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THE INTERNATIONAL

GLINTS OF AN OCTOBER OPAL.

I have such a swelled head over the excellence of this number that I am afraid to talk about it. Remember what happened to King Nebuchadnezzar and King Herod?

However, my birthday is in October, so I hope every reader of this number who has not already subscribed for a year will do so. It's worth it. We shall not let the standard down.

The November number will be perfectly wonderful.

There's one of the best of the Simon Iff stories—a tale of a bank robbery. I'm not sure that it isn't the most exciting of the whole series. It certainly has got action—ever see a Battery Mule in a panic?

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We have, too, a startling article on Shakespeare by Dr. Louis Wilkinson—Shakespeare as Rebel, Aristocrat and Pessimist.

And we have the concluding section of the Revival of Magick—with more to follow.

And we have quite a number of other good things—and the trouble is that we don't want to announce them, because it is so hard to decide to hold any one of them over.

Now do help us to increase the size of this magazine to forty-eight pages. There isn't another International in the world, and there

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THE INTERNATIONAL

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VOL. XI. NO. 10.

OCTOBER, 1917

PRICE 15 CENTS

COCAINE

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY.

"There is a happy land, far, far, away."

Hymn.

[We disagree with our gifted contributing editor on some points, but nevertheless we regard this article as one of the most important studies of the deleterious effects of a drug that, according to police statistics, is beginning to be a serious menace to our youth.—Ed.]

I.

Of all the Graces that cluster about the throne of Venus the most timid and elusive is that maiden whom mortals call Happiness. None is so eagerly pursued; none is so hard to win. Indeed, only the saints and martyrs, unknown usually to their fellow-men, have made her theirs; and they have attained her by burning out the Ego-sense in themselves with the white-hot steel of meditation, by dissolving themselves in that divine ocean of Consciousness whose foam is passionless and perfect bliss.

To others, Happiness only comes as by chance; when least sought, perhaps she is there. Seek, and ye shall not find; ask, and ye shall not receive; knock, and it shall not be opened unto you. Happiness is always a divine accident. It is not a definite quality; it is the bloom of circumstances. It is useless to mix its ingredients; the experiments in life which have produced it in the past may be repeated endlessly, and with infinite skill and variety—in vain.

It seems more than a fairy story that so metaphysical an entity should yet be producible in a moment by no means of wisdom, no formula of magic, but by a simple herb. The wisest man cannot add happiness to others, though they be dowered with youth, beauty, wealth, health, wit and love; the lowest blackguard shivering in rags, destitute, diseased, old, craven, stupid, a mere morass of envy, may have it with one swift-sucked breath. The thing is as paradoxical as life, as mystical as death.

Look at this shining heap of crystals! They are Hydrochloride of Cocaine. The geologist will think of mica; to me, the mountaineer, they are like those gleaming feathery flakes of snow, flowering mostly where rocks jut from the ice of crevassed glaciers. That wind and sun have kissed to ghostliness. To those who know not the great hills, they may suggest the snow that spangles trees with blossoms glittering and lucid. The kingdom of faery has such jewels. To him who tastes them in his nostrils—to their acolyte and slave—they must seem as if the dew of the breath

of some great demon of Immensity were frozen by the cold of space upon his beard.

For there was never any elixir so instant magic as cocaine. Give it to no matter whom. Choose me the last losel on the earth; let him suffer all the tortures of disease; take hope, take faith, take love away from him. Then look, see the back of that worn hand, its skin discolored and wrinkled, perhaps inflamed with agonizing eczema, perhaps putrid with some malignant sore. He places on it that shimmering snow, a few grains only, a little pile of starry dust. The wasted arm is slowly raised to the head that is little more than a skull; the feeble breath draws in that radiant powder. Now we must wait. One minute—perhaps five minutes.

Then happens the miracle of miracles, as sure as death, and yet as masterful as life; a thing more miraculous, because so sudden, so apart from the usual course of evolution. *Natura non facit saltum*—nature never makes a leap. True—therefore this miracle is a thing as it were against nature.

The melancholy vanishes; the eyes shine; the wan mouth smiles. Almost manly vigor returns, or seems to return. At least faith, hope and love throng very eagerly to the dance; all that was lost is found.

The man is happy.

To one the drug may bring liveliness, to another languor; to another creative force, to another tireless energy, to another glamor, and to yet another lust. But each in his way is happy. Think of it!—so simple and so transcendental! The man is happy!

I have traveled in every quarter of the globe; I have seen such wonders of Nature that my pen yet splutters when I try to tell them; I have seen many a miracle of the genius of man; but I have never seen a marvel like to this.

II.

Is there not a school of philosophers, cold and cynical, that accounts God to be a mocker? That thinks He takes His pleasure in contempt of the littleness of His creatures? They should base their theses on co-

caine! For here is bitterness, irony, cruelty ineffable. This gift of sudden and sure happiness is given but to tantalize. The story of Job holds no such acrid draught. What were more icy hate, fiend comedy than this, to offer such a boon, and add "This you must not take?" Could not we be left to brave the miseries of life, bad as they are, without this master pang, to know perfection of all joy within our reach, and the price of that joy a tenfold quickening of our anguish?

The happiness of cocaine is not passive or placid as that of beasts; it is self-conscious. It tells man what he is, and what he might be; it offers him the semblance of divinity, only that he may know himself a worm. It awakes discontent so acutely that never shall it sleep again. It creates hunger. Give cocaine to a man already wise, schooled to the world, morally forceful, a man of intelligence and self-control. If he be really master of himself, it will do him no harm. He will know it for a snare; he will beware of repeating such experiments as he may make; and the glimpse of his goal may possibly even spur him to its attainment by those means which God has appointed for His saints.

But give it to the clod, to the self-indulgent, to the blasé—to the average man, in a word—and he is lost. He says, and his logic is perfect; *This is what I want*. He knows not, neither can know, the true path; and the false path is the only one for him. There is cocaine at his need, and he takes it again and again. The contrast between his grub life and his butterfly life is too bitter for his unphilosophic soul to bear; he refuses to take the brimstone with the treacle.

And so he can no longer tolerate the moments of unhappiness; that is, of normal life; for he now so names it. The intervals between his indulgences diminish.

And alas! the power of the drug diminishes with fearful pace. The doses wax; the pleasures wane. Side-issues, invisible at first, arise; they are like devils with flaming pitchforks in their hands.

A single trial of the drug brings no noticeable reaction in a healthy man. He goes to bed in due season, sleeps well, and wakes fresh. South American Indians habitually chew this drug in its crude form, when upon the march, and accomplish prodigies, defying hunger, thirst, and fatigue. But they only use it in extremity; and long rest with ample food enables the body to rebuild its capital. Also, savages, unlike most dwellers in cities, have moral sense and force.

The same is true of the Chinese and Indians in their use of opium. Every one uses it, and only in the rarest cases does it become a vice. It is with them almost as tobacco is with us.

But to one who abuses cocaine for his pleasure nature soon speaks; and is not heard. The nerves weary of the constant stimulation; they need rest and food. There is a point at which the jaded horse no longer answers whip and spur. He stumbles, falls a quivering heap, gasps out his life.

So perishes the slave of cocaine. With every nerve clamoring, all he can do is to renew the lash of the poison. The pharmaceutical effect is over; the toxic effect accumulates. The nerves become insane. The victim begins to have hallucinations. "See! There is a grey cat in that chair. I said nothing, but it has been there all the time."

Or, there are rats. "I love to watch them running

up the curtains. Oh yes! I know they are not real rats. That's a real rat, though, on the floor. I nearly killed it that time. That is the original rat I saw; it's a real rat. I saw it first on my window-sill one night."

Such, quietly enough spoken, is mania. And soon the pleasure passes; is followed by its opposite, as Eros by Anteros.

"Oh no! they never come near me." A few days pass, and they are crawling on the skin, gnawing interminably and intolerably, loathsome and remorseless.

It is needless to picture the end, prolonged as this may be, for despite the baffling skill developed by the drug-lust, the insane condition hampers the patient, and often forced abstinence for a while goes far to appease the physical and mental symptoms. Then a new supply is procured, and with tenfold zest the maniac, taking the bit between his teeth, gallops to the black edge of death.

And before that death come all the torments of damnation. The time-sense is destroyed, so that an hour's abstinence may hold more horrors than a century of normal time-and-space-bound pain.

Psychologists little understand how the physiological cycle of life, and the normality of the brain, make existence petty both for good and ill. To realize it, fast for a day or two; see how life drags with a constant subconscious ache. With drug hunger, this effect is multiplied a thousandfold. Time itself is abolished; the real metaphysical eternal hell is actually present in the consciousness which has lost its limits without finding Him who is without limit.

III.

Much of this is well known; the dramatic sense has forced me to emphasize what is commonly understood, because of the height of the tragedy—or of the comedy, if one have that power of detachment from mankind which we attribute only to the greatest of men, to the Aristophanes, the Shakespeares, the Balzacs, the Rabelais, the Voltaires, the Byrons, that power which makes poets at one time pitiful of the woes of men, at another gleefully contemptuous of their discomfitures.

But I should wiselier have emphasized the fact that the very best men may use this drug, and many another, with benefit to themselves and to humanity. Even as the Indians of whom I spoke above, they will use it only to accomplish some work which they could not do without it. I instance Herbert Spencer, who took morphine daily, never exceeding an appointed dose. Wilkie Collins, too, overcame the agony of rheumatic gout with laudanum, and gave us masterpieces not surpassed.

Some went too far. Baudelaire crucified himself, mind and body, in his love for humanity; Verlaine became at last the slave where he had been so long the master. Francis Thompson killed himself with opium; so did Edgar Allen Poe. James Thomson did the same with alcohol. The cases of de Quincey and H. G. Ludlow are lesser, but similar, with laudanum and hashish, respectively. The great Paracelsus, who discovered hydrogen, zinc and opium, deliberately employed the excitement of alcohol, counterbalanced by violent physical exercise, to bring out the powers of his mind.

Coleridge did his best while under opium, and we owe the loss of the end of Kubla Khan to the in-

terruption of an importunate "man from Porlock," ever accursed in the history of the human race!

IV.

Consider the debt of mankind to opium. It is acquitted by the deaths of a few wastrels from its abuse?

For the importance of this paper is the discussion of the practical question: should drugs be accessible to the public?

Here I pause in order to beg the indulgence of the American people. I am obliged to take a standpoint at once startling and unpopular. I am compelled to utter certain terrible truths. I am in the unenviable position of one who asks others to shut their eyes to the particular that they may thereby visualize the general.

But I believe that in the matter of legislation America is proceeding in the main upon a totally false theory. I believe that constructive morality is better than repression. I believe that democracy, more than any other form of government, should trust the people, as it specifically pretends to do.

Now it seems to me better and bolder tactics to attack the opposite theory at its very strongest point.

It should be shown that not even in the most arguable case is a government justified in restricting use on account of abuse; or allowing justification, let us dispute about expediency.

So, to the bastion—should "habit-forming" drugs be accessible to the public?

The matter is of immediate interest; for the admitted failure of the Harrison Law has brought about a new proposal—one to make bad worse.

I will not here argue the grand thesis of liberty. Free men have long since decided it. Who will maintain that Christ's willing sacrifice of his life was immoral, because it robbed the State of a useful taxpayer?

No; a man's life is his own, and he has the right to destroy it as he will, unless he too egregiously intrude on the privileges of his neighbors.

But this is just the point. In modern times the whole community is one's neighbor, and one must not damage that. Very good; then there are pros and cons, and a balance to be struck.

In America the prohibition idea in all things is carried, mostly by hysterical newspapers, to a fanatical extreme. "Sensation at any cost by Sunday next" is the equivalent in most editorial rooms of the alleged German order to capture Calais. Hence the dangers of anything and everything are celebrated dithyrambically by the Corybants of the press, and the only remedy is prohibition. A shoots B with a revolver; remedy, the Sullivan law. In practice, this works well enough; for the law is not enforced against the householder who keeps a revolver for his protection, but is a handy weapon against the gangster, and saves the police the trouble of proving felonious intent.

But it is the idea that was wrong. Recently a man shot his family and himself with a rifle fitted with a Maxim silencer. Remedy, a bill to prohibit Maxim silencers! No perception that, if the man had not had a weapon at all, he would have strangled his family with his hands.

American reformers seem to have no idea, at any time or in any connection, that the only remedy for wrong is right; that moral education, self-con-

trol, good manners, will save the world; and that legislation is not merely a broken reed, but a suffocating vapor. Further, an excess of legislation defeats its own ends. It makes the whole population criminals, and turns them all into policemen and police spies. The moral health of such a people is ruined for ever; only revolution can save it.

Now in America the Harrison law makes it theoretically impossible for the layman, difficult even for the physician, to obtain "narcotic drugs." But every other Chinese laundry is a distributing centre for cocaine, morphia, and heroin. Negroes and street peddlers also do a roaring trade. Some people figure that one in every five persons in Manhattan is addicted to one or other of these drugs. I can hardly believe this estimate, though the craving for amusement is maniacal among this people who have so little care for art, literature, or music, who have, in short, none of the resources that the folk of other nations, in their own cultivated minds, possess.

V.

It was a very weary person, that hot Summer afternoon in 1909, who tramped into Logroño. Even the river seemed too lazy to flow, and stood about in pools, with its tongue hanging out, so to speak. The air shimmered softly; in the town the terraces of the cafés were thronged with people. They had nothing to do, and a grim determination to do it. They were sipping the rough wine of the Pyrenees, or the Riojo of the South well watered, or toying with bocks of pale beer. If any of them could have read Major-General O'Ryan's address to the American soldier, they would have supposed his mind to be affected.

"Alcohol, whether you call it beer, wine, whisky, or by any other name, is a breeder of inefficiency. While it affects men differently, the results are the same, in that all affected by it cease for the time to be normal. Some become forgetful, others quarrelsome. Some become noisy, some get sick, some get sleepy, others have their passions greatly stimulated."

As for ourselves, we were on the march to Madrid. We were obliged to hurry. A week, or a month, or a year at most, and we must leave Logroño in obedience to the trumpet call of duty.

However, we determined to forget it, for the time. We sat down, and exchanged views and experiences with the natives. From the fact that we were hurrying, they adjudged us to be anarchists, and were rather relieved at our explanation that we were "mad Englishmen." And we were all happy together; and I am still kicking myself for a fool that I ever went on to Madrid.

If one is at a dinner party in London or New York, one is plunged into an abyss of dullness. There is no subject of general interest; there is no wit; it is like waiting for a train. In London one overcomes one's environment by drinking a bottle of champagne as quickly as possible; in New York one piles in cocktails. The light wines and beers of Europe, taken in moderate measure, are no good; there is not time to be happy, so one must be excited instead. Dining alone, or with friends, as opposed to a party, one can be quite at ease with Burgundy or Bordeaux. One has all night to be happy, and one does not have to speed. But the regular New Yorker has not time even for a dinner-party! He almost regrets the hour when his office closes. His brain is still busy with his

plans. When he wants "pleasure," he calculates that he can spare just half an hour for it. He has to pour the strongest liquors down his throat at the greatest possible rate.

Now imagine this man—or this woman—slightly hampered; the time available slightly curtailed. He can no longer waste ten minutes in obtaining "pleasure"; or he dare not drink openly on account of other people. Well, his remedy is simple; he can get immediate action out of cocaine. There is no smell; he can be as secret as any elder of the church can wish.

The mischief of civilization is the intensive life, which demands intensive stimulation. Human nature requires pleasure; wholesome pleasures require leisure; we must choose between intoxication and the sista. There are no cocaine fiends in Logroño.

Moreover, in the absence of a Climate, life demands a Conversation; we must choose between intoxication and cultivation of the mind. There are no drug-fiends among people who are primarily pre-occupied with science and philosophy, art and literature.

VI.

However, let us concede the prohibitionist claims. Let us admit the police contention that cocaine and the rest are used by criminals who would otherwise lack the nerve to operate; they also contend that the effects of the drugs are so deadly that the cleverest thieves quickly become inefficient. Then for Heaven's sake establish depots where they can get free cocaine!

You cannot cure a drug fiend; you cannot make him a useful citizen. He never was a good citizen, or he would not have fallen into slavery. If you reform him temporarily, at vast expense, risk, and trouble, your whole work vanishes like morning mist when he meets his next temptation. The proper remedy is to let him gang his ain gait to the de'il. Instead of less drug, give him more drug, and be done with him. His fate will be a warning to his neighbors, and in a year or two people will have the sense to shun the danger. Those who have not, let them die, too, and save the state. Moral weaklings are a danger to society, in whatever line their failings lie. If they are so amiable as to kill themselves, it is a crime to interfere.

You say that while these people are killing themselves they will do mischief. Maybe; but they are doing it now.

Prohibition has created an underground traffic, as it always does; and the evils of this are immeasurable. Thousands of citizens are in league to defeat the law; are actually bribed by the law itself to do so, since the profits of the illicit trade become enormous, and the closer the prohibition, the more unreasonably big they are. You can stamp out the use of silk handkerchiefs in this way: people say, "All right; we'll use linen." But the "cocaine fiend" wants cocaine; and you can't put him off with Epsom salts. Moreover, his mind has lost all proportion; he will pay anything for his drug; he will never say, "I can't afford it"; and if the price be high, he will steal, rob, murder to get it. Again I say: you cannot reform a drug fiend; all you do by preventing them from obtaining it is to create a class of subtle and dangerous criminals; and even when you have jailed them all, is any one any the better?

While such large profits (from one thousand to two thousand per cent.) are to be made by secret

dealers, it is to the interest of those dealers to make new victims. And the profits at present are such that it would be worth my while to go to London and back first class to smuggle no more cocaine than I could hide in the lining of my overcoat! All expenses paid, and a handsome sum in the bank at the end of the trip! And for all the law, and the spies, and the rest of it, I could sell my stuff with very little risk in a single night in the Tenderloin.

Another point is this. Prohibition cannot be carried to its extreme. It is impossible, ultimately, to withhold drugs from doctors. Now doctors, more than any other single class, are drug fiends; and also, there are many who will traffic in drugs for the sake of money or power. If you possess a supply of the drug, you are the master, body and soul, of any person who needs it.

People do not understand that a drug, to its slave, is more valuable than gold or diamonds; a virtuous woman may be above rubies, but medical experience tells us that there is no virtuous woman in need of the drug who would not prostitute herself to a rag-picker for a single sniff.

And if it be really the case that one-fifth of the population takes some drug, then this long little, wrong little island is in for some very lively times.

The absurdity of the prohibitionist contention is shown by the experience of London and other European cities. In London any householder or apparently responsible person can buy any drug as easily as if it were cheese; and London is not full of raving maniacs, snuffing cocaine at every street corner, in the intervals of burglary, rape, arson, murder, malfeasance in office, and misprision of treason, as we are assured must be the case if a free people are kindly allowed to exercise a little freedom.

