

The International

*APRIL
1918*



*PRICE
FIFTEEN
CENTS*

ATTHIS AT LEUKATAS

FAITH BALDWIN

THE KING OF THE WOOD

MARK WELLS

A PARD-LIKE SPIRIT

ALEXANDER HARVEY

ROBBING MISS HORNIMAN

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE OLD MAN OF THE PEEPUL TREE

JAMES GRAHAME

THE OTHER WOMAN

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THE INTERNATIONAL

TO OUR READERS.

BEGINNING with this number the editorship of THE INTERNATIONAL and the management of The International Monthly, Inc., passes into the hands of Dr. Lindley M. Keasbey, formerly Professor of Political Science in the University of Texas. Mr. George Sylvester Viereck will continue to contribute from time to time articles on literary topics. The present number was completed before the new arrangement went into effect. Prof. Keasbey will sustain the high literary traditions of THE INTERNATIONAL maintained under its various editorships from the day of its first inception under the title of MOODS by Mr. B. Russell Herts. War or peace, THE INTERNATIONAL will foster the humanities. We call attention of our readers to Prof. Keasbey's announcement of his editorial policies.

THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY, INC.

MULTIFARIOUS activities make it impossible for me to give THE INTERNATIONAL the attention it merits. I gladly relinquish blue pencil and stylus to the vital and generous personality of its new editor, Prof. Lindley M. Keasbey. The torch that passes out of my hands will flame brightly in his. Whenever my advice or co-operation may be needed, they will be loyally given. I confidently expect the same from our readers.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

OUR POLICY.

THE editorship and control of THE INTERNATIONAL have passed over into our hands. The policy of the magazine will remain the same. THE INTERNATIONAL has been, is now, and for some time shall be (just how long depends upon our success, or perhaps better, our ability to survive) — AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF INTERNATIONAL POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, AND EVENTS OF CURRENT INTEREST — a magazine edited formerly by an established poet, a magazine to be edited in the future by a dismissed professor. Established poets are few, dismissed professors are many — they're becoming as plentiful as blackberries these days. So if there is anything in the quantitative theory, we ought to be able to survive. But it's quality chiefly that counts. So we are going to rest our case (and measure our success maybe) upon the qualitative standard. For when all is said, civilization itself, including politics, literature, art, events of current interest and all the rest, is nothing more nor less than *the measurement of human qualities in quantitative terms*.

BUT international politics are so hopelessly confused. How can such equivocal qualities be measured in quantitative terms? The old standards are all obsolete. Nor is one able to rise "above the battle" and take a bird's-eye view of the existing situation — aviators succeed in doing so, but philosophers are sure to fail. With a lateral stretch of our imagination, may we not, however, look out over the battle lines and project ourselves into the era beyond the war? Such at all events is our editorial desire and such is to be our editorial plan — to produce an American magazine dealing with international politics

beyond the war.

TO Literature and Art we are going to add Music and the Drama. They are already included, be it said, as a perusal of recent issues will show; so this is merely a matter of emphasis.

The keynote of our policy in these respects is contained in our caption: *An American Magazine of International Literature and Art*. American art and literature are far more insular than international. We propose to emphasize the continental note, not in the narrower European connotation, but in the broader world-all acceptance of the term. Anglo-Saxonism is very well, in its way, but there ought to be other notes sounded in the literary and artistic scale, the Slavic and Romanic, the Scandinavian and Teutonic, the Asiatic, and even the African withal. These and other elements are included within our literary and artistic constitution, therefore they should find expression, we opine. But as in international politics, so in literature and art, American continentalism will constitute the keynote of our policy, not North American continentalism exclusively, but Pan-American continentalism, including the art and literature of our Spanish-American colleagues on the south.

CONCERNING events of current interest, the question comes up as to what these events actually are. Americans are mostly from Missouri, or as the New England phrase goes: "Do tell; I want to know!" Events of current interest are accordingly simply what the newspapers elect to record. Very good, but these events so recorded are only consequences after all, whereas we, as scientists, are primarily interested in the antecedents thereof — remember THE INTERNATIONAL is to be edited henceforth by a dismissed professor. Thus our policy in this respect will be rather to explain than simply to set forth. This we shall do by calling attention scientifically to the geographic and ethnic conditions and considering the economic antecedents of the interesting events that occur.

A word in conclusion, our trinity is distorted, topsy-turvy, indeed. With so much falsehood, all this ugliness, and hate, too, prevailing in the world, we are going to try — and we hope you will help us — to set our trinity upright, by telling the truth, appreciating beauty, and stimulating love in the world.

LINDLEY M. KEASBEY,

Editor of THE INTERNATIONAL and President
of THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY, INC.

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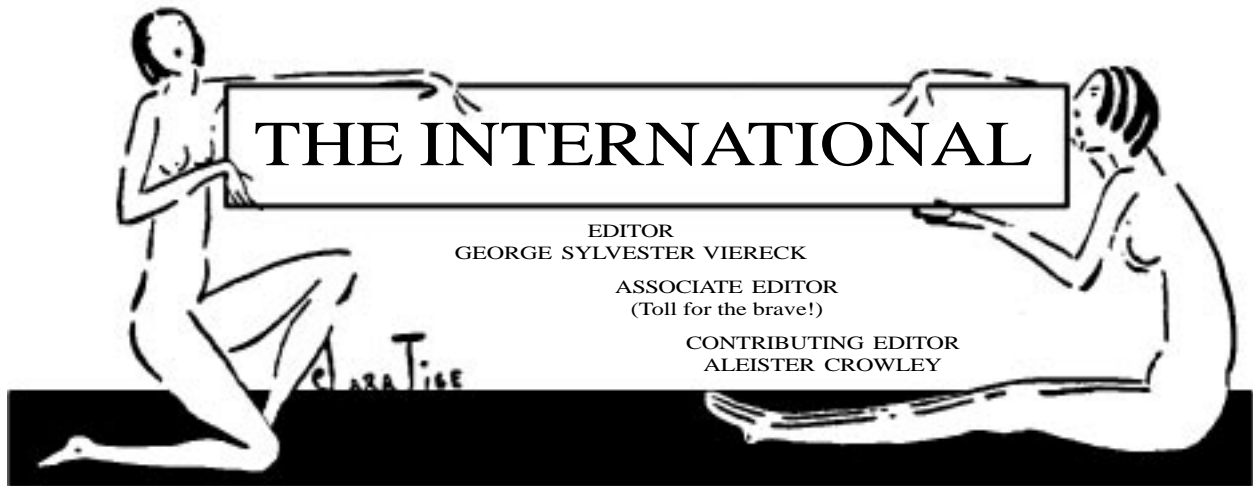
ATTHIS AT LEUKATAS.

By FAITH BALDWIN.

The Sea comes up like thunder on the cliffs,
More green than Spring and deeper than despair;
And bitter as my weeping. Wave on wave
Races to cover like a hunted beast,
White with Fear's foam and snarling — mad with haste
While at the black feet of the rocks, there crawl
The little, hissing serpents of the spray!
Sappho! my Sappho! Would that I had held
This vigil at thy body's desperate goal
On some bright, windless day of scent and sun,
And wept above a vast, beloved grave.
Hushed to the still pause of eternity,
Blue rest and unstirred peace. Not as to-day
Torn like thy soul and sombre-walled with clouds,
Big with disaster. Ere the hour fall, I
Shall see the long, grey fingers of the rain
Tear at the naked bosom of the Sea
In futile, clutching rage! Nay, Sappho, Peace —
Peace is not here! And thy cold, shrouded heart
Must beat again to Fury half divine,
Must leap to unrest like thy own, unrest
Whose ragged wounds thou hast thought to salve with
Death,
The last medicament. Ah, high above
The tattered frenzy of the storm, I hear
The unforgettable, enchanting voice
With which thou hast wooed a world to worship, rare
And mood-swept harp of frailest flesh and blood,
Flung from the just hand of a stern-browed god
Upon the rocks. Oh, Failure at the last,
Even the long sleep which thou hast forced to close
Those wide, dark eyes of thine, even the deep,
The blessed silence thou didst yearn to find,
They are not thine, unshattered. Life hath used
A bitter whip to scourge thee into Death,
And to thy restless hands Death may not grant
Those sweet red poppies, nodding heavy heads
To drug thee into dreamless ecstasy.
Nay! Not for thee the gods have wrought to build
A far, dim harbor from the screaming storms,
A close-walled garden wherein Change is not!
Thine was a soul sea-born; and to the sea

It has returned, one with those mighty moods,
One with Rebellion, with unfettered sweep
Of vital passions; one with all Revolt,
One with Defiance. Dearest! Death did well;
Earth blossoms were too transient-frail to spring
From blood like thine. Yea, it is better so —
Part of a restless Power, and part of Pain.
Part of all wilder elements thou art,
Part of all genius which may never sleep.
And thou shalt have thy days of golden calm,
Of perfect pause; thy nights of stars, thy dawns
Of primrose glory, and thy purple robes
Of tender twilight brushed with tawny flame,
Better than earth to weight thee, more than peace,
Untried, unbroken; better far than rest
Is this wild Beauty changing with the hour,
Is this strong magic of the subtle Sea!
Earth shackled thee too long! Now hast thou gained
A clearer voice to sing with, thou art one
With all eternal striving. Not for thee
The cycle which would bring thee back to us
In bud and flower and in the feathered leaf.
But thou art in the free sweep of the wave,
The perfect arch which rises at the shore,
And shatters in divine defeat, to rise,
Superbly scornful, to the task again.
As in thy life, so now, the urgent need
Of breathless grasping after unity,
That lovely effort of the earth-blocked soul
To gain the circle of high Victory!
Nor shalt thou lose all touch with this thine isle,
But all thy Lesbian woods and fields shall lie
Close girdled in the white clasp of thy arms,
Kissed by cool lips which once have sung their praise,
And stirred to memory by every throb
In that vast Heart of which thou art a pulse.
Thus storm and calm, thus wave and wind and bird
Shall bear a message, sing eternally
That Death, more kind than gall-and-honey Life,
Has loosed thy bonds, and set thee finely free
To find in Death not sluggard indolence,
But boundless pressing on toward unknown goals!





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THE KING OF THE WOOD

By MARK WELLS.

He kept in the shadow of the grove. It was bright moonlight, but he did not walk there. He walked so that it was impossible to discover his object. Even in the murk of the grove one could see the great head thrust forward, and imagine the intensity of the eyes, as he paced restlessly among the trees. Apparently, then, he was seeking something. Yet he passed again and again over the same places. Once he came near to a pool of moonlight in the glade, near enough for a sudden flash to strike into the depth of the darkness; one could divine that in his hand was a drawn sword. The stealth and vigilance of his manner now gave the clue to his mind's one thought; he was on guard; he expected attack. But whence? No scene could be more mirrored peace.

The moon shone brightly on the hills to the north of the grove; to the south a declivity led to an embowered lake, set in the cup of an old crater, so deep that even the wanton winds of the hills rarely ventured to tease its silver with their breath, as maids may with a glass.

Part of this slope had been cut away, and a great terrace wall extended some two hundred yards or more; the water lay against its foot. Upon this terrace stood a small and silent temple adorned with Doric columns of peperino. The cornices were more elaborate, and carved of marble; there were also friezes of terra cotta, while under the moonlight the tiles of gilded bronze which roofed it returned her silver kiss with a ruddier glow.

This shrine was set in a great mass of woodland, absolutely still on that windless night, save where, bubbling from the basalt, a spring ran over the pebbles, and fell in a series of cascades into the lake. No other sound broke in upon the night, for the tread of the watcher was muted; it was spring; there were no fallen leaves, but moss and violets were soft and fragrant for his foot.

Presently the strange man gave a wild gesture, as of impatience. He stepped deliberately into the moonlight where a marble statue stood among the beeches and the oaks, to mark the place, perhaps, of some fallen monster of the forest. He

raised his great head to the moon and shook his sword — was it in triumph or in agony? Muttering strange words. One could see the sweat upon his forehead as he lifted it to that clear light.

It was a marvellous head. Browning might have used it as a model for his John the Pannonian.

"Here's John the Smith's rough-hammered head.

Great eye,

Gross jaw and griped lips do what granite can
To give you the crown-grasper."

For every mark of the self-made man was stigmatized in him. The arms were long, the hands enormous, powerful and sinewy, knotted and calloused. The figure was gigantic in height, but lean and ill-proportioned; the back was bent as if from years of toil. The head itself was almost absurdly large; the jaw was thrust forward like a gorilla's, and the expression of the mouth was in keeping. The eyes expressed cunning and savagery as well as resolution and pride. This last quality was written all over the man.

His carriage was the incarnation of self-esteem; and yet — ? Yes, there was agony mingled with the triumph of his gesture. His eyes were tired with watching; fear had crept in to mar their brilliance.

Was it that a leaf rustled? In an instant the man leaped from the side of the statue, and was lost in the blackness of the wood.

A moment later, through a little avenue, came a woman running and gasping for breath. At every opening in the wood she stopped and cried aloud. Her fear, witnessed by loose tresses and disordered raiment, quivered in her voice; but it also lent her unnatural keenness of perception, for she saw the man with the sword when he was still many yards distant. Instantly she changed her course and dashed toward him, falling at his feet in an attitude of intense supplication. Her gasps repressed themselves enough for her to utter one loud cry, "Sanctuary, O King!"

The strange man answered "You are safe here; go on into the temple" in an even untroubled voice, as if the incident were

common and formal. He seemed to redouble his vigilance. The woman rose to her feet, as if to obey his directions, then staggered and fell. "My strength is gone," she cried. "Lead me to the temple."

The King looked yet more intently towards a certain tree that stood by itself in the glade in an oval space of green-sward. It was an aged oak towering and massive. He thought he saw a movement in the trees that encircled it at a respectful distance, like courtiers about a king. For all answer to the woman, he cut her to the earth with a single sweep of his sword, and bounded forward.

The movement that he had seen turned instantly to frantic flight; but those long limbs had paced every alley of the wood by night and day for many a year; the fugitive had no chance of escape. Before he had gone twenty yards, the king was on him; a sword-thrust pierced him back to breast, and he fell headlong. The other never stooped; he was sure of his sword-work; he turned instantly on his heel and resumed his restless pacing.

Yet presently an idea seemed to strike him; he dragged the bodies into the open; and, drawing a piece of cord from his garment, swung them from a low branch of the great oak. He gave a low grim laugh; then settled himself at the foot of the tree; in a moment he was fast asleep.

II.

Elsewhere there was another man on guard that night, but he took his duty less seriously. He was a short burly slave, immensely strong, with a round brutal head and thick bull neck, his hair so short and curled, and his complexion so dark, that one might have guessed an admixture of Afric blood. He leaned on the short Roman pilum with its broad blade and heavy shaft, and he was frankly bored with life. From time to time he sat down and rested on the steps of the villa which he guarded, and looked across toward the moon over the woods that lay below him. He could just see the lake and the temple upon the terrace above it, for the moon lit them to life, although they were some miles away. But he had no thought towards them but as scenery; he had no idea of the tragedy even then being enacted in those distant groves.

So dull was he that he lost all sense of his duty; he was awakened smartly by a light touch upon his shoulder. Before he could turn, a figure wrapped and muffled in a dark robe flitted past him from the house, and made toward the woods that sheltered it upon the west. He followed it with his eyes.

The figure turned, made a single gesture of beckoning, sped on to the shelter of the trees. The slave hesitated. He looked up at the villa; all was dark. I'll risk it, he thought, and moved swiftly toward the shadow where the mysterious one had now disappeared.

Before he had taken three paces within the darkness, he came up with it. A white hand came from the vestue, caught his and pressed it, led him some ten yards further where a statue of Pan stood in a circular basin in which a fountain played. Around the basin the ground was terraced, and thick grown with moss. The figure moved to the one spot where moonlight fell, and took a seat, drawing the slave down also. There was a moment's pause.

The slave seemed bewildered; the other evidently enjoyed the fact. Then, with a sudden movement, the white hand drew away the cloak from the face, and showed it. The mouth moved in three words: "I have thee."

But the slave grovelled on the moss in an ecstasy of terror.

He could only murmur "Lady! Lady!" again and again. "I am thy slave," he gasped out at last.

The face of the lady, that was even and rounded, with crisp ringlets set about it, and an expression of sternness and even harshness fixed on the thin firm curled lips of her long mouth as from strong habit, softened with laughter. "Am I not thine, rather?" she said softly, and, stooping down, caught the head of the slave in her arms, and began to eat it up with kisses. . . .

Suddenly she perceived that dawn was about to break. She disengaged herself, and went swiftly and silently to the house. On the steps she staggered twice.

The slave had slept. He woke in consternation to find the sun up, and he away from his post. He dashed back; there was nobody stirring. Discipline in that house was lax, now that the master had been away a month at the war. When he was at home, dawn saw every man at work; things were easier now.

The slave's mind went back to the events of the night; he cast his eyes to the distant temple. Diana save me! he cried; I have had a wondrous dream.

III.

It was the first of many such dreams. Night after night, in one way or another, the lady of the villa pursued her fancy. As the summer grew on the woods, she seemed to wax in her infatuation, but the first leaves that fell were no warning to her. Rather she glanced at the fruits that ripened in the orchard, and took them for the omens of her perfected passion. There was only one hint of winter in her year, a rumor that news had come to Rome of a great battle in the North, and of the utter defeat of the barbarians.

Intrigue has many demerits, and is (besides) morally indefensible; but it has this advantage, that it makes men proud, and, so, ambitious. Many a career has begun with an infringement of the moral law. So, as the summer passed, the slave became unhappy in his happiness.

Till now he had been contented to be a slave; he had never considered the possibility of any escape from that condition; but now, although the Lady Clodia had managed to confer many a sly favor, he was ill content. Her very gifts only served to quicken the new-born spirit of freedom. But she never spoke of asking for his freedom when the master returned; he knew instinctively that she would not dare to do so; and the rigid social system of the Republic gave no hope of any issue from his strait by any efforts of his own.

One passionate night in September the lovers were again by the fountain of Pan where first they had given and taken all that heart would. The nightingales were silent, though, and the moon, far in her wane, was not yet in the East.

The slave was melancholy, and the quick insight of her strange love understood.

"I am the slave of a slave," she whispered in his ear, so low that the fountain flowed in her words like an accompaniment, "and I would be the slave of a king."

"You have made me a king," he answered, "I have all the passions of a king. I can hardly hold my hand when Caius orders me to do his bidding." "I am glad," she said simply. "I knew you were worthy. Listen: I am going to hurt you. I have had bad news. Letters came to-day from the army; my lord is on his way home after the victory; he will be here in two nights more. If you dare, you shall be a king!" The slave looked up in sudden horror. "Oh, no," she laughed, "we are not to play

Aegisthus and Clytemnaestra; if I ruled Rome it could be done, but not in times like these. No; but you shall be a king — the King of the Wood! and I shall be the most pious of all the votaries of Diana!” She said it lightly; but his eyes were fixed in fear and horror upon her.

The Roman look came fierce into her face. “You dare!” she cried, “for me you dare!” and with a single movement she threw an arm about his neck and fastened her mouth on his, while with the other hand she drew a sword from beneath her cloak, and put it in his hand. Tensely he gripped it, and returned her caress with fury. “I will do it,” he cried; “may great Diana aid!” She tightened her clasp on him. “I am condemning you to death,” she hissed, “I am your murderess. My mouth drinks up your blood. I love you.” The slave was silent; he abandoned himself more fiercely than he had ever yet done to her caresses; they had sealed their guilty love by the one passion on earth that is mightier than that — the lust of blood!

IV.

The next day the hue-and-cry was up; for the slave had run away. But in a day the news came back that search was useless; he had taken sanctuary with Diana at Nemi across the lake.

