

THE MEXICAN HERALD
14 October 1900

CHEVALIER O'ROURKE.

**A Redoubtable Mountain Climber
is at Present in the City.**

A Herald reporter called on the Chevalier O'Rourke [alias of Aleister Crowley] yesterday in regard to the report that he was going to attempt the ascent of Ixtaccihuatl.

The Chevalier said that he had climbed many mountains in Switzerland that had been pronounced inaccessible and that guides could not be procured to make the attempt. He is confident that he can reach the summit of Ixtaccihuatl but prefers to have a companion go with him and if any one should doubt his sincerity or judgement in the matter he is willing to make the following bet viz: \$1,500 to \$1,200 that he will take any healthy American or Englishman to the summit of Ixtaccihuatl within 21 hours of pitching the camp at or near the snow line. The following conditions to be observed:

1st. Each party to provide his personal equipment, such as guns, horses, etc.

2nd. The taker of the odds to provide the common equipment as tents, mules, provisions, service, etc.

3rd. The layer of the bet to have absolute command in all questions appertaining to mountain craft.

4th. Serious illness of either party after reaching the snow-line to cancel the bet, (this will not include the so-called "mountain sickness.")

5th. Stakes to be held by a responsible party to be subsequently agreed upon.

6th. In the event of a fatal accident to either party, the whole of the stake money to go to some charitable object to be agreed upon.

7th. The taker of the odds to have the right of stepping first upon the actual summit.

8th. Each party to exercise separately the right of making literary use of the expedition.

Or, Chevalier O'Rourke is willing to make the attempt with a suitable companion, without the bet, the balance of the above conditions to be observed, and he thinks the honor of being the first to climb the mountain will more than counterbalance the expense which will not exceed \$200 each.

Any gentleman who wishes to accept either of the above propositions can communicate with the Chevalier O'Rourke at the Hotel Iturbide.

Chevalier O'Rourke has been in Mexico City about four months and with a traveller's instinct has learned the lay of the valley pretty thoroughly. It will be interesting to watch if there are any takers for the above rather unique wager.

Note: Ixtaccihuatl has been climbed by Henry Remsen Whitehouse, at one time secretary of the United States legation here and some others.

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THE MEXICAN HERALD
26 December 1900

WANTED--MISCELLANEOUS.

Adventurous Party to Start on the Difficult Trip.

Mr. Stanley Bowdle, of Denver, stopping at the San Carlos, would like to put himself in communication at once with some one desiring to ascent Popocatepetl.

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THE MEXICAN HERALD
27 December 1900

WILL CLIMB POPO.

Adventurous Party to Start on the Difficult Trip.

Old Popo is the object of envious eyes. Romantic braves are aching to scale its snowy heights while the storms are spreading their fury, yearning for the life of the adventurer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bowdle came down from Denver to climb the pride of Mexico. Since his arrival in the city Mr. Bowdle has been scouring the town for a man who was willing to take his life in his hands and mount the great peak. When other means had failed to locate a companion he accepted the advice of a friend and yesterday morning caused a line to be inserted in the columns of the MEXICAN HERALD, making known his desire. His room at the San Carlos hotel has since been the scene of large gatherings. Callers of every description haunted his quarters early and late yesterday proffering their assistance and companionship.

The first to respond to the card were a pair of husky mountaineers from Mr. Bowdle's own state, which they said they were in a state of financial distress and were willing to accompany a party to the top "be jaybers," for a slight remuneration.

Later in the day mail began to arrive bringing the cards of a number of society people of Mexico who were itching to get into something exciting and thought that a good game of euchre at the top of old PoPo would afford an unusually large amount of original sport. A man from Texas was also among the applicants for a berth in the excursion, but not until evening did Mr. Bowdle strike a [unreadable], when everybody's friend, the Chevalier O'Rourke [alias of Aleister Crowley], of Europe, presented himself for admission.

"It's mountain climbing you're after, is it," said the chevalier when he had reached the presence of Mr. Bowdle.

"That was my object in coming to Mexico at this time," replied Mr. Bowdle. "Are you fond of climbing?"