Or, if the prohibitionist contention be not absurd, it is a comment upon the moral level of the people of the United States which would have been righteously resented by the Gadarene swine after the devils had entered into them.

I am not here concerned to protest on their behalf; allowing the justice of the remark, I still say that prohibition is no cure. The cure is to give the people something to think about; to develop their minds; to fill them with ambitions beyond dollars; to set up a standard of achievement which is to be measured in terms of eternal realities; in a word, to educate them.

If this appear impossible, well and good; it is only another argument for encouraging them to take cocaine.

IN THE RED ROOM OF ROSE CROIX.

The bleeding gate of God unveils its rose;
The cavernous West swallows the dragon Sun;
Earth's darkness broods on dissolution,
A mother-vulture, nested on Repose.
Ah then! what grace within our girdle glows,
What crimson web of will-work, wizard-spun
To garb thy glee-gilt heart, Hilarion,
An Alpenbluehn on our star-crested snows!

O scarlet flower, smear honey on the thigh
Of this thy bee, that sucks thy sweetness dry!
O bower of sunset, bring me to thy sleep
Wherein move dreams stained purple with perfumes,
Whose birds of paradise, on Punic plumes,
Declare dooms undecipherably deep!

THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF

BY EDWARD KELLY.

No. 2—The Artistic Temperament

I.

Jack Flynn was the centre of a happy group of artists. They were seated upon the terrace of the *Café d'Alençon* to drink the *apéritif*; for although November was upon Paris, the Sun still remembered his beloved city, and fed it with light and warmth.

Flynn had come over from London for a week to see the Autumn Salon, and to gossip with his old friends. The conversation was naturally of Art, and, like the universe itself, had neither beginning nor end, being self-created by its own energy, so rolled easily through the *Aeons* in every combination of beauty.

But half of beauty is melancholy, a subtle sub-current of sadness; and on this particular occasion it was visible, giving a grey tone to the most buoyant rhapsodies. The talkers were in fact subdued and restrained; each spoke gaily, yet stood upon his guard, as if there were some subject near his consciousness which he must be careful not to broach.

It was a curiously distinguished group. Two of the men wore the *Légion d'Honneur*; the elder of the two, who looked more like a soldier or a diplomat than a painter, seemed to be the object of constant solicitude on the part of the younger, whose ruddy, cheerful, ironic face was like a picture by *Franz Hals*—but a *Frank Hals* in the mood of *Rabelais*. He seemed particularly anxious lest the other should say something unfortunate, but he should really have been looking round the corner, for there was where the danger lay.

Round that corner, all arms and legs, came swinging the agile body of no less a person than the mystic, *Simon Iff*.

His first greeting was the bombshell! "Ah ha!" he cried, grasping the hand of the elder of the two *décorés*, "and how's the dear old Sea?" For the person addressed happened to be famous all over the world as a marine painter. The younger man sprang to his feet. "Just don't mention the sea, please, for a few months!" he said in *Simon's* ear. It was unnecessary. Even in the general joy at the return of an old friend, *Iff's* quick apprehension could not fail to detect a suppressed spasm of pain on every face.

The mystic turned and greeted the man who had interrupted him with honest gladness; then his other hand shot out to Flynn. "I've been out of the world all summer," he cried, shaking hands all round, "in a hermitage after my own heart. Fancy a castle dating from the crusades, on the very edge of a glacier, and every practicable route barred against the world, the flesh, and the devil, in the shape of tourists, tables d'hôte, and newspapers!" "You look thirty!" declared one of the men. "And I feel twenty," laughed the magician; "what do you say to a little dinner at *Lapérouse*? I want to walk across the *Luxembourg* to a feast, as I've done any time these fifty years!"

As it happened, only two of the party were free; *Major*, the young man with the button, and *Jack Flynn*.

After some quiet chat the three strolled off together, arm in arm, down the *Boulevard Montparnasse*.

When they reached the *Avenue de l'Observatoire*, they turned down that noble grove. Here, at all hours of day and night, is a stately solitude.

Intended for gaiety, devised as a symbol of gaiety by the most frivolous age of all time, it has become by virtue of age the very incarnation of melancholy grandeur. It seems almost to lament that eighteenth century which fathered it.

Before they had passed into this majesty more than an hundred yards, the mystic said abruptly: "What's the trouble?"

"Haven't you really seen a paper for six months?" countered Flynn.

"Of course I haven't. You know my life; you know that I retire, whenever I am able, from this nightmare illusion of matter to a world of reality. So tell me your latest evil dream!"

"Evil enough!" said *Major*, "it doesn't actually touch us, but it's a narrow escape. We only heard the climax three days ago; so it's a green wound, you see."

"Yet it doesn't touch you."

"No; but it touches Art, and that's me, all right!"

"Will you tell me the story?"

"I'll leave that to Flynn. He's been on the trail all the time."

"I was even at the trial," said Flynn.

"Come, come," laughed *Iff*, "all these be riddles."

"I'll make them clear enough—all but the one. Now, no interruptions! I have the thing orderly in my mind."

"Five: four: three: two: one: gun!"

"The place is a small rocky islet off the west coast of Scotland, by name *Dubhbheagg*. A few fisher-folk live there; nobody else. There is one landing-place, and one only, even in calm weather; in a storm it is inaccessible altogether. Overlooking this quay is a house perched on the cliff; an old stone mansion. The proprietor is one of our sacred guild, and spends most of his time in Central Asia or Central Africa or Central America or Central Australia—anything to be central!—and he lets the house to any one who is fool enough to pay the price.

"This summer it was rented by the president of the Royal Academy."

"What's that?" said *Iff*, sharply.

"The Royal Academy," explained Flynn, "is an institution devised by divine Providence for the detection of British Artists. It brings them into notice by ostentatiously rejecting their works. The president is *Lord Cudlipp*."

"Wasn't he a *Joseph Thorne*, or some such name?" asked *Simon Iff*.

"*Thornton*, I think. Ennobled thirteen years ago," corrected Flynn.

"It was *Thornley*," insisted the sculptor, *Major*.

"Yes, *Thornley*; I remember now. I know him slightly; and I knew his father before him; an *M. P.* and a biscuit manufacturer," exclaimed the mystic.

"A pity the son didn't follow the father," murmured *Major*. "I feel sure that his biscuits would have been delightful!"

"You're interrupting the court," protested the editor. "To proceed. Here we have *Cudlipp* in the Big House of *Dubhbheagg*, with a man and wife to cook for him, both old servants, with him thirty years. There are also his son *Harry* his daughter *Eleanor*, her companion-maid, and—a man from the Quarter!"

"This Quarter?"

"Up in *Montrouge* his studio is, I think, one of

those lost cottages with a garden in the middle of a block of houses. Well, this man, or rather boy, he's not 20 yet, is, or wants to be, a marine painter like Cudlipp—"

"God forbid!" groaned Major.

"Shut up! the boy's name is André de Bry; he's half French, half English, I believe, a pretty hot combination."

"So I've noticed," remarked Iff, as they turned into Lapérouse, crept up the narrow stair, and found a table by the window in the Salle des Miroirs.

"Harry and Eleanor were born seventeen years ago, twins—"

"Which is dead?" interrupted Iff. The others stared.

"Excuse an old man's vanity!" laughed the mystic. "I really have to show off sometimes! You see, I know Jack's passion for precision of language. He wouldn't say the simple thing, 'They are twins,' or 'They are seventeen years old,' and he wouldn't say 'They were twins,' or 'were seventeen years old,' so I knew that one, and one only, was dead."

"I hope your acuteness will continue through dinner," laughed the editor. "We need it. Now, then, to business. Cudlipp had sort of adopted André de Bry, used him to prepare his bigger canvases, and so on. De Bry had fallen in love with Eleanor. She returned his passion. De Bry was hopelessly poor—no, not hopelessly, for he had a rich uncle, who had a fad of independence. He wouldn't give André a farthing; but if the boy succeeded in making himself a career, he promised to leave him every penny he had. The family is noble, much better than Cudlipp's; so the boy was not a bad match for Eleanor, and, contingently, a very good one. He and Harry were perfectly good friends. There was, in short, no element of disagreement worth notice. The days passed pleasantly, either in painting or fishing, and the evenings in games. One can hardly imagine a more harmonious group.

"On the 18th of August the yacht, which supplied the island with stores from the mainland, called and left provisions for the party. To avert false conjecture from the start, I may say that it is absolutely impossible that some mysterious stowaway could have landed from the yacht and hidden somewhere on the island. The police subsequently went through the place with a fine tooth comb. It is thirty miles from the nearest land, is barely a quarter of a mile in its greatest length, has neither a cave nor a tree on it. So don't talk about that! Well, the yacht weighed anchor on the afternoon of the 18th; that night a storm came up from the Atlantic, and raged for a whole week. It is physically impossible that any one should have landed on the rock during that period. Furthermore, the Big House stands on a quite unclimbable pinnacle—I'm a rock climber, as you know, and I went to see it, and there's not a crack anywhere. It was only connected with the rest of the island by a wooden bridge of the cantilever type; and the violence of the wind was such that on the second night of the storm it carried it away. This was inconvenient for them, as will be seen; but it simplifies the matter a good deal for us. Well, on the 25th the storm abated, and the fishermen were about to put to sea when they observed Lord Cudlipp on the edge of the cliff, firing his shotgun. Seeing he was noticed, he signalled and shouted to them to come up. He met them, so far as he could, at the chasm where the bridge had been. "There has been murder done here," he said shortly,

"take this message and telegraph it at once." He flung a stone to them, with a paper wrapped about it. The telegram asked for the police; also for a gang of men with materials to build up the bridge. The following noon relief arrived.

"The rest of the story needs little detail. It is as astonishingly simple as it is perplexing. The naked body of the boy Harry was found on the morning of the 23d in the big room used by the other men as a studio—Harry and Eleanor took not the slightest interest in art. Death had been caused by a small deep wound in the femoral artery; a penknife might have made it. But there was no blood; and at the post-mortem was revealed the utterly astonishing fact that there was no blood in the whole body—when I say no blood, I mean, not enough for a rabbit! It had been systematically drained. I need hardly tell you that the whole island went wild with stories of vampires and witches; I won't bother you with that sort of rubbish.

"But the horror of the circumstances cannot be easily matched. Imagine to yourselves that lonely crag, itself a monument of desolation, towering from sea to sky, bleak, bare, barren and heartless as sea and sky themselves. Such a place has always bred strange stories—and strange crimes.

"But think of the feelings of the people in the house, one of them certainly a murderer!

"However, the police were easily able to narrow down the possibilities. The boy had been chloroformed or otherwise rendered unconscious, without doubt, for there could have been no struggle. The wound was clean, and obviously inflicted by some one with first rate anatomical knowledge. It was, too, a highly civilized crime, so to speak.

"This really restricted the field of inquiry to the two painters. Common sense excluded the father, whose main hope of an illustrious line was thus cut off. On the other hand, de Bry was a doubtful character. In Paris he had been accustomed to frequent the lowest haunts—the sort of place one finds in these little streets about here—and as a matter of fact, he was usually called the 'Apache' as a sort of nickname. But no one had ever heard of anything very definite, except an alleged duel with knives in a shop off the Boulevard St. Germain called Tout à la Joie, a low drinking cellar. This came out in court later, and sounded nasty, though it was proven that he had been attacked without provocation, and the police had not even arrested him. Still, a man so ready with a knife—it impressed the jury badly, I could see that.

"To cut a long story short, they arrested André. He refused to enter the witness box; he had no story to tell; nor, indeed, had any of the others. Harry had gone to bed alive; he was found dead in the morning. No quarrel anywhere. No motive for anybody.

"The jury was out for twenty-four hours; they came back with that joy which only Scotland offers to its jurymen—the Verdict of the Sitter on the Fence: "Not proven." They all thought he did it, but they couldn't make up their minds to hang him; so there was the way out. Therefore, André de Bry is at large again; and, by the same token, I came over on the boat with him. He was muffled to the eyes, but I knew him. So he's probably within a mile of us at this minute."

"What do you think of the story?" asked Major, a little anxiously.

"Oh, I agree with the natives," replied the

mystic, laughingly, to the astonishment of his hearers. "Excuse my referring to the fact that I'm a professional Magus—still, you should not be surprised if I tell you that I hold to the theory of vampires and wehr-wolves and sirens and the rest of the dear creatures!"

"Be serious, master!" urged Flynn, using a title which he knew would put the mystic on his honor.

"My dear lad, I believe this murder was done by some one whom none of them knew to have been there."

"But how could he have got away?"

"Vanished whence he came."

"A haunted house? Damn it, something in your tone makes my blood run cold."

"Well," slowly answered the mystic, "possibly, in a sense, a haunted house."

Major called the waiter to bring another bottle of Burgundy.

"Have you really formed a theory about the case?" asked Flynn. "To me it's absolutely beyond reason."

"Beneath it, beneath it! Ah well, no matter! As a fact, I have not made up my mind. How can I, till I've seen this chap's pictures?"

"You think there was some motive of jealousy?" snapped out Major.

"I don't think at all till I've seen them. Look here! do you know his work?"

"No; he hasn't shown anything. He's an absolute kid, you know. But Tite saw a thing of his in some studio or other, and Tite said it was damned bad. So I dare say it's pretty decent stuff."

"Where's his studio?"

"Don't know," answered the sculptor. "I'll find out to-night, if you're really set on this. May I call for you in the morning? We'll go up together; perhaps you'll let me make it *déjeuner*—you'll come, of course, Jack—as I've been shouting for Burgundy at your dinner, you shall shout for Claret at my lunch!"

"I'm at Bourcier's, 50 rue Vavin, as always," said Simon Iff. "The best house, and the best people, in all Paris. Come round at nine."

"Right. Meet me there, Flynn. It's a great hunt, the truth!"

"With a hunter like Simple Simon, you'll find it so," said Flynn, enthusiastically.

II.

The next morning saw the three friends tramping it up the Boulevard Raspail, past the great calm glory of the unconquered Lion de Belfort, along the busy Boulevard de Montrouge, and so to the very hem of Paris, the "fortifs" dear to the Apache. Here they turned west, and came presently to an old wine shop, through which lay the entrance to the studio of de Bry.

He was already at work in his little garden; an old man, leaning on a spade, was posing for him.

Major advanced and offered his card. "Monsieur de Bry! I feel sure you will pardon me. I am a Sociétaire of the Beaux Arts; I have heard that your work is excellent, and I am here with two friends of the most distinguished to ask the honor of looking at it."

"Mr. Major!" cried the boy, as he put his brushes down in his eagerness—at first he had not recognized the great man—"indeed, the honor is altogether mine. But I've nothing worth seeing, I assure you."

Major introduced his friends. De Bry, telling the model to rest, led the party into the studio. With infinite diffidence the boy began to show his work.

In a few minutes Major, with his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets, and his head thrown back, was reduced to utter silence. Simon Iff, who was watching him as well as the pictures, smiled his grimmest smile. The editor, inured to small talk by his profession, made the conversation. "It's all beginnings," said the boy, "but this is more what I've tried for. I did it in the summer." The mystic noticed with a darkening face that he seemed to speak of that summer as if it had held nothing but a holiday.

The canvas showed the rock of Dubhbheagg amidst the breakers. It had been painted from a boat on a clear day. The sky was blue; a flight of wildfowl gave life to the picture. But the rock itself was more vital than the birds. It seemed the image of some great lost God of solitude, eternally contemplative, eternally alone. It was more melancholy than Dürer's master-work, or Thomson's interpretation of it. And de Bry had not used the materials of melancholy, or images of death; he had merely painted a rock just as it was when he saw it. Yet he had made it a creature of cosmic life, as significant and vital as the universe itself—and as lonely and inexorable.

Simon Iff spoke for the first time. "Is that picture for sale?" he asked. "Yes," said the painter, rather eagerly. They noticed that he looked ill.

"Probably hasn't had a meal since that damned affair," thought Major. "How much?" very stiffly from Simple Simon.

The painter hesitated. "Would you give me fifty francs for it?" he asked timidly.

The mystic rose to his feet, and shook his stick in the boy's face. "No, you damned young scoundrel, I will not!" he roared. "How dare you ask such a price?"

The boy shrank back; he expected that the old man would strike him.

"Do you know who I am?" thundered Simon. "I'm the chairman of the Art Committee of the Hemlock Club! That's the trouble with you artists; you're blacklegs, every one of you. Offering a thing like that for fifty francs and pulling down the price of everything but the old Masters! Answer me straight now: how much is it worth?"

The boy was too taken aback to reply.

"Have you ever seen a worse thing offered for ten thousand francs?" asked Simon, cynically.

"Oh yes!" he stammered at last.

"I'll give you fifteen thousand. Here's a thousand on account; I'll send a cheque for the balance this afternoon. Send the picture to Simon Iff, 50, rue Vavin. And, if you've nothing to do, come and see me as soon as the light fails this afternoon. Yes, bring the picture round in a fiacre. About 5, then!"

He thrust a big thousand franc note in the boy's hand, and withdrew stormily from the studio.

The others followed him; but Major stopped a moment. "Did you like my bust of Rodin?" asked the sculptor. The boy was still too bewildered to do more than nod. "I'll send you a bronze, if you'd care to have it. And come and see me, any time you care to, and particularly any time you need a friend." De Bry grasped the offered hand in silence.

The others had reached the street when Major caught them. "I hope you don't mean mischief by that boy," he said to Iff. "I seem to smell a trap. For

heaven's sake leave him alone! He's the biggest thing since Turner; if he keeps on growing, the planet won't hold him."

"My mind is quite made up," returned Simon Iff, coldly. "If the lunch is still on, suppose we take a taxi. If you don't mind, we'll have a private room at the Café de la Paix. We shall need to go rather deeply into this matter."

III.

Simon Iff would not talk at all of anything but old times in Paris until after lunch, when the decks were cleared of all but the three Cs—coffee, cigars, and cognac. Then he cleared his throat.

