THE INTERNATIONAL

Edited by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

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THE CRIME OF EDITH CAVELL

By Aleister Crowley.

"And Judas said: Hail, Master! and kissed him."

IN the outburst of collective hysteria, which is called by the patients, sympathy for Miss Cavell and indignation at her fate, it has not occurred to anyone to analyze the nature of her offence.

That offence is what the law of England calls "constructive murder."

It is an innocent and even a polite action to open a door for a lady, but if one did so in order to enable that lady to murder her husband, one would be equally guilty. The responsibility for crime does not diminish by dilution. Every man who makes a shell in Bethlehem is just as much at war as the soldier who fires that shell, provided that he is aware of the purpose to which the shell will be put. One might even say that the man who sows the seed to grow corn to make the bread to feed the man who makes the shell would be equally participant in the final action, but that here there is no intention to feed that particular man. However, since it may be so, one can understand the position of these international lawyers who declare every necessary of life to be contraband of war.

In the case of Edith Cavell, however, we need not go so far. She was confessedly aiding belligerents, actual combatants, to escape. She was sending them from a place where they could not kill Germans to a place where they might be able to do so. She did this with the intention that they should kill Germans, and it is to be presumed that some of them actually did so. She might just as well have stood by the men in the trenches and loaded their rifles for them; morally, it is the same position. Her intention was that Germans should be killed; and "Qui facit per alium facit per se" is a sound legal maxim.

Miss Cavell was therefore a belligerent. "Certainly," some one will reply, "and so is Sister Susie in sewing shirts for soldiers; that is no reason why Sister Susie should be shot. It is an understood thing that women shall help in every way to fit their men for fighting. They do not thereby render themselves liable even to imprisonment. These are legitimate civilian activities."

All this is perfectly true. But Miss Cavell was living in a conquered country under martial law; this law specifically denounced the very actions which she committed, and she knew perfectly well that she was rendering herself liable to prosecution. Very true, you will say, all the braver of her to do it.

So far one must agree, in any ordinary case. I am one of those who think the spy potentially far nobler than the soldier. For his country's sake he leaves the open life of the world, courts ignominy, risks the most shameful of all deaths, and he does it for little pay and less glory. The Secret Service is the nursery and the tomb of many a nameless hero.

The real objection to that service is that in some of its branches men are occasionally called upon to do actions which in the ordinary way of life would be dishonorable. Subterfuge of any kind is repugnant to the average man of frank and hearty nature. It can only be his country's bitter need which would induce any man of honor to undertake such a task. In fact, even so, few such men will do it, and the service, like the police, has therefore been obliged to throw open its ranks to unscrupulous and needy adventurers. Such usually become double traitors, like Azoff. The general objection to all secret and underhand work is apparent; it leads to blackmail and bribery and the double-cross.

If, however, the spy is actuated by true patriotism, one can only admire his abnegation of self. Even so, there are just one or two things that he cannot do without exciting our utmost loathing and contempt and horror.

You remember Mordaunt, the son of Milady, in "Twenty Years After"? His father plunges in the sea to rescue him from a death that he had merited ten thousand times, and the viperine creature merely stabs him. But even this does not so radically stir us as that other earlier incident of the wounded man who calls a monk to confess him. The monk is Mordaunt, and murders the wretch in cold blood. It is because he is pretending to be a priest that horror shakes us. The priest, the doctor, and the nurse are sacred. To them, when we are helpless, we confide our fate, and we do it without reservation. Therefore they on their side are equally pledged to fidelity toward us. It was not the revolt of modern thought against the ancient dogmas of the Church that brought about the Reformation; it was the tale of indulgences and Luther's cunning hint that the priest was not to be trusted. Similarly to-day the idea is gaining ground that doctors are ignorant and venal, that they care only for fees and fame, and that they like to make experiments. Their prestige is accordingly on the wane; many people prefer a quack whom they suppose too ignorant to be anything but honest!

To resume the argument, then, had Miss Cavell disguised herself as Field Marshal von Hindenburg, obtained an interview with the Kaiser, and spirited him away in an airship, or worse, one could hardly have refrained from admiration of the daring of the act, even if we could never come to excuse assassination. Edith Cavell would not have gone down to history with Joan of Arc, but she might have ruffled it with Charlotte Corday.

But this was not the case. The disguise which she assumed was one which it was blasphemy to scrutinize.

She went to General von Bissing, in effect, and said: "Behold me, an enemy of your country, I admit, but with no hostile intention.

"On the contrary, I am come to nurse the wounded, yours as well as ours. You can keep me out of the country if you wish, but—won't you trust me"? And that great-hearted, simple-minded German replied: "Miss Cavell, I will trust you."

And then what did she do? She used every resource in her power—left in her power by her unsuspecting hosts—to turn loose tigers on them!

However, she miscalculated. Von Bissing himself, as honest and open as the day, had yet heard of English treachery. Probably he had never imagined it could go so far as this, so that for some time she went unwatched and unsuspected. What leprous distillment of perverted imagination could figure such a crime? Probably at first its strange and hideous nature left credulity sick.

Punishment followed discovery; she was shot; the shades of Locusta, Canidia, Catherine de Midici and Brinvilliers bowed them low and joyously welcomed her to hell.

No; I do not think she was morally responsible. Women, with rare exceptions, are not. They are not soul, but only sex; they have no morals, only moods. It is useless to punish them, and very difficult to guard against them. You can prevent a man from harming you, as a rule, because you know

what he is going to do; you cannot so prevent a woman, because she does not know what she is going to do herself!

It is this consideration, and only this, which prevents our ranking the actions of Edith Cavell as constitutionally one of the most loathsome and abominable crimes in the history of the planet.

"Murder most foul, as in the best it is; but this most foul, strange and unnatural."

The only parallels that occur to the mind are the crimes of Alexander VI (Italian), the Massacre of St. Bartholomew (French-Italian) and the Massacre of Glencoe (English).

I have no doubt that the shocking and unexpected nature of the atrocity threw moral Germany for the moment off its basis.

With all due deference, be it said, the Kaiser missed a coup which would have thrown America into his arms; and it would have cost him nothing. After all, there is but poor sport in shooting vermin!

He might have written:

"Madam—You came to my country as a guest of honor; you used your position to assassinate your hosts.

"You disguised yourself as an Angel of Mercy to perform the work of a fiend. Worthy daughter of England, to England you shall go."

THE DEGRADATION OF THE CROSS

By John L. Stoddard.