"Very. I have climbed everything from a four board fence to a grenzel pole, and was never curried below the knees," gallantly responded the chevalier. "There are a great many things to be considered when contemplating a trip up a greased pole or a snowy mountain," he continued, "the first and most important of which is, whether the return trip will ever be recorded. I am looking for a man who will consent to remain with me at the top of Popocatepetl providing we find the location a pleasant place to live."

"Yes," said Mr. Bowdle, "I understand there is a growing sentiment in the City of Mexico in favor of a number of people locating in the crater."

"Quite possible," assented the chevalier. "I have been encouraged by a great many people in my ambition to prove that a person may as easily die from the effects of a sun stroke at the top of PoPo as yield up the ghost from mountain troubles when living on the level with the sea. The latter I have proved conclusively. I have demonstrated, to the delight and astonishment of a large number of friends, every symptom of mountain troubles while on the sea, and am prepared to test the sunstroke idea at the highest elevation within the reach of man."

"Is there any danger in climbing PoPo?" inquired Mr. Bowdle from his new acquaintance.

"No more that stumbling over an empty tomato can in your back yard," was the cheerful commonplace reply. "There is pre-eminently more danger in extracting the essence from a

boisterous and irreligious heifer. I am a living example."

"If such is the case I agree with you, but do you wish to accompany our party?"

"I go where glory waits me."



THE MEXICAN HERALD
2 February 1901

BOLD ALPINE CLIMBER.

**Chevalier O'Rourke Succeeds in
Attaining Ixtaccihuati's Summit.**

Chevalier O'Rourke [alias of Aleister Crowley], the famous Alpine rover, returned to the city Thursday. With him he brings a fortnight's growth of whiskers, his mountain climbing companion, O. Eckenstein, and a bunch of secret information about their flirtation with "The White Lady," (Ixtaccihuatl), which has already aroused the envy and jealousy of those who have gone before, but not so far, into the graces of the famous old woman.

The chevalier is a clip, and with his aide-de-camp, Eckenstein, they have explored the snowy bosom of the hitherto unattainable lady to further orders. They discovered that the topmost point of her classic bust moved their aneroid to announce the height at 17,343 feet. This enviable familiarity with the White Lady was reached by a perilous exertion on the north side of her sleeping apartment, and the chevalier describes it as being very difficult of approach owing to the steep powdery snow. This bit of information regarding the vanity of the Lady who until now had never been known to use such an article of artistic adornment as powder, is, according to the gallant chevalier, a delicate subject, which he unwillingly makes public, at the same time considering it of too much importance to withhold.

The Lady entertained them in one of her choicest apartments in a camp at 13,800 feet, where the chevalier says they were attacked by nothing except dyspepsia and cold feet. The furnaces have not been in working order with the White Lady for a great many years, but otherwise her reception was of the most cordial nature. On the North peak they spent some at an altitude of 16,882 feet which the Lady assured them had never before been trodden by mortal man. In this particular the chevalier and his distinguished friend were allowed privileges about the dominion which they highly esteem.

At another time the Lady entertained Mr. Eckenstein, unaccompanied, in her favorite drawing room where the apartment, Mr. Eckenstein asserts, is furnished with a group of rock towers, the highest of which was exceedingly difficult of exploration.

"Our visit was deucedly uneventful," said the Chevalier last evening. "The White Lady received us royally. She abhors animal life which is entirely extinct in all her possessions. She eats very little, since she is a confirmed sleeper; and we were compelled to subsist upon canned goods which I think have come from what was left of the embalmed beef which was fed to the American soldiers. I and my fellowman have both a beastly attack of dyspepsia."

Mr. O'Rourke added that it was not definitely decided just where their next exploration would take them. He aspires to scale the Mount of Orizaba before he forsakes the country, and his friends all bid him Godspeed. He related a number of his experiences last evening in the American club, where he is a provisional member.

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THE MEXICAN HERALD
19 March 1901

A HARD PROPOSITION.

