered, 'I have had their lips sewed up!'

"This time I laughed. 'Really, you do not say so! And what other kindnesses have you bestowed on them?—And why?'

"Hong-Dok spoke quietly and seriously, but the sweet smile did not leave the corners of his mouth. 'Why? I caught them in the act.'

"This expression he liked so much that he repeated it. He had heard or read it somewhere, and he thought it very ridiculous that we Europeans should attach particular importance to catching a rogue exactly at the moment of his deed; just as if it mattered in the least whether he is caught in it, or before or afterwards. He said it with an accent of feigned importance, with an easily noticeable exaggeration, which showed better than anything else his bitter contempt. 'Am I not right in thinking that in Europe the deceived husband has the right to punish the thief of his honor?'

"This sweet sneer sounded so sure that I could not find words to answer him. He continued therefore, still with the same friendly smile, as if he was recounting the simplest thing in the world: 'Consequently I have punished him. And as he is a Christian, I thought it best to choose a Christian manner of death; I assumed this would suit him best. Have I done right?'

"I did not care at all for this curious way of joking. Not for a moment did I think he might speak the truth; but I began to feel uncomfortable, and wished he would be done with his story. Of course I believed him when he told me the naval cadet had got entangled with Ot-Chen, and I thought he wanted by means of this occurrence to reduce once more *ad absurdum* our European notions of honor and morals. So I said only: 'But certainly! Quite right! I am sure the naval cadet valued greatly this little courtesy.'

"But Hong-Dok shook his head, sadly nearly: 'No, I do not think so. At least he never said a word about it. He only cried.'

"'He cried?'

"'Yes,' said Hong-Dok, with an expression of sweet melancholy and regret, 'he cried very much. Far more than Ot-Chen. He kept on praying to his god, and in between he cried. Much worse than a dog which is being killed. It was really very disagreeable. And that's why I had to have his mouth sewn up!'

"I had had more than enough of these jokes, and wanted to get him to stop. 'Is that all?' I interrupted him.

"'Yes. that's all. I had them seized and tied and then stripped. Then I had their lips sewn up and had them crucified, throwing them in the river afterwards.'

"I was glad that he had done. 'Well, and what about it all?' At last I thought to hear the explanation.

"Hong-Dok looked at me with big eyes, as if he did not quite understand what I wanted. 'Oh, it was only the vengeance of the poor deceived husband!'

"'All right,' I said, 'all right! But now do tell me what you actually mean! What is the point of your joke?'

"'The point?' He showed a happy smile, just as if this word came exactly at the right moment. 'Oh, please, just wait a little!' He leant back in his chair and was silent. I did not feel the least desire to urge him further, so I followed his example; let him finish his idiotic murder-story when he wanted.

"Thus we sat for half an hour, neither saying a word. Inside, in the room, the time-piece struck six o'clock. 'Now they must come,' said Hong-Dok quietly. Then he turned to me: 'Will you kindly ask the boy to fetch your telescopes?'—I called Bana; he brought my telescopes. But before Hong-Dok got hold of one of them he jumped up, leaned far out over the balustrade. He pointed his arm towards the right, in the direction of the Red River, and shouted triumphantly, 'Look, look! There it is coming, the point of my joke!'

"I took my telescope and looked intensely through it. Far, far up river I noticed a little speck drifting in the middle of the current. It came nearer, I saw a little raft. And on the raft two people, two naked people. Without thinking, I ran to the extreme edge of the verandah, so that I might see better. There was a woman, lying on her back her black tresses hanging into the water; I recognized Ot-Chen. And, upon her, a man. I did not see his face, but the reddish, fair color of his hair—ah, the naval cadet, the naval cadet! Long iron hooks had fixed hands upon hands, feet upon feet, driven deeply into the boards; thin, dark streaks of blood were running over the white wood. At this moment I saw how the naval cadet lifted his head, shaking it, shaking it wildly. I was certain he wanted to make me a sign—they were still alive, still alive!

"I dropped the telescope; for a second I lost consciousness. But only for a second. Then I shouted, bawling like a madman, for my servants: 'Down and man the boats!' I ran back along the verandah. There stood Hong-Dok, smiling sweetly, amiably. Just as if he wanted to ask me: 'Now then, is the point of my joke not very good?'

"You know, people have often made fun of my long nails. But at that moment, I give you my word, I realized what they were good for. I got hold of the yellow blackguard's throat and shook him to and fro. And I felt how my claws sank deeply into his cursed throat—

"Then I let him go. Like a sack he fell down on the ground. Like one possessed, I tore down the stairs, all my servants after me. I ran down the bank to the river, and was the first to cast off one of the boats. One of the boys jumped in, but he went right through the bottom at once, standing up to his hips in water; the centre plank had been broken out. We went to another one, a third one—all along; they were full of water up to the gunwale; out of all of them long planks had been cut. I ordered the servants to get the big junk under way; pell mell we climbed into her. But, as in the boats, we found the bottom perforated with big holes, and had to wade through deep water—quite impossible to get the junk even a yard away from the bank.

"'Hong-Dok's servants!' exclaimed my Indian overseer. 'They have done it! I saw them slink around near the river!'

"We jumped back on the bank. I gave the order to pull one of the boats ashore, to bail it out, and nail quickly a plank on the bottom. The boys ran into the

water, pulled, shoved, pushed, nearly collapsed under the load of the big craft. I kept on shouting to them, and in between I looked out on the river.

"The raft came past quite close, alas! scarcely fifty yards away from the bank. I stretched out my arms, as if I could grasp it, like that, with my hands ——

"What do you say? Swimming? Quite so—on the Rhine or the Elbe! But on the Clear Stream? And it was June, I tell you, June! The river was swarming with crocodiles, particularly as the sun was just setting. The loathsome brutes swam closely round the small raft; I saw one of them lifting itself up on its forelegs, and knocking its long, black snout against the crucified bodies. They could scent their quarry, and went along with it impatiently, down river ——

"And again the naval cadet shook his head desperately. I shouted to him we were coming, coming——

"But it was as if the cursed river was in league with Hong-Dok; it grasped the boat firmly in tough fingers of mud and would not let go. I also jumped into the water and pulled with the boys. We tore and pushed, we were scarcely able to lift it, inch by inch. And the sun was sinking and the raft was drifting away, further and further.