"As you have heard me say about a million times, Jack, 'Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.' Failure to observe this precept is the root of all human error. It is our right and duty—the two are one, as Eliphaz Levi very nearly saw—to expand upon our own true centre, to pursue the exact orbit of our destiny. To quit that orbit is to invite collisions. Suppose it to be my illusion to think it my will to pass through that closed window. I bump my head; I cut my face; I finally make a mess on the boulevard. Or, I think it my will to steal my neighbor's watch. I am caught; police-court, prison, and general disaster. Merely the result of my ignorance in regard to my true destiny. Failure in life and especially criminal failure; collision. Then where is the original collision? In myself. There is a conflict between my conscious will and my unconscious will, between the sophisticated babble of reason and the still small voice of the soul. Poe had quite an idea of this, with his 'Imp of the Perverse'; Ibsen, the greatest of all realists, a more detailed conception, with his 'troll'; but both imagined that consciousness was right and the Inner Light wrong. Now that is a mere assumption, and we mystics, who know that Light, know better. It is the first task of every man who would not only be himself, but understand himself, to make the union or harmony between these two, perfect. Now of course most men, so far as the main path of their lives is concerned, never find these two forces in conflict, never become aware of them at all. The troubles of genius are principally due to a recognition of this truer Light, and of its apparent incompatibility with the conscious will, or perhaps of a realization that they cannot execute their will, because of the pressure of circumstance upon them. Hence the well-earned celebrity of the Artistic Temperament. Frequently we observe that the artist, unable to fulfil himself in his art, turns to vice of one kind or another. It is as if a sculptor, in a gesture of impatience with his Venus, dabbed a handful of clay on her nose, and made her look like an elephant!"

"If you knew how often I've done just that thing!" laughed Major.

"Well" continued the mystic, "to come to the murder of this boy Harry——"

"I see where you're driving," broke in Jack Flynn. "And as I'm sure you noticed the perfect nonchalance of de Bry when he showed us that picture, you are going to prove that he did it unconsciously, or at least that it's all so natural to him that he has no sense of it."

"You would find out what I am going to prove if you would let me do it," said Simon, in some ill-

humor. Major had felt ashamed of himself for smiling; he was genuinely concerned about his great new artist.

"To come to the murder of this boy Harry," repeated the magician, "we notice two things. First, the general surroundings. Storm, isolation, the wild weird atmosphere of the Scottish Highlands—enough to send any man, with an original touch of madness, over the line. Second, the nature of the murder itself; it is in perfect keeping with the setting. Its details are elaborate. It is not an ordinary murder, but the murder of—a—I can't find the right word."

Major broke in grinsly: "The murder of a great mind gone wrong? Of such a mind as conceived, and such a hand as executed, those masterpieces? Oh my God!"

"Your interruptions will not alter the facts of the case, or my deductions; pray let me proceed! Besides, there is still one step to take before we arrive at any such conclusion. I want you to remember a peculiar fact about the French Revolution. Here we find a whole set of people, educated, intelligent, complex, and above all humanitarian, who suddenly indulge in wholesale massacre. This, like the crime we are discussing, was a perverse crime. It was not at all in accordance with the general will of the Revolutionists, which was simply Social Justice.

"But they had been thwarted for generations; thwarting was in their blood, as it were; and when they came to action, they became perverse. Thus—I beg you to believe—it is not merely the artistic temperament which produces these horrible crimes; it is simply any temperament which is suppressed long enough. It is more usual to find this manifested in artists, because they are advanced people who understand pretty well what their will is, who suffer more keenly, in consequence, from the thwarting of that will, especially as they usually perceive only too keenly the fact that it is the errors and stupidities of other people, people who have strayed far from their own orbits, that cause the thwarting in question. I will ask you to consider the case of a man who makes friends of spiders. Oh, you say, that is after he has been in the Bastille for twenty years. Precisely. He may have been a very bad man; he may himself have thwarted his own fundamental impulses of love; but the complete suppression of that instinct for so many years results in its peeping out at last, and taking an unnatural form. There are plenty of similar instances which will occur to you. In the case of the French Revolution, we must also consider the question of atavism. Humanitarian as the leaders were, their forefathers had been inured to fire and sword since the dawn of the race. It was the primitive tribal passion that broke out in them, after centuries of suppression. So you get the same phenomenon in both the man and the race." Simon paused.

"That boy," said Major, "has one of the greatest souls ever incarnated on this planet, and I won't believe he did it."

"Your courage is splendid," replied Simple Simon, "but your beliefs do not invalidate the conclusions of science. *E pur si muove.*"

"Is that all?" asked Flynn.

"For shame, Jack," cried the mystic; "I have hardly begun. But I perceive that the light is failing; we had better end this conversation in the presence of André de Bry." Major paid the bill;

and they went across Paris to the old magician's little studio in the Rue Vavin.

It was a small room, and very simply furnished; but the paintings and sculptures would have made the fame of any museum. Each was the gift of a master to Simon Iff.

"We shall wait for the young man," said the mystic, as they seated themselves; you will see that I have no difficulty in forcing him to confess."

"I'll never believe it," insisted Major.

"Don't believe it till you hear it!" was the abrupt retort.

IV.

A quarter of an hour elapsed; then the slim figure of the boy appeared. In his arms was the picture.

Simon took it and placed it upon the mantel. Major was right; there was nothing in the room to equal it. The magician went to his desk, and wrote out a check for fourteen thousand francs, which he handed to the young painter. "If you would sign this receipt?" De Bry complied.

"Do not go!" said Simon. "I have much to say to you. You really like the picture? You think it worthy of you?"

"I wouldn't have sold it if I didn't."

"Yet you were in sore straits? You were denying yourself food to pay your model?"

"I shouldn't have sold it to you if I didn't think it mine."

"That too is worthy. But now, sit down. There are others to consider in this matter. I am going to ask my friends to remain absolutely silent while we talk."

"I know what you are going to say," said the boy. "I think it unnecessary and cruel."

"Wait till I have done. It is not only necessary and kind, but it is very urgent."

"I can't refuse the first man who has appreciated my work."

"Listen while I tell you a story. Many years ago I knew a man named Thornley, a wealthy manufacturer of biscuits. He had one son, Joseph. He asked me one day to recommend a tutor for the lad. I told him of a clergyman named Drew, a man of deep scholarship, great culture, and intense love of art. He worked on the ambition of Joseph Thornley, and the boy, after a year's tuition from Drew, decided to be a painter. The tutor died suddenly; but the boy's ambition remained. He persuaded his father to let him go to various art schools, where he studied incessantly, with the most praiseworthy diligence."

"Damn it!" roared Major, "he had no more capacity for art than this chair I am sitting on!"

"I asked you not to interrupt," returned Simon mildly. "I never said he had! To continue. Backed with ample wealth and influence, and fortified with determination to succeed, Thornley's career was one long series of triumphs. Although primarily a marine painter, he also did other work, notably portraits. His picture of the king in the uniform of a British Admiral caught the public taste more than any other of his efforts. It was in that year that he was not only elected to the presidency of the Royal Academy of Arts, but raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Cudlipp. His only sorrow was the death of his wife two years after the birth of his children."

The magician turned to André. "Good! Now—how did you spend the week of the great storm?"

"Billiards, mostly," stammered André, taken by

surprise. "Chess, too, and some card games. I sketched, of course, nearly all day. Eleanor had some needlework. Poor Harry was very bored; he did nothing much."

"And Cudlipp buried himself a good deal in anthropology?"

"Yes; he had Frazer's 'Golden Bough' all the time—" The boy broke off, and stared. "How did you know that?" he said, aghast.

"A little bird told me," said Simon lightly.

All of a sudden Major sprang to his feet. "Then Cudlipp killed his son," he shouted, "Oh! Simple Simon, what a fool I've been!" And he suddenly broke down in spasm of sobs.

"I promised these gentlemen," said Simon, taking no notice of the outburst, "that I would force a confession from you this afternoon. I think this is the moment. Come, we are all attention."

"I certainly cannot hear this senseless slander against my protector without—"

"Hush!" said Simon. "I told you this matter was urgent. I meant what I said. You must catch the nine o'clock train for London."

"Why?" said the boy, defiantly; "who are you to say this?"

"I am a person who is going to put a letter in the post in an hour's time; and you had better arrive before the letter."

"I don't understand."

"I was explaining to these gentlemen at lunch that all crime was the result of conflict; that perverse crime, in particular, was caused by conflict of the conscious and unconscious wills."

"Don't you see?" said Major, mastering himself, "it couldn't be you. You were supremely happy; you had the girl you loved; you had found yourself as an artist. But Cudlipp had thwarted his own inner will all his life; he was meant to bake biscuits; and he had forced himself to do those eye-destroying horrors. But—go on, master!—I still don't see the whole story."

"I haven't told you all the facts yet. Cudlipp's family was originally Armenian, for one thing, the offshoot of some old Babylonian tribe. Then there was the 'Golden Bough' with its detailed description of various savage rites, especially the sacrifice of the first-born, an idea, by the way, which the Jews only adopted at third or fourth hand from older and autochthonous races. Then the newspapers were filled with long arguments about the Chesidim and ritual murder, the trial of that man somewhere in Russia—can't think of his name—begins with a B—was on at this time. Well, when the suppressed genius of the man for baking biscuits—which may be a passion like another—when that broke out, probably under the strain of the long storm, and the wildness of the whole scene, and possibly some sudden realization that this boy here could paint, and he himself never could, why, then his brain snapped. The recent impressions combined with some far strain of atavism, and he resolved upon the murder."

"I still can't see why murder," said Flynn. "Why should not this biscuit-baking genius go into the kitchen and bake biscuits?"

"I want you to recognize the fact, you dear good simple soul, that madmen are a thousand times more logical than the sane. The conclusions of normal men are always balanced by other considerations; we criticize our ideas of proper tailoring,

for example, in the spotlight of our check books. The madman doesn't. He wants clothes; he thinks of nothing else; so he goes down to Savile Row and orders a dozen sable overcoats and thirty dress suits. It's much more logical, if logic were all!

"So Cudlipp reasoned something like this, as I imagine; 'I've wasted forty years trying to paint when I ought to have been baking biscuits; now I must make up for lost time.' How to do that? The madman's reason finds it easy. The connection between gold and copper coins is an arbitrary one, isn't it? Yes. Well, if I haven't got a barrow-load of coppers, I can give you a fist full of sovereigns, and it's just as good. The whole idea of primitive magic (which he had been reading, remember!) rests on arbitrary substitution. The king must die every year, or the sun won't come back—there's an arbitrary connection, to begin with, though it's based on false reasoning, or rather on correct reasoning from false observation. Now the king doesn't want to die; so he takes a criminal, labels him king, and kills him. Every one is happy. So this man seeks to satisfy his genius, suppressed for forty years, in a night. Surely it must be through some monstrous act of violence and horror! That is madman's logic. Then, as I said before, some ancestral memory in the subconscious self influenced his recent impression, and that gave the form to the idea. It is also conceivable that he had a real purpose, thought that the sacrifice of the first-born might enable him to become a painter. Gilles de Retz murdered over 800 children in his endeavor to make gold. But of this theory I have no evidence. However, the rest stands."

André de Bry listened with white lips to this speech.

"Now will you confess?" asked the magician, with mild persistence.

"I don't see why I should."

"Because you are still looking at the past. Can't you foresee the future?"

"Ought I to kill myself?"

"Be serious, sir!" reprimanded Simon. "I see that I must tell you more. So far, I have told you how I know that Cudlipp killed his son, and how he came to do it. You may or may not know why he did it, but you must know that he did it, if only by a process of exclusion. Then—what will he do next?"

The boy began to smile. "Oh, Eleanor is with an aunt," he said; "she's safe enough."

"Now we begin to confess, indirectly," continued Simon. "But what will he do? Is he conscious of his act? You see, I must know all. I was already sure that you would never have left Eleanor in danger. But there are other problems."

"I'm beaten," said André. "I'll tell you all I know."

"Good."

V.

"It was I who discovered the body of poor Harry; for I had risen with the first light, intending to paint. I needn't go into the events of that day, much; it was all suspicion, perfectly hellish. I haven't your reasoning powers, Mr. Iff, and I didn't think he had done it, particularly. He pretended to suspect me, of course. We can see now, thanks to you, that his whole life has been one long hypocrisy, that he has been pretending to be an artist, just like any other fraud. His deadly earnestness about it only made it worse; I see that now. But I didn't

see it then; to me he was just a bad painter, and I looked no deeper. Well, by dinner time our nerves were all on edge; Eleanor's, naturally, more than any. After dinner I said I would go to bed, meaning to snatch an hour's sleep, and then to watch Eleanor's door all night. I had told her to have her companion in her room—the poor old lady was glad enough to have company, you can imagine.

"Eleanor's manner to me had been strange beyond words; but I only thought that it meant that she suspected me. However, when I said I was going to bed, she jumped up: 'Do play me a hundred up first!' she cried; 'I'll go mad if you don't.' We went into the billiard room together. She closed the door, and put her back to it. 'André,' she cried, 'I've been insane about this all day; but I'm in a fearful position. Only—I can't let you go to bed. I must tell you. Papa did it.' I caught her in my arms, for she was falling. In a moment she recovered. 'Last night,' she went on, 'I woke with frightful dreams—and I found my nose was bleeding. I lit my candle, and got up to get water. Then I knew suddenly that something was wrong with Harry. I always have known; it's the twin sympathy.'"

"Damnation!" interrupted Simple Simon in a fury, "I'm getting old. I ought to have known that she knew."

"You've done well enough, sir," said André; "it's been like a miracle to me to hear you. Eleanor went on: 'The moment my nose stopped bleeding I took my black kimono, and went down to Harry's room. The door was open. I slipped in. It was dark. At that instant I saw the studio door open.' (They were right opposite, Mr. Iff). 'I knew there would be all kinds of trouble if I were caught wandering about the house at that time of night. I kept still. I could see through the crack of the door. Papa was silhouetted against the light in the studio. He had a wash hand basin, carrying it carefully. I heard him give a short harsh laugh, and say aloud: 'Now I begin to live.' He went down the little corridor by Harry's room.' (It leads to a pepper-box turret. Harry's room has a window on to that corridor.) 'I went to the side window. I saw papa throw the basin over the cliff. Then he went back, and down the main corridor to his room. I felt for Harry in his bed. He wasn't there. I found matches. The room was empty. I went into the lighted studio. I saw Harry at once, and knew he was dead. I fainted. When I came to myself I was in my own bedroom. I must have walked there without knowing. A few minutes later, I suppose, the alarm came. Forgive me; I ought to have told you before; you must have suffered fearfully. But——' I stopped her. 'It's best, I think, that you have told me now,' I said, 'we must save him. We must be on our guard, and do nothing.' We noted Cudlipp's conduct. It became clear that he would hide his crime to the end, even to letting me be hanged for it. I told her that I would never speak to her again if she interfered, that I would die for the honor of her family. I made her swear by her dead mother. I doubted at first if he were aware of what he had done, but his manner left no doubt. For instance, he made no inquiry into the mystery of the basin missing from his room, and never spoke of it in court. So we knew."

"You're a very noble and very wrong-headed young man," said Simon; "you don't really think we can leave things as they are, do you? Observe what is happening now. The explosion in the man's brain

once over, habit has resumed its sway. He's the hypocritical bourgeois once more—but with the memory of that most fearful deed to lash him. If I know anything of men, it will prey upon his mind; and we shall have either another murder, or, more likely, suicide. Your sacrifice and Eleanor's will be useless. This is what has to be done: You and I will go to London together to-night. In the morning we will confide in two alienists. We will all go to Cudlipp House; the doctors will certify him insane; he must consent to our terms. He must put himself in the charge of a medical attendant and a male nurse, and he must go away with them, so that he never returns.

"The newspapers will be told that the shock of recent events has undermined his health, and that he has been ordered a complete change of scene.

"We shall then go to Eleanor, and tell her what has been done; you will marry her here in Paris; I will arrange with the Consulate for secrecy; and you will yourself seek change of scene for a year or so. You, Major, will supply him with money if he needs it; you can get rid of some of those canvases, I suppose?"

Major nodded.

"And you, Flynn, will invent a way up those cliffs, and a story about a maniac vampire, ending with his

confession and suicide, to round it off nicely; we must clear this lad of that ghastly 'not proven' business."

"That is a job," said Flynn, "which I shall most thoroughly enjoy doing. But now you must all come and dine with me; we have no time to lose, if we mean to catch that nine o'clock train."

VI.

Two years later a certain pretty French Countess was enthusiastic, at the Salon des Beaux Arts, over the six South Sea Island pictures of a new Sociétaire. "André de Bry?" she said to her escort, the great sculptor Major; "isn't that the young man who was accused of poor Bibi Sangsue's last murder?"

"The maniac vampire! yes; the fools! as if anyone could mistake Bibi's handiwork!"

"Truth is certainly stranger than fiction; Bibi's career sounds like the wildest imagination. Doesn't it?"

"It does," said Major solemnly. "But perhaps you knew him?"

"At one time," murmured the Countess, with a blush and a droop of the eyelids, "at one time—well—rather intimately!"

"I," said Major, "knew only his father and mother!"

A PERFECT PIANISSIMO

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Hush to the harps and the hymns! for the soul in my
body groans.

I tremble in all my limbs! A fire eats up my bones!
My right hand's spasm seizes and shatters my moons
by scores,

And the sweat of my forehead freezes to white-hot
meteors!

I lash the horses of night, and the stars foam forth
at their flanks;

All space and time take flight as my chariot tears
their ranks.

I drink the milky mist of the starry ways like wine;
I grip God's beard in my fist, and my axe cleaves
gorge and spine;

At sight of my anguish and trouble the heavens
answer my will;

The universe breaks like a bubble—and I am lonelier
still.

Silence, and horror, the void—these are my feudals
to friend!

I, with eternity cloyed, hunger in vain for the end.
Lo! I am shrunk to a breath, a wisp of phantastical
air,

A scyphont spurned by Death, a cast-off clout of
Despair.

Send but a ripple of song, O singer, to stir my breath!
Send but a note to prolong this langourous lust of
Death!

For thou art subtle and swift, beyond my sight as a
bird

Loftily loud in the lift, a great grace hardly heard,
(So low am I, my lover!) a beatitude blazoned afar

Inaccessibly high to hover, a dream still more than
a star!

And yet I have known thee, known thine head bowed
down to thy knee,

Thy loose hair fallen a zone about the middle of me;
Bend didst thou yet lower—incarnate bliss as thou
art—

Winding thee slower and slower, yet firmer about
mine heart.

Oh but the blast of wonder when mouth with mad
mouth met,

And in one dying thunder the manifest sun-world set,
And God brake out ablaze—O sister, born at a birth!
Let us raid the mountainous ways! Let us rape the
virgin earth!

Let us set the stars to song! Let us harness the sun
for a steed!

Let the streams of time run strong, with life for a
water-weed,

And we swim free therein, as the Gods themselves,
as They

Who splash the Aeons, and spin sedge-cycles in their
play.