**Mountain Climbers Unable to
Ascend the Slopes of Colima.**

Chevalier O'Rourke [alias of Aleister Crowley] and his fellow mountain climber, Mr. Eckstein, returned yesterday from Colima where they have been for the past weeks examining the active volcanoes of that Pacific state. The chevalier for the first time in his life found something which he could not climb. The volcano of Colima is a decidedly hard proposition. The chevalier and his companion nearly lost their lives in their attempts to ascend the active mount. "Large cinders and ashes were thrown into the air for several miles," said the climbers last evening. "When we were ten miles from the crater we were pelted with bits of cinder all of which satisfied us that the earth's internal fires have not subsided to any great extent."

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THE MEXICAN HERALD
31 March 1901

A ROOSEVELT HERE.

Cousin of San Juan Hero in Mexico.

**Is Traveling With French
Friends on a Pleasure Outing.**

A. Roosevelt, of New York City, a cousin of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, the hero of San Juan Hill and vice-president of the United States, arrived in the city of Mexico yesterday accompanied by Dr. Chas. Thoan and H. Say, two of his companions from Paris.

The young men are out on a lark and came to Mexico on a pleasure trip. They are on a two months' vacation trip and are spending the time seeing the United States and Mexico. Mr. Roosevelt is the son of the well known New York and Paris banker, Cornelius Roosevelt, and he has been for the past year employed in one of his father's banking houses in New York, having just finished his college career. His education was secured in Paris and Heidelberg. Dr. Thoan is the interne of the *Hotel Dieu* in Paris, one of the well known hospitals of that city.

Mr. Say is a sugar king of France and his wealth is quoted in the millions.

Although a much younger man, Mr. Roosevelt is not altogether unlike his distinguished cousin to whom the whole American world now doffs its hat. He is a husky, well-built young man and desperately fond of outdoor sports. He smiles with the same immense intensity as his cousin Theodore, and possesses that rare gift of making himself agreeable by his strictly democratic nature common to the Roosevelt family. With a deep well-shaped forehead, a clear steady eye and a chin which tapers gracefully from the outlines of his face the attributes are complete which indicate the power and strenuousness so conspicuous in the vice-president of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt is inclined to imitate his brilliant statesman cousin in his mode of dress, by adopting the typical "Roosevelt hat," bicycle trousers and hickory shirt. He says that it is more convenient for traveling.

"We are here for fun," said he last night, "and we are having it. We have no itinerary and don't know where we will go next, or just when we will leave. We expect, however, to visit the Pacific coast. We have been spending the past few weeks among the rattle snakes of Florida, where Dr. Thoan has been

making a number of scientific experiments with the poison of the reptile, not personally, but with dogs, cats, guinea pigs and other unfortunate animals. The doctor brought with him an antidote for snake bite for the purpose of giving it the most severe test of all, with the rattlers. The antidote is one of his own concoctions and the experiments have succeeded beyond our expectations.

"The doctor is also testing the effect of the different altitudes on the human system, and follows this experiment by tapping our bloodvessels as we go up and down the mountains. He will gladly give the MEXICAN HERALD the results of his experiments when they are complete. We expect to take a trip to the top of Popocatepetl and will leave the city of Mexico for Amecameca tomorrow morning.

"Mexico is beautiful," concluded the young tourist, "but her grub is tough."

Dr. Thoan is a member of the celebrated Alpine Climbing society in France and discredits the claim of Chevalier O'Rourke [alias of Aleister Crowley], to being a member in good standing of this distinguished society. The chevalier and his side Eckstein both have said they were Alpinere, but now come these gentlemen with the unmistakable accent and with no Bally Bay apostrophes chopped into their names, denying our friends their thunder with painful positiveness.

Mr. Roosevelt has spent about eight years of his life in Paris and several years in Germany and speaks French and German with the same fluency with which he handles his own native language.



THE MEXICAN HERALD
3 April 1901

TO TRY ORIZRBA.

Chevalier O'Rourke and Party
Try a Hard Proposition.

Chevalier O'Rourke [alias of Aleister Crowley] and his aide Eckenstein expect to leave today for the mountain of Orizaba which it is their intention to inspect from top to bottom, inside and out. They will be accompanied upon this expedition by John Benjamin Marshall, the manager of the International stenographic bureau. Mr. Marshall has a career as a mountain climber himself. He is a native of Kentucky and during his

younger days was identified with the mountaineers of his state.
The gentlemen expect to be gone for several days.