"Then the overseer brought along the horses. We put ropes round the boat and whipped up the animals. Now things moved. One other effort, and yet another, shouting and whipping! The boat was on the bank. The water ran from it; the boys nailed new planks on the bottom. But dark night had fallen long ago when we started.

"I took the helm, six men bent heavily over the oars. Three were kneeling on the bottom, bailing out the water which kept on coming in. In spite of it all, it rose, until we sat up to the calves in water. I had to tell off two, and yet another two, from the oars for bailing. We advanced with painful slowness——

"I had big pitch torches for searching. But we did not find anything. Several times we thought we could see the raft far away; when we got near, it was a drifting tree trunk or an alligator. We found nothing. We searched for hours and found nothing. I went ashore in Edgardshafen and gave the alarm. The commander sent out five boats and two great junks. They searched the river for three days. But they had no better luck than we. We despatched wires to all stations down river. Nothing—nobody saw him again, poor naval cadet!

"—— —— What do I think? Well, the raft got stuck somewhere on the bank. Or it drifted against a tree trunk and got smashed. One way or the other, the black reptiles got their prey."

* * * * * *

The old man emptied his glass and held it out to the boy. And emptied it once more, quickly, in one draught. Then he stroked his dirty grey beard with his long claws.

"Yes," he went on, "that's the story. When we returned to the bungalow Hong-Dok had disappeared, and with him his servants. Then came the investigation—I told you about it already. Naturally nothing new was brought to light.

"Hong-Dok had fled. And never again did I hear anything from him, until one day this box with the counters arrived; somebody brought it in my absence. The boys told me it came from a Chinese merchant. I had investigations made, but in vain. There you are, take your box; look at the pictures which you do not know yet."

He pushed the mother o' pearl counters towards me. "This one shows Hong-Dok being carried to me by his servants in the palanquin. Here you see me and himself on our verandah; here you see him, how I grasp him by the throat. These are several counters showing how we try to get the boat clear, and here are others recording our search through the night on the river. One counter shows Ot-Chen and the naval cadet being crucified, and the other one how they have their lips sewn up. This is Hong-Dok's flight; here you see my clawing hand, and on the reverse his neck with the scars."

Edgard Widerhold relit his pipe. "Now take away your box!" he said. "May the counters bring you good luck on the poker table! There is blood enough sticking to them." —— —— ——.

And this is a true tale.

A SEPTENNIAL

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

I.

Seven times has Saturn swung his scythe;
  Seven sheaves stand in the field of Time,
And every sheaf's as bright and blithe
  As the sharp shifts of our sublime
Father the Sun. I leap so lithe
    For love to-day,
    My love, I may
  Not tell the tithe.

II.

"But these were seven stormy years!"
  "Lean years were these, as Pharaoh's kine!"
All shapes of Life that mortal fears
  Passed shrieking. We distilled to wine
The vintages of blood and tears.
    We tore away
    The cloak of gray—
  The sun uprears!

III.

We know to-day what once we guessed,
  Our love no dream of idle youth;
A world-egg, with the stars for nest,
  Is this arch-testament of truth.
Laylah, beloved, to my breast!
    Our period
    Is fixed in God—
  Eternal rest!

INSPIRED BUREAUCRACY

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

GERMANY is an inspired bureaucracy. Her real ruler is the bureaucrat. His impress is everywhere. We generally associate the bureaucrat with the pedant. Frenchmen run to lechery. Americans incline to graft. Pedantry is the German vice. It might have become the national poison had not Wm. II injected the potent antidote of his individualism into the body politic. The men at the helm of German affairs today have maintained the Prussian tradition of strict adherence to duty. But their horizon has widened. Sustained, not ossified by routine, they follow the star of the new.

I have met four Ministers of State, four Ambassadors, one sovereign Burgomaster, "Excellencies" by the score, and Privy Councilors innumerable. Everywhere I found alertness and life. There was, on the whole, little "red tape." If we elect a vital personality to office, and we feel that for once we have a man, not a marionette, we bubble over with enthusiasm and are loath to lose him even temporarily in the African jungle. In Germany every bureau has its Roosevelt. Few but the inner circle know their names. They claim no public credit for their achievements. Unadvertised and unsung, they plod away at their desks. But their plans are accomplished, their dreams projected.

A man of this type, a mind fascinating radio-active, was the late Friedrich Althoff. The Minister of Culture, to render the spirit, not the letter, of the original term, was the centre of his ceaseless radiation. Strenuous, autocratic, he ruled with an iron rod. It is said that the Kaiser himself made concessions to him that he would not have made to a fellow-sovereign. There was no grandiose scheme of reform in which he was not a participant. No vital idea was left orphaned and begging on the steps of his office. In his bureau the most vital educational idea of the century, the international exchange of intellectual commodities, stepped full-fledged from a professional cerebrum. Althoff adopted the waif; he nourished it and sustained it. Who was its father we shall never know. I am personally acquainted with at least four claimants to that distinction. If I give the palm to any I shall mortally offend the rest.

Applying the Napoleonic code, let us not, therefore, inquire into the *paternit* . It was Althoff, at any rate, who built the bridge for the foundling across the Atlantic. Every professor traversing the ocean is a living monument to this remarkable man.

Yet, so little known was this inspired bureaucrat outside of his circle that his death passed unnoticed by the American press. The first Kaiser Wilhelm Professor, John W. Burgess, had not heard of the occurrence until he received a letter from a mutual friend.

Althoff's spirit still hovers over the Ministry, as Bismarck's over the Foreign Office. If Bismarck consolidated his country's political strength, it remains Althoff's distinction to have conquered the New World intellectually; at least, two have opened to the German mind the citadels of our universities, where formerly only brave pioneers like Hugo Münsterberg and Kuno Francke had gained isolated footholds. Conquests of peace, unlike conquests of war, are of mutual benefit to conqueror and vanquished, and the gates of German universities swing graciously open to invaders from the American side. Althoff's spirit abides in the American Institute founded after his death in the capital of the Kaiser. Surely bureaucracy has its victories and education its Bismarcks.