Come! Let us soar, let us soar, beyond the abodes
of time,

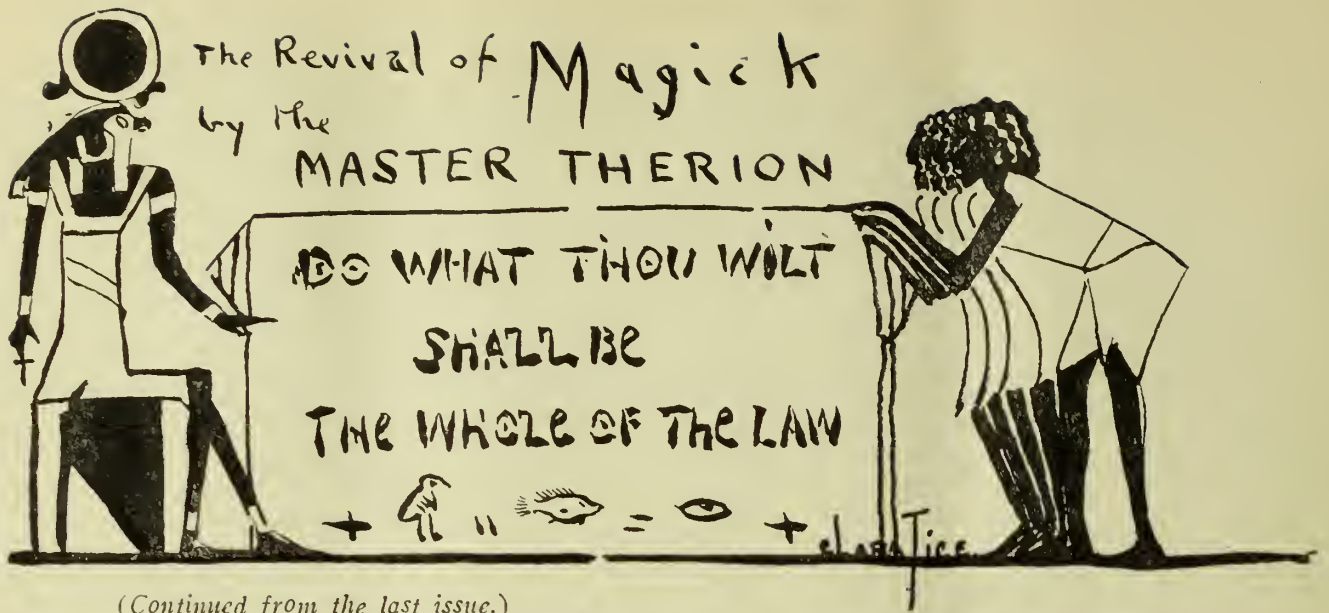
Beyond the skies that are hoar with the blossoms of
stars for rime,

Beyond the search of the sun, beyond the abyss of
thought,

Beyond the bliss of the One to the land that the Gods
call Naught;

There let us rest, let us rest—O the jasmin in your
hair

'As your head sinks on my breast—have we not rested
there?



(Continued from the last issue.)

Now to more amusing facts of my career. The first thing I learnt was to travel in the astral body. This seems to have been a natural gift with me; in half-a-dozen experiments I was already master of the "Astral Plane." I could go where I would, see what I would, hear what I would. At that time I did not know of those higher planes to which initiation is the only key.

The next step to going out on the Astral Plane is to get it to return the visit; in other words, evocation of spirits to material appearance. It was just as I started on this that I found Allan Bennett. The occasion was an initiation into the order of which we were both members; but he had not been present since I joined it. After the ceremony I was led trembling before the great man, and of course, could say not a word. However, in the ante-room, an hour later, he came directly to me and began: "So, little brother, you have been meddling with the Goetia." I protested myself unworthy even to pronounce the word! But he had spotted me as a promising colt, and when, using my opportunity, I made myself even as his familiar spirit, he consented to take me as a pupil. Before long we were working together day and night, and a devil of a time we had!

In my chambers in Chancery Lane I fitted up a temple, the walls covered by six vast mirrors, so as to throw back the force of the invocations. There were circle and triangle on the floor, and an altar in the midst of the circle.

I constructed all my magical weapons with my own hands, except the wand, which cannot be made, but must be transmitted. This, a shaft of almond cut with a single blow of the Magick Knife at sunrise on Easter morn, was transmitted to me by Frater Volo Noscere.

The effect of all this was pretty sultry.

I was attacked by a black magician in the very early days—the story is told at length and with perfect accuracy of detail in my tale, "At the Fork of the Roads"; it is too long to cite here. I will only say that a woman was sent by the Black Lodge to get a drop of my blood, that she succeeded, that for ten nights following I was assailed by a succubus which I killed with my hands every time, that with the help of my master I put her out of business by sending a plague of cats to her house, and that when she came to try for more blood I punished her by sending her into my black temple—a tiny closet where I kept a skeleton which I fed on mice and

birds with the idea of creating a material and living demon servant—where she was rent in pieces by the evil things she had invoked. She went to the devil, and her master fled the country.

Not bad, all this, for one's first year of magick?

One of our great exploits was the saving of the life of my master. Absolutely unselfish, he would never stir to help himself, and he was a permanent invalid from spasmodic asthma, with complications. Frater V. N. and I determined, in the name and for the sake of the Order, to save him. We evoked the spirit Buer to visible appearance. This was not wholly successful; at that time we wanted things to happen as they did in books—for we were young. But we got the right leg and the foot and ankle of the left as solid as need be; and the head, helmeted, was dimly visible through the incense smoke. In those days we were too pious to use blood, or we might have done better. However, the purpose of the work succeeded. The Master recovered, and is alive to this day—fifteen years later.

Curious how dull good is, how amusing evil! Much keener in memory is one night when Frater V. N. and I were alone together working on the talismans and other necessities for some operation or other, I entirely forget what. We went out to dinner, and before leaving the room, I noticed that the temple door was slightly open. It was locked by a Yale key of which there was but one, which had never left my possession. In those days my chief alarm was that some one would get into my magical affairs. (Nowadays I callously let them in; if they blow their heads off, that's their affair, not mine!) So I sedulously slammed and tested the door, and out we went to dinner. On the stairs was a black cat—not a real cat, either. Back we came from a perfectly temperate meal, found the outer door secure as we had left it, entered, found the temple door wide open, though with no sign of violence, and the altar overthrown, and its furniture tossed in all directions.—And then the fun began!

Round and round the big library tramped the devils all the evening, an endless procession; 316 of them we counted, described, named, and put down in a book. It was the most awesome and ghastly experience I had known.

Strange how they love to open doors! In the East of my big temple in Scotland was a secret shrine, on to which folding doors opened. These I would lock, padlock, seal, nail down, fasten (in short) by every

manner of means; yet, every time I left the room, I expected to find them open. Too often to recount, I did so. I set all kinds of traps for the spirits; it was useless. As long as I was in the room nothing would happen; the moment I shut the outer doors behind me, the inner ones would open noiselessly. I ultimately had to perform a special ceremony to get rid of the annoyance. The demons who played this game were the 49 servitors of Beelzebub; when tamed they became exceedingly useful.

There is a manuscript in the Arsenal Library of Paris which has been translated and published under this title, "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage." It is the best and the most dangerous book ever written. The translator, who lived at the other end of Paris, had to give up cycling to the library, so many were his accidents. Even afoot, he was in constant danger of his life. And he misused the book, fell from a very creditable degree of attainment as a magician to be a loafer, a dipsomaniac, a sponger, and a blackmailer; in the end he died insane.

The book is the address of one "Abraham the Jew" to his second son, Lamech, bestowing this magick upon him. The author records his research, his many travels and disappointments. At last he meets with one Abramelin in Egypt, goes with him into an oasis, and is there initiated by the bestowal of this Sacred Magick. He returns, achieves the task, and employs his powers to the glory of God and the benefit of his neighbor, "forcing even bishops to restore stolen property," winning battles for Electors by the timely creation of "artificial cavalry," healing the sick wholesale, and generally bestirring himself as a philanthropist.

The substance of the operation is as follows: Get a house in a quiet place, have a terrace opening to the North of your Oratory, have robes and a crown, a wand, and a few other not-too-Persian apparatus, and then get busy. Pray more and more every day to obtain the Knowledge and Conversation of your Holy Guardian Angel. After two months cut out all distractions and pray harder. After two months of that, pray harder still.

Then the climax. The Angel appears and instructs. Then and not till then summon the Four Great Princes of the Evil of the World and compel them to swear obedience on the wand, and order them to operate certain talismans. The next day call the Eight Sub-Princes, and the third day their servitors.

The book is written throughout in a serious and simple style. It is by far the most convincing mediaeval magical document in existence. The personality of Abraham himself is evidence.

And any person who doubts magick has only to get a copy of the book, and refuse to take it seriously. He will get proofs enough in standard time; place, the back of the neck!

But if you take it seriously and reverently, if you aspire with your whole will to this attainment, you are safe. The blows of the demon will fall only on those about you.

Yet every obstacle will be put in your way. For example, I had command of what was for all practical purposes unlimited money. I didn't care what I spent on this work. It took me eleven months to find a house.

In copying out on vellum the talismans, I used the breakfast-room of that house, a room chosen because

it was light and cheerful and caught the early morning sun. The weather was fine. Yet I had to do my copying by artificial light. The sun could not penetrate the murk that gathered about those talismans.

One day I returned from shooting on the hill to find a Catholic Priest in my drawing room. It was to ask my permission to do what he could for my gardener, a total abstainer of twenty years' standing who had gone raving drunk.

My housekeeper vanished, unable to bear the eeriness of the place.

An adept with whom I had arranged that he should stay to be a link between me and the outer world likewise fled in terror without a word of warning.

One of the workmen employed about the place went raving mad, and tried to kill me. Others again became dipsomaniacs. All my dogs died. My cook very nearly died, and was only saved by a talisman.

Such are just a few of many incidents which averted the tragedy of dullness from my daily life. And all this, mind you, at the mere threat to perform the Operation!

Time would fail me to tell of all the untoward events that happened to people who did not even go so far as this. Only to have that book on one's shelves is a more serious risk than drying dynamite on a stove!

The talismans work automatically. They are as easy to explode as Iodide of Nitrogen, and a sight more dangerous. My friend and editor, Captain J. F. C. Fuller, once marked his place in the book with his butcher's bill; a couple of days later the butcher was at work; his knife slipped, pierced his thigh and killed him. As Fuller observed at the time, "It may be only a coincidence, but it's just as bad for the butcher!"

"At my initiation I was taught to be cautious" is a note in one system; in another the neophyte is told "Fear is failure, and the forerunner of failure. Be thou therefore without fear, for in the heart of the coward virtue abideth not."

Keep these two precepts constantly in your mind, and you should go far and fast.

Now for the third class of magical operations! It deals no longer with the brain of the magician himself, as in the case of visions and evocations; it acts upon third parties directly. I refer to the arts of "fascination" in its proper sense—the word comes from the Latin "fascinum." Love is blind: and fascination includes all arts that have this effect. You transform yourself, like Zeus into swan or bull, like Lucius into an ass, like the Egyptian Magi into an hawk, swallow, or Ibis, or like the Syrian into a dove, and by this means compel the desired object to your arms. Or you become invisible—in the practical sense that you remain unseen by those whom you wish not to see you, and if you are playfully inclined, and hungry, you become a bat or a wolf and go afield for blood. These stories are not legends: they veil true powers. I only once tried vampirism, for examination purposes, and in about an hour I bled my victim white. I passed with honors and special mention.

Of course, the reason why one does not do these things is that in the trance Atmadarshana, on the threshold of masterpiece, one loses one's Ego for ever. Thenceforth the man exists only as a vehicle for an Impersonal Master; he lives his own life, and does his own duty, but the Master in him doesn't care what happens to him.

The other day a young lady came to consult me. I

gave her about a thousand dollars' worth of information. She asked me what I was going to charge. I said: "Nothing; regard me as a bank account on which you can always draw." She said: "But you must eat!" I answered: "I do not see the necessity."

I am always being asked why, if I have all these powers, I do not cause stones to become bread, and throw myself from the Woolworth Building in order to prove the truth of the Ninety-first Psalm, and obtain all the kingdoms of the earth at slight cost to self-respect.

Why did Christ refuse in the Temptation on the Mount?

It is the same story: I am come to do the Will of Him that sent me. And if I have to die on the cross, that is better than living on it!

One form of fascination is the power over animals. Persuade your animal that you are not that dangerous wild beast, a man, and your task is over.

Remember St. Francis preaching to birds and fishes. I have seen Allan Bennett do the same with the krait, the deadliest of the Indian snakes. We met it on a road. Before I could blow its head off with my revolver (the first duty of man) Allan interposed with his umbrella. But not to kill it. He deliberately stirred it up. It struck at the umbrella. "That," said Allan, "is anger," and went on to prove to the (I trust attentive) reptile the terrible results on character of allowing oneself to give way to anger! He also animadverted on the danger of frequenting the public highway, and, to conclude, removed the beast gently to the long grass. As a krait can strike in the fiftieth part of a second, and kill (if he does strike) in about

ten minutes, and as Allan's only protection, besides his divinity, was a pair of thin white duck trousers, I think that may stand as one of the bravest acts ever done. I consider myself a bit of a hero merely to have stood by!

However, I learnt a few tricks of this kind myself; for example—a thing most useful in the tropics—how to prevent mosquitoes from biting one. This is done by thinking kindly of them. It must be a genuine spontaneous feeling of brotherhood, or it won't work. You can also pick up anything hot by fixing the attention on the fact that "it doesn't hurt." But that again is a matter of knack. If you think about it too hard, you can no longer do it. I believe D. D. Home had this power.

Again, you can prevent things from biting you by certain breathing exercises. Hold the breath in such a way that the body becomes spasmodically rigid, and insects cannot pierce the skin. Near my bungalow at Kandy was a waterfall with a pool. Allan Bennett used to feed the leeches every morning. At any moment he could stop the leech, though already fastened to his wrist, by this breathing trick. We would put our hands together into the water; his would come out free, mine with a dozen leeches on it. At such moments I would bitterly remark that a coyote will not eat a dead Mexican, but it failed to annoy him.

With invisibility I was very successful. I made a big operation of it in the City of Mexico, and practiced daily for months in front of a mirror. I got good at it at last; and several times I have saved my life, and even things that I valued, thereby.

(To be concluded.)

AN AFRICAN LOVE SONG

By CHARLES BEADLE

IMAGE.

Against the green sky are blue cones,
hudding, like pookoo up on a hill,
From the restless mutter of the forest
and the murmur of the river.

STATEMENT.

This is the home of my love,
whose beauties are sung by the mos-
quitoes
by night
and danced by the flies
by day.

SONG.

(High tenor chant.)

I have feasted upon venison and fish,
yams roasted and wild orange!
I have drunk of the wine of the palm,
and made merry to the sound of drums
upon the hill!

CHORUS.

(Bass.)

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

II.

For they have prepared against the
coming of my love
a bed of young grass from the softest
flanks of the river!

While I have anointed my body
In the smoke of the greenwood fire!

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

III.

My love walks like unto a leopard stalk-
ing buck!
And her belly is as smooth and as round
as yonder river rock!

Did you hear that monkey chatter?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

IV.

Her legs are like young palm trees
whispering!

Her thighs are as soft as the kernel of
the baobab!

Supple is she as the neck of a young
giraffe!

Did you hear that hippo snort?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

V.

And her breasts are like unto small ant
hills!

Her eyes are two storm-velled moons,
and her flesh is as cool and as smooth
as a banana frond!

Did you hear the jealous night-hawk
screech?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

VI.

The complexion of my love is woven
from forest shadows,
and her teeth were stolen from a baby
crocodile!

Did you hear that big one flop?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

VII.

Her hair is crisp like unto young
mealies between the teeth,
and her nose is exquisitely flattened
like a wild plum!

Did you hear the parrot scream?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

VIII.

My love sits beside me upon the bridal
couch!

Her touch is like a green grass snake!
Did you hear the welcome of the frogs?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

IX.

Her acrid smell is more pungent than
the greenwood smoke,
and far sweeter than the wild honey of
the country of the M'Xosa!

Did you hear the cricket shrilling?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

X.

Her chines are as firm as the filled
bladder of a kid,
and smoother than an elephant's tusk!

Did you hear the hyena swear?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

XI.

Her love song blends in harmony
with a jealous lion's roar!

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

XII.

Her clutch is like an orchid!

Ehh! the mosquitoes bite!

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!
.....OW!

THE DISCOVERY OF GNEUGH-IOUGHRCK

(A Fragment)

. . . As I approached the landing-place, continued the explorer, the savagery of the natives manifested itself in a thousand extravagances.

In one canoe was to be seen a medicine man, waving a saffron rag, who parleyed in some inscrutable jargon; the tenant of another, a gorilla-like creature, boarded my boat, and plied me with idiotic questions as to whether I had been there before, where I was born, who was my father, was I a native of the country (!!!), what were my political opinions and my moral character, in short, everything that an imbecile curiosity could conjure up. He paid not the least attention to my answers. I learnt afterwards that this was part of a religious ritual of these astonishing half-men.

The great point was that the stranger must be made to swear some oath, no matter what, and no matter whether true or false. The fact of attestation guaranteed the favor of their gods. So again on landing I was confronted by another creature with a head resembling that of a sheep, but with the expression of a vulture, who exacted another oath to the effect that I was not intending to trade with the natives. I swore as requested, and he was immediately satisfied; but on subsequent examination I found that he had taken advantage of my distraction to rifle my loads, and sequester several articles that took his fancy. When I complained of this through an interpreter, I was told that the articles in question were of necessity "either displeasing to the gods, or pleasing to them, since the gods were never indifferent. In the first case, they must be destroyed; in the second they must be offered to the gods. In neither case have you any right in the matter." They added that I might flatter my fortune that she had brought me off so easily, for had I been a native, all my possessions must infallibly have been seized.

But no sooner had I quitted the landing-stage with my porters than an innumerable company of sordid persons began to jostle me. These were all ragged and dirty; they stank horribly of stale liquor of some kind unfamiliar to me, and also of some filthy aromatic. They began at once to ply me with questions which made those of my former tormentor seem almost reasonable.

For those other questions were at least such as I could answer; the new infliction was absurd. They asked me whether I had ever been in their country before; and on my replying "no," inquired how I liked their country, what I thought of its institutions and customs, which they assured me were the best in the world. They asked if I admired their women, who were the most beautiful in the world, and none of whom, as they well knew, I had yet seen. They wished even to know things which God alone could have known, concerning the future; how long I was going to stay, what I would do, and other matters even more ridiculous. They then became extremely insolent, commenting on my personal appearance and costume, catching at my clothes and asking their price, seeking information as to my most private affairs, and in every way conducting themselves as the sodden and mannerless mongrels that they were.

However, being at last for the first time well rid of these scurvy knaves, I was able to rest to some extent, and to listen while I ate my food to the

babble around me. On my journey from the landing-place I had already remarked that no man was able to fix his mind upon his affairs. Every pebble by the roadside on which the sun's rays chanced to fall at the proper angle would catch his eye, and crying, "Cowrie! Cowrie!" he would leave his occupation and rush after it. This frequently led to free fights between savages who had observed the pebble at the same moment, and they would continue to fight even after they found it to be only a pebble. Some seemed altogether hypnotized by their desire for cowries, and, picking up pebbles, would maintain angrily that they were cowries, or were better than cowries, or would be cowries one day!