The Lady Clodia consoled her husband easily. “He was a worthless fellow, idle and impudent,” she said; “he was not worth his keep. If he had not run off, I should have asked you to sell him.”

But the slave only remained in sanctuary three days; in that time he learnt all that he wanted to know. He disappeared, and none knew whither.

He was in Rome itself. Clodia had furnished him with an ample purse, and with the disguise which had served him on his journey. He had taken lodgings with a shoemaker, representing himself as a sailor from Sicily. Here he led an austere life, refusing the temptations of Rome. He spent many hours every day with famous swordsmen, and trained his hands to war, and his fingers to fight. He kept his body in admirable condition by constant attendance at the gymnasia and the baths, and his soul by unwearying attendance at the temple of Diana.

The only thing that he neglected was his purse; and though Clodia had been royally liberal, it became clear to him at the feast of the Sun, which we now call Christmas, that he must take the giant step which led back to Clodia — or on to death.

Accordingly, on the very next day, he left Rome, and took his way across the Campagna to the Alban Hills. He was a very different man to the slave who had sat drowsing on the steps of the villa. Not only was he alert and active, every inch an athlete, but the months of love and of freedom had kindled his eye; he threw back his head as he marched, and sang aloud the war songs of the Romans.

Almost had he come to the first foot of the spur when he espied an old woman by the wayside. She asked him alms, and offered to tell his fortune. He remembered his poverty; then with a laugh bethought him that he would never need money again, and tossed his purse with its few golden coins to the beldam. She grasped it eagerly, amazed. “I see a wonderful fortune for you, my lad,” she cried. “You are going to be a prosperous farmer; you will have love, you will have honor and fame and every blessing, for many a year. But beware of going to Nemi; if you go there, you will die there.” With that, and confused benedictions from Jupiter and Diana and Mars and many another, she hobbled off.

An ill omen! thought the youth. But he kept sturdily on his

way. Yet revolving it in his mind, now a thousand times more active than it had been in his slave-days, he suddenly saw a secret meaning to the oracle. He actually was going to be a farmer — of sorts; he meant to gather one of the fruits of earth. He must succeed, else love and honor could never come to him; and as for dying at Nemi, why, of course he would die there!

But not now! “It was Diana herself, who came to hail me!” With that he quickened his pace, and breasted joyously and confidently the slopes of the hills.

As night fell, began to come to the neighborhood of the temple. His step became wary. Presently he came to a point long since marked down by him, where an avenue in the trees permitted a sight of the shrine, and of the pathway trodden by the dreadful king on that night of spring which saw the two corpses, fruit of the fatal oak. Here he buried the sword that Clodia had given him, for none but the king himself might bear arms in that sacred wood. He then crept a little — a very little — further along the avenue to where there was a mound of turf beneath a great beech. Here he hid himself, covering his body with fallen leaves, and waited.

It was a fearful night. Snow lay here and there upon the ground. The trees were sombre and spectral, black and jagged against a lowering and stormy sky, and the rising wind made melancholy music in the branches, its own howl like a wolf’s. It eddied in the hollows of the hills, and even stirred the icy waters of the lake that lurked in the black crater. The moon rose early; already she was high mid-heaven, as the watcher saw when the wind tore the clouds apart, and let her pallid witch-glamour fall on the staggering earth. As on that fatal night of spring, her ray fell also on the glint of steel. The king still kept his lonely vigil, still prowled in darkness and in terror of storm.

The hours passed with infinite stealth; the wind now loosed its fury from the Apennines, and rocked the forest impotently. The moon went down; besides, the clouds, black with snow, now covered all the heaven.

The watcher could no longer watch; he could not see his own hand. Impatience spoke in him; he changed his plan, and creeping forward, came by degrees — he had measured the distance to an inch — to the edge of the clearing where the great oak stood on whose boughs the king had hanged the bodies of his victims eight or nine months earlier. He could see nothing and hear nothing; but he knew the king was there; he thought he detected something rhythmical which might be his pace. For about half an hour he kept still; the wind died down a little; and he could hear the king, who was singing to himself a savage hymn of war and triumph. Now snow began to fall thickly, and a silhouette was visible against the gray background. It grew bitter cold.

The watcher had not foreseen any of this. He had imagined the scene as it had been three months before, glowing in autumn beauty. The present murk seemed to him a direct miracle of Diana.

For now he saw his opportunity. The king began to shiver with the cold; he laid his sword at the foot of the great oak, and swung his long arms upon his breast. It was pure inspiration for the other; he could see enough to be sure that the man’s back was turned to him; he broke out and rushed on him, like a bull. The king turned by instinct, but too slowly, for his first thought had been to grasp his sword. Before he knew it, the sturdy lad had got him by the waist, and flung him far into the wood. For a second he lay half stunned; then he picked himself up, only to find his assailant gone.

For he, the moment that the king's body left him free, had sprung into the air, caught at a bough of the great oak, and torn away a branch. With this trophy he had run madly through the darkness to the temple.

The king was on his feet in a flash; he picked up his sword and dashed in pursuit. But the shock had been great; and fear clutched at his heart. He stumbled as he ran, and fell once more. This time he knew pursuit was useless; he raised his sword, and cried aloud upon Diana.

Then, with drooping weapon, he went slowly and tragically towards the temple.

V.

Nine days had passed. The weather was brilliantly cold and clear. Snow still lay on the ground, but the sun, already rejoicing to run his new race through the heavens, laughed gladly upon the terrace of the temple.

There was a great crowd of persons of all ranks; Rome had turned out in force to witness the event of the day.

On the steps of the temple stood a high official, surrounded by many patricians; by his side was the King of the Wood; alone, as one awaiting judgement, a few yards in front of him, stood the hero of the recent adventure.

"Romans!" proclaimed the official, turning from the little altar where he had inaugurated the proceedings by offering sacrifice to Diana. "Romans! we are here to investigate the claim made nine days ago by the slave Titus now here present before us to succeed to the honor, rank, and dignity of Priest to Diana our Lady, and King of the Wood. The conditions of succession are too familiar to all of you for me to weary you by repeating them. It is necessary that the claimant should be a runaway slave. Can this be testified?"

The husband of the Lady Clodia stepped forward. "The rascal is my slave," said he.

"And you did not sell him, or free him?" "The rogue ran away two days before I came back from victory. He had been insolent to the Lady of my house, and deserved a cudgelling. We shall soon know whether he did wisely."

"Good," replied the orator. "The second essential is that unarmed he should have surprised the vigilance of the King of the Wood, and plucked a bough from the sacred oak of Diana. I have personally compared this bough, presented by the slave Titus, with the holy tree; and it was certainly torn thence by him in the approved manner. The King admits that Titus had no weapon, as by his oath before Diana he was bound. The third condition is that the slave should conquer the King in single combat. Are you ready for the battle?"

"With no less ambition would I have left so noble, kind, and excellent a master," replied Titus firmly, lifting the sword that Clodia had given him.

"That's truth enough," laughed her husband, "for there's my missing sword! Well, be fortunate as you are brave!" he added kindly. Clodia took the opportunity; she gave a sidelong smile. The youth's heart leapt higher than ever; from that moment he knew he could not fail.

"Let us proceed!" exclaimed the official, and led the way to the sacred oak.

The battle was not of long duration. The elder man had lost his nerve; the nine days of preparation for the fight, so far from strengthening him, had weakened him. The omens had been continuously evil. He had never fought an armed man since the

day he had won for himself the fatal office; and his predecessor had been an old gray man with feeble arm and failing sight. He knew no cunning of sword play; and Titus had taken care to boast that for three months he had been trained by the first masters in Rome. He could only hope to win by length of reach and speed of foot. The first blow would settle all, with deadly Roman swords and no defensive armour.

So he leapt madly at Titus, who with quick eye caught the blade on his own, and, thrusting himself under the King's leap that lost him balance, he plunged his sword hilt-deep into the breast of his opponent, who fell dead without a word.

Instantly the populace broke into cries of joy. Titus, his bloody sword held high, was carried in triumph to the temple. "Hail, Priest of Diana!" they cried, "Hail, King of the Wood of Nemi!" The Roman ladies vied in their excitement to touch the sword; but Clodia conquered. Willingly the new King lowered the blade, and let her slake her mouth on its red stain.

They brought the King finally to the shrine. There he offered his sword to Diana, and there he took before the people the vows of priest and king.

A month later Clodia's husband died, and, inconsolable, she became the devotee of Diana, making pilgrimages almost daily to the shrine.

So Titus lived, and so she lived, in that base imitation of true happiness which sin sometimes vouchsafes to those who do not understand that a pure and noble life is the sole key to felicity. So they lived, many a year, until — Until? That happened which always happened on the fair land that lies about

"The still glassy lake that lies
Beneath Aricia's trees —
Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain."

Indeed, their love was sealed a second time in blood.

(Author's note. In writing this story, I have borrowed a few epithets and even phrases from Dr. J. G. Frazer's Golden Bough. My story obliged me to describe the scene of the tragedy, and it would have been presumptuous, and have exposed me to ridicule, had I attempted to rival his magical prose. To borrow seemed the lesser crime.)

LE SACRAMENT

By JEANNE LA GOULUE

Sacrons l'amour, o fille d'Aphrodite.

La nuit engloutisse l'astre du jour,
Dresse le tabernacle de nos rites: —
Sacrons l'amour!

Le feu subtil dévore cour et tour;

Le temple brule. Dieu l'hermaphrodite
Dégage ses ailes; son âme court

Aux cieux flamboyants; que ma bouche excite

Le dernier spasme, Jehane, très-lourd,
Très-long — versons, o versons l'eau bénite —
Sacrons l'amour!

ROBBING MISS HORNIMAN

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

I am getting very tired of sitting in the Café Royal without Fée. However, she may be back any day now; and thank God! her health is all right. But people are pointing me out as the lonely poet, which I bar. It must be nearly six months. We had certainly been setting the pace even to Hilda Howard and Campbell and Izeh and John and Euphemia and Shelley and Little Billie and that crowd; and one day Fée just dropped. I took her round to old Jensen. Milk all day, said he, by the gallon; lie about on the grass; general massage an hour every day; no love affairs; no books. When you can't stick it a day longer you'll know you're better. I gave her a monkey — just half my last thou. — and started to earn some more. I'm still starting. What the devil can I write about?

Talk of the devil, dere diry! Just as I wrote those words in came Harry Austin, and said he owed me a lunch. I let him pay. Over the coffee he said: Do write me something, cher maître! What? said I. Oh, there's a story in that Spalding business, only the journalists have hacked it about. Do it like a tale, only stick to the facts. "How many words, and how many quid?" I asked him, as a business poet should. Fifty pounds, said he; I'll trust you to do me your best; your wit must tell you how long to make it. He left me a tenner on account, and went off. Jolly decent. Well, here goes for the first draft: I'll call it

Robbing Miss Horniman.

The life of the little market town of Spalding in Lincolnshire is as flat as its situation among the fens. In consequence of this circumstance, death and its approaches do not seem to the inhabitants of any importance, since the states of life and death have no such sharp dividing line as in less favored spots. Miss Anne Horniman, although quite an important inmate, if one may use the word, of Spalding, by reason of her considerable wealth, excellent family, and personal refinement, aroused little attention by falling into a decline and going "abroad" for her health. The town was, however, slightly shocked at hearing of her return, especially as the announcement came in the shape of the arrival of a brisk young architect from London, with orders to make the house up-to-date for her reception. "Up-to-date," thought Spalding dully, "What's wrong with 1066?" However, the activities of the new-comer were not unduly revolutionary. He merely knocked the two main rooms of the ground floor into one, installed an acetylene gas system, and turned the steps that led into the garden and orchard into an inclined plane by the application of a little cement. He explained his object to the local builder. "Miss Horniman is a permanent invalid," he had said, "she lives between her bed and her bath-chair. So it must be easy to wheel her to and from the garden. There is just one other feature of the improvements; she is nervous of robbers, having lived for some years in South Africa; and she has asked me to establish a very complete and elaborate system of burglar alarms." Ten days later the house was ready, and Miss Horniman arrived with her nurse.

She was a little old lady laid up in lavender from the early days of Queen Victoria, timid and yet positive in her manner, a gentlewoman from her neat bonnet and gray ringlets to the mittens on her wrists and ankles. She covered her poor thin body

with a charming grey silk dress, and over her shoulders she wore a shawl of such lace as Venice used to make a century or so ago. The nurse was a stalwart woman, big yet gentle, as is needed where the patient has constantly to be lifted. Miss Horniman had written to the vicar of the parish, a chubby cheery old fellow, asking his assistance in finding servants. He had found her a capable cook, an industrious housemaid; also an honest yokel for the garden, and to wheel her chair should she deem it fit to venture far beyond the grounds of the house, which extended for about an acre, and were devoted to vegetables for use, and tulips for ornament, while some old apple-trees served to combine profit with pleasure.

Miss Horniman welcomed the vicar to tea on the day after her arrival. "I went to South Africa to seek health," she said in her soft faint voice, "but I was unsuccessful. So I thought that I would rather lay my bones beside those of my own people." "I trust indeed, under Providence," replied the vicar, "that the day may be far off for that; but we are all in His hands, dear lady. And we know that all things work together for good." But the old lady turned the subject to less distressing themes; she spoke almost brightly of her experiences in South Africa, where she had taken up the hobby of buying diamonds, and had indeed invested a great part of her fortune in them. She drew the attention of the vicar to a varnished chest that stood beside a walnut chiffonier. It was about eighteen inches square, and three feet high. "Here is where I keep my toys," she said to the clergyman; "perhaps you would like to look at them?" She wheeled her chair slowly across, with the aid of her visitor. "This case is of a special steel," she explained; "though thin, it would take a good deal of time and trouble to force it. But I am not afraid of thieves; surely there are none in dear old Spalding, of all places. And I have an efficient system of burglar alarms. Besides this," she added with a tightening of her thin lips, which showed the vicar that the spirit of Lincolnshire, the last stronghold of resistance to the Normans, was far from being extinct even in this charming old maid, "in South Africa one learns to protect oneself. Day and night for five years I have had this under my hand." And she produced from her chair an exceedingly deadly cavalry revolver of old pattern. "My hand and eye are still true," she said softly, "and I think I could hit an apple every time at thirty paces." She proceeded to open her little safe. The vicar fairly gasped. Tray after tray of perfect shining stones! Each bore a ticket, with the name of the mine where it was found, the date of the finding, the date of the purchase, the price paid, and the name of the seller.

The simplicity and beauty of the display reduced the vicar to admiring silence. "In my will," she said, as she shut up the trays again and closed the safe, "I have provided that you shall have the contents of whichever tray you choose, towards the rebuilding of the church. You see, I have made you my partner," she smiled gently, "and I will ask you not to mention the existence of these stones to anybody." The vicar was overwhelmed; he gladly promised; and presently he took his leave.

The ladies of Spalding made haste — for Spalding! — to welcome the strayed wanderer home; but Miss Horniman was too feeble to exchange more than the few polite words neces-

sary; she seemed to sink more rapidly than ever in the chill and damp of the fens. Certainly the visitors were disappointed; for she never referred in any way to her treasures, of which the jade Rumor had whispered a good deal more than was prudent. For though the vicar had loyally and sensibly held his tongue, he could hardly conceal his exultation, and in that suspicious population any manifestation of life appears eccentric, and due to some great matter. Now as in Lincolnshire there is nothing to do, the minds of the people ponder incessantly and unfathomably, though with sobriety and even bradytudinity, so that before Miss Horniman had been home more than two months a connection had been established in the public mind between three things; her residence in South Africa, the diamond industry of that country, and her precautions against burglars. A genius for generalizations, named Abraham Perry, at last crystallized the sentiment of the public in one sparkling phrase: "The old girl's house is chock-a-block o' di'man's," he stated solemnly before closing time, one Saturday night, at the old "Bull and Bush."

As a matter of fact, the syllogism in question had been concluded several days before by cowans and eavesdroppers from London; for on that very night certain knights of the Jimmy, moving in the very best burglarious circles in London, made the first recorded attempt to rob Miss Horniman.

Only one of them was caught, for the Spalding police have to use motor-cycles to pursue a snail; but that one, having a .45 soft-nosed bullet in his hip-joint, was not able even to emulate the humblest creatures of Miss Horniman's garden.

It was expected that further attempts would be few, but this was not the case, though none were attended with quite such disaster as the first. However, Miss Horniman victoriously expelled all assaults without loss. But there are two ways of reducing a fortress. One is to batter down its defences; the other is to induce the garrison to surrender by fair words.

Now the attention of a certain Mr. Gordon Leigh of Spalding was attracted by the fame of the adventure. He would have paid little heed to the gossip of the Lincolnshire peasants; but when the stocks of the railways serving Spalding bounded almost daily, owing to the popularity of the excursion in the Underworld of London, he concluded, as many a wiser man, that so much smoke indicated the presence of fire; and he began to angle for an introduction to Miss Horniman.

Mr. Gordon Leigh was a person of portly presence. He had amassed a considerable fortune in thirty years of pawnbroking in Conduit Street, London; and a great deal more in his secret trade as usurer. Once, however, he had lost a great deal of money; and that was by the failure of a bank. He had further observed, in common with many others, that those who had disregarded the plain warning of Holy Scripture, and put their faith in princes by investing in British Consols, had lost half their capital in about ten years, for no visible reason. But he had never heard of anybody losing money by keeping it, except the trifle of interest, two or three per cent, which seemed little enough to him who had made his fortune by lending at as many hundreds. So he took the good old way; he built a strong room in his house at Spalding, on his retirement from business, and kept all his money there in gold. It may well be asked: why Spalding? The worthy man had a second passion in his life, almost rivalling his love of money; and the name of that passion was tulips. Now, outside Holland, there is but one soil in the world which will grow tulips to perfection; and Spalding is the centre of that well-

dowered district.

Gordon Leigh had not spared money in the building of his strong room; there was none safer, no, not in London or New York; and he did not spare money on his hobby. Also, there is money in tulips.

But when it came to diamonds! He could smell a diamond across three counties when the wind was in the right direction. But he always took his profit at once when a diamond came into his hands; for he never knew whether de Beers might not suddenly unload and put a hole in the bottom of the market.

Such was the amiable and farseeing individual who was warily and adroitly approaching Miss Horniman. When the introduction was at last affected, through the good offices of the vicar, Miss Horniman proved unexpectedly cordial. Leigh had never been to South Africa, but many of his friends had been in the I. D. B. business, and he had a wealth of stories to exchange with the old lady. Their passion for tulips, too, was a bond. In short, the heir of all the Leighs (poll-deed, ten pounds, and well worth it) got on much better with her than he had any just reason to expect. For in temperament they were decidedly opposite. Mr. Gordon Leigh was a gross and florid person, thick-set and heavy-jowled, with a nose as fleshy and protuberant as Miss Horniman's was delicate, aristocratic, and tip-tilted. However, as the novelists assure us, it is between two just such opposites that the spark of love frequently springs up. But let us not insist too closely upon electrical or chemical analogies.

Mr. Gordon Leigh pursued his suit with extreme tact. He brought rare tulip bulbs; he read aloud to the old lady by the hour; he often made her simple meals brighter by his presence; and he never referred by so much as a wink to the rumors about treasure, save in the jocular way which had made the affair the staple jest of the district. It had become proverbial to announce the non-success of an enterprise by saying, "I've been robbing Miss Horniman!" It even became a catch-word in London itself. But one dark afternoon in December, after a peculiarly determined attempt on the previous night, the lady broached the subject herself. "I don't see why I shouldn't treat you as a friend, Mr. Leigh. You must be curious to see what it is that they are after." And she wheeled over to the little safe and opened it. Nonchalantly she drew out tray after tray, and closed them again. "This," she said suddenly, picking out the central stone from the lowest drawer, "is the best in the little collection." She put it in his hands. "Wonderful!" he exclaimed, and asked permission, readily accorded, to take it to the light. It was indeed a diamond! Mr. Leigh looked at it with keen professional eyes; he even whipped out a glass which he had brought with him every day on the chance of this occasion. It was of the first water; cut in an unusual and most effective shape, it was the finest stone of its size he had ever seen. He would have been glad to lend a thousand pounds on it in his pawnbroking days. And it was only one of many! With many murmurs of congratulation, he returned the stone, and delicately transferred the conversation to tulips.