OUR Commissioner of Education, our nearest approach to the German *Kultusminister,* is practically powerless. His German colleague has a firm grip on matters of religion, education and art. In the body politic the Ministry of Culture may be compared with the soul. The amount of work transacted in the humble building, situated, if I rightly remember, at the intersection of the Wilhelmstrasse and Uner den Linden, is hardly credible. From morning until night the anterooms are crowded with foreign visitors and professorial aspirants. I have seen the Man Higher Up still at work at half-past nine in the evening. His bureau is an intellectual telephone central, where all the wires converge. If we had a new idea we should never dream of inviting the co-operation of a government official. In Germany all new ideas are submitted to official sanction, and vital ideas are not often rejected.

The German professor receives his inspiration largely from the Minister of Culture. His position is curiously hybrid. He is part of the bureaucratic system, yet intellectually independent. Those who direct affairs at the Ministry are hidden from public sight. The professor, however, as the Man Higher Up explained to me, stands between them and the world. The modern German professor has nothing in common with the type made familiar to all through the *Fliegende Blätter.* He is a practical man, alive to the call of the age. There is nothing of the academic fossil about him. He is human, ambitious, and often a man of brilliant intellectual attainment. We labor under the impression that his remuneration is scant. We certainly underpay our professors. The income of the German professor I understand to be princely compared with that of his American compeer. In addition to his salary he receives a certain tithe from the students attending his lectures. Popular lecturers are known thus to have increased their stipends by from forty to fifty thousand marks in a single year. They are officers in that army of culture of which the *Kultusminister* is the commander-in-chief.

Not far from the *Kultusministerium* we find the Foreign Office. The cluster of buildings harboring this department may fitly be likened to the brain in the anatomy of the State. Here are conceived the political scores which, through the joint instrumentation of the Kaiser and his advisers, have made Germany the bandmaster in the Concert of Nations. It is not often that a false note is sounded. German diplomacy frequently combines, with the genius of Richard Strauss, apparent dissonances into harmonies effective and startling. I have stated before that, in the opinion of the superwise, the Emperor's interview in the London *Telegraph* was a brilliant stroke of diplomacy to be justified by future events. At the same time there seems no doubt that bungling was not absent from the matter. The fact in the case is that the fateful manuscript was slipped by mistake into the wrong portfolio. Some one was careless, one cog was out of place, and the whole machinery came apparently to a standstill. Not because it was poorly organized, but because it was so

splendidly organized. In such an exquisite machine the slightest break is fatal.

THE Foreign Office is almost rustic in its trappings. The sofas and carpets in the reception-room are positively shabby. No one who has ever seen the inside of the Foreign Office can maintain that Germany is not economical. A dentist's waiting-room is Oriental in luxury by comparison. Still there is a certain charm in imagining that perhaps it was the ashes from Bismarck's pipe that burned this hole in the carpet; that his Titanic back rubbed the bloom from that couch. No stenographer is employed in the political department. Never is the homely click of the typewriter heard! In Downing street the secretaries dictate their letters into the ear of the phonograph; in the Wilhelmstrasse high officials themselves write their letters out in long hand. Secrecy is bought at the cost of convenience. Quarters are crowded. Of comfort, of elegance, no trace. I feel that I could not work in such a place unless I were at least a privy councilor, If I were, surroundings wouldn't matter. I wouldn't lose my self-respect even in the humblest abode, supplied by a parsimonious government, because, after all, I would myself be part of that government.

I wonder if such considerations account for the German system of titles? There is to us something funny in calling everybody by his bureaucratic title, because we are ignorant of the economic, ethical, æsthetic and social function of the thing. The *Geheimrat,* or Privy Councilor, and his varieties, people half the fashionable streets of Berlin. He is easily recognizable by his long frock coat and the distinction with which he carries a portfolio under his arm. Some privy councilors are apparently purely imaginary creatures. For a distinction seems to be made between "real" and "unreal" privy councilors. The former, the *"wirkliche,"* has entered the bureaucratic heaven; the mere privy councilor, like a soul unborn, hovers in the titular limbo. "eal" privy councilors are addressed "Your Excellency," a title also bestowed upon high military officials, Ambassadors and Ministers. Rectors of universities and burgomasters of sovereign cities are called "Your Magnificence."

Even outside the sphere of bureaucracy bureaucratic customs prevail. Social life is impregnated with its spirit. In addressing a person, you label him. The night watchman is Mr. Night Watchman. His wife is referred to as Mrs. Night Watchman. A colonel's wife is Mrs. Colonel. A doctor's wife, Mrs. Doctor, although ladies who have earned the title object to its use by females not so distinguished. The title, it seems, establishes a communion between husband and wife which even divorce cannot sever. I know of a lady who, when she parted from her husband, was Mrs. Lieutenant. When the rank of colonel was accorded to him she rose to the occasion. And I have at this moment in my possession her visiting card with the legend. "Mrs. General, Excellency."

It's rather hard at first to kowtow symbolically every time you open your mouth if you are a titleless stranger. Which reminds me of the young American who registed as Elector of New York, was received everywhere like a prince. My father happens to be president of various societies; he was introduced consequently to a lot of excellencies as "Mr. President." He never got rid of the title. I am vice-president of a publishing company, and I have firmly made up my mind to adopt that title the next time I travel abroad. The porter will make innumerable genuflections as I enter the hotel, and there will be an awesome catch in the chambermaid's voice as she brings me the coffee.

BESIDES, as I have said, the subject has a distinctly economic aspect. Germany pays her officials better than we do. But she cannot afford to pay them nearly enough, considering that her most brilliant men enter her service. In fact, money alone could not pay them. And, being an economical lady, she compensates them with titles and decorations. It is cheaper to endow an official with a high title than to double his salary. The title, more than any amount of money, determines his social pre-eminence. If he be a poor man, no one expects lavish entertainments of him. The millionaire gladly trots up four flights to the humble dwelling of the Herr Geheimrat. And a cup of tea prepared in His Excellency's kitchen goes to the head of the social climber like *Asti Spumanti.* When a German officer in moderate circumstances invites you to dinner, he doesn't attempt to show off. His rank insures his social standing; he need not buy your respect with truffles or cannonade the castle of caste with a battery of champagne pops. These explanations were given me by a Minister of State whose hnorable poverty exemplified the beauty of the system he expounded.