THE MEXICAN HERALD
4 April 1901

ALTITUDE TOO MUCH.

**Rough Experiences of Three
Young Mountain Climbers.**

A. Roosevelt, of New York, the cousin of Col. Roosevelt, the hero of Santiago, left last evening by way of the Mexican Central for Los Angeles, Cal., accompanied by his travelling companions Cr. Thoan and H. Say of Paris. George Pinzon and other young Frenchmen were at the depot to take leave of them.

The young men returned yesterday morning from a trip up Popocatepetl during which they had some rather rough experiences. Fatigued by much travelling the party left this city last Monday morning after a one day's rest and the effect of the mountain's altitude came near putting some of the party out of the mountain-climbing business forever. The strange part of the experience was that Mr. Roosevelt who led the expedition was the greatest sufferer, while at the same time he knew nothing at all about it.

"When we had reached a certain height," said Mr. Roosevelt last evening. "I lost consciousness although my physical condition did not seem to be impaired as I continued the journey. I joined the other boys in their explorations, photographed and allowed my blood vessels to be tapped regularly at different altitudes for the benefit of the experiments being made by Dr. Thoan, but the entire journey is to me a blank. I'm glad to get away from Mexico. I believe I would die in this country. A person should not come from a low altitude and go at once to the dizzy height of Popocatepetl without first being acclimated perfectly to the city of Mexico."

Dr. Thoan who is furnishing the scientific knowledge of the party concurs with Mr. Roosevelt in his conclusions, and said that while the trip had been full of interest he had no desire to repeat the journey.



THE MEXICAN HERALD
5 April 1901

THE NORTH POLE.

Great Scenic Pantomime to be Given at Orrin's

**Icebergs in the Tropics—Thrilling
Scenes of Danger and Rescue.**

There will be something new for the Chevalier O'Rourke [alias of Aleister Crowley] and his friend Eckstein [Oscar Eckenstein] to climb next week. It will be in this city, too. It will be nothing lower than the North Pole which the enterprising Orrins have brought to this city. The pole has to be kept on artificial ice to prevent its thawing in this equatorial weather, but it is guaranteed to last until the circus season is over.

The production of the North Pole at Orrin's Circus next Sunday promises to be the biggest spectacular production ever put on in Mexico. The Orrins have been working on this for two years past. For the past three weeks they have had over a hundred men at work on the scenery and "business" of the production. Holidays don't count when a big thing like this is being prepared and while all other work was at a standstill yesterday the circus building rang with the hammers and saws of the carpenters, hummed with the noise of sewing machines and smelled of paint.

A sort of story runs through the production. An arctic exploring party is lost in the frozen north. A relief expedition is sent for them. The first scene is a polar scene showing the first ship embedded in the ice. All are dead but the hero of the story and one man, and the man is dying. The entire ring and the stage is used for the setting. The ring is surrounded with a gauze netting suspended from the roof. By means of paint and light effect it is filled with great icebergs. The gauze is to prevent the icebergs from toppling over into the audience. The relief party heaves in sight on another vessel. Then—but it won't do to anticipate the story too much. Suffice it to say that the remainder of both parties escape by means of sledges drawn by arctic dogs. These dogs are the real thing. Six genuine arctic dogs have just been received by Manager Fred Hodgson from his friend—W. A. Clark, who has the government mail contract from Hudson Bay to Winnipeg. The dogs were driven down from the Lake of the Woods to West Selkirk, Manitoba, with mail. From West Selkirk they were shipped to Mexico. Four of them are perfect matches, big, woolly fellows who are

almost roasting alive in this torrid climate. The other two are a trifle smaller and with less hair. All six of them are fine animals.

Somewhere along about the twelfth or fifteenth act—that is to say some time later, the party is rescued by a British man-of-war. Then they are taken to Edinburgh or somewhere. This time they arrive on the stage, that is to say at the station, in a real railroad train. Then there is a reception for them in a real—that is to say, s stage part, the heroine marries the hero or some other equally happy event takes place and the performance ends. Ice souvenirs may be given away but this is not positive. At any rate they can be obtained for a consideration with lemonade and gin fizzes at the bar.

