

The truth about the Black book / by C. Sheridan Jones.

Contributors

Jones, Charles Sheridan, 1876-

Publication/Creation

London : Stanley Paul, [1919]

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/rg9mft69>

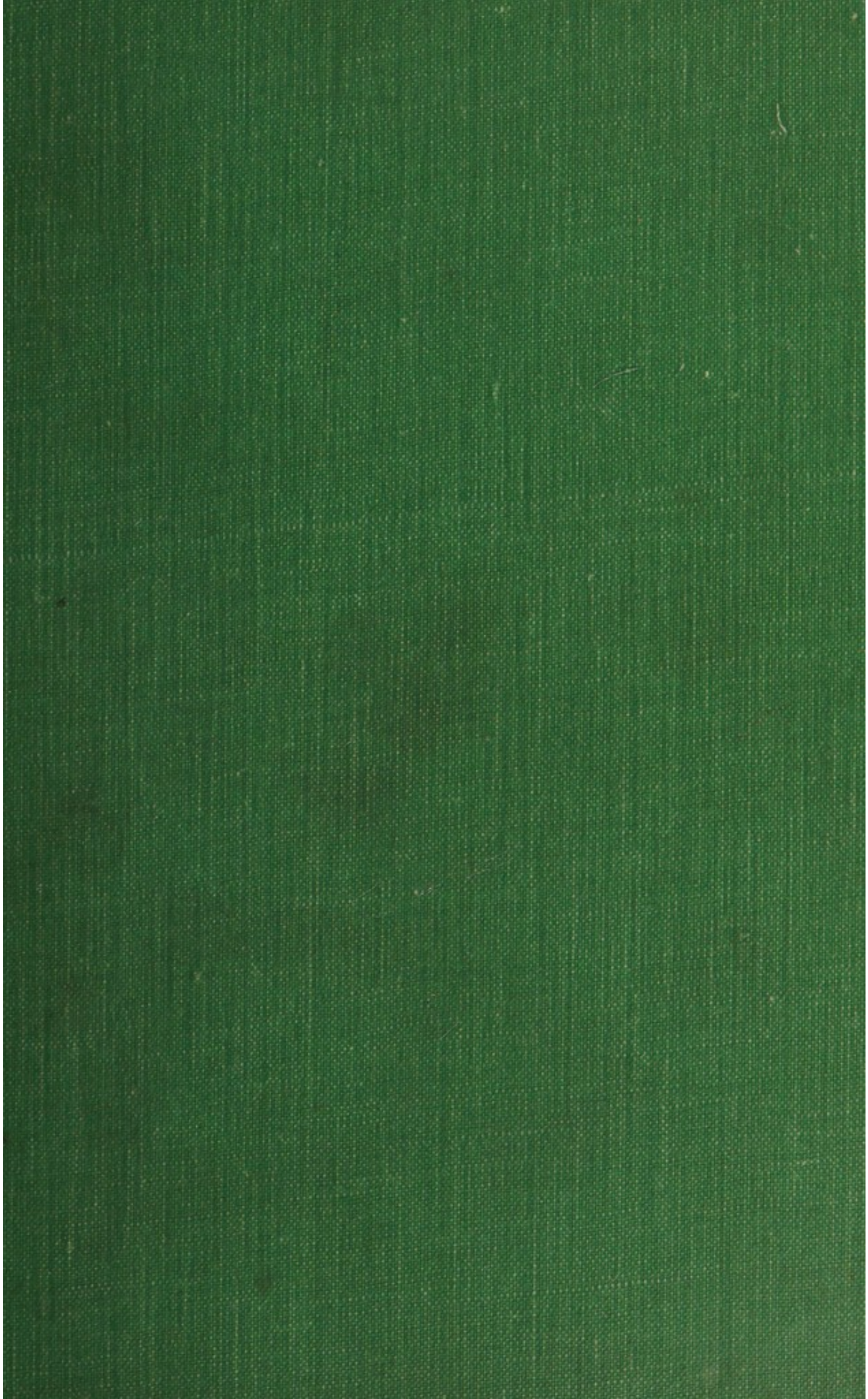
License and attribution

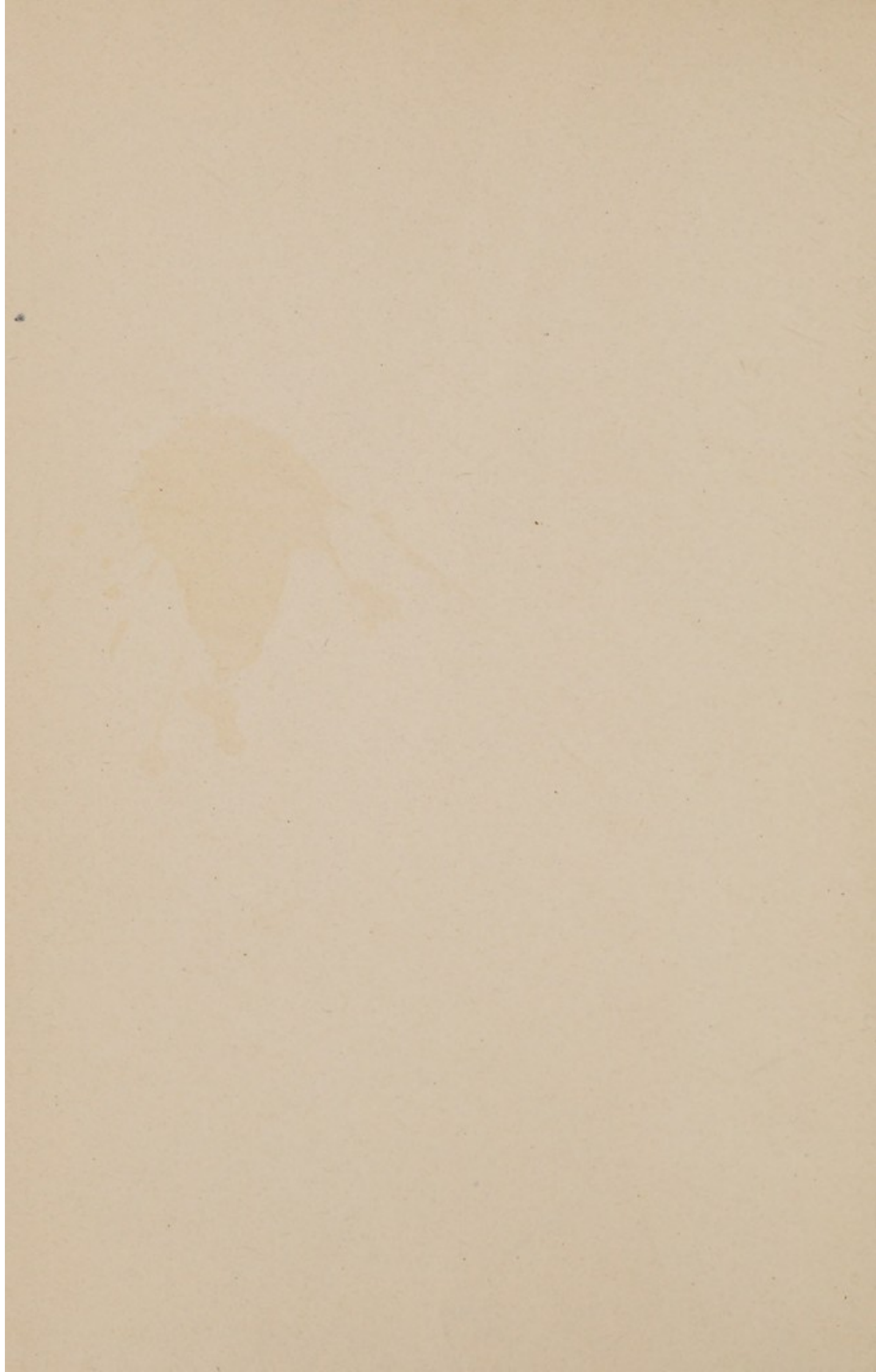
This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.



Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>









THE TRUTH ABOUT
THE BLACK BOOK

**THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF
DURHAM** says :

“The book entitled ‘THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BLACK BOOK’ deals with a subject as vital as it is painful. . . . There is no doubt that English society was inclined before the war, and may be inclined even now, to play fast and loose with morality. Attacks, not veiled but open, upon the purity of home life and the sanctity of marriage had come to be alarmingly frequent. Still more serious, because more insidious, was the disposition to palliate or extenuate violations of the moral law. But whoever aims at sapping foundations of morality is an enemy of his country.”

**THE RT. HON. SIR GILBERT
PARKER** says :

“I consider ‘THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BLACK BOOK’ a publication of very great importance. . . . It should be read by all who are interested in knowing the origin of Hun cruelty and lust and malevolence.”

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BLACK BOOK

BY

C. SHERIDAN JONES

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF THE HOHENZOLLERN," "THE UNSPEAKABLE
PRUSSIAN," "THE MORMONS UNMASKED," ETC. ETC.

LONDON

STANLEY PAUL & CO

31 ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.2

First published in 1919

342631

WELLCOME INSTITUTE LIBRARY	
Coll.	weIMOmec
Call	
No.	WM

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
THE REAL ISSUE IN THE BILLING TRIAL	II

CHAPTER II

BERLIN AS A CENTRE OF VICE . . .	36
----------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III

GERMANY'S POISONED LITERATURE . . .	73
-------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV

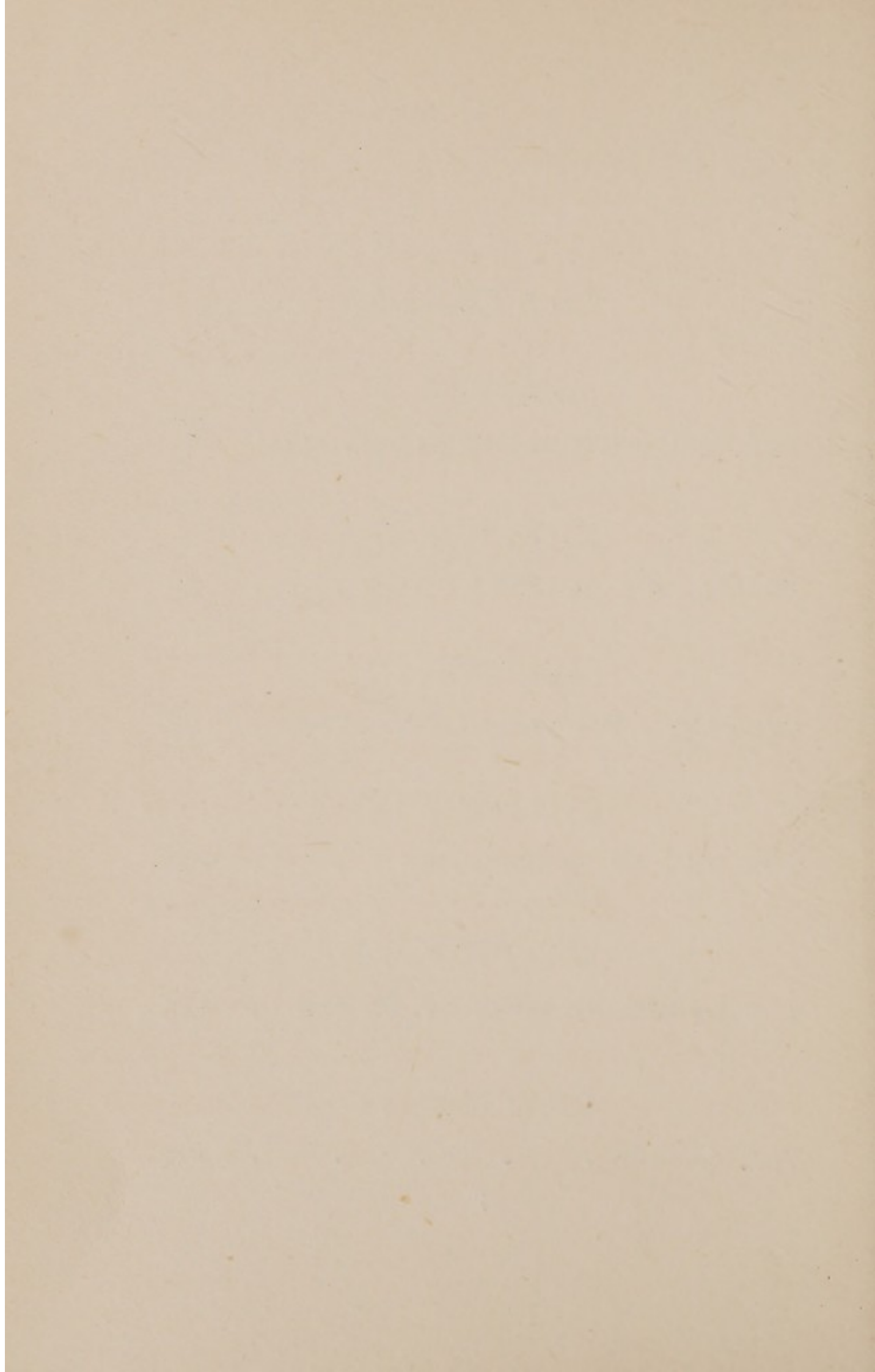
THE WAY OF DESTRUCTION . . .	100
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER V

THE DEHUMANIZATION OF WOMAN . . .	125
-----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VI

THE DANGER	160
----------------------	-----



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BLACK BOOK

CHAPTER I

THE REAL ISSUE IN THE BILLING TRIAL

IN the long records of English jurisprudence there have been few trials more remarkable, none more sensational, than that which recently ended in a verdict of "Not guilty" against Mr. Pemberton Billing, M.P., charged, it may be recollected, with having committed a criminal libel against a certain dancer.

Startling as had been the defendant's original allegation, it soon occupied, so far as the public were concerned, a secondary place in the proceedings, which, tumultu-

ous and bewildering throughout, developed practically into a trial, not of the defendant, but of certain phases of English political and literary society—phases which the average man hardly knew existed, which he heard of with incredulity, but which, no sooner did they confront him within the court, than he condemned them without hesitation. The defence was of so astounding a character that one naturally seeks for some explanation of the subsequent verdict, for this, to all appearance, set the seal of the jury's approval on allegations against, not one or two, but several of our public men—allegations that charged them with tastes and conduct so odious as to render them unfit for the society of decent people.

What is the explanation? To me it is very simple. We need not trouble, I think, to consider the charges which were made by various witnesses for the defence, espe-

cially those witnesses who reflected on the character of the many dead men whose names and personalities were somehow introduced into the proceedings. The fact that these men are unable to defend themselves, to return any answer to the charges made against them, and that their friends cannot obviously do so in any detail, ought to cause us to forget that part of the proceedings. Only on the very clearest evidence, and on the most specific grounds, ought we to hold dead men suspect of charges like these.

Still less need we attach serious importance to the statements that certain names were to be found written in the famous, oft-quoted "Black Book." Clearly it is within the power of the Germans, as of anyone else, to include in such a book any person, whose name they may wish to asperse, any man or woman whom they may wish to ruin. The fact that

the names of dead men and of living were found in the book proves nothing. Otherwise we could brand the most blameless individual as a criminal merely by writing his name down in a list of persons who were wanted by the police.

Yet, as we have seen, the trial stirred the public consciousness profoundly. During its course the papers recording the proceedings could not keep pace with the demand. The most stirring news of the war had scarcely evoked livelier interest. Thousands of people besieged the court, seeking vainly for admission; thousands more followed the examination and the cross-examination of witnesses with intense interest. When the defendant was discharged, enthusiasm rose to fever-heat. Press disparagement of his methods, judicial asperity, the English dislike of the violent and exaggerated phrases he employed, the English aversion to disrespect for the

law, to the whole spirit and manner in which the defence had been conducted—all these went for nothing. Men who were not merely indifferent, but hostile to the defendant, rejoiced at the verdict, because they felt that, despite all the faults of his demeanour, his exaggerations and his recklessness, he deserved well of the commonwealth in that he had vindicated the national cause and the national character against influences, alien in their origin, hateful and repugnant to the spirit of our people, and, as they were tempted to believe, directed against our *morale* by the enemy as part of his insidious propaganda.

For years the man in the street had been made to feel that the morality, the old-fashioned, wholesome English morality, that had served his fathers and mothers, tolerant and easy-going, almost lax in certain matters, but definite enough

and dangerous enough in all the serious issues of life, was being undermined and weakened. He found a new tone in the public press and a new taste in public literature. The old idea that the chastity of women was a matter of vital importance, the belief that a certain sanctity attached to marriage and the home, these and similar convictions, which had been so much a part and parcel of his life that he had never troubled to think them out, he found subject to perpetual criticism. A distinguished writer, Mr. Bernard Shaw, suggested that the part which the home played in our national life was largely responsible for the political incapacity of our people. Other publicists suggested that marriages on the probationary system were very desirable. A lady novelist contributed a plea for "the visiting husband," which occupied close on two columns of type in a popular Sunday paper. One of

the most widely read novels of the day was denounced by a Judge of the High Court "as a glorification of sensuous and shameless adultery." Other works of fiction represented the typical girl of the period as liking a man all the better because he had been a co-respondent—one of two—in a divorce suit; and social reformers began to urge the desirability of breaking up the home altogether by transferring children from the care of their parents to the State. Added to this, a new literature began to make its appearance on the bookstalls and in the libraries: a literature that left so nasty a taste in the mouth that in some cases the novels were burnt or prohibited by the authorities—in one instance, at least, only when the work had achieved a considerable *vogue*. Some of these things were perhaps trifling in the item; in the aggregate they had a profoundly disturbing

effect upon the mind of that inarticulate person the average man, who did not in the least respond to these efforts to impose a new morality upon his settled convictions.

Father Bernard Vaughan, to my mind one of the best witnesses called for the defence at the trial, and for the reason that in regard to the strict issues involved he had nothing relevant to say, had with many other publicists and writers voiced that alarm clearly and definitely. In his book entitled *What of To-Day?** he says :

“ Now, I do not wish for one moment to maintain that this particular age in which we live is the worst the world has ever seen. That would be an absurdly exaggerated estimate. But I do say that there is a spirit abroad which contains in itself such potentialities for evil as

* London, The House of Cassell.

have never yet existed in any previous era ; and my chief reason for that belief is that we are rapidly heading towards a condition in which the very great majority of people will fail, as so many even now fail, to recognize evil when they see it. If you do not realize that you are living in and breathing a poisoned atmosphere, you will not make any efforts to escape from it, and therefore it becomes a serious duty for those of us who have sufficient moral sense left, not only to make a firm stand against these noxious and false ideas, but to endeavour, by example as well as by precept, to influence the minds and souls of our neighbours."

What were the noxious and false ideas that Father Bernard Vaughan referred to? He summarized them, or some of them, in the same book. They consisted principally in the current view—current,

that is, among journalists of certain schools and novelists of uncertain minds—that “marriage was an existence in which each of the parties had the fullest liberty to do as he or she pleases” ; that “in a day when men speak of philosophy without reason . . . and of religion without dogma . . . they advocate ‘leasehold marriages’ . . . with easier divorce and laxer divorce laws.”

Above all, Father Bernard Vaughan saw danger in certain phases of the Woman Movement, with its “demand for a vote, for higher wages, for greater opportunity, for a wider education, for less dependence upon man, and with its hostility to the home.”

“If anything could ruin this Woman Movement, one would have thought, it would be this attack on the sanctity of the home, this open and shocking declara-

tion of war on morality, this shameful and unashamed advocacy of the diabolical doctrine of free love. That woman should, in a moment of passion, yield to temptation and fall is bad enough ; that our civilization should be unable to grapple with the terrible problem to which the streets of every town in the kingdom bear witness, is ten times more deplorable ; but that any woman could be found in the length and breadth of Christendom to argue on intellectual grounds, calmly and in no sudden gust of passion, in favour of a State-recognized and promiscuous intercourse, is so awful, so hideous a phenomenon of our modernity that the brain reels in contemplating the consequences—even the worldly consequences—of so ghastly and so miserable an error.

“ Yet it is true. Nor are these things whispered quietly in private rooms behind closed doors. They are proclaimed un-

blushingly from the housetops, from public platforms, in lecture halls, in books, in papers, in novels written for the purpose, in every way that ingenuity can suggest to reach the mind of the public. Woman must be free—free from the shackles of a misguided past, free from the tyranny of man, free—the horrible blasphemy of it!—from the despotism of God! She must be free to go her own wild road, free to trample in the dust the stainless flower of her own purity, free to fall lower than man himself has fallen, and free to drag him down from toiling up those heights which it should be her pride and joy, as it is her God-given mission, to help him to scale.”

I am one of those who do not accept the particular sanctions, which Father Vaughan requires should underlie morality, but I believe that in this passage he cry-

stallized the vague feeling of suspicion and alarm with which thousands of silent, but disgusted, Englishmen view the modern attack upon the home, and the modern attempt to "free" woman from her responsibilities as a wife and a mother.

Side by side with the dislike and aversion which this attack upon the home inspired in the mind of the Englishman, was the half-incredulous, half-scornful indignation with which he learnt of vices, new, strange and repellent, that were making their way among the smart set, and which extorted from him just that amount of attention which we give to some evil, too remote, it seems, to be seriously considered; but whose constant re-emergence in the pressure of daily life warns us again and again that we cannot altogether ignore it.

That, then, was in the main the attitude of the man in the street towards the broad issue, as it touched morality, which

the Billing trial presented for his consideration. An old-fashioned person, clinging obstinately to old-fashioned beliefs, he had no latent enthusiasm for a propaganda, designed first to separate husband and wife, parent and child, and secondly, so to re-cast our view of the sexes that free love and promiscuous intercourse become amusing indulgences to be gratified or not, according to the fancy of the parties concerned. He had vague and muddled ideas about many things: about politics, religion, morality even, but on the subject of the sexes and their respective relations he had ideas that were quite clear and extremely definite.

But morality was not the only issue raised at the trial—raised, I mean, not by the evidence, some of which counted for very little, but by the disclosures that the prosecution itself was compelled to force on public attention.