It was on the following afternoon that Miss Horniman fainted in her chair from weakness. Leigh saw his opportunity, and took it. When she recovered, she could doubt neither the refinement and respect of his conduct, nor the generous warmth of his affection. He did not press the advantage, and her maidenly spirit thanked him also for that courtesy. But on the Sunday following, after church, whither Mr. Leigh had accompanied her, she asked him to stay for lunch, and after lunch, the day being bright

and sunny, she ventured to wheel her chair into the garden. "Alas!" she said, with ineffable sadness, looking upon the westering sun, "it is the sunset of life for me." "Say not so, dear lady," cried the now impetuous lover, "please God, there are many years of life and happiness before you." "It cannot be, sir," she answered simply, lowering her head. "I am a doomed woman." "If you had someone to love you and care for you," cried Leigh, "'twould be a new lease of life." "I pray you," she answered, "not to speak in this way to me; I will not pretend to be ignorant of your chivalrous attention; but I cannot accept it." However, Leigh pressed on, and won at last a promise to think of the matter at leisure. He explained that he was no fortune-hunter, that he had eighty thousand pounds in his strong room at Spalding. "That is a great sum," answered the invalid, "it is more than all my pretty toys are worth. But I know your spirit," she went on, "it is a noble and chastened one. I could never suspect an unworthy motive in you, Mr. Leigh."

The lover went home in high spirits; he felt sure that she would yield. Ultimately she did so. "I cannot be a true wife to you, Gordon," she said, "we must be resigned to the will of Heaven that we did not meet thirty years ago. But I offer you what I can, and it may be that Heaven will in some way ratify these true vows exchanged on earth."

And thus the woman who had defied the greatest crooks in South Africa and London stepped blindly into the net of the wilier scoundrel.

She was to live in Leigh's house, of course; it was far finer than her own, and he had made the necessary alterations for her convenience.

She sent over to his house only two trunks, for she needed few clothes, poor lady; but the little safe went with her on her chair to the church. She would not let it out of her sight, even with Leigh to take the responsibility for its safety. And indeed, the attendants at the wedding included a couple of private detectives paid by him to look out for the London contingent.

After the wedding they went to the house of the bridegroom. Leigh heaved a sign of relief as he pushed to the door of the strong room on the precious little safe. "Now everything is in good keeping, little wife!" he cried cheerfully, "I won't reveal the combination, even to you."

It has previously been remarked that Mr. Gordon Leigh had not neglected the study of Holy Scripture in the matter of putting trust in princes; but he should have gone further, and read attentively that passage which advises the wayfaring man not to lay up treasure upon the earth, where rust and moth do corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

For the night had not passed without event. In the morning Mrs. Leigh expressed a desire to see her diamonds; she wished to choose a brilliant for her husband's hand. But on arriving at the strong room, the door was found wide open; the little safe had disappeared bodily; and so had Mr. Gordon Leigh's Eighty Thousand Pounds.

The police were, of course, notified; London was telegraphed; everything possible was done; but to the hour of this writing no clue has been found.

I wish I could end my story here. But I must add that Leigh's behavior was insufferably brutal. Marital recriminations became acute, though the bride's health hardly permitted her to raise her voice above a whisper. But she told the Scotland Yard people flatly that she had no evidence of the existence of the gold be-

yond her husband's word, that she believed the whole affair to be a plot between Leigh and one of his Illicit Diamond Buying Friends to rob her of her property. I doubt whether the Yard dissented very strongly from this view. But when the inspector had gone, Leigh said roughly; "get out of here, you ——" I shall not soil my pen with his epithet. The poor lady burst into tears. Half fainting, she was wheeled back to her own house by the indignant nurse.

The next day the vicar called to condole with her — and, incidentally, with himself.

"You shall not lose," she said, "by this affair. On my death I shall see to it that an equivalent sum reaches your fund. I have still some private fortune. As for me, after this loss, and what is more to me, this humiliation, I cannot remain in Spalding. I will rest my bones elsewhere. This blow has broken me."

The good vicar did his best to cheer her.

"No," she sighed, with yet a sweet and subtle smile that bore witness to her resignation to the will of heaven, "no. I feel myself fading imperceptibly away."

Here, in tragedy and pathos, ends the record of a true Englishwoman.

Virtue rewarded! I had just finished my diligent account when Fée came into the cafe. With her was our friend Sid Sloper, known to the world of racing as The Mite, in allusion to his stature, on the one hand, and his fondness for cheese, on the other. He shook hands with me; Fée embraced me before all the multitude. "Journeys end in lovers' meetings," she cried. "Now, Sid, you be off; don't dare miss the boat!" "He's riding at Monte Carlo," she explained, when he had gone. "But you, sir? Did I kiss you too soon? Have you been faithful to me?"

"I have, Cynara, in my fashion," I evaded.

"Well, I've been faithful in the old fashion, by the simple process of fidelity," she laughed. "And, I say, let's get married this very afternoon as ever is, and go off round the world!"

"We will not," I said. "I don't know what you've been doing, but I've been 'robbing Miss Horniman.' Ten is all I have in the world!"

"You shouldn't have robbed the poor old lady," she pouted. "Now, I did better. I was Miss Horniman!"

"Your rest-cure seems to have done you no good!"

"I'm serious, boykins dear. You know what the doctor said — milk — complete rest — massage — no love — no books. You see, Miss Horniman really happened to be my aunt, and she left me the house when she died, two years ago. So I made up like her, and had duplicate safes, one with a nice nest for the Mite, the other with trays and paste diamonds, and the one real one that Erphemia lent me to fool Mr. Gordon Leigh, of whose little idiosyncrasies I had wind. So all I had to do was to get Sid into the strong room; at night he just walked out, and let in two pals, and they took all the gold to a car, and O! to see London once again! They took a quarter; I've got ten thousand in notes sewn in my frock; and the rest is in your name in about twenty different banks. So come along right down to the Strand and marry me, dear! It's not tainted money!"

"The money's all right," I said, "though I must say it's playing it rather low down to spring all this Wooden-Horse — Ali Baba stuff on us in the twentieth century."

"You told me to read the classics!" she chirped. "Now for the Wedding March!"

“But I can’t marry you — you’re the wife of that ass Leigh!”
 “Wife — I don’t think!” she laughed, dragging me from my
 settee, “I kept my fingers crossed!”

I felt that the Café Royal was no place for a difficult legal
 argument with one’s intended wife. Time enough for that on the
 way to Biskra!

THE SUBURBANITE: and THE RIDDLE

By HELEN WOLJESKA.

THE SUBURBANITE.

(Madge, dressed all in white, sits on her balcony, overlooking a large, shady, well-kept garden. All about her are cut flowers in vases, and potted plants. She is busy with some delicate needlework.)

Yesterday the Boy was here again. . . He is so refreshing. So full of enthusiasm and youth! Such youth! Barely five or six years older than my oldest son. . .

He came to give a music lesson to Elsie, and I acted the chaperone, as usual. Elsie was rather unappreciative, I’m afraid. She’s a tomboy, and doesn’t care much for anything except sport and the most violent exercise. All his interesting explanation and fanciful comment was lost upon her. Not to discourage him, I took it upon myself to respond in my daughter’s place. Really he has the most bizarre ideas. . . He quite fascinates me.

With the stroke of five Elsie absented herself — and that Boy and I were left alone. It is not often I am in tête à tête with a man other than my husband. Funny! But when I come to think of it: I scarcely ever talk to any other man at all except in the most trivial and superficial fashion. I don’t know how it is with other couples, but when Fred and I go out calling or dining, the men always seem to talk to my husband, and we women are left to each other. . . We Occidentals are not as emancipated as we like to imagine.

Perhaps it is ridiculous — but actually, I felt as though I were doing something forbidden, sitting there in the twilight, exchanging confidences with a young man — for that’s what it amounted to. He seemed eager to hear my thoughts on many subjects, and always found them congenial and kin to his own. But his, to me, seemed so much more brilliant and strange and daring! It was lovely to listen to the enthusiastic young soul’s unfolding. I let myself drift — unreservedly. And finally I did not recognize my own voice any more. It uttered ideas so new to me — and yet so queerly familiar. They must have been asleep in me a long time. But nobody had ever cared to awaken them.

Suddenly a bell rang. It gave me a shock. What, if somebody should find us together in the almost dark room? But it was only the telephone. My husband called up to say that he would not be home for dinner. Business of course. We suburbanites’ wives have to put up with that sort of thing so much. But what can we do. . . ?

And then — I was surprised at myself, when I actually asked that Boy to stay for dinner. The words sort of formed themselves, before I half realized it! And he accepted — he was delighted. His eyes told me that. Ah — ! It is a very sweet sensation to have somebody enjoy one’s companionship. . .

I don’t know why — but the dinner was not as much of a joy to me as I imagined it would be. Some of the things the children said and did seemed to jar. I really felt relieved when, after the dessert, they dispersed. We lingered over our coffee.

Finally we drifted back into the music room. It was quite dark now. I wanted to turn on the lights. But he begged me not to. He sat down before the piano and began to extemporize. It seemed to me I could see that whole, wonderful young soul of his surging up before me. Youth! to which nothing seems impossible — flamingly ambitious, gloriously alive, marvellously sensitized! And then he spoke — in a low voice, between broken chords, he spoke — of his dreams and his hopes and his sorrows. . .

Ah — ! I must stop dreaming and go on with my work — this blouse for Elsie will be adorable.

THE RIDDLE.

The sky is lurid and the clouds hang low. Autumn winds sweep over the lonely Bohemian stubble fields and tear the last yellow and brown leaves from shuddering branches. All the flowers have gone. The garden lies desolate in misty evening twilight.

Slowly moving shapes come down the broad chestnut avenue, gliding like gray phantoms.

The grandmother walks proudly in her long trailing garments of dark brocade, her beautiful face, white as wax, is framed by dusky laces. She talks to her son’s young visitor from Vienna — talks with the condescending kindness of a queen. And, indeed, a queen she had been, a queen of beauty, of fashion, of love — oh mon ami, il y a bien longtemps.

With them comes a child, the youngest granddaughter. She clings to the arm of the young man, whose brilliant uniform makes a bright red spot in the gathering dusk. Her large eyes are intent upon his face, and as he looks down upon her, his full lips smiling, his white teeth glistening, she wants to crush hers against his — she feels jubilant and bitterly unhappy —

“Are you chilly?” he asks. “You seem to be trembling, little one.”

She stiffens herself, breathless, with closed lids.

“No,” she whispers, “no, it is nothing.”

“Extraordinary —” thinks the young man.

Ten minutes later the bonne lights the green shaded lamp in the children’s room. It is getting dark so early now! She takes her fine embroidery from the large, flowered reticule. . . She is working for her trousseau.

And the children sit among diminutive white furniture with their dolls, and play “robber,” or “measles”. The shutters rattle, the wind howls, and in the white porcelain stove the wood fire crackles cheerfully. It is all so cozy and creepy. The young mothers of the wax babies thrill with the joy and excitement of life. Only the very youngest one is preoccupied. Her large eyes seem intent on things the others cannot see. Her mind seems lost in wonderment and questioning and awe —

“Ludmilla is tiresome to-day,” say the elder sisters disapprovingly, “don’t let’s pay any attention to her.”

THE OLD MAN OF THE PEEPUL-TREE

By JAMES GRAHAME

At the office in Cortlandt street they had told Sieglinda Von Eichen that they had no further use for her services. She had been “cheeky,” it seemed, to Mr. Grossmann. So she stood in Lower Broadway at eleven o’clock in the morning with exactly fifteen dollars in the world, and about as much prospect of a future as has the shell of a peanut. She was certainly not going to spend a nickel on the subway. It was not so very many miles to 108th street, and the day was a glory of May.

But when she reached Park Place she changed her mind. It would be no use returning to the tiny flat where she lived with her twin brother Siegmund; she would only disturb him, very likely at the critical moment of the last act of his great opera, the one that was really going to be accepted, and make them rich and famous.

She believed absolutely in her brother’s genius; the sympathy between them was immense, even for twins. But Siegmund was incapable of any kind of work but the one. He had tried, when the necessity arose. Their father had died in their infancy; their mother had been induced to speculate by a rascally cousin, and in the crash of 1907 she had lost every penny. Siegmund had had to come back from Heidelberg, and Sieglinda from the family in Paris who were “finishing” her; their mother’s brother, in New York, had offered them a home. They crossed the ocean. But their ill luck pursued them; a month or two later the uncle died intestate, and his son, who had always hated the twins as likely to come between him and his inheritance, lost no time in driving them from the house with insult. Between them they had had a few hundred dollars, enough to keep from starvation while they found something to do. Sieglinda did not know a note of music technically; though she had a fine ear and finer enthusiasm, all capacity in that line was concentrated in her brother; so she learnt stenography, and gave German lessons in the evening when she could get pupils.

Siegmund had enthusiastically decided to be a chauffeur; but his teacher had dissuaded him from proceeding. “I’ve a hunch,” said he, “that there’ll be trouble sooner or later; going off in them trances like a guy what’s doped is hell when you’re pushing a fast car — no, sir!” The same amiable impediment pursued him in every employment; his first morning as a clerk in a German Bank had been his last; for, having been entrusted with copying a list of figures into a ledger, he had broken off after about six lines, and filled five scrawling pages with the opening passages of a sonata which meant nothing to the bank.

Sieglinda quickly recognized that it was useless to try to alter this disposition; besides, she rather admired it. She cheerfully shouldered the whole responsibility of the finance of the family, telling him that it was really the best policy in the long run. Why waste a genius, capable of earning millions, for the sake of ten dollars a week? So she slaved on in various offices, never getting a good position; wherever she had happened to be, her aristocratic manner was one drawback, and her unapproachability another. Her “cheeking” of Mr. Grossmann had been, at bottom, a refusal to join him at supper.

So, after all, she would not go home. She would take the elevated and spend the day in Bronx Park. She would economize the nickel at lunch; a delicatessen picnic in the park would certainly be better than the flesh-pots of Childs’; yes, she would actually save money.

This calculation was, however, in error; her proposed squandering of the nickel was as fatal as Eve’s first bite at the apple; and in the delicatessen store her lunch made a decidedly large hole in one of her dollars.

In another half-hour or so she was in the park; she wandered for awhile among the animals, then sought a remote corner for her picnic. She found a patch of green by the bank of the stream, shaded by a great peepul-tree, the sacred fig of India; and, having been born and bred to politeness, she apologized to the tree before taking her seat in its shadow. “Uncle Tree,” so she began her prattle, “I hope you won’t think it rude of me to introduce myself. But I am really a relative; my mother always said my father was the Old Man of the great oak in the courtyard; indeed, he was a very great elf, one of Wotan’s own children, or so he always boasted. So I hope you’ll let me eat my lunch under your branches. I’ll pay rent, you know; I’ll sing you the May-Song.” Then she sang Heine’s master-lyric:

“In the marvellous month of May
With all its buds in blossom,
Love made his holiday
Prankt out within my bosom.

In the marvellous month of May
With all its birds in choir,
I caught her heart away
With the song of my desire.”

So, without further ceremony, she lay down and rested her back against the trunk of the peepul-tree, opened her package, and began her lunch.

When she had finished, and quenched her thirst in the stream, she returned to the tree and lit a cigarette.

Now then the point is — exactly when did Sieglinda doze off that afternoon? Even she admits that she was asleep part of the time; but she holds out stoutly that she was perfectly awake all the while that her cigarette lasted, for she remembers throwing the end away into the stream. And it was certainly while she was smoking that she began her conversation with the old man of the tree. “Uncle,” she said, “you are much older than I am; I do wish you would give me some advice. I won’t ask you hard things, for instance, what sin I committed in a previous life; for I must have, don’t you think, to be out here in a country where they feed snakes and hyenas, and leave men and women to starve. No; but I do wish you could tell me where to look for a new job — and oh! I should like a decent one, somewhere where they had good manners, and didn’t leer all the time, even if there was very little money in it!”

“My dear,” replied the funny little old voice which she was sure came from the elf, “you couldn’t have come to a better

person. I'm not only a sacred kind of tree, you know; I come of a very special family. My own grandfather is the famous Bo-Tree at Anuradhapura, with a big platform round him and gifts and pilgrims every day from every airt of the four winds; and his father, as you know, was the great tree of Buddha-Gaya, under which the Buddha sat when he attained emancipation. So you being connected with Wotan, my dear, I'm quite glad to think I have such a pretty little niece." (It must have been the tree talking; Sieglinda wouldn't have made up a thing like that about herself, would she?) "I must say," the voice went on, "I don't at all like the idea of one of us working; our business has always seemed to me to be beautiful, and enjoy life, and praise God. I think the best way will be for you to forget your troubles for a little while; I feel a breeze in my hair, and perhaps I will be able to sing you to sleep. Then I'll have a talk with the wind; perhaps between us we may be able to do something." So Sieglinda settled herself more comfortably, and in a little while was fast asleep. When she woke up the sun was already low over the Hudson; so she picked herself up and went home. She had forgotten all about the old man, and only remembered that she must buy an "Evening Telegram" and hunt through the advertisements for another job.

II.

Things went from bad to worse with the twins. No one seemed to want a typist. Sieglinda was pretty and clever enough for the chorus; but she read the American Sunday papers, and knew that as a merely modest girl, she had no chance of an engagement. New York managers, it appeared, insisted on a type of Virtue so rigorous that it left Lucrece, Penelope, and the mother of the Gracchi among the also rans. She had seen chorus-girls, too, and even heard them discuss Virtue; anyhow, for one reason or another, she did not apply for an engagement.

Siegmund's inspirations, too, failed him even as her purse shrank; he spoilt paper at an alarming rate. One day when she came in from a vain search for work she caught him in the very act of dashing another failure to the floor. "Oh tosh! infernal beastly tosh!" he yelled; "really, Sieglinda, you must learn to keep your mouth shut!" "What have I done now?" she laughed. "It's that ghastly tune you've been humming for a month; "Broadway Bliss" it comes from, I suppose, by the sound of it; I wrote it down to feast my eyes upon the ghastly spectacle; and upon my soul and conscience, I think it's too bad even for Broadway." "I'm sorry, boy; I didn't know I was annoying you. I don't usually hum, do I?" "Never heard you before; it's that eternal search for work. Oh my God! I wish I could have learnt to push a car. The music I'm writing nowadays sounds rather like one, too; a Ford, on a country road, with a tyre gone. Lord! I think I'll send it round as a Futurist Opera!"

Nearly a month later, Sieglinda declared that she had found a job. It was not regular work, apparently; she was in and out at all hours, sometimes extremely tired. It went on for nearly six months before Siegmund noticed anything wrong. Then he asked her what her work was. She told him that she had turned her good taste to account, and had been employed to decorate and furnish a house on East 63rd street for a very rich man. She deserved more pay than she was getting; perhaps he might do more for her later on. "Do you see him often?" "Every day." "Ever make love to you?" "Oh no! He takes no more notice of

me than if I were a piece of wood. And he never spends a penny except on this fad of having a fine house. I go shopping for him in a seven thousand dollar car; and I hate to take the subway home. He's musical, by the way; I've done him the finest music-room in America; perhaps I'll be able to interest him in your work, one day." "I don't work. I can't work. A chunk of cheese has more ideas than I've had for the best part of a year!" "Oh well, inspiration will come. If we could only get out of this horrible struggle to live from day to day! If that house were only mine instead of his! It ought to be. I made it. I took a common mass of brick and stone, and turned it into Paradise. And all I've got out of it — six months and more living like a slave — has been about four hundred dollars! And the house will be ready in three weeks or so — and then what shall I do?"