The bearer of a distinguished title will try to live up to that title. His social privileges entail social duties. German officers are not allowed to go out in civilian garb. The uniform alone affords moral protection. Places of evil association are barred to them. Their identity can be ascertained at a glance. Like the Alderman in a small town, they've got to be good. And there is always a stimulus in the hope of promotion: special merit receives special and visible recognition. We reward our millionaire philanthropists by cracking jokes at their expense. The comic press is their Hall of Fame. I am sure the fear of ridicule has tightened the purse-strings of many a bashful Carnegie. That is one of the reasons why I, at any rate, have never founded a museum.

The public is a doubting Thomas, and reputation in art and science is an indeterminable factor. A title, a decoration, assays a man's worth. American society is afraid to receive the artist, and ignores the scholar. Germany lends the title of "professor" to distinguished artists, and, of course, to distinguished scientists. That is their passport. Great artists may dispense with it. Men of Menzel's stamp need no passport beyond that of genius. Still their path is made smoother thereby. They are in less danger of being snubbed by inferiors. And, of course, in Germany, a title is a thing of very substantial value. A man who assumes a title he has not earned is a thief, and is punished accordingly. Professors of pedicure and clairvoyance are unknown in Berlin. Titles, while ungrudgingly given to those who have a right to them, are sternly denied to fakirs.

We may regard inherited titles as absurd, but titles earned by service are certainly sensible—one may even say, democratic. It's the one chance of the burgher to get even with the nobility. While the system establishes a differential social tariff it creates no obstacle that cannot be overcome by merit. And as the soldier's uniform lends patches of color to the street, the titles devised by bureaucracy brighten the salon. I don't blame our heiresses for wanting to marry men of position and title. A simple baron sheds some lustre on social functions, and it is incredible what sparkle the presence of an Excellency lends to a lady's "At Home."

ART AND CLAIRVOYANCE

The power of clairvoyance has replaced the faith boosted by St. Paul as "the evidence of things not seen." It is comparatively easy to obtain the inner sight. The mistake which has been made is that people have expected to see the material world with their astral eyes; and this cannot be done unless the astral body is rematerialized, that is to say, brought back to the same plane as it started from. If you want to find out what is happening elsewhere you have first to form the astral body and travel in it to that place. When you are there you must find sufficient material to build a physical body. This being done, you can see very nearly as if you had traveled there in the body. Then by reversing the process you come back to your own body with the information desired. It cannot be too clearly understood that the astral world is a place with laws of its own just as regular as those pertaining to what we call the material world. In reality one is just as material as the other. There is merely a difference in the quality of the material. We cannot say, therefore, that the color and form perceived by the clairvoyant is really identical in its nature with that perceived by the physical eye. Yet there is a certain analogy or similarity; and there is no particular reason why the astral world should not be represented plastically. Attempts to do this have been made by clairvoyants from the beginning of history. The most successful have on the whole been of purely hieroglyphic or symbolic characters. Geometrical patterns and sacred words and numbers have been used by the best seers to represent—perhaps not exactly what has been seen, but the truth of what has been seen. Attempts to make a direct representation have not been successful, but the reason for this has not been the impossibility of the task. It has not been the lack of good clairvoyants; it has been the lack of good artists. We cannot say that there is any actual incompatibility between the two powers. In fact, the greatest artists have nearly always possessed a touch of mysticism. One might even go so far as to say that even art itself is of a mystic character, since even the most realistic of painters transmutes the physical facts before his eyes into a truth of beauty. A good picture is always a picture of more than the model.

In the exhibition held last month by Mr. Engers Kennedy, we have a very definite attempt to portray that which is seen by the spiritual sight, and the result may be described as extremely successful because the artist is a good artist. These pictures can be looked at with pleasure from the purely aesthetic standpoint. There is no ad captandum effort to interest people in the subject of the picture. They stand on their own merits as pictures. But it would be useless to deny that a supreme interest is superadded by the representation of the character or mood of the sitter by the simple means of using the symbolic colors and forms perceived by the spiritual eye as background. We need not go in detail into the nature of the method employed. These pictures must be seen to be appreciated at their full value. But it is certainly possible to predict a great vogue for these portraits. Everyone must naturally wish a representation in permanent form of their inner as well as their outer body.

BARNARD'S LINCOLN UNVISITED

By a Friend of Rodin's Balzac and Epstein's Oscar Wilde.

I have been deplorably ignorant of George Gray Barnard. I had been asking myself whether any good thing would come out of America. But when I noticed the most vicious, malignant, ill-informed attacks upon him by persons ranging from the utterly obscure and ridiculous to those who ought to have known better, I thought it was time to look into the matter.

The criticisms of Mr. Barnard's Lincoln betray the most senseless and vindictive malice. Some of them are so imbecile that they condemn themselves. One does not need to know the statue to know that some at least of its critics are beneath contempt.

One remarks "why give Lincoln big feet? By actual measure they were only three inches longer than the ordinary foot." ! ! ! Mr. Barnard (if appealed to on the point) might possibly reply that Lincoln's feet were big because he trod the earth. The truth is that American idealists want Lincoln to look like a cross between Jesus Christ and Evelyn Thaw. It is very unfortunate that Mr. Barnard should have missed this point of view; but he looks very much like William Blake, and apparently has an equally striking similarity in the matter of his thought. It is certainly almost incredible that such a statue as "the struggle of the two natures in man" should have come from America. There is in this heroic group something of what I call "the true American quality." That is the quality of the pioneer, the man who is up against nature and determined to impose his will upon it, the man of ideals painfully stern and impracticable, it may be, but worthy of respect in a certain sense even for that fantastic quailty.

Lincoln himself was just such an American. But the spirit of Lincoln is as dead as mutton in an age when the Declaration of Independence can be considered a treasonable document. Commercialism has strangled the beauty of everything, even of vice; and *pari passu* the slime of the Sunday School is smeared over all American thought. I have not seen Mr. Barnard's Lincoln, but I can well believe that it is Lincoln as he was, and is, and shall be, body and soul.