For many months past the man in the street had learned to dread the Hidden Hand. He had been told that our policy could be diverted, the aims of our statesmen thwarted, and the valour of our soldiers brought to naught by the exercise of some strange, secret power that pulled the wires in the background and stultified the national cause. He had learnt that "juridical niceties" were, after all, to save Germany from being blockaded in earnest; that while our men in Germany had suffered cruelly at Ruhleben and other prison camps, all went well at Donington Hall, where the German officers enjoyed their coronas and drank Heidsieck as of yore; that Englishmen, called to the colours, sacrificed their businesses and their homes, what time the German banks ambled on in the same old sweet way, and Germans—some naturalized, some not—continued to thrive in this land of plenty,

conducting their affairs to their own very great profit and our loss. A little later he enjoyed the luxury of having his towns bombed, sometimes on two or three nights in succession, and was severely snubbed by prelates and statesmen when he asked for "reprisals"—though he went on asking all the same. Above all, he had the pleasure of learning that the firm, who were principally associated with the supply of one of the most important of the raw materials of war to the enemy, enjoyed the distinction of advising one of our great spending departments in the same vital matter. The unrest, the disquiet and the suspicions with which he had followed developments in the world of morals and ethics, spread now to the region of practical politics. He felt that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark, something lacking in our own; and that something, the old-fashioned, thorough-going, direct

English way of doing business and settling life's problems.

And then—then the whirligig of time called on him to act on the jury of the Billing case, and he found himself confronted with what?

He was confronted with one of the most depraving works ever perpetrated by perverted genius—he was confronted with *Salomé!*

It is for several reasons important that we should at least glance at the contents of this remarkable production, written some years ago in French by the deceased Oscar Wilde. I propose to quote from it three passages which perhaps sufficiently illustrate the character of the work.

Salomé, the stepdaughter of Herod, has called on him to deliver to her the head of John the Baptist. She is represented in the play as being passionately

in love with the prophet, whom she addresses thus :

“SALOMÉ. Thy hair is horrible. It is covered with mire and dust. It is like a crown of thorns which they have placed on thy forehead. It is like a knot of black serpents writhing round thy neck. I love not thy hair. . . . It is thy mouth that I desire, Jokanaan. Thy mouth is like a band of scarlet on a bower of ivory. It is like a pomegranate cut with a knife of ivory. The pomegranate-flowers that blossom in the gardens of Tyre, and are redder than roses, are not so red. The red blasts of trumpets that herald the approach of kings, and make afraid the enemy, are not so red. Thy mouth is redder than the feet of those who tread the wine in the wine-press. Thy mouth is redder than the feet of the doves who haunt the temples and are fed by the

priests. It is redder than the feet of him who cometh from a forest where he hath slain a lion, and seen gilded tigers. Thy mouth is like a branch of coral that fishers have found in the twilight of the sea, the coral that they keep for the kings! . . . It is like the vermilion that the Moabites find in the mines of Moab, the vermilion that the kings take from them. It is like the bow of the King of the Persians, that is painted with vermilion, and is tipped with coral. There is nothing in the world so red as thy mouth. . . . Let me kiss thy mouth."

The lady also observes :

"Jokanaan, I am amorous of thy body ! Thy body is white like the lilies of the field that the mower hath never mowed. Thy body is white like the snows that lie on the mountains, like the snows that lie

on the mountains of Judæa, and come down into the valleys. The roses in the garden of the Queen of Arabia are not so white as thy body. Neither the roses in the garden of the Queen of Arabia, the perfumed garden of spices of the Queen of Arabia, nor the feet of the dawn when they light on the leaves, nor the breast of the moon when she lies on the breast of the sea. . . . There is nothing in the world so white as thy body. Let me touch thy body."

That is when the prophet is still alive. Now listen to the lady when she has secured his head. Thus is the scene described :

" (A huge black arm, the arm of the EXECUTIONER, comes forth from the cistern, bearing on a silver shield the head of JOKANAAN. SA-

LOMÉ *seizes it.* HEROD *hides his face with his cloak.* HERODIAS *smiles and fans herself.* *The Nazarenes fall on their knees and begin to pray.)*

“SALOMÉ. Ah! thou wouldst not suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan. Well! I will kiss it now. I will bite it with my teeth as one bites a ripe fruit. Yes, I will kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan. I said it; did I not say it? I said it. Ah! I will kiss it now. . . .”

It is possible that the emotions here depicted require some interpretation for the ordinary unsophisticated English reader. They can find that interpretation only in medical text-books.

According to the writers of these books there is a particularly revolting and atrocious form of sex-aberration known as Sadism. It is not necessary to enter

into any detailed description of the disease, for a disease it is ; but this much may be made clear. According to Dr. August Forel, whose book, *The Sexual Question* (Heinemann), is a standard work of reference, its victims are marked by an "exalted and absolutely pathological association of sexual desire with a sanguinary instinct," and they satisfy "their sexual desire by making martyrs of their victims up to complete butchery." Jack the Ripper belongs to this category, as did the Marquis de Sade, a French author, whose romances overflow with cruel voluptuousness. I could give many revolting details of this particular vice, but that is not necessary; and if there should still be any doubt as to the significance of the speeches Salomé uttered, they will be dissolved for most people by the simple fact that in another medical text-book, that of Dr. Bloch on *The Sexual Life of our Time*, the play is

specifically referred to as having for its theme "Sadistic love."

This was the play that confronted the jury in the Billing case; and associated with it was a circumstance that to my mind was even more startling, and indeed appalling, than the play itself. It was alleged, and the statement was never satisfactorily disposed of, that the play was to be performed at the public expense, from funds out of the national purse, and that it was to be enacted in neutral countries, notably Holland, where it would be taken to be representative of English thought and ideas; and this was to be done, it was suggested, for the purpose of aiding the national cause in the war, the terrible war, then straining our resources in men, money and lives to the uttermost.

Is it any wonder that men saw in this the work of the Hidden Hand? Is it

any matter of surprise that they said, "It is an enemy who has done this thing." We, on a colder review of the facts, may regret this view, but even so we shall be driven to one more serious. If we ask ourselves how such a mass of putrefying filth as *Salomé* came to be put forward as representing the land of Chaucer and Shakespeare, Dickens and Tennyson, a work so alien to the spirit, genius and traditions of our race, we shall be compelled to conclude, after a dispassionate review of the facts, that Father Vaughan was right when he declared that "there is a spirit abroad which contains in itself such potentialities for evil as have never yet existed in any previous era"; and to share his belief "that we are rapidly heading towards a condition in which the very great majority of people will fail, as so many even now fail, to recognize evil when they see it."

That condition I trace to the infection of the poison of German literature, which I shall show has spread throughout Europe, and is to-day the most serious menace that the Teuton offers to our civilization.

CHAPTER II

BERLIN AS A CENTRE OF VICE

IN considering this particular phase of the German menace, and in realizing the extent to which the decadence of his literature has reacted on that of other countries, we must have regard to certain important facts.

First, we must remember that opinion about Germany has undergone during the past few years a tremendous revulsion, so that we have almost forgotten how high the Fatherland once stood in our estimation. To-day, the recommendation of Germany is not merely sufficient to make its object suspect, but to ensure its condemnation. Twenty years ago, however, enthusiasm for German methods

and institutions, for German trade, German militarism, German science and German literature found constant expression among our own writers, thinkers and statesmen. The Fatherland was hailed as the "friend and ally of the English people, by whose side they were to march in the vanguard of civilization." Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, perhaps the most representative and certainly the most popular, Englishman of the period, voiced the overwhelming mass of middle-class public opinion when he declared that the Anglo-German Alliance was the best for both countries and for mankind. To say that a certain course of education, a certain mode of instruction, was followed in Germany was to imply that it was efficient, durable, and, above all, eminently "safe." For we must not forget that the Teuton stood to us in those days as the embodiment of all that was practical, abstemious and successful.

Whatever he recommended, we trustful and complacent Britons eagerly swallowed ; remodelling our concepts of life, religion, conduct and ethics to a very great extent upon the pattern of things "Made in Germany."

Our view of the German has changed to an amazing, an incredible extent. But not more than the German himself. Let us see in what that change consists.

Briefly, it began when Bismarck, solid, practical and sagacious, albeit incorrigibly unscrupulous, disappeared, and gave place to the Kaiser,—volatile, impressionable and histrionic. The one was a man of iron resolution ; the other, for all his abilities, must be written down as a neurotic ; and, by a startling coincidence, Germany, from the time of his accession and the passing of Bismarck, began to become unmistakably neurotic also.

To begin with, there was the disappear-

ance, rapid and complete, of the old admiration of that thrifty frugality, which had done so much to ingratiate Germany in the good graces of the Englishman. Germany became prosperous, and with her prosperity, thrift and its cult disappeared. I can remember, not so very long ago, hearing a German social reformer explain to an appreciative audience of working men that in the Fatherland manufacturers were content to lead lives of austere simplicity, so as to put their surplus profits back into the business. That sounded convincing enough in the early nineties; but it soon gave way to other tales. Germany's trade commenced to shoot ahead with a swiftness that left the world breathless, and changed our respect to envy. Her exports quadrupled; her people became speedily prosperous. Colossal profits were reaped quite easily by her traders, who, in a few years, gained

the advantage of decades of self-denying drudgery. Germany became rich all of a sudden. The fortunes of her merchants mounted rapidly to heights they had never dreamt of. As Germany grew richer and richer inside her borders, from without there sounded in her greedy ears the praises of an amazed and admiring world—praises of German efficiency, German thoroughness, German organization. Victory in the field, military success, they had known. They were now to taste the delights of opulence, which, opening suddenly before them, blinded the whole nation with the glitter of its enchanting prospect.

Now the effect of this sudden and unbounded prosperity on Germany was twofold.

First, it reacted almost immediately on her conception of her responsibilities as a military power. She became ag-

gressive, relentless and brutal in her views of the use of force. Bismarck had sedulously cultivated the idea that the German army existed for the defence of the Fatherland, situated as it was "between the hammer of Russia and the anvil of France." The new military school of Bernhardi made short work of this old-fashioned view. Germany wanted her army for purposes of conquest, to rob other nations of their territory, to carry rapine, lust and slaughter through the smiling land while they did so, and to leave the conquered only with eyes to weep. Bernhardi himself is very emphatic and quite explicit on the matter.

What was the strange new doctrine that Bernhardi adumbrated? In my work, *The Unspeakable Prussian*,¹ I answered the question thus: "Merely the gospel of the pirate, the ethic of the as-

¹ The House of Cassell, 1914.

sassin ; with this difference, that while these may deplore as regrettable necessities the deaths of their victims, Bernhardi hails their work as the noblest that man can do."

Mercy, sympathy, compassion, helpfulness to others—Bernhardi, spreading the devil's culture, knows nothing of these. Force, and force alone, is admirable ; war, and war alone, can develop man. So far from being a stern, regrettable duty that at times must be grimly gone through with, it is, in fact, the only thing much worth fighting for ; and though Bernhardi tries to pretend that war should subserve some political end, it is obvious that, in his heart of hearts, so great an ascendancy has the lust of cruelty obtained over him, he echoes Nietzsche's phrase : " Most people will tell you that the cause justifies the battle. But I tell you this—the battle justifies the cause."

Bloodshed, slaughter, the destruction of countless thousands of lives: who would be so obtuse, who so old-fashioned as to seek for an excuse for these things? They are, in fact, their own justification. Commerce, art, science, politics—all these are of small account! One hears as one reads the crimson pages of this apostle of slaughter the remark of those German soldiers who, destroying the exquisitely wrought treasures of Louvain, exclaimed contemptuously: "Things like these are for fools and women." The greatest triumphs of art, the most delicate apparatus of science—these do not matter. Only the implements of war are important. Only the art of killing men really counts. Thus spake Bernhardi through the mouths of his converts. Thus spake Germania. Surely it is no exaggeration to say that, had she triumphed then, civilization would have gone down.

But let us listen to the voice of the oracle himself. Hear him first on the beauties of war in the abstract.

“Peace,” he says, “is poisoning the soul of the people. . . . I must try to prove that war is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of culture, in which a truly civilized nation finds the highest expression of strength and vitality.”

This was the view that Bernhardi emphasized in all his works, and his teaching was eagerly seized on and assimilated by the German people.

Now it is extraordinarily significant that at the very time when Bernhardi was converting his fellow countrymen to this new view of war, or rather when he was advertising their assent to it, another change had come over the tone and temper

of the German people which students of the psychology of sex will recognize instantly as the complement of the first. Great cruelty and excessive lust are frequently associated, and we may find in the almost purblind devotion of the German people to the use of force, and in their positive delight in its ruthless and cruel employment, the other side to those frenzied depravities, those hectic excitations of sensuality, some illustrations of which the war has shown us.

In short, German militarism and German sexual degeneration went hand in hand, for they were both products of the same over-mastering passion—the desire to dominate, to give pain, finally to destroy. Very remarkable in this connection are the words of Nietzsche, the discoverer of the Superman, who hailed the Kaiser's subjects as "beautiful blonde beasts, avid for blood and slaughter," and who, as

we see in the passage below, positively pleads for cruelty, and for the infliction of agony as the great *desideratum* for humanity.

“ Almost everything which we call higher civilization,” he says, “ depends upon the spiritualization and deepening of cruelty. . . . That which constitutes the painful pleasure of comedy is cruelty ; that which is agreeable to our senses in the so-called tragic sympathy—fundamentally, indeed, whatever is pleasurable to us up to the most intense and delicate metaphysical horror—obtains its sweetness only from the intermingled ingredient of cruelty. That which the Romans enjoyed in the arena, that which Christ enjoyed in the Passion of the Cross, the Spaniards regarding an *auto-da-fé* or a bull-fight, the Japanese of to-day, with his love for the tragic, the Parisian workman who has a passion for sanguinary revolutions, the

Wagnerian rejoicing in the spectacle of Tristan and Isolde—all alike enjoy, all alike are suffused with secret ardour as they drain the Circe's cup of 'cruelty.'

“ We must therefore for ever deny the absurd psychology which attempted to teach regarding cruelty that it arose only from the view of another's pain! There exists an abundant—over-abundant—joy also in one's own pain, in making one's own self to suffer; and whenever man persuades himself—it may be only to self-denial in the religious sense, or to self-mutilation like the Phœnicians and the ascetics—to self-torment in religion, to the puritanic convulsive penitence, to the vivisection of conscience, and to Pascal's sacrifice of the intellect—in all these alike he is lured onwards and impelled forwards by his cruelty alone, by that dangerous emotion of cruelty directed against himself.”

It is hardly necessary for me to analyse the fallacies that lie at the root of this argument, an argument which will not impress anyone with any sense of humour. The notion that a man derives physical satisfaction from being burnt at the stake is "funny without being vulgar." But unfortunately the Germans notoriously lack humour. Laughter—sane, healthy, cleansing laughter—does not come easily to them, and they fell very soon into the mood which Nietzsche suggests in the above passage. With the results on the military side we are fairly conversant. Let us look for a moment at the other side of the picture—the wild, hectic and insane maelstrom of vice into which modern Germany plunged.

"I will make Berlin," said the Kaiser, "the first pleasure city in the world." He bent his energies to the task, and he succeeded only too well.

Before the war the pleasures of Berlin had grown to such a pitch, and had taken on such a form, that men, by no means puritan in their outlook on life and familiar with all the other great cities of Europe, turned from them in disgust. There were few species of depravity, few excesses, few aberrations, into which passion leads mankind, that did not find representation in the capital of Germany. It used to be an oft-quoted joke, which did service more than once in the Parisian papers, to say that the courtezans on the street were rendered unemployed, owing to the successful competition of the officers of the Guard, and coteries formed for the practice of the Socratic vice began to achieve such a positive ascendancy at the Court that a famous German journalist risked everything by daring to expose them in his paper. The night life of Berlin began to play havoc alike with the

brains and with the nerves of the leading men of business in the city, and it was no uncommon thing for men to get to their offices, morning after morning, after nights of which only two or three hours had been spent in sleep. Sometimes they would leave their office early in the afternoon—about four or five o'clock—and repair home for some hours' sleep, and then, having dined, repair to the nocturnal cafés, where they remained the rest of the night. Or they would vary this rule by getting home to bed at four or five o'clock in the morning, snatching a few hours' sleep, and then commencing the day's work. Despite the debauchery, the dissipation, the nerve-rotting excitement, the constant brain-destroying distractions, the wealth of the German Empire, and especially of Berlin, grew miraculously greater.

But these nightly orgies, with their maddening over-stimulation of the senses,

their perpetual draughts on the health and vitality of the thousands who took part in them, were but a part, and a small part, of the evil that followed on the change, a veritable transformation in life, thought and conduct which rapidly overtook Berlin and other cities. The sudden abandonment of old standards of conduct and of old and settled ways of life, the relief from intense over-concentration in business, and the escape from an iron, unremitting regime of thrift and denial, carried the present generation of Berliners into excesses and abominations that their fathers had not even dreamt of. There sprung up in the city on the Spree various organizations, or secret clubs, devoted to the pursuit of almost every conceivable and inconceivable form of sexual aberration. Kraft Ebing has described in detail one function of the most astounding and dangerous description in his book, *Psychopathia*

Sexualis (The F. A. Davis Co., Philadelphia and London). Quoting from a Berlin newspaper, whose account he apparently accepts as authentic, this erudite authority on the erotic says :

“ *The Woman-haters’ Ball.*—Almost every social element in Berlin has its social reunions—the corpulent, the bald-headed, the young—and why not the woman-haters? This species of men, so interesting psychologically and none too edifying, had a great ball to-day. ‘Grand Vienna Masked Ball’—so read the notice. The sale of tickets was more than discriminative; it was exclusive. The rendezvous was a well-known dance hall. We enter the hall about midnight. The graceful dancing is to the strains of a splendid orchestra. Dense tobacco smoke, veiling the gas-jets, does not easily allow details of the moving mass to become

obvious. Only during the interval between the dances can we obtain a clearer and closer view. The masks, we see, are by far in the majority; black dress coats and ball gowns are seen only now and then.

“ But what is that? The lady in rose-tarletan, who just now passed us had a lighted cigar in the corner of her mouth, puffing like a trooper; and we observe she wears a fine blonde beard, lightly painted out. And she is talking with a very *décolleté* ‘angel’ in *tricots*, who stands there with bare arms folded behind her, likewise smoking. The two voices are masculine and the conversation is also masculine: it is about the—tobacco which kills the atmosphere. Two men in female attire. A conventional clown stands there, against a pillar, in widespread intercourse with a ballet-dancer, his arm placed round her faultless waist. She has a blonde

'Titus-head,' clear-cut profile, and apparently a voluptuous figure. The brilliant ear-rings, the necklace with a medallion attached, the full, round shoulders and arms, do not allow a doubt of her 'genuineness,' until, with a sudden movement, she frees herself from the embracing arm, and, yawning loudly, moves away, observing in a bass voice, 'Emile, how you bore me to-day.' The ballet-dancer is likewise a male.

"Suspicious now, we look further round us. We begin to suspect that here in this hall the world is topsy-turvy, for here goes, or, rather, trips, a man—no, no man at all, even though he wears a carefully trained moustache. The well-curled hair, the powdered and painted face with the blackened eyebrows, the golden ear-rings, the bouquet of flowers reaching from the left shoulder to the breast, adorning the elegant black gown, the golden bracelets

on the wrists, the elegant fan in the white-gloved hand—all these appurtenances are anything but masculine. And how she toys with the fan! How he dances and turns, and trips and lisps! And yet Nature made this doll a man. He is, we learn, a salesman in a large millinery store, and the ballet-dancer mentioned is his 'colleague.'

“ At a little corner table there seems to be a great social circle. Several elderly gentlemen press around a group of *décolleté* ladies, who sit over a glass of wine and (in the spirit of fun) make jokes that are certainly not too delicate. Who are these three ladies? ‘Ladies,’ echoes my better informed friend. ‘Well, the one on the right, with the brown hair and the short, fancy-dress, is called “Butterieke,” and he is a hair-dresser; the second one—the blonde in a singer’s costume, with the necklace of pearls—is known here by the

name of "Fräulein Ella of the tight-rope," and he is a ladies' tailor; as for the third, that is the widely celebrated "Lottie."

"But that individual cannot possibly be a man? That waist, that bust, those classic arms, the whole air and person are strikingly feminine."

"I am told that 'Lottie' was once a book-keeper. To-day she, or rather he, is exclusively 'Lottie,' and finds the keenest pleasure in deceiving men about his sex as long as possible. 'Lottie' is singing a song that would hardly do for a drawing-room. His highly pitched voice, acquired by years of practice, many a soprano might envy. 'Lottie' has also trodden the stage as a female comedian. Now the quondam book-keeper has so thoroughly entered into the female *rôle* that he wears female attire in the streets almost exclusively, and the people with whom he lodges state that most of his clothes are

feminine clothes, and that moreover this man sleeps in an embroidered nightdress.

“ On a closer examination of this weird assembly, to my astonishment I discover acquaintances on all hands: my boot-maker, whom I should have taken for anything but a woman-hater—he is a ‘troubadour’ with sword and plume; while his ‘Leonora,’ in the costume of a bride, is accustomed to place my favourite brand of cigars before me in a certain cigar-shop. ‘Leonora,’ who, during an intermission, removes her gloves, I recognize with certainty by her large, blue hands. Right! There is a haberdasher I know also; he is moving about in a questionable costume as Bacchus, and is the swain of a repugantly bedecked ‘Diana,’ who is employed as a waiter in a beer-restaurant. The real ‘ladies’ of the ball cannot be described here. They associate strictly with one another, and avoid the woman-haters;

the latter, also, are very exclusive, and amuse themselves, absolutely ignoring the charms of the women.”

It must not be thought that this function was a mere solitary event that, happening once in a while, is of no value in determining the general moral condition of the people as a whole. Unfortunately the function here described does not stand alone. Such events, according to the author of *Degenerate Germany*, were advertised in the Berlin Press in 1914. According to Mr. Abraham Flexner, the author of *Prostitution in Europe* (The Century Press, New York, 1913), at least some forty resorts existed in Berlin patronized by these perverts, and he declares in the same work that it is reported that some 30,000 persons of marked homo-sexual inclination reside in the German capital. Dr. Iwan Bloch gives it as his deliberate opinion that

sexual aberration is diffused throughout all classes of the German population—among workmen just as much as among aristocrats, princely personalities, and intellectual heroes. Physicians, philosophers, merchants, artists, etc., all these, he declares, contribute their contingents.

But even more remarkable is the fact that Dr. Iwan Bloch, admittedly one of the greatest authorities on the subject in Europe, declares that a Secret Society for the Cultivation of Immoral Practices existed and was discovered by the police in Gratz in 1906. High personages, so it is alleged, were members of the club. Festivals were held in a large garden of the "Zum Königstiger," and concluded in the form of orgies behind closed doors; while the author of *Berlin's Third Sex* is quoted in *Degenerate Germany* as bearing similar witness to other institutions and organizations formed deliberately for the purpose of

inculcating and practising unnatural vice, and without any parallel, it is safe to say, in the whole of Europe.