Ten days later she came to him in tears. "Siegmund," she cried, "the man wants me to live in his house." "Don't do it, girl!" said her brother; "don't forget the oak, and the three greyhounds, and the bend or!"

It was another month before the house was finished. On the day, she came home at noon, jubilant, "What do you think," she said, "I've got a whole hundred dollars extra as a bonus, and the promise of another job; and we're going to have a Day in Fairyland. Come along; we're going to lunch downtown, and then I'll take you to see the house, and then we'll come home and dress for dinner for the first time in a year, and I've got seats for Die Walküre tonight, and then we'll go on to supper at a cabaret! There!"

Two hours later they had finished a lunch at the Knickerbocker which was a landmark in the life of the head waiter. Sieglinda was not going to spoil a Day in Fairyland for ten dollars one way or the other.

So, with very threadbare cloaks tight over poor worn clothing, these waifs of fortune faced the ice and snow of Manhattan's coldest February, and made their way to East 63rd street, the good wine tingling in them till they laughed merrily at the bitter wind of winter, as it cut into their young faces.

The house in 63rd street stood well away from either avenue. It was taller than its immediate neighbors, and the woodwork was of the same dull red as the granite of which it was built. Sieglinda produced a key, and they entered.

The hall was remarkable for the waved stripes of tawny yellow and black, the tiger-heads that lined the walls, and the tiger skins that covered the floor.

Sieglinda led the way into the room on the left, which extended the whole depth of the house. One could hardly give a name to such a room. Walls and ceiling were covered with a Japanese paper of old gold; the floor was of mahogany, and the only furniture in the room was dull red lacquer, cabinets and trays and little tables. In the centre of the floor was a great rug of blue without a pattern, raised from the floor by mattresses to the height of about a foot. At the far end of the room stood a great golden figure of Buddha, between two monstrous vases of porcelain, of the same deep thrilling blue as the rug. Siegmund gasped his glory. "I thought this would inspire you," said Sieglinda. They went into the opposite room. Here all was in perfect contrast. The whole room was panelled in ebony; in the centre stood an oblong table of the same wood, with ancient tall-backed chairs, evidently of the same craftsman's handiwork. Against the walls stood oaken chests, black with

age; and on each of them a single silver statue. At the upper end of the room hung a crucifix of ivory, with three tall silver candlesticks on each side of it. The candles were of yellow wax. Facing this was a single picture, a group of dancers by Monticelli.

Sieglinda led the way upstairs. Here was a modern sitting-room, evidently designed for a woman. The main motive was steel-blue, harmonized with ruddy amber. Everything in this room was soft; it was, as it were, an archetype of cushions! The pictures were all landscapes by Morrice. The room opposite was as typically a man's. Great leather arm chairs and settees stood on every side. A huge cigar cabinet of cedar was opposite the open fireplace, with a long narrow table between them which divided the room into two halves. One half contained a billiard table, and its walls were covered with sporting prints; the other had a card table and a chess table, but no other furniture except chairs. On the walls were nudes by the best masters, Manet and John, and O'Connor, and Van Gogh, and Gauguin, culminating in a daring freak by Cadell, and a solemn and passionless eccentricity by Barne.

The third floor was guarded by a single door. It was all one room, a bedroom lined in rose marble, with a vast antique basin of the same material, in which a fountain, a reduced copy of the "Universe" of the Avenue de l'Observatoire, played. Around the room stood many a masterpiece of marble and of bronze, the Drunken Satyr and the Dancing Faun, Diana of the Ephesians and the terminal Hermes of the Aristophanes of sculpture, Marsyas and Olympas, the goat-piece of the unknown master of Herculaneum, the Femmes Damnées of Pradier, the Bouches d'Enfer of Rodin and his Epervier et Colombe. All these were grouped about the great bed, which rose from the floor like a snowy plateau lit with Alpenblühn. There were no pillars, nothing but a table-land of ease, swelling like a maid's bosom from the marble. One could hardly say where floor left off and bed began, save that around the rising curves of rosy purity stood eight Cupids wreathed in flowers.

Light, in this room came pale and timid, like a girl's first love, through trellises of ground glass. But the room was not dark, for there was no color in it deeper than the bronzes; and they like islands in the rose-white loveliness that girt them like a sea. The ceiling was a single sheet of polished silver.

From this room brother and sister mounted to the highest floor. Here was the music room, a chapel of carved walnut, lofty and Gothic, endowed with a great organ; its choir ready to become vocal at the waving of the wand of a magician, for every kind of musical instrument was in its place.

Siegmund for the first time exhibited manly firmness. "I am going straight out of this house," he cried angrily, "and my permanent address will be the Hudson River!"

III.

In the matter of the seven thousand-dollar motorcar Sieglinda, although German by birth, had taken French leave. Without asking the proprietor, she had ordered it to be at the door; it was the last day. "Pretty mean, I think," she said, as they drove up town. "I do him a house like that, and all I get is a measly eight hundred and fifty-six dollars. I know now that I could have got a commission on everything I bought." "I'm glad you didn't," said her brother; "I never liked tradesman's ways, and I never will."

When they were dressed for dinner they drove to the McAlpin, told the chauffeur to call for them at the Opera at eleven, and after one more Banquet of Jupiter, walked up through the snow to the Metropolitan. The wine and the music made them mad; starved of every pleasure as they had been for months, the lure of the old life took hold of them, and they abandoned themselves wildly to the intoxication of the moment. The future? Bah!

Sieglinda had stuck at nothing in her daring; she had borrowed her rich man's box. Siegmund noticed that she had bowed very sweetly to a dapper little gentleman opposite, before the curtain rose, and he would probably have asked a question, had not the first bars of the overture rapt him away into the world of that other Siegmund and Sieglinda after whom he and his sister had been called.

Just as the last curtain fell, the door of the box opened, and the little gentleman walked in. "Mr. Damff; this is Graf von Eichen." They shook hands, exchanged a few general remarks; the trio went off to Noel's, where Sieglinda, determined to get the last minute out of her Day of Fairyland, ordered a splendid supper. But even as the clams arrived the day was spoiled for Siegmund. The band struck up. "Oh God!" he cried, rising from his seat, "there's that nightmare again!" "I can understand," said Mr. Damff, smiling, "that it must get a good deal on your nerves. Every rose has its thorn." "I don't see any rose about it," snapped Siegmund. Mr. Damff was embarrassed. "I'm sorry," he said, turning deferentially to Sieglinda. "I seem to have said the wrong thing. But I certainly understood from you ——" Sieglinda interrupted him. "The boy doesn't know," said she; "I'll break it to him gently. It's degrading and horrible, I know, dear," she went on, putting a slim hand on her brother's, "but the fact is that you're my rich man. That house is yours; it all came out of the profits of that song you threw on the floor eight months ago!"

"Good God, Sieglinda!" cried the boy, "you sold that muck! I'll never look myself in the face again. But ——" he caught his breath. "That was a tune you hummed; I thought you had picked it up on Broadway!"

"And I didn't know I was humming it! Ach, du lieber Gott!" she cried, lapsing into German, as a great light broke in upon her, "so that was what the wind said to the Old Man of the Peepul-Tree!"

Of course her hearers did not understand her. Over yet another bottle of champagne — Sieglinda had now drunk merely six during the day — she told the story of her picnic in the park. "So," she concluded, "while I slept the wind spoke with the old man, and they put the song into my brain, and I got the habit of humming it — and oh! Siegmund darling, you're rich, and we'll never have any more trouble in the world again!"

"If your conscience troubles you," said Mr. Damff, "about the quality of the music you are inflicting on humanity, let me reassure you. The Gräfin did not mention it, but I have the honor to be a director of the Metropolitan Opera House, and the purpose of our meeting to-night was that I might tell you that we had decided to produce your 'Heine's Tod,' and to discuss the preliminaries. I hope you will allow me to order another magnum of this very delightful champagne."

It was ordered; but the error was fatal; from that moment the proceedings became so far from lucid as to baffle the historian. Presently, however, Damff rose (as best he could) and

took his leave. The twins insisted on driving him home to his apartment on Riverside Drive. When they had said good night for the twentieth time, always with increasing etiquette, the champagne continued its conversation; it was impossible, absurd, and immoral to go home; there was only one thing to be done, and that was to do what politeness urged, to pay a visit of thanks to the Old Man of the Peepul-Tree.

The blizzard of the earlier day had died down to utter stillness; the full moon westering slowly, the twins huddled together in the automobile, babbling a thousand phrases of delight over and over. When they came to the Park, they thought it better to walk; Sieglinda knew the way. So they left the chauffeur, and ran hand in hand over the snow, the champagne and the success fighting in their young blood for mastery in the sublime art of being mad. Soon they came to the stream, its current frozen, its banks aflower with wind-blown blossoms of snow. They came to the Peepul-Tree. "Oh you dear darling Uncle Tree," shouted Sieglinda, "how happy you have made us! And I've brought your nephew to see you!" She clasped the trunk, and kissed it madly in sheer delirium of pleasure. Siegmund followed her example, and broke into a flood of song from his last opera.

At that moment they realized that they were very drunk. Sieglinda slid to the snow, swooning; her brother bent above her to revive her. He must have lost his senses at the same

moment; for what followed is neither reasonable nor natural. They could both hear (or so they always swear) the chuckling of the sacred tree.

Bye-and-bye the chuckling became articulate. "Very pretty and very thoughtful of you!" said the little cracked old voice; "this has been a very pleasant visit; I haven't enjoyed myself so much for years. Still, it's very cold for humans; I think you'd better be running off to the car. But come and see me often. Good-bye, my dear children, for the present; and remember, Sieglinda, your first son must be called Gautama as well as Siegfried, in honor of the man who attained emancipation under the boughs of my great-grandfather." So they must have been unwise in the matter of champagne; for the most garrulous old trees never talk like that to people who are sober.

Sieglinda was indeed what philosophers have called "suspiciously sober" when they reached the car; her "Back to 63d street!" was portentously precise.

But they never forgot the peepul-tree; and they planted shoots from him in the courtyard of the old Schloss, which they bought back from the new-comers on the proceeds of Siegmund's first opera, so that the Oak of the von Eichens might have worthy company. It is, however, a shocking circumstance that the younger generations of the peepul-tree, like those of the great apes, have a deplorable tendency to small talk, and even to scandal.

THE IDEAL IDOL.

(Two stories in one, but with only one moral.)

By **CYRIL CUSTANCE.**

Reggie Van Rensselaer was 42 and a bachelor. For just half his life he had been looking for a wife, and he had turned down a thousand promising opportunities, just because he was Particular. He was handsome and distinguished above all men; he had a nice little fortune in copper and the control of one of the biggest banks in New York. His manners were superfine triple X, formed in the best universities, and later in those foreign courts whither he had gone as a diplomatist. He was crazy to marry, and had had his pick of Europe and America. But he had not found his ideal. He wished a woman of birth, breeding, and fortune comparable to his own; she must be beautiful and brilliant, yet modest and domesticated; and there were various other points, hardly worth discussion on this page, yet vitally important to the happiness of our gay and gallant hero. There had been several near-engagements; but sooner or later something had always turned up to prevent the wedding bells from ringing. It was by pure accident that Reggie discovered that the Marquise de Vaudeville had a bunion on the third toe of her left foot; the Gräfin von Solingen was barred by an unfortunate habit of lispings; the Princess Politzsky had once smoked a cigarette; Lady Viola Vere de Vere failed to laugh at one of Reggie's puns; Señorita de Sota had a question mark on part of her escutcheon in the earlier half of the twelfth century — there was always something.

But in the winter of 1916 the ideal idol came to Washing-

ton. This time there could be no doubt. Flossie Russell was of the most aristocratic of all the families that came over in the Mayflower; through her mother she was allied with the royal families of half the countries of Europe; her father controlled most of the railroads and shipping and mines in the United States, owned two of the largest packing houses in Chicago, and was one of the biggest men in the Corn Trust. Incidentally, he had used his leisure hours in making an immense fortune in munitions. It would endanger the reason of the printer were I to describe her beauty; and as for her manners, it would endanger my own reason to attempt the task in detail. I will only say, in a word, they were American manners.

It was at White Sulphur that she and Reggie met. Swift but thorough investigation on his part assured him that at last he had found his destined bride. To avoid precipitation, he determined to take a long motor ride by moonlight — alone. Absorbed in his own thoughts, he failed to notice an old woman who was crossing the road with a bundle of sticks in her arm. He knocked her down and broke her leg. The automobile swerved violently, and he was obliged to pull up in order to avoid running into a tree which might have damaged the machine. It struck him that his number might have been seen, and with admirable prudence got out of the car and returned to where the old woman was lying, intending to compensate her for her crushed limb with some small change which he was

went to carry on his person precisely in view of such emergencies as this. The old woman thanked him profusely. "I see," said she, "that you are one of Nature's noblemen! Chivalrous as you are handsome, you should also be fortunate. Take this black stone — for I am a witch! And if ever you should be in despair, dash it upon the ground; then you shall have your heart's desire." Reggie, charmed with her courtesy, was seized with an impulse of mad generosity, added a dollar bill to his already noble largesse, and even promised to stop at the next village, and tell some one of the accident.

The next morning dawned sunny and glorious; all nature seemed to conspire to aid our hero in his suit. After lunch he sought the fair Flossie; together in the exhilarating air they rode for many miles. They stopped on a great height to admire the view. He saw the mood of his beloved melt to romance; he seized the moment. "Will you be mine?" he murmured. "Well," answered Flossie, brightly, "I guess not. You're about twenty years too old."

Words cannot depict the rage and horror of our hero. Like a madman he thrust in the clutch; the auto leapt forward; he never stopped until — the following morning — he found himself held up in 42d Street by the wreck of a Fifth Avenue stage and a lorry. At that moment he realized what despair was. As in a dream, he pulled out the black stone and dashed it on the ground.

When he raised his eyes, wonder of wonders! They fell upon the ideal idol of his dreams. It was another Flossie, but a Flossie raised in every point to the twenty-seventh power. Her name — as the event showed — was Nina Yolande de Montmorency de Carbajal y Calvados. This time there was no hitch. The most rigid investigation proved her as pure as she was fair, as

rich as she was well born; in short, she was IT. Even her modesty could not withstand even for an hour the impetuous advances of our hero; and when he said, only a fortnight after their first meeting, "Let us be married next week in the Cathedral," she replied, blushing divinely and with downcast eyes, "Why not this afternoon, at the City Hall?" No sooner said than done. A sumptuous banquet succeeded the ceremony; intoxicated with champagne and with delight, the happy couple retired to their luxurious suite in the Hotel Evangeline. Reggie Van Rensselaer locked the door.

As it happened, however, the Hotel Evangeline was an unusually family hotel, and on the dressing table was a copy of the Holy Scriptures, placed there by the Gideons, whoever they may be.

Instantly that her eyes fell upon the book, the bride uttered a piercing scream. A moment later, and she had disappeared. In her place, smiling and bowing, stood Mephistopheles himself, complete to a hoof; and not forgetting the sulphur!

"Young man!" he said to the astounded Reggie, "learn that humanity implies imperfection; those who, not content with the ordinary limitations of life, demand perfection, are liable to find the ideal idol an illusion created by the Devil. However, you have willed it; so if you would be so kind as to throw that book out of the window, I will turn back into Nina Yolande (and all the rest of it) and we can get to bed. It has been a tiring day."

Reggie's answer has not been recorded; but six months later we hear of him on his honeymoon. The happy lady was a mulatto widow of forty-eight, with three children, a slight spinal curvature, a cast in her remaining eye, six gold teeth, and the manners of a dock laborer. And a jolly good wife she makes him!

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

By S. J. ALEXANDER.

There's the smart of salt against my eye and spray against my cheek;
 There's the cry of frightened children and a tortured woman's shriek;
 There's the sound of seraphs singing o'er the music of the spheres;
 There's the noise of many waters through the ringing in my ears;
 There's the crash of guns in battle and a jungle wild beast raves,
 For the wind hath lashed the Sea from all her sullen, slimy caves.
 With what agony of loathing, with what ecstasy of love,
 With what torture, hell arisen, with what rapture from above,
 I have heard her call in dreams, wherein I raved with drowning hands
 While I flung despairing arms about the middle of the lands.
 I have thrust the lands between us, I have bid the world divide,
 I have wrapped me in the deserts, and the mountains rose to hide,
 But wherever winds blow waters and wherever winds are blown,

I have known with sure foreknowledge that the Sea would claim
 Her Own.
 I have eaten Fruits of Plenty, but my soul grew starved and thin,
 With the tempest of Her Call without, the still small voice within;
 I have drunken wine of exile, broken bread of banishment,
 Now I yield myself unto her with a God's serene content;
 With foreknowledge of the future, what must be, must ever be,
 And my lives before and after drag me downward to the sea.
 I have flung my all behind me in the futile way I went;
 Let her wreck her will upon me to Divine Accomplishment.
 With her wild, imperious wooing she hath won my soul from me;
 I shall win it back at midnight, in Mine Own Gethsemane.
 I shall play her for my All, where men go down to sea in ships,
 Midst the riving of the body and the soul's apocalypse;
 Standing face to face with Terror, I must grapple with Despair,
 When the grip of icy fingers stirs the creeping of the hair;
 I must dree my wierd at midnight, when the wild beast, Terror,
 strips
 Man to bare and primal nakedness in caves of soul eclipse.

IRRITABILITY.

By DOROTHY WILLIS.

For the third time within an hour she was wakened by the clang of the elevator door outside her room. It was half-past-one o'clock.

With an impatient sigh she sat up in bed and listened as the man and woman of the rooms adjoining hers made their clumsy way toward their door.

She was intensely irritated and annoyed. Every night she tried in vain to sleep eight hours on end. Every night she was awakened by late comers, and in consequence endured hours of restless wakefulness.

Yet she paid an extra five dollars monthly for the privilege of the tenth floor, and had been promised by the manager of the new apartment house that only quiet early people would be her neighbors.

She knew it would be useless to complain. She knew the man and his young wife, who carried round clean linen herself and kept an eye on the electricity, would look at her with the air of patronage she resented and answer her in the tone of conciliation used to those who cannot help their complainings.

She considered tipping the boy to use the elevator door more gently, and then she remembered that six different boys had operated the car in a month, and recognized the futility of such action.

Considering the matter she got out of bed and made her way across the furniture, piled up to admit the descent of her folding bed, to the window, where she knelt on a low couch with her arms folded along the wooden sill, and stared across the city.

From the next-door apartment came sounds of laughter and talking. The ice box was slammed violently, and she heard the noise of corks popping. Then an insistent sizzling reached her ear, and the smell of frying food.

"Cooking at this hour!" she muttered. "The crazy fools!"

The streets of the city were almost deserted. Here and there she could see vague figures stealing through the shadows, and now and then the crimson tail-light of a motor-car sped toward its goal. But no light came toward her, for she lived in the center of the city, and the pleasure palaces were closed.

Across the roofs she saw a flare of light. It was the blast furnace by the river's edge and its fury met a like fierce flame within her. She ground her teeth with anger, and then knew the impotence of her wrath. She was helpless. She was at the mercy of careless, boisterous men and women. She must live in the center of the city, and she could pay no more for quiet and peace.

While she meditated, with the cool wind blowing on her bare throat and arms, she found a plan of action formulating in her brain. It was a foolish, useless plan. She would suffer for its fulfilment more than she already suffered. But it pleased her casually to play with it and follow it to its satisfactory conclusion.