MORE serious even than the loss of life and property in this world-war is the destruction of those high ideals on which our civilization was supposed to rest. The passing of these will mean perhaps a deterioration of human character for at least a generation. It is, for example, impossible to forecast what the result may be of the deliberate lies and slanders circulated everywhere by England through a purchased press. The temporary success of this campaign of falsehood may make its use so common that it will debauch the moral standards of humanity. The introduction into Europe also of heathen Asiatics and Africans to kill white Christians, and the abuse of German prisoners, civilians and missionaries at the hands of African blacks, ordered by British authorities, may likewise have a very serious influence on the spread of Christianity. This is the more unfortunate, as during the last twenty years other ideals of incalculable value had already vanished. With the increasing growth of luxury and Mammon worship, man's spiritual nature has been atrophied. Modern iconoclasts have, in particular, crucified the spirit of reverence. Nothing has been kept sacred from their sacrilege. They have made obedience and respect from children to parents, a lost art. They have parodied noble poems in a silly doggerel; scoffed at the possibility of honesty in men and virtue in women; ridiculed those who try to make the sufferings of animals a little less; frequently lowered the drama to obscene vulgarity, and changed through coarseness and publicity that type of womanhood, which we revered and loved, into the virago, who slashes precious paintings with a butcher's knife. Nevertheless, till recently, one ideal still remained intact—apparently too universal to arouse hostility, too pure to be besmirched by calumny, too far removed from political and religious feuds to call forth hatred. This was the ideal of HEROISM—the spirit of self-sacrifice, carried to the point of death: the trait of which Horace wrote two thousand years ago, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*"; the quality to which Christ referred when he said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." So rare and noble is this attribute in man, that every government has sought to recognize and reward it. Not by the gift of money. That would dishonor it. The gratitude of states should be ideally simple, like the wreath of laurel to the victors at Olympia. Such decorations, by whatever nation given, have hitherto been everywhere regarded with respect and admiration. Behind the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Ordre pour le Mérite, the Iron Cross, the Victoria Cross and the Medal for Bravery, humanity has always reverenced its best and highest, and paid an indiscriminate homage to the men who wore them. They spoke a universal language. One touch of nature made in this respect the whole world kin. Among many of our enemies, however, this sublime ideal no longer exists! An English paper recently published some versified abuse of Germany, whose jingling rhymes announced the fact that while formerly a thief was hanged upon a cross, men now hang crosses upon thieves!

We have heard, too, that French soldiers sometimes cut from the uniforms of wounded prisoners their badges of distinction, and then before their pain-racked eyes attach these decorations to the tails of animals, or offer them still worse indignities! So horrible does such a mockery of what is noblest in mankind appear that one endeavors to explain it by ascribing it to minds of a low order, made furious by the sight of bloodshed.

But now it seems that the same spirit shows itself four thousand miles away, in the United States, whose only part in the appalling carnage is that of prolonging it by ammunition and thereby making countless widows and orphans. Yes, there are actually men and women there who mock at and deride the decorations which the German Government gives its bravest sons in their stupendous task of beating back the Fatherland's unnumbered foes! Such people know, however, that the Iron Cross is never given except for deeds of heroism. They know that it lies often bathed in blood above the wearer's lifeless heart. They are aware that any insult offered to this token of Teutonic valor must wound unspeakably a million fellow-citizens around them, whose relatives are dying for the German cause. Yet in American cinematograph shows, upon the stage, and even in newspapers, supposed to be respectable, this sacred emblem has been ridiculed in cruel words and caricatures, because it represents German bravery.

Never once have I seen in a German or Austrian newspaper, and never have I heard from a German or Austrian citizen, one word reflecting on such decorations given to their enemies. But in America, shop windows have displayed cheap parodies of the Iron Cross, and even women have descended to the infamy of tying them to dogs!

What sort of people could have laughed at this base betrayal of the noblest of human sentiments and called it "cute"? Yet such there were who thought it fun thus to throw mud upon the stainless statue of self-sacrifice and spit upon a beautiful ideal, sacred to the brave of every land! There seems indeed no depth to which this mockery has not sunk. On one variety stage, for example, occurred a repre-

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"GERTRUDE AND I."

THERE is a notion abroad in the world that the German novel is heavy, formless and didactic. And there is no doubt that a certain period of German literature partially, at least, justifies this impression. But here, as elsewhere, the world at large has not even begun to awaken to the central fact of our whole modern civilization, namely: that in the past forty years Germany has passed through a period which I can only—with the utmost scrupulousness and scholarly conscientiousness—compare to the great renaissance. In all the sciences, in all the arts that aid or adorn the life of man, this modern Germany has results to show that are abounding in wealth and that set new standards of achievement. And this is true even of the art of fiction. George Moore is a master, Anatole France is another. In America we have the full-bodied if imperfect faculty and power of Theodore Dreiser. But neither England nor America nor even France, the home of the art of fiction, can show today a group of artists who, in the totality of their significance and power, equal Thomas Mann, Gustav Frenssen, Georg von Ompteda, Clara Viebig, Ricarda Huch, Helene Boehlau, Arthur Schnitzler, whose plays have overshadowed his stories abroad, and Herman Hesse. Hence to introduce the work of any of these writers to an American audience is a work that calls for the warmest appreciation. And Mrs. Lewisohn has shown an admirable instinct of choice in selecting the *Gertrud* of Hermann Hesse.

Hesse, who is still a young man, having been born in 1877, belongs to the later group of German novelists with whom the delineation of reality is no longer the chief aim. The effort of this art is now rather an interpretative one. Interpretative in a wide sense! What, to these modern Germans, is the aim of life? An inner liberation—a liberation from fear and spiritual turbidness; a capacity to select among the elements of existence those that will further and develop the individual's finest possibilities. For they accept life—these men and women; theirs is no barren theory of abstention. They are in search of harmonies in life that will include many elements; and they are in love with the colors and forms, with the "youth and bloom of this delightful world."

Hesse's protagonists—Peter Camenzind, the admirable musician in *Gertrude and I*, both seek the inner and the outer harmony of life. The former fails; the latter succeeds—largely, you may say, by self-conquest. True, but not by such self-conquest as seeks to depreciate the values that he himself cannot master. The love of the beauty of life is with him to the end.

The novels of Hesse are all brief. For the severe architectonics of the eminent realists—Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, Viebig's *Die Wacht am Rhein*, he substitutes what I cannot but call a spiritual rhythm—not only in the larger elements of structure, but even in the sentence. No German has written a style of fuller or richer music. And that music of rhythm, it must be emphasized, is not purely formal as it is, say, in Flaubert. It renders the mood; it sways and bursts and dies like music. It is orchestration—the orchestration of thoughts and emotions.

