

Fake Horoscopes.

(Continued from page 345.)

The phraseology is very carefully chosen, for nothing must be said which would be indictable as a prediction. Thus, instead of saying, "you will be lucky in speculation during the first week of October," the phrase is "financial conditions seem to be operating favorably during the first week in October." These monthly forecasts are received at \$24 a year, and as they require a good deal of trouble in preparation, it is evident that the cheapness has something behind it. These forecasts are what you may call bait, and the fish to be caught is the "personal consultation."

Suppose I am told in my forecasts that financial conditions are favorable for a certain period, I am going to ask for more. I want to know exactly how to make the best use of the opportunity; so I ring up the lady and get an appointment. This appointment may ostensibly be a \$5 or \$10 one; but in reality I may have to pay much more for it. I may have to let the lady in on a percentage of profits on the gamble in "war babies." Similarly, if I am an actress, or other easily exploitable person, I may have to pay a great deal extra. Once the fly is in the web, the spider can dictate its own terms.

Women are particularly foolish with astrologers. They tell all their love affairs. Again, even cautious Mrs. A. will tell one side of a story; prudent Miss B. next day, the other side. The astrologer becomes mistress of these women, body and soul. Perhaps she does not blackmail them; but she is in a position to do so if she wishes. At the very least, the victims realize their own position, and are careful to do anything the astrologer may ask.

Then, again, there is the matrimonial agency graft; and the highly profitable business of entremetteuse. (We do not assert that, in the particular case we are discussing, these things are done, but they could be done. It is immoral to permit the existence of a secret power of this kind.)

It is all done under the cloak of astrology. Mr. C., calls and looks for a soul-mate; the astrologer soon finds some woman, "whose Venus is on his Sun," and arranges a little dinner-party. All in the sacred cause of astrology—scientific astrology; the old lady would be genuinely shocked if you called her by her real name. But she takes her commission all the same, and superstition is so extraordinarily strong that when faith is established there is no limit to the amount of which the victim can be fleeced. This being the really dangerous part of the work, the astrologer is extraordinarily careful about making appointments. One has to have very good introductions. Word quickly goes round as to what the

police are doing. For example, a few months ago it was rumored that a red-haired detective had been engaged, and all women with red hair, unless previously known, had to pass the 33rd degree before they reached the center of the web. There is no doubt in the mind of the astrologer that she is breaking the law. She lives in continual terror of the police. She knows well enough that it was only a fluke that she was not convicted at her previous prosecutions. However, she boasts openly of her "pull" with certain society leaders who can protect her from the police. Properly managed, evidence is easy to obtain. Will not Mrs. Isabel Goodwin look to it?

Shakespeare's Rebel.

(Continued from page 343.)

The "great image of authority" shakes and falls before the tremendous onslaughts of this king turned anarchist:

"A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear; change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar? . . . And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obeyed in office."

"None does offend, none, I say none!" Well believed in as reason—can we doubt it?—by Shakespeare the perpetual satirist of little men in authority, Shakespeare, who had been tried by Sir Thomas Lucy, did not forget the inanities of the Law and its pillars when he came to Justice Shallow, to Dogberry and Verges.

"Thou rascal beard, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore?
Strip thine own back.

. . . The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices
do appear;

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all
Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth
pierce it."

An excellent inscription for any Court of Law; but more pleasing to the prisoners than to the judges.

The contempt of Shakespeare for the hypocrisy of the professed virtues—the Purity Leaguers of our day—is constant; but we are stirred more deeply by Lear's outburst than even by the portraiture of Angelo:

"I pardon that man's life; what was
thy cause?"

Adultery.
Thou shalt not die; die for adultery!
No;

The wren goes to't, and the small
gilded fly

Does lecher in my sight . . .
Behold yon' simpering dame

Whose face between her forks pre-
sageth snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake
the head

To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse,
goes to't

"With a more riotous appetite."

As it is now, so it was then. The changeless spirit of revolt had no less scope for action in Shakespeare's age than it has in our own, nor will it have in ages to come. Rebellion will end when an end is made of all we know;

then and not before will this one of Shakespeare's spirits wander in waste air. Then shall be the destined final touch, the touch of conclusion in Necessity, that touch whose ultimate noiseless crumbling of all things Shakespeare, in his last Play, foresaw. There, in the furthest coign of the furthest figure of the Future, stands that Moment when:

"Like the baseless fabric of this
vision,

These cloud-capp'd towers, these
gorgeous palaces,

These solemn temples, the great
earth itself,

Yea, all that it inherits, shall dis-
solve;

And like this insubstantial pageant
faded,

Leave not a wrack behind."

There only, in that consummate dis-
solution, shall Rebellion be brought to
silence.

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