And the dropping of a fork in the sink next door made her clench her teeth and dwell again upon her wrongs.

People, people, how she hated people all about her! How she longed to be alone and free and quiet, allowed to read and write and think and sleep — especially sleep — without common, noisy people always interrupting her and taking peace

away!

She tried to reason with her nerves, to force herself to tolerance. She told herself that she must be ill or out of sorts, and that a hundred other people in the same apartment house managed to live and enjoy life under similar conditions, which showed that there could not be very much at fault.

Then the door of her neighbor's ice-box slammed again, and the clock on the tower of a newspaper building tolled the hour of two.

"Five hours to sleep!" she said, "and then a hard day's work again. And yesterday the same, and to-morrow the same, and the next day. How can people be so inconsiderate?"

And with slow-burning hatred in her heart she groped her way back to bed and lay there thinking, until she fell again asleep.

Four hours later a brilliant sunbeam shone upon her slumber. It found her lying with one arm above her head, the neck of her gown open, showing her soft white throat and rounded breast, and her dark hair spread upon the pillow. Around her lips a little smile was hovering and the expression of her face was sweet and kindly. None would have called her then the "dry old maid."

She was dreaming of her youth. She was dreaming vividly about the man who loved her twenty years before, and left her after just one week of perfect joy.

All the dull years between had fallen away; all the bitter thoughts had left her mind, and the harsh memories had given place to faith and hope. She loved, and her senses sang again for joy.

She was beside her lover in a field where bright daffodils bloomed golden by a stream. Willow trees hung chains of emeralds down to hide their kisses, and she saw the blue forget-me-nots among the grass. She was young, she was glad and merry. She felt the breeze on her cheek and the caressing lips of the water on her arm as she bent to gather flowers. The hour was life, and life was the hour. She wanted nothing but to go on living, and to see her lover's smile. All about them Nature made joy manifest, and they followed Nature's lead.

The glancing sunbeam played on her lashes, tipping them with gold, and she stirred a little in her sleep. In her dream her lover's arms were close about her, and his rough sleeve was underneath her cheek. She was supremely happy for the first time in uncounted years, and her breathing told the tale of racing blood and nerves vibrating.

She was alive, not merely living as she had been since he left her. She was full of kindness and gentleness, not shut within a shell of cynicism and rancor as the working world had found her; and she thrilled with the glory and the beauty of her dream.

Under the willows her lover bent his mouth to her passion-laden eyes —

A door slammed suddenly, and through her consciousness a shrill voice drifted.

"Come on, Bill!" it said, "It's nearly six o'clock, and we told George we'd be there punctual. Got the water-bottle?"

"No, I ain't. Wait a minute. I'm acomin'."

From the bed where the sunbeam danced she rose, slowly and quite quietly, and crossed the room to reach a table. Tall and slender she stood, her eyes half closed, her lips half smiling. The cloud of her hair hung about her like a web.

Deliberately she thrust her fingers in the table drawer; they found what she was seeking. Then she took three steps and stood before the door. Outside, she heard her neighbors moving, and their door was opened and again was slammed. They came down the corridor to the elevator and rang the bell. She knew then exactly how they stood, while the boy, still half asleep, fumbled ten floors below with the handle.

And with her eyes half closed and her lips still smiling in the memory of her dream she lifted her right hand, clasped about a small revolver, and fired — straight through the door and through the heart of the woman outside.

Before the judge she pleaded “Guilty,” refusing any aid toward excuse.

On the day when she was to leave for the state penitentiary, the husband of the dead woman went to visit her.

“What made you kill my wife?” he asked her, still with shallow, wondering curiosity.

It was too early to get up!” she said.

FOUR SONNETS BY VINCENT STARRETT

SALOME.

Princess that, wanton, danced before the king,
 In what red hell do you perform to-day?
 Where now does your white body swing and sway? —
 To the mad music of what luring string?
 In a blue-flamed salon I see you fling
 Your shining limbs in amorous display,
 Seeking the very demons to betray
 And tempt the devil from his banqueting.
 The galaxy of hell is there arrayed;
 They surge and struggle like a crimson tide.
 By the lewd promise of your dance beguiled:
 And, helpless, in the fearful masquerade
 I see the faces, pale and horrified,
 Of Aubrey Beardsley and of Oscar Wilde.

BAGDAD: 1917.

Haroun, thy troubled ghost walks forth to-night
 In streets by booted, Christian feet profaned;
 Where, in a far day, gushing wineskins stained
 The parched mosaic. . . . O that Allah’s sight
 Should view Zobeide’s dishevelment,
 Scheherezad’s swart beauty pale before
 The blandishments of leering gods of war;
 Their hunted shadows roused from long content.
 Bismillah! If ’tis writ that this must be,
 Grant then another chronicler may rise
 A new Millameron to immortalize —
 The love and passion of the soldiery.
 Another thousand nights begin to lower;
 And days, and hours, and quarters of an hour!

VILLON STROLLS AT MIDNIGHT.

“There is an eerie music, Tabary,
 In the malevolence of the wind to-night:
 Think you the spirits of the damned take flight
 O’ midnights? Gad, a wench I used to see
 Heard all the ghosts of history ride past
 Her window on a shrieking gale like this. . . .
 Look! Where the moonlight and the shadows kiss!
 Saw you aught move? . . . Poor jade, she died unmassed.
 See where the gibbet rises, gaunt and slim;
 (Curse me, the wind hath thrust my entrails through!)
 It beareth fruit to-night. . . . Not I, nor you!
 Hark to the clatter of the bones of him.
 They rattle like . . . Ah, do you catch your breath? . . .
 Like castanets clapped in the hands of Death!”

JOSEPH.

(After reading Charles Wells’ “Joseph and His Brethren.”)

God’s Heaven, what a man he must have been
 That could resist the arms of Phraxanor!
 Preaching of honor while the open door
 Of Paradise called him to splendid sin;
 Prating of duty while the gates of hell
 Groaned on their hinges at his stoic mould.
 “Madam, your arm — pray move.” “Cold, cold, still cold —”
 Here is a case to challenge parallel.
 Thus is it writ. Conjecture slyly smiles —
 Was he, indeed, quite dead to all desire?
 Think you not that with honey and with fire
 His veins ran hotly at the temptress’ wiles?
 Ah, it is true that history sometimes errs:
 Seer, did he go his way, in fact? — Or hers?

A PARD-LIKE SPIRIT. BY ALEXANDER HARVEY.

As Mary Godwin left the door of the Juvenile Library and wended her way along Skinner street to keep her tryst with Shelley at the grave of her mother, she bethought herself of the circumstance that the poet dwelt hard by. He had taken a room in a little house on Hatton Garden. His wife was now at Bath with her father. The object of this temporary change of the poet's place of abode was, as Shelley assured his guide, philosopher and friend — Mary's father — that he might be near Godwin. The financial affairs of the author of "Political Justice" required, it would seem, constant association with the poet. Shelley had but to dress himself in the morning, to rush, with a raisin in his mouth, across the lanes, and he could find himself at the portal of the philosopher. Many a time in the course of a week would the poet dash wildly and without a hat into the Juvenile Library and on through the shop to study upon the floor above.

It occurred to Mary upon this bright July afternoon, that she might find her favorite poet in the vicinity of his new Hatton Garden abode. She did not proceed, therefore, straight to the tomb. That isolated shrine was connected with the churchyard of St. Pancras. In this early period of the nineteenth century the little church of St. Pancras nestled by itself among clumps of trees in a wilderness of meadows and neglected fields. Ponds formed from the successive rains were monopolized by ducks. The neighborhood was quite unfamiliar to Mary.

Her eagerness to spend some portion of her abundant leisure at her mother's grave was quite a new propensity. Death and the grave were not the ideas in which she revelled. Her discovery that as the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft she derived importance, and that as a daughter of Godwin she might be additionally the child of genius, had come to Mary as a delightful surprise. She had been impressed by the sentimental value her stepsister Fanny acquired in the poet's eye from her frequent pilgrimages to the lonely and neglected grave in which Mary Wollstonecraft was now taking her last sleep.

Mary Godwin, finding grief and the romanticism of the tomb so fashionable, had fallen in with the Shelley cult. No sooner was Fanny dispatched to Wales for the sake of getting rid of a dangerous rival, than Mary, book in hand, would wend her way more or less ostentatiously to the grave of her mother.

Shelley had soon ascertained the goal of her pilgrimages. One sunny afternoon he had preceded her thither. How innocent was her surprise! Mary found occasion to shed a tear in the gloomy spot. She called it — in Shelley's presence — the "hallowed" spot. Shelley thereupon likewise shed his tear. The grave was to them both by this time the most sacred of all shrines. They repaired to it to forget in the presence of the immortal dead the corruption of a materialized world.

Mary looked eagerly about her as she came within the vicinity of Hatton Garden. The residence of the poet was a worn old mansion. It had stood neglected for many years in a great field. The few trees near the door overtopped a gabled roof. There was a round window under the eaves. Here, as Mary had been told, the poet often stationed himself to muse upon the Platonic philosophy. He was not at his accustomed place on the present occasion. Mary stifled a sigh. She walked daintily in the low slippers which fashion permitted her sex to wear on pedestrian

occasions. Her white stockings peeped shyly forth as she moved her little feet.

It was no very long walk to the churchyard. There happened to be a great flock of geese in one of the lanes. The fowls approached her with a tendency to crane their long necks and cackle and hiss. Mary lifted her dark skirt and trod mincingly through the mud. She had trouble in repelling the attentions of the flock. She climbed delicately a fence of hickory limbs which bounded the southern extremity of the churchyard. She vaulted upon a marble slab sacred to the memory of one in whom she was not interested. Through the tangled mass of shrubbery and weeds which bordered the lanes Mary tripped. She had to look carefully about her lest she miss the way to the grave of Mary Wollstonecraft.

This was the plainest of mounds. It had been fixed by chance beneath the limbs of a spreading elm. The slab was in a state of complete neglect. The long stone bore simply the name of the dead heroine of feminism and the date of her birth and of her passing. There had been some vague outlines of an inscription, but the years which had gone since her death had sufficed to obliterate the words. Mary sniffed the summer air with a sense of pleasure. The trees growing more or less wild, the twittering of the birds, the shade cast by the foliage everywhere afforded the most complete seclusion. Through the trees she caught glimpses now and then of the roofs of London or of a bit of sky. The churchyard might well have been in the forest of Nottingham so far as the presence of fellow creatures was concerned.

Mary did not like the direct contact with nature to which her environment exposed her. There were too many great spiders, too many strange insects about, to please her fancy. She wondered that Shelley had thought it advisable to be late. Her pretty lips were soon pouting with displeasure. She smiled very suddenly when she saw the poet running towards her. He had a loaf of bread under his arm, but he threw it away when he caught sight of her. Leaping over the hickory barrier, he was at her side in an instant.

"Never!" cried Shelley, throwing his head back like a man who calls Heaven to witness what he says, "never can I express the abundance of pleasure which your three letters have given me."

"I," replied Mary, "wear yours next my heart."

This was a lie; or rather, it was an untrue statement, for Mary had the capacity of believing whatever she felt ought to be true.

"Surely," proceeded the poet whose voice was now low and musical, "you must have known by intuition all my thoughts to write me as you have done."

"How good of you, who are so occupied with philosophy," she murmured, "to keep your word! Shelley is to me incarnate virtue."

"Virtue," rejoined Shelley, "consists in the motive. Why am I obliged to keep my word? Is it because I desire Heaven and hate Hell? Obligation and virtue would in that case be words of no value as the criterion of excellence."

"But parents and children —" began Mary.

"Do you agree to my definition of virtue?"

The poet's wide eyes were fastened upon hers. Mary, who

had never heard the definition referred to, nodded in a kind of trance.

"Divest every event of its improper tendency," proceeded Shelley, "and evil becomes annihilate."

Mary could not see the relevance of this. She feared to show her lack of comprehension lest the poet despise her intellectual powers.

"I am afraid," she sighed, "that Pa is bent on parting us."

Shelley started like a man who has received a blow. Then he raised an arm aloft. His next words were spoken in his shrillest tones.

"Never, with my consent, shall that intercourse cease which has been the day-dawn of my existence, the sun which has shed the warmth on the cold, drear length of the anticipated prospect of life."

He took a large red apple from the open bosom of his shirt and began to crunch it with avidity. Checking himself suddenly, he concentrated his gaze upon Mary. At last he offered her a bite.

"Prejudice," he resumed, "might demand this sacrifice, but she is an idol to which we bow not. The world might demand it. Its opinion might require so much. But the cloud which fleets over yonder hills were as important to our happiness."

Mary had taken a bite of the apple while he was saying this. She chewed it thoughtfully as he went on with his train of ideas:

"When time has enrolled us in the list of the departed, surely this one friendship will survive to bear our identity in Heaven."

"You are melancholy," she observed with a sigh.

"I cannot be gay. Gaiety is not in my nature."

He, too, sighed. The wind was blowing his coat in a sheet about his form. He drew it over his exposed chest to say what was on his mind.

"Yet, I will be happy. And I claim it as a sacred right that you share my happiness."

To Mary's dismay the poet drew an immense duelling pistol from one of his capacious pockets.

"Do take care!" she implored, as he saw to its priming.

He did not seem to hear, for he cried these words:

"Oh! lovely sympathy, thou art life's sweetest only solace, and is not my Mary the shrine of sympathy?"

"What," she asked, "if you weary of that sympathy?"

Shelley drew a white card from his pocket.

"Suppose your frame were wasted by sickness, your brow covered with wrinkles?" cried the poet, looking at a tree behind the grave. "Suppose age had bowed your form till it reached the ground, would you not be as lovely as now?"

Mary was at a loss for a reply to this. The poet's demeanor made one superfluous. He had approached the tree and was examining it critically. Mary saw him lick the bark with his tongue in accordance with one of his inveterate habits. Satisfied with the taste, apparently, he proceeded next to affix the card to the tree with the aid of a broken twig. For some half a minute he eyed the card intently. Mary interrupted his reverie:

"The question is ——"

"The question is," vociferated Shelley, talking with such speed that Mary could scarcely follow the torrent of words, "what do I love? Do I love the person, the embodied identity? No. What I love is superior, what is excellent; or what I conceive to be so."

He had to pause from sheer agitation. Mary would have rushed to his side, so near falling did he appear. But the poet had re-

covered himself sufficiently to regain his powers of speech.

"For love is Heaven and Heaven is love," he ran on. "You think so, too, and you disbelieve not in the existence of an eternal, omnipresent spirit."

Her eyes were fixed upon him with a look of such intensity that his own eyes were caught again.

"Am I not mad?" he asked with a smile. "Alas! I am, but I pour out my ravings into the ear of a friend who will pardon them."

He raised the duelling pistol, took careful aim at the card affixed to the tree, and pulled the rusty trigger. Mary held her ears. The explosion was so loud that a man in the distance passing on horseback looked across the wide meadow of the heath. Then he gave spurs to his horse and galloped off.

"Missed, by Heavens!"

Mary looked at the tree. The card was unmarked. The poet was plainly put out. He looked at the smoking weapon in his hand, then at the tree.

"I have now in contemplation," said the poet, who seemed to be talking to the tree, so rapt was his contemplation of it, "a poem. I intend it to be by anticipation a picture of the manners, simplicity and delights of a perfect state of society, though still earthly. Will you assist me?"

Mary's eyes followed the direction of Shelley's to the mark he had missed.

"Could I but assist you!"

It was spoken like the devout aspiration of a St. Cecilia.

"I shall draw a picture of Heaven," Shelley rejoined. "I can do neither without some hints from you."

The pistol had been cocked again by this time, and Shelley was taking aim. Again the shot rang out. Again Mary put her hands to her head.

"Missed!" cried Shelley in vexation, adding as if by afterthought: "by Heaven!"

"Your hand," she said, "is unsteady to-day."

He did not seem to hear.

"I consider you," cried the poet, his eye rolling in fine frenzy to the sky, "I consider you one of those beings who carry happiness, reform, liberty wherever they go. To me you are as my better genius, the judge of my reasonings, the guide of my actions, the influencer of my usefulness."

Mary shook her head. She made a deprecatory gesture.

"Greater responsibility," he resumed, running his free hand through the masses of his long hair, "is the consequence of higher powers. I am, as you must be, a despiser of mock modesty, accustomed to conceal more defects than excellences. I know I am superior to the mob of mankind, but I am inferior to you in everything but the equality of friendship."

He had reloaded. For a minute more he eyed the card upon the tree as he had eyed it before. Mary saw the weapon raised afresh. There was a silence so intense that even the birds in the tree seemed to have caught the spirit of the crisis. For a third time the shot rang out upon the summer day.

"A hit!" shrieked Shelley.

He began to dance. Mary was overwhelmed with blank amazement. Shelley paid little heed to the expression upon her face. He had begun an incessant tripping and cavorting around and about the grave. Of a sudden she felt her waist encircled by his arm. He was twirling her in the mazes of his movement.

"It is necessary that reason should disinterestedly determine,"

Shelley avowed, his hair now a tangled mass so confused that he could no longer run his fingers through it. "The passion of the virtuous will then energetically put its decree into execution."

He ceased speaking through lack of breath. His arm fell from her waist. Mary was so bewildered that she could think of nothing to say. The poet himself took up his train of thought where he had left off.

"I have not been alone, for you have been with me!" Shelley stretched forth an arm to give solemnity to the exclamation. "I have been thinking of you, and of human nature."

"What of fate?"

It was all Mary could think of saying. Shelley seemed prepared for the question.

"And has not fate been more than kind to me? Did I expect her to lavish upon me the inexhaustible stores of her munificence? Yet has she not done so? Has she not given you to me?"

"Yet," Mary urged, "my Pa ——"

"Your attention to your father's happiness," cried Shelley, "is at once so noble, so refined, so delicate, so desirous of accomplishing its design that how could he fail, if he knew it, to give you that esteem and respect besides the love which he does?"

"He is greatly my superior in all things." Mary's voice was a whisper. Her eye was upon her mother's grave.

"Methinks he is not your equal," retorted the poet. "I have not found you equalled."

"And my duty?"

She spoke so low that he barely caught the words.

"If virtue depended on duty, then would prudence be virtuous," Shelley cried in his most discordant tone, "and imprudence would be vice. The only difference between the Duke of Wellington and William Godwin would be that the latter had more cunningly devised the means of his own benefit. This cannot be. Prudence is only an auxiliary of virtue, by which it may become useful."

"If everyone loved," said Mary, "then everyone would be happy."

"This is impossible," Shelley urged. "But certain it is that the more that love the more are blest."

Mary placed her handkerchief to her eyes. She was standing now at the head of that grave.

"Shall, then, the world step forward?" asked Shelley, regardless of the circumstance that the young lady's back was turned to him. "That world which wallows in selfishness and every base passion, the consequence of every absence of reason?"

Mary's face was in the handkerchief. She shook her head energetically.

"Shall that world give law to souls," asked Shelley, touching her shoulder, "who smile superior to its palsying influence, who let the tempest of prejudice rave unheeded, happy in the consciousness of perfection of motive?"

He was handling his pistol with such extreme carelessness that Mary shuddered. She feared to exhibit this dread. Shelley might deem her lacking in that courage which could alone characterize the true sister of his soul. Nevertheless, she did not relish the thought of a bullet in her back. She kept a wary eye upon her admirer.

"You are married."

She had been wondering how to bring that circumstance to his recollection without a too rapid descent from the sublimity

of their communion. Shelley paused as he was about to fix that card with his eye.

"Man is the creature of circumstance," conceded the poet gloomily. "These casual circumstances custom has made unto him a second nature."

He sank into an abstraction so complete that she did not scruple to take the pistol out of his hand. The act passed unobserved by the poet. Mary dropped the weapon behind the tree.