Gertrude and I is, in addition, a musical novel. Its author, quite clearly, is almost as intimate with the processes and spirit of that art as he is with the processes and spirit of his own. And this would add, no doubt, a genuine if slightly extraneous element to the appeal of his book. But I hope it will be widely read in America for quite other reasons. In it there lives a spirit of life which we need so sorely—a love of experience for its own sake, a sense of the deep spiritual value of human experience embraced not with a moral measuring rod, but with a large and fine liberality of spirit. The book is, even in the strictest American view, pure. But the purity is not purchased by crippling the nature of man and deriding the splendor of the earth. Purity is harmony, a fine adjustment between one's needs and the external possibilities of life; it is not to be bought through abstention or scourging or condemnation. All this is not explicit in Hesse's book: it is implicit, as it is in all the works of those modern German writers who have set themselves the task of interpreting rather than of describing the life they see.

The book was extremely difficult to render. I think Mrs. Lewisohn has achieved the best results possible in so different a medium by yielding herself very sensitively to her author's words and rhythms. She has felt them deeply and finely and the evidences of that feeling are to be found on every page. I should like to see her give the English-reading public more of these beautiful books—the glow and radiance of Keyserling or the subtle harmonies of Schnitzler.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

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PICTORIAL VALUES IN LITERATURE.

THERE is a certain quality in Mr. Harris' last book of stories which reminds me of the early crocus. One of the remarks which has most profoundly influenced my later work was made to me in a choung near Rangoon, where I was staying with my venerable teacher, the Sayadaw Bhikkhu Ananda Metteya. "Coleridge," he said, "has done the greatest thing in literature.

> "And ice, mast-high, went floating by,
> As green as emerald."

"When he wrote 'mast-high,' not 'mountain-high,' not 'cathedral high,' he was actually on the ship. The mast was the natural object of comparison. This is true imagination, to be almost bodily in the place that you describe. And this is why the Seer is the Artist and the Artist the Seer. Now I have always hitherto found a certain lack of this quality in the stories of Frank Harris. They have ever been marvellously sculptured, with infinite pains; but they have been written, so to speak, by one outside them. The author has been an interested spectator, dowered with insight and imagination, but he has not been suffering with his characters. I found one fault with the Shakespeare book. It has always seemed to me that Shakespeare might have suffered at the hands of Mary Fitton indeed, but would yet have managed to get the laugh on his side. He would have let her trample on his heart, but have thought the while, amused: "What a fool she would feel if she knew about W. H.!" Some such retort must have been in his mind, or his pain would have killed him long before he got to fifty. I will admit

that this may have been a drug, a factitious anodyne; but we must all put up with such. We may not like the medicine; but it does us good.

If I am right, then, it would seem that Frank Harris has been too objective, like Meredith, and Dickens, and indeed most of the great writers. But I could never wholly enjoy "most of the great writers" for this very reason. I seem to have Ananda Metteya on the brain this afternoon; here is another of his remarks "There are ultimately only two kinds of mind, the scientific and the artistic. The distinction is that the artistic mind visualizes every thought. Here is a great gulf fixed." Now Frank Harris' mind has always been of the scientific class; there has been little of the pictorial element in his work. He told us about everything; he did not show it to us. That is why he can speak of Stevenson as "a minor master." The more sober portion of his mind has always distrusted the—to me, at least—truly artistic part. (For I have ever been on the side of the painters.) Now, like the budding crocus, the true imagination is growing in him. He said to me the other day, "I find myself using more and more materials from real life; I suppose that my imagination is dying." I answered, "No; your imagination is reaching puberty."

The lyrical dreams of the young poet are very charming, but they are of nothing all compact: they have no substance, and their color is but iris-bright. It is the actual fact of life that glows. Does my mistress fulfill my boyhood's dream? Not by a pailful! Thank God, she is herself, and nobody else; certainly not a ghost condensed from the smoke of my censor, as I conjured her from the pit of my ignorance by the spells of inarticulate longings. Have any of my readers ever taken hashish? One waits very expectantly for visions; one remembers all that one has read; having a little imagination, one begins to see all sorts of things. And then, with lightning speed and strength, the drug takes hold of one; the mind plunges into the Niagara of true vision; the unsubstantial things that one had fancied, vanish; time, space, and all other conditions of thought are abolished in a second, and one is whirled forth like a mad comet, clear-lotel upon eternity. The key of all is Unexpectedness. This is true of all true vision, whether you get it by nature, or by meditation, or by drugs, or by insanity, or by religion. Now this is why Stevenson is so supreme an artist, that in every chapter you find a picture. Think of Jekyll, what pictorial quality is in the murder scene, in the scene where Jekyll wakes in the park to find himself Hyde, in the scene where Hyde tramples the child, in twenty others in the book. You can forget what the book is all about, but the pictures are with you "till death do us part." The same is true of nearly all the shorter books, The Dynamiter, The Suicide Club, and it is so in Treasure Island and The Wrecker. It is very clear, too, in The Ebb-Tide. Where he tried to take himself more seriously he lost this, and the result is failure. I cannot remember anything at all about Catriona. Surely it is a supreme test of the merit of a thing that it should be unforgettable! Is it not the pictorial value of "The low dark hill, the storm, the star" that gives Calvary its literary value? Is it not the ox and the ass that make the nativity different from the billion others? Is it not for purely pictorial reasons that the Master Mason can never forget the Third Degree?

Now in this last volume Frank Harris, who has hitherto been diffident of letting loose this quality in him, allows it full play. The climax of the story which gives its title to the volume, the incident of the cigarette-holder in the Yellow Ticket, the superb end of The Ugly Duckling, the bathing girl and the wife's suicide in "A Daughter of Eve," a dozen blazing bits of color in "A French Artist," which is an amazing antiphone of "An English Saint" (the best of all the former stories, by my account), the laughing boy in "A Fool's Paradise," the scene in the pagoda, even that on the ship, and above all that of the marytrdom in "Within the Shadow." All these demonstrate the greater grip of life which the author is gaining. The last sermon of the "Saint" is the best thing of the kind in the earlier work. Not even the introduction of the young Montes to the Duke is so clear-cut, though that too stands out in the memory.