Now although the authorities that I have quoted are men whose word cannot be lightly set aside, it is obvious that we could not accept their statements without some measure of corroboration. The condition of affairs that these disclosures point to is in itself so amazing, so alien as it seems to all the virtues, all the characteristics that we have been accustomed to crediting Germany with in the past, that some additional testimony must be procured before we can accept the statements put forward; and it happens that we have this corroborative evidence in abundance.

I will point to three circumstances, all of them eloquent of an aberrated public opinion, almost inconceivable to the average Englishman, and offering conclusive proof

that the present German view of these matters is neither normal nor tolerable.

First, there is the fact that for many years a celebrated publicist, by name Ulrich, wrote and published a series of pamphlets in which he advocated deliberately the union of "Urnings," that is of sex perverts — men and women — whom he declared ought to live together as they chose, man with man, woman with woman. I need scarcely point out that the very existence of such a propaganda would in Great Britain be impossible.

Secondly, there has been published for many years a monthly journal, *Geißel und Rute* (*Whip and Rod*), which organ is devoted to the advocacy of that form of sexual insanity known as Flagellation, and which causes its victims to find an insane, a kind of insatiable ecstasy, either in being flogged themselves or in causing

others to suffer the extremities of physical pain in this direction. Again I need hardly say that the appearance of even one such publication in England would lead to very serious results for those concerned in its production. It was apparently accepted in Germany as being at worst nothing more regrettable than the expression of an odd, a slightly bizarre point of view.

Both these are matters of public record. So is the third proof, which I desire to cite, that of the Eulenburg scandal. The facts are notorious; but, like other notorious matters, they have been forgotten, and it is of vital importance that we should be reminded of their significance. Briefly they were these.

Some fifteen years ago Maximilian Harden, editor of *Zukunft*, denounced in that paper a *clique* of highly placed officials at the Kaiser's Court, chief among whom,

he said, was Prince Eulenburg, and all of whom were, he asserted, addicted to vile practices and to unnatural vice. He said, further, that these men formed a *camarilla*, and that they used their influence to obtain jobs and places for their friends, to deflect the policy of the State in matters of high importance, and, most serious of all, to influence the Kaiser himself. What followed? Had such an article appeared at any time in an English paper it would have been followed by prompt action. Either the editor would have been ruined or the man whom he attacked. But in Germany nothing of the sort occurred. Eulenburg for a long time took no action against Harden, and not until the Crown Prince called the attention of his father to the matter was any official notice taken of the articles. Then Prince Bulow made a statement in the Reichstag, and later Prince Philip Eulenburg took action

against his accuser, with the result that his character was blasted for ever.

In the light of these three facts—the existence of publications such as the Ulrich pamphlets, of a magazine devoted to flagellomania, and of the demonstration of the truth of nine-tenths of Harden's statements—we cannot set aside the evidence which I have quoted from Kraft Ebing, Bloch and other authorities: statements that point to the existence of secret *coteries*, clubs, associations devoted to the pursuit of vices from which normal men and women recoil.

But so far we have only explored one side of the evil—that touching men. Let us look for a moment at the unpardonable sin as it affects the German woman.

Nobody is nowadays under any illusion as to her extraordinary chastity or virtue. All the world is aware that, so far from being pre-eminent in these qualities, she

is rather deficient in their practice. Too many German women are procuresses, too many German girls are prostitutes for it to be otherwise. But that is not the worst. According to the authors of *The German Woman and Her Master* (Werner Laurie) :

“ It is well known to the morals’ police of the capital that there exist in leading thoroughfares many ‘ mysterious bars ’ into which only women are admitted ; and there are also bars where women are denied entrance. It is not part of the writer’s purpose to examine the conduct of those who manage and those who frequent these unspeakable sinks of iniquity. Dances and theatrical performances in which the participants are all of one sex are not at all uncommon incidents in Berlin night life. One club occupying large premises in a leading street was

inaugurated in 1912 by a society woman who advocated a 'return to nature' by wearing no clothing whilst remaining in the club rooms ; and these were not women of the streets, but women of the wealthy and upper classes."

Says Mrs. Sidgwick in *Home Life in Germany* (Methuen) :

" It makes one open one's eyes to go to Germany to-day with one's old-fashioned ideas of the German Frau, and hear what she is doing in her desire to reform society and inaugurate a new code of morals. She does not even wait till she is married to speak with authority. On the contrary, she says that marriage is degrading, and that temporary unions are more to the honour and profit of women. ' Dear Aunt S.,' I heard of one girl writing to a venerable relative, ' I want you to congratulate me

on my happiness. I am about to be united with the man I love, and we shall live together' (*in freier Ehe*) 'till one is tired of it.' A German lady of wide views and worldly knowledge told me a girl had lately sent her a little volume of original poems that she could only describe as unfit for publication; yet she knew the girl and had thought her a harmless creature. She was presumably a goose who wanted to cackle in chorus. This same lady met another girl in the gallery of an artist who belonged to what Mr. Gilbert calls the 'fleshy school.' 'Ah!' said the girl to my friend, 'this is where I feel at home.' One of these immoderates, on the authority of Plato, recommended at a public meeting that girls should do gymnastics unclothed. Some of these are men-haters, some in the interests of their sex are all for free love. None of them accept the domination of men in theory,

so I think that the facts of life in their own country must often be unpleasantly forced on them. I discussed the movement, which is a marked one in Germany at present, with two women whose experience and good sense made their opinion valuable. But they did not agree. One said that the excesses of these people were the outcome of long repression, and would wear out in time. The other thought the movement would go on and grow; which was as much as to say that she thought the old morals were dead. Undoubtedly they are dead in some sets in Germany to-day."

"It is well known in Berlin that there are 'secret' societies composed strictly of women only," says Frau Kestner, "and to some of these societies belong many women whose names figure prominently in the daily Press in connection with fashionable functions, and so on. I visited

one place—a 'club'—in the south-west of Berlin one afternoon at the invitation of a well-known woman of title. The club-house was a spacious, ten-roomed villa built outwardly as an ordinary dwelling-house, but the interior was designed and furnished in a most unconventional and luxurious manner. . . . On the ground floor was a large Roman bath of white marble, and in the garden beyond, well screened by high walls and trees, was an open-air bath, in the middle of which stood a fountain. The rooms contained no tables or chairs, only divans and couches. I suppose I met some twenty women there, all well, or I should say artistically, dressed, and evidently belonging to the highest circles of Berlin society. Most of them were young; not one of them, I should say, over thirty-five years of age. Four or five were girls of twenty or thereabouts. I found that the diversions of the club

were physical culture and the perusal of literature, ancient and modern. As regards the physical culture, I was not invited into the room set apart for this purpose, being informed that none but members were admitted. I was told that the aim of the establishment was the attainment of the perfect female form, and an intimate knowledge of ancient art and literature. I noticed on the shelves of the library many books which even Berlin booksellers dare not expose for sale in their windows. Also volumes of Poggio-Bracciolini, Sinistrari, of Ameno, and Crispinus Bonifacius von Dusseldorp. I also noticed that modern literature was represented by *A Rebous*, by J. H. Huysmans, various works by Sudermann, Gorky and Oscar Wilde, and a host of books whose titles plainly indicated their questionable character. There were medical, psychological and 'hygienic' publications 'printed for

private circulation only,' and translations of unprintable matter from the Greek. I also gathered that performances were periodically given representing 'classical life'; and that Fräulein von S—— that evening would give a series of 'pictures' after the manner of Lady Hamilton who was so admired by our Goethe. Though I saw nothing in the conduct of the members to arouse my distaste, the whole 'tone' of the place was unhealthy in the extreme. A married woman, in reply to my question as to why she joined the society informed me that she was heartily sick of the humdrum of married life, and she spoke at some length upon the attitude of German men of all grades towards their women-folk. 'Why should not we women who have money, whether we are married or not, enjoy our lives in our own way, as men do? A man can go where he likes, do what he likes. Why

should we sit at home and mope as most German women do? Why should not German women have the freedom of English women, for instance? German women have too long been slaves; but the time is coming when they will no longer meekly submit to man's domination. I would rather have a man of any European nation for a husband than a German. . . . German women are slaves,' she repeated.

“ I must say that the formation of these women's questionable meeting-places (and there are several of a like nature in Berlin) is a departure that German men would do well to inquire into.”

CHAPTER III

GERMANY'S POISONED LITERATURE

To find the source of the hideous and revolting, but widespread perversion, of which these organizations are the outward and visible signs, we must consider the condition of modern German literature.

Carlyle, the greatest of all German apologists, has emphasized with a force and eloquence that no other writer commands, the profound influence which literature, even in its feeblest and most transient forms, exercises upon the life and thought of a people.

“The writer of a book,” he says in a famous passage, “is not he a preacher preaching, not to this parish or to that, on this day or that, but to all men in all

times and places? Surely it is of the last importance that *he* do his work right, whoever do it wrong; that the *eye* report not falsely, for then all the other members are astray."

And in Carlyle's own time this quality of veracity could assuredly be claimed for German literature.

"We have no hesitation in stating," he says in his *Miscellanies*, "that we see in certain of the best German poets something which associates them with the Masters of Art, the Saints of Poetry, long since departed, but canonized in the hearts of all generations, and yet living to all by the memory of what they did and were. Glances we do seem to find of that ethereal glory, which looks on us in its full brightness from the Transfiguration of Raffaele, from the *Tempest* of

Shakespeare, and in broken but purest and still heart-piercing beams struggling through the gleams of long ages, from the tragedies of Sophocles and the weather-worn sculptures of the Parthenon. . . . We can name such men," he says, "as Tieck, Richter, Herder, Schiller and, above all, Goethe; and ask any reader who had learned to admire our own literature of Queen Elizabeth's age, to peruse these writers also. . . . Are there not tones here of that old melody? Are there not glimpses of that serene soul, that calm harmonious strength, that smiling earnestness, that Love and Faith and Humanity of nature?"

Alas! the Germany that Carlyle knew and venerated has passed away. The Germany that loved Goethe and Schiller, Fichte and Richter, is dead, and seems to have left no heirs. The works of these

great men are no longer read in the Fatherland. As Professor Hugo Munsterburg has pointed out, books of quite another order are to be found everywhere in demand.

“The visitor who strolls through the streets and looks over the display in the windows of the numberless book stores,” says the professor,¹ “is surprised at the abundance of books on sexual questions. It seems as if all Germany had nothing else in mind but love making and love giving and love abusing.”

What has been the effect of this predominance of sex in Teuton literature? Inevitably it has told disastrously on the *morale* and spirit of the race.

“The systematic excitation of lasciviousness,” says Max Nordau in *Degeneration*,

¹ See *Social Studies of To-day*. Fisher Unwin, 1913.

“causes grave injury to the mental and physical health of individuals, and a society made up of individuals sexually over-stimulated, without self-control, discipline or shame, marches to its certain destruction.”

Prophetic words, as they seem to-day, now that Germany's doom is sealed!

Nor is it very difficult to trace in the frenzied atrocities of the German troops, in their hectic excesses, in their insane mutilations, their almost incredible orgies of wanton destruction, extending, let it be noted, over many months, the delirium of a population “over-stimulated” to the point of brain-rot and irresponsibility. But what Nordau does not point out in his work is that this same perpetual appeal to the lascivious in German literature has reduced that literature to a position of poisonous decrepitude. It has had much

the same effect upon its practitioners as progressive indulgence in drugs has upon a man who finds himself compelled to draw more and more upon their artificial stimulus for energy, and so to resort to their use in larger and more dangerous doses. From depicting scenes of passion, natural and alluring, if immoral, German writers have been driven to seek their material in perversities, in refinements of vice, in abnormalities, in depravities which, to quote the language of Lord Keeper Coventry, "the nature of man, which of itself carrieth him to all other sin, abhoreth them." German novelists and dramatists, driven like the habitual opium eater or the victim of cocaine, to deeper and deeper indulgence, have at last come to specialize, not only in the erotic, but in the perverse: in those abuses, those aberrations of sex, and of the natural, wholesome passions of men and women that are dealt with

as a rule only in the text-books of medical jurisprudence.

At once the most depraved, and by a strange irony the most popular deal with the love affairs, not of men and women, but of children. One of the most famous, or infamous of these, is provided for us by Frank Wedekind, whose play, *The Awakening of Spring*,¹ has been written apparently to show that the natural delicacy, nay the innocence of children, is an illusion, and that the sooner we all realize this fact the better. I give three scenes from the book. The first I take is called "Sunday Evening," and it relates the conversation between some school chums.

"MELCHIOR. This is too tiresome; I shan't do any more of it.

"OTTO. Then all we others can stop too? . . . Have you the work, Melchior?

¹ Brown Bros., Philadelphia, Pa., 1909.

“ MELCHIOR. You keep on playing.

“ MORITZ. Where are you going ?

“ MELCHIOR. For a stroll.

“ GEORGE. But it's getting dark.

“ ROBERT. Have you the work all ready ?

“ MELCHIOR. Why shouldn't I go for a stroll in the dark ?

“ ERNEST. Central America. Louis the Fifteenth. Sixty verses of Homer. Seven equations.

“ MELCHIOR. Damn the work !

“ GEORGE. If only Latin composition didn't come to-morrow.

“ MORITZ. You can't think of anything without a task stepping in between.

“ OTTO. I'm off home.

“ GEORGE. I too, to work.

“ ERNEST. I too.

“ ROBERT. Good-night, Melchior.

“ MELCHIOR. Sleep well. (*All depart except MORITZ and MELCHIOR.*) I should like to know why we really are on earth.

“MORITZ. Rather than go to school I'd be a cab-horse. Why do we go to school?—so that somebody can examine us. Why do they examine us?—in order that we may fail. Seven must fail because the upper class-room holds only sixty. I've felt ill since Christmas. The devil take me, if it weren't for papa I'd pack my traps and go to Altoona this very day!

“MELCHIOR. Let's talk of something else. (*They walk along.*)

“MORITZ. Do you see that black cat there with its tail sticking up?

“MELCHIOR. Do you believe in omens?

“MORITZ. I don't know. They come down to us. They don't matter.

“MELCHIOR. I believe that is the Charybdis on which you run when you steer clear of the Scylla of religious folly. Let's sit down under this beech tree. How I should like to be a young dryad up there in the wood to cradle myself in

the topmost branches and be rocked the livelong night.

“MORITZ. Unbutton your waistcoat, Melchior.

“MELCHIOR. Ha! How clothes puff you up.

“MORITZ. God knows it is getting so dark one can't see one's hand before his eyes. Where are you? . . . Do you believe, Melchior, that the feeling of shame in man is but the outcome of his education?

“MELCHIOR. Why, I was thinking about that for the first time the day before yesterday. Yes; it seems deeply rooted in human nature. Fancy, you must appear entirely clothed before your most intimate friend. Yet you wouldn't do so if he didn't do the same thing. I suppose it's more or less of a fashion.

“MORITZ. I often think that if I have children, boys and girls, I will let them occupy the same room; let them

sleep together in the same bed, if possible ; let them help each other dress and undress night and morning. In hot weather, the boys, as well as the girls, should wear nothing all day long but a short white woollen tunic with a girdle. It seems to me that if they grew up in that fashion they would be easier in mind than we are under the present conventions.

“ MELCHIOR. I believe so, too, Moritz. The question is, suppose the girls have children. What then ?

“ MORITZ. How could they have children ?

“ MELCHIOR. In that respect I believe in instinct. For example, I believe that if one brought up together a male and a female cat, and kept both shut off from the outside world—that is, left them entirely to their own devices—that, sooner or later, the she cat would become . . . even if she and the tom cat had nobody to

open their eyes by example. I believe the same of human beings. . . . (*The conversation here is too "intimate" for translation.*)

“MORITZ. At the same time, I can hardly talk with a girl to-day without thinking of something indecent, and—I swear to you, Melchior—I don’t know what.

“MELCHIOR. I will tell you everything. I have got it partly from books, partly from illustrations, partly from observing nature. You may be surprised; it made me an atheist. I told it to George Zitschnitz. George Zitschnitz wanted to tell it to Hans Rilow, but Hans Rilow had learnt it all from his governess when he was a child.

“MORITZ. I have gone through Meyer’s *Little Encyclopædia* from A. to Z. Nothing but words. Not a single plain explanation. Oh, this feeling of shame. What

use is an encyclopædia that doesn't answer the most important question in life?

.
I want above all else to shine tomorrow.

“MELCHIOR. You are like a girl. . . .
One question, Moritz.

“MORITZ. H'm.

“MELCHIOR. Did you ever see a girl?

“MORITZ. Yes.

“MELCHIOR. All of her?

“MORITZ. Certainly.

“MELCHIOR. So have I. . . .

“MORITZ. I must work. Good-night.

“MELCHIOR. Till we meet again.”

It is doubtful if even German school-boys indulge in dialogue like this. It is certain that the men and women who delight to read it, do so because they have lost, not merely all sense of child-

hood, but all appreciation of everything wholesome, fresh and youthful, in human nature.

Here is another passage from this typical product of German genius. Melchior is now talking to his girl friend, Wendla, whom he meets in a park.

“ MELCHIOR. You! Wendla! Really! What are you doing here all alone? For three hours I’ve been going from one side of the wood to the other, and—not met a soul. Now in the thickest part of it you come upon me!

“ WENDLA. Yes, it’s I.

“ MELCHIOR. If I weren’t really certain you were Wendla I should take you for a dryad fallen out of your tree.

“ WENDLA. No, no, I am Wendla Bergmann. How did you come here?

“ MELCHIOR. I followed my thoughts.

“ WENDLA. I’m looking for waldmeis-

ter ; mama is going to make May bowl. At first she intended coming herself, but at the last moment Aunt Bauer called, and she doesn't like climbing. So I came along by myself.

“ MELCHIOR. Have you found your waldmeister ?

“ WENDLA. A whole basketful. . . . Will you tell me the time ?

“ MELCHIOR. A little after half-past four. When do they expect you ?

“ WENDLA. I thought it was later. I lay dreaming for a long while on the moss by the brook.

.

“ WENDLA. I dreamt that I was a poor beggar girl turned out into the street at five o'clock in the morning. I had to beg the whole livelong day in all weathers, from rough, hard-hearted people. When I came home at night, shivering from hunger and cold, and with not enough money

to satisfy my father, then I was beaten—
beaten——

“ MELCHIOR. I know, Wendla. You must thank the silly stories of the children for that. There are no such brutal men nowadays.

“ WENDLA. Oh, yes, Melchior, you're mistaken. Martha Bessel gets beaten night after night, so that you see the marks of it the next day. Oh, but it must hurt. When she tells you, it makes you boiling hot. I'm so awfully sorry for her that I often cry on my pillows at night. For months I've been thinking how I could help her. I'd take her place for eight days gladly.

“ MELCHIOR. Her father should be complained of at once. Then the child would be taken away from him.

“ WENDLA. I, Melchior, have never been beaten in my life—not once. I can hardly imagine such a thing. I have beaten

myself even, in order to see how one felt then in one's heart. . . . It must be a weird feeling.

" MELCHIOR. I believe a child is no better for it.

" WENDLA. Better for what?

" MELCHIOR. For being beaten.

" WENDLA. With this switch for instance! Ha! how tough it is, and thin.

" MELCHIOR. That would draw blood.

" WENDLA. Would you like to beat me with it once?

" MELCHIOR. Who?

" WENDLA. Me.

" MELCHIOR. What's the matter with you, Wendla?

" WENDLA. What might happen?

" MELCHIOR. Oh, be quiet. I won't beat you.

" WENDLA. Not if I allow you?

" MELCHIOR. No, girl.

“ WENDLA. Not even if I ask you, Melchior ?

“ MELCHIOR. Have your senses left you ?

“ WENDLA. I’ve never been beaten in my life !

“ MELCHIOR. If you ask such a thing——

“ WENDLA. Please, please.

“ MELCHIOR. I’ll teach you to say ‘please.’ *(He strikes her.)*

“ WENDLA. Oh, Lord. I didn’t notice it a bit.

“ MELCHIOR. I believe you . . . through all your skirts. . . .

“ WENDLA. Then strike me on my legs !

“ MELCHIOR. Wendla ! *(He hits her harder.)*

“ WENDLA. You’re stroking me. Yes, you’re stroking me.

“ MELCHIOR. Wait, witch. I’ll flog Satan out of you !

“ *(He casts the switch aside and beats her with his fists so hard that she*

bursts out with a terrible cry. He pays no heed to this, but falls upon her as if he were mad, while the tears stream down his cheeks. Presently he springs away, holds both hands to his temples and rushes into the depths of the wood crying out in anguish of soul.)”

The end of this delightful story is that Wendla is seduced by Melchior. She is fourteen and a half at the time of the occurrence, and dies as the result of drugs, given her by her mother to procure abortion. It is not the least ridiculous part of a story, whose revolting nature is relieved only by its unconscious humour, that the girl is represented as believing that she is suffering from dropsy, at the very time when she is carrying her child. Melchior ends up, so far as the play is concerned, in prison. M. Ziegler, in his

preface to the American edition of the work, claims that "the majority of the scenes and characters seem very true to life." But the fact is that the play depends for its interest, not upon realism—for children such as Wedekin depicts never existed—but on that appeal to morbid psychology and to the sense of the pornographic which German writers cultivate assiduously, and that they have made peculiarly their own. Mr. Henry de Halsalle declares in his work on *Degenerate Germany* that—

"Every vice appears to have a literature of its own in the land of Kultur. . . . The pervert figures in hundreds of novels and plays. The woman of the town—it would be difficult to find a novel or play without her. But the most striking feature of Teuton literary output of late years has been the vast number of novels affecting

to deal with the sexual life of girls and boys.”

Of that output Wedekin's *Romance* is perhaps the most complete example, considered, as it ought to be, from the pathological, not the literary point of view. For, as my readers will agree, we shall have to look very long and searchingly at this kind of literature before we find any of those “gleams of ethereal glory” that Carlyle caught from the works of Goethe and Schiller. It soon becomes apparent, indeed, to the student of these works that the ability of their writers varies inversely in respect to their obscenity. Where, as in the case of *Jena or Sedan*, by Beyerlein, we have an author who is a master of incisive narrative and vivid description, the pornographic element of the work, though still present, is less assertive. But when the writer is

almost destitute of literary ability, then to escape from his own banality, or to protect his readers from the tedium of his work, he stakes everything on an appeal to the sensual. Nordau, in *Degeneration*,¹ gives us such an example :

“ Bahr is an advanced hysteric who wants at all hazards to get himself talked about, and has the unfortunate idea of achieving this result by books. Devoid of talent to an almost impossible degree, he seeks to captivate attention by the maddest eccentricities. Thus, he calls the book most characteristic of his method among those he has hitherto published, *Die Gute Schule ; Seelenstände. Seelenstände* literally means ‘ states of soul.’ He had read and not understood the terms *états d’âme* in the new French authors, *état* having been used in the political sense which it has in *tiers-états*.