Their conversation was exclusively on this one subject. It was unlucky or irreligious—I was never able to determine the root-idea in this superstition—to complete a sentence without mention of cowries, or to refer to any object without giving its equivalent in cowries. It was also usual to prefix to every sentence a brief invocation of the "official" god; and this I found to be the only trace remaining of his worship. The real god is a fabulous bird—the *Aquila duplex* of Mungo Park may be a congener. Fabulous, I say, though the natives assert positively that it exists. Yet some such bird is to be found in the western part of the country. The possession of a specimen is said to confer the highest happiness.

In default of such specimens they have dirty and crumpled oblongs of some substance resembling paper. These are covered with hieroglyphic signs and pictures, and the Big Medicine-Man, a mysterious being in the interior of the country, consecrates them and issues them. Their possession ensures good luck. Some are more sacred than others; this depends on the signs written by the makers. For even one of these every native is ready to perform any service, however degrading; or to steal, rob, and murder.

There is, however, a difference in degree; it is pretended that such crimes are only honorable or even (among the stricter sort of men) excusable when the number or value of the oblongs is great. But each man knows in his heart that even one of the least desirable of these is worth the loss of his soul; for this is their religion.

The food of the country is very varied and delicious, but the cooks are by no means skilful in their art. It is possible, however, after some experience, to avoid actual poisoning; and this the natives themselves are not able to do. For instead of using their noses, tongues, and eyes, they judge wholly by ear, which, a good principle in musical criticism, is unsuited to ripe gastronomy. Their method is as follows: Certain persons are chosen for the loudness of their tones, and appointed to declare the benefits or the reverse of devouring certain substances. One class cries that such a food is poison; his opponent that it is the only true nourishment of life. This shouting goes on continuously, and the other natives catch the enthusiasm of the shouters and join in their sacred war-dances, which often develop into fights. The shouters claim the direct inspiration of the god of truth, or of the god of freedom, or of the god of the people; but in reality they are faithful to the true but unofficial god of this strange people, as is every one. Those who most loudly blaspheme him are in truth often his

best servants. The shouters are employed by the merchants, in effect, and their oracles depend upon the commercial interests of their masters. I remarked upon this fact to one of their greatest philosophers, and he replied that it was the greatest proof possible of their bona fides, that the spiritual side of the prophets should be in such perfection of harmony with their material welfare. "What in the Abyss could be better?" (It is the custom to affirm belief in the existence of a place of eternal punishment by introducing its name into every question, since certain heretics doubted it of yore.)

"Should one prophesy against himself, it would show disunion in his being, which is no other than madness."

The test of truth is therefore exclusively its utility. This fact is of wide bearing, and applies directly to their theory of law.

This is as simple in this country as it is complex in others. The first principle is that everything is forbidden. For example, said my interpreter, no man may carry arms. I pointed out that (on the contrary) every man was armed to the teeth. True, said he, therefore if any man displease the ruling power, it is easy to destroy him. If he pay not ample tribute, or if he lend not his wives to the right people, or if he err in thought upon political or social questions, there is no trouble in condemning him. There is always some crime, which all alike commit, of which he may be conveniently accused.

This rule holds good of all laws. None are in force, unless it be to satisfy the greed or spite of one of the ruling class. To this there is however one important exception. There are certain classes of Shouters whose duty it is to call attention constantly to the evil-doer. These wisely concentrate their energies on some one trivial matter—it is not pleasing to the gods to mention serious affairs at all, in any connection—and they enforce the laws most drastically for the moment, while the attention of the people can be held. Thus, on my arrival, they had just condemned a medicine man to Ten Years of Imprisonment for "conscientious-advice-giving."

Other points were also most strange, even to me, an old explorer of many of the dark places of the earth. One essential point of law is that a forbidden thing is no longer forbidden, if it be called by another name.

Thus, it is the custom of the country to drink arrack from a calabash, coffee from a coco-nut; and it is forbidden to drink arrack upon holy days. Those therefore who wish to do so drink it from a coco-nut, and it becomes technically coffee. Similarly, in calling for the arrack, one must say: bring bamboo-shoots. Thus is the law satisfied.

The object of enforcing laws in this sporadic manner is obvious. Suppose a merchant spend years of labor in the building up a big trade in silk. The Shouters then say: "Behold this villain, the greatest rogue that walketh upon the earth! Lo, he conducteth to luxury and to vanity; and the morals of our women, the purest albeit the fairest that be in all the world, are by him corrupt." The indignation of the people is thus aroused, and they bethink them of the law against silk. The merchant must then pay all that he hath to the Shouters, so that they may not see him.

This is a most salutary custom of this people. The merchant hath ever the fear of the Law before his eyes. He is taught constantly the instability of human affairs, and so from a merchant he becometh a philosopher.

The greater merchants, however, have found higher truths. They themselves employ armies of Shouters, and none dare offend them. In their hands they have gathered all the images of the God of the country, without which none may do aught without blasphemy, and blasphemy is the one crime that is always and in all places punished, usually by death.

It is they that have destroyed or sequestered all the specimens of Aquila Duplex, which is not fabulous at all, and may still be found in the western districts of the country. But it has been to their interest to persuade the ignorant that the bird is but a fable, and that the oblong squares are the true God.

The evening being now come, I went forth into the market-place to take the air; but no sooner had I come into their main way, which they call broad (though it is narrow enough if one compare it with the main street of any civilized town), and white, although it has hardly a white building in all its length, than I was assailed by the fearsome beast which is justly the dread of the whole country, the terrible man-eating chicken . . .

(The remainder of this account has been deleted by the Censor.)

ABSINTHE

By JEANNE LA GOULUE

Apollon, qui pleurait le trépas d'Hyacinthe,
Ne voulait pas céder la victoire à la mort.
Il fallait que son âme, adepte de l'essor,
Trouvât pour la beauté une alchimie plus sainte.
Donc, de sa main céleste il épuise, il éreinte
Les dons les plus subtils de la divine Flore.
Leurs corps brisés soupirent une exhalaison d'or
Dont il nous recueillait la goutte de l'Absinthe!

Aux cavernes blotties, aux palais pétillants,
Par un, par deux, buvez ce breuvage d'aimant.
Car c'est un sortilège, un propos de dictame;
Ce vin d'opale pale avortit la misère,
Ouvre de la beauté l'intime sanctuaire
—Ensorcelle mon cœur, extasie mon âme!

LAST NIGHT.

By FAITH BALDWIN

Within a dim and starlit room last night,
Your heart to mine, astir like frightened wings,
Your dear lips saying mad, enchanting things,
I saw your strange eyes fill with faery light.

'And suddenly I slipped from out To-day
And we were in some green and moon-mad place,
And as you smiled, and bent to kiss my face,
I knew that, somehow, we had found the way

Back to a Pagan passion and desire,
Back to an Age of golden, free-limbed Youth,
All Song and Rapture and courageous Truth,
The world at Springtide—and the night on fire.

And we were bound no more by Time and Space,
No longer slaves of Subterfuge and Man.
And you who held me in your arms were Pan,
And I a dryad crushed in your embrace!

GROANS FROM THE PADDED CELL

(The Minority Report of the Editorial Rooms.)

IN the days of the military clan, men were more or less free and equal. An ordeal was necessary for the attainment of manhood; a regular ceremony which was far from a joke. Only the strong and clever could hope to attain the privileges of manhood. There was no specialization of labor. A man had to be able to hunt and fight; a woman to cook and to do the work of agriculture. There was hardly room for anyone but what might be called the normal human being. One particularly lazy fellow, well skilled in flattery, might get a job as tribal bard; but otherwise he would have to work like the rest. As a man got old, beyond the period when skill and experience failed to compensate for lack of strength, he might become an elder by virtue of his wisdom; and, of course, the best all-round man had a good chance of becoming King. But there really was something like equality of opportunity.

TO-DAY all this is absolutely changed. Every important branch of work is so specialized that a man must give his whole life to his particular job for 40 years or more before he is capable of holding his own in it. Such a man must obviously be chosen from the start on the ground of inclination and capacity. He must be allowed ample leisure. He must be secured freedom from all worries and anxiety, or he will never arrive at competence. A university education is not nearly enough. It is only a general ground-work. When a man leaves a university he wants at least 10 years uninterrupted work in his particular line before he even begins to succeed in it. In other words, the complexity of civilization demands an elaborate caste system. For one thing, the *habit of authority* is absolutely necessary to any one who is to fill a position of responsibility. Put a man who has done menial work all his life into an important position. He inevitably becomes a "Jack in office," harsh, overbearing, and tyrannical. On the other hand, if you take a boy and give him well trained servants, he will, when he becomes a man, get things done with perfect suavity and good feeling and absence of fiction. That is why you can take a boy from Eton or Winchester and send him out to rule a province in India. The "Competition-wallah," the boy of no birth or breeding who obtains a position in the Indian Civil Service by intellectual merit, is a disastrous failure.

THERE must however, be an end to all this talk of equality of opportunity. It will always be necessary to have a great majority of the population engaged in mechanical tasks. It is evidently quite impossible to give every man and woman even a university education. Most people have to earn their living by the time they are sixteen. Even if this experiment were possible, it would be absurd, because the university education would unfit the average individual for the necessary work of life. It is no good to teach a man political economy and Greek, and then set him to make rivets in a boiler factory for the rest of his life.

HOW then are we to make an intelligent selection? The answer is perfectly obvious. Men are not by any means born equal in the matter of intellectual capacity. Take the extreme case of

the Hottentot. No amount of teaching will get him to count beyond the number five, owing to the limitations imposed upon him by nature in the matter of fingers. The same holds true to a limited extent even with Caucasians. It is quite true that occasionally nature, in her merry mood, produces a genius from very unlikely material. It may sometimes happen, for example, that a stock which has never exhibited any intellectual distinction at all may get tangled up matrimonially with a lunatic, and by some lucky combination produce a genius.

BUT we do not know enough about genius to take any practical steps along these lines. We are bound to deal with averages; and there is nothing more certain than this, that ordinary talent, as opposed to genius, is to a very large extent inherited. The main objection to the hereditary principle is that families, after a long series of generations of distinguished men, take to producing degenerates and imbeciles. It is the ordinary biological curve. Now undoubtedly much mischief is wrought by having a caste which is hereditary and nothing more, because the said degenerates and imbeciles interfere with the working of the social machine. Our business is to get the right man in the right place; and the hard and fast rule of primogeniture has in many cases worked badly. One may concede that ultimately it is bound to work badly in all cases.

IT seems to me that it would be easy enough to guard against this difficulty. We must have a leisured class, we must have a privileged class, or we can never get good men at all. The most likely candidates are those whose fathers and mothers have achieved distinction. This principle has been recognized in England by the practice of raising distinguished men to the peerage. The idea has been greatly abused by confirming nobility upon the mere plutocrat. Yet when particularly undesirable people have bought these titles, care has taken to make the seat in the House of Lords end with the life of the ennobled bag of money.

BUT how are we to prevent degenerates and imbeciles from sitting in the highest councils of the nation? By the simple process of clearing them out. It would be easy to arrange for a test of manhood, a public test subject to public criticism, so that no man could assume hereditary privileges without proving by ordeal his right to it. These tests could and should be both physical and mental. These ideas are not opposed to democracy in its true sense. We want the normal man to govern, and the normal man means a man very far above the average, almost the ideal man, just as normal eyesight is the kind of eyesight that only a very few very lucky people possess.

THE socialistic idea that every man is as good as every other man is comic. A great deal of rubbish has been written lately about "secret diplomacy." How can the ordinary man expect to give a sound opinion on the affairs of foreign countries, when the very best men, specially trained for all their lives, are constantly making the most

stupid mistakes? "Popular control" is out of the question, even in the smallest business house. How then can we apply it with any common sense to the affairs of a great nation? If the people were free to vote, what would they vote for? Free lodging, free movies and free beer. I myself would vote for free beer. Could you expect the lower East Side to vote money for the encouragement of art or even of science? Of any of the higher branches of human activity? Yet, the whole structure of society depends upon the cultivation of these higher branches. Go and ask the ordinary working man whether he would rather apply the national income to the reduction of rent or to the study of histology! We should never have a cent for anything pertaining to the most fundamental and necessary activities, if the choice were left to the people.

WHAT then is the ideal form of government? The greatest of all the political lessons of history is that society is founded on the family, and the family on the land. A strong agrarian class is the best defense against invasion, physical or moral. "A bold peasantry, its country's pride, when once destroyed, can never be supplied." There is something in the contact with earth and air and water and sun which makes men vigorous. All strong and stable states have had Cincinnatus for a unit. The power of England has always lain in the landed nobility and gentry. Each great estate has been the nucleus of a peasantry with "soul"—with a peculiar pride in itself. The lords of the land, great or little, were also the fathers of the people. Each took a particular and individual interest in each of his tenants.

WHEN this system began to break up, owing to the growth of industrialism and of the power of money, the virility of England broke with it. Fifty years ago the smallest squire had more social consideration than the most wealthy merchant; rightly so, for he was actually a part of the land itself. A rich man could not become a squire by buying land; he became a joke.

BUT your plutocrat has no anchor in the soil; he calculates coldly that it is cheaper to work a man to death than to look after him. He does not know or care what becomes of those dependent upon him. The idea of solidity of structure is gone from the social system. America dwells in tents like the Arabs, and may as silently fade away. Who in this colony feels in his bones an attachment to ancestral Topeka? We go where the economic tide drifts us; and we do not go back because there is no "back" to go to. Socialism (as most people seem to conceive it) would make matters a thousands times worse—if there's that amount of room for further bedevilment; for Socialism ignores all but the economic factor. Economics appeal only to the shell of men, never to his soul. And it is the soul which determines the action of a true man. A nation swayed wholly by economic considerations is a nation lost alike to God and to man. "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

THE first business of government is to guard the hardihood of the race. So we must see to it that every child is healthy and well-fed, inured to sport,

to hardship within certain bounds. The spirit must be free, the passions strong and well regulated, the intellect unhampered by old wives' fables. We must assure to every one the first necessities of life, shelter, food, warmth and the easy exercise of the power of reproduction, without shame or sentimentality.

WE must make a firm, almost a paternal bond, between the "lord" and his dependents. If an employer were soundly whipped whenever one of his men or women had a preventable sickness, it would change things considerably! The happiest, the most healthy, the most prosperous class in recent history were the slaves in the South before the Civil War, wherever the owner was a decent Southern Gentleman, and not a Yankee nigger-driver, with no interest in the slaves beyond dollars. If America is to survive, nay, to become a nation, it must be by the development of an enlightened feudalism.

LET us not be frightened by a name! Reginald Front-de-Boeuf was not the only type of Norman Baron. And the world is a very different place to-day. We have a wretched habit of being scared by words like "royalty," "Socialism," so that we do not trouble to ask what such terms really mean. This is because we mix up our rational thoughts with our sentimental emotions. There was never a moment in the world's history when it was more vitally important to think and to feel as if with two separate organs. "God gave the land to the people," as the little hymn says; but He did not give them brains, or moral courage, or the power of self-analysis. There is not one man in ten thousand who knows whether his consciousness is colored by reason or by passion.

I PERSONALLY have found this power extremely awkward. Just at present, for example, my heart clings to the great court of Trinity closer than its immemorial ivy. All my imagination is with the England of Harry the Fifth, and with the France of Joan of Arc, and with the Russia of wild and mystic orgies. But my intellect refuses to give assent to some of the propositions made by the Allies. I am ready, with Drake, to singe the King of Spain's beard; or to tear the Kaiser from his gory throne, in a moment of patriotic passion. But I am not prepared to sit down and argue calmly that such actions are ethically right. All hail to the vehemence and fury of war and of love! But not in these trousers. I must first gird my loins with the saffron philabeg of a dhuine-wassail! As a lover, it gives me extreme satisfaction to riot amid the wine-stained and blood-bedabbled tresses of a Messalina or a Catherine; but, as a philosopher, I seem to myself to have acted with brutish unreason. I maintain, briefly, that Philip drunk is as good as Philip sober; but I cannot fall into line with the man who asserts that Philip drunk is Philip sober. And alas! that man is everywhere. You rightly enough drop nine hundred and sixty-eight million tons of trinitrotoluene upon the head of a Saxon peasant whose only idea of you, till then, has been vague and ill-etched. Perhaps he thought of you as one of the people among whom his Uncle Fritz went to live in 1849. You are right to drop that trinitrotoluene; it is a splendid gesture. But—the morning after? Even Antient Pistol proved amenable. "I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret

him; discourse the same in French unto him!" is followed by the mild acceptance of a modest ransom.

NOW this war is not to be settled by appeals to passion and to sentiment. We have got to reconstruct the world on such lines as may be best for all. We must use one quality only—common sense. We have got to be friends with Germany before we sheathe the sword against her. The campaign of hate on both sides is utter wickedness or complete insanity—you pay your money and you take your choice. We are not going to listen to the drunken journalist who sneered the other day at the Friends of Irish Freedom as "bartenders and servant girls." His animus was evident, for he attributed the ruin of his mind to the one, and that of his body to the other, class. But, on the other hand, we must shut our ears to the sentimental wails of the Irish irreconcilables about "Saxon tyrants." This historic injustice business is plain vendetta, and as out-of-date as furbelows, whatever they were.

WE must attend to the genuine needs of each nation, and heed not their cries of hysteria. Then, if there be indeed incompatible needs—(though, in the name of God who made earth so

wide and fair, how can there be?)—if there be no way of reconciling England's need of a navy with Germany's need of a place in the sun, then we can go on and fight it out some more. But we shall never begin to talk peace till we begin to think peace; and we shall never begin to think peace till we have got ourselves into thinking, instead of feeling. And we shall never do that until we realize that the two things are different.

A. C.

LOVE IS ONE.

I LOVE God only when I love thee most.
 Censing the altar with the whispered shower
 Of worship, I approach the holiest hour
 When in the monstrance burns the blessed Host.
 Landed on life's chryselephantine coast,
 I make the godly gesture of pure power.
 The silence shrouds me like a folded flower
 When all life lapses in the Holy Ghost.

How could I love God if I loved not thee,
 Or love thee if I were not lost in God?
 Could there be three unless those Three were One?
 There is no shore to the celestial sea;
 There is no pylon to the last abode,
 The temple of our truth, Hilarion!