I wonder whether I am right so persistently to desire this vivid color-work in literature. I know too well that my mind is not as other men's. It is no doubt only personal partiality, a kind of laziness, that I am bored by elaborate psychology, mostly wrong, such as I find in the Immortal Idiots acclaimed as famous by even duller critics. But I do really demand of a story-teller that he tell a story.

Now all these qualities of characterization and the rest Mr. Harris has always had, though in due measure only. He never becomes prolix or tedious, and there is a peculiar flavor in his style which reminds me—I do not at all know why—of Latakia. But these things have always been there; with many more which it is needless to recount, since those who know anything at all should know them well. I have, therefore, thought it best to confine myself to noting the crocus-budding of this till now partially latent gift; for in the full flowering of that do I see the most extraordinary promise of future things most memorable.

I was once in the Hotel Meurice in Paris with the Master at dinner, and he was holding forth in the great salon on his early experiences in America. He drew a picture of himself selling Bibles, an adventure of which I will not rob him by trying to tell it here. But it was a picture! I can see it now, the honest farmer's wife, the Bible-merchant, the angry farmer with the gun, the blaze of sunlight, the Bible itself thrown in a corner, and a yellow dog. The hotel ceased from its activities; the orchestra stopped; even the people who knew no English turned to hear Frank Harris tell his tale. The world will one day have the sense to follow their example.

The Veils of Isis, by Frank Harris, George H. Doran Company.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

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THE MOST NOTABLE BOOK OF THE YEAR

"SONGS OF ARMAGEDDON AND OTHER POEMS."

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

IT is impossible for contemporary minds to distinguish between the good poet and the great because nobody can tell what the Zeitgeist is really thinking; we are all too apt to suppose that it is thinking as we think. Now the great poets are all direct expressions of the Zeitgeist, and for this reason it always appears, as soon as time enables us to identify them, that they are not only poets, but prophets. I am consequently not going to tell anyone that Mr. Viereck is a great poet. That will be the obvious comment—though a quite unnecessary one—upon that admirably edited library edition of his works which is to be published in A. D. 2216.

But it is very easy to distinguish the good poet from bad poets. The greatness depends on what he has to say—the goodness can always be detected by the way he says it. If a man is obviously not master of the language in which he writes he is certainly not a good poet. If his grammar is confused, if his epithets are feeble, if his style is redundant, stilted, and artificial, you know that he is not even good. If he is not master of his metres, if he is compelled to twist his sentences about for the sake of rhyme, you know that he is a bad poet.

NOW, America has more bad poets to the cubic inch than any other country since the beginning of the world; and taking them all in all they are worse than time has ever born. Most of them have frankly abandoned the question of technique, as utterly beyond them, preferring to cut up exceedingly bad prose into lengths and to print it as poetry. There is hardly one who understands the first principle of rhythm, or who could tell you when a spondee may replace an iambus and when not. Most of them are totally incapable of grammar, and are either commonplace beneath the level of the lowest hack journalist, or so afraid of being commonplace that they use strange words and phrases without feeling them or even meaning them. They adopt eccentricities merely in order to be eccentric. Incapable of expressing themselves in a recognized medium, they invent new forms of punctuation, which mean nothing, if only because they are totally unaware of what punctuation really is. But the good poets of America can be counted on one hand by a hero just returned from the front, who has had nine fingers shot away.

This poet is Mr. Viereck. You can read his latest book from cover to cover and hardly find a stanza which would not read just as simply it it were printed as prose. It is extraordinarily free from Miltonic inversions and other forms of so-called poetic license. Poetic license is the pitfall of poets. They are told in youth that they may say "the cat black" when they mean "the black cat"—so, whenever they want a rhyme for "stack" they do it. Mr. Viereck's verse flows quite easily, naturally, and simply. But, it may be said, this is merely preliminary. And so it is. Anyone who does not achieve this is merely unworthy of our consideration. True, this might be co-existent with a perfectly commonplace style. But Mr. Viereck is one of the great masters of phrase. He has for anything not merely the good, or the musical, or the beautiful, but the necessary expression. That he should get such expressions at all is a miracle. That he should cause them to fall naturally into their places, that he should use the sweep of the verse to hammer them home, is a miracle of miracles.

Let us quote:

"The Czar whose sceptre is the knout"

Here is a complete arraignment of Czar down in a single phrase, a perfect symbol, a perfect image. It would not be possible to add a single word to that phrase or to subtract one from it—and that is the supreme test.

"The sidling sub-marine."

Can anyone find a better epithet? It is complete. It indicates the whole method of the sub-marine in a single word.

To Italy:

"Tear from thy brow the olive wreath!
Thy laughter sickens to a leer."

HERE is a perfect picture, simple and symbolic, of the fall from paganism to prostitution. Again in the same poem:

"These are not Caesar's Seven Hills,
Nor this the land that Dante trod."

Always in Mr. Viereck's verse we get the picture, we get the allusion; he has the trick of invoking the great name and the great memory. "Caesar's Seven Hills" is the sort of thing that magicians call a Pantacle; it contains everything in microcosmic form. At the phrase the whole history of Ancient Rome springs to the mind. So, too, "Dante" is like a word of invocation. Say it, and the whole of the Renaissance leaps into the mind, with the suddenness and spontaneity of sunrise.

Again:

"We are the Paladins of God."

Here the word "Paladin" calls up the entire romance of Charlemagne, the supreme fight against the heathen.

"Quite true," you say, "quite true, very natural—but why make a fuss about it? Why would not 'heroes' or 'Berserks' do equally well?" Because this is a poem against Japan. It is the great new crusade that the poet is celebrating. Therefore, to him, because he is a good poet, there comes the word which is inevitably right. No other would serve.

NOW, while this word is necessary in that particular poem, the question arises as to whether that particular poem is necessary to the universe. That is the distinction between goodness and greatness. We know that Prometheus Unbound is a great poem, because it expressed the emancipation of man, which was being worked out in other fields by Danton and his kind. History has set her seal upon Shelley. The question is whether she will do the same to Viereck. Now, by all obvious methods it appears that she must do so. We can hardly keep thinking that the European war and the Yellow Peril are the important issues of our time—but we have no guarantee that we are right. Shelley himself was totally mistaken on many points, for instance, the situation in Greece. But the poet in Shelley made no error. His Prometheus Unbound was couched in cosmic terms. His poem about Greece, on the contrary, was entitled "Hellas," thereby localizing and limiting its application. So now, today, there may be a movement incomparably vaster than anything political or social, of which we are all ignorant or careless. We cannot "look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not."

