

way; to work upon his mind along its own lines. So I said to him: Suppose the murderer realizes that there are intellects superior to his own? And—how will he sleep, knowing that there are people who will murder others in their sleep without reasonable cause? You know the answer. I suppose that I am in a sense the murderer of his reason."

Flynn said nothing; but his eyes were streaming; he had loved Dick Ffoulkes dearly, and a thousand memories were urgent in his heart and mind. Iff seemed not to notice it.

"But the murderer of Marsden is still a mystery. Ffoulkes can hardly have done that."

Flynn sat up and laughed wildly. "I'll tell you all about that," he cried. "Ezra Robinson did it,

with the help of the floor clerk. They were to meet on the anniversary of the murder. I tracked them down, and I hanged them with these hands." He stretched them out in a gesture of agony. The old man took them in his.

"Boy!" he said, "—for you will never grow up—you have perhaps erred in some ways—ways which I find excusable—but you need never lose a night's sleep over this business."

"Ah!" cried Jack, "but it was I who tempted my friend—it was a moment of absolute madness, and now I have lost him!"

"We are all punished," said the old man solemnly, "exactly where we have offended, and in the measure thereof."

THE LYRIC SHAMBLES

By FRANCES GREGG

The age-old instinct for rebellion against the limitations of mortality, working blindly through an unresisting people, is accountable for war. To be, not a single human entity, but a People, and that a great People: to fulfil the need for dependence: to create, and to destroy: these are the things that beget wars.

An exile, I have seen crowds surging through the streets of Rome, crying out for war; I have seen the conscript trains drawing out from Paris, and I have seen the recruiting agent at work in England, and on the faces of all these peoples there was the glamor of romance. What did it matter to them that thin rationalists were crying through the cities: "There is no romance, there is no glamor, there is no personal glory in this war of the machine!"; that the cry was going out: "What does it matter to you, Man-in-the-street? Will you be any the better off for their war?"

They were the "better off," if only for that one ecstatic vision of adventure. The emotional occasion justified all shattering and mangling of bodies. Where there had been poverty, there was richness of experience. Where there had been a man smitten into stupidity, or brutality, or genius, by the reverberating echo of hopeless human desire: where there had been a soul crying up through the darkness of the commonplace: where there had been an ego ceaselessly demanding its legitimate annihilation: there was now a unit of force, of force made noble by the subjection of all life to an inexorable obedience.

Does it not matter to any god that, in the shameful humor of our Creator, our thoughts, our minds, our identity, were made to spin round and round in those rocking bowls, our skulls—were made to clap and jangle in those bone boxes, subject to all the petty limitations, the extraordinary chance thickening of the senses, of separate human bodies? And to the impotent gesticulation of our shamed fury only the god of war responds with the one word, "Immolation."

I do not mean to intimate that the sober English Tommies burst upon the recruiting sergeant with impassioned speeches in the fantastic lyricism of Russian style. They go to "do their bit" in response to some crude and sentimental poster, and they don't talk about it; because they have adenoids, or are anaemic, or have only a board school education, or have been subjected

to public school corsetting of the emotions, all of which things are inimical to the art of self-expression.

It is the glamor of adventure that whirls the English volunteers and all the conscripted hordes into the agonized vortex of war—adventure, that deep-rooted longing for romance. The very word stirs in us that instinct for the grand manner, the wish to live in the grand style, the desire for more enthralling situations, for a heightening of existence, for more than human emotion.

That alone, that "more than human emotion," accounts for the inhuman atrocities of all these civilized nations. That lurking savagery in us, that drop of black African blood, that blown dust of an Egyptian king, that atom of an Assyrian slave-driver that was in the manure that fertilized our vegetables—that archaic cruelty assimilated by one means and another into each human being, to lie in uneasy restraint before expediency, fear of consequences, pride of virtue, and those other ape-like moral mannerisms imposed by civilization—burst forth at last under pressure of "crowd psychology" (that strange subsidizing of emotion), into an orgy, an ecstasy, a more than human frenzy of Sadistic indulgence.

What accounts for the astounding spectacle of thousands of men advancing, *cheering*, to almost certain impact with tons of explosive material that is being voided upon them by invisible machines? Any one of these men, under normal conditions, put into range of a .22-calibre repeater, would turn and run like a rabbit; but surround him with a thousand of his kind, all acting in unison, with the danger heightened beyond a thousandfold—nor is he, poor wistful fool, any less solitary than he has always been—yet he will drive on, at a high tension of poetic fervor, to a revolting and filthy dissipation of all his parts. Again it is an orgy, an ecstasy, a frenzy, this time for an ideal emotion, the purely aesthetic quality of courage.

There enters into this last, of course, that obedience to which he has committed himself in going to war. An obedience entered into with what Saurian content! Here he has the institution lowered to the last level of immoral efficiency. He ceases to be responsible for any deed; he is no longer required to plan any course of action. The desire for dependence that has been