THE ARGUMENT THAT TOOK THE WRONG TURNING

There was a sombre and a smoldering fire in the eyes of the quiet man in the corner of the ingle. The remarks of the prohibitionist who was holding forth from the big arm chair seemed to excite him, but one could hardly have said why. But when that respectable gentleman paused for breath, the fire leapt up. "May I add my humble testimony?" he said politely. "I feel more strongly than most men, I think, upon the subject. Were I to tell you my story, perhaps you would admit that I had a right to do so." The man from the Anti-Saloon League got out his note book with undisguised enthusiasm. "Can't we induce you to tell it?" he asked, scenting something sensational, "nothing so aids the cause as the recital of facts." "Well," said the quiet man, "I don't mind if I do. I was married to a young and beautiful woman. We passed six years of which one could not pick out a single month and say that it was not a honeymoon. She drank herself into a lunatic asylum." He stopped there, very suddenly; his words cut bitterly into the heart of every man in the room. They were too shocked for even the conventional murmur of sympathy. But the prohibitionist, with a smirk, asked for further details. "I shall be happy to gratify you, sir," replied the other, and there was a subcurrent of severity in his tone which made one or two of the more sophisticated men present prick up their ears. The quiet man lighted his cigar. "My wife's father," he said, "was vicar of one of the most important parishes in London. His wife liked a glass of champagne with her dinner. However, in her position, it would not do. She had to set a good example to the parish. At the same time she was not going to give up her champagne, so she sent for a doctor who prescribed her champagne, and in order more effectually to silence the voice of scandal, it was necessary to prescribe for the children

as well. The eldest daughter, at the age of 16, was drinking about a quart a day, by the doctor's orders. She married. Two years later, her husband died. Six years after that I married her myself. Presently I discovered that whenever anything happened to depress her she sought consolation in alcohol. The Puritan idea, the necessity of pretending to be what you are not, had destroyed her sense of freedom. She did the drinking secretly. Ultimately the smash came. I had to be away for some months on business. In my absence the baby died. I came back to find her a hopeless dipsomaniac. I tried everything. Naturally it was useless. She lost all moral sense, I was compelled to divorce her because she refused to follow the doctor's last orders, to spend two years in a 'home.' I would not stand by and let her kill herself so long as I was morally responsible for her moral welfare. Three months after the divorce, she had to be put into a lunatic asylum."

"A most striking story," said the prohibitionist, "A most admirable story, a most useful story for our purpose." But the quiet man rose to his feet. "No," he said, "my tragedy is not a tragedy of alcohol, it is a tragedy of humbug. It is the rotten popular Anglo-Saxon cowardice about the use of alcohol which leads inevitably to its abuse. It is people like yourself that are responsible for all the drunkenness, for all the insanity, for all the crime that people resort to. In countries where there is no feeling against alcohol, where, in honesty and decent freedom a man can sit with his family and drink in the open, we find none of these troubles." The prohibition orator became exceedingly annoyed. "I did not expect this treatment," he said. "It is most unwarrantable. I have no doubt at all, sir, that the poor woman was driven to drink by your own brutal treatment." "Yes," said the other man, "I can be both brutal and violent on occasion." And he was.

THE BURNING OF MELCARTH

BY MARK WELLS

The Herald of the King of Tyre, borne upon a chariot with six white horses, made his way through the busy street.

In the name of the great god Melcarth, and in the King's name, he commanded that all strangers should leave the city upon pain of death.

It was two weeks before the winter solstice, but in that glorious climate many a flower bloomed already in the gardens of the inhabitants.

Cleon, the Greek merchant of Corinth, was prepared for the warning of the herald, but he was none the less annoyed. He had the commercial spirit, and it enraged him to find his business interrupted by a mere festival. He would not so much have minded had Dodeh, his beloved for the period of his residence, agreed to accompany him. A holiday visiting the islands of the coast would have been agreeable if he had some one to play the flute to him, and dance for him upon the deck in the glow of sunset. But Dodeh had refused positively; "her religion came first in her life"—and Cleon, who was rather a sceptic, sighed over the stupidity of fanaticism. He was angry, too, for a somewhat contradictory reason. Since festivals must be, he liked to see them. He fancied himself as a travelled man, and he would have liked to bring back a great story to Corinth in the spring. Still there was nothing for it but compliance; so he made a feast for Dodeh, bade her guard his merchandise in his absence, and in particular to beware of the advances of a certain saucy youth named Ramman, one of those vagabonds who from all time has infested Eastern cities, living no one knows quite how.

"He shall not called Ramman for nothing," frowned the Greek, "if he comes about my house in my absence." This was a joke, for Ramman is derived from the verb "ramamu," meaning to bellow.

Dodeh naturally assured the merchant of her eternal truth, and very likely believed what she said; women usually do, at the time. Their deceptions are successful because they are unconscious. They are all faithful, so far as they know; but when it comes to action, it is the "troll" that rules them.

So Cleon took his men and his ship and put to sea; and cruised among the islands till the period of the festival had elapsed. By some error of calculation the ship master arrived off Tyre some hours too soon.

The city lay in utter darkness; but on the beach a flame shone out as if it were a beacon. Dawn broke, and they saw that it was the smoldering effigy of a monstrous man, seated astride a sea-horse proportionately enormous. When the pilot came out with the official who represented the city, in order to see that all was in conformity with Tyrian law, Cleon asked the latter what this might mean and was solemnly assured that "the god had struck him with a thunderbolt." The strange sight and stranger explanation struck the fancy of the Greek;

and he more than ever regretted that he was not entitled to witness the wonders about which the people of the city made such mystery.

Dodeh received him with exceeding joy, which her demure demeanor would not hide, for once. She was a woman of twenty years old, of subtle loveliness. Rather short and plump, she was built strong and sturdy; her round face was rosy through its olive, and the effect was heightened by faint blue tattooings on the cheeks and lips. Her eyes were fiery glints beneath dark eyebrows blackened and drawn out with kohl. On her upper lip a fine moustache—the merest hint—betrayed a passionate temperament. She was silky and sullen and swift and perverse, loving to tease her master with pretended indifference, only to overwhelm him with the greater vehemence at the end, like a cat playing with a mouse. She had all the stealth and self-possession of a cat, moreover; and Cleon thought himself lucky to be beloved of one so skilled in every art of pleasing and exciting. In short, she ended by winning him wholly; for not content with the mere art of love, she had made herself indispensable to his business, teaching him all the tricks of the Tyrians, how they imitated ivory, and adulterated purple, and mixed silk and wool so that no ordinary eye could distinguish the fraud. The result was that he carried her off to Corinth with him when his business was done, and the smiles of Grecian maids failed to disturb him; he had found the one woman of the world. She presided in his house with perfect dignity and charm; the philosophers whose company Cleon affected were more than pleased with her modesty and her education; for she could recite the poems of Sappho, and of Alcaeus, and of Stesichorus and Pittacus and Hermesianax, as well as she could play the flute and dance; while even sterner subjects were familiar to her. She was well acquainted with the philosophy of Pythagoras and of Heraclitus, and had even studied Plato; while, to crown all, she possessed a very pretty gift of divination by throwing handfuls of dried leaves into a fire made of cedarwood and beeswax. She was not a mere priestess of pleasure, it must be understood; she had been brought up from infancy in the temple, and trained and consecrated to the service of the god.

Presently Cleon had to return to Tyre, and this time his voyage was so successful that he determined to establish a regular branch of his business in the city at the end of the summer. It was July when he and Dodeh reached Corinth for the second time, and so devoted was the lover that he made a great festival and married her. She readily acquiesced in the Greek ceremony, but made a single stipulation, that she should be allowed to hold in her hand some of the sacred fire from the altar during the whole ceremony; for such, she said, was the custom of her people, that the sun, the father of all fire and the giver of all life on earth, might witness to her fidelity on the one hand and make her fertile on the other. But she said this laughingly, and Cleon thought that she cared little for her religion, but yet was half-consciously afraid to fail to carry out its observances.

A month after the marriage they sailed once more for Tyre, where Cleon purchased a large shop for his merchandise, and a house with a garden in the suburbs. All autumn they lived and loved in peace and in prosperity; then Cleon remembered that he was

still technically a stranger, and would have to leave the city for the festival. He was much more annoyed than on the previous occasion; for he had "settled down" with Dodeh, and become fat and lazy; besides, he was all on fire to see the ceremony of which he had only witnessed the aftermath. He expressed his feelings in the plainest words to Dodeh. It was the nearest approach to ill-temper he had ever shown.

She laughed in her most fascinating way. "Dear baby," she said, "what a fuss about nothing! All you need do is to leave the city openly and lie off shore a few miles out to sea; I will get a little boat and come for you at night. You shall come back here; I will disguise you, and we will see the ceremony together—except the last day, when women are not allowed to participate. But I will tell you exactly what to do, and you shall see everything." Cleon was enchanted at her ready compliance, and her quick solution; when the time came he left Tyre in great state, taking a most affecting public farewell of his wife, to throw as much dust as possible in the eyes of the world. That night Dodeh did as she had said; they got back to the villa without being observed, and though it was all dark without, within were lights and flowers and a splendid banquet ready. Never had Dodeh been so hilarious as she was that night; the slightest incidents seemed to amuse her, and in consequence she was equally amusing. They really behaved like two silly children; one would have said they had been parted for a year instead of a bare fraction of a day.

II.

For the next three days the happy couple remained quietly at home, save for an hour or so in the morning, when Dodeh went to the market and the temple in order not to arouse comment in the city. On the fourth day the festival was to begin.

That morning Dodeh came home with quantities of live quails, which Cleon had not seen before the festival. The explanation was that Asteria, the mother of Melcarth, was a quail, and these birds might therefore not be eaten until the birth of Melcarth, which was to be celebrated that night. Shortly after sunset Dodeh dressed Cleon in the disguise of a slave and made him carry the quails; and they went forth together to a part of the city where they were not known. At every place where four streets met a bale-fire blazed. Around these fires the people were assembled, in great solemnity, every one with bright clothes, and most of them carrying one or more live quails, each according to his rank and wealth. Priests walked up and down the street in twos and threes, chanting:

Rejoice! Rejoice!

O men of Tyre, rejoice!

O women of Tyre, clap hands!

Asteria your goddess is ill at ease.

She is bowed upon the arms of her handmaidens.

Cry aloud that Asteria may be delivered from her pain!

Let a man child be born unto Asteria, even the great god Melcarth, Lord of Tyre.

Rejoice! Rejoice!

Presently the song changed. It became surpassing slow and sad. One priest began:

"Now is the hour of the tribulation of Asteria."

Another answered:

"Whence came Asteria?"

"From the fire of the sun."

"What shall avail her to purge her of her tribulation?"

"The fire of the sun."

Then rose the voices of the priests in chorus:

"Arise, ye people, let strength and beauty be born of Asteria, mother of Melcarth, Lord of Tyre!"

At that all the people shouted together, and began to leap joyously across the flames, dropping the live quails into them as they sprang. Cleon, following his wife's direction, imitated them. As the quails began to roast, they were recovered from the fire, and every one plucked and ate one then and there. When every one had had his fill, the dance began; but Cleon and Dodeh soon slipped away to the quieter pleasures of the flute.

On the following day, it was evident that Melcarth had indeed been born; for there he stood in the great square that was in the center of the city, in effigy, twenty feet high, upon a sea-horse. Around him was a regular scaffolding of logs, with sheaves of straw; in preparation, as Dodeh explained to her husband, for the final bonfire. But this day was to be devoted to the drama of the life of the great God. Dodeh had procured a priest's dress for Cleon, as through her association with the temple she could easily do. They found a secluded station in that part of the temple which was allotted to the priests and priestesses—and this was the only day in the year when women were permitted to enter the holy place. This enabled them to see perfectly without attracting any special attention.

At high noon the herald entered the temple and bade all men mark the coming of the king. A minute later the rest of the procession arrived. Cleon could see it through the open door of the sacred building. First came a solid phalanx of guards, in white tunics and buskins, with shields, corslets, and helmets of carved and polished brass. They carried spears which had been gilded in honor of the occasion. Next came a company of horsemen, their trappings covered with fans of peacock's feathers. After them came many priests; then the company of the actors of the sacred drama, in the various disguises necessary; then other priests. Next came six gigantic men of swarthy stature, bearing a gilded pole carved with representations of the deeds of Melcarth, and tipped with the image of a pine-cone.

Last came the king, in a chariot of chased ivory and gold. The car was swathed with a great curtain of true Tyrian purple, against which the king showed marvellously, for he wore silks of the richest blue over his golden armor, and in his helmet with its crenellated cirlet were seven white ostrich feathers. In his hand he carried the sacred rod of office, for he was high priest as well as king. About him the high ministers of state bore each the symbol of his office.

At the temple the king descended, and did sacrifice at the great altar where burned the perpetual fire. Only the priests and the actors entered with him.

The king gave the signal, and the sacred play began. With every detail the great legend of Melcarth was commemorated; his conquest of the lion and of the dragon, of the Rivers of Destruction and of the Untameable Sea-horse. They represented his cleansing of the land by rain, his fertilizing of the desert by rivers; they showed how he had won the golden fruit from the gardens of the Sunset, and how he had dragged back his friend Mazib from the very heart of hell.

This was the climax of the mystery, for no sooner had the rescued man embraced his savior than the king himself, leaving his throne, stepped forward as

though to interrupt the proceedings. He lifted his staff, crying "Woe, woe to the city of Tyre! Melcarth saved Mazib, for Melcarth is a god, the strong, the bountiful. But who shall save Melcarth? For Melcarth goeth down into the grave!" With that he cast his staff upon the ground; he tore his blue robes from his shoulders; he unbuckled his golden armor, and let it clang upon the marble. Appearing only in a loose robe of black without any ornament, he cast dust upon his head from a box presented by the priest who acted as master of the ceremonies, and uttered a long lament, full of terrible predictions as to what would happen to the city when Melcarth was dead, ending every phrase with the woeiful question "Who shall save Melcarth? Who shall save the city of Tyre?"

Presently all present began to join in this refrain; it spread without the temple, all down the city streets through the ranks of the assembled people. All tore their robes, all threw dust upon their heads, all beat their foreheads. But now the youngest of all the priests came forward. He alone had not joined in the lamentations; he had stood silent before the fire of the altar as if lost in meditation, from time to time reaching his hand out over the fire, or leaning his head towards it. He was dressed, differently to the other priests, in a short tunic of purple with a skirt to the knee, and a golden cord bound seven times about his waist. On his head he wore a conical cap of carved ivory, ornamented with horns like a bull's. He bore a bow and seven small blunt arrows. Standing before the king he shot the arrows one by one into the air, while all stood silent. Then he spoke.

"An oracle of the god, O King!

"The word of Melcarth to the City of Tyre!

"Melcarth must die, but he must live again!"

The king answered with the old phrase: "Who shall save Melcarth? Who shall save the City of Tyre?"

The young man answered: "An oracle of the god, O king! A man that is a stranger shall save the City of Tyre!"

The king lifted his voice, as if appealing to the people: "Is there any stranger in the City of Tyre?"

Immediately confusion arose, every man pretending to examine his neighbor. After a few moments the king repeated his question, and again the pretended search was made. For the third time the king asked: "Is there any stranger in the City of Tyre?" and this time the answer rolled back, a dirge of utter woe, from every part of the whole city, and even from the suburbs and the surrounding fields and hills, where men had been specially stationed for this part of the ritual, the idea being to include the whole dominion in the sacred formula. With one voice the priests and the people cried aloud: "There is no stranger in the City of Tyre!" At that the entire population gave themselves up to frenzies of affected woe, dispersing gradually to their homes, where they were to abstain from food and from the kindling of any fire, until the morrow. Cleon and Dodeh, profoundly moved by the significance of this strange rite, returned to their villa, and sat, as the ritual prescribed, by the dead ashes of the hearth, lamenting till the dawn.

The critical moment for Cleon was to arrive on the third day of the feast, for no women might accompany the men, so his wife said. Every man must wear a particular disguise, and she had been at pains to prepare one and conceal it in the house of a friend who lived in the great street which led to the center of the city. Cleon would thus have only about half a mile to

walk to see the burning of the effigy of Melcarth, and there would be little chance of detection. So a little before noon they reached the house appointed. The street was already lined with guards for the ceremony, but Dodeh giving a sign to the officer, she was allowed to enter with Cleon. Here she removed his slave's dress, which she had made him wear to explain his presence with her, and proceeded to adorn him for the ceremony. She produced a jar of some sticky substance like resin, stained purple with the famous dye, and covered him from head to foot with it. Over this she threw a lion's skin, and in his hand she put a club. "We must wait till the procession comes," she said, "then you can glide out of the house and mingle with it; no one will notice you. Walk up to the great square with them, but do not speak to any one. Your accent—though it's delightful, heart of my heart!—would give you away at once, and it would be terribly dangerous for you to be recognized as a stranger. We don't like our mysteries spied on; only, I love you!"

Minutes passed by; Cleon began to find this costume extremely hot and the sacred paint peculiarly irritating; but it was worth it. Presently a noise of chanting down the street told them that the procession was near; Cleon, trying hard not to scratch, slipped out of the door. The street was now full of people, many of them in fantastic attire. The sun blazed down upon the scene, and Cleon felt hotter and more uncomfortable than ever. But he was full of strange excitement; the fierce atmosphere of the festival seemed to have communicated itself to him.

In a few moments the head of the procession appeared. It was formed by priests, all wearing the masks of various wild beasts and bearing flaming torches. As he turned to look, the street suddenly cleared; the people had all moved to the side behind the steel-clad line of guards. He realized that he was alone; but instead of retiring among the others, he felt that that was the one thing he could not do. He felt a kind of madness surging in his brain, and at the same moment he realized that the procession was no longer chanting, but roaring and howling in imitation of the wild beasts whose masks they wore, and that they were charging him. He bounded madly up the street toward the square; the crowd joined in at his heels, and above the cries he heard the jubilant call of the people: "Melcarth shall live again! Tyre shall be saved!"

He reached the square; it was full of men and women with flaming torches on every side. His blood boiled with the frenzy of excitement; he knew that he was shouting in mad glee mingled with horror. Suddenly a flash of sanity came to him; he saw that he was in danger. He dashed at an opening of the square, but the flaming torches closed upon him. The agony of the poisoned paint was now insufferable; he bounded to and fro, raving he knew not what. Ever the torches seemed to hem him in.

And then the darkness fell from his eyes; a great illumination seized him; he must take refuge with Melcarth, with Melcarth who must die and live again. In an ecstasy he bounded upon the pyre; he climbed over the great logs; he caught the stirrup of the god, and hoisted himself on to the shoulders of the sea-horse. As he did so a thousand torches were plunged into the straw, and the flames roared up to heaven. But through them he saw one thing with the last flash of sanity and life; it was Dodeh, in her harlot's dress, lying back in the arms of Ramman, laughing and clapping her hands.

CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN

(Written in the Dark Ages Before the War.)