There is, however, another test of poetry, this time of merely lyric poetry. Almost every human being perpetrates

*Published by Mitchell Kennerley. Price $1.00, postpaid.

a few lyrics under the influence of the first sex-awakening, and when the victim has a reasonably decent education such lyrics are quite passable, and no canons of criticism, as ordinarily understood, avail to distinguish the twitterings of the sparrow from the scream of the eagle. History again, however, serves us as some sort of a guide. It is to be observed that those who have written really great lyrics, have always done much more. They have attempted epics, or dramas, or something of the kind; something so big that, if their work were equal they would all be Shakespeares. In them the lyric appears merely as a trapping. Very often the "big" work is quite worthless, as in the case of Coleridge, but the point is that the size of their ambition is a measure of the size of their soul.

NOW, I should feel very much happier in prophesying immortal fame for Mr. Viereck, if he had produced an epic of a million lines, not one of which was readable, and maintained that the said epic was the only decent poetry ever written. It is very largely a question of probabilities: where a man devotes his whole life to a subject it is highly probable that now and again he will exhibit perfect mastery of it, at least in patches. But there are too many people going about today who "do not know whether they can play the fiddle, because they never tried."

Now it does seem to me that Mr. Viereck's lyrics are noble and powerful. They are at least incomparably better than anything else which America has to show. They compare only too favorably with those of many poets whose names are in the mouths of men more frequently than his. On the technical question there can be no doubt whatever. The severe pain in the neck from which I am now suffering is to be attributed entirely to the fact that the names of Stephen Phillips and John Masefield crossed my mind at the moment. Such American animalcules as Edgar Lee Masters, John Frost, Horace Holley, and the "monstrous regiment" of sob-sisters do not cross my mind. These facts, however, although demonstrably true, are not sufficient. One cannot prove an unknown animal to be a dinotherium by simply disproving it to be a streptococcus. It is, therefore, small consolation for Mr. Viereck that he stands apart from the average poet. He must match himself with the Sam Langfords of Parnassus and knock out the Gunboat Smiths of Helicon. In order to do this it is not sufficient for him to say: "Behold this lyric—is it not equal to the 'Ode to a Nightingale?' Is not this a nasty blow to Herrick?" He must rather say: "Behold this epic; I will now go down and buy myself copies of the Iliad and of the Mahabharata and of the works of Shakespeare and of Virgil and of Goethe, for after all, there was some merit in those fellows. Now they will never be reprinted! It will be only kind of me to save them from oblivion * * *"

MAY NIGHT.

By BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

NIGHT! cool, enveloping, delicious,
Perfumed magical night of spring—
Fold your arms about my lover and me
That we may hide in your sheltering darkness!

Night, radiant with many stars,
Sky, mother of pearl and azure,
Let your silence descend on my lover and me
That we may dwell in sylvan quiet.

Night, fragrant with new grass and lilac,
Pool of endless shadows—
Bathe with joy my lover and me
Till we swoon in the wreathed wavelets!

Night, cool, enveloping, delicious,
Drunken with dreams, my lover and me!

GLIMPSE OF A CHILDHOOD.

By RAINER MARIA RILKE.*

THE darkness in the room is pregnant, seeming
To fold about the boy who hides himself;
And when his mother enters, as if dreaming,
A glass is trembling on the quiet shelf.
She feels that now her entrance is betrayed,
And kisses her small boy: "Oh, you are there!" . . .
They glance at the piano where she played
On many evenings the beloved air
That strangely on the child its magic laid.

He sits quite still. With wondering eyes he sees
Her hand, weighed down beneath the ring, and slow,
As if it walked against a gale through snow,
Move on the snow-white keys.

* From "A Harvest of German Verse," by Margaret Munsterberg. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

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FRANK HARRIS REVEALS OSCAR WILDE.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

BIOGRAPHY is a branch of biology. Mr. Frank Harris is, however, the first biographer to act on this important truth. If we look at such famous biographies as Boswell's Life of Johnson or Lockhart's Life of Scott we find little more than a collocation of details consisting principally of non-significant facts. We know that every thought, word, act of a man's life reacts upon his character, determines, so to speak, his ego. The average biographer merely records incidents as if they were sterile; Mr. Frank Harris perceives them as dynamic. In the biography before us the incidents given are comparatively few, but each one is a magical formula. Nothing is told which is unnecessary. Mr. Harris complies most formally with Othello's direction to his biographers:

" . . . Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. . . ."

He has been big enough to take the view that "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" is not merely the right, but the kind thing to do. All biographies of great men have been rendered worthless by the silence of the biographer upon all the most important points. The apologist for Charles I. found himself forced to explain the decapitation of his hero by original sin on the part of Oliver Cromwell; he will by no means admit that the King contributed, either by weakness or by wickedness, to his own downfall. All such biographies are absolutely worthless. Not only do the omissions spoil the picture, but one feels instinctively that a man who, whatever his motives, can suppress the truth so freely as our mere knowledge of human nature assures us that he must be doing, is not reliable, even with regard to obvious facts. A man who falsifies may be inventing altogether.

We hear, for example, the histories of the great religious teachers, in which their disciples have been so anxious to prove them demi-gods that they have omitted the convincing human touch. It is much more satisfactory and credible to hear that the Buddha died of a surfeit of dried boar's meat, in spite of his alleged instructions to eat no meat at all, than to be told that in a previous incarnation he was an elephant with six tusks. There is no incident in the gospels more convincing than the cursing of the barren fig tree. The paucity of such incidents has given color to the theories of those critics who do not believe that either Christ or Buddha ever lived.

NOW, there is no more solid figure in history than that of Oscar Wilde, from the moment of the publication of Mr. Harris' biography. When we consider the partisan attempts of Sherard, Stuart Mason, and Alfred Douglas, we find such a degree of falsity that any one of them might be fiction, and precious bad fiction at that; far more convincing portraits have been painted of entirely imaginary people. But Mr. Harris' Oscar Wilde is a man "of like passions as we are" (for passion is one, though its objects may be diverse, an expression of the ultimate religious craving for unity with God), and Mr. Harris paints him "in his habit, as he lived," with the deep sense of cause and effect which is the characteristic of every great man that ever lived.

Mr. Harris has gone to the trouble of investigating the parentage of his sitter, in exactly the same spirit as that in which Zola wrote the Rougon-Macquart series of novels. He gives us portraits both of Sir William Wilde and Lady Wilde. He sees in the father cowardice and sensuality combined with ability; in the mother the romantic Irish quality, the habit of posing, and pretentiousness. Mingle these qualities, add the fulminate of genius, which comes not from father or mother, but from God only, and we obtain the explosion called Oscar Wilde. It is impossible, in a brief review, to do justice in any detail to a book of over 600 pages, every one of which is close-packed with the highest genius. It is hard to find words to express the appalling interest of these pages, where every incident is so dynamic that we seem to be reading a Greek tragedian rather than a modern English author.