A RIDDLE.

By Aleister Crowley.

How came it that you veiled your naked splendor
In flesh so amber rich, so amber rare,
Hilarion? For aethyr, fire, and air,
No grosser elements, in sage surrender
Woven, conspired to clothe thee, lithe and tender,
Supple and passionate, a web of air
Through which the essential glory flames so fair
That—O, my soul, thou canst not comprehend her!

Was it that only so this soul might pass
Beyond its bonds? That in the wizard's glass
Creation, it might learn to look upon
The face of its creator, eye to eye,
—For he that gazeth upon God shall die—
I see thee, and I live, Hilarion!

THE PLAINT OF EVE

Dedicated to All Valiant Women Endungeoned

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

When this poem was first written it seemed to me somewhat pale and academic, but recent events in Washington and in New York have given it a new birth and a new life. Originally this poem was dedicated to a woman of great gifts who is now engaged in driving an ambulaice in France. I re-dedicate it today to the brave women who are battling to make America safe for Democracy.

"Man's mate was I in Paradise,
Since of the fruit we twain did eat,
Through the slow toiling days his slave.
Because I asked for truth, God gave
All the world's anguish and the grave.
But, being merciful and wise,
He bade His angel bathe mine eyes
With the salt dew of sorrow. Sweet
Had been the dew of Paradise."

Yet through the immemorial years,
Has she not healed us with her tears?

"Albeit upon my lips I wore
A smile, my heart was ever sore.
Because I heard the Serpent hiss,
Therefore I suffered patiently.
But now I pray for bread, and ye
Give me a stone or worse—a kiss."

Shall not the stone rebound on us?
Shall not the kiss prove venomous?

"No expiation dearly won,
Can turn the ancient loss to gain,
The Son of Man was Mary's Son . . .
Have I not borne the child in pain?
My sighs were mingled with His breaths!
Yet, though I died a thousand deaths,
A thousand times a thousandfold,
With Him, my babe, upon the Cross,
My bloody sweats are never told,
And still the world's gain is my loss."

Has she not suffered, has not died,
With every creature crucified?

"The hallowed light of Mary's eyes
Within my bosom never dies.
The learned Faust, for all his pride,
Was saved by Gretchen—glorified—
To God, his master, thrice denied.
Love's smallest holy offices
When have I shirked them, even these?
From the grey dawn when time began
To the Crimean battle-field,
By every wounded soldier's side
With cool and soothing hand I kneeled."

She is the good Samaritan
Upon life's every battle-field.

"The secret book of Beauty was
Unlocked through me to Phidias.
Petrarcha's dream and Raphael's,
Rossetti's blessèd damozels,
And all men's visions live in me.
The shadow queens of Maeterlinck,
Clothed with my soft flesh, cross the brink
Of utter unreality.
Rautendelein and Juliet,
Who shall their wistful smile forget?
The leader of my bovish band
I rule in Neverneverland."

Hers is the sweetest voice in France,
And hers the sob that like a lance
Has pierced the heart of Italy.

"With stylus, brush and angelot,
I seize life's pulses, fierce and hot.
In Greece, a suzerain of song,
The swallow was my singing mate,
My lyric sisters still prolong
My strain more strange than sea or fate.
Though Shakespeare's sonnets, sweet as wine,
Were not more 'sugared' than were mine,
Ye who with myrtle crown my brow,
Withhold the laurel even now."

The world's intolesable scorn
Still falls to every woman born.

"Strong to inspire, strong to please,
My love was unto Pericles;
The Corsican, the demigod
Whose feet upon the nation trod,
Shrunk from my wit as from a rod.
The number and its secret train
Eluded not my restless brain.
Beyond the ken of man I saw,
With Colon's eyes, America.
Into the heart of mystery,
Of light and earth I plunged, to me
The atom bared its perfect plot."

What gifts have we, that she has not?

"Ws I not lord of life and death
In Egypt an din Ninevah?
Clothed with Saint Stephen's majesty
My arm dealt justice mightily.
Men that beheld me caught their breath
With awe. I was Elizabeth
I was the Maid of God. Mine was
The sway of all the Russias.
What was my guerdon, mine to take?
A crown of slander, and the stake!"

How shall we comfort her, how ease
The pang of thousand centuries?

"Back from my aspiration hurled,
I was the harlot of the world.
The levelled walls of Troy confess
My devastating loveliness.
Upon my bosom burns the scar
Eternal as the sexes are.
I was Prince Borgia's concubine,
Phryne I was, and Messaline,
And Circe, who turned men to swine."

But shall they be forgotten, then,
Whom she has turned from swine to men?

"New creeds unto the world I gave,
But my own self I could not save.
For all mankind one Christ has sighed
Upon the Cross, but hourly
Is every woman crucified!
The iron stake of destiny
Is plunged into my living side.
To Him that died upon the Tree
Love held out trembling hands to lend
Its reverential ministry,
And then came Death, the kindest friend—
Shall my long road to Calvary,
And man's injustice, have no end?"

O sons of mothers, shall the pain
Of all child-bearing be in vain?
Shall we drive nails, to wound her thus,
Into the hands that fondled us?

AUGUSTE RODIN.

Just ten years ago, Mr. Aleister Crowley published a chaplet of verse which accompanied seven lithographs of Clot from the water-colors of Auguste Rodin. The book created somewhat of a sensation in England and France. We reprint Mr. Crowley's poem to Rodin, together with an excellent translation by Marcel Schwob. Also Mr. Rodin's letter to Mr. Crowley,—a poem in prose.
J. B. R.

182, Rue de L'Université.

Mon Cher Crowley,

Vos poésies ont cette fleur violente, ce bon sens, et cette ironie qui en soit inattendue.

C'est d'un charme puissant et cela ressemble a une attaque bienfaisante.

Votre poésie est donc violente, et me plait par ce côté aussi.

Je suis honoré que vous m'ayiez pris mes dessins et ainsi honoré dans votre livre.

Votre, AUG. RODIN.

RODIN.