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

GAMBRINUS AND BACCHUS

GERMANY, to borrow the phrase of a teetotaler, is the classic land of moderate drinking. Out of Germany came the temperance drink, beer. Bacchus Dionysos has found many singers. Gambrinus is unsung, if not unhonored, of poets. Yet is not the hop as fragrant as the grape? I am convinced that many poets who celebrate the vine have been inspired by beer. But beer doesn't rhyme well. We deem it a word without literary traditions. Still, the history of beer is ancient and honorable, and its literature reaches back to the dusk of the Pagan gods. Julian, the Apostate, was the first contributor to the literature of beer. He wrote a satirical poem against it. He also wrote satirical poems against the Christians. But the pale Galilean has conquered. And, strange as it may seem, beer has been a steady companion of Christian expansion.

The watchword "Bibles and Beer" is applicable in a sense unsuspected by those who reproachfully coined it. When the Roman world power, the bulwark of Paganism, was demolished, the beer of the Teutons supplanted the Pagan wine. At first the odor of heathen festivals attached to the brew of Gambrinus. But the wary Church adopted it along with the holidays of the heathens, and it was brewed in the monasteries. And in the drinking songs of the Germans, pæans of Christ were substituted for the pæans of Wotan. The Salvation Army and the Protestant churches seem to adhere to the same ecclesiastical policy; they both bawl devotional hymns to the rousing tunes of the convivial songs of the German student.

The good monks of the Middle Ages served Bacchus and Gambrinus with equal zeal. Chronicles tell of a hop garden near the monastery of Freising, in 768. The Swedish bishop and celebrated chronicler, Olaf Magnus, remarked in 1502 that the wine in the South and the beer in the North were steadily improving. The papal legate, Raimundus Lucullus, justified his cognomen by a rapturous tribute to the beer brewed in Hamburg. Martin Luther was a jolly good fellow. It goes without saying that he sanctioned beer.

Of course, the beer we drink today is superior to the beer of the ancient Germans. If Julian had drunk Pilsener, his poetic philippic against beer would have remained forever unwritten. He suffered his life long from indigestion. His temper in consequence was splenetic. He lost his empire because his temper ran away with him. Beer would have saved both his empire and his temper. If Hamlet had been acquainted with Würzburger, pessimism would not have enthralled him. His family skeleton would not have rattled through five weary acts of Shakespeare. We might have had a comedy of *Hamlet*.

BEEER is the lubricant in the wheels of history. Its salutary effect on the digestion has been established by the Imperial German Board of Health. And long before the German Empire had been founded, a shrewd New Testament character advised a young Apostle to indulge in mild alcoholic beverages for his weak stomach's sake and his often infirmities. Alcohol exercises a recognized function in the religious ceremonies of all civilized nations. The Mohammedans, who substitute constant sexual stimulation for temporary alcoholic excitement, have lagged behind in

the race of the world's evolution. If teetotalism ever vanquishes temperance in the United States, we shall present a spectacle more saddening than Turkey.

I have never been able to understand why so many parsons seem to be anxious to controvert the first miracle of the Lord. If Christ had been a teetotaler, he would not have changed the water into wine even at his mother's request. He would have turned the wine into sarsaparilla. I am not a Christian minister, but I would not dare dilute with ineffectual words the miraculous wine of Cana.

An American teetotaler has recently drawn an interesting comparison between the American and continental method of receiving guests. We, he fondly points out, salute our visitors by urging upon them the necessity of lavatory procedures. "Do you want to wash your hands?" the American host solicitously inquires. The continental host, however, welcomes his guests with an honest libation. The point is well taken, and illustrates the superior manners of the civilized European. Why should he insult his guests by impugning their cleanliness? Let me inform the writer, in case he should be again tempted to travel abroad, that the continental host expects his guests to wash their hands before they come to his house. May he profit by this information!

What should we offer a guest but the aromatic blood of the hop, or the sparkling gold of the grape? If we were Oriental despots, we might add to these a beautiful slave girl. The laws of the land and economic considerations unfortunately compel us to dispense with these affecting tokens of appreciation and friendship. Shall they also bar wine? Libations have been poured wherever friends have met since the days of Homer. The wisdom of the East, and the traditions of our Teutonic sires, both emphasize the philosophy of drink. The soul, as Leibnitz has said, is a house without windows. The lock of the door is incrustated with Care. Self-consciousness, with seven-iron bands, barricades the entrance. Alcohol is the magic key that unlocks the door. Comparative strangers are transfigured and gladdened by the magic of friendship when it has spoken its Sesame. Irksome barriers, which normally only years of close communion could have shattered, are obliterated for the time being. The soul, escaping from its cage for a little while, sings and soars like a bird.

PEOPLÉ on the continent, especially the Germans, take their drinks with refinement. They drink as they live—æsthetically. We neither live nor drink in beauty. We spend large amounts of money on drinking. But the sutleties of the Bacchic ceremonial escape us. We are novices in the service of the good god Gambrinus. That is the reason why our waiters despise us. You must have noticed the supercilious servility and condescending smile of the French or the German waiter when you give him your order. He looks down upon us as Barbarians.

The German thrives on the light glass of beer or wine with his meals; whiskey he abhors. We are killed off daily and hourly in the dairy restaurants. We shall never have an American art while we subsist largely on icewater. The plutocratic few are well provided in clubs and expensive eating-places. The average American depends for his lunch on the dairy. Saloons are often uncomfortable and obnox-

ious. What we need is Childs' with the added inspiration of spirits. In Germany, you find such places everywhere. The most famous chain of restaurants is Aschinger's, a sort of inspired Childs'.

Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, in his brochure entitled *The Gullet of Berlin*, avers that every second house in the German metropolis is a place where alcohol in some form is vended. Yet drunkenness is almost unknown. That is because people refrain, as a rule, from strong liquor. I am not one of those who would bar even liquor. There are times when it is both safe and delightful to take a cordial. But—a cordial isn't a drink. It is a stimulant, and, taken in excess, a poison. Until he can imprint indelibly upon our brains the difference between a drink and a stimulant, let us keep our hands from the whiskey flagon. Who, by the way, is the god of Cognac?

We have the deplorable tendency to vulgarize things. We cheapen literature in magazines. The Sunday Supplement is the degradation of art. We degrade marriage and love in the court-room. And we make drinking abominable through vulgar and injudicious excesses. We are like the early Christians who dethroned the gods of the Pagans and made them monstrous and wicked. Jupiter was anathematized as a devil. Mercury was looked upon as a thief. Phœbus Apollo became an evil sorcerer, Cupid an imp of hell, and the mother of Cupid—

*The obscure Venus of the hollow hill,
The thing transformed that was the Cytherean,
With lips that lost their Grecian laugh divine. . . .*

But the woe of the ancient gods was not ended. It remained to the New World to contort the loveliness of Bacchus and the benign smile of Gambrinus into the hideous grimace of the Demon Rum.

GERMANY, as I have said, is the mother of moderation. We can learn from her, but we can learn more from Denmark. The Germans are naturally moderate. The Danes incline to drunkenness. And we, I am afraid, are more like Danes than Germans. There is a certain instability in our national temperament that will no doubt disappear when the fusion of races has produced the American type.

The Danish brewing industry is of recent growth. In 1840, only one hundred and fourteen persons, all in all, were engaged in the business, including the workmen. In those days Demon Rum held undisputed sway over Denmark. The Danes were drowned in liquor. Their bodies, soaked with rum, withstood the teeth of corruption in the grave. It was dangerous to strike a match in the propinquity of one of Hamlet's compatriots. Perhaps the plight of the Danish people and of their neighbors, the Swedes, has been responsible for the safety match. I am, however, not prepared to make an affidavit on this.

At any rate, about 1870, the temperance wave struck the little kingdom. The leaders of the movement discerned with rare sagacity that intemperance could be fought only with a light alcoholic beverage. They talked to the brewers, and the brewers talked to each other. After some scratching of heads, they finally produced a light beer pleasant to the taste, containing a small percentage of alcohol. Later on the State took a hand in the matter by levying a heavy tax on all beers containing more than $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of alcohol by weight. Beer with only $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of alcohol was not taxed at all. The consequence was that all breweries opened up plants for the production of temperance beer.

One-half of all the beer produced in Denmark is temperance beer. They speak of this beer as "non-alcoholic." Avowed advocates of temperance relish it. It is kept on tap in every saloon. If you go to Denmark, by all means try "non-alcoholic" Pilsener and "non-alcoholic" Muenchener. The Danish brewer is forbidden by law to brew beer with over six per cent. alcohol. Beer has almost entirely supplanted rum in Denmark. It is beer alone that has saved Denmark and Sweden from toppling to drunkards' graves. If I were a painter, I would depict Temperance with a jug of foaming Pilsener bearing the legend: "In this sign thou shalt conquer."

Denmark, too, has a few extremists who clamor for the total elimination of alcohol. They have established model saloons, where a drink called "Sinalco," or "Liquorless," is vended. With heroic determination I tasted this sickening concoction. The innkeeper, a retired officer of the army, looked at me half in pity, half in scorn. "Do you drink this horrid stuff?" I queried. "Yes," he replied; "in fact, 'Sinalco' is excellent—with an admixture of whiskey." That, it seems to me, is an amusing illustration of the failure of absolute prohibition.

It was Münsterberg who recently knocked the bottom out of the prohibition argument. He restated for the New World the experience of the Old when he affirmed that the human system absolutely needs a stimulus of some kind. If we abolish alcohol, sexual and other irregularities will take its place. The anti-liquor people were foaming at the mouth. Münsterberg's arguments could not be shaken nor his authority questioned.

The professional prohibitionists remind me of the exorcists of olden days. The people came to them to drive out devils. The tribes of magicians and medicine men waxed fat and happy, until humanity discovered that there were no devils at all, and that, at any rate, they could not be driven out. The antagonists of temperance in the prohibition camp have humbugged the American people by their pretense of driving out Old Nick, when lo, Professor Münsterberg lifted the veil from their sham, and we discovered that alcohol was not a devil.

Meanwhile Demon Rum thrived and flourished, until he has come to be really a menace. You can fight wildfire effectually only with fire. You can fight liquor only with beer. But, of course, had the Demon been properly subjugated, the officials of the Anti-Saloon League would have been out of a job. It's a mighty dangerous thing to oppose an enemy by mercenaries whose existence depends on keeping that enemy alive!

They are very clever, these Anti-Saloon Leaguers. But when they're up against an honest man, they don't understand. They invented a pretty little trap for the Harvard professor. Through three different literary agencies they swamped him with flattering offers from an alleged group of brewers who were very anxious indeed to have him write an article on the advantage of drinking beer—"Money no object." The professor dropped the missives into his waste-paper basket.

Let those who favor total abstinence follow the lead of the new International Association. Let them investigate coolly and calmly. Meanwhile let us profit by the experience of Europe. Triumphantly on an ocean of beer the Ship of Temperance reaches its destined haven.

THE SPOILS TO THE STRONG! AN APPEAL TO ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

I have four reasons for objecting to the Campaign of Hate. (1) I mention the first only to earn a sneer. It is this: By hating we damage ourselves. We undo our progress from the savage state toward the brotherhood of man.

Also, we fool ourselves by regarding our brothers as monsters. Consul Litton, in his explorations of the Upper Salwin Valley, found most hearty welcome in every village on his journey north. Yet in every village the elders warned him that he could not go on, because the people of the next village were not, like his informants, quiet, peaceable, civilized folk, but thieves and murderers, with a specialty in poisoned bamboos, pitfalls and spring traps. They were also cannibals. What asses hate and ignorance make of man!

(2) The Campaign of Hate, in the second place, has upset everybody's nerves. To conduct war properly, one must be calm and business-like. "Now could I drink hot blood and do such bitter business as the day would quake to look on" is quite unnecessary in the conferences of a Great General Staff. The man who loses his temper in a fight will probably lose the fight.

(3) The Campaign of Hate, in the third place, involved the Campaign of Lies. We are thoroughly muddled mentally, in consequence. In the same issue of the same paper we learn from General Maurice that Germany is beaten to a standstill; from General Pershing that America is up against a much bigger proposition than any of the Allies, and from others that there is no food in Germany; that England has no more ships; that Cadorna is thundering at the gates of Vienna; that Von Hindenburg is on his way to Petrograd, et cetera ad nauseam, until we have absolutely no idea what is happening, and therefore no idea what ought to be done. In England the lie about the million-odd Russian troops in Flanders stopped recruiting; so did the lie that the Germans were such cowards that they dared not advance except behind a shield of old Belgian women; so did the lie that Liège was holding out. If Germany is starving and on the point of revolution, why should we send troops? Hate, and fear, and falsehood, are the worst heart-tenants in any human necessity, but worst especially in war. The man who faces the facts in cold blood, who kills out all emotion, is the man who gives the best chance to the Will to Conquer.

(4) The fourth reason concerns the future. The Campaign of Hate makes it very difficult for us to come back to Common Sense. President Wilson has emphasized this point again and again in his notes. We are not fighting the German people, or even their rulers; we are attempting to break their Political Will. Von Bernhardt explained long ago that this was the true object of any war. Once we break the enemy's Political Will, peace follows naturally, and we can all be friends again. But how can we be friends with monsters, assassins, Huns? The press, with Hamlet, "must, like a whore, unpack its heart with words, and fall a-cursing like a very drab, a scullion." What contemptible moral weakness! Could not the President have gone one step further, and asked the newspapers to refrain from epilepsy?

But it is only the public who are thus intoxicated

with the hashish of hate. The rulers are busy measuring real advantages. I think the time has come to summarize the situation, and to propose a solution. The weakness of the Pope's note was that its appeal was sentimental.

The real enemies in this war are England and Germany.

America may be eliminated, for she, by her own showing, wants no material advantages.

France can be eliminated by the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine. Let us give her so much, for the sake of a little quiet, and proceed.

Russia has eliminated herself, for her Political Will has been broken by revolution.

Belgium, Servia and Roumania have been eliminated by destruction.

We may then say that the obstacle to peace is single, the conflict of the two unbroken Political Wills of England and Germany.

How may this conflict be composed? Firstly, one of the two may be broken. But the objection to this solution is that whichever won would be at once confronted by a new set of opposing wills. Neither France nor America could tolerate a complete English victory any more than a complete German victory. The defeat of England would throw open the competition for the mastery of the sea; that of Germany would leave England intolerably powerful.

Now, it must be observed that at present England and Germany are both heavy winners. Surely it is sensible for them to have "cold feet" and break up the game! "Peace without victory" sounds awfully silly to a victorious people. From a slave State it is the natural whine, and sounds much better than "Vae Victis." England has lost nothing so far but a few ships and men; on the other hand, she is in possession of four-fifths of the territory of the German Empire!

Germany has lost ships and men, no integral territory; and she is in possession of immense tracts of conquered country.

Why, then, do not England and Germany call it off, shake hands, and go out for a drink? Where is the essence of the conflict? What is it that England cannot endure? There are two vital points: one, the mastery of the seas; two, the control of the route to India. Germany is threatening both these, by (1) the submarine campaign and her naval program; (2) the advance to Asia, the Drang nach Osten. Germany, on the other hand, cannot possibly endure the complete cutting off of her commerce, the grip of the "Ring of Iron." Is it possible to come to terms on these points? I think so. Both parties are absolutely right; for it is life or death in both cases.

I think that Germany's need of expansion can be satisfied, and the iron ring broken once for all, by an agreement on the part of England to allow her the fullest development, by annexation, in Germanized Russia. The change is, in addition, about the only hope for Russia herself. Non-Germanized Russia might be made stronger and smaller under a Cossack Tsar. We have, then, the conception of a Mittel-Europa from the Rhine to the Ural Mountains. In return for this, Germany should withdraw her threat to England's naval supremacy by permitting a reconstituted

and strengthened France, to include Belgium, and possibly by offering Heligoland as a naval base to England. The war has shown the worthlessness of navies for attack upon any mainland; and England is an Island Empire with a right to hold open her channels of communication. Germany would also agree to a limitation of her fleet; in fact, she would no longer need this weapon.

The only possible access to India save by sea is through Afghanistan and Beloochistan. The idea of invasion through the Pamirs is a joke at least fifty times as funny as that of invading Austria through the Trentino. England must, therefore, be allowed to defend herself by expansion towards Persia if necessary. The Turkish Empire must be reconstituted and consolidated on a religious basis, and united under a Caliph. This will act as a big buffer state between India and Mittel-Europa. The Turks, on the other hand, must abandon Palestine to the English, for the weak spot in England's communications would then be the Suez Canal. This, however, would not be so vital, once India became impregnable.

A matter of further benefit would be the federation of the South American republics, and a Latin league of France, Spain, Portugal and Italy. The outlying States, Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland and Greece would gradually be forced into one or other of the great combinations by the peaceful pressure of economic forces.

It is true that Germany, under this scheme, would be forced to surrender her South American and African ambitions. But the South American adventures were mainly commercial, and the proposed scheme would rather help than hinder them. As to the German colonies, they were a weakness. Germany has no talent for dealing with alien psychologies, and is not the collapse of the Russian menace and the gain of that huge territory a more than adequate compensation?

We should thus have a simplified and concentrated planet, as a preliminary step towards world federation.

- (1) The Island Empire—Brittania.
- (2) The Latin League (includes N. Africa).
- (3) Mittel-Europa.
- (4) Islam.
- (5) Cossack Russia.
- (6) Mongolia.
- (7) The North American (Anglo-Saxon) Republic.
- (8) The South American (Latin) Republic.

If England and Germany can agree on some such programme, there is nobody who can stop them. (Except, of course, the unconquered and unconquerable U. S. A.)

I heartily commend this plan to the consideration of all parties concerned.

TWO PROSE POEMS

THE SILENT PARTNER.

Since childhood she had been with me, disturbing my peace, mocking at content, filling me with wild restlessness, with strange longings.

I grew up. I knew love. . . . Did I know love? She shook her head derisively. She laughed at his reverential tenderness. She made mock of the sanctuary of our affection. It was then I rose up against her! I thrust her out of my life for ever. And, to be sure she never would return, I chained her with an iron will, deep, deep, into the darkest dungeon of my heart—so deep, so dark, that I never dared to look into it again.

The years passed. I lived a life of quiet, peaceful happiness—wifehood, motherhood—I quite forgot the silent partner who lay fettered and twisted, far from sunlight and life and love. . . . Perhaps she had died?

One magnificent autumn day, ablaze with gold and scarlet and lapislazuli, the fulness of life suddenly thrilled me, overpowered me. . . . Oh! all that had gone before seemed so drab, so poor, so meaningless. I heard a call insistent, throbbing, irresistible. And I followed, intoxicated, delirious—I became queen in a universe of passionate glories.

