

THE TERROR.

By Arthur Machen.
McBride, New York.

I have always maintained that Arthur Machen was one of the most original and excellent minds of England. The distinction of his thought and style is one of the most unmistakable of contemporary literary phenomena. He failed somewhat to come to his full stature because of an unfortunate obsession. His reverence for antiquity is so great that he has been compelled to follow the great masters in what I may call the framework of their art. Thus he began by telling Stevenson stories, and he was obliged to give them Stevenson's sections, so that "The Three Impostors" reads like a new episode of "The Dynamiter." In particular, "Miss Leicester" or "Miss Lally" makes a very fair duplicate of Stevenson's one successful attempt to portray a woman. I was rather sorry to see Mr. Machen adventure himself in the province of scientific romance. It was only too clear that he would adopt the manner of Mr. H. G. Wells. However, his distinction has saved him from too margarine an effect. One is able to say with clear conscience that this is an excellent story, admirably written.

At the same time, one must say that this is not at all the time to have written it. The story is grossly seditious and openly pro-German. Mr. Machen, as his name implies, is, of course, himself a pure German. It is impossible to understand the stupidity of the British authorities in not having him interned, or indeed executed. It will be remembered that he furnished the basis for the fable of the "Angels of Mons," which did so much to discourage recruiting in the early days of the war. This book is equally pernicious. The catastrophe is caused, according to him, by the fact of the animals having lost their fear of and respect for man, owing to the wickedness of man, the abdication of his human sovereignty. Now, Mr. Machen caused his catastrophe to take place in England. His characters blame the wicked Germans for everything that happened when it is really

their own fault. That Satanic Teutonic subtlety! Mr. Machen's book elaborates this thesis. "In England, men have become the equivalent of beasts. In Germany, however, there are no troubles of any kind. Germany has not lost its moral superiority to the lower animals."

We are unfortunately not in possession of the checks which must have been paid to Mr. Machen by the Huns, but it is not a case where one needs to wait for further evidence. He should be shot at sunrise and no more ado about it.—C. M. (of the *Supervigilantes*).

Collected Works of ALEISTER CROWLEY

TANNHAUSER—An adaptation of the old German legend to illustrate the adventures of the soul in its progress toward illumination.

THE SWORD OF SONG—The best account hitherto written of Hindu and Buddhist meditation and philosophy.

TIME, ELEUSIS, and other essays are extremely interesting as comparative studies of the methods used respectively by Easterners and Westerners.

PRICE,

\$20 for the 3 vols.; \$30 illustrated.

THE GOETIA OF THE LEMEGETON OF SOLO- MON THE KING

The Goetia is the most intelligible and most easily worked of all the mediaeval systems of magic.

PRICE, \$10, illustrated.

THE BOOK OF LIES

An official ritual of the A. A. A. for Babes of the Abyss. It is extraordinarily epigrammatic! The modern edition, so to speak, of the Golden Verses of Pythagoras.

PRICE, \$10.

THE INTERNATIONAL

BOOK MART

1123 Broadway

New York, N. Y.

DEMOCRACY IN IRELAND SINCE 1913.

This small pamphlet is without publishers' or printers' marks. It contains an account of the murder of Francis Sheehy Skeffington, with an article written by Mr. Skeffington, reprinted from the "Century Magazine." The murder of Mr. Skeffington was, as some statesman or other once said: "Much worse than a crime, it was a blunder." The murder of Mr. Thomas Ashe comes under the same category. In fact, it is always difficult to blame the authors of such atrocities. Naturally enough, they always occur in circumstances where clear reason and common sense are inhibited. These incidents must therefore be classed in a sense as accidents, and moral indignation is really a somewhat primitive reaction.

It is absurd to class Captain Bowen-Colthurst as a monster and a villain. He was simply an officer who completely lost his nerve. At the same time, one cannot expect the man in the street to take this philosophical view of what on the surface is certainly a most infamous outrage, an abomination almost unbelievable; and we must not be surprised that the Irish crudely determine to do away with the entire system which makes such things possible. The real cure does not lie in any political readjustment; a complete advance in civilization is necessary. Cool reason and common sense and presence of mind must become normal to the race. The Irish Republican will reply that that is quite true, and that these qualities will develop best when Ireland is free. But it is hard to reply to this contention. It is equally clear that Ireland will have been freed in vain, if the qualities of cool reason, etc., are not thereby developed. Ireland must cease to be the enemy of England the moment England has ceased to show herself the enemy of Ireland. A. C.

MORE WAR POETRY

Old England is our kind and true ally.

Teacher says not to remember the books

About all the battles in days gone by,

For you can't think how bad it all looks.

And if I see an Englishman without demur,

I will smile at him and be careful to

Say "Sir."
HERBERT J. WILCOX (Aged 14)

Woodrow Wilson and The World's

Peace.
By George D. Herron.

New York
Mitchell Kennerley.

Mr. Herron seems to be rather an opportunist than a Socialist. A. C.

The Laws of Health and Prosperity

and How to Apply Them.

By Clara Chamberlain McLean.

Published by
The Elizabeth Towne Co., Inc.
Holyoke, Mass.

L. N. Fowler Co.
7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus.
London. E. C.

1917.

Incoherent gush. Therion.

The Dead Have Never Died.
By Edward C. Randall.
New York Alfred A. Knopf 1917

Better written than most of the twaddle on spiritualism, but just as twaddly. Therion.

PORTRAIT OF A JACKAL.

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

For love of ease he plays the knave;
He spits upon his father's grave.
Yea, for his masters' sport his tongue
Befouls the race from which he sprung,
While eager, oily, smooth and kempt,
He eats the crumbs of their contempt.
A beggar, lacking love and art,
He sells his malice on the mart;
He casts a eunuch's jaundiced eyes
Upon the Prophet's Paradise,
And when his country calls for men,
Can only give a—poison pen.
His brave words hide a slacker's heart,
Informer, sneak, he chose his part,
A jackal—ever on the run—
Save when the odds are ten to one!