Over seventy people are to take part in this production. The cost will reach over \$20,000. The costumes and property have cost a large sum and will be complete and realistic. There will be no flies on the iceberg scenery—it will be too cold. The stage of the Recacimiento theatre has been in use for several days by the scenic artists of Orrin's who are preparing the scenery for this production, in addition to every available inch of space in the circus building.

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THE MEXICAN HERALD
6 April 1901

ASCENT IMPOSSIBLE.

**Holy Week Not Favourable to
Mountain Climbing in Mexico.**

The Chevalier O'Rourke [alias of Aleister Crowley], Mr. Eckstein and Mr. Marshall, returned yesterday from Oriziba where they had gone for the purpose of making the ascent of Mount Oriziba but for various reasons they were unable to accomplish their purpose. On account of holy week, guides were not obtainable and other obstacles arose which could not be overcome.

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THE MEXICAN HERALD
7 April 1901

OFFENDED CLIMBERS.

**Think Their Achievements Have
Not Been Properly Treated.**

The Chevalier O'Rourke [alias of Aleister Crowley] and his friend Mr. Eckenstein are said to be taking legal advice in this city with a view to prosecuting the HERALD because of the alleged liberties which this paper has taken with the names of those persons. Mr. Roosevelt, of New York, who recently visited here, stated that the mountain climbers O'Rourke and Eckenstein were not members of any climbing society that he knew anything about, and the gentlemen are said to have taken exception to the remark. Mr. Eckenstein also asserts that he is no "aide" to O'Rourke, and O'Rourke thinks he never needed an aide. The chevalier has written a number of books, some of which are very good and others have never been reviewed. His name when he is an author is Aleister Crowley. He is a shadow of Swinburne.

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THE MEXICAN HERALD
16 April 1901

PERSONAL MENTION.

The Chevalier O'Rourke [alias of Aleister Crowley] and Col. Eckenstein will leave this evening for a tramp up the mount of Popocatepetl after which they expect to begin the descent on the inside. If such a thing is possible they will do the inside of the crater by means of their hands and feet, no ropes nor buckets to be taken along. Otherwise they will return to the city without exploring the inside of the mountain.

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THE MEXICAN HERALD
21 April 1901

AN ASCENT OF POPO.

"How are yez, Hinessey, me b'y," said Mr. Dooley as he came up the street walking by the assistance of a cane.

"Foiner 'n silk," replied Hinessey, "but why the stick; is it lame yez are?"

"Spake in whispers er not at all, an' oi'll be tellin' ye, fer as me ould frind, oi belave ye'll not bethray me. Oive ben away t' th' top iv Popeycapethel"

"But, Mr. Dooley"

"Hinnessy, be throe to me. Me woife hez denied me bid an' bard, an' oim a por outchast in the worruuld, charged with havin' no sinse at all. Oi wint, Hinnessy, in the inthrusts iv Seance, wid me former counthrymon, the Shivvyleer O'Rourke, an' his parthner-in-crime, Bar-ron von Eckenstein. Kape away from him, Hinnessy, er ye'll be inveigle into some desperate skame be th' which ye'll be robbed iv yure bodily comfort an' fam'ly this. Th're a bloomin' pair iv human dayceivers who cahnt till th' diff'rence betwane hate and co'ld, upon me soul th' cahnt't.

"We'll tike yez t' th' top, sid me spurious fellow-cithizen, Mither O'Rourke, er we'll know th' rayson ov it. It's th' top-most pint iv th' sachred mount oim afther tridden, sez oi, worruds oi hev larnt to raygrit with tears in me oyes."

"Did yez make the trip on becycles er be an autymobile, Mr. Dooley?"

