

# CHAOS

by

Immanuel





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# CHAOS

WRITTEN FOR THE ILLITERATI, NOT THE LITERATI

By

IMMANUEL

Author Of

"Criminals of Chicago"

"Gospel According to Im-anu-el"

"Epistles of Im-anu-el"

"Theotherapy", etc.

"Plays of the Proletariat"

For a Workingman's Theatre

In preparation:

"The Emotion Picture"

Four Books

"Craftsman of Christ"

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"CHAOS" HAS BEEN CHOSEN AS THE PERMANENT TITLE OF  
"THE BOOK WITHOUT A NAME"

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# CHAOS IN TWO BOOKS

## Book I

"BEFORE THE DESTRUCTION"  
AND TWO "PLAYS OF THE PROLETARIAT"  
FOR A WORKINGMAN'S THEATRE:

"RED"

"LUPUS AND FIDUS"

## Book II

"THE DESTRUCTION"  
AND TWO "PLAYS OF THE PROLETARIAT"  
"THE CREATION"  
"DOOM OF THE PROLETARIAT"

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# RED

### PERSONS OF THE DRAMA:

|                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| Paul Petrovka, 20, Jew | Fritz Platzten.     |
| of Russian parentage.  | Czar.               |
| Florida Fairbanks, 21. | Czarina.            |
| Gerald Grant, 20.      | Czarevitch.         |
| German Officers.       | Czarevnas.          |
| German Spy.            | Russian Nobles.     |
| Karl Liebknecht.       | Bolsheviki.         |
| Rosa Luxembourg.       | Red Guard.          |
| Lenin.                 | Russian Soldiers.   |
| Trotsky.               | Corpse of Rasputin. |

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### PERIOD:

The Great War.

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### PLACE:

America, Switzerland, Germany, Russian Trenches,  
Nevsky Prospect in Petrograd, Kremlin in Moscow.



## BOOK I

# Before The Destruction Of The World

## CHAPTER I

# RED

Ev'n tho' thrice again  
The red fool-fury of the Seine  
Should pile her barricades with dead.  
—Tennyson.

### ACT 1. Scene 1.

The coast near New York. A mansion at one side. The sea in the background. Florida Fairbanks looking up at the sky above the sea. At the other side of the stage Paul Petrovka reading a book. He has a beard and long hair.

Florida: My American eagle! How brave he is! Like an eagle he fights his battles alone, other birds fight in flocks. Soon he will carry me away on his pinions, up, up, in celestial flight, above the earth, above the clouds, to some heavenly realm of bliss. How wonderful to be a bird!

(Opens book and reads:)

Birds, the free tenants of earth, air, and ocean,  
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;  
In plumage delicate and beautiful,  
Thick with burthen, close as fish's scales,  
Or loose as full blown poppies on the gale;  
With wings that seem as they'd a soul within them,  
They bear their owners with such sweet enchantment.  
Isn't it wonderful to love! The fulfilment of all our cravings!

Give me but

Something whereunto I may bind my heart,  
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp  
Affection's tendrils round.

What is this love?

It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all of wishes,  
All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,  
All purity, all trial.

No, it's not that, to me.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs  
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;  
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lover's tears.  
What is it else? a madness most direct,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

No, the poets cannot define it, we must ourselves feel it. Oh! there is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love—the first flutterings of its silken wings—the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy.

(The whirr of a propeller is heard. Both Paul and Florida look towards one of the wings of the stage. Suddenly Florida screams, and wishes to dart to one side, but in her excitement she loses her head, and remains on the spot. Paul rushes forward, and drags her away. An aeroplane appears at one wing of the stage, rushes across, knocks Paul down, but he is able to push Florida out of reach of the plane. The aeroplane disappears in the other wing of the stage.)

What has happened? That was Gerald's plane. Perhaps he's hurt? I was fascinated. Oh! that man saved my life!

(She runs towards the prostrate form of Paul and kneels besides him. Enters Gerald Grant.)

Gerald: Are you hurt, Flo?

Florida: Oh! Gerald! No, I'm only scared, but this man? Is he dead? He saved me.  
(Gerald kneels beside Paul and examines him.)

Gerald: Something happened to the wheel. Thank God you're all right. I'll never try to land near you again.

Florida: Is he alive? Oh Gerald, I hope he's not dead. It'd be terrible. What a wonderful face, it reminds me of Christ. He must be a poet.

Gerald: I can't feel his heart beat. What'll we do?

Florida: Oh! Take him to the house! I'll get the servants. (She rises rapidly.) We must phone for a doctor.

Curtain

### ACT 1. Scene 2.

Same as in Scene 1. Fairbanks, Petrovka, Grant.

Florida: What are you looking for?

Paul: A companion.

Florida: A companion?