"Might there not have been a prior state of existence?" asked Shelley, drawing her to his side. "Might we not have been friends then?"

"Might not you and Harriet," she asked with a smile, "have been friends then?"

"She has never been a sister to my soul."

"Then why did you make her your wife?"

He had begun to devour a pear extracted from one of his inexhaustible receptacles for edibles.

"At that period," began Shelley, a few drops of perspiration which Mary had seen upon his brow growing thick and large, "at that period I watched over my sister, designing, if possible, to add her to the list of the good, the disinterested, the free."

"What a brother!" Mary was in an ecstasy.

"When my sister was at school," resumed Shelley, "she contracted an intimacy with Harriet."

He paused to wipe his brow upon the cuff of his coat. The pear dropped upon the grave.

"I desired, therefore," he began again, "to investigate Harriet's character. For this purpose I called upon her. I requested leave to correspond with her, designing that her advancement should keep pace with, and possibly accelerate, that of my sister."

Mary clasped her hands upon her bosom.

"Noble soul!" she said, addressing a flight of crows above her head.

"Harriet's frank and ready acceptance of my proposals pleased me," proceeded the poet. "Though with ideas the remotest to those which led to the consummation of our intimacy, I wrote her much."

"Oh!" cried Mary. "You wrote her much."

Shelley did not seem to heed. He was himself attentive to the sky and to what he saw there.

"The frequency of Harriet's letters," Shelley went on, speaking as much to himself as to Mary, "became greater during my stay in Wales. I answered them. They became interesting."

"Did she write of political justice?" Mary put the question with perfect gravity. With equal gravity the poet replied.

"They contained complaints of the irrational conduct of her relations. The misery of living where she could not love filled her missives. Suicide was with her a favorite theme."

Mary looked intently at the pear upon her mother's grave.

"Suicide," she said in low tones, "is with Harriet a favorite theme still."

"Her total uselessness was urged by Harriet in defense of her plan of suicide," went on the poet. "This I admitted, supposing she could prove her inutility."

"Did she try suicide then?"

"Her letters," answered Shelley, "became more and more gloomy."

He was eating raisins now.

"At length," resumed Shelley, who had begun a restless pacing about the grave, "one letter of Harriet's assumed a tone of

such despair as induced me to quit Wales precipitately. I arrived in London."

Mary was kneeling upon the grave of her mother. She plucked a blade of grass and began to bite it nervously.

"Well?"

She looked up into Shelley's face with a twitch at her mouth.

"I arrived in London," went on the poet, mopping his perspiring brow once more. "I was shocked at observing the alteration in Harriet's looks. Little did I divine its cause."

"What was the cause?"

Mary had risen to her feet. She placed a hand upon his arm.

"Harriet had become violently attached to me." Shelley spoke simply. "She feared that I could not return her attachment."

"Did she say those things of her own accord?"

"Prejudice," said Shelley, "made the confession painful to her."

"Did you ask her to marry you?"

"It was impossible to avoid being much affected," said Shelley evasively, mopping his brow more energetically than ever. "I promised to unite my fate with hers."

He gulped down a raisin. She stared fixedly at the little circle of edibles that had accumulated around the spot on which they stood. Mary suddenly left Shelley's side to reach the head of her mother's grave. She knelt quickly upon the granite slab which recorded the name of the immortal dead. Her lips moved in prayer. For a long time no word was said by the poet. He seemed infected with the devotional spirit of the mood of his fair friend. He had taken from his waistcoat pocket a fresh handful of the raisins with which he seemed inexhaustibly supplied and was now chewing them moodily. Mary got upon her feet.

"Shelley," she said, "I was praying to my mother's spirit. Do you think me superstitious?"

"How much worthier of a rational being is skepticism," sighed the wan Shelley, "which, though it wants none of the impassionateness which some have characterized as inseparable from the superstitious, yet retains judgement ——"

"Judgement!"

Mary's tone in saying the word was almost scornful.

"Judgement," repeated Shelley. "Judgement is not blind, though it may chance to see something like perfection in its object, which retains its sensibility — but whose sensibility is celestial and intellectual — unallied to the grovelling passions of the earth."

"Yet the world seeks perfection in prayer."

"I feel a sickening distrust," Shelley declared vehemently, "when I see all around me, all that I had considered good, great or imitable fall into the gulf of error."

He stared wildly about like one who saw that gulf at his very feet.

"Shelley!" cried Mary, looking straight into his eyes as she confronted him. "Have you ever given a thought to a woman's heart?"

He ceased chewing the raisin in his mouth.

"Have you not seen how my heart has responded to your appeal?" she asked him, her dark gray eyes flashing. "Shelley, I have grown to love you. The fault is yours."

For a full minute their eyes did not cease to pour themselves out, the one pair into the other. Mary seemed to be waiting for a word from him. It remained unspoken.

"The fault is yours," she proceeded. "You have made me love you."

She looked at him for another moment. Then she covered her face with her hands. He seemed like a man in a trance. Mary sank upon her knees beside the grave of her mother.

"Ah! my dead mother," she cried, lifting her hand to the sky. "Wherever you be, you at least understand your child."

She bowed her head. He leaped across the grave. Mary could feel the tangled mass of the poet's hair as it brushed her cheek. In a trice he had put an arm around her waist. She yielded to its pressure with a sob. Her head sank upon his shoulder.

"My Mary!"

He murmured the words into her ear. She made no effort to disengage herself from his embrace. Beneath the tree that cast its shade upon them and across the grave of Mary Wollstonecraft they exchanged the kiss that ranked them with Heloise and Abelard, with Paolo and Francesca, among love's immortals.

A SONNET.

BY A. NEWMAN.

There are no dreams of my imagining
Which shall encompass all your loveliness.
Never hath spirit worn a fairer dress,
Nor flesh contained so beautiful a thing.
You are all hallowed from the Heavenly King;
And His choice angels round about you press
Lest even the shadow of unrighteousness
Should shade your form, or set you sorrowing.

Less fair in lustre is the Evening Star;
And yet you shine upon my darkened ways,
And step down from your firmament for me,
Glittering with love, as saints and angels are!
For this I'll worship you while I have days;
And when days end, till ends eternity.

VISIONS.

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Heal thou my spirit, Sister of the Sun!
Sore wounded by the tusks of the boar Life,
Hurt by mine own spear in the sacred strife,
From five great gashes see the black blood run!
Mocked in my purple, scourged and spat upon,
Hither I bore my cross — the Hill uprears
Its skull-dome to the storm. They are not tears
That clot upon my cheek, Hilarion!

I gave mine spirit up into thine hands.
Still on that mountain of the Lord there stands
My crucifix. Four suns revolving roll
About my central sphere of radiance —
Oh miracle of thy one golden glance,
And honey of thy kisses in my soul!

THE SAGE OF COPENHAGEN.

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

Copenhagen, with its wharves and its ships, is a picturesque place. My knowledge of geography is rudimentary, but Denmark, I believe, is surrounded by water. Strangely enough, the city of Copenhagen can be reached directly by train from Berlin. Twice in the journey a giant ferry carries locomotive and cars with the passengers across large stretches of water. Having once arrived in Copenhagen, you don't know what to do with yourself. There are only four things of interest in Denmark: The Glyptothek, the Thorwaldsen Museum, George Brandes, and the grave of Hamlet. After you have seen these, nothing remains. The Glyptothek gladly throws open its gates to you; the Thorwaldsen Museum hospitably invites you. I should not advise you to visit George Brandes. But by all means visit the grave of Hamlet. I have denied myself this pleasure. Now throughout the years the vision of that grave will lure your fancy to Denmark.

Professor Brandes informs me that Hamlet was never in Elsinore; neither is he there buried. According to legend, Hamlet was a minor vassal king in Jutland; Zealand, where Shakespeare dislocated him, knew him not. But when Shakespeare's countrymen demanded to mingle their tears with his ashes, an alert innkeeper, Marianlysts, of Elsinore, erected a stone-heap there some twenty years ago, revered ever since by generations of tourists as the grave of Ophelia's obese and unsatisfactory lover.

The Professor, I fear, is an incurable pedant. Those who direct their steps to Elsinore worship the spirit of Hamlet. His skeleton is to them a matter of utter indifference. Every grave is spurious but for faith. The mockery of his tomb would be no less hollow, even if Hamlet's carcass had stained the coffin-board with the obscene juices of putrefaction.

Poets are lords of circumstance; they are lords also of geography, from the terrace of Elsinore to the coast of Bohemia. Too often, alas, the reality fails to tally with fiction. The world, therefore, owes a debt of gratitude to the imaginative innkeeper for having given to Hamlet's ghost the local habitation prescribed by sentiment. I am sure that to me at any rate Hamlet's grave, unvisited, will be more inspiring than if I had actually seen it. I never have the proper emotions when I ought to have them. I should probably feel very stupid if I were to encounter the ghost of the Dane. I should not know how to take him. A man whose temperament is defined by his faulty digestion must change considerably when he himself is digested.

In Copenhagen I saw all there is to be seen. The vanity of my host was deeply pricked because I stayed only two days. He scornfully suggested that I should take half a day longer to study Norway and Sweden.

They are very proud of their Glyptothek in Copenhagen. I have never cared for picture galleries and museums. Like anthologies, they are always so dreadfully disappointing. Recently somebody edited a compilation of English verse sifted from several standard anthologies. I read the book from cover to cover. There was not a single poem but had been approved of by seven previous compilers. And yet the final impression was unsatisfactory. English literature had never seemed so poverty-stricken to me.

I remember none of the pictures and only two or three pieces of sculpture exhibited in the Glyptothek. There was Sinding, the brilliant young Norseman, to whom the mystery of beauty is revealed in the naked body. Half Rodinesque, half Greek, he clothes the flesh with new splendor. And there was Limburg's "Violin Player" making rapturous music, heedless of the woman beside him who has swooned with desire. Come to think of it, my memory perhaps betrays me. I may have seen the "Violin Player" only on a picture postal card. But it is very real to me. I think I have seen it in Denmark.

In the Thorwaldsen Museum the ensulptured thoughts of the artist are harmoniously linked together. I sometimes envy the sculptor because his ideas are so clearly visualized. We who dabble in words are tortured, once in a while, by the unreality of our medium. That, perhaps, is the reason why Arthur Brisbane entertains himself by manufacturing furniture — at a loss. "Chairs" he once said to me in the strange reaction that overtakes the tired brain worker at times, "chairs are real. But words, bah! are nothings!"

The Thorwaldsen Museum is the picture of Thorwaldsen's brain; but of a brain vibrant no more with emotion. Every statue is a living monument to a dead idea. The moment a child is born it is no longer an organic part of the mother. The moment we express an opinion we lose it. I am as indifferent to my poems, once they have sprung into life, as the cockatoo is to its little ones who have escaped from the egg. This may be a horrible ornithological blunder. I am not up in bird-lore. But I am sure there is some kind of fowl that treats its progeny rather badly. Thorwaldsen would probably feel like walking in a graveyard, had he lived to see the edifice raised in his honor. Every ornament would have marked some dead emotion.

Thorwaldsen's statues and sculptures lack in nothing save strength. To me their charm is conventional. I wonder whether he himself was never bored with his sleepy lions and the meaningless grace of his Cupids? Who knows, perhaps his brain, too, had a chamber of horrors to which he alone held the key. And, while his soul was frightened by monstrous visions, his hands craftily fashioned images pleasing and bland.

We who have succumbed to the spell of Rodin are lost forever to the art of the Danish master. We have thrilled with the lyric rapture of the Frenchman's "Kiss," and with bated breath beheld the "Hand of God." Rodin is the incarnation of mental rebellion and Titanic strength. Michael Angelo and Lucifer are his spiritual progenitors. Thorwaldsen's body was the temporal mansion of some smiling Greek with ringlets carefully trimmed, enamored of surface beauties, neither profound nor subtle.

Again disappointed, I wended my way to the house of Professor Brandes.

They had told me strange stories of the Professor in Copenhagen, of his many peculiarities and how conceited he was! They said that his memoirs, upon the writing of which he was now engaged, were chiefly the account of dinners tendered to him in his long career, and that he had carefully preserved all the menus.

I shall write briefly of Brandes as one writes of the dead.

He is already an institution. Here was a thinker and student famed throughout the civilized world, but his immediate neighbors remembered only his foibles! They were proud of him as of the Glyptothek, only a little less. He was a "sight" to be pointed out to strangers. Of the immense mental stature of the man who has left his impress on Europe they had hardly an inkling. I was also told that Brandes receives a small government pension, reckoned large in those parts, of some few hundred dollars. And how years ago he had deserted Denmark in anger because a professorship he coveted had been withheld from him because of his racial affinity with Moses.

This view apparently is erroneous. "Who," he writes to me, "told you that I could not get in office because I was a Jew? That is ridiculous; the Jews have ten thousand offices in Denmark. I have been these forty years the only Dane who was a Greek, not a Hebrew. Our nation was befogged by Jewish Christian orthodoxy, and I was compelled to leave the country because I was a freethinker."

My Danish friends assured me that Brandes was a crank, inaccessible to strangers, and asked me whether I had an introduction to him. I explained that I knew two of his intimate friends, who would surely have given me introductions, had I known beforehand that I would visit Brandes on my trip abroad.

These things I munched in my mind as I climbed the stairs to the philosopher's simple abode. A copy of "Nineveh" rested securely in a side pocket of my coat. A seductive smile curled my lips.

Without hesitation I pulled the bell.

A maid half opened the door, and upon my question whether Herr Professor was at home, she mumbled something in Danish which I could not understand, and shut the door in my face.

I waited a little while, and again rang the bell. Again the maid appeared and listened to me with impatience as I informed her in German that I would plant myself in front of the door until she had taken my card to the Herr Professor. She snatched the card from me with an air of disgust, and retreated behind the door. One, two, three, four, five minutes passed, but no response was vouchsafed to my offering.

Then, with grim determination, I rang the bell for the third time. There was a sound of shuffling steps. The door swung open. I caught a vision of a magnificent head, white and immense. Like an irate Jove, George Brandes glowered upon me.

"Good heavens!" he scowled, "what do you want? I am working."

"I want to see you, Herr Professor."

"Everybody wants to see me. I have no time for tourists. I'm not an exhibition. Good-bye!"

Already the vision receded. One moment more, and the door would have closed behind him. I played my trump card.

"Hold!" I cried, with conscious dignity. "I am George Sylvester Viereck."

"Yes?" he replied, with a vacant stare.

I repeated my name with slow emphasis. I was not impatient with the old man. There was no shade of annoyance in my voice. But no gleam of intelligence leaped from the eyes of the sage.

"I told you I was busy," he angrily reiterated. "If I were to see everybody, I should have to abandon my work."

"But I'm not everybody," I answered. "I have come all the

way from America to meet you. I can't leave Denmark without talking to you. That would be 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out."

He was moved.

"Come in," he said.

Thus I entered the Holy of Holies.

His studio, like Faust's, was lined with books. There were books everywhere. Nothing else. Books, and the dome of his furrowed head, seemed to fill the room.

"I do not come to you without introductions," I said. "I bring you greetings from your old friend," and I mentioned the name of a well-known German writer. "He intended to write me a note for you, but I did not get it in time."

"Too bad," Brandes rejoined, "I've never heard of the man."

Nothing dismayed, I added sweetly: "And, of course, our mutual friend, James Huneker, has entrusted me with his compliments."

"Don't know him," the Sage of Copenhagen snapped back.

"What!" I exclaimed, "you don't know the greatest American critic, the only man in America who understands you?"

Brandes reflected.

"Of course," he said, "I know his books. He is strangely brilliant, for an American."

"He's half Irish, half Hungarian," I interjected.

"But I have never met him in person."

"Well," I said, still undaunted, "I am a considerable personage myself."

He looked at me with amused incredulity.

"I am the author of several books. My poems mark a new epoch in American literature. I have given a new impulse to the poetry of my age. Besides, for my recreation, I am editing two magazines."

"You're rather precocious," the sage retorted.

Then, as if groping in some far convolution of his cerebrum for a reminiscence half erased from the scroll, he asked me: "Are you related to Louis Viereck, the former Socialist leader?"

"He is my father," I said.

"Strange!" he exclaimed. "Do you know that almost twenty-seven years ago Louis Viereck sought refuge in my house from police persecution?"

"How romantic!" I said, inwardly pleased. "What was the matter?"

"There was a Socialist Congress in Copenhagen. The so-called 'Exception-laws' against the Socialists had just been framed by Bismarck, and secret police spies dogged the steps of every participant in the Congress. Our own police were in league with the Germans, and hardly had your father been seated when a policeman inquired for him. I received him courteously, and explained to him that I had never seen Mr. Viereck."

The ice being thus broken, we launched upon conversation.

"You were not always so inaccessible, then?" I queried. "You live strangely secluded for one so famous."

"Yes," he replied, without vanity, and, let it be added, without smiling, "I *am* famous. But that is a meaningless phrase in view of the decreasing sale of my books. In some cases the sales have dwindled down to thirty of forty copies."

"Impossible!" I cried, "your publishers must be guilty of — miscalculations."

"No; some have been excellent friends to me; nevertheless, only two copies of the German edition of my Memoirs were

actually sold. They haven't even issued the second volume. But I do not ask them. I am too proud."

"How could you have made your reputation, if the sales of your books are so circumscribed?"

"I am sure I don't know. Some time ago I was lionized in France. I was dragged from banquet to banquet. Countless tributes were paid to my genius. And yet, I knew that none of the people who said sweet things to me had read my books. Only one of my books had been issued in French at that time.

"But, of course, some of my books have been more fortunate than others. The complete edition of my Danish writings was subscribed for by no less than six thousand people between 1899 and 1902. That is a great number for a country with a population of only two and one-half million people; and naturally there were many editions of single books previously and afterward.

"Aside from this success, the sales of my Danish books have, however, averaged only seven hundred copies — and after several successes have brought me little money. My "Lord Beaconsfield" was published by a prominent American house, and no less than one hundred thousand copies were sold, but I never received a cent in royalties. There have been three editions of my complete works in Russian, but I never saw a *kopeka*. All my books have been translated into Polish, but I have never received a *heller*. My "Main Tendencies," six volumes, published in Germany in nine large editions, did not net me a *pfennig*."

"But what of the magazines? I have heard it said that they pay you fabulous prices."

A sad smile flickered across the Olympian visage.

"When the twentieth century was about to be ushered in, a prosperous German newspaper wrote to me that they had planned to publish a full page review of the nineteenth century by a poet, a philosopher, and a scholar; and that I was their man because I combined in my person the qualities of the three.

"I don't care to write for newspapers. It detracts from my vitality and distracts me from my real pursuits. But as the chance for such an article occurs only once in an hundred years, and as I didn't expect to live through another century, I agreed to undertake the task for a remuneration of five hundred crowns (one hundred and twenty-five dollars). They replied, regretting that they had written to me, and that in view of my unreasonable demands they would be compelled to enlist the services of less expensive pens."

"But surely American magazines pay you well?"

"They write to me occasionally for contributions and ask me to name my own price. I don't care to do that sort of thing for less than five hundred crowns. And they invariably pay me less than one-half of the price I demand."

"That is almost incredible."

"I am old. The public is used to me now. They want new people. Younger writers. I do not blame them."

I wonder if Homer or Goethe would have observed with such colossal indifference the rising of new suns on the literary horizon? And if the yellow press would have put them on half pay?

"Why," Brandes continued, and his eyes swept across an immense row of books reaching from one end of the room to the other, "all my books published in the English language

earn for me less than fifty dollars per annum."

Fifty dollars! Was such the interest paid by us on the greatest outlay of intellectual capital the world has known since the days of Voltaire!

"But," I questioned, "how about the series of contemporary men of letters published under your editorship in the United States?"