In a way, this book is the greatest book of morality, in the best sense of the word, that has ever been produced. It is at least equal to Ibsen or Zola, as far as its moral effect is concerned, for its material is actual and undeniable fact. It may be called an essay upon the proverb, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," for the fall of Oscar Wilde is attributed, and rightly attributed, to one source and one source alone. Alfred Douglas had the effrontery to publish a book in which he represents himself as the innocent victim of Wilde, as the stainless virgin who never really believed in his guilt, yet who tried, as all really nice virgins should, to reform him, yet Harris proves that he was responsible from first to last for all Wilde's troubles. The mad hatred of his father was but one more exacerbation of the notorious Queensberry insanity, and this, combined with the equally insane passion to go down to history as the Aspasia of the nineteenth century is at the root of the tragedy.

THESE facts are all certified by the published decisions of English courts, repeated again and again with details, but never before have they been marshalled with such damning sufficiency. We say "sufficiency" and not "completeness," for in the possession of Mr. Harris and others are authentic documents outweighing ten-fold those here reproduced. Mr. Harris may expect little thanks for his noble and fearless endeavor to eradicate the sarcoma which is rotting English society, or he may get such thanks as are usually accorded to those who tell the truth.

The forces of corruption will evidently gather together to destroy this book. They will not be able to do so. Certain hypocritical persons, who preach virtue that they may more safely practice vice, will call this book immoral. Certain shameless persons, who wish that the protagonist of their own vices, as they call Oscar Wilde, should be represented as a saint, will call this book an attack on Oscar Wilde. "When he was poor," they will say, "and needed money desperately, he had little scruple as to how he got it." Only a false friend would say such things! Mr. Harris tells us that Wilde had bad teeth, that he suffered from specific disease, that he over ate. A true friend would have given him teeth like the advertisement of a dentifrice, told us that he died in battle fighting for his country, and lived on three raisins a day!

But is this an attack—this summing up of Harris?

"OSCAR WILDE'S work was over, his gift to the world completed years before. Even the friends who loved him and delighted in the charm of his talk, in his light-hearted gaiety and humor, would scarcely have kept him longer in the pillory, exposed to the loathing and contempt of this all-hating world.

"The good he did lives after him, and is immortal—the evil is buried in his grave. Who would deny today that he was a quickening and liberating influence? If his life was given over-much to self-indulgence, it must be remembered that his writing and conversation were singularly kindly, singularly amiable, singularly pure. No harsh or coarse or bitter word ever passed those eloquent, laughing lips. If he served beauty in her myriad forms, he only showed in his works the beauty that was amiable and of good report. If only half a dozen men mourned for him, their sorrow was unaffected and intense, and perhaps the greatest of men have not found in their lifetime even half a dozen devoted admirers and lovers. It is well with our friend, we say; at any rate, he was not forced to drink the bitter lees of a suffering and dishonorable old age: Death was merciful to him.

"MY task is finished. I don't think any one will doubt that I have done it in a reverent spirit, telling the truth as I see it, from the beginning to the end, and hiding or omitting as little as might be of what ought to be told Yet when I come to the parting I am painfully conscious that I have not done Oscar Wilde justice; that some fault or other in me has led me to dwell too much on his faults and failings, and grudged praise to his soul-subduing charm and the incomparable sweetness and gaiety of his nature.

"Let me now make amends. When to the session of sad memory I summon up the spirits of those whom I have met in the world and loved, men famous and men of unfulfilled renown. I miss no one so much as I miss Oscar Wilde. I would rather spend an evening with him than with Renan or Carlyle, or Verlaine or Dick Burton, or Davidson. I would rather have him back now than almost any one I have ever met. I have known more heroic souls and some deeper souls; souls much more keenly alive to ideas of duty and generosity; but I have known no more charming, no more quickening, no more delightful spirit.

"This may be my shortcoming; it may be that I prize humor and good-humor and eloquent or poetic speech, the artist qualities, more than goodness or loyalty or manliness, and so overestimate things amiable. But the lovable and joyous things are to me the priceless things, and the most charming man I ever met was assuredly Oscar Wilde. I do not believe that in all the realms of death there is a more fascinating or delightful companion."

COULD anything be greater-hearted than the passage that ends the book?

"He has been, indeed, well served by the malice and cruelty of his enemies; in this sense, his word in 'De Profundis,' that he stood in symbolic relation to the art and life of his time, is justified.

"The English drove Byron and Shelley and Keats into exile and allowed Chatterton and Davidson and Middleton to die of misery and destitution; but they treated none of their artists and seers with the malevolent cruelty they showed to Oscar Wilde. His fate in England is symbolic of the fate of all artists; in some degree, they will all be punished as he was punished by the grossly materialized people who prefer to go in blinkers and accept idiotic conventions because they distrust the intellect and have no taste for mental virtues.

"All English artists will be judged by their inferiors and condemned, as Dante's master was condemned, for their good deeds (*per tua ben far*); for it must not be thought that Oscar Wilde was punished solely or even chiefly for the evil he wrought; he was punished for his popularity and his pre-eminence, for the superiority of his mind and wit; he was punished by the envy of journalists, and the malignant pedantry of half-civilised judges. Envy in his case overleaped itself; the hate of his justicers was so diabolic that they gave him to the pity of mankind forever; they it is who have made him eternally interesting to humanity, a tragic figure of imperishable renown."

I do not think that Wilde himself, inflated as he was with self-conceit, could have asked a fairer monument.

BUT this book is more than a biography. Mr. Harris has not confined his causality to Wilde himself. He has everywhere brought him into causal relation with the society in which he lived. That society, now visibly perishing before our eyes, was unutterably corrupt. We see the law as the mere tool of the evil prejudices and passions of the rich and great. We see prostitution, male and female, as the main key to advancement in life. We see society, contemptuous of art, careless of the stupendous discoveries of men of science, preoccupied only with vice, profligacy, gluttony, secret blackmail, sly chicanery, or open robbery. We see every abuse of which Juvenal and Petronius thundered in the hour of Rome's decay, reproduced with modern variations and intensifications in the society of London. Not very wonderful, is it, that a poet should have written in his Carmen Saeculare:

The harlot that men called great Babylon,
  In crimson raiment and in smooth attire,
The scarlet leprosy that shamed the sun,
  The gilded goat that plied the world for hire;
Her days of wealth and majesty are done:
  Men trample her for mire!