¹ *Degeneration*, by Max Nordau (Heinemann).

“ In the story related in the *Seelenstände*, a part at least of the recipe previously mentioned is utilized. The hero is an Austrian painter living in Paris. One day, weary of living alone, he picks up a girl in the street, who, contrary to the orthodox procedure, is not a waitress, but a dressmaker, possessing, nevertheless, all the mythical excellence of the ‘ Young German ’ barmaid ; he lives with her for a time, then wearies of her, and torments her to such a degree that she leaves him one fine day and goes off with a rich negro, whom she induces to buy pictures at a high price from her abandoned lover.”

That is the theme of the story. It is worth while paying some attention to the mode of its execution.

“ The painter’s mistress must have been a superb creature, to judge by the descrip-

tion. When a stranger spoke to her in the street 'she slightly quickened her steps, and with eyelids haughtily raised and her little head thrown back sideways, she began to hum softly, sharply snapping her fingers with impatience, in such a way as to rouse his desire to persevere in his useless suit.' This behaviour induces Bahr to call her a 'majestically inaccessible young lady.' But she is far more remarkable at her morning toilet at home than she is in the street. 'Often, when under the greetings of the morning, which enamelled with gold (!) her hyacinthine flesh, she plaited her hair while standing before her mirror, surrounded by his desires, and stretched, moistened, and slowly curved, with twitching fingers which glittered like swift serpents, quite gently and persistently, her tangled (!) eyelashes, her dishevelled eyebrows, while her lips grew round with silent whistling, between which

the rapid, restless tongue hissed, shot out and clacked, and then, with closed eyelids, leant forward as in submissive adoration, the powder-puff passed slowly, cautiously, fervently, over the bent cheeks, while the little nose, fearful of the dust, turned aside, the painter, as may be imagined, became so amorous that he licked the soap from her fingers to refresh his fevered gums.' 'Suddenly standing upright on one leg, with a swing of the other she kicked her shoe into the air, to catch it again by a nimble, firm movement. In this graceful attitude she remained.' 'Sometimes she bent down languorously towards herself, very gently, very slowly, remaining voluptuously in the curve of her breasts, deep into her knees, while her lips moved; sometimes, while her hips turned in a circle, her neck glided lasciviously into swan-like (!) curves towards her obsequious image.' This sight filled

her lover with such enthusiasm that it seemed to him 'as if from a thousand springs blasted (!) torrents blazed through his veins.' "

It is only fair to say that Nordau insists in his book that "this style, which simulates insanity, is not German, either in formation, use of terms, or construction." And between it and the works of the great Germans whom Carlyle told us "had that calm, harmonious strength, that smiling earnestness, that Love, and Faith, and Humanity of Nature," which we find in our own Elizabethans, there is, indeed, a great gulf fixed. And in no other nation save Germany are there read or published novels with quite the same atmosphere as we find in these examples of the German realist school. That school, properly considered, is pathological—it partakes of insanity. Nordau himself makes this very

clear, for reading his chapter on the "Young German School," we soon stumble across definite evidence of madness—sheer, unqualified lunacy. He quotes, for instance, the very author we have been dealing with as indulging in the following speculation :

"In the undulating silver dust of the light a lovely quivering sheen, woven of blue-black and pale-green vapour, bathed her rosy flesh, exhaled by its soft down. . . . He wished utterly to destroy and flay her. Nothing but blood—blood! He only felt at ease when it streaked (!) down. . . . He established a theory, according to which this was the way towards the new love; viz., by torture."

CHAPTER IV

THE WAY OF DESTRUCTION

THE more closely one studies the psychology of modern Germany, as presented to us in the literature from which I have been quoting—a literature that seems to have poisoned the whole soul of the people—the more one is driven to the conclusion that something like national dementia has seized upon the great Teutonic race, and that we must find the true explanations of their conduct in the recorded cases of those medical text-books which are devoted to the abnormal and the insane. Indeed, we find clearly expressed, and actually advocated in modern German literature, tendencies and conduct which, translated into action in other countries, would land

their authors either in the asylum or in prison.

Let us take the case of Sacher-Masoch, whose *Der neue Hiob*, *Venus im Pelz*, *Galizan* and other works have attained enormous sales in the Fatherland. Sacher-Masoch's works abound in descriptions of the most violent and cruel floggings, and describe intimately the peculiar sensations of those semi-insane persons who delight either to receive or to administer these castigations. In *Der neue Hiob* (Stuttgart, 1878), we find several examples of this abnormal craving, one of the least revolting (and most amusing) I set out.

“Once again Theofil ventured into the young widow's room. . . . she let her dinner remain on the table by the divan where she reposed. . . . She sighed, and prest her handkerchief to her eyes. But as Theofil seemed quite unaffected, she glanced

at him reproachfully and began drinking her soup.

“ When she had finished she whispered, ‘ Well, do you still refuse the happiness awaiting you, my dear ? ’

“ Theofil dropped his eyes and was silent.

“ The little woman was no longer mistress of herself, but springing up she threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

“ ‘ Aren’t you happy now, Theofil ? ’

“ ‘ I would rather be lashed to the bench.’

“ ‘ What ? ’

“ ‘ I beg of you, have me whipped as many lashes as you like, but kiss me no more.’

“ ‘ You reject the happiness I proffer you.’

“ ‘ Yes.’

“ ‘ Very well. Go ! ’ ”

The ludicrous nature of the widow's dilemma is paralleled by another exquisitely diverting example from this author's work, for which I am indebted to *Degenerate Germany*.¹ It runs as follows :

“ ‘ O ! divine Nastka ! ’ cried Arkadi, clasping his arms round her and kissing her vigorously on her full, crimson lips.

“ ‘ Yes, I forgive you,’ she went on after she had wiped her mouth with her apron, ‘ but on the strict condition that you meekly submit to a thrashing from me.’

“ ‘ A thrashing ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, I must thrash you,’ was her decided answer ; ‘ so make your choice quickly—either a good, sound thrashing or—separation.’

“ ‘ Whatever am I to do, Maxim ? ’ Arkadi groaned. ‘ She must always have her own way.’ ”

¹ *Degenerate Germany*, by Henry de Halsalle. (Werner Laurie, London.)

I may say in parenthesis that it would appear as though this particular form of German degeneracy has, perhaps through the literary propaganda of Sacher-Masoch, reached our own country, with deplorable results. Flogging, Mr. Bernard Shaw asserts, plays a large part in the White Slave traffic.

“Men,” he says,¹ “actually pay women to flog them. In the last epidemic of prostitution in London, when brothels boldly advertised themselves in all directions as massage establishments, the ‘treatment’ always included ‘Russian flagellation,’ which was impudently announced on posters.”

But however that may be, one fact is certain. The flagellomania which Sacher-Masoch idealizes in his novels, and describes

¹ *The Awakener*, 1913.

with an abundance of detail that I cannot reveal here, is recognized by German writers on medical jurisprudence as clear evidence of criminal lunacy of a kind that, as they suggest, ought to receive the prompt attention of the authorities. We are therefore presented with this curious phenomenon: that, on the one hand, we have *littérateurs* like Sacher-Masoch describing the customs and sensations of the flagellomaniac, and the exuberant delights that follow on their practice; on the other, we have scientific writers urging the Government to see that all people so afflicted should be put under restraint. That there may be no doubt upon this point, or of the view that competent authorities take of the practices advocated by Sacher-Masoch, I would refer the reader to the work of Dr. Bloch, *The Sexual Life of Our Time*, from which I may be permitted to quote:

“*Sadistic Bodily Injuries and ‘Lust Murder.’*—The main types of this category are the ‘girl stabbers’ and the ‘lust murderers,’ who simply for the purpose of producing sexual excitement, or when already under the influence of such excitement, inflict on women more or less severe injuries with a knife or other murderous instrument. The actual intention to kill is present only in very rare cases. The lust murder is, as a rule, only a murder done as a sequel of a sexual act committed by force, the murder being done for fear of discovery, etc.; thus the murder has not in these cases anything directly to do with the sexual act. In other cases we have what appears to be a lust-murder in which death has resulted, contrary to the wish of the offender, from a sadistic bodily injury. Killing from a purely sexual motive is a very rare occurrence, of which, however, some very widely

known cases are on record—like those of Andreas Bickel, Menesclow, Alton, Gruyo, Verzeni, and ‘Jack the Ripper,’ the Whitechapel murderer. . . . Many ‘murder epidemics’ (*manie homicide*), such as the murders recently committed in Sweden by Nordlund, who, though indubitably insane, was executed for them, are certainly connected with sexuality. The two following cases from German experience relate to typical ‘girl stabbers.’

“*Ludwigshafen am Rhein, March 26, 1901.*—After the manner of the Whitechapel murderer, an unknown criminal had for several weeks made the parts of the town lying in the direction of the suburb of Mundenheim unsafe. Not less than eleven girls were seriously injured after night-fall by stabs in the abdomen. To-night the police succeeded in arresting the criminal, who is a drover, Wilhelm Damian by name, twenty-eight years of age. Five

years ago he was suspected of having committed a lust-murder on a servant-girl ; he was arrested at this time, but was discharged owing to the lack of sufficient proof. Now the suspicion is aroused that Damian is responsible also for the lust-murder committed two years ago near Mundenheim on a little girl seven years of age, because the circumstances of that case suggested that the murderer was a butcher by occupation, and this applies to Damian.

“ *Kiel, November 29th, 1901.*—It is not yet possible to arrest the stabber who, during the last week, has been active in the poorest quarter of the town. At first he limited himself to the northern districts, and there wounded only women and girls ; but in the last day or two he appeared, not only in the central parts of the town, but also in the southern quarter, where, the day before yesterday in the evening, he wounded a girl by two stabs, one in

the neck and one in the hip. . . . This happened in one of the busiest streets of the town, so that the escape of the criminal is very remarkable.”

It would, of course, be idle to pretend that criminals, or lunatics, who indulge in practices so appalling as these, are distinctly and peculiarly German. Insanity, of course, does not respect frontiers. But is there any other country in the world where the works which directly inspire such actions would achieve popularity, or where such examples of literary perversity could be held to be even faintly typical of the people as a whole? And yet it is no straining of the facts surely to say that, as one knows the German people in their latter mood, Sacher-Masoch, apostle of mutilation, of frenzied, brutal “lust-murder,” does personify them to an extent that no other author can possibly claim: a strange,

development, indeed, to have overtaken the countrymen of Goethe.

Turn from Wedekin, Sacher-Masoch and writers of their kidney, and let us take a glimpse at the works of a man of undoubted power and originality, whose plays have been enacted, not only in Germany, but all over the civilized world, Sudermann. Probably few dramas have influenced the thought of the age to the same extent as *Magda*—called in its first form, *Home*. In dramatic power, as in characterization, it stands far above the putrescent abnormalities that I have been dealing with, and its central figure, Magda, is not merely human, and in strong contrast to Wedekin's puppets, but a fascinating, even an inspiring, figure. Yet, after all, what is to be said for the morality of the play? It consists in the escape of a young girl from an intolerable, though kindly, *bourgeois* home, to which, after some years, she returns, having

achieved celebrity as a *diva* on the operatic stage. Once again, when she is back in the old familiar circle, she finds herself temporarily under the dominion of her father's will, and half compelled to promise marriage to the man who had years ago seduced her and so compelled her flight.

The *dénouement* of the play comes when, as a final reason for refusing to fall in with her father's wishes, she suffers herself to utter the truth—the truth that kills him. There would be no point in this particular marriage, she declares, as there have been so many lovers since who have received her favours. The play ends with this revelation—a supreme revelation of German womanhood, which can know apparently but two phases. In the first, woman is, indeed, virtuous, but her virtue has no value in that she is also spiritless, servile; in a word, dehumanized. In the other phase she has ceased to be a thrall

and has become a wanton. So far as modern German literature is concerned, no middle course is presented to us.

Sudermann's other dramatic effort, *Sodom's End, or The Man and His Picture*, is written with all his dramatic mastery of effect, all his power of depicting concentrated human passion. But the sensation it leaves on one's mind is that we have been watching the behaviour, not of human beings, but of animals, who by some strange freak have been enabled to assume the bodies and appearances of men and women. The "hero" is a mixture of sot, scoundrel, libertine, and, as we are informed, genius, who would assuredly have been cut by all decent people in real life, where we shrink instinctively from such a person. On the stage we suffer him, wondering what led a great dramatist like Sudermann to touch so sordid and pitiable a figure by art so vivifying and stimulating.

Sudermann is not the only great artist whose work has been vulgarized and deformed by the prevailing erotomania which has infected German literature. There is the sad case of Hauptmann. His play, *The Weavers*, was a striking, even a great dramatic effort, wonderfully arresting in its vivid realism, its compelling sympathy, its almost harrowing pathos. It was followed by *Der Apostel* and *Bahnwärter Thiel*, of which works Nordau, himself a fervent admirer of Hauptmann's genius, wrote :

“ A dreamer, manifestly touched by insanity, perambulates the streets of Zürich in the costume of an Oriental prophet, and is taken to be Christ by the crowd who worship him. This is the whole story. It is represented in such a way that we never know whether the narrative is telling what the apostle dreamed or what really happened. His ideas and sentiments are an

echo of Nietzsche. *Zarathustra* has incontestably got into Hauptmann's head, and left him no peace till he has himself produced a second infusion of this idiocy. The railway signalman, Thiel, has lost his wife at the birth of their first child. Constantly away from home on duty, he is obliged to marry again that his child may be cared for. The second wife, who soon gives her husband a child of her own, ill-treats the motherless one. In spite of Thiel's warning, she one day leaves her stepchild on the rails untended, and it is crushed by a train. The signalman then murders his wife and her child with a hatchet in the most horrible manner at night, and is shut up in a lunatic asylum as a furious madman. Let me quote just a few of his descriptions: 'In the obscurity . . . the signalman's hut was transformed into a chapel. A faded photograph of the dead woman on the table before him, his

Psalm-book and Bible open, he read and sang alternately the whole night through, interrupted only by the trains tearing past at intervals, and fell into an ecstasy so intense that he saw visions of the dead woman standing before his eyes.' 'The' (telegraphic) 'pole at the southern extremity of the section, had a particularly full and beautiful chord. . . . The signalman experienced a solemn feeling—as at church. And then in time he came to distinguish a voice which recalled to him his dead wife. He imagined that it was a chorus of blessed spirits in which her voice was mingled, and this idea awakened in him a longing, an emotion amounting to tears.' The 'Young German' speaks with contempt of Berthold Auerbach, because he depicts sentimental peasants. Is there a single one of Auerbach's Black Forest folk impregnated with such a rose-watery sentimentality as this signalman of the 'realist'?

Hauptmann, who leans against a telegraph-pole, and is moved to tears at its sound? Again, the passage which shows us Thiel in amorous excitement at the sight of his wife ('from the woman an invincible, inevitable power seemed to emanate, which Thiel felt himself impotent to resist') Hauptmann has drawn from Zola's novels, and not from the observations of German signalmen. Or has he rather desired to depict in a general way a madman who has always been such long before his furious insanity broke out? In this case he has drawn the picture very falsely."

The love of the obscene, the morbid, the constant desire to excite the sexual passion and to subordinate to it all other matters in life, this is continually reappearing in German literature. That disease, which is known to physicians as satyriasis, and is described in the text-books "as an insane

desire perpetually to repeat the sexual act," seems to have infected almost every man of letters in the Fatherland. The delight in the erotic, the suggestive and the sensual, appears and reappears throughout their works, and not, as is the case with erotic writers of other races, whose scenes of human indulgence are set off with healthy laughter, and served up with high spirits ; for sensualism in German literature is as solemn, mournful and morose a business as it is morbid and unwholesome.

Even when the modern German author, writing of sex, eschews aberrations and deals with natural passions, there is still something indescribably decadent in his handling of the theme. The robust Rabelaisian humour of *Tom Jones*, the racy, virile wit of Smollett, the broad humour of Chaucer and Shakespeare—we find none of these qualities, or of the gaiety and sparkle of *Gil Blas* or *Candide*. We get

instead a salaciousness—avid, unnatural and depressing. Take, for instance, the chapter in that remarkable work, *Jena or Sedan*,¹ when, in a purely gratuitous scene which helps to mar the symmetry of a vigorously written novel, the hero and heroine exchange confidences as to their both being infected with syphilis.

“ Her beautiful hand cooled his burning forehead.

“ ‘ I know,’ she whispered.

“ And he asseverated: ‘ Even when I was hovering round Marie Falkenheim, it was you, you that I loved. You, only you! Hannah, do you believe me? ’

“ She nodded: ‘ I know.’

“ Suddenly her aspect changed, and instead of the overpowering happiness came a hard, bitter expression.

“ ‘ I know, too,’ she continued, in a low

¹ *Jena or Sedan*, by Beyerliner. (Heinemann.)

voice, 'why you have broken off with Marie Falkenheim.'

"The words struck Reimers like a blow. He started back and tried to disengage himself from her. But the slender fingers held him with a spasmodic grasp which almost hurt him.

"'You!' he cried. 'How can that be?'

"Hannah had become calm. She stroked his hair tenderly.

"'How can that be?' she repeated. 'Dearest! a woman can always find out anything she really wants to know. I wished to know this, and I know it.'

"In bitter shame the man broke down completely. He kissed the hem of her robe, and would have turned to the door.

"'Forgive! forgive me!' he murmured.

"But the fair hands would not let him go, and close in his ear a trembling voice whispered: 'Stay, my beloved! For we

belong to each other. I am—what you are. We are damned together, both of us. Stay!’

“ Reimers gazed up at her speechless, his eyes full of a terrible question.

“ Hannah rose. All signs of weariness had fallen from her; she stood erect, a sombre dignity in the expression of her countenance. She pointed back to that part of the house formerly inhabited by her husband.

“ ‘ Through him,’ she said, in accents of denunciation, ‘ I have been ruined. He has destroyed my life, so that I am—what I am.’

She looked down upon the kneeling man before her, and suddenly the wild look of hatred and unrelenting sternness died out of her face.

“ ‘ And now,’ she went on, softly, ‘ as things are, I could almost bless him for what he has done.’ Bitter irony invaded

her tone. 'Besides, he has bidden me adieu now like a man of honour. He is in Paris, and is going henceforth to devote himself entirely to art.'

"But then again lamentations burst from her lips, and long-pent-up confessions, which she poured forth with a self-accusing candour.

" 'Listen, beloved,' she said. 'When he took me for his wife, a sort of dizzy enchantment overwhelmed me. We lived as in a mad whirl of intoxication. The hours that were not passed together we counted lost; and there was nothing he could have asked of me in vain. He set my foot on his neck and called me queen, goddess. And I—I gave him my beauty.'

"She lifted her head with an imperial gesture, and a proud smile curved her lips.

" 'I was a spendthrift,' she went on. 'Undraped I have danced before him; and

down in the garden he had a tent erected—people never could guess the purpose of those canvas walls, but there I sat to him, naked, on his dun-coloured Irish mare, Lady Godiva. And he fell weeping on his knees and worshipped me. He longed for a thousand eyes, that he might drink in the twofold beauty, mine and the noble animal's. He boasted that he would not repine if his eyes were stricken with blindness after having looked upon us.'

"She paused for a moment. The eternal might of beauty illumined her brow as though with an invisible crown. Then she bowed her head, and her voice lost its resonance.

" 'All that I gave him. I was no miser. The day came in which I repented my generosity. I suffered when he turned from me; but jealousy I felt none. Perhaps I was to blame for not recovering my pride at once. But through my love he had

taught me that it is bitter indeed to love in vain.'

" She was silent. Her features hardened, and a deep furrow was graven in her smooth forehead.

" ' And then,' her voice continued, ' then came the moment of that terrible revelation. I do not know how I bore it. I was struck as if by a lightning-flash; I was shattered. I wanted to leave him; but my people at home would not consent, and I—I could not tell him. Unresisting I let them do with me what they would. I would lie like a corpse, without movement or sensation; then I would rave, needing the most careful watching. And he—he came to me again, as the culmination of his misdeeds. I had become changed for him, more desirable. But I spat in his face. He came crawling and begging to me on his knees, and I struck him in the face and spurned him.' "

The end of this charming episode is that the two parties indulge their passions and subsequently commit suicide, the lady riding over the cliffs—dressed this time—into the sea, and her lover blowing his brains out.

CHAPTER V

THE DEHUMANIZATION OF WOMAN

INEVITABLY the worst result of this literature upon the mental habits and outlook of the average German has been to cause him, perhaps unconsciously, to accustom himself to a debased and unnatural view of woman, a view bound to react disastrously upon himself and on the race. De Tocqueville, in his work on the American democracy, ascribed their "singular prosperity and growing strength" as mainly due to the superior position they accorded to their women.

With more truth, we may trace the eclipse of the German people (following upon a period of unprecedented prosperity and advancement) as being due to that

habit of mind characterized by overweening arrogance and disdain for the weak or unprotected; an attitude which, having its origin in a contempt for his own women, the Prussian and his imitators extended naturally to all who could not back up their claims to consideration by the ready employment of overmastering force.

At no time have women occupied an exalted position in the Fatherland, where, it used to be said, woman was the slave of man, and man the slave of the State. The German husband, as an anonymous writer puts it, reclines in his easy-chair smoking perennial pipes, cigars or cigarettes, and auditing, with the severity of a Lycurgus, his poor wife's abject accounts. He knows all about the butter and dripping, curses at excesses in soap, milk and *sauerkraut*, is abusive as to fuel, tyrannical as to candles and red herrings, and is a monster on the subject of eggs and bacon.

A woman is no more mistress of her own house in Germany than the janitor of the House of Lords is master thereof. The German woman is simply an "upper servant," and it may be said that the dull drudgery of her existence no "upper servant" would endure.

It is hardly surprising that lives so devoid of colour, so empty of interest, and so utterly unwarmed by love and sympathy, are too frequently given up to fierce animalism and wild excesses.