"I have resigned the editorship. Subsequently the publisher offered me one hundred marks (twenty-five dollars) for the use of my name.

"And then," Brandes added, pointing contemptuously to a booklet in English, "this is merely one chapter from one of my books. I suspect it is too expensive to reprint them entirely in the English language. I write only in Danish. As a young man, I used to write German and English, but I can't bother to re-write my books several times. I must devote myself to my studies."

There was something inspiring as well as pathetic in the figure of this world-renowned writer who faithfully works night and day to embody his visions for the hundred-odd people who form his literary constituency. Swinburne said with delightful irony that he wrote for antiquity. Brandes could never have said this. Nature, in his anatomy, omitted the funny-bone. The giants of literature are rarely endowed with a sense of humor.

Brandes is tremendously serious, yet without illusions. "There are only a few immortals," he said. "In all the revolving years the world has produced scarcely twelve; and I shall not be among them. And yet work alone is the cup that stays and comforts us. In work we dimly apprehend the grim exultation of God when He moved on the face of the waters, and at His breath Life was."

"Material values," Brandes exclaimed, "can never compensate us. There are no values but intellectual values. Hegel, the great German philosopher, placed the mind above all things. He synthesized his philosophy in the phrase that a wretched bon mot is greater than the sun. As for me, I prefer the sun to a wretched bon mot. But surely the mind of a Titan like Goethe outbalances almost a world."

"Do you, then, believe in the Superman?"

"I never take into my mouth words which others have spit out. I despise such outworn patterns of speech more than I can express. But I believe in the ego. I believe in great men. I believe in great individualities. I don't believe in the rabble."

"But," I said, "is not a great man merely the mouthpiece of the rabble, the conscious exponent of all that labors blindly in the sub-consciousness of his people?"

"On the contrary," he replied, "all great men have been at odds with their age. A great man's life is one continuous battle with mediocrity, which he outshines and which strives to obscure him. When Shakespeare left London, not a single banquet was given in his honor. When he buried himself in Stratford, mediocrity triumphed. But now the laugh is on them. A great man expresses merely his own individuality, although it has been said of Voltaire that he was not a man, but an epoch."

"But, do you not believe in some kind of progress? We who stand on the shoulders of Shakespeare should be able to sing more divinely than he."

"There is little progress in the world. Much that we call progress is merely the progressive idiocy of the world. Tech-

nical progress and scientific progress have, I admit, wrought more changes in my own lifetime than in all the years that have revolved from the days of Julius Caesar to my own birth. But in art it is different. There we discover no trace of evolution, but only changing cycles of blossom and decay. We have created nothing greater than the ninth book of the Iliad, or the Sistine paintings of Michael Angelo."

We exchanged courtesies, books. We spoke of many things; of Anatole France, of Maeterlinck, and of Denmark. The rest of the interview is blurred from my memory. But I shall never forget the Jovian head, white and immense, of George Brandes.

There is something wonderful in this man. His readers shrink to a handful from a hundred thousand; he still goes on in the

unruffled tenor of his intellectual pathway. A pessimist, he has no hopes nor illusions. There is only the inspiration, perhaps the madness, of work. Like Socrates, he follows blindly the dictates of his daimon.

George Brandes embodies a force that is alien to us. We should reckon a man who gave his heart's blood to an unheeding world little more than a fool. But it is only the fool divinely blind to his own interest who shall save the world. Standing reverently in the studio of Brandes, I realized that literature, like religion, has its ascetics, its saints and its martyrs. George Brandes in his library reminded me of some monk in a lonesome cloister decorating ancient parchments with curious designs for the glory of God. Even thus, patiently through the years, the Sage of Copenhagen illumines the Book of Life.

A DOCTOR OF MEN.

By CHARLES BEADLE.

The yellow and violet lights of the Boul' Mich' were like the angry eyes of fabulous monsters lurking in the blue mystery of the winter afternoon. The lamps of a café glared in cold contrast to the warmth of the yellows, blues and reds of a kiosk on the curb, behind which, red-eyed and bell-tongued, thundered swift palaces of yellow light. A thin stream of pedestrians eddied around the crowded green chairs. In one corner a fat-jowled youth in a velvet coat and felt hat made love to a pallid, short-haired girl with wild eyes and a loose mouth. Students, teasing girls, were grouped near the glass partition; in front of them a ragged-maned artist sipped absinthe gloomily; on the other side a fox-faced Russian-Pole gesticulated in broken French to an Annamite who smiled benignly.

While the fat-jowled youth held a lingering kiss in the shelter of three grimy fingers, a boisterous roar rose from the students as one dropped a piece of ice in the corsage of a woman. A vendor of toy rabbits profited by the excitement to pick up lumps of sugar from an overset table.

As the clamor subsided, a girl burst through the cluster of amused spectators, a girl whose black gown, falling in folds from the shoulders to the knees, and biretta-like hat bestowed a quaint suggestion of a priestly savante.

"Georges!" called a girl from a corner leading a chorus of "ca va, Georges? Hola, Georges!" To the hot caresses of the amorous students she appeared oblivious as she hurried to a table in the corner.

In the glare her face was chalk violet; the regular eyebrows, the delicately modelled nose and mouth, defied classification of type or nationality. The brooding eyes were intelligent and reticent, exuding a sense of detached dignity.

A waiter sniffed. Some one muttered, "l'ether!" A few laughed; a few stared. The clamor rolled on.

Georges refused to drink. Her friend remonstrated volubly. A

man urged insistently. Impassively Georges listened. Then rising suddenly hurled: "Ah, je m'en fous!"

As she strode into the aisle her friend, and two other men, rose to follow; but with an impatient gesture of the shoulder she drove them back and was swallowed by the blue.

In the Place St. Michel, Georges paused by the river, as if to seek the scarlet and green kisses rippling upon the waters beneath the twin towers which rose majestically against the denser sky. Swiftly she passed on across the bridge, across the square where burned lamps like triple jewels at the knees of Notre Dame de Paris.

From a waxen creature in a lair she took one drop of holy water, crossed herself, and, bowing to the High Altar, flitted like some pale-faced bat to a chapel where tall candles burned beneath a great white Christ lost in mystic blue.

Around her, as she knelt, echoed faintly in the vast domed spaces the footfalls of curious infidels, the sonorous mutter of a gold-stoled priest. Tranquil she remained, motionless; her dark eyes glowing olive in the pallor of a saintly face.

II.

Amid the riot of violets, yellows and blues, the babel of talk and laughter, the roar and clang, Georges emerged from a fiacre.

The students welcomed her with bawdy greetings; and in the corner Georges sat and talked and drank — and laughed in some strange way, without a muscle moving; laughed until the coming of a bearded man with lecher's eyes.

Together these two sat and talked and drank; at length they rose. He pinched her bosom; she smacked his face and sang a ribald song. He laughed and caught her around the waist. They danced, her arm about him; sang without the loss of her strange dignity! satyr and nymph — dancing — into the blue shadows — of the night . . .

SHINTO.

By SHIGETSU SASAKI.

(Thanks are due to Elizabeth Sharp for her assistance in the arrangement of this essay. — S. S.)

My father was a Shintoist priest and served the sea god. His shrine was in Southern Japan by the sea-side. Warm currents always washed the piles of the shrine gate.

I was born in the small city of the shrine, named Campila. Many pilgrims came to my shrine, and there was the big horse race of the spring festivals, under the cherry blossoms. There was the big boat race of the autumn festival, after the going of the typhoon.

Campila's shrine is one of three famous shrines of Japan. So I saw many gorgeous festivals and I heard many splendid explanations of Shintoism from the highest priests.

I remember many ceremonies and many principles of Shintoism. I always was amused to tell those things. I read a small booklet, "Shintoism," which Lafcadio Hearn wrote. It is good, but I can see some things that he has not told yet. May I tell them?

Shintoist shrines have no images.

When I was a small boy I asked my father, "What is in the deepest part of the shrine?" My father said, "God."

One day, after the festival was going on and every priest was busy in the shrine, I had a chance to slip into the deepest part to see God; out from the big room given over to ceremonies, and through the big, dark hall. When I felt fear, I thought of myself just as a mouse, because the hall was so dark, and so long, and so still.

I saw a candle light at the end of the hall, its long flames palpitating toward the high ceiling. There was a screen hanging down, dividing the human world from God. My heart was palpitating just like the candle fire. It was too sublime for a mouse. Many times I hesitated to roll up the screen and get in. I bowed many times, like the priest, and I recited a spell I had always heard from my father. Then I crept in. There, inside the deepest part of the shrine, it was very dark. I could not see anything, although a faint light behind the screen shone at my back. Not the back of my body, but to the back of a mouse's feeling.

I searched out the square box on the square pedestal, and I found out a round white thing lying on the box. I gazed into it. My eye felt some form from that, the form of a face that was startled (by the power of God). Really, there was just a round mirror in the darkness, like the spirit which the Japanese say is round, and lying on our deepest bosom.

After growing up, I confessed this adventure to my father. "Yes," he said, "I know there is the mirror, but I have not been there yet."

There are many legends about the sacred mirrors of Shintoism.

When the Sun Goddess sent her descendant down to the Central Land of the Reedy Sea (Japan), from the Plane of High Heaven, she passed to him three treasures — a sword, a mirror and a jewel — and she said about the sword: "When you see this sword, think of my body," and she said about the mirror: "When you see this mirror, think of my soul." And about the jewel: "When you see this jewel, think of my love." The sword's meaning is force; the mirror's meaning is consciousness; the jewel's meaning is movement.

When the Mikado succeeds to the throne he comes into the

possession of the three treasures. The same treasures are in Japan to-day that were first bestowed upon the original ruler by the goddess. The sword is at the shrine of Atsuta, the mirror in Ise, the jewel in the Mikado's palace. Nobody has seen the mirror, but the name of it is Yahta, which means Mirror of Eight Fingerbreadths. So every shrine has a mirror to represent its god or goddess.

The Shintoists think of the bosom as having mirrors reflecting every figure, every sound, all imaginations of the brain, and all inspirations. The Shintoist thinks a flake of dreams, also a material — there is no spiritual thing out of the mirror; the mirror itself is spirit, bottomless, timeless, and spaceless.

The first goddess who had a complete human figure was named Ezanami; the first god, Ezanagi. After the goddess descended to the subterranean region of darkness, also death, the god washed his body in the stream of the river, for he had visited the dead goddess, and he thought his body had become impure. When he washed his left eye, the Sun Goddess appeared. When he washed his right eye, the Moon Goddess was born. When he washed his nose, the Sea God came forth. The name of him was His Brave, Swift, Impetuous, Male Augustness. He disobeyed his father's command to rule the Sea Plane. He cried until the green mountains became red, until sea and rivers all dried up.

When all these evils, all these disasters, happened, the Father God asked him: "Why do you not rule the sea, instead of always crying?"

The Sea God answered: "Because I want to go down to the regions of death, and want to see my mother."

Then the Father God was terribly angry. "Well, you must not live in this region." And he drove the Sea God out.

So the Sea God had no place to use his strength, to use his vital force. He went up to the sky, to meet his sister, the Sun Goddess. All mountains, all rivers, all ground, shook.

The Sun Goddess, afraid to meet him, hid herself among the rocks of Heaven. The sky became dark, and the Central Land of the Reedy Sea also grew dark, so that all the world became confused like the sounding flies of May. Here eight million gods and goddesses assembled on the River of Heaven, and gathered the birds, which are named the Bird of Long Cry of the Eternal Region, and made them crow. And, also they collected the stones of Heaven and took the iron out of it, and created a mirror, hung it in the tree and decorated it with jewels and leaves of laurel of the Heavens, hung also a robe of white and blue and cut and placed the three against the door of the Heaven Rocks, where the Sun Goddess hid herself. Many gods sang their songs, and a god who had great strength stood by the door, and a goddess who had a charming face, holding a bamboo branch in her hand, her hair decorated with moss of Heaven, danced with loud sound of foot. The goddess' robe was disarranged and her lower body appeared. So eight million gods and goddesses of heaven mocked her. These sounds shook the heavens.

The Sun Goddess thought: "I am here between the rocks hiding myself. All the plain of Heaven and the Central Land of the Reedy Sea must be dark. Why, then, do they so enjoy them-

selves? Why are they so happy? — so full of laughter?

She asked them these things from behind the walls of rock. The goddess of the charming face answered:

“Because we have found a better goddess than you.”

So the Sun Goddess opened the walls slightly, and peeped. She found there was a goddess just like herself, who stood facing her. She opened the door a little wider, when the god who had strength took her hand gently, led her outside of the rocks. Heaven and the Land of the Reedy Sea shone again.

This is a famous story of the Mirror of Eight Fingerbreadths.

There are many hidden symbolisms, of course, but I do not want to explain their meanings, because when the clouds of your questions clear up and you face yourself in your mirror, then you could find out these meanings very easily.

After the first goddess Ezanami and the first god Ezanagi had given birth to many gods and goddesses, Ezanami gave birth to the Fire God. Then she died, because her body was burned.

Ezanagi said: “I lost my dearest for the sake of a son.” And he wept, embracing her pillow, embracing her feet. Then he drew his sword and cut the Fire God’s neck, and started out for the subterranean region, so as to meet Ezanami.

She met him there, and he said: “My dearest, we have made many children, but not enough. Please come back with me.”

She answered: “You came too late; you came too late! I am already shut in the darkness. But you came down to the dark regions to ask me to return. That is very wonderful. Well, I will plead with the God of Death, and I will come back. But don’t try to see me until I return.”

But it was so long that he had to wait, Ezanagi took his comb and picked a tooth from it and scratched it, until fire came to give him a look into the darkness. Then he discovered that his queen’s body was half melted, and many small worms were moving on her. The great Thunder God was upon her head, the Fire Thunder God upon her breast, the Black Thunder God upon her stomach, the Split Thunder God upon her thighs; in her left hand the Young Thunder God, in her right hand the Ground Thunder God, with her left foot the Sound Thunder God, and with her right foot the Silent Thunder God — altogether eight thunder gods came forth from her body.

Ezanagi turned himself and escaped with great fear.

Ezanami cried: “You put shame upon me.”

So she sent a force of ugly females of the subterranean region to pursue him. Ezanagi took his crown and threw it to them. Grapes grew where it fell. While Ezanami’s force stopped to eat the fruit, he almost escaped. Then they made after him again.

Now he took his comb and threw it to them. Where it fell, there bamboo grew. While they were eating its shoots, he escaped.

Ezanami commanded the eight Thunder Gods, with a thousand armies of the death region, to pursue Ezanagi again. Ezanagi drew his long sword and flourished it at his back, and fled.

Now he reached the slope between light and darkness. There stood a peach tree. He picked the three fruits of it and threw to the pursuing armies. They were surprised and returned.

Ezanagi said to the peach tree: “You save all the people when they fall in difficulties, just as you saved me.” And he gave a name to the peach: “August Standing God.”

Then Ezanami herself came to pursue him. They stood face to face, on each side of the Thousand Fathoms Rock of the Slope Between Light and Darkness, and they spoke together.

Ezanami said: “My lovely, beautiful man! You did this — so I shall kill one thousand people of your region a day.”

Ezanagi made answer: “My lovely, beautiful woman! Then will I build one thousand and five hundred nurseries a day.”

After he reached the Plain of Light again, he said: “I have been in the ugly, ugly, defiled region. I must wash myself.” And he soaked himself in the waters of the river, and cleansed himself.

This is a very significant custom of Shintoism. They think that all crimes, all sickness, will be washed off by the water. Their sins will be cleared off, by changing their feeling. I have estimated that the Japanese really wash their hands twenty or thirty times a day.

We find a big stone water-jar, covered with gorgeous carved roof in the yard of the shrine. Anywhere, everywhere, we find a shrine, we could also find the big stone water-jar. All wash their hands before they go into the shrine.

Not only the shrines, but also the houses have water-jars in the yard. And each home has a small shrine in the house. Those who lodge in the house of others, have a small, small shrine in their clothes closet, and three times a day they bow before it and each time they wash their hands. Every time something happens the Japanese wash their hands. When they meet their guests they wash their hands. After they spank their children, they wash their hands, because they want to clear up their old feeling and do new things.

All Shintoist shrines hold a big festival in the autumn after the grain is reaped, after the farmer’s work is over. At the Festival of Penitence, or the festival of purification, the priests make images of pieces of paper and send to every person of every house. Each person writes his name upon the paper image and sends it back to the shrine. The priests pile these images upon the altar. Reciting a ritual with great ceremony, they cast the images into the nearest river.

They believe the river goddess will bear all persons’ defilement to the ocean, and the ocean goddess will pass the defilement to the wind god, and the wind god will send the defilement down to the bottomless regions. The goddess of the bottomless region will keep it a long, long while, and by and by forget it, and so all impurity and all sin will be cleansed.

Shintoists think that all evils come from bad feeling. If there is a feeling that becomes evil, they understand it in some better way, then evil can be turned to good.

When the sea god came up to the sun goddess, he made many disasters upon her. He destroyed her rice field, and he splashed the fertilizer on her altar, and she said: “Well, do not blame him. He’s just drunk. What he is doing when he seems to destroy the field is changing the soil anew.”

Well, anyhow, she understood bad things in some deeper way, so they became good.

Shintoists believe that fundamentally there is no sin, no evil, no virtue, no crime — just our understanding comes such way, just our feeling gives a thing an evil significance. So if we bring our feeling to no feeling, then there is no good and no evil — just there is mirrorlike transparency of feeling, godlike, bright feelings — in other words no feeling. If a person keeps his feeling always, they cannot be moved to reacting to unfavorable circumstances or events.

How could we keep this mirrorlike feeling always? How set our mind in neutral relation always? Shintoists believe this can

be done by clearing up our thoughts as we clear up our body by water.

How to clear up our thoughts? Do not keep past feelings. A person fastens himself to the past and his feeling cannot become free. Confess always to the good and clear up the dust of the brain in the evening and the morning.

There is another important thing in Shintoism. That is the clapping of hands. Before praying to a god or goddess, the Shintoist claps his hands four times. He does so, so that the sound of explosion change his former feeling.

A Shintoist borrowed money from a friend. He wrote on his note: "If I cannot pay back this sum by" (some certain time), "please hang this paper on the tree branch by the river side and laugh at me." The appointed day came, and he could not repay the money. The man who had lent him the money then gathered his debtor's friends together and put the paper upon a tree branch beside the river, and they looked at it and laughed at it, clapping their hands together four times. Meanwhile the man who

could not pay back the money, for shame could not get out of the bed where he lay covered even to his head. By and by the wind blew off the paper. The river carried it to the sea, and the affair was finished.

I could say that there is no Shintoism in Japan. They never think such religion is in their country, because Shintoism itself is their national life. Buddhism has come in to Japan, and controls almost all the Japanese religious mind, but their national spirit is never harmed, never changed. Confucianism came from China to Japan, but Shintoist shrines were never destroyed. While the Chinese Buddhists destroyed Confucius' image in China from the farthest ancestor, Ezanami and Ezanagi's soul live still today, just as the mirror which the Sun Goddess gave to her descendants is still shining in the great Ise, and the sound of the chanting of their pilgrims, with their calm footsteps, with their six cornered oak staffs, "Purify, purify, the six roots of our soul," sound in accord across the deep cedar wood with its smell of eternal cleanness.

THE OTHER WOMAN.

By IDA ALEXANDER.

It was not jealousy, nothing even akin to jealousy, that prompted Florence Drager to seek the Other Woman out. She had not even been jealous when the letter fell into her hands.

"So that's where he spends his time!" she thought, with curling lip.

When he came back in a panic for the lost letter, her indifference allowed her to feign ignorance.

"Did I see a letter, Monty?" she puzzled. "It seems to me I did. I can't think just where. I'll help you look for it."

"No — no, don't trouble, my dear. Indeed I won't have you get up," protested Montgomery Drager.