The temple of their God is broken down;
  Yea, Mammon's shrine is cleansed! The house of her
That cowed the world with her malignant frown,
  And drove the Celt to exile and despair,
Is battered now—God's fire destroys the town;
  London admits God's air.

IT would have been very dangerous to publish such a book as Mr. Harris' ten years ago. Today, in the death agony of Britain, will the convulsions of the slain snake involve those who might have served her, had she listened to their words? The event alone can prove. May it not be that sanity will return at the shock of dissolution; that she will call to her all those whom she has exiled, starved, and tortured, because they stood for truth and justice and purity and manhood; that she will put them in her high places and pray them to direct her fate? Is there not hope that the tide of war may send the red blood pulsing again through the arteries of the nation? Perhaps she is not dying but only in danger of asphyxiation. This book will stir England to its depths. Fear will seize upon the great, as it did at the time of Wilde's trial, when every London club tried to disguise itself as the Great Arabian Desert.

  Arrest poor Wilde! The creaking Channel tubs
  Groan with the consternation of the Clubs.
  Scared, hushed and pale, our men of eminence
  Wait the result in sickening suspense.
  Announced, all Mayfair shrieks its decent joy—
  And, feeling safe, goes out and——

—continues as before. Those who know all, seeing how much Mr. Harris knows, will wonder how much more he knows; and in the meantime, the insistent thrust of Germany will bring the matter to a crisis. England has long been ripe for revolution. All that prevented it has been the

emasculation of the people by Victorianism. War must cure that. And the warriors who return will be in no mood to put up with the robbery of the land, with the starvation of the poor, with the delay and injustice of the hired courts, with the thousand and one abominations which have made life intolerable to all but the idle and vicious.

THE revolution is at hand. And this book may do much to precipitate it. Bernard Shaw has said very much the same things, but he has said them in such a way that people wanted to pay him for making them laugh. It was only "pretty Fanny's way." Frank Harris has the temperament of Isaiah. And if it were not the hour of revolution he, too, might be sawn asunder. In any case, this book stamps him as in the line of Shelley and Milton, each of whom, in their own time, brought about revolution. There is yet One other in that hierarchy. And even before the publication of this book one can already hear the cry of our Pharisees, of the parasites of our satraps, from the stews of the Suburia to the throne of Tiberius itself. "Crucify him—Crucify him!"

AN AMERICAN BALLAD OF THE WAR.

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

THEY are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three!
—*James Russell Lowell.*

I.

IF evil speech and branded lie
Far flung from main to main,
Have left the rock of righteousness
Above the gold of gain,

I bid ye to remember
The dreadful dawn and stark,
When the adjudging ages,
My countrymen, will mark

Them who loved kindred more than truth,
Their passion more than right,
Who shall bow down their heads before
The insufferable light

Of that Eternal Destiny
That seeth all things clear,
Lovely, inviolable, just,
Majestic and austere.

II.

Know ye the Russ who slays man's soul
And lets his body rot?
From Danube unto Tarnopol
His hatred wearied not

To crush the Austrian power that guards
A many-languaged folk
Against the fagot and the spear
Of his abhorred yoke!

And the Russ chose serfs for murder
Who know that stealthy trade,
Who have jeered at given pledges
And a mock of honor made!

And do ye trust, my countrymen,
The words the Czar pours forth,
Who kills the Jew at Kishineff
And freedom in the North?

III.

Then Germany arose to save
Her honor and her friend
From the fell foes that stamp and flay
And burn and rape and rend.

And she spake to France, the beautiful,
Mother of arts and laws,
Bidding her let the German blood
Guard Europe's holy cause!

But France gave bitter answer,
Being in evil plight,
Her soul, her glory and her doom
Sold to the Muscovite.

And strove with "red fool fury"
To flame her fevered blood,
That treason might seem truth to her
And evil seem her good.

IV.

Germany turned to England,
The proud, serene and free,
To her Germanic sister
She bent a gracious knee,

Offering pledge of honor,
Temperate terms and great,
And saw in her sister's sullen eye
The glint of unknown hate.

For in London streets and Glasgow lanes
The sodden people lie,
The seven million paupers
Whom their lords cast forth to die,

The lords who grind their splendid folk
By foreign fraud and fray,
And deemed that fate had given them
The ages' noblest prey.

V.

Those cruel lords whose fang is deep
In England's wounded side,
Delivered Italy to shame,
Called where the Mongols bide,

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run over your mother she would have sent you the money, and you would have gone to St. Petersburg and started a world-wide conflagration there. So it is I that saved Russia—our great, beloved country, rich and fair!"

"I beg your pardon!" cried the gentleman standing behind me, who was the man with whom I was doing business in Kalitkin, "not so fast! He isn't the deliverer of Russia either. I was supposed to meet him in Kieff, but didn't go. But if I had gone he would certainly not have run over your mother. And my reason for not going was that I had to attend the wedding of Bumagin's daughter."

Bumagin was also present. He beat his breast and said:

"So it is not you that saved Russia, but I! For she's *my* daughter!"

"You mean your *daughter* saved Russia!" said someone in the rear of the crowd.

"No, but her husband! If he had not married her——"

"Where does the husband come in? His aunt—after her death——"

"Was it his aunt that saved Russia?"

A frightful confusion and shouting was on foot.

After it had lasted for half an hour, it transpired that Russia had been delivered by an illiterate old Russian woman, servant of the bridegroom's aunt, who administered to the old lady a double dose of some medicine, by mistake, with fatal results.

It was decided then and there to appoint a deputation from among the citizens of Kalitkin, with the object of searching for this old servant and expressing to her the gratitude of Russia's people.

When they found her, she proved to be a person of the most exceptional modesty, for she had not even dreamed of the feat performed by her—the deliverance of our great and glorious Russia, so well beloved by every one of us, from ruin!

FINIS.

Translated by Jacob Wittmer Hartmann.

A NOISY NOISE ANNOYS AN OYSTER

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

I WAS sitting upon the terrace of the Café de la Paix one summer evening some years ago before the war, when my attention was attracted to a procession of young exquisites. It was not an ordinary procession. It appeared to partake of the nature of an advertisement. All the members of the party were apparently male. At least they were dressed in the extreme masculine fashion. They were apparently from the stage of some theatre, for they were painted and powdered excessively. Their gait was mincing; each carried an elegant cane held to the face rather like a lorgnette, and each held in the other hand a copy of the first volume of Mr. Alfred Noyes. The Café de la Paix must have been very full that evening; at least, they shortly re-emerged, followed by some rapid remarks from the maître d'hôtel.