"The S'int's preserve us, Hinnessy! Hez the silver dog lost his lining? or hez the cloud hed its day? or hez the goulden chain ben busthed, or what th' divvle? Thir's no Passy dilly Rayformy laden to th' blarsted crather iv Popey, me b'y. It is a path iv Glury which lades but to th' ghrave, an' fr'm whose borne no traveler ivver hez a sickond birthday. It is a tist iv morrul curridge an' shoe lither. It is not a pliseant dhrive iv a moon-light ave'nin, Mr. Hinnessy. There's no canteenys er fiyher bids hung up be the way. Th' mounthin was kivered wid althichude. Iverything ilse but th' dhust an' wind hed fled fer its loife. Th' wind hed blowed th' atmosphere into a foreign country, an' there was nothin' for th' brith iv man but the' althichude. Yez sthop ivery ither sthep to pull in a ghop of condensed air wid yure mouth, an' whin yez close in yer hide to rist yer shoulders on a brist filled wid air, yez'll find it soft an' un-susthainin', an' yer tongue rolls out an' flaps limply in the breezes, upon me honor it do, Hinnessy.

"Th' Shivvyleer and th' ither professor sthrolled along wid hateful haze, an' whrote in books, th' divvle knows what, on th' althichude, the wind, an' so on, an' me wid me pick-axe hackin' off an exthra hunk of hair th' gale hed overlook. Th' closer hivven we crawled the harder it blew, an' whin it beghan whistlin' the sphots off me vist, oi sid in tones mint to traggick loike dith, Boys, lit me lodge in some vhaft Wilderniss; anyway lit

me lodge! It eas niver intended that oi shud tickle th' fate iv th' angels in hivven. Thir'fure, oi boot!

"It cannot was, sid the gay Shivvyleer. Our agraymint to tike yez t' th' top was saled be th' coorts iv hivven, an' up yez go. A rope was knotted to me lift laig, Hennessey, an' oi wint hippen' along, while th' Shivvyleer an' th' Bar-ron pl'yed chump th' rope achross th' boulders wid meself in th' centher iv tha' rope, tied fast. Oi pled as a fellow-counthymon, thin as a mon wid a woife an' childer an' me juty to thim. Thin, as me last brith hed gone out to th' hivvens, oi fell, swearin' be th' gods oi was a carpse, be the mouth iv th' terrible crather.

"Thir she was, Hennessey, sthamin' and frothin', an' sthinkin' loike a boiled owl, wid wather at th' botthum as grane ez th' damons iv purgathory. It was thot fur down thot she cudden't be sane without lookin' twice. Sez oi, Whar's th' cimmithry fer th' did, an' saylict a sphot, by's, fer oim brathin' me last, an' as oi spoke th' bones iv me body were rhenderin' a snare dhrum solo be the shivers iv th' wind.

"Be iv gude chare, me b'y, sid th' Bar-ron, th' top is not yit r'ached. Th' rist is onsartin in me brain, Hennessey. I recollect, wid me oyes soked in tears, the how I was jirked fr'm stunt' stun to th' peenackle iv th' crathur, an' hearin' th' Bar-ron announce in treeump that his bayrommether sid we ware siventane thousan' eight hunert an' ninety fate above the say.

"If it's anny wurse siventane thousan' fate unner th' say, thin fade me carkus to th' waves ic the crathur, sez oi. Whither th' did er didn't oi cannot now say. But lit us be movin', or th' polace 'll be on me thracks. Me woife hez tillygraphed my dayscription as bayin' a lunathic."

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THE MEXICAN HERALD
24 April 1901

CLIMBER TO LEAVE.

**Mr. Eckenstein May Explore the
Wilds of Canada and Alaska.**

O. Eckenstein, the British mountain-climber, who has been in this country for the past few months in company with the Chevalier O'Rourke [alias of Aleister Crowley], expects to leave tonight for Veracruz where he will sail on the Ward line tomorrow for New York City.

Mr. Eckenstein will join a friend in New York and they may decide to make a journey into the unexplored regions of Canada and Alaska. Mr. Eckenstein, when busy, is a civil engineer.

