

story by Ford Tarpley, "Drondon." It is one of the most perfect idylls in the language; both form and idea are luminous and exquisite as starlight on the sea.

"Felo de se" is a very original conception. Aleister Crowley has the strange gift—one, by the way, which has contributed not a little to prevent him coming into general recognition—of conveying serious argument with subtle humor. One is never quite sure **what he really wishes his readers to think.** We asked him about it; but he only replied, with a mysterious smile: "I wish your readers to think." His aim is rather to excite, to stimulate, than to preach any definite dogma.

"Flowers" is one of Arthur Schnitzler's best stories; it is beautiful as an army with banners, yet beneath the gaiety one can, as it were, hear the murmur of battle.

The most urgent moral reforms are urged in the most incisive style by the vitriolic pen of Louis Wilkinson, the famous novelist and lecturer. Here again he cuts deep to the soul of things; whether we agree with him or not, we are bound to realize that he has said a thing most terribly in need of saying, in a time when minds like those of John S. Sumner and Harry Thaw are almost hypnotically powerful among those elements of our population which, not having been educated to high and clean thinking, are susceptible to every base suggestion. The other day we heard a Judge of the Supreme Court say at lunch: "Cocchi did not kill Ruth Cruger; that was done long ago by the morality of the Sunday newspapers." We may possibly print an article next month to explain what he meant in more detail.

Ah, next month. There are a number of pleasant little surprises waiting for you. We are not going to give the game away; no, sir. There is no need; for you have to get the INTERNATIONAL, next month, in any case, to read the continued stories.

Would you like a serial, by the way? Please write and tell us. And tell us why; there are so many reasons for and against it. And if you would like one, what kind of a story do you like best?

Till, September, then, think of us sometimes as you wander among the mountains and rivers of our beautiful land, or bathe in the sea that used to keep us out of war, long before Mr. Wilson did.

J. B. R.

AUGUST

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