She rather enjoyed following him from room to room, watching his anxiety increase, the perspiration starting on his puffy red face.

And, when she found the letter, she hid it playfully behind her.

"I'm going to read it," she said, "to find out why you're so disturbed about it."

"No — no — no!" he objected. "It's just a business letter, my dear, dry as could be. I wouldn't let you bother your pretty head over it. The reason I was anxious was that I stood to lose a pot of money, if I couldn't have found it. And I haven't forgotten that there's a little lady who covets a sapphire pin in a certain jeweler's shop. It'll just match her eyes — her beautiful eyes. I'm going to have it sent to her to-morrow."

"Oh, Monty!" exclaimed Florence, passing him the letter.

The relief on his face, once he possessed the letter again, would have been apparent to a child. But his wife held up her face to be kissed with eyes as free from suspicion as a baby's.

After he had gone, thoughts of the sapphire pin and of the letter alternated in her mind. The anticipation of the one was not exceeded by the anxiety as to the other.

The letter bespoke refinement and education; the address was in a good residential part of the city. What was to hinder her from seeking the writer out — satisfying her curiosity once for all — probing into the secret depths of the Other Woman's life and heart?

The more she thought of it, the more it appealed to her.

"I'll go," she decided at last.

After her perfumed bath, the maid arranged the masses of her yellow hair and buttoned her into the blue velvet suit. With hat to match, furs and a bunch of violets, she knew the picture that she made, even before she turned to the mirror.

"Madame ees beautiful!" said the maid, honestly. "Shall I order the car?"

Her mistress hesitated for the fraction of a second, and then decided against it.

"No, not to-day, Elise. I'll walk."

Though she hated walking, she knew it was the one thing that could give her the one thing that she lacked — color.

She could feel it tingling in her face as she walked. As she reached the street of her destination, she paused and drew a little glass from her purse. The brisk exercise had done what she expected. The bright, guileless eyes of a child looked back at her from the rose-tinted face. She smiled back at the reflection.

Yet it was not without emotion she climbed the stairs that led to the Other Woman's home. Her heart beat faster than its wont; her eyes sparkled; her thin lips curled. She had the expression of the mischievous school boy who proceeds to dismember the frog.

She gave her card to a wooden-faced servant, who showed her into a luminous room. She sank into a chair and waited.

Presently she heard the rustle of silk, and the Other Woman

stood before her. She was not beautiful, Florence decided in that first cursory glance, but even then something in the face arrested her attention.

The Other Woman remained standing, as if she would shorten the interview. She held the card in her hand and she spoke first.

"Mrs. Drager?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You wanted to see me," began the Other Woman. "Why?"

Into the eyes of Florence flashed a light not pleasant. Her mouth set in disagreeable lines.

"Well, I found a letter of yours in my husband's coat. I thought, perhaps a call from the wife was usual in such a case."

"No," said the Other Woman, gravely, "it is not usual; nor is it wise."

Florence flushed.

"Now that I am here I hope you'll answer my questions. I won't detain you for any length of time. How long have you known my husband?"

"Four years."

"So long? You knew him, then, a year before he met me. Why didn't you marry him?"

Now it was the Other Woman who flushed — cheeks, brow and bosom. And Florence saw that she was beautiful with a beauty in which art had no part; a beauty before which her own blonde prettiness paled and faded into insignificance. She felt her anger rising. Her tiny foot tapped the heavy carpet impatiently.

"Why?" she repeated, pressing the question home, "Wouldn't he marry you?"

The color of the Other Woman faded. Her face was again an impassive mask.

"There was no question of marriage between us. We were good friends, that is all. And shortly afterward he met and purchased you."

"Purchased me!"

"Why, surely," answered the other. "The price was high — name, fortune, everything. And for what? A woman who had no heart to give him, who accepted all and returned nothing. Yes, the price was high."

Florence was out of her chair now, eyes flashing, cheeks aflame.

"How dare you?" she cried. "How dare you say such things to me — a lawful wedded wife?"

"Why?" queried the Other Woman, in even tones, "why do I dare? Because it's true. Do you think a woman who loved her husband would have come as you have come to-day — with no anger, no outraged wifedom to excuse her? Come to taunt, to spy, to cast her security and opulence in my face? Let us at least be honest with each other, since you have forced yourself in here. As I said, you were bought. Any woman who marries a man with no love to give him is bought. And however little he has to offer for her, the price is high, and he is worsted in the bargain."

Florence had come to awe, and been awed in her turn. She

shrank as the truth of the words struck home. She moved her dry lips before words came. But she stabbed viciously when she spoke.

"I will go," she said. "Monty would be shocked if he knew I had been in your company, even so short a time." She shuddered as she turned. "I'm glad to be able to go out where honest women are — away from this horrible, horrible place!"

The tone of the other woman was still even and courteous.

"Yes, you can go. But you'll never forget that you belong here! that you are one of us, you seller of love."

THE SCARABEE.

I did not make the scarabee
Of scarlet that I saw to-night
Upon your breast. Not my delight,
O lily-lure to honey-bee,
Sucked through your skin the scarabee.

O rose of sun at midnight born,
Khephra, within his bark of blue,
Bears, in his beetle-claws, anew
Each night thine orb, through murk to morn,
O rose of sun at midnight born!

Upon the bosom of Nuith
He sails, and all the stars acclaim
The awe, the wonder of His name.
He kindles with His fiery feet
The blossom-bosom of Nuith!

And thou, who art, in these pale eyes
Of mine, incarnate of desire,
The plectron's vain unless the lyre
Answer its arrogant emprise
With antiphonal harmonies.

My vessel's free to cleave the foam,
Its armed prow with manhood shod —
Hark to the hymns that greet the god
Driving in exultation home
Through the fresh fervour of the foam!

Yea! Come the midnight dawn, burn high!
Amid the cloudy fleece sail on!
There's heaven beyond the horizon!
The goal's to gain — and you and I
With every pulse-throb soar on high.

O let the sacred scarabee
Scarred nightly on thy breast be mine!
Thy blood more excellent than wine,
Thy body more than bread to me —
I make the scarlet scarabee.

THE TUSCAN GLORY.

By M. B. LEVICK.

He who has tasted it never more marvels at the splendor that was Tuscany's. Here, of a color deeper than any gem's, a black opalescence beneath the languor of twirling steam, is the mystic secret of a people's greatness. For who would not be of the elect when the gods themselves proffer their cup, tinct with exquisitenesses of the lavish earth, in atonement for their anger at Prometheus. Indeed, for all his boldness, he gave crudely: this is the fire in truth, not his; this is the very spirit and passion of flame to thrill the body's every vein, and evoke upon the soul a nimbus.

One finds it now, this answer to the riddle, vended for pence not alone in Tuscany of the painter's landscape, but in the reaches of the outlands: it has reflected the ancient fame and splendor up and down the continents and borne the savor of foregone beatitude and the present joy of a pungent world to redeem old sins of the Five Points and mellow the garishness of tourist-ridden purlieus of the Barbary Coast.

Ponce alla Toscana!

The mere name vivifies while it soothes, delights as richly as the joyful yet reticent glint of the drink itself. No other is of its measure, save one, and the analogy is but quip; like that other, all ponce is good, but some is better. Whether the coffee come from the East or the new world, whether the sugar is such and such, or if one prefer cognac to rum — or at a pinch save whisky from its barrenness by gracing it with the rank of ingredient: these are matters of moment but not of magnitude, for it is the whole one looks to, and while the whole may be greater or less it cannot escape the virtue of completeness.

Nor is ponce by any means a thing but of to-day's pleasures. Look you: it is the might of an old and glorious race, the fount of a school of art, the well of sciences, the key to the Tuscans' primacy in an entire cycle of history.

This, no less, was the reason of Tuscany's dominance. One grants, perforce, a certain native aptness in the breed, for did not one who antedated coffee traverse hell and heaven and write it into a book? Yet is his hell the best remembered, for this nectar was denied him by time; and his woe for his lady merely shows the depth to which Latin may fall when such redemption of living is still decades undiscovered. Yet if Dante felt a lack and mistook it for a nurtured love of love, Giotto was more conscious. A fig for the fable of his O; a mere invention of the

anecdotal. Glimpse the course of Tuscany and say could that circle have been aught but a symbol of an emptiness, the artist's lack of he knew not what. Ah, but we know! A circle, a hollow sphere: and is a world sans ponce any save the hollowest?

And after him the scents of the East came to the nostrils of the seafarers, and they ventured and hastened home bringing from Arabia Felix the berry whose juice is wedded to Tuscany's own exhilarants: and their exalting progeny we have with us to this night, with never their wry-faced vision on the morrow.

The achievement itself was worthy of the race, but behold the fruits. Native genius swings into the ken of man with the brightness of a new-born galaxy. There comes Michelangelo and he aspires to fashion a mountain to his sculptor's dream. Galileo, rising — by ponce — to the height of the gods and from their vantage outstaring the true center of the universe and hailing it as familiar, the scorned earth a rolling pebble beneath the clouds. Leonardo, soaring above his multifarious activity, limns the soul of the drink and calls it La Joconde, in jest, that erudite dullards may puzzle on its meaning. Macchiavelli absorbs the subtlety of the brew in his craft; it bestows on Cellini its swagger, on the Medicis its dark radiance. A whole pantheon, suckled on this beverage of more than men! In art, in arms and statesmanship, in priesthood; aye, in the sciences, too — for where is the invention or the discovery to hold a candle against that which gave us ponce?

It is not the end of this dynasty that is to be wept: the tragedy of these latter days is our own loss. An ellipsis has brought us by ragged periods to the margin of a broken line.

But granting ponce's virtue, why an end of the magnificence: one hears the gradgrinds ask it, meticulous where the quality is a profanation. Yet absolve them: till the dust of their dryness is watered with ponce itself they may not see that the wane of the drink's power, exerted once upon the people that evolved it and were evolved through it, is the triumph of an evil commercialism. Trace back to the base crucial moment: it marked the introduction of chicory.

Once more the pristine drink, and again within a generation will a Tuscany arise, in whatever quarter of the world dares lay ban on the tradesman's cheat that robs mankind and thwarts high heaven. The divine fire is desecrate: with fit atonement, the race once more will be lifted from its abasement.

YOU ARE A ROSE.

By DAVID ROSENTHAL.

You are a rose
That plays and grows
Within my heart's green lawn;
The fragrance of your laughter blows
Across me like a singing dawn.

You are the balm
With which I calm
The scarlet scars of strife;
Your soul's warm counsel is a psalm
I chant along the hills of life.

You are the rose
That sings and grows
Through all of youth's blue dawn;
What rose will sing when autumn blows
Across my heart's gray lawn?

DRAMA BE DAMNED!

An Appreciation of EVA TANGUAY by ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Eva Tanguay! It is the name which echoed in the Universe when the Sons of the Morning sang together and shouted for joy, and the stars cried aloud in their courses! I have no words to hymn her glory, nay, not if I were Shelley and Swinburne and myself in one — I must write of her in cold prose, for any art of mine would be but a challenge; I rather make myself passive and still, that her divine radiance may be free to illumine the theme. *Voco! per nomen nefandum voco. Te voco! Eva veni!*

Eva Tanguay is the soul of America at its most desperate eagle-flight. Her spirit is tense and quivering, like the violin of Paganini in its agony, or like an arrow of Artemis — it is my soul that she hath pierced!

The American Genius is unlike all others. The “cultured” artist, in this country, is always a mediocrity. Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, Washington Irving, Hawthorne, a thousand others, all prove that thesis. Michael Monahan may prove the rule, too, as its single exception. The Genius is invariably a man without general culture. It seems to stifle him. The true American is, above all things, FREE; with all the advantages and disadvantages that that implies. His genius is a soul lonely, desolate, reaching to perfection in some unguessed direction. It is the Fourth-Dimensional Component of force. It always jars upon the people whose culture is broad and balanced and rooted in history. Consider Poe, with his half-dozen thorns of genius; only in the short story has he a rival — and that, most exquisitely, in his own line; I speak of that pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift, that love in desolation masked, Alexander Harvey. Consider Whitman, transcendental and bestial, without Form and Void even as Earth in her First Age. Consider George Gray Bernard, how supremely “impossible” is his perception of Truth! His Lincoln is like “what the Cat brought in,” as his critics say; but (by the Great Horn Spoon!) it is Lincoln. (Yes!) Lincoln himself was a genius of the same order, if one may say “order” precisely where it defies classification, a climax of development on lines utterly unsuspected, and out of harmony with the general or obvious trend of Evolution. Arthur B. Davies has something of the same abnormality; he is of no school; he sees without being shown how to see. This American quality has exponents whose virtue extends to every branch of thought. Play over Morphy’s games of chess! He beat his opponents by playing in a style which was entirely foreign to all accepted ideas. Even on subsequent analysis, his soul remains inscrutable. Steinitz, again, invented a gambit whose fundamental principle, the exposure of the King at the beginning of the game so that he may be well placed at its end, was simply “unthinkable.” Sam Loyd, too, in his Chess Problems, found how to make his Key-move “unlikely”; not unlikely to the conventional mind, so that one could find it by simply excluding the likely, but truly and absolutely unlikely, without reference to any antecedent knowledge. In all these — and many their brethren — is this one quality, utterly sacred and occult, of unsophistication, of originality, of purity.

Eva Tanguay is the perfect American artist. She is alone. She is the Unknown Goddess. She is ineffably, infinitely, sub-

lime; she is starry chaste in her colossal corruption. In Europe men obtain excitement through Venus, and prevent Venus from freezing by invoking Bacchus and Ceres, as the poet bids. But in America sex-excitement has been analyzed; we recognize it to be merely a particular case of a general proposition, and we proceed to find our pleasure in the wreck of the nervous system as a whole, instead of a mere section of it. The daily rush of New York resembles the effect of Cocaine; it is a universal stimulation, resulting in a premature general collapse; and Eva Tanguay is the perfect artistic expression of this. She is Manhattan, most loved, most hated, of all cities, whose soul is a Delirium beyond Time and Space. Wine? Brandy? Absinthe? Bah! such mother-milk is for the babes of effete Europe; we know better. Drunkenness is a silly partial exaltation, feeble device of most empirical psychology; it cannot compare with the adult, the transcendental delights of pure madness. (I suppose I ought to couch these remarks in the tone of an indictment; but though the literary spirit is willing, the fountain pen is weak.) Why titillate one poor nerve? why not excite all together? Leave sentiment to Teutons, passion and romance to Latins, spirituality to Slavs; for us is cloudless, definite, physiological pleasure!

There is something diabolically fine in this attitude. The old conception of Satan is fluffily theological and other-worldly; as a devil he is stupid, and as a seducer petty and vulgar; the American idea of him as the logical and philosophical negation of the health of the whole being is a thousand ages ahead of the other. We have measured him, as we have measured the lightning, and analyzed him as we have analyzed God. Infernal Joy! Eva Tanguay is — exactly and scientifically — this Soul of America. She steps upon the stage, and I come into formal consciousness of myself in accurate detail as the world vanishes. She absorbs me, not romantically, like a vampire, but definitely, like an anaesthetic, soul, mind, body, with her first gesture. She is not dressed voluptuously, as others dress; she is like the hashish dream of a hermit who is possessed of the devil. She cannot sing, as others sing; or dance, as others dance. She simply keeps on vibrating, both limbs and vocal chords, without rhythm, tone, melody or purpose. She has the quality of Eternity; she is metaphysical motion. She eliminates repose. She has my nerves, sympathetically irritated, on a razor-edge which is neither pleasure nor pain, but sublime and immedicable stimulation. I feel as if I were poisoned by strychnine, so far as my body goes; I jerk, I writhe, I twist, I find no ease; and I know absolutely that no ease is possible. For my mind, I am like one who has taken an overdose of morphine and, having absorbed the drug in a wakeful mood, cannot sleep, although utterly tired out. And for my soul? Oh! Oh! — Oh! “Satan prends pitié de ma longue misère!” Other women conform to the general curve of Nature, to the law of stimulation followed by exhaustion; and by recuperation after rest. Not so she, the supreme abomination of Ecstasy! She is perpetual irritation without possibility of satisfaction, an Avatar of sex-insomnia. Solitude of the Soul, the Worm that dieth not; ah, me! She is the Vulture of Prometheus, and she is the Music of Mitylene. She is the one perfect Artist in this way of Ineffable

Grace which is Damnation. Marie Lloyd in England, Yvette Guilbert in France, are her sisters in art: but they both promise Rest in the end. The rest of Marie Lloyd is sleep, and that of Yvette Guilbert death; but the lovers of Eva Tanguay may neither sleep nor die. I could kill myself at this moment for the wild love of her — (Love? It is Poison! I say the love of her) — that sets my soul ablaze with fire of hell, and my nerves shrieking; at my left hand is my eighth Absinthe, and at my right a nearby empty ounce bottle of cocaine; I am using this combination of drugs as sedative, not as stimulant. She is the one woman whom I would marry — oh sacrament and asymp-

tope of blasphemy! There is a woman of the Ukraine, expert in Mystic Vice, coming to destroy me body and soul, in an hour's time; to make of me a new Mazeppa. But I know that she will not absolve me nor assuage me. I shall still writhe in the flames of my passion for America — for Eva Tanguay.

Eva Tanguay! Eva Tanguay! Eva Tanguay! l'ane en feu d'un poète damné t'invogue! Oh! Oh! si seulement je pourrais mourir! Tu ne le veux pas; je le sais. Bien! — comme tu veux! — j'agonise! achève ton horreur — qui ne s'achève point! — Eva! — catin sublime! — fais donc! — Ah! — Ah! — Ah!

MUSIC

To-day was a red letter day in the lives of all violin students who happened to be in New York, and from 2 o'clock until 2:30 there was a constant stream of fiddlers into Carnegie Hall; tall and thin, short and fat, fiddlers of all sizes and all ages who had come to hear the celebrated veteran violinist Leopold Auer. So many had brought their violins with them, one wondered if they imagined the instruments should also listen to this wonderful master. Pour moi, I took my field glass in my great excitement instead of my opera glasses, maybe it seemed almost too good to be true that Leopold Auer was really giving a recital in New York, and in the subconscious I still thought my glasses might enable me to see him in Petrograd. The atmosphere was tense with excitement and great expectations, and as the great master stepped on to the platform an ovation great and prolonged greeted him, which he acknowledged with all the dignity of his seventy-two years. His programme of the old masters included Handel's A Major Sonata, Andante C Major and Gavotte E Major of Bach, Concerto Nardini, Sonata in G of Locatelli, Serenade and Vivace, Haydn-Auer, and the Chaconne of Vitali. There was not one moment during this very interesting programme which did not prove instructive to all violin students present.

His famous pupils, Heifetz, Toscha Seidel, Rosen, Eddy Brown, and others, listened to their great and respected master with rapt attention. One could conceive of the incomparable Heifetz as a perfect musical Avatar of Auer, so closely does his youthful brilliance reproduce his master's Mystery.

The Nardini Concerto showed the exquisitely beautiful singing tone we have all admired so much in the Auer pupils. Also, we were astounded by the very remarkable vigor of his bow arm, and the manipulation of his wrist was of especial interest — one might say simplicity to be the key-note of the Auer method; no mannerisms, no striving after individual effect, just the sheer joy of playing the violin and just the interpretation of the sheer beauty of the music itself! One felt an absolute reverence for the very beautiful playing of Leopold Auer, as did his admirable accompanist and niece, Mme. Wanda Bogutzka-Stein. The name of Leopold Auer can never die; for he has found and produced in violin playing an indefinable something which will continue to delight all lovers of the violin in his famous pupils, especially in Jascha Heifetz and Toscha Seidel, the two marvelous eighteen-year-old artists of whom a great man hath said: "These are the two greatest violinists of this century."