Un homme.—Spectacle de l'Univers,
L'Oeuvre se dresse et affronte la Nature: perception et mélange,
Au seul centre silencieux d'une âme magistrale
De la Force égytienne, de la simplicité grecque
De la Subtilité celte.—Liberé par la souffrance
Le grande courage calme de l'Art Futur, raffiné
En sa nerveuse majesté, glisse, profond,
Sous la beauté de chaque rayon d'harmonie.

Titan! Les Siècles amoindris s'enfoncent,
S'enfoncent à l'horizon des contemplations. Debout, et lève
D'un ferme poing la coupe supreme, le Zodiaque!
Là écume son vin—essence de l'Art Eternal—la Verité!
Bois bois, à la toute puissante santé, au Temps rajeuni!
—Salut, Auguste Rodin! Vous êtes un homme!

Traduit par Marcel Schwob.
Paris, Février, 1903.

RODIN.

Here is a man! For all the world to see
His work stands, shaming Nature. Clutched, combined
In the sole still centre of a master-mind,
The Egyptian force, the Greek simplicity,
The Celtic subtlety. Through suffering free,
The calm great courage of new art, refined
In nervous majesty, indwells behind
The beauty of each radiant harmony.

Titan! the little centuries drop back,
Back from the contemplation. Stand and span
With one great grip his cup, the Zodiac!
Distil from all time's art his wine, the truth!
Drink, drink the mighty health—an age's youth—
Salut, Auguste Rodin! Here is a man.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

Dear Yvonne,

One hardly knows where to begin when it comes to discuss the musical doings of the past month—so many excellent concerts! And frequently it happened that two magnificent programs have been offered on the same afternoon and one has simply suffered agonies of mind in making a decision between the two—such enjoyable orchestral offerings by the New York Symphony, Philharmonic, and Boston Symphony, at the first concert of the New York Symphony given at Carnegie Hall. The atmosphere was much disturbed by the never-ending procession passing the hall; and one couldn't help feeling that a brass band playing "Over There" and a Symphony Orchestra trying to do justice to a Beethoven Symphony clashed in a most horrible way—and naturally one's sympathies were with Beethoven—also with Bach—for whilst Harold Bauer gave an exceedingly fine rendering of the Piano Concerto in D minor—the strains of "Good-by Broadway, Hello France" (from without) made one want to scream. At a later concert Mr. Damrosch featured a very interesting symphony by the veteran composer Dubois (who has just enjoyed his eightieth birthday) absolutely French in character. The Marseillaise was cleverly introduced into the last movement and made a stirring climax.

It was good to find that the "Star-Spangled Banner" friction existed only in the press—and interesting to find that Dr. Muck's genius almost succeeded in turning into a classic—by a very clever and unique orchestration which gave quite a Wagnerian effect. What a wonderful conductor he is! Surely one of the greatest. His magnetism seems to bring the best out of every member of his orchestra—and what a marvelous result—who can ever forget his memorable rendering of Beethoven's 5th symphony at the matinée concert? Who has ever heard such pianissimos from an orchestra?

One was also struck by the splendid discipline in his orchestra—a quiet dignity and earnest—such as is exemplified in their conductor—and one couldn't help contrasting the go as you please attitude of the New York Symphony men—many of whom gaze about bowing and smiling to their friends in the audience. Even during a symphony—whilst counting their bars rest.—This is particularly noticeable amongst the first violins, and might well be called to Mr. Damrosch's attention.

The Letz Quartette, successor to the famous Kneisels—gave a delightful rendering of Beethoven's F minor Quartette—also Leo Weiner's interesting string quartette. This clever young Hungarian has also written for orchestra—and much more must be heard from him. The Letz ensemble is not quite

what it should be yet owing to the rearrangement of the quartette, but one feels that in a very short while these four excellent artists will leave nothing to be desired.

The Flonzaleys will play quartettes of Mozart, Dohnany and Hydn on November 27th with their new viola, Louis Bailly—and the Societé des Instruments Anciens, which gave such delightful concerts last season, just arrived from France, will play on November 24th. Of the many song recitals of the month few bear remembering. Evan Williams' recital was a ceritable treat—also Rothier gave much pleasure; but why did Graveure not give us a more varied program? With all deference to Bryce-Trehearne, one group would have sufficed. Mona Honeseu sang with a deal of charm; Christine Miller, Edith Jeanne and Mary Jordan also gave recitals.

Fritz Kreisler was in wonderful form on October 28th at Carnegie Hall, and played Tartini's Sonata in G minor magnificently. A marvelous man—he has put even Pittsburgh on the map—of abject infamy. Jascha Heifetz, the 18-year-old Russian, has already arrived and is a complete master of the violin—has much poise and dignity, truly remarkable at his age. His playing created a furore on October 27th, and one looks forward to his next recital, December 1st. His appearance with the New York Symphony was a little disappointing in so much as the Brusch D minor concerto didn't give sufficient opportunity for his exceptional powers. Elman played the Beethoven concerts very beautifully, and has, one is glad to say, lost most of his mannerisms. That wonderful young pianist, Misha Levitzki, played superbly before a very distinguished audience at his recital, many famous artists being present, and again proved himself to be amongst the great pianists of the day. His calm indifference when his chair broke during the appassionata (which he played magnificently) caused much comment.

And what shall be said of the beautiful and instructive program given by Joseph Bonnet, the distinguished organ virtuoso (who is on leave from the French army) at his first organ recital devoted to the forerunners of Johann Sebastian Bach, illustrating the history of organ music from the earliest composers to the present time. The second recital was devoted to Bach; and one looks forward with no small degree of interest to the remaining recitals of this great artist, of which I shall say more in my next letter.

Ever yours,
HAUT BOY.

