

ing of the letter. But his voice, in that dim hall, sounded like the echo of some god's voice — some god who was speaking elsewhere, a great way off.

"I take this letter as true."

"I also."

"What am I to say?"

"What I am to do?"

There was a long pause. Finally Flynn's voice boomed, fainter and hollower than before.

"Nothing."

The mystic held the letter in the flame of the lamp. He blew the last ash lightly into the air, and led the way out of the House of Judgement.

In the study they found Lord Juventius Mellor, a young disciple of Simple Simon, who acted as his secretary. "Little Brother," said the magician, "I want you to ring up Sir Reginald Brooke-Hunter and ask him to spare me an evening as soon as he can to dine at the Hemlock Club. I want to persuade him to stand for Parliament. I think we can promise him the Presidency of the Board of Education; Willett-Smith is resigning, you know. Tell him, of course, that the Prime Minister has asked me to see him about it."

The young man went off, while Jack Flynn stared. "So that's how you do things?" he said. "Yes," said the old man, "we do things by the simple process of doing them. You remember the butcher in the Tao Teh Ching — no! in the writings of Chwantzel — who cut up oxen until he did it without knowing that he did it, so that his knife never needed sharpening, and his arm never tired? Which muscle of our body never tires? The heart, though it works all the time. Why? Because our silly muddled brains don't meddle with it. That is the art of government. So, having found the perfect man to educate our youth, we slip him in!"

"Good," said Flynn, laughing. "A double murderer! If I rob a bank will you make me Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"Oh, no," said the magician with a sigh. "I must have a perfect robber. Our best thief is Lord Chief Justice, as you know; but for the Exchequer, we ought really to look on the other side of the Atlantic. Oh, dear! What a pity they threw that tea into Boston Harbor!"

"By the way," said Flynn, "to return. I still don't see why Haramzada confessed to a murder he knew he didn't do."

"As I said before — and you had ears, and heard not — it was all of a piece with the rest of his life. He did not know the truth about the murder, though in one of his numerous confessions he probably told all he did know. He wasn't believed; he knew there was no chance to cheat the gallows; so he thought he would cheat God. Splendid idea! to die for a crime one has not committed. One goes to heaven with colors flying, one of the noble army of martyrs. It's a cowardly idea, a liar's idea —"

"An Eurasian's idea?"

"Yes; and that's the ghastly thing about it. His nature is not his own fault, any more than a toad's. But this I want you to understand, that as sex is the most sacred thing in life, so the sins of the fathers are visited on the children most of all in violations of eugenics.

"Whether it's tubercle, or alcoholism, or marriage between kin too close, or sub-race to distant, the penalty is fulminating and disastrous. Generation becomes degeneration."

"What's the remedy?"

"Oh, we might restore the worship of Dionysus and Priapus and Mithras, perhaps, for a beginning. Then there's the question of polygamy, we shall have that; and harems; and groves, with sacred men and women. You can read it up in Fraser if you're rusty."

But that was the worst of Simple Simon. He would constantly change the key of his discourse without warning; and unless you knew him as well as Jack Flynn, you could never be sure when he was joking.

DAWN.

By Aleister Crowley.

Sleep, with a last long kiss,
Smiles tenderly and vanishes.
Mine eyelids open to the gold,
Hilarion's hair in ripples rolled.
(O gilded morning clouds of Greece!)
Like the sun's self amid the fleece,
Her face glows. All the dreams of youth,
Lighted by love and thrilled by truth,
Flicker upon the calm wide brow,
Now playmates of the eyelids, now
Dancing coquettes the mouth that move
Into all overtures to love.
The Atlantic twinkles in the sun —
Awake, awake, Hilarion!

A POETRY SOCIETY — IN MADAGASCAR?

By Aleister Crowley.

The Poetry Society. St. Vitus,
St. Borborgmus, aid! The thin screams fell
And rose like spasms in some hothouse hell
Peopled by scraggier harpies than Cocytus.

Dull dirty décolletées dilettante!
I sickened to the soul; above the babble
Of the cacophonous misshapen rabble,
Rose like a cliff the awful form of Dante.

Colossally contemptuous, in airy
Stature the iron eyes of Alighieri
Bum into mine; their razor lightnings carve
My capon soul. "What dost thou here?" they said:
"Art thou not even worthy to be dead?"
"Canst thou not go into the street, and starve?"