We have already seen from Mrs. Sidgwick's book on *Home Life in Germany*, the violent reaction that set in among certain members of the sex when, escaping from the thralldom of the intolerable drudgery of such home life as is here depicted, they plunged into a vortex of insane dissipation. But the point I want now to make is that, under the influence of modern German literature, woman in the Father-

land has come to be regarded as having but one function outside housekeeping. Nietzsche, half madman, half genius, who has expressed the German view of woman with a force and candour that makes it at once all the more repellent and arresting, does not attempt to disguise his supreme contempt for her chastity, for her honour, even her kindness, her good nature. This, so far as woman is concerned, is the gospel according to the Superman :

“ Everything in woman is a riddle, and everything in woman hath one solution—it is called pregnancy.

“ Man is for woman a means : the purpose is always the child. But what is woman for man ?

“ Two different things wanteth the true man : danger and diversion. Therefore wanteth he woman, as the most dangerous plaything.

“ Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior : all else is folly.

“ Too sweet fruits—these the warrior liketh not. Therefore liketh he woman ; —bitter is even the sweetest woman.

“ Better than man doth woman understand children, but man is more childish than woman.

“ In the true man there is a child hidden : it wanteth to play. Up then, ye women, and discover the child in man !

“ A plaything let woman be, pure and fine like the precious stone, illumined with the virtues of a world not yet come.

“ Let the beam of the star shine in your love ! Let your hope say : ‘ May I bear the Superman ! ’

“ In your love let there be valour ! With your love shall ye assail him who inspireth you with fear !

“ In your love be your honour ! Little

doth woman understand otherwise about honour. But let this be your honour : always to love more than ye are loved, and never be the second.

“ Let man fear woman when she loveth : then maketh she every sacrifice, and everything else she regardeth as worthless.

“ Let man fear woman when she hateth : for man in his innermost soul is merely evil ; woman, however, is mean.

“ ‘ Whom hatest thou most ? ’ Thus spake the iron to the loadstone. ‘ I hate thee most, because thou attractest, but art too weak to draw unto thee.’

“ The happiness of man is, ‘ I will.’ The happiness of woman is, ‘ He will.’

“ ‘ Lo ! now hath the world become perfect ! ’ thus thinkest every woman when she obeyeth with all her love.

“ Obey, must the woman, and find a depth for her surface. Surface is woman’s soul, a mobile, stormy film on shallow water.

“ Man’s soul, however, is deep, its current gusheth in subterranean caverns: woman surmiseth its force, but comprehendeth it not.—

“ Then answered me the old woman: ‘ Many fine things hath Zarathustra said, especially for those who are young enough for them.

“ ‘ Strange! Zarathustra knoweth little about woman, and yet he is right about them! Doth this happen, because with women nothing is impossible?

“ ‘ And now accept a little truth by way of thanks! I am old enough for it!

“ ‘ Swaddle it up and hold its mouth: otherwise it will scream too loudly, the little truth.’

“ ‘ Give me, woman, thy little truth!’ said I. And thus spake the old woman:

“ ‘ Thou goest to woman? *Do not forget thy whip!*’ ”

Those of us who studied the German papers with any attention during the war may not find Nietzsche's last admonition without a certain practical value. Day by day the organs of Kultur recorded pleasant little encounters between members of the fair sex at the butchers' and grocers' shops, which certainly make the employment of a whip very desirable. We read one day of a German *haus-frau*, who, on complaining that she was being charged too much for fat and told to "get out," promptly wrecked the shop in retaliation, her sisters helping her to belabour the unfortunate shop assistant and to pull his hair out by handfuls. On other occasions violence broke out between rival shoppers, fiercely contending for coveted pieces of meat or extra quantities of tea, so that the shop became littered with the *dissecta membra* of the customers' clothes and *coiffures*.

We, in England, have had much to suffer in the matter of food supplies and shopping; but it was seldom that the *queues* of Englishwomen, waiting in quiet patience outside the butcher's shop, varied the monotony of the proceedings by indulging in a fierce fight, pulling out each other's hair, biting each other's hands, or, if everything else fails, screaming out curses and kicking all and sundry—proceedings which, if we are to credit the press of Berlin, marked the daily life of that city for some months. In fairness to Nietzsche, also, it should be remembered that the criminal records show that the German woman can on occasions display a ferocity of temper that makes the employment of some weapon not undesirable. We read of brutal savage mistresses beating servants, of disgusting assaults, revolting cruelties on little children, and of unspeakable tortures on old people. No

doubt there is something to be said for whips!

But in all seriousness it is worth while to ponder over the agreeable view of womanhood that Nietzsche has stamped upon the consciousness of his fellow-countrymen, if only to contrast it, for a moment, with some of the more human utterances of our own poets. Let us take this, for instance, from Tennyson:

“ As thro’ the land at eve we went,
 And pluck’d the ripen’d ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,
 O we fell out, I know not why,
 And kiss’d again with tears.

“ For when we came where lies the child
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 O there above the little grave,
 We kiss’d again with tears.”

Nietzsche, it may be said, was regarded by the Germans and by the world at large as a brilliant intellectual irregular,

a freak of genius, rather than as an inspired prophet or a serious constructive thinker. But this plea of confession and avoidance will hardly be advanced on behalf of Schopenhauer, who expressed the settled conviction of millions of his fellow-countrymen in the following deliverance, far more impressive in its cold, deliberate contempt than the sparkling epigrams of Zarathustra. It is woman's vocation to nurse and educate children, says the philosopher, precisely because she herself is childish, and remains all her life an overgrown child, a kind of intermediate negligible nondescript between man and the infant. Women, he adds, are complete and hopeless Philistines, who should be brought up to accustom themselves to habits of servility.

That is the true German view of woman, and it is a fact of tremendous significance for us that it has become largely the cur-

rent German view of man also. In the eyes of the rulers of modern Germany the individual has ceased to count. He exists only as a cog in the vast and complicated machinery of government, a tiny part in the omnipresent and omnipotent State, who controls him in almost every department and activity of his life. The late Mr. William Clarke, a singularly clear thinker, in a memorable article on Bismarck in the *Contemporary Review*, set forth very clearly the conceptions on which the modern German State rests :

“ In his conception of the State, Hegel held to the doctrine of its omnipotence in the ancient Greek sense : that the individual realizes himself completely and only in and through the institutions of the State, and that he finds in the secular order no principle of separation from the moral and religious consciousness. For this omnipotent

State is needed a strong Government, which will unify the varied classes into a common whole. That Government can only be administered by a powerful executive, supreme and absolute in all fundamentals, lifted beyond criticism. But between the Government and the people he places a mediating element, not as any restriction on the Government, but as showing to the people that the Government is being well administered. This mediating element is found in a hierarchy of princes and officials, the official class being open to talent, and so not partaking of the character of a noblesse. At the base of the political structure is a powerful military organization. Such was in general the political conception of Hegel, and such were the *idées mères* of Bismarck."

Such a conception of the State demands the virtual elimination of the moral nature of the individual; it insists that his sense

of right and wrong should become atrophied; that he should obey the orders of his superiors unquestioningly and automatically.

What is the result? His initiative becomes cramped. His self-respect disappears. Mass consciousness takes the place of private judgment. Efficiency, dominion, power—everything that is fine, everything that is inspiring, everything that lifts man above the brute, all must be sacrificed to these considerations, and the “will to power,” which has left the individual German impotent, and the affection for the mother, the natural arrangements for the upbringing of children and for family life, the regard for the home, the devotion to the family, these must be abandoned, together with all the other normal predilections, aspirations and sympathies of the individual, in a mechanical effort to secure the supremacy of the German people,

leaving to them as their only interest in their enslaved existence that avid animalism that we find idealized in the works I have been describing. Hence we are confronted with schemes for the readjustment of the family and for the reconstitution of marriage repugnant to the average human, but forced on his acceptance, if not on his concurrence, in the sacred name of that racial efficiency to which Germans have sacrificed their race itself.

Those eugenicists who are inspired by that enthusiasm for race culture which dominates the mind of the Teuton, advocate boldly and unashamedly in Germany what they do not dare to propose here: that the individual citizen should no longer be allowed to choose his own wife, or to live with the woman of his affections. His sexual equivalent is to be selected for him, after due regard has been had to their distinctive physical characteristics. The parties are

then to be introduced, and connection is to take place, and, if necessary, repeated on other occasions until pregnancy follows. It does not matter in the least that there is no affection between the parties, and that the act becomes, therefore, brutal and revolting. It makes no difference that the parties will not live together or have common interests in life. The German eugenis-
tists set little store by such things, and as little by the home. Children, under their scheme, are to be reared by the omnipresent all-powerful State. And the eugenist scheme is one of many that have been popularized in Germany, aimed at the destruction of the home and the dehumanization of woman.

It is more than interesting to note in this connection that Schopenhauer earnestly advocated a mode of life, which he described as "Tetragamy," under which agreeable and refined system every hus-

band was to be blest with at least two wives.

Here is the philosopher's scheme, hitherto unpublished, save in Dr. Bloch's work¹ :

“ Inasmuch as Nature makes the number of women nearly identical with that of men, whilst women retain only about half as long as men their capacity for procreation and their suitability for masculine gratification, the human sexual relationship is disordered at the very outset. By the equal numbers of the respective sexes, Nature appears to point to monogamy ; on the other hand, a man has one wife for the satisfaction of his procreative capacity only for half the time for which that capacity endures ; he must, then, take a second wife when his first begins to wither ; but for each man only one woman is available. The tendency exhibited by women

¹ *The Sexual Life of our Time.* (Heinemann.)

in respect of the duration of her sexual capacity is compensated, on the other hand, by the quantity of that capacity; she is capable of gratifying two or three vigorous men simultaneously, without suffering in any way. In monogamy, woman employs only half of her sexual capacity, and satisfies only half of her desires.

“ If, now, this relationship were arranged in accordance with purely physical considerations (and we are concerned here with a physical, extremely urgent need, the satisfaction of which is the aim of marriage, alike among the Jews and among the Christians), if matters were to be equalized as completely as possible, it would be necessary for two men to always have one wife in common: let them take her when they are both young. After she has become faded, let them take another young woman, who will then suffice for their needs until both the men are old. Both women are

cared for, and each man is responsible for the care of one only.

“ In the monogamic state, the man has for a single occasion too much, and for a permanency too little ; with the woman it is the other way about.

“ If the proposed institution were adopted in youth, a man, at the time when his income is usually smallest, would have to provide only for half a wife, and for few children, and those young. Later, when he is richer, he would have to provide for one or two wives and for numerous children.

“ Since this institution has not been adopted—for half their life men are whore-mongers, and for the other half cuckolds ; and women must be correspondingly classified as betrayed and betrayers—he who marries young is tied later to an elderly wife ; he who marries late in youth acquires venereal disease, and in age has to wear the horns. Woman must either sacrifice

the bloom of her youth to a man already withered; or else must discover that to a still vigorous man she is no longer an object of desire. The institution we propose would cure all these troubles; the human race would lead happier lives. The objections are the following:

“ 1. That a man would not know his own children. Answer: This could, as a rule, be determined by likeness and other considerations; in existing conditions it is not always a matter of certainty.

“ 2. Such a *ménage à trois* would give rise to brawls and jealousy. Answer: Such things are already universal; people must learn to behave themselves.

“ 3. What is to be done as regards property? Answer: This will have to be otherwise arranged; absolute

communio bonorum will not occur. As we have already said, Nature has arranged the affair badly. It will, therefore, be impossible to overcome all disadvantages.

“As matters are at present, Duty and Nature are continually in conflict. For the man it is impossible from the beginning to the end of his career to satisfy his sexual impulse in a legal manner. Imagine his condition if he is widowed quite young. For the woman, to be limited to a single man during the short period of her full bloom and sexual capacity, is an unnatural condition. She has to preserve for the use of one individual what he is unable to utilize, and what many others eagerly desire from her; and she herself, in thus refusing, must curb her own ideas. Just think of it!

“More especially we have to remember

that always the number of men competent for sexual intercourse is double the number of functionally capable women, for which reason every woman must continually repel advances ; she prepares for defence immediately a man comes near her."

It seems necessary to make but one comment on this condition of affairs. Despite the ridiculous assurance offered us on the point, children would, in fact, grow up not knowing who their fathers were. And, perhaps, when one considers the sort of persons those fathers would inevitably be, that might be just as well.

Again, let us take the views of Heinrich von Riehl, the author of that great German classic, *Die Familie*. According to this Daniel-come-to-judgment, woman has but one function. She may be a wife, or a mistress (it matters not which), but nothing else. Literature, art, science—all these are

to be closed to the sex. They are not even to be teachers in schools. They are to be absolutely and entirely under the control and at the mercy of men, who should be encouraged to beat and flog them, if they show any sign of spirit and independence. All that troubled von Riehl about the woman question was that some remained spinsters.

“What shall we do with them?” he asks. “Shall we immune them in convents, or send them to Australia, or put them to death?”

It is not surprising that this attitude of lofty scorn, and contemptuous toleration, which permeates German thought and literature, reacts to a deplorable extent upon the German woman herself. She is compelled to live a servile life, and to move and have her being in an atmosphere of contempt and disdain. Is it remarkable that when she finds freedom she does so

at the cost alike of her primal instincts and the deepest feelings of her being? We find that in thousands, nay, tens of thousands, of cases she turns to an extraordinary extent either to prostitution or to those practices that, as Mrs. Sidgwick shows, are slowly contaminating the sex.

And this degrading view of woman and of marriage is to be forced by "peaceful penetration" upon other countries. Marriage is to be so reformed, or, to be accurate, so emasculated, as to lose its value as an institution, the true function of which is to protect and to preserve the home, and thus ensure the affectionate upbringing of the children by their natural guardians. Dr. Bloch, in his remarkable book on *The Sexual Life of our Time*, gives us some strangely interesting details of various organized attempts now on foot in the Fatherland, and through that country in other

nations, to reform marriage out of existence. The following will show how far this German propaganda has already extended :

“ In the newspaper *Mutterschutz* (1905, No. 9, pp. 375, 376) we find the report of a meeting of the American Association held on October 8th, 1905, when the topic of discussion was : ‘ What is the true nature of marriage ? ’

“ The answer ran as follows :

“ Is it the family (parental) relationship ?
—No ; for a married couple may have no children, may not desire to have children, and can, none the less, be thoroughly married.

“ Is it the common home, domestic life ?
—No ; for husband and wife may live their whole life in a hotel, and, none the less, be thoroughly married.

“ Is it the lifelong community of material interests ?—No ; for man and wife can

keep their property separate, if they wish to do so.

“ Is it mutual assistance and a state of comradeship throughout life?—No. When a conjugal union is the exact opposite to this, we speak of a bad husband and a bad wife; they are, none the less, man and wife.

“ Does it signify a contract for a lifelong exclusive love?—Certainly not; if marriage signified that, all Christians would be opposed to this institution. And yet there are things which, according to the common estimation, make up the nature of marriage, whenever the question is discussed in a manner which is regarded as ‘ respectable ’ and ‘ decent.’—As a matter of fact, there is nothing respectable or decent in this mystification.

“ What is it, then, in which the true nature of marriage is to be found?—It is the possession of a human being for lifelong exclusive sexual service.

“ Many various views have prevailed on the question how many human beings it is legitimate for one human being to employ for his exclusive sexual gratification, and among different nations, and at various times, the most widely divergent rules and regulations have prevailed regarding the mode of sexual possession, and, on the other hand, regarding the duties towards this sexual property ; but wherever marriage has existed, it has signified a right of property in respect of sexual utilization.

“ If we oppose marriage, we mean that we oppose that which actually constitutes marriage according to morality, and according to written law, that which even the most enthusiastic advocates of this institution regard as so debasing that they are ashamed to name it openly.

“ But, with the exception of the matters relating to sexual service, we hold fast to and defend everything which is publicly

considered as marriage, and we expect that in this case we shall be 'faithful,' 'constant,' and 'trustworthy' in all circumstances. For, according to our view, these most important imponderabilia, and these intimate associations of interest between husband and wife, are not the inevitable result of the longing for physical enjoyment in common, but are the much-to-be-desired result of a well-considered longing for any one or all of the relations entering into the question. According to our view, however, the duration of this union, and constancy while it lasted, would not be dependent upon the activity of sexual desires."

A special Association of Sexual Reform was founded in Berlin in the year 1906, at the instance of the editor of the *Die Schönheit*, Karl Vanselow. It is an association of cultured men and women, who

have also in view the formation of local groups and the delivery of artistic and scientific lectures in furtherance of their movement for reform.

In the above-mentioned monthly magazine, *Mutterschutz*, edited by Helene Stöcker, all the modern problems of love, marriage, friendship, parentage, prostitution, and all the associated problems of morality, and of the entire sexual life, are discussed from their philosophical, historical, legal, medical, social and ethical aspects.

The editor herself, a talented disciple of Nietzsche, has since the year 1893 been chiefly occupied in the study of psychological and ethical aspects of the problems of higher love, and has recently published her collected writings on this subject in a single volume.

As we have seen, Nietzsche's specific for "the Higher Love" was the provision of a whip!

Let no one think that this cheap view of woman, and this low view of her affections, is confined to a handful of *littérateurs* or wealthy eccentrics. It finds expression that is at once shocking and amusing, in the columns of the daily press of Berlin, which contain advertisements of a positively staggering description to all who cherish any old-fashioned notions of delicacy regarding marriage.

The author of *Degenerate Germany* has provided us with some admirably chosen specimens of these announcements, which seem to indicate quite clearly that the usual line of demarcation between a virtuous woman and a courtesan is in Germany non-existent.

“ Listen, Men, listen !

“ I am young and very pretty, a well-made blonde with very dark eyes, and I must get married as soon as possible. I

have seventy pounds, a loving, affectionate disposition, and I could make any man happy. I belong to the servant class, but to any gentleman who does not object to this fact, I say write me with an offer marked on the envelope, Blonde 19, office of this paper. I should like a guardsman. Communications can be received till the 14th inst."

A very frequent appeal comes from a student, generally in this wise :

"Hand and Heart are at the disposal of a wealthy lady, of any age, willing to provide for a handsome student of twenty-three, and enable him to complete his studies at the university."

Matrimonial agencies advertise daily, giving the most minute descriptions of their clients. Age, height, build, colour of hair, the purity of their souls and bodies,

the condition of their teeth, and sometimes, in the case of the fair sex, the measurements of their chest and hips—all these are set down after the fashion of furniture described in an auctioneer's catalogue. The following is a "broker's" general advertisement from the *Tageblatt* :

“ Marriageable Young Women :

“ At ——'s a large number of marriageable young women of all ages and classes, with *dots* ranging from 2,000m. to 500,000m. Several wealthy young ladies desirous of making purely love marriages. All letters treated in the strictest confidence.—FRIEDRICHSTRASSE.”

In another Berlin newspaper, a few years ago, appeared the underwritten :

“ A young girl, of good family, ill-treated by her stepmother, would like to be abducted by a gentleman of title.”

The sequel was never related.

Obituary notices, sometimes occupying an eighth of a page, are equally remarkable. The following is transcribed from a Berlin daily :

“ I here give notice to my friends and acquaintance that I have just lost my well-beloved spouse at the moment she was giving birth to a son, for whom I am looking out for a wet-nurse, until I meet with a second wife willing to assist me in my grocery business. Signed ——.”

Surely in this systematic debasement of women, and in the inordinate derision that thinkers, philosophers and journalists extend to her sex, and so to their own mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts, we have the key to that strange, repulsive morbidity which poisoned first the literature, and

then the very soul of the German people. A race that cannot think of women with respect, let alone enthusiasm, that regards them, to quote Nietzsche again, as "birds, beasts, or, at the best, cows," will soon lose its appreciation for all that is fine in human nature, all that is good in themselves, and become animalistic, gross and brutal. It was well said by John Stuart Mill that the real test of a race, and of a civilization, was to be found in the place and the status that it vouchsafed to its wives and mothers. No other nation in Europe responds so badly to the test as Germany. Of no other nation can we say with the same certitude that its men and women are below the human. Between the Germany of to-day and the Germany of Goethe and Fichte and Schiller—the Germany that our fathers knew and venerated—there is a difference, vast, immeasurable, one of kind, not of degree.

“ And there fell a great star from Heaven, burning as if it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters.

“ And the name of the star is called Wormwood : and the third part of the waters became Wormwood ; and many died of the waters, because they were made bitter.”

CHAPTER VI

THE DANGER

THE first and most striking result of the reaction of German thought and literature upon our own is to be seen in the determined attack upon the home, marriage, and the family, which has been a sinister feature of our intellectual development any time these twenty years.

That attack has left the large mass of the people cold. They cling obstinately to their old-fashioned ideas concerning wifely fidelity and kindred matters. They do not desire that State experts should superintend their love-making, or that their consorts should be selected for them by eugenist experts. Still less do they take kindly to

the idea of propagating the human species upon the stud-farm principle.

“ To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life ”

is still the unregenerate notion of the simple unsophisticated Englishman, who views the suggestion that his children should be brought up under “ State maintenance ”—*i.e.* in a glorified workhouse—with horror.

It is different with our *intellectuals* : with those publicists and authors who, forming that Priesthood of Letters which Carlyle apostrophized, are bound to influence sooner or later the thought and ideas of their age. Very important is it to note, therefore, that the writings and novels of some of the ablest of these are permeated with a truly German contempt for marriage, with German hostility to the home and to the

authority of parenthood, and German disdain of female chastity. That their minds are affected to any degree by Teuton obscenity, I am far from suggesting; and their style happily is free from that heavy morosity which marks the apostles of *Kultur*. But none the less, the attack they are developing on English morality and English institutions is German in origin, method and sympathy.

On what is that attack based? Chiefly on two ideas; first, an insane, Junker contempt for the common man; secondly, an insane, idolatrous worship of the State. The individual is nothing; the State everything. The individual is not fit to select his own wife, or bring up his own children or choose his own occupation. These things must be decided for him by experts. Private judgment must be given up for "mass consciousness." The home and the family must go. The ridiculous idea that

one woman must cleave to one man must be abandoned. The *bourgeois* notion that a father should care for and love his children goes to the scrap-heap. Indeed, it follows, as we shall see, that the father would not know, or at all events could not very clearly determine, who were his children or another's.

The ablest and most outspoken of these would-be destroyers of the home is Mr. Bernard Shaw, a gentleman whose contempt for English ideas and English notions are equalled only by the fervour of his admiration for the omnipresent German Jack-boot State, for German literature (*à la Nietzsche*) and German music (*à la Wagner*). Let us see to what conclusion his Teutophilism has led him. If we turn to *The Revolutionaries' Handbook*, which is supposed to contain Mr. Shaw's philosophy in essence, we shall find the following agreeable reflections :

“ Home is the girl’s prison and the woman’s workhouse.