DRAMA AS SHE IS PLAYED

In "My Lady's Dress," Edward Knoblauch created a new character for the theatre. He was the man dressmaker, the exquisite, whose refined cruelty and tastes brought him success and in the end disaster. With great skill Knoblauch revealed the man's feline qualities, his vanity, his hardness, his practical devotion to business and even his charm. Now we have a different kind of man dressmaker on the stage. He appears in "Lombardi, Ltd.", the "any time you say so." Needless to say, in Lombardi, the latest stage man dressmaker, is very kind, sweet, very good but not very interesting. He is so full of self-sacrifice and piety that one's heart goes out to his traducers. Indeed his sweetheart, whom he refuses to kiss (so pure is he) is really the tragic figure in the play. Naturally she runs away with another man without the formality of a wedding certificate. Furthermore, as she explains, she will never get married. Lombardi's goodness had runined the poor child. The most amusing character in the play is the innocent little mannequin who insists that Lombardi seduce her. She had been told, she explains, that it was impossible to remain virtuous and be a mannequin at the same time. "I am ready to be ruined," she tells the astonished Lombardi, being risky. Every character in the play is thoroughbardi's shop the poor working girl is safe. I am inclined to believe that in real life Lombardies do exist in greater quantities than the kind of dressmaker depicted by Mr. Knoblauch. That accounts for the dullness of life, for the pleasure "My Lady's Dress" gave everyone.

It was a very great relief to witness the "Gay Lord Quex." I always thought the play a good one; an excellent portrayal of the manners of the period. Pinero was a very shallow person. He never got over that stage of boyhood when a night at the Empire represents fascinating wickedness. But just for that reason he got a capital grasp of what average people in England really think. The clever people that think Shaw so wonderful do not realize that his characters might possibly exist in the moon, but have nothing to do with life on this particular grain of dust.

The play was well enough acted; though, of course, Americans can never give the tone of English society. John Drew came nearest to success, though perhaps he was aided by a strong personal resemblance to a well known Welsh aristocrat. Valma was played extremely well, and Margaret Illington was very good indeed in what I think is one of the most difficult woman's parts ever written. She was certainly far from successful if she wished to make the part sympathetic, and indeed I think it never could be altogether so. But the quality of her acting was certainly extremely fine. The famous bedroom scene could not have been better played. Muriel Eden was particularly charming, with the largest and most fascinating mouth ever seen on any stage. The part of Sir Chichester Frayne was very cleverly played; exactly the right foil to Quex. The Duchess was an American Duchess.

"What is Your Husband Doing," is a marvelous farce. It is marvelous because it is funny without being risky Every character in the play is thoroughly respectable and yet contrives to be intensely amusing. It is a genuinely American farce, borrowing neither from Paris nor from Berlin nor yet from London. Boston would call it "in good taste"; Chicago, "dainty"; San Francisco, "clean cut." We call it good comedy. May George V. Hobart never write a worse piece.

THE HISTORY OF THE BELGIAN PEOPLE.

FROM THE FIRST AUTHENTIC ANNAL TO THE PRESENT TIME.

The International Historical Society.

The late Lord Salisbury, on one celebrated occasion, lamented that the task of a statesman in a democracy was made almost impossible by the fact that people did not read history. But after all, do you know, it was rather hard luck on the people! History was always written with portentous dullness, and it was printed in folios or quartos, each volume of which weighed about 3.785 metric tons. Even an enthusiast could hardly be expected to wade through this kind of book. It was too much like digging. In fact it was very often like digging for gold in a place where there wasn't any.

But there is no reason in nature why history should be dull; and certainly none why it should be presented in steam-roller form. History deals with realities, the lives of actual people; and it is reality alone in which we are fundamentally interested. We have now discovered that fairy stories appeal to us only because they sound symbolically the hidden depths of our vita sexualis. We accept stories in so so far as we are genuinely touched by them, and where a historical basis helps our conviction of reality, we get one of the highest forms of fiction, the historical novel. There is, however, a counterpart to the plan of buttressing fiction by history; and that is to write history with imagination. Everyone knows how dreadful a sense of unreality is created by the perusal of Blue Books. It is much better to clothe facts with insight, style, and even a touch of romance. Our ancestors certainly possessed skeletons; but they did not walk about without flesh and blood to cover them.

There is, therefore, every reason to rejoice when a history appears which satisfies these conditions and in addition is presented in a readable form. This volume now under review will go conveniently into a pocket. Yet the type is excellently clear, and large enough to enable even very weak eyes to read without strain. The binding is extremely ornamental and artistic, entirely suited to the character of the works.

This "History of the Belgian People" is uniform with the excellent series of volumes of the "History of the German People." It is a book of extraordinary value at the present moment when Belgium is once more a point of shock between opposing economic currents. Man is determined in his actions by his antecedents. The Belgian people did not descend suddenly from heaven. Their conditions are determined altogether by their history. We cannot understand why a man performs so simple an action as eating unless we go right back through evolution to the nutrition of protoplasm; and the attitude of Belgium in the present war can only be understood by going back to the first origins, and considering how climatic and geographical conditions determined the trend of religious, political and economic forces. In a period like the present when sanity of standpoint, breadth and completeness of view, and probity of judgment are so necessary to combat the hysterical arguments which are so prevalent on both sides of the present conflict, it is of the utmost importance that everyone should grasp the WHY of Belgium. A. C.

THE AMERICANS.

By Professor Hugo Münsterberg.

It is with a somewhat sardonic smile that one reflects upon the fact presented by the existence of this book. It is not the Englishman fho stretches "hands across the sea" and portrays the character and destiny of his greatly beloved cousin. It is a Prussian who gives America a patient and sympathetic understanding and elaborate study. It is difficult for an Englishman even to do so much as to read a book of this kind. I am acquainted with a number of distinguished Englishmen at the present resident in these States; and from no one of them have I ever heard a single good word for America. One went so far as to say that the sole pleasure of Englishmen in this country was to get together and abuse it. I have heard it said by one of them that the strongest passion of his lifetime of strong passions has been hatred or rather loathing for America, that this passion eats up the soul, destroys the memory of all other things and with such violence that the body itself in turn becomes sick. I have heard one master of language say that he is being irritated beyond all measure hourly by the impossibility of finding any words to express the intensity of his disgust. Yet it is to England that America innocently looks for friendship and alliance! It is against Germany that she fulminates every day in her (very-largely-English-owned) press. It is really painful to read Professor Münsterberg's book at the present juncture. He is abominably fair. Even the most glaring abuses of America, abuses which are admitted by all its own citizens he refuses to condemn. He always finds a psychological reason to explain the apparent wrong, on fundamental gounds which are in themselves profoundly and beautifully right. Similarly, in what seem to the ordinary observer to be blank spots in American culture, art, literature, pure science, and philosophy, Professor Münsterberg finds achievement even as well as promise. He must have been devoured by passionate love for the people among whom he lived and worked. One cannot say much for the quality of the gratitude displayed in return, but I feel, however, that Professor Münsterberg himself were he alive would say that this ingratitude did not matter, that his book would remain a classical investigation of American conditions, and that its influence would ultimately lead to a true assimilation between the American and Teutonic temperaments. One might say, if one wished to be epigrammatic, that the Germans are all brains and the Americans all nerves. There is surely something wrong with the world when these two organs of a microcosm are in apparent conflict. In fact, one cannot believe that it is so. The more one studies the matter from a philosophical standpoint, the more certain it becomes that the present breach of the peace is an artificial and fictitious lesion, a quarrel which does not represent even for a single moment the truth of the matter. It is unnecessary to dilate further upon the extraordinary thoroughness of Professor Münsterberg's great work. The depth of insight displayed is only what one would expect from one of the greatest psychologists of his period. The thoroughness is characteristically German. But the point of view is more than German: it is human.