Gerald: If there were any graves here, I'd say you were looking for a spook.

Paul: Yes, I'm looking for a book.

Florida: But you said a companion.

Paul: The burning soul, the burden'd mind,  
In books alone companions find.

Florida: You are a poet?

Paul: A poet! No. But I love books as men. Books are men of higher stature. And the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear! Without books, God is silent, justice dormant, science stayed, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness.

Gerald: Here's your chum. (He bends and picks up a book.)

Paul: Thank you. (He takes the book.) Do you wish to see it, Miss Fairbanks?

Florida: It must be poetry. I love poetry. (She takes the book and reads:) Looking Backwards by Edward Bellamy.

Paul: It is a poem. The paean of the oppressed chanting their liberation.

Florida: I've read it. It really is beautiful.

Paul: And practical.

Gerald: Practical! I thought it was merely utopian.

Paul: If it was merely utopian, Americans would not have organized the nationalist party to develop the methods advocated in Looking Backwards. You ought to be proud of Bellamy, he was a pure-blooded American.

Gerald: Never heard of the nationalist party. I'm a Republican. But I expect it's O. K., if it was organized in God's own country.

Paul: America certainly is a wonderful country, and I'm proud that I am a citizen of a country whose president kept us out of war. But Russia is not the Devil's own country, although it looks so at present. They have men as great as Bellamy, greater, I believe. Tolstoy and Bellamy preached practically the same religion, but Tolstoy was a greater prophet. I am a Tolstoyan, although I am an American citizen.

Florida: Please tell me what a Tolstoyan is. I've read his books, but I don't quite understand what meaning you attach to the word Tolstoyan.

Paul: Tolstoy says the people are everything, the higher classes nothing. Progress is not synonymous with education. Compulsory education has been attended with harmful results. Reading and writing play but a small part in forming a man's mind and fitting him for life. They merely render him more articulate. The people know what they want and are thoroughly convinced that "in the great question of their spiritual development they will neither take a wrong step nor accept that which is false." "The people," he affirms, "are stronger, more independent, more just, more human, and, above all,



more necessary than the upper classes. It is not they that should come to our school; we should learn of them." This, as you see, is akin to the philosophy of Rousseau as expressed in Emile. So even the French have produced their Bellamy. In fact, all nations have their Looking Backwards. The idea has made a cycle from the ancient Hebrews to the greatest of modern Hebrews, Theodore Herzl, in his Old New Land.

Gerald: That sounds like rank Socialism, I.W.W.'ism to me.

Paul: It is science. The millions of human beings that make up a great nation are reduced, both for itself and others, to a few thousand men, who constitute its clear consciousness, and epitomise its social activity in all its aspects, its politics, its industry, its commerce, and its intellectual culture. Yet it is these millions of unknown beings—limited in mode and place of existence, quietly living and quietly passing away—that make up all the rest; without them there is nothing. They constitute the inexhaustible reservoir, from which, by rapid or abrupt selection, a few come to the surface. But these favorites of talent, power, or wealth themselves enjoy only an ephemeral existence. Degeneracy—always fatally inherent in that which rises—will again lower them or their race, while the silent work of the ignored millions will continue to produce others, and to impress upon them a distinctive character. You apparently do not love the I.W.W.?

Gerald: Love 'em! Yes, I love 'em, like poison. They're all aliens. A bunch of agitators.

Paul: Perhaps you are mistaken, Mr. Grant. I know them, and I know they are mostly red-blooded Americans. As to being agitators, permit me to quote in this connection the dictum of a very great statesman. He says: Fools talk of agitators, there is but one—injustice.

Gerald: But you will not deny that they stir up discontent?

Paul: Agitators do not make discontent; they merely give it leadership. Perhaps if these men had votes, they would not have changed the Socialist slogan: "Strike at the ballot-box" into the I.W.W. slogan: "Strike at the ballot-box with an axe."

Gerald: If they're red-blooded Americans, as you say, why don't they vote? Every American has a vote.

Paul: To have a vote, you must live in one place for a definite period. The I. W. W. is disfranchised because his work keeps him continually on the move. He is not to blame. This floating labor is absolutely essential to the welfare of the lumber industry, the farming industry, the backbone of America. Without the I. W. W. the farmers would go out of business, we would face economic disaster.

Gerald: You talk as if you were a Wallaby yourself.

Paul: If you knew your own countrymen, Mr. Grant, you would not say so. As I have told you, I am a Tolstoyan. I am opposed to direct action. I have learned not to resist evil. The I. W. W., or at least some of them are against their own official program, advocate direct action. Although I deprecate that part of their activities, I cannot be unjust to them. Neither will I judge them.

Florida: Is that also Tolstoyism?

Paul: Yes, Miss Fairbanks. Tolstoy says, "Judge not that