“ Marriage is popular, because it affords the maximum of opportunity and the maximum of temptation.”

In another work Mr. Shaw opines that “ fathers are no more to be trusted than slave-drivers ” ; that “ the family needs heartily discrediting, and that there is hardly any vulnerable part of it that could not be amputated with advantage ” ; and so on, and so forth. In a memorable criticism, that he reprinted in volume form, he ridiculed the idea that a woman had anything to be proud of because she remained chaste, and he has urged strongly that essentially German notion that the human race should be propagated on the stud-farm principle.

I am not imputing any disreputable motives to Mr. Shaw for his advocacy of

these ideas. They follow inevitably on the German conception of things. If the State is to be omnipresent and ubiquitous, and to take over the maintenance of children, to superintend the lives of the people, and to disregard entirely, as it then must, the predilections and personal affections of the average man; it follows that the human factor must be sacrificed to mechanical efficiency, and parenthood and the home will disappear. Promiscuity and free love must triumph; every woman must become a wanton; or rather, she would not even retain such individuality as a wanton keeps. Her transports and embraces would be bestowed as directed, with a view to the better breeding of the race. There is only one comment to make: Germany has gone some distance in this direction, and we have seen the results.

Mr. E. Belfort Bax is another philosopher

who has drunk deep at the well of German *Kultur*. Hear him on some of the topics that his comrade Shaw is fond of discussing.

The desire for purity, he says, including, it is obvious from the context, female purity, has "at its root either deliberate and conscious hypocrisy," or it arises from a natural bodily defect. The sexual relations at present obtaining are hypocritical, he tells us, "resulting from the institution of monogamic marriage, which is in its turn based on our existing property relations." Female chastity, the same writer asserts, amounts to no more than the "sour grapes of despised love and hopes deferred in the female."

Let it be said that Mr. Bax, like Mr. Shaw, is reasoning quite logically from certain definite premises. He was one of the founders of that body of fanatics, whose activity was the direct result of

German inspiration, known for many years as the S.D.F., and who advocated strenuously on the platform, in the press, by speech and by pamphlet, "the State maintenance of children." If that proposal means anything at all, it means that children are to be taken away from their parents, and from their homes, and brought up at the expense of the State, under the charge of State officials, in State institutions. That, and nothing else, can it mean, and that involves, and must involve, the complete abolition of the home, the destruction of parenthood, the infliction of a most grievous injury upon the mother, and, for the child, the loss of that personal care, devotion and attention that it can secure only from those dearest to it. I do not say that this "reform" is advocated from any base or unworthy motive. I do not accuse Mr. Shaw or Mr. Bax of being animated by any such aim as that which

has inspired the German publicists from whom I have quoted in these pages. But I say that their proposals involve the destruction of the authority of the parent and the substitution of the authority of the State; and I say further, that the effect of the adoption of that policy upon the German people has been disastrous to their *morale* and spirit, and that, if we imitate the enemy in this respect, the results will be equally pernicious here in Great Britain.

Let us take another phase of the German attack upon marriage, one that has been conducted for some time past with great pertinacity and resource by the eugenists, a body of thinkers whose origin, sympathies and funds are derived in large part from the Fatherland.

In its issue of October 4th, 1918, *The New Witness* comments thus on this phase of German "peaceful penetration":

“ We have always maintained that the eugenists, whose activities in Oxford, by the by, have been adversely commented upon in other papers than *The New Witness*, are not a body in any way representative of the English people as a whole. This contention is further supported by an examination into the officers of the Eugenic Society. Its financial guarantors for the years 1916-9 include Robert Mond, von Fleischl, Ernest Schuster, and Edgar Schuster. The treasurer of the Society is P. von Fleischl. Surely no further proof is needed that the foreign element predominates, and that it is one avowedly hostile to English national interests. Were one totally ignorant of the objects and methods of the eugenists, one would feel bound to regard with suspicion a society whose funds are supplied in great measure by cosmopolitan financiers of the type already exposed in this paper. The ob-

jects of the eugenists, however, are known, and with all their implicit and unavowed ideas for the 'improvement' of the race have already been declared to our readers. When these are borne in mind, an obvious and close connection between the Teutonic cognomens of the patrons of the Eugenic Society and its propaganda may be seen. The phrase of the 'Hidden Hand' has, it is true, become a well-worn and much abused cliché, but like all popular cries it contains more than a germ of truth. There are few better ways of injuring an enemy than by attacking that which is the nucleus of all nations—the home. By decreasing the population and by deliberately sapping the foundations of common morality, the hostile Governments are able to injure Great Britain just as effectively as by force of arms. More effectually, in fact, because more insidiously, and with less risk of organized resistance."

We ought not to be surprised at this revelation. When the eugenist talks leather and prunella, about racial perfection, and all the rest of it, what he says does not very greatly matter. But when he gets to business, his proposals, if they mean anything, mean this: that a man is not to freely select his own wife, or a woman her own husband, but that the selection is to be made for them under expert medical superintendence, according to various standards, real or imaginary, which the eugenist expert declares to be necessary. Carried to its logical conclusion, the woman, whom German thinkers teach us to regard as a mere instrument for child-bearing, is to have connection with a man under duress; and a man is to adopt his partner as may be directed by the authorities. Thus is the efficiency of the human race to be ensured. Again a truly German idea, that it is most natural Germans should finance.

“Imitation is the sincerest flattery.” There is no resisting the conclusion that the headway that the eugenists have made, and the success achieved by the advocates of promiscuity and free love as against marriage, was very largely due to the high esteem in which Germany was held for so many years, and which lasted right up to the commencement of the war. Germany, we said, was rich, strong, efficient, powerful and progressive. Germany was also given over to the worship of strange gods. She had ceased to believe in the home. Her publicists advocated openly race culture on the stud-farm principle; and marriage, the marriage tie and its obligations, counted for less and less in the Fatherland. What was the inference? Clearly, that as Germany had turned her back on all the old conceptions of morality, and still contrived to thrive and prosper, we could afford to do likewise. Was not the individual German

strong, healthy, efficient; and was it not therefore clear to all that his un-morality did not really matter?

But that was before the war; before the great disillusion; before Europe saw the Hun face to face; before his real nature was made clear to all who had eyes to see. How great the revulsion is we may realize by contrasting the two following passages.

The first, as written by Lord Wolseley, is taken from *Everybody's Scrap Book*; the second is from the pen of Mr. Perry Robinson, the distinguished war correspondent of *The Daily News*.

“ Much as I admire the German army as a soldier, I admire it still more as a citizen. Great as it is for war, it is infinitely greater as a national school for the moral, mental and physical training of the people. Designed exclusively for war, it

has become the most important of peace institutions. In it all Germans are trained to strength, and taught the first principles in personal cleanliness and health. There they learn to be honest and manly, and are taught the excellence of those virtues which serve to make men good subjects and law-abiding citizens."

Thus Lord Wolseley, voicing the current cant of his time. Now for the testimony of the man *who has seen*.

"The individual German is loathed by people of all classes in Belgium as a brute, bully and thief. 'Thief, bandit, brigand!' are terms which I have heard everywhere applied to them—to officers even more than to men—and their manners, uncleanliness, and lying tongues have revolted the whole population. *Les sales Boches* has become so familiar on the lips of the people that

it has almost grown to be a single word and a proper name.”

Let us take as a case in point, that of those German women who, with no very great reluctance, have adopted the *rôle* of “official wives” to German officers, and who have so thoroughly imbibed the doctrine of subservience to the State that they respond to exactions more revolting than any demanded of their sex since the *jus primæ noctis* of the Middle Ages. Quite recently a letter was received in England from a neutral country, written by a German young lady to one of her old English schoolfellows, relating with pride the fact that she had become the third official wife of a German officer!

I may be told that here in England, officers have irregular connections with ladies, who are not averse to the association. But there is a great difference, as

Lecky has told us, between "deeming a state permissible and proposing it as a condition of sanctity." Again, these "official wives" (of whom there are thousands in the Fatherland) afford but one example of the absence of that respect for the wife and the mother, which civilization accords to their status everywhere outside Germany.

What has been the effect upon the fiction and drama of our day of this imitation of the Teuton? First, there has been a hideous obliteration of all sense of human relationship. When Ædipus, King of Thebes, found he had taken his mother to wife, the human mind recoiled before the horror of the tragedy that Sophocles projected upon its consciousness. But to the modern novelist there is no tragedy involved in such a proceeding. Some few years ago there appeared a novel in which the main incident is that, to ensure the efficiency of a young man (and to protect

him from syphilis), the woman who had stood *in loco maternis* to him since he had been a child, compelled him to have connection with herself. The book was very properly burnt, but only after it had achieved enormous sales. In that other abominable book, *The Rainbow*, the natural, human relations between father and daughter, brother and sister, were all obliterated in a flood of sensuality.

Again we ought not to be surprised. The words husband, father, mother, daughter, lose all significance, as I insist they must, if the family is destroyed, and the home either abolished, or so reconstituted as to be a mere travesty of its real self. We may see very clearly how far this process of dissolution has gone when we consider, that not merely novels and dramas are written for the express and declared purpose of destroying these institutions in the esteem of the public, but that newspapers

devote their space to suggestions for reforming them out of existence. Marriage on the hire system has been discussed "pro and con" in more than one paper—generally under the misleading title of "Probationary Unions." An important Sunday paper printed an article some time ago, pleading that English women should begin to recognize the utility and convenience of the social readjustment described by the writer as the "Visiting Husband." Under this alluring arrangement, the lady was to reside in a flat or maisonette, of which she was the tenant. She was to be visited by her "husband," and to entertain him of an evening, and to make herself agreeable, remembering all the time that if she did not do so he would certainly leave her and call on another lady (for the Visiting Husband was presumably to have more than one wife), and spend his time, or lavish his affections upon her rival—or,

should I say, "Sister Wife"? Hence he would be assured of a good dinner, and that his "wife" would be nicely gowned, and that she would make herself agreeable and give him a good time, while he, on his side, knowing that the lady had other friends, would take care to be amiable and entertaining. And this plea was put forth in all seriousness as a very much needed reform in the relationship of the sexes, which English women should do their utmost to secure, while as a final piece of profaning insolence, the soldier, who had died fighting in this very war, the man who had perished—

". . . facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods."

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast"—

his heroism and valour was adduced as a reason why we should consent to this revolting arrangement.

I have tried in vain to detect any difference between the arrangement here advocated and simple prostitution. I cannot detect any essential difference. Personally I think the street-walker, compelled by necessity to sell her favours on the pavement, a more human figure than the woman who is here held up to our admiration. And the children, reared under such an arrangement as this, what in Heaven's name is to become of them? Which of the "Visiting Husbands" will they be taught to love and respect as a father? or will they be trained early in these matters, as Wedekin suggests, so that they understand the precise relationship between their mother and their possible male parents?

It is high time that someone spoke out

on these matters, that we made some effort to realize how far we have slipped down the path to destruction. If the outrage stood alone, it would not matter, *but it does not*. Proposals for the sex freedom of woman, for the obliteration of the line that distinguishes the harlot from the honest woman, and for the freeing of the father from his responsibilities, all these are perpetually reappearing in one form or another in the Press. Mr. Havelock Ellis is able to quote clergymen as expressing the opinion that men and women in poor districts respect each other much more when "not united by legal compulsion"; that is to say, when the man is in the happy position of being able to put the woman out of doors at a moment's notice, and leave her to fend for herself, even though, be it noted, he may have enjoyed her society for the best years of her life. Mr. E. S. P. Haynes referred in his book

on Divorce to the case of a woman sold at Smithfield Market a hundred years ago for 15s., which, it appears, was the happiest moment of her life; and he seems to regret the fact that, as he points out, the more efficient police of our own day would have prosecuted her for bigamy. In the view of Mr. Haynes, divorce is not a crime, "but a release from misfortune," the inference being, of course, that the misfortune in question is marriage. There is a real danger that these and similar views, "made in Germany," will become current, not indeed among the great mass of our people directly and at first, but that they will be accepted more and more by those publicists and writers who, if not on account of their ability, then by reason of their pertinacity, often succeed in forcing their standpoint upon the public. That has happened in Germany; it may happen here in Great Britain. Let us realize clearly what will

follow if these writers succeed. The next generation will think of the home as a nuisance, parenthood as a bore; they will detect very little difference between the good mother and the "Visited Wife," and they will regard free love and promiscuous intercourse as the natural order of things.

There are many other instances, which I could have given in these pages, showing the poison of German literature at work upon our own. Just as it follows that, if we abolish the family, marriage and the home, so we shall obliterate all sense of human relationships; so equally certain is it that we shall come to regard the natural passion of sex as a thing to be gratified by any means that may suggest themselves to minds, whose imagination has been overstimulated in one direction, and are free from any restraints imposed by personal affection. We shall come to regard the whole matter from one

standpoint only—that of the gratification of the animal side of our nature. Remove the human factor, eliminate affection, from the healthy relations between men and women, and they become gross, corrupt, and perverted, so that there is no limit, as we have seen by our study of German literature, to which their depravities will not go. Already in England the literature of perversion has achieved popularity. In at least one notorious case a man is represented as having the equivalent of connection with a dead person. There are other instances that I could give, equally loathsome, equally revolting, but *cui bono*? They are known to-day to the whole reading public, but unfortunately no one of eminence or distinction has so far had the courage to come out and denounce the evil, gross and palpable as it is. On their effect upon literature—wholesome, genuine, essentially English literature—I need not

dwell. I would say only that the same age, which saw the subsidized presentation of *Salomé*, saw also *Tom Jones* removed from the shelves of a public library. I do not think we could need a clearer illustration of the danger involved in this, the most formidable menace that Germany still presents to us.



STANLEY PAUL & CO.'S LATEST NEW NOVELS

Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. net

THE LAST DITCH	Violet Hunt
THE FREEDOM OF FENELLA	E. Everett-Green
BARBARA MARY	Elizabeth Stirling
CATHERINE STERLING	Norma Lorimer
ABINGTON ABBEY	Archibald Marshall
THERE WAS A KING IN EGYPT	Norma Lorimer
A DARING DAUGHTER	Cyrus Townsend Brady
EYES OF ETERNITY	E. Everett-Green
THE BOOK OF ETHEL	C. Stanton and Heath Hosken
WITH OTHER EYES	Norma Lorimer
THE INDIAN DRUM	W. MacHarg and E. Balmer
LITTLE PITCHERS	Oliver Madox-Hueffer
WEB OF STEEL	Cyrus Townsend Brady
THE PRINCESS OF THE ROSES. Illustrated	Luigi Motta

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net

THE GREAT GAME	Hamilton Drummond
GREEN DUSK FOR DREAMS	Cecil Adair
THE UPROOTERS	J. A. T. Lloyd
LOVE AND LIBERTY	Alexandre Dumas
THE HOUSE OF SILENT FOOTSTEPS	Armine Grace
WELSH LOVE	Edith Nepean
THE CACTUS HEDGE	Cecil Adair
OUSTING LOUISE	Dr. J. Morgan de Groot
THE BETRAYERS	Hamilton Drummond
HANDLEY'S CORNER	Kate Horn
MONSTER'S MISTRESS	E. Everett-Green
SOULS DIVIDED	Matilde Serao
SOME TOMMIES. Illustrated	Maurice Dekobra
GWYNETH OF THE WELSH HILLS	Edith Nepean
WHILE GUY WAS IN FRANCE	Thomas Cobb
ON ETNA	Norma Lorimer
ON DESERT ALTARS	Norma Lorimer
THE GODS' CARNIVAL	Norma Lorimer
A ROYAL PRISONER	P. Souvestre and Marcel Allain
FANTÔMAS	P. Souvestre and Marcel Allain
THE EXPLOITS OF JUVE	P. Souvestre and Marcel Allain
MESSENGERS OF EVIL	P. Souvestre and Marcel Allain
A NEST OF SPIES	P. Souvestre and Marcel Allain

London : STANLEY PAUL & CO., 31 Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2

NEW & CHEAPER EDITIONS

THE LIFE & TIMES OF QUEEN ADELAIDE

By MARY F. SANDARS, Author of "Princess and Queen of England," "Honoré de Balzac," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with many illustrations, 6s. net.

PRINCESS AND QUEEN :

The Life and Times of Mary II. By MARY F. SANDARS, Author of "Balzac, his Life and Writings." Demy 8vo, illustrated, 6s. net.

THE PRINCESS MATHILDE BONAPARTE

By PHILIP W. SERGEANT, Author of "The Last Empress of the French," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, fully illustrated, 6s. net.

THE JOLLY DUCHESS :

Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans. Fifty Years' Record of Stage and Society (1787-1837). By CHARLES E. PEARCE, Author of "Polly Peachum," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, fully illustrated, 6s. net.

POLLY PEACHUM

The Story of Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton, and "The Beggar's Opera." By CHARLES E. PEARCE, Author of "The Amazing Duchess." Demy 8vo, illustrated, 6s. net.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE TERROR

By HECTOR FLEISCHMANN. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, fully illustrated, 7s. 6d. net.

LONDON: STANLEY PAUL & CO.

31 Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2

THE ESSEX LIBRARY

In Large Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, illustrated, 6s. net each.

"The Essex Library is exceedingly well produced, especially when the low price is taken into consideration, and of a format at once convenient and dignified."—*Bookman*.

THE LIFE OF LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE: The Martyr of Love. By CLAUDE FERVAL, with an Introduction by JEAN RICHEPIN. Translated by SIDNEY DARK. Illustrated.

No more poignant account of the romance of Louise de la Vallière has ever been written than this by Claude Ferval, the well-known French romantic writer. In its always interesting setting of the gay, intriguing court at Fontainebleau, it tells in delightful, sympathetic language the story of the first mistress of Louis XIV.

JULIETTE DROUET'S LOVE-LETTERS TO VICTOR HUGO. Edited, with a Biography of Juliette Drouet, by LOUIS GUIMBAUD. Translated by LADY THEODORA DAVIDSON. Illustrated.

The story of Juliette's love for the great French novelist is one of the most romantic in history. These are not ordinary love-letters, but "scribbles," as Juliette herself called them, thrown upon paper hour after hour, and secured by the lover at each of his visits, as so many trophies of passion. The book includes a remarkable series of illustrations from the Victor Hugo Museum.

THE LIFE OF CESARE BORGIA. By RAFAEL SABATINI, Author of "Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition," etc. 3rd Edition.

"Mr. Sabatini has a lively and vigorous style which imparts a freshness to his narrative, and the story of Cesare Borgia's short but varied career proves as entertaining as it is informing."

Daily Telegraph.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC: His Life and Writings. By MARY F. SANDARS, with an Introduction by W. L. COURTNEY, LL.D. 2nd Edition.

"Excellent. An accurate, complete, intelligible life of Balzac. The one book of its kind in Europe."—MR. TIGHE HOPKINS, in the *Daily Chronicle*.

LONDON: STANLEY PAUL & CO.
31 Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2

Telephone : Gerrard 6659
Telegrams : "Gucien 'Phone,
Estrand, London"

For Code Telegrams and Cables
use "Paul's Simplicode"

1919

. PREVIOUS LISTS CANCELLED

THE LATEST BOOKS

ISSUED BY

STANLEY PAUL & CO.

31 ESSEX STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

OBSTACLES TO PEACE. By S. S. McCLURE
Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

In this book the difficulties which will arise when the time comes to bring the war to a conclusion—the whole questions of reparation, indemnities and guarantees—are analyzed in a clear and responsible light. The author, a well-known American writer, has received the personal opinions of men of both sides, including Count Tisza, Count Berchtold, Baron Burian, Herr Zimmermann, Lord Northcliffe, and others, and he has collected a number of startling official documents. As a result, "Obstacles to Peace" is one of the most incisive and illuminating books yet called forth by the Great War.

AN UNCENSORED DIARY FROM THE CENTRAL EMPIRES. By E. D. BULLITT. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

Mrs. Bullitt is an American, who accompanied her husband when he visited Germany, Belgium, Austria and Hungary as a Special Correspondent in 1916. She went, she saw, and she wrote her diary.

Von Bissing, Governor of Belgium, was her dinner partner.

Herr Zimmermann discussed peace ideas and the U-Boat campaign with her.

Countess Bernstorff and Baroness von Bissing asked her to tea.

"An Uncensored Diary," brightly written and full of poignant facts, will undoubtedly cause a sensation.

PIONEERS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.
By Dr. A. S. RAPPOPORT. Crown 8vo, fully illustrated, 6s. net.

In this well-informed and timely book on the Russian revolutionary movement, Dr. Rappoport has traced the history of the movement during the last fifty years. He introduces the English reader to the men and women who fought for liberty, who went to Schluesselburg, to the Fortress of Peter and Paul, or to Siberia, whose shades are hovering in the dark cells of those Russian Bastilles and on the snow-fields of Siberia.

STANLEY PAUL'S LATEST BOOKS

CINEMA PLAYS: How to Write Them ; How to Sell Them. By EUSTACE HALE BALL, late Scenario Editor and Producer of Solax, Eclair, and other Film Companies. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

To write a cinema play is more difficult *at first* than most people imagine, and there is a yet greater difficulty for the uninitiated writer to dispose of his work. Certain small technical regulations are necessary to the production of a play before the camera, and without a knowledge of these the most skilful writer may fail, if not to write a cinema play, at any rate to sell it. This book, by an experienced film editor and producer, gives concisely and simply the information which is needed.

JAMES HINTON. By Mrs. HAVELOCK ELLIS, Author of "Three Modern Seers," etc. With a Preface by HAVELOCK ELLIS. Demy 8vo, cloth, illustrated, 10s. 6d. net.

James Hinton, a celebrated physician, was also a philosopher of much originality, a student of "the mystery of pain," and a pioneer of social work. His writings, like the details of his life, have a peculiar interest to-day, when so much social work is needed, and the difficult question of pain and its origin is freely discussed.

THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE de ST. SIMON. Newly Translated and Edited by FRANCIS ARKWRIGHT. In six handsomely bound volumes. Demy 8vo, illustrated in photogravure, 12s. 6d. net each volume.