The second time I heard of Mr. Noyes was in London. I had been slumming, and had dug down to the office of the *New Age*, where I discovered an individual bearing the savory name of Oliver Onions. This gentleman proved to be full of Mr. Noyes, and informed me that it was the boast of that individual that he had made a living out of poetry ever since he left Oxford. "Interesting indeed," said I, "whose poetry?" I was then reminded that Mr. Noyes was himself a poet, and indeed, on investigation, it appears that this Mr. Noyes is the most determined poet that ever lived. It seems that he set the career of Tennyson before him from the very start. He intended to become Poet Laureate, and nothing should stop him. I do not think anything will stop him.

THE evidence of his campaign is to be seen in his career. The very fact of seizing upon the canons of Oxford is evidence. But as soon as he left Oxford he perceived that he must pick up with the bigger traditions of popularity. He therefore took the big English traditions: the sea, and King Arthur, and the May-Queen, and tied them up with Swinburne and Kipling. One can see traces of the style of all of these. Here is a passage of so-called blank verse of the most wooden Tennysonian model:

"So six days passed, and on the seventh returned
The courier, with a message of the Queen
Summoning Drake to court, bidding him bring
Also such curious trifles of his voyage
As might amuse her, also be of good cheer
She bade him, and rest well content his life
In Gloriana's hands were safe: so Drake
Laughingly landed with his war-bronzed crew
Amid the wide-eyed throng on Plymouth beach."

Here is a purely Kiplingesque stanza:

"If you try and lay there, sir, with your face turned wonder,
Up to twenty million miles of stars that roll like one,
Right across to God knows where, and you just huddle under
Like a little beetle with no business of his own,
There you'd hear, like growing grass, a funny, silent sound, sir,
Mixed with curious crackles in a steady undertone,
Just the sound of twenty billion stars a-going round, sir,
Yus, and you beneath 'em like a wise, old ant, alone,
Ant upon a stone,
Waving of his antlers, on the Sussex downs, alone."

Here is a stanza which reads like a parody of Swinburne:

"Whether the walls that I know, or the unknown fugitive faces.
Faces like those that I loved, faces that haunt, and waylay,
Faces so like and unlike in the dim unforgettable places,
Startling the heart into sickness that aches with the sweet of the May."

WHENEVER anybody makes a hit, Alfred Noyes must be on the spot with another poem exactly like it. No sooner does Herbert Trench score a success with "Apollo and the Seaman," than Mr. Noyes obliges with "Bacchus

and the Pirates." No sooner does Henry Newbolt produce "Admirals All," than up jumps Jack-in-the-box with "Forty Singing Seamen," and a lot of stuff in the same key. Here are a couple of stanzas:

"He stretched out his dead cold face,
And he sailed in the grand old way!
The fishes had taken an eye and his arm,
But he swept Trafalgar's Bay.

Nelson—was Francis Drake!
O, what matters the uniform,
Or the patch on your eye or your pinned-up sleeve,
If your soul's like a North Sea storm?"

Francis Thompson starts religious poems, introducing little bits of Latin hymns. Noyes does not lose a minute, he goes and does the same:

"Here, not set in a realm apart,
East and West are one Nowell!
Holy Land is in our Heart!
North and South one Gloria!
Death is a birth, birth is a death,
Love is all, O sing Nowell!
And London one with Nazareth—
And all the world a Gloria!"

But there is not too much of the Latin hymn. Mr. Noyes is a very orthodox Protestant. He knows well enough that the Archbishop of Canterbury must be consulted when Robert Bridges dies. To him Catholics are scarcely human:

"'Now, provost-marshal,
Begin with you two friars, in whose faces
Chined like singed swine, and eyed with the spent coals
Of filthy living, sweats the glory of Spain.
Strip off their leprous rags
And twist their ropes around their throats and hang them
High over the Spanish camp for all to see.
At dawn I'll choose two more.'"

TO Mr. Noyes Queen Elizabeth is a maiden saint, and Rome the one great enemy:

"This letter, stolen by a trusty spy,
Out of the inmost chamber of the Pope
Sixtus himself, here is your murder planned:
Blame not your Ministers who with such haste
Plucked out this viper, Mary, from your breast!"
"'Rome, Rome, and Rome again,
And always Rome,' she muttered; 'even here
In England hath she thousands yet. She hath struck
Her curse out with pontific fingers at me.
Cursed me down and away to the bottomless pit.'"

Every prejudice of middle-class England, every snobbery, every baseness, is seized upon by Mr. Noyes as the basis of his unique art. In bold, wooden phraseology, tricked out with every tinsel appanage of the poetaster, England's latest Alfred belches forth the banality of an utterly mediocre mind from that coarse, brutal, mouth, which makes it so difficult to support the contemplation of his photographs. It is superfluous to say that there is not an idea in the whole of his voluminous writings. Even from the brief passages quoted above it will be evident that commonplace has reached its climax.

I AM asked why I should notice Mr. Noyes at all. It is because I am concerned for the fair fame of England. I remember the writings of one William Shakespeare. There is one thing in Shakespeare which no man can forgive: it is his foul attack upon the memory of Joan of Arc, the culmination of his shame as a political toady. Shakespeare's greatness is altogether marred by his willingness to blacken people like Richard III, who was unpopular with the dynasty in power—to praise tyrants like Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth, because he was paid for it, or thought it the best way to popularity. Now I am glad enough to compare Alfred Noyes to Shakespeare, but only on this ground. As previously observed, Noyes has always been a toady of the English bourgeoisie. He has set the seal upon himself by his abominable aspersions upon the memories of those saints and martyrs of my own holy isle, whose tragic figures—may one venture to say?—have added a new lustre to the greatest of the festivals of the Christian church.

THE MAIDENS

By RAINER MARIA RILKE.

(Rendered Into English by Jessie Lemont.)

OTHERS must by a long dark way
Stray to the mystic bards,
Or ask some one who has heard them sing
Or touch the magic chords.
Only the maidens question not
The bridges that lead to Dream—
Their luminous smiles are like strands of pearls
'Gainst a silver vase agleam.

The maiden's doors of Life lead out
Where the song of the poet soars,
And out beyond—to the great world—
To the world beyond the doors.