And then, of a sudden, my silent partner stood before me—wan, tortured, perverted. She had broken her chains. She had arisen terribly. Flame-eyed and insatiable, she drove me from orgy to orgy. And in the fulness of my irenzy—she slew me.

HELEN WOLJESKA.

NOCTURNE.

A yellow satin ribbon across the mat ivory of her frail shoulder held up the tattered batiste chemise. Long black silk stockings shimmered on her slender

legs. And her delicate feet, in yellow pompommed slippers, tapped the floor impatiently. She had thrown off her peignoir, let down her red hair, and prepared to go to bed, yet could not find courage to carry out this resolution. To turn out the light—to lie alone in the dark; alone with that horrible feeling of forsakenness and blankness; alone in the awful stillness which only the thumping of her own bleeding heart would interrupt. . . . It was impossible! She smoked cigarette after cigarette. Stretched out on her couch-bed she tried to read. Then made the round of the studio, examined wet canvases without seeing them, picked up open tubes and flung them down again. . . . Horribly useless, this business called life. What does it all matter, when love is gone? And who can hold love? Oh, misery! misery! And still so many years to live. To live alone. Or would he come back? Could he come back? Oh—if only for a little while! Oh, to see him just once more—his dark face, his black eyes, to smell his tobacco breath, to feel the grasp of his strong hand. . . . One o'clock—no—he would not come back. This time all was over for ever—she felt it, she knew it. But perhaps to-morrow? He might regret—repent—he might come for breakfast, like the last time. Oh! jolly, happy, divine breakfast! No, no, never again. His love was dead. She knew it. And would he love some other woman? Would his eyes burn into another's eyes, his kisses crush another's mouth! God—God—this was hell. She could not bear it. She would not. She must make an end—now—immediately.

With feverish hands she felt for a tiny Japanese dagger he once had given her. It must end her agony

Yet—he *might* come to-morrow!

HELEN WOLJESKA.

QUELQUE CHOSE (SOME SHOWS)

"De Luxe Annie" is clever, but unreal. It is science, but it is not convincing. The first two acts are thrilling, but the last scene of the third act is a trifle absurd. Though possibly true to life, it is not true to art. However, with a little rewriting, "De Luxe Annie" can be made theatrically a real success. It belongs to the same category as "The Thirteenth Chair," though technically it is inferior. In spite of its flaws we must admit that the play enthralls nine-tenths of the time. This is more than we can say of nine-tenths of the plays now running on Broadway.

* * *

I saw "Friend Martha" at the Booth Theatre last night. There was a lot of early William IV stuff; the old ancestor's picture that slides and admits the hero by a secret passage, and the indignant father, and all that sort of elopement drivel. But what killed the play is the characteristic Americanism, the theme of "mother-love" (excuse my blushes). Let us write a warning upon its tomb. Freud's theory is apparently something as follows: In the prenatal stage of existence there is complete peace. (Do not ignorantly compare this with Nibbana!) All wants are satisfied without struggle or anxiety. At birth the child is forced into a strange and possibly hostile universe, and the cry which accompanies the first entrance of the air into the lungs is supposed to be a cry of pain. As a matter of fact, I see no evidence that pain is felt. However, the want soon asserts itself, and this is assuaged by the return to the mother. The child thus learns to run to its mother in any distress, and this habit persists to a great extent during life. Death itself, the final release from pain, is gained by a return to the great mother of all—the earth. The hero, on the contrary, spends his time in getting away from the mother. Thus, the Oedipus-complex is the formula of cowardice. It is evident that the man who marries in order to have a home is using this formula. He wants his pies made the way mother used to make them. But it does not follow that chastity in the ordinary sense of the term is necessary for the hero. Why should not the hero accept death (or love, as you may call it), in order to assist him to break away from the infernal mother? I do not see anything unmanly in the marriage by capture. Of course, one may say that it is the satisfaction of a need by means of a return to a symbolic mother, and that the hero should only satisfy such needs as do not involve any such formula. But as long as it is a case of conquest I do not think that this position can be maintained. One might, however, agree that it is wrong to yield to seduction; that one should have nothing to do with any women but the unwilling. There is a great deal to be said for this point of view. Certainly at least, the habit of going to a woman for rest and comfort has a deplorable effect upon the soul. Most certainly in point of fact and experience, it is impossible to work unless you can conquer the impulse to wear carpet slippers after a long day at the office. It is really a question of Nietzsche's "Be Hard, My Brethren." Thus, Platonic love, in the highest and hardest sense of the

word, is more moral than any other form of affection. It is clear, therefore, that pacifism is the direct result of the cult of the mother. Everything that is shameful and cowardly is implied in the love of the mother. One of the most abominable tricks which people play on children is to tell them that unless they do exactly what their mother wishes they will be assailed by life-long regret after she is dead. This loathsome superstition is utterly false. I think that the best reform would be to kill all women as soon as they have borne, say, two children. It should at least be a plank in any reasonable platform of reconstruction. Whether they should be eaten is a matter of economics and of dietetics, somewhat beyond the scope of a mere theatrical notice.

* * *

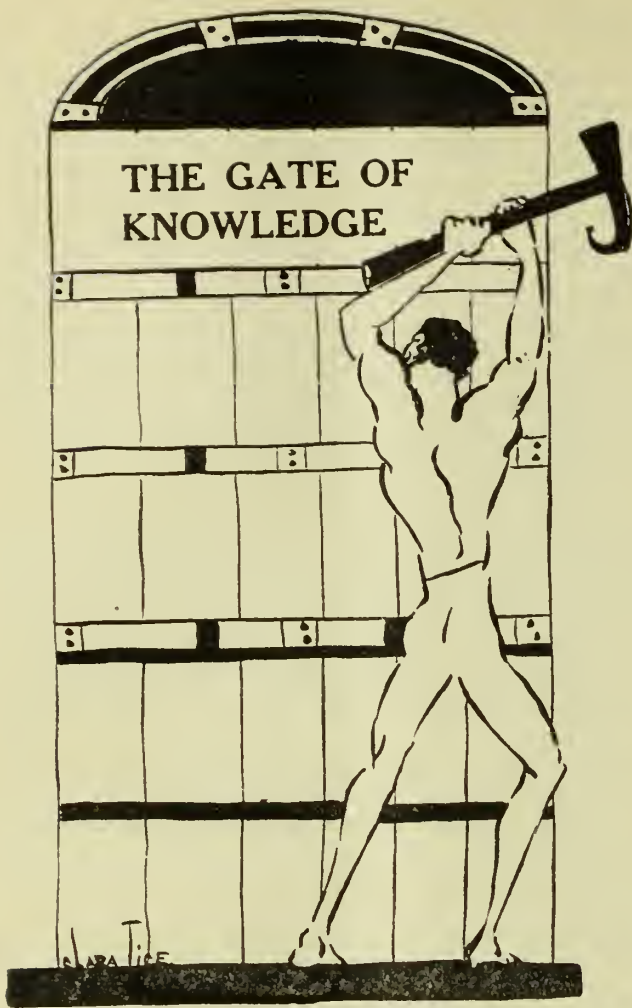
Adolf Bolm's *Ballets-Intime* is sublimated vaudeville; as such, it is great. Itow is a Japanese dancing in a Japanese manner; Bolm, himself a Russian, dancing in a Russian manner. Roshanara is an English woman with a French temperament, and there is no pretense of Orientalism in her Oriental dances, which therefore please. She does them in a purely Parisian manner. But Ratan Devi tries to sing Indian songs in a truly Indian manner, and her mimicry succeeds so well that she really finds self-expression by dint of technical excellence. Alas! it is not the soul of India that she expresses; it is the suburban housemaid with a passion for the Bow Bells Novelettes. She translates Marie Corelli into Sanskrit for us, and the result is intensely gratifying to lovers of Marie Corelli. It is only fair to say that the conditions were all wrong for her. Last year, when the whole theatre was devoted to her alone, the effect was much better. Mr. Bolm put her on a mat, outside the curtain, and no doubt she felt forced to adopt a coarseness and theatricalism in voice and gesture which were exquisitely absent at her regular recitals. But give me Roshanara, and give me Mitchio Itow! Real French or real Japanese—but not any imitations. The American Supers who assisted Mr. Bolm were doubtless amateurs who paid him highly for the privilege of appearing with him: we except the very charming Butterfly.

* * *

Scientifically speaking, there is a great deal to be said in favor of Mr. William Le Baron's ideas on eugenic marriages as expressed in his last play, "The Very Idea." This delightful comedy, however, does not take itself too seriously. You will not come away a firm believer in eugenics, but you will feel very much like that enthusiastic Frenchman who shouted down from the pit on the opening performance of "Le Misanthrope": Courage, Moliere! That is good comedy.

Unfortunately for the theatre in this country, we hear very little of the author. The name of the star is written across the sky in electric letters. The name of the author, if mentioned at all, appears in six-point type "somewhere in the program." Therefore we will leave it to others to praise Ernest Truex's notable work in "The Very Idea." Our chief concern is to boost Mr. William Le Baron, for when a man has done good work that is the time you must stand by him. (Of course this will be disputed.) George Jean Nathan recently stated that there were some other things beside the "Star-Spangled Banner" which make him stand up. We arise to honor any American who can write so brilliant a play as "The Very Idea."

J. B. R.



"Philistine and Genius," by Dr. Boris Sidis. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

This essay on education appears certain to become a classic. With extraordinary acumen Prof. Sidis discovers the primary cause of all our evils to be the violation of the biological law which provides for variation. Variation is the means of evolution. Our whole educational system is directed to stamping out every departure from type. What we really do is to place the most stupid, the most bound, the most cowardly, upon a pedestal. Procrustes is our ideal educator. We cramp genius, we punish originality, we stifle inquiry, we place our children in Rooms of Little Ease where they can neither stand, sit nor lie with comfort. Our sex taboo, our religious taboo, our social taboo are omnipotent. We deliberately crush out all originality by these three engines of torture.

Prof. Sidis does not mention it, but one of the reasons why such genius as we have is so enormously removed from the common level is that the genius, in order to develop at all, must be originally endowed with almost superhuman moral strength. The gap between him whose spirit has not been broken and him in whom "education" has been a success grows constantly wider with the perfection of our methods for suppressing him. It is quite true, as Prof Sidis says, that every child has latent genius. The doctrine of the New Aeon is "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law," which is explained by stating that, "Every man and every woman is a star." The trouble arises from the forcing of these stars into collisions by the distortion of their orbits.

The business of the educator is to discover the true will of the child, the purpose for which he was born

upon this planet, and to assist him to develop that will to the highest possible point; to remove the restrictions from that will so far as possible. Our present method is the precise contrary of this. No sooner does a child manifest tendency towards and capacity for any given investigation than the teacher takes alarm. It is the old fable of the "Ugly Duckling."

We hope that Prof. Sidis will not rest upon his oars.—A. C.

"The Shadow Line," by Joseph Conrad. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The plot of this novel is identical with that of Lord Dunsany's "Poor Old Bill." The difference is that between the realist and the fantastic. It is very instructive to read them side by side. Joseph Conrad is the greatest master of atmosphere now living, so far at least as the East is concerned. In fact, I do not know even an immortal shade who can compare with him.

Rudyard Kipling gives the violence, the coarseness and the horror, which are very effective from the literary point of view, but which do not exist in the East, so far as I know.

Stevenson, on the other hand, has everything toned down. He throws a Scotch mist over the proceedings. Conrad describes the East, both subjective and objective, in precisely the same terms as I should do if I had his power of expression. There is no need to tell the story of the book; any story or no story would have done just as well. He takes me back ten years to my long lonely walk across China, to the explosive casualty of Hai-Phong, to the Fata Morgana which I saw off Hoi-How, to the Akashic obsession of silence and darkness and stillness which closed in upon us in those very waters which he describes in "The Shadow Line." Even the captain's woman is a living portrait of one whom I knew in those ensorcelled days, a tuberculous hag of paint and rottenness and vice, who yet possessed the power to awaken the very fountain of calf-love from its frozen sleep. It is very interesting to compare Conrad with Stevenson. Stevenson is never happy unless he has the decks awash with blood and slime. Mr. Conrad is one of those rarest and most supreme of artists who does not need incident in order to be interesting. He does not fear to use it, but he does not depend upon it. It is rather significant that England should have had to go to Hungary for her supreme prose artist.—A. C.

"What Every Man and Woman Should Know About the Bible," by Sidney C. Tapp.

In 1904 I was in a particularly malarious district in Burma. Death drove his cruisers at a gallop, four abreast: Plague, Cholera, Typhoid Dysentery.

I remember going down to the bank of the Irrawaddy in the hope of some breath of fresh air—and I came upon the carcass of a mule, most actively putrescent. I made a mental note to avoid the repetition of any such experience, but history repeats itself; I wrote to Mr. Tapp for a copy of his book.

Surely our civilization is pestilential enough without the putrescence of such degenerate paranoiacs. Mr. Tapp wallows in psychopathy, and gloats; to him the most innocent pleasures seem foul, and a cemetery excites no idea in his mind but the digging-up of corpses for the delectation of necrophiles.

I leave for the Irrawaddy basin by the first steamer. Meanwhile—oh, any basin, please, Steward!—A. C.

Take a tip—don't take a Tapp!

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THE OUIJA BOARD—A NOTE.

By The Master Therion.

Suppose a perfect stranger came into your office and proceeded to give orders to your staff. Suppose a strange woman walked into your drawing room and insisted on being hostess. You would be troubled by this. Yet, people sit down and offer the use of their brains and hands (which are, after all, more important than offices and drawing rooms) to any stray intelligence that may be wandering about. People use the Ouija Board without taking the slightest precautions.

The establishment of the identity of a spirit by ordinary methods is a very difficult problem, but the majority of people who play at Occultism do not even worry about this. They get something, and it does not seem to matter what! Every inanity, every stupidity, every piece of rubbish, is taken not only at its face value, but at an utterly exaggerated value. The most appallingly bad poetry will pass for Shelley, if only its authentication be that of the planchette! There is, however, a good way of using this instrument to get what you want, and that is to perform the whole operation in a consecrated circle, so that undesirable aliens cannot interfere with it. You should then employ the proper magical invocation in order to get into your circle just the one spirit that you want. It is comparatively easy to do this. A few simple instructions are all that is necessary, and I shall be pleased to give these, free of charge, to any one who cares to apply.

It is not particularly easy to get the spirit of a dead man, because the human soul, being divine, is not amenable to the control of other human souls; and it is further not legitimate or desirable to do it. But what can be done is to pick up the astral remains of the dead man from the Akasha and to build them up into a concrete mind. This operation, again, is not particularly profitable. The only legitimate work in this line is to get into touch with the really high intelligences, such as we call for convenience Gods, Archangels, and the like. These can give real information as to what is most necessary for our progress. And it is written in the Oracles of Zoroaster that unto the Persevering Mortal the Blessed Immortals are swift.

WAR POETRY.

(The Editor insists on having some patriotic war poetry. The following specimen is as good, at least, as any I have yet seen.—A. C.)

Millions of our Sammies, each with
khaki and gun,
Are going to teach democracy to the
Hun.

It is America, I do surely think,
That will put the Hohenzollerns on the
blink.

They are going to France, the country
of Lafayette,
And they'll kan the kruel Kaiser, you
bet.

The Germans all run away when they
see them come,
For they mean to put the enemy on the
bum.

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THE INTERNATIONAL FORUM

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Hamlet: "Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir, Or for some frontier?"

Captain: ". . . We go to gain a little patch of ground

That hath no profit in it but the name.

To pay five ducats, no, I would not farm it."

Hamlet: "Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw.

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without

Why the man dies."

I trust that all patriots will instantly burn their Shakespeares—if they possess them, as I only hope they do not; and that they will seize and destroy the Shakespeares of the German spies.

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The Editor of the "International."
Sir:—

In answer to the question, "Can you tell us anything of the Great White Brotherhood, known as the A. : A. :," Mr. Chas. Lazenby, of the Theosophical Society, made the following remarks after his public lecture on Magic, at the Vancouver Labor Temple, July 31, 1917. E. V.

"The A. : A. : is an Occult order having a definite purpose, and was started by a man of immense power (The Master Therion, Ed.), perhaps the greatest living. The place of this great Being in the Occult Hierarchy is a profound mystery, and he and his mission are causing a great amount of speculation at the present time.

"Judged by any ordinary standard, he is absolutely and entirely evil, he has broken his occult vows and all codes of morality, openly stating that he has done so and will continue to do so. He may have a very great purpose in view.

"No living person perhaps has had such an influence on occult thought, and wrought so much change therein. He has knowingly taken upon himself a tremendous Karma, but what will be the ultimate result it is impossible to judge. To all appearance, as I remarked, he is the personification of evil."

Later, during private conversation, Mr. Lazenby continued:

"He is a very wonderful being; an ordinary man like myself has no possible means of judging what his ultimate motive is.

Looked at from known standards he is evil, but from a distance, in perspective, one may imagine that he is taking this great Karma for some definite end, he may be the Savior of the World.

In any case 300 years from now he will be looked upon as one of the greatest of the World's geniuses.

I should not care to have any part in his work myself. You have this to remember, however, that you are connected with a genuine Occult order,

not a pseudo-occult one such as Heindel's and others which are worthless."

What has the Master Therion to say about this?

C. S. J.

Mr. Lazenby has so long and so laudably labored upon the production of canned soup that he has neglected that of the wine of Iacchus. But I think he only needs to be shown. It is something to be hailed as a possible Savior of the World by one's avowed and bitter enemies. Nunc dimittis! Anyhow, to be called the "Personification of Evil" is not exactly a precise charge. If I wished to attack Mr. Lazenby, I should define my accusation. I should say that, under Alpine conditions, the Lentil Soup Squares dissolve too slowly.

I believe that H. P. Blavatsky was a great adept. I judge her by her highest, "The Voice of the Silence," not by any mistakes that she may have made in other matters. I consider that her work has been treacherously ruined by Mrs. Besant, the street corner atheist, socialist, and advocate of abortion. Of this offense she was actually convicted. Mrs. Besant's whole object seems to have been to prevent disciples from making those bold experiments which open the gates of the higher planes. I do not believe that any man or woman can come to ultimate harm by a passionate will to seek truth. They may go insane. They may be slain. They may be damned. These are only ordeals which do them good. If they can stick it out, they will get through. Mrs. Besant wants to be like conscience, to make cowards of us all. In my first initiation I was told, "Fear is failure. Be thou therefore without fear, for in the heart of the coward virtue abideth not. Thou hast known me; pass thou on." To prevent men from confronting the unknown, to side track them with petty drivel about minor ethics, to deck them out with the stolen regalia of orders of whose secrets they are profoundly ignorant: these are the works of the Brothers of the Left Hand Path; and of these I believe Mrs. Besant to be the greatest now alive.

THERION, 9°=2°A. : A. :