No historian has ever succeeded in placing scenes and persons so vividly before the eyes of his readers as did St. Simon, who had a knack of acquiring the confidential friendship of the leaders of the Court of Louis XIV. In spite of their great information and the numerous anecdotes which St. Simon has to tell, the Memoirs have lately been neglected in England. Now, however, under the successful editorship of Mr. Arkwright, they are again obtaining a wide popularity.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA, Vol. X., 1918-1919. Edited by ALBERT NELSON MARQUIS. Large Demy 8vo, cloth, 3,296 pages, 30s. net.

A biographical dictionary of over 22,000 notable living men and women of the United States. The American "Who's Who," a biennial publication now in its tenth volume, should have its place on the reference shelves of all business offices, clubs, hotels, newspaper offices, public libraries and similar institutions.

FAMOUS MORGANATIC MARRIAGES. By CHARLES KINGSTON. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d. net.

This volume—the first to treat of the subject—tells in attractive narrative form the story of the most romantic marriages between royalties and commoners. The author depicts graphically the very human adventures and misadventures of princes and princesses who have rebelled against the marriage customs of their caste. The principals in these human comedies and dramas are citizens of Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain and Sweden. They include royalties, ballet girls, teachers, adventuresses, peasants, and actresses.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BLACK BOOK: Germany's Poisoned Literature. By C. SHERIDAN JONES. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

The author has marshalled a mass of evidence showing that there exist and flourish in Germany powerful organizations deliberately devoted to the culture of vice among men, women, and children—decadent, unwholesome and perverted. Side by side with these there has grown up a whole literature poisoned with the same taint. It is vitally important that we should realize the extent to which these evils have reacted upon the thought and conduct of our own people. This is a danger not the less real because it is underground and insidious.

WITH LOVE FROM DADDY. By R. H. LINDO. With Illustrations by JOHN HASSALL. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. net.

A collection of letters and rhymes full of wholesome fun. By turns grave and gay, humorous and tender, enlivened with droll sketches, snatches of poetry and parlour drama, children will love them, and they will make an especial appeal to all who are members of the freemasonry of fatherhood. The popular Secretary of Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. R. H. Lindo, wrote them to amuse his little daughter "Babs" during convalescence from serious illness. They were jotted down at odd moments snatched from business and National Guard duty. The profits go to the Actors' Orphanage.

THE ALL HIGHEST GOES TO JERUSALEM. Being the Diary of the German Emperor's Journey to the Holy Land. Translated from the French by FRANK ALVAH DEARBORN. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth. Pictorial cover. 2s. 6d. net.

This witty satire on the (then) German Emperor's "divine mission," originally appeared in a copy of *Le Rire*, which set the whole French nation laughing. It has been admirably translated by Frank Alvah Dearborn. Humorous illustrations and epigrams add to the mirth-provoking qualities of a narrative which has been described as a "literary and artistic gem."

STANLEY PAUL'S
LATEST 6/- NET NOVELS

*Those marked *** 7/- net each*

WITH OTHER EYES. By NORMA LORIMER, Author
of "A Wife Out of Egypt," etc. ***

This fascinating story opens in Glastonbury. It has for local colour and background the far-famed country of Arthurian legends; though Miss Lorimer's characters, so vividly alive, live and love in Wales and London too. Their atmosphere is a happy mingling of modern activities and high romance. There is Evangeline, the beautiful Canadian girl from Grand Pré; the woman whose life is intertwined with that of Evangeline; and there are the two men who come into Evangeline's life for good and ill. All learn, through the chastening and purifying influence of the War, to look on life With Other Eyes. An enthralling and uplifting novel.

OUSTING LOUISE. By Dr. J. MORGAN-DE-GROOT,
Author of "The Bar Sinister," "Wynningford,"
etc.

Dr. Morgan-de-Groot is nothing if not original. In "Ousting Louise" he deals with a very live and lively problem, viz., the matrimonial relations of a young couple. Guy and Louise are egoists. They love each other, but Louise is maddening, Guy is exasperating. Louise goes off to live her own life. Guy, lonely and at a desperate loose end, is made passionate love to by a girl. Louise rises to the occasion. She and Guy solve the problem of how to be independent though married.

THE INDIAN DRUM. By WILLIAM MACHARG and
EDWIN BALMER, Authors of "The Blind Man's
Eyes," etc. ***

This mystery story, full of surprising incident, is based on a legend that near the southern end of Lake Michigan, a sound like the booming of an Indian drum is heard whenever the lake takes a life. The late Theodore Roosevelt says of it:—"This book has appealed to me particularly as one of those exceedingly strong bits of work peculiarly American in type, which we ought to greet as a lasting contribution to the best American work."

STANLEY PAUL'S NEW 6/- NOVELS (*Contd.*)

WELSH LOVE. By EDITH NEPEAN, Author of "Gwyneth of the Welsh Hills," etc.

Here is a novel with the true Welsh flavour. A thrilling drama of love, passionate and romantic, is enacted amidst enchanting scenery. There is trickery and fierce anger, rival lovers, calculating greed, lies and treachery, but true love emerges triumphant. Olwen Morris is a beautiful character. More earthy is her rival, but she rises to noble heights.

THE BETRAYERS. By HAMILTON DRUMMOND, Author of "The Great Game," etc.

A fine historical novel. Its theme is the struggle between Pope Innocent and the Emperor Frederick. It tells how the Pope cursed and excommunicated the Emperor, and what followed. It is the secretary of Count de Soissons, a widower and half-priest, who tells the story, and the account of his own love affair with a beautiful girl at Frederick's Court is interwoven with the main drama.

LITTLE PITCHERS. By OLIVER MADOX-HUEFFER, Author of "The Artistic Temperament," "Hunt the Slipper," etc. * * *

A war-time story unlike any other. There is light humour in it, a whimsical touch and a grain of irony. The scene of action is an English country town. The Little Pitchers are a family of children who see, hear, and note much. Amusing and semi-tragic incidents occur, and the Little Pitchers are well to the fore.

HANDLEYS CORNER. By KATE HORN, Author of "Edward & I, and Mrs. Honeybun," etc.

A high ideal of motherhood is the theme of "Handley's Corner." Molly Brierly is a spirited heroine, heart free and full of the joy of life. She has lovers of course, troubles, and a happy conclusion is reached on Armistice Day. Pathos and comedy are intermingled in this attractive story. There is a picture of military society during the war, but the war itself is only incidentally touched upon.

THE CACTUS HEDGE. By CECIL ADAIR, Author of "Gabriel's Garden," "The Sails of Life," etc.

A story full of incident and charm. The impenetrable Cactus Hedge of fleshy leaves, set about with cruel prickles, was to the priest of the French seaboard parish, a symbol of M. de Briac, who lived in the frowning Château Noir. M. de Brix frowned on the world and on his son and heir. The heir disappears. His sweet wife and boy live outside the Cactus Hedge. Passion, despair, tragedy, love, happiness, and a fine ideal of life—such are the ingredients of this fascinating story.

THE YELLOW DOCUMENT; or, Fantômas of Berlin. By PIERRE SOUVESTRE and MARCEL ALLAIN, Authors of "A Nest of Spies," etc.

This latest addition to the famous Fantômas series of detective novels, is as thrilling as any of its predecessors. Crime, mystery, and clever characterisation, are to be found in "The Yellow Document." Interest never slackens. Detective Juve is as alert and resourceful as ever; Fandor, the journalist, as adventurous; and Fantômas the baffling, plays a marvellous game of catch-who-catch-can, and is still running when the volume ends.

ABINGTON ABBEY. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, Author of "The Honour of the Clintons," "Exton Manor," etc. ***

Mr. Marshall writes of that rural life which is so essentially English; the struggles of country squires to maintain their position and their pride when money deserts them; and the old family feuds which keep neighbours at a distance. There is a charm in his books, an old-world air of peace, with new conditions coming forward as a disturbing influence, to be beaten back by the conservatism of country life.

THE FREEDOM OF FENELLA. By E. EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "The Temptation of Mary Lister," etc. ***

The romance of Fenella, and the big-hearted Jock, makes a story that will keenly appeal to Miss Everett-Green's numerous readers. Fenella will win all hearts. This story is essentially romantic, a tale of love that did not at first run smooth but came at last to a great peace.

THE HOUSE OF SILENT FOOTSTEPS. By ARMINE GRACE, Author of "The Cloak of St. Martin."

'It was the sound of footsteps—silent, stealthy footsteps—going up and coming down, and always one stair that creaked.' Whose are these mysterious footsteps? Is it but a coincidence that whenever they tread the stairs a house near by is burgled in the darkness? It was this problem which faced Beryl Stanton, and which Keppel Richards eventually solved. A most engrossing mystery and one to keep the reader on tenterhooks of excitement.

GREEN DUSK FOR DREAMS. By CECIL ADAIR,
Author of "Gabriel's Garden," "The Mist Pool."

There is, in these troublous times, a wonderful sense of peace in this story, although an echo of the war comes into it. For men fight for right and justice, their death is a great sacrifice, and victory the reward of their faithfulness. But war is very distantly heard in these pages. "Green Dusk for Dreams, and Moss for a Pillow," is its motto. A romance of great charm.

THE UPROOTERS. By J. A. T. LLOYD, Author of
"Quis?" "The Three Destinies," "The Lady of
Kensington Gardens," etc.

Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd is an artist in his character drawing. In this story, as in "Quis?", he shows ordinary people involved in a tangle of homely circumstances which are gradually over-swept and lost in the greater turmoil and uprooting tragedy of war.

A DARING DAUGHTER. By CYRUS TOWNSEN
BRADY, Author of "The Adventures of Susan." * * *

A dashing historical romance of grim Judge Jeffries' time. A story of gay gallants, galloping hoofs, and a lovely girl's surprising strength and womanly weakness. She and her lover win through to the happiness all true lovers deserve.

MONSTER'S MISTRESS. By E. EVERETT-GREEN,
Author of "Herndale's Heir," "Defiant Diana."

This volume should appeal to all animal lovers, as the real hero of this wholesome, charming story is a dog. Moses Peter was his name. His adored master goes to Peru, so Moses Peter finds a new home for himself, and a delightful mistress. She re-names him Monster. This big dog and a small boy are concerned in the happy ending of a love affair between Monster's late master and his new mistress.

CATHERINE STERLING. By NORMA LORIMER,
Author of "A Wife Out of Egypt," "God's Car-
nival," etc. * * *

In "Catherine Sterling" Miss Lorimer has depicted Japan and the Japanese from first-hand knowledge. A novel of singular force and freshness of plot, it is full of unexpected developments. There is a fine irony about the conclusion that takes away the breath of the reader.

STANLEY PAUL'S NEW 6/- NOVELS (*Contd.*)

WEB OF STEEL. By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, Author of "The Better Man," "The Island of Regeneration," etc. ***

A big gripping story. It tells of the ruin of a bridge and the rescue of a dam. It describes how brave men show the colour of their mettle and win through a host of difficulties to honour and achievement. Love and a faithful woman are in it too.

SOULS DIVIDED. By MATILDE SERAO, Author of "The Desire of Life," etc.

This romance, by Italy's most famous woman novelist, is an impassioned love story of an unusual kind. It vibrates with intense emotion, revealing the ardours of a Southern lover's temperament. An Italian girl of noble birth, who sings exquisitely, is the object of his devotion. Steeped in romanticism, this story carries the reader into a region far removed from our warring world.

BARBARA MARY. By ELIZABETH STIRLING. ***

Owing to a father's will, Barbara Mary, convent bred, innocent, immature, marries a handsome spoilt man of the world, who has a long standing love affair with a brilliant Society woman. This Lady Julia plays a mischievous game. Barbara Mary's marriage all but suffers shipwreck. The pair, now passionately in love with each other, win through misunderstandings to a happy consummation. A fresh, charming novel, and true to life.

SOME TOMMIES. By MAURICE DEKOBRA. Fully illustrated.

This war book is unique. It is a series of pictures of our own Tommies at the French front, by a Frenchman; is full of little friendly details, and pervaded by a humour shrewd and kindly. M. Maurice Dekobra is a delightful gossip, and his sketches add point and piquancy to his letterpress.

THE PRINCESS OF THE ROSES. By LUIGI MOTTA. With 16 full-page Illustrations by GENNARO AMATO, printed on art paper. ***

A thrilling adventure story. Exciting situations follow thick and fast. There is a great Italian inventor, a beautiful princess, a murderous spy, marvellous inventions, a tremendous air war between East and West, in which a meteor plays an effective part.

THE LAST DITCH. By VIOLET HUNT. * * *

In "The Last Ditch" this brilliantly clever writer has given us a striking study of the British aristocracy—our Last Ditchers. These aristocrats consider that in sending their sons, their best blood, into the army, they fulfilled the feudal obligations of their tenure of lands and privileges. Interest centres round a mother and two daughters, one of whom is married in America. There is a strong neo-love interest.

THE BOOK OF ETHEL. By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN, Authors of "Out of Her Depth," "Ironmouth," etc. * * *

In their latest novel these popular collaborators break fresh ground. "The Book of Ethel" is the story of a woman's heart laid bare in her own words—a woman unhappily married and self freed, who has nursed a secret dream during five lonely years, only to find that it has been snatched from her by a younger woman. Through pages of pitiless self analysis we follow her to the ultimate realization of her destiny.

A ROYAL PRISONER. By PIERRE SOUVESTRE and MARCEL ALLAIN, Authors of "Fantômas," "A Nest of Spies," etc.

A new thrilling novel, fifth in the famous Fantômas series, but complete in itself. Juve the detective, Fandor the journalist, a king, a charming girl, and that master of crime, Fantômas, figure in extraordinary adventures which hold the reader spellbound until the last page is reached. Packed with sensational incidents.

BY THE SAME AUTHORS :—

Crown 8vo, 6s. net each

FANTÔMAS

"By far the best detective novel that I have read for a very long time."—C. K. S., in the *Sphere*.

THE EXPLOITS OF JUVE

"It kept me up an hour and a half after my appointed bed-time."
—*Punch*.

MESSENGERS OF EVIL

"We can promise the reader an evening freed from war-fever by its perusal."—*Church Times*.

A NEST OF SPIES

"At every turn there is a new sensation and a new mystery. A book breathless with excitement, and packed with sensation from beginning to end."—*Scotsman*.

STANLEY PAUL'S NEW 6/- NOVELS (*Contd.*)

- THERE WAS A KING IN EGYPT ***
NORMA LORIMER
- WYNNINGFORD Dr. MORGAN-DE-GROOT
- GWYNETH OF THE WELSH HILLS
EDITH NEPEAN
- ON ETNA NORMA LORIMER
- EYES OF ETERNITY *** E. EVERETT-GREEN
- THE GREAT GAME HAMILTON DRUMMOND
-

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITIONS OF THE WORKS OF
CHRISTOPHER HARE

Each in Large Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, with Photogravure and
Half-tone Illustrations. 6s. net

- A GREAT EMPEROR : Charles V. (1519-1558).
LIFE AND LETTERS IN THE ITALIAN
RENAISSANCE.
- MEN AND WOMEN OF THE ITALIAN RE-
FORMATION.
- MAXIMILIAN THE DREAMER. Holy Roman
Emperor (1459-1519).
-

- THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT. By T. W. H. CROSLAND. 117th
Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 9d. net.
- LOVELY WOMAN. By T. W. H. CROSLAND. 100th Thousand.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 9d. net.
- THE PERFIDIOUS WELSHMAN. By "DRAIG GLAS." 10th
Edition. Crown 8vo, 1s. 3d. net.
- THE WELSHMAN'S REPUTATION. By "AN ENGLISHMAN."
Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.
- AMERICA—THROUGH ENGLISH EYES. By "RITA." Third
Edition. Crown 8vo, 1s. 9d. net.
- FRENCH GARDENING WITHOUT CAPITAL. By E.
KENNEDY ANTON. Medium 8vo, paper, 3d. net ; cloth, 9d. net.

THE A B C SERIES

In Large Crown 8vo, each volume very fully illustrated in half-tone and line, price 6s. net each

- THE A B C OF WAR MEDALS AND DECORATIONS.** By W. AUGUSTUS STEWARD, Officier d'Académie, Author of "From the Breasts of the Brave," etc. With a new Introduction and new Illustration. With 262 illustrations in half-tone and line.
- THE A B C OF COLLECTING OLD CONTINENTAL POTTERY.** By J. F. BLACKER. With 150 Illustrations.
- THE A B C OF OLD ENGLISH CHINA.** By J. F. BLACKER. Illustrated with numerous line and 64 pages of half-tone illustrations, printed on art paper.
- THE A B C OF HERALDRY.** By GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY. With 13 illustrations in colour and 314 in half-tone and line.
- THE A B C OF ENGLISH CERAMIC ART.** By J. F. BLACKER. With a coloured frontispiece and illustrations of 1200 examples.
- THE A B C OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY.** *Third Edition.* By A. J. ANDERSON. With photogravure plates and half-tone illustrations in black and sepia.
- THE A B C OF JAPANESE ART.** By J. F. BLACKER. With 250 illustrations.
- A B C OF COLLECTING OLD ENGLISH POTTERY.** By J. F. BLACKER. Illustrated with over 400 line and 32 pages of half-tone illustrations.
- MORE ABOUT COLLECTING** (*Third Edition at Press*). By SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P. With over 100 illustrations.
- THE A B C GUIDE TO MYTHOLOGY.** By HELEN A. CLARKE. *Third Edition.* Illustrated.
- THE A B C GUIDE TO PICTURES.** By CHARLES H. CAFFIN. *Third Edition.* Fully Illustrated.
- THE A B C GUIDE TO MUSIC.** By D. GREGORY MASON. *Third Edition.* Illustrated.

THE EVERYDAY SERIES

Edited by GERTRUDE PAUL

Each volume gives 366 recipes; one for every day in the year, including February 29th. In Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. net

- THE EVERYDAY CAKE BOOK.** By G. P.
- THE EVERYDAY PUDDING BOOK.** By F. K.
One of the most valuable cookery books in existence.
- THE EVERYDAY VEGETABLE BOOK.** By F. K.
This includes sauces as well as vegetables and potatoes. An unexampled list of new and little-known recipes
- THE EVERYDAY SOUP BOOK.** By G. P.
"Arranged on a most admirable plan. A more useful and well worked-out manual it would be difficult to find, and its price places it within the reach of everyone."—*Our Home.*

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITIONS

THE LIFE & TIMES OF QUEEN ADELAIDE.

By MARY F. SANDARS, Author of "Princess and Queen of England," "Honoré de Balzac," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with many illustrations, 6s. net.

PRINCESS AND QUEEN: The Life and Times of Mary II. By MARY F. SANDARS, Author of "Balzac, his Life and Writings." Demy 8vo, illustrated, 6s. net.

THE PRINCESS MATHILDE BONAPARTE. By PHILIP W. SERGEANT, Author of "The Last Empress of the French," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, fully illustrated, 6s. net.

POLLY PEACHUM. The Story of Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton, and "The Beggar's Opera." By CHARLES E. PEARCE, Author of "The Amazing Duchess." Demy 8vo, illustrated, 6s. net.

THE JOLLY DUCHESS: Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans. Fifty Years' Record of Stage and Society (1787-1837). By CHARLES E. PEARCE, Author of "Polly Peachum," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, fully illustrated, 6s. net.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE TERROR. By HECTOR FLEISCHMANN. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, fully illustrated, 7s. 6d. net.

THIS IS MY BIRTHDAY. By ANITA BARTLE. With an Introduction by ISRAEL ZANGWILL. Handsomely bound, gilt and gilt top, 756 pp., 2s. 6d. net.

A birthday autograph book, containing quotations from the greatest poets, artists, philosophers, statesmen, warriors and novelists.

THE ESSEX LIBRARY

In Large Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, Illustrated, 6s. net each

"The Essex Library is exceedingly well produced, especially when the low price is taken into consideration, and of a format at once convenient and dignified."—*Bookman*.

THE LIFE OF LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE: The Martyr of Love. By CLAUDE FERVAL, with an Introduction by JEAN RICHPIN. Translated by SIDNEY DARK. Illustrated.

No more poignant account of the romance of Louise de la Vallière has ever been written than this by Claude Ferval, the well-known French romantic writer. In its always interesting setting of the gay, intriguing court at Fontainebleau, it tells in delightful, sympathetic language the story of the first mistress of Louis XIV. It is at once a vivid historical study and a passionate romance.

JULIETTE DROUET'S LOVE-LETTERS TO VICTOR HUGO. Edited, with a Biography of Juliette Drouet, by LOUIS GUIMBAUD. Translated by LADY THEODORA DAVIDSON. Illustrated.

The story of Juliette's love for the great French novelist is one of the most romantic in history. Devotedly attached to him she followed him in his exile to Brussels, Guernsey and Jersey, and to console herself whenever he was absent, she wrote down "everything that came into her head, everything that caused her heart to beat." These are not ordinary love-letters, but "scribbles," as Juliette herself called them, thrown upon paper hour after hour, and secured by the lover at each of his visits, as so many trophies of passion. The book includes a remarkable series of illustrations from the Victor Hugo Museum.

THE LIFE OF CESARE BORGIA. By RAFAEL SABATINI, Author of "Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition," etc. 3rd Edition.

"Mr. Sabatini has a lively and vigorous style which imparts a freshness to his narrative, and the story of Cesare Borgia's short but varied career proves as entertaining as it is informing."—*Daily Telegraph*.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC: His Life and Writings. By MARY F. SANDARS, with an Introduction by W. L. COURTNEY, LL.D. 2nd Edition.

"Excellent. An accurate, complete, intelligible life of Balzac. The one book of its kind in Europe."—MR. TIGHE HOPKINS, in the *Daily Chronicle*.

THE ROMANCE OF SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

By A. J. ANDERSON. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with photogravure frontispiece and 16 full-page illustrations on art paper, 10s. 6d. net.

A delightful story of Florence during the Renaissance, with the poets, philosophers, and ladies of the Medici circle as a background, and including the most intimate study of Botticelli's life and art that has yet been written. Commencing with Sandro's life at Prato, and telling of the influence that Lucrezia exercised over his character, and Fra Filippo Lippi over his painting, the author depicts his struggles and triumphs with a sure touch, ending with the wave of piagnone mysticism which clouded the last years of his career. When Mr. Anderson loves his characters he loves them whole-heartedly, and he compels his readers to sympathise with Botticelli as much as they sympathise with Filippo Lippi and the nun Lucrezia.

CROQUET. By the Right Hon. LORD TOLLEMACHE.

Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with 100 photographs and a large coloured plan of the court, 10s. 6d. net.