Mr. Eckenstein is an Englishman by birth, but his parents are German. When a young man he attended the University of Bonn at Germany having as one of his college mates, the present emperor of Germany. Mr. Eckenstein said that in his younger days Emperor William was a very unpretentious fellow and one would not suppose from his actions and mode of living that he was to become ruler of a great country. He was of a strictly democratic temperament, said Mr. Eckenstein, and was a thorough student in school who was generally admired by all his fellow students. In speaking of the sensational reports printed concerning the kaiser's state of mind, Mr. Eckenstein is inclined to scoff. He said:

"I find that people are unable any longer to appreciate an honest statesman. In almost every nation under the sun and particularly in America, the politicians are subject to the influence of the rich. Other parts of the world are similarly affected. In Germany they have a ruler who says just what he thinks under all circumstances and he is sincere in what he says; so the people of the world are pleased to call him crazy, or suffering from incipient insanity. On the contrary the emperor is incensely sane. He believes in honesty and uprightness and square and open dealing with his people under all conditions and he tells them his ideas and his intentions."

Mr. Eckenstein is at present spending a few months vacation after a long period of engineering service and he was attracted to Mexico by the Chevalier with whom he had wandered over a great deal of the earth's surface. O'Rourke, who is a wealthy Scotch-Irishman, owning vast estates in different parts of the old country, will stay in Mexico until further orders.

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THE MEXICAN HERALD
18 August 1901

AN AWFUL BOOK.

The Noted Chevalier O'Rourke
Out-Swinburnes Swinburne.

When the Chevalier O'Rourke was in Mexico we thought him Awfully Simple; now he has written a Poem which shows he is Simple Awful. So is the Poem. It is so Morally Unhealthy that

it had to be quarantined on the Way to the land of the Aztecs: and of so Burning a Nature that the Covers are of Asbestos, and it Carries a Fire Insurance Policy. It is a Book which no Self Respecting Girl would permit her Mother to read: and One which few real Respectable men would permit themselves to Overlook.

The Chevalier O'Rourke is the Stage Name of the English Importation who answered to the Cognomen of Aleister Crowley in the Home of Shamrock II, and who first Stampeded the public of San Francisco Lane by his Inimitable Combination of Knickerbockers, Long Hair, and Inseparable Pipe, and a general Bug-House Make-up. His After-Celebrity came when, with an Alpenstock and his man Friday Eckenstein, he trampled the snowy Breast of Ixtacchuatl, and chewed bits of the Alabaster Neck of the White Lady, to Quench his Burning Thirst.

Previous to That he had Prolonged the Horrors of the Spanish-American Pleasantness by a Book of Greeting to the New Republic, which has since Been equaled in its effect only by the long Drought in the Corn Belt and the Steel Strike. But his latest Riot of Rhyme has the War Production Beat a Mile, and Then Some, with the Decameron of Bocaccio Away Back in the Ruck, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox on ice among the Also Rans. It is so bad that the Author is afraid to Read it Again, lest he be corrupted. In short, it is Destined to be Among the Most Popular Books of the Season.

The Effervescence is Called "The Mother's Tragedy and Other Poems." The "and Other Poems" belong just a block beyond where the trolley stops for "Mother's Tragedy" in Spotted Town. The Chevalier Evidently becomes Intoxicated with the Exuberance of his own Verbosity and seeks to Give Artistic Versimilitude to an otherwise Bald and Unconvincing Narrative. He gets There on All Fours with the Verisimilitude, even if the Art is lacking. "And Other Poems" made the Book so Bad that the Chevalier had to Print it Privately, and the Name of the Printer is as completely Lost as Teddy Roosevelt.

Dr. A. W. Parsons is among those in the city who believed in the literary ability of the Chevalier, and to him the author has sent a copy of his book. The doctor compares the general work of the Chevalier to that of the poet Swinburne, for in his better moods he has brought out some of the sweetest songs of love and nature, but his last production seems in a class of badness by itself.

"The Mother's Tragedy" is the story of an illegitimate son who has been reared in ignorance of the identity of his parents.

In time he falls in love with his own mother, whose fondness for her son restrains her from telling him the degrading story of his birth, and he forces the conclusion by a proposal of marriage to his mother. He raves in scenes of beautiful depths of love when she in agony refuses his suit. She is finally compelled to reveal the awful truth to her son to prevent his self-destruction. The denouement is heart-rending.