THE TERROR.

By Arthur Machen.
McBride, New York.

I have always maintained that Arthur Machen was one of the most original and excellent minds of England. The distinction of his thought and style is one of the most unmistakable of contemporary literary phenomena. He failed somewhat to come to his full stature because of an unfortunate obsession. His reverence for antiquity is so great that he has been compelled to follow the great masters in what I may call the framework of their art. Thus he began by telling Stevenson stories, and he was obliged to give them Stevenson's sections, so that "The Three Impostors" reads like a new episode of "The Dynamiter." In particular, "Miss Leicester" or "Miss Lally" makes a very fair duplicate of Stevenson's one successful attempt to portray a woman. I was rather sorry to see Mr. Machen adventure himself in the province of scientific romance. It was only too clear that he would adopt the manner of Mr. H. G. Wells. However, his distinction has saved him from too margarine an effect. One is able to say with clear conscience that this is an excellent story, admirably written.

At the same time, one must say that this is not at all the time to have written it. The story is grossly seditious and openly pro-German. Mr. Machen, as his name implies, is, of course, himself a pure German. It is impossible to understand the stupidity of the British authorities in not having him interned, or indeed executed. It will be remembered that he furnished the basis for the fable of the "Angels of Mons," which did so much to discourage recruiting in the early days of the war. This book is equally pernicious. The catastrophe is caused, according to him, by the fact of the animals having lost their fear of and respect for man, owing to the wickedness of man, the abdication of his human sovereignty. Now, Mr. Machen caused his catastrophe to take place in England. His characters blame the wicked Germans for everything that happened when it is really their own fault. That Satanic Teutonic subtlety! Mr. Machen's book elaborates this thesis. "In England, men have become the equivalent of beasts. In Germany, however, there are no troubles of any kind. Germany has not lost its moral superiority to the lower animals."

We are unfortunately not in possession of the checks which must have been paid to Mr. Machen by the Huns, but it is not a case where one needs to wait for further evidence. He should be shot at sunrise and no more ado about it.—C. M. (of the Supervigilantes).

PORTRAIT OF A JACKAL.

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

For love of ease he plays the knave;
He spits upon his father's grave.
Yea, for his masters' sport his tongue
Befouls the race from which he sprung,
While eager, oily, smooth and kempt,
He eats the crumbs of their contempt.
A beggar, lacking love and art,
He sells his malice on the mart;
He casts a eunuch's jaundiced eyes
Upon the Prophet's Paradise,
And when his country calls for men,
Can only give a—poison pen.
His brave words hide a slacker's heart,
Informer, sneak, he chose his part,
A jackal—ever on the run—
Save when the odds are ten to one!

DEMOCRACY IN IRELAND SINCE 1913.

This small pamphlet is without publishers' or printers' marks. It contains an account of the murder of Francis Sheehy Skeffington, with an article written by Mr. Skeffington, reprinted from the "Century Magazine." The murder of Mr. Skeffington was, as some statesman or other once said: "Much worse than a crime, it was a blunder." The murder of Mr. Thomas Ashe comes under the same category. In fact, it is always difficult to blame the authors of such atrocities. Naturally enough, they always occur in circumstances where clear reason and common sense are inhibited. These incidents must therefore be classed in a sense as accidents, and moral indignation is really a somewhat primitive reaction.

It is absurd to class Captain Bowen-Colthurst as a monster and a villian. He was simply an officer who completely lost his nerve. At the same time, one cannot expect the man in the street to take this philosophical view of what on the surface is certainly a most infamous outrage, an abomination almost unbelievable; and we must not be surprised that the Irish crudely determine to do away with the entire system which makes such things possible. The real cure does not lie in any political readjustment; a complete advance in civilization is necessary. Cool reason and common sense and presence of mind must become normal to the race. The Irish Republican will reply that that is quite true, and that these qualities will develop best when Ireland is free. It is hard to reply to this contention. But it is equally clear that Ireland will have been freed in vain, if the qualities of cool reason, etc., are not thereby developed. Ireland must cease to be the enemy of England the moment England has ceased to show herself the enemy of Ireland. A. C.

MORE WAR POETRY

Old England is our kind and true ally.
Teacher says not to remember the books
About all the battles in days gone by,
For you can't think how bad it all looks.
And if I see an Englishman without demur,
I will smile at him and be careful to Say "Sir."

HERBERT J. WILCOX (*Aged* 14)

Woodrow Wilson and The World's Peace.
By George D. Herron.

New York
Mitchell Kennerley.

Mr. Herron seems to be rather an opportunist than a Socialist. A. C.

The Laws of Health and Prosperity and How to Apply Them.
By Clara Chamberlain McLean.
Published by
The Elizabeth Towne Co., Inc.
Holyoke. Mass.

L. N. Fowler Co.
7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus.
London. E. C.

1917.
Incoherent gush. Therion.

The Dead Have Never Died.
By Edward C. Randall.
New York Alfred A. Knopf 1917

Better written than most of the twaddle on spiritualism, but just as twaddly. Therion.