This work, intended both for the novice and for the skilled player, explains in clear language the various methods, styles and shots found after careful thought and practical experiences to have the best results. It is thoroughly up to date, and includes, besides good advice on the subject of "breaks," a treatise on the Either Ball Game, explaining how to play it.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Edited by ALFRED H. MILES

In Large Crown 8vo, handsome cloth gilt, 384 pages, fully illustrated
6s. net each volume

IN THE LION'S MOUTH. Fierce Fights with Wild Men, Wild Animals and Wild Nature. By CLIVE FENN, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, FRANK R. STOCKTON, ENA FITZGERALD, F. W. CALKINS, ROWLAND THOMAS and other writers.

WHERE DUTY CALLS, or Danger. Records of Courage and Adventure for Girls. By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, GRACE STEBBING, MARGARET E. SANGSTER, ENA FITZGERALD, E. W. TOMSON, F. W. CALKINS and other writers.

HEROINES OF THE HOME and the World of Duty. A Book for Girls.

A BOOK OF BRAVE BOYS—All the World Over.

A BOOK OF BRAVE GIRLS—At Home and Abroad.

IN THE TEETH OF ADVENTURE—Up and Down the World.

WARS OF THE OLDEN TIMES : Abraham to Cromwell.
Dedicated by special permission to Field-Marshal EARL ROBERTS, V.C., with a photogravure frontispiece and numerous other illustrations of world-famous battle pictures, printed on art paper, and in the text.

THE VADE-MECUM SERIES

THE BEE-KEEPER'S VADE-MECUM. By HENRY GEARY (Certificated Expert British Bee-Keepers' Association), Author of "Bees for Profit and Pleasure," etc. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, fully illustrated, 2s. net.

Invaluable to all bee-keepers, but particularly so to those who are commencing to keep bees. The best methods are explained clearly and concisely, and the numerous illustrations include diagrams of the latest improved appliances.

THE LAUGHTER LOVERS VADE-MECUM.

Good stories, epigrams, witty sayings, jokes, and rhymes. In Fcap. 8vo ($6\frac{1}{8} \times 3\frac{1}{8}$), cloth bound, round corners, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net (*Uniform with "Diner's-Out Vade-Mecum"*).

Whoever wishes to secure a repertoire of amusing stories and smart sayings to be retailed for the delight of his family and friends, cannot possibly do better than get "The Laughter Lover's Vade-Mecum"; and those who seek bright relief from worries little and big should take advantage of the same advice.

THE DINER'S-OUT VADE-MECUM. A Pocket "What's What" on the Manners and Customs of Society Functions, etc., etc. By ALFRED H. MILES. In Fcap. 8vo ($6\frac{1}{8} \times 3\frac{1}{8}$), cloth bound, round corners, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net.

Intended to help the diffident and inexperienced to the reasonable enjoyment of the social pleasures of society by an elementary introduction to the rules which govern its functions, public and private, at Dinners, Breakfasts, Luncheons, Teas, At Homes, Receptions, Balls and Suppers, with hints on Etiquette, Deportment, Dress, Conduct, After-Dinner Speaking, Entertainment, Story-Telling, Toasts and Sentiments, etc.

A GARLAND OF VERSE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Edited by ALFRED H. MILES. Demy 8vo, handsome cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. net.

A collection of verse for children, selected from a wide field, are graded to suit age and classified to facilitate reference, and many new pieces are included to help nature-study and interest children in collateral studies. Never before has an attempt been made to cover in one volume such a wide range of pieces at so small a price.

GUERRILLA LEADERS OF THE WORLD. By PERCY CROSS STANDING. Large Crown 8vo, illustrated. 6s. net.

The author was special correspondent for Reuter during the war between France and Siam, and secured much valuable first-hand information concerning notable Guerilla leaders, including Osman Digna and Colonel John S. Mosby, the Confederate raider.

THIS FUNNY WORLD. By F. RAYMOND COULSON ("DEMOCRITUS"), Author of "A Jester's Jingles." Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. net.

A volume of humorous and satirical verse by the author of "A Jester's Jingles," a work well known to reciters. His "Social Scale" also enjoys wide popularity.

THE FIRST FAVOURITE RECITER. Edited by ALFRED H. MILES. 96 pp., Large 4to, double-columns, clear type on good paper, handsome cover design in three colours, 9d. net.

Valuable Copyright and other Pieces by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, AUSTIN DOBSON, SIR W. S. GILBERT, EDMUND GOSSE, LORD LYTTON, COULSON KERNAHAN, CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN, TOM GALLON, ARTEMUS WARD, and other Poets, Wits and Humorists.

THE UP-TO-DATE RECITER. Edited by ALFRED H. MILES (*Uniform with the above in style and price*).

Valuable Copyright and other Pieces by great Authors, including HALL CAINE, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, ROBERT BUCHANAN, WILLIAM MORRIS, CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, LORD TENNYSON, ROBERT BROWNING, MARK TWAIN, BRET HARTE, MAX ADELER, and other Poets and Humorists.

"An ideal gift for your girls and youths. It is just as admirable a production for grown-ups, and many a pleasant hour in the cold evenings can be spent by the fire with 'The Up-to-Date Reciter.'"—*Star*.

SHORT CUTS TO FIRST AID. By a Metropolitan Police Surgeon attached to the Royal Army Medical Corps ($6\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{8}$), 7d. net.

CAMP COOKERY: A Book for Boy Scouts. By LINCOLN GREEN. Crown 8vo, 6d. net.

The officially approved book for the Boy Scouts' Association. A clear account of the methods, materials, dishes, and utensils appropriate to camp life. It also describes the construction of an inexpensive cooking apparatus.

STANLEY PAUL'S 3/6 NET NOVELS

Crown 8vo, cloth. Pictorial Jacket

TROPICAL TALES DOLF WYLLARDE

THE RIDING MASTER DOLF WYLLARDE

A THORN IN THE FLESH RHODA BROUGHTON

"A good story. Miss Rhoda Broughton's firm and practised hand has not yet lost anything of its skill and cunning."—*Daily Telegraph*.

STANLEY PAUL'S 2/6 NET NOVELS

Crown 8vo, cloth, with Pictorial Wrapper

NEW VOLUMES

THREE GENTLEMEN from NEW CALEDONIA

R. D. HEMINGWAY & HENRY DE HALSALLE

A novel selected from over 250 manuscripts for the award of a £300 prize. MR. SIDNEY DARK, the well-known literary critic says:—"One of the best, if not indeed the very best, I have ever read."

THE NEAPOLITAN LOVERS

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

"One is struck with wonder to see how charmingly the love-story runs like a golden thread through the tale without in any way obliterating the historical interest."—*Ladies' Field*.

THE HALF-PRIEST

HAMILTON DRUMMOND

"A thoroughly delightful and enthralling historical romance packed full of adventure."—*Eastern Morning News*.

MOSCOW IN FLAMES

G. P. DANILEVSKI

"A vivid picture of the entry of Napoleon into Moscow, the burning of the city, and the terrible retreat of the French armies; against this flaming background is drawn a pretty love story."—*Scotsman*.

THE CLOAK OF ST. MARTIN

ARMINE GRACE

A GENTLEWOMAN OF FRANCE

RENÉ BOYLESVE

This story, although quite unlike the typical French novel, was crowned by the Academy and attained great popularity on the Continent.

THE BLACK LAKE

Sir WILLIAM MAGNAY, BT.

LOVE AND LIBERTY

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THE HOUSE OF SILENT FOOTSTEPS

ARMINE GRACE

MAID OF THE MOONFLOWER

CECIL ADAIR

WHILE GUY WAS IN FRANCE

THOMAS COBB

THE DESTINY OF CLAUDE

MAY WYNNE

DASHING DICK'S DAUGHTER

E. EVERETT-GREEN

THE MIST POOL

CECIL ADAIR

THE GODS' CARNIVAL

NORMA LORIMER

STANLEY PAUL'S 2/6 NET NOVELS (*Contd.*)

THE GENERAL'S WIFE	M. HAMILTON
THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD	HAMILTON DRUMMOND
IMPERTINENT REFLECTIONS	COSMO HAMILTON
TAINTED GOLD	H. NOEL WILLIAMS
THAT STRANGE AFFAIR	WALTER BRUGGE-VALLON
THE TWIN-SOUL OF O'TAKE SAN	BARONESS ALBERT D'ANETHAN
THE UNDYING RACE	REN MILAN
WATERMEADS	ARCHIBALD MARSHALL
ADVENTUROUS ANN	E. EVERETT-GREEN
QUIS ?	J. A. T. LLOYD
BECAUSE OF PHŒBE	KATE HORN
THE FISHERMEN	DIMITRY GREGOROVITSH
THE TEMPTATION OF MARY LISTER	E. EVERETT-GREEN
LYING LIPS	WILLIAM LE QUEUX
THE PRICELESS THING	MRS. STEPNEY RAWSON
THE PRICE OF FRIENDSHIP	E. EVERETT-GREEN
THE FLUTE OF ARCADY	KATE HORN
THE SEVENTH POST CARD	HERBERT FLOWERDEW
THE HERO OF URBINO	MAY WYNNE
FRIVOLE]	KATE HORN

SIDELIGHTS ON THE COURT OF FRANCE. By Lieut.-Col. ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD, D.S.O. Demy 8vo, 2s. net.

THE WHITE SLAVES OF LONDON. By W. N. WILLIS, Crown 8vo, paper covers, 1s. net.

THE WHITE SLAVE MARKET. By W. N. WILLIS and MRS ARCHIBALD MACKIRDY. Crown 8vo, paper covers, 1s. net.

WESTERN MEN WITH EASTERN MORALS. By W. N. WILLIS. With a Preface by R. A. BENNETT, Editor of *Truth* Crown 8vo, paper covers, 1s. net.

REVOLUTION AND WAR, or, Britain's Peril and her Secret Foes. By "VIGILANT." New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo 1s. 6d. net.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE AT ELBA (1814-1815).

By NORWOOD YOUNG, Author of "The Growth of Napoleon," "The Story of Rome," etc., with a chapter on the Iconography of Napoleon at Elba, by A. M. BROADLEY, Author of "Napoleon in Caricature," etc. With coloured frontispiece and 50 illustrations from the collection of A. M. Broadley, In one volume, Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, price 21s. net.

This work is a record of the residence of Napoleon in the Isle of Elba during the exile which followed his abdication at Fontainebleau on April the 11th, 1814, and which continued from May the 3rd following until February the 26th, 1815.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE AT ST. HELENA (1815-

1821). By NORWOOD YOUNG. With two coloured frontispieces and 100 illustrations from the collection of A. M. Broadley. Two vols., Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, price 32s. net.

This work is the history of the exile of Napoleon on the island of St. Helena after the defeat of Waterloo, which terminated the hundred days revival of his power on June 18th, 1815—from the 16th of October following until his death on the 5th May, 1821. Both writers are authorities upon the subject of which they treat, and the whole of Mr. Broadley's unrivalled collection of Napoleonic MSS. and illustrative lore has been generously placed at the disposal of Mr. Norwood Young for the purposes of this work. Mr. Young has also had access to many hitherto unexplored sources of information both in England and abroad. The final word on a supremely interesting subject.

THE DEVIL'S SPAWN: How Italy will Defeat Them. Third Edition. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. Paper, 1s. 3d. net; cloth gilt, 2s. net.

GERMAN SPIES IN ENGLAND. 100th Thousand. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. Paper, 1s. 3d. net; cloth gilt, 2s. net.

The LORD MAYOR OF LONDON says:—"It deserves the serious attention of the authorities. Vividly depicting a very grave peril."

The Daily Mail says:—"It is a book which should be carefully studied from cover to cover."

BRITAIN'S DEADLY PERIL. Fourth Edition. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. Paper, 1s. 3d. net; cloth gilt, 2s. net.

IRELAND: Vital Hour. By ARTHUR LYNCH, M.P.
Demy 8vo, with Portrait, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d. net.

Here is a book, fearless, illuminating, a book devoted to the discussion of Irish political and economic problems by an author with an inside knowledge of Irish problems. In these pages there is candour, sincerity, and good humour. Dr. Lynch has made a genuine effort to see things as they really are, and to make no concessions to prejudice and expediency at the expense of truth. He has entered upon the work in that rare spirit of patriotism which seeks to probe the weaknesses and to exhibit the strength of the materials of which the Irish nation of the future must be built. The book is both conciliatory and unifying, and the true way of Ireland's concord with England is pointed out. An original, bold, sincere, and, above all, upbuilding book.

THE LAST KING, or, THE NEW FRANCE:

Being a History from the Birth of Louis Philippe in 1773 to the Revolution of 1848, with Appendices. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Now first translated into English, with an Introduction and Notes, by R. S. GARNETT. In two vols. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, profusely illustrated with a rare portrait of Dumas and other pictures after famous artists. 24s. net the set.

It is impossible to understand the French Republic of to-day unless the struggle in 1848 be studied: for every profound revolution is an evolution. Dumas took part in this second revolution, and having taken part in it, he wrote its history when his fame was at its height. Although composed with scrupulous fidelity to facts, it is as amusing as a romance. Wittily written, and abounding in life and colour, the long narrative takes the reader into the battlefield, the Court and the Hôtel de Ville with equal success.

THE SCOTTISH FRIEND OF FREDERICK THE GREAT; The Last Earl Marischall. By Edith E. CUTHELL, F.R.Hist.S. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, fully illustrated, 2 vols., 24s. net the set.

George Keith, a gallant young colonel of Life Guards under Marlborough and Ormonde, fought at Sheriffmuir, led the ill-fated Jacobite expedition from Spain, and was a prominent figure in all the Jacobite plottings before and after the '45. He was the ambassador and friend of Frederic the Great, and the friend and correspondent of Voltaire, Hume, Rousseau and d'Alembert.

THE ADMIRABLE PAINTER. By A. J. ANDERSON, Author of "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi," "His Magnificence," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, fully illustrated, 10s. 6d. net.

In this book we find Leonardo da Vinci to have been no absorbed, religious painter, but a man closely allied to every movement of the brilliant age in which he lived. Leonardo jotted down his thoughts in his notebooks and elaborated them with his brush, in the modelling of clay, or in the planning of canals, earthworks and flying machines. These notebooks form the groundwork of Mr. Anderson's fascinating study, which gives us a better understanding of Leonardo, the man, as well as the painter, than was possible before.

KULTUR CARTOONS. By WILL DYSON. With a Foreword by H. G. WELLS. 20 Original War Cartoons, each mounted on a dark background (suitable for framing). Imperial 4to, cover design by the artist, 2s. 6d. net. A limited edition of 500 copies bound in cloth, numbered and signed by the artist, 5s. net each.

"Mr. Will Dyson has the most virile style of any British cartoonist. . . . Wonderful. . . Striking war cartoons."—*Daily Mail*.

SAMPHIRE. By LADY SYBIL GRANT. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. net.

A bright, companionable volume by the daughter of Lord Rosebery, consisting of a series of essays. Among the subjects dealt with are "Millionaires in Fiction," "Personal Relations," "About Snobs," "Nature," "Salons," "Criticism," "Authoresses and Authors," and "Literary Dodges." They are excellent satire, and have in addition breadth and good humour.

MARRIAGE MAKING AND BREAKING. By CHARLES TIBBITS. With a Foreword by the late A. C. PLOWDEN, Esq., late Chief Magistrate at Marylebone Police Court. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

BY THE WATERS OF SICILY. By NORMA LORIMER, Author of "A Wife Out of Egypt," etc. *New and Cheaper Edition.* Large Crown 8vo, with a coloured frontispiece and 16 other illustrations. 6s. net.

Full of the vivid colour of Sicilian life, it is a delightfully picturesque volume, half travel book, half story; and there is a sparkle in it, for the author writes as if glad to be alive in her gorgeously beautiful surroundings.

TRAINING FOR THE TRACK, FIELD & ROAD.

By HARRY ANDREWS, Official Trainer to the A.A.A. etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, with illustrations, 2s. net.

A training manual from the brain and pen of our foremost athlete trainer of to-day. Every runner knows the name of Harry Andrews and his long list of successes—headed by that wonderful exponent, Alfred Shrubbs. It is, however, for the self-training man that the Author explains the needed preparation and methods for every running distance. This most authoritative and up-to-date book should therefore prove of immeasurable assistance to every athlete, amateur or professional, throughout the Empire.

PAUL'S SIMPLICODE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

A simple and thoroughly practical and efficient code for the use of Travellers, Tourists, Business Men, Departmental Stores, Shopping by Post, Colonial Emigrants, Lawyers, and the general public. Everyone should use this, the cheapest code book published in English. A sentence in a word.

THE CURE FOR POVERTY. By JOHN CALVIN BROWN. *A New and Cheaper Edition.* Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. net.

Mr. John Calvin Brown, after many years of heavy commercial experience in England, in the United States, and on the Continent, reviews the most burning national reforms of the British Empire and of the United States. This narrative is made good reading even for the non-student of national and industrial affairs by the very large number of apposite stories interspersed among the plain arguments of the book, so that from cover to cover it reads like a most clearly instructive, yet spicily, humorous, after-dinner speech.

DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENTS. Edited by ALFRED H. MILES. Crown 8vo, red limp, 1s. 6d. net.

A book of new and original Monologues, Duologues, Dialogues, and Playlets for home and platform use, by CATHERINE EVELYN, CLARE SHIRLEY, ROBERT OVERTON, and other writers.

BALLADS OF BRAVE WOMEN. Edited by ALFRED H. MILES. Large Crown 8vo, red limp, 1s. 6d. net; cloth gilt, 2s. net; paste grain, gilt (boxed), 3s. net.

A collection of Poems suitable for recitation. Its aim is to celebrate the bravery of women as shown in the pages of history, on the field of war, in the battle of life, in the cause of freedom, in the service of humanity, and in the face of death. The subjects dealt with embrace Loyalty, Patriotism, In War, In Domestic Life, For Love, Self-Sacrifice, For Liberty, Labour, In Danger, For Honour, The Care of the Sick, In Face of Death, etc., by a selection of the world's greatest writers.

STORIES OF THE KAISER AND HIS ANCESTORS. By CLARE JERROLD, Author of "The Early Court of Queen Victoria," etc. Crown 8vo, with portraits, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. net; paper, 2s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Clare Jerrold presents in anecdotal fashion incidents both tragic and comic in the career of the Kaiser Wilhelm and his ancestors. The frank and fearless way in which Mrs. Jerrold has dealt with events in her earlier books will pique curiosity as to this new work. In it she shows the Kaiser as an extraordinary example of heredity—most of his wildest vagaries being foreshadowed in the lives and doings of his forebears—of more or less outrageous memory.

GAIETY AND GEORGE GROSSMITH: Random Reflections on the Serious Business of Enjoyment. By STANLEY NAYLOR. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, with a coloured frontispiece, and 50 other illustrations, 5s. net.

Here is Mr. George Grossmith in his moments of leisure, laughing, joking, relating anecdotes (personal and otherwise), criticising people and places, and generally expressing a philosophy which has serious truth behind it, but nevertheless bubbles over here and there with humour. Through his "Boswell," Mr. Stanley Naylor, he talks of "Love Making on the Stage and Off," "The Difference Between a Blood and a Nut," "The Ladies of the Gaiety," and other similar subjects. Mr. Grossmith in this book is as good as "Gee-Gee" at the Gaiety. What more need be said?

VERSES. By DOLF WYLLARDE, Author of "The Riding Master," "Tropical Tales," etc. With photogravure frontispiece. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

The book is published in response to a desire expressed by many readers of Miss Wyllarde's novels for the complete poems, from which she has quoted in her prose works from time to time. A number of "Verses" not hitherto published in any form is added.

CAKES AND ALE. A dissertation on banquets, the whole interspersed with various recipes, more or less original, and anecdotes mainly veracious. By EDWARD SPENCER ("Nathaniel Gubbins"). Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. net.

A writer in the *Manchester Despatch* says that "The Flowing Bowl," and its companion volume "Cakes and Ale," are "two of the most interesting books on eating and drinking in the language." As "The Flowing Bowl" deals with drinking, so does this with eating, giving a very lively description varied with numerous recipes.

CONTINENTAL COOKERY FOR THE ENGLISH TABLE.

By Mrs. EDITH SIEPEN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

Special attention is given to those dishes which are not familiar, and tasty methods are explained for cooking vegetables, preparing gravies and salads, and making delicious cakes.

A VAGABOND COURTIER (Baron von Pöllnitz). By EDITH E. CUTHELL, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. Two vols., Demy 8vo, 24s. net.

INTIMATE MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON III. : Personal Reminiscences of the Man and the Emperor. By the late Baron D'AMBES. Translated by A. R. ALLINSON. Two vols., Demy 8vo, fully illustrated, 24s. net.

IMPERIAL AMERICA. By J. M. KENNEDY. Demy 8vo, illustrated, 12s. 6d. net.

BY THE WATERS OF GERMANY. By NORMA LORIMER, Author of "By the Waters of Sicily," "A Wife Out of Egypt," etc. With a Preface by DOUGLAS SLADEN. Demy 8vo, illustrated, 12s. 6d. net.

A HISTORY OF PENAL METHODS. Criminals, Witches, Lunatics. By GEORGE IVES, M.A. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

The Times says:—"It is probably the only book yet produced by a modern penal reformer which deserves to rank as a standard."

THE MOTOR. A complete work on the History, Construction and Development of the Motor. By JOHN ARMSTRONG. Illustrated by 100 drawings and photographs, 10s. 6d. net.

LOVE LETTERS OF A JAPANESE. Being the Correspondence of a Japanese man with his English betrothed. By G. N. MORTLAKE. Second Edition. With an Introduction by Dr. MARIE C. STOPES. Large Crown 8vo, white cloth gilt, chaste design, 5s. net.

WAR UP TO DATE. A Vade-Mecum of Modern Methods of Warfare, together with a Naval and Military Dictionary. By CHARLES E. PEARCE. Fcap. 8vo ($6\frac{1}{8} \times 3\frac{1}{8}$), with illustrations, including 120 reproductions of Naval and Military Badges. Canvas, round corners, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net; leather, 2s. net.

THE INSANITY OF GENIUS, and the General Inequality of Human Faculty Physiologically Considered. By J. F. NISBET. Sixth Edition. With a Preface by BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THREE MODERN SEERS (JAMES HINTON, F. NIETZSCHE, and EDWARD CARPENTER). By Mrs. HAVELOCK ELLIS. Illustrated with Photogravure Plates. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

STANLEY PAUL & CO., 31 Essex Street, London, W.C.2

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

1950-1951

PHILOSOPHY 101

LECTURE NOTES

BY

W. V. QUINE

1950-1951

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1951

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1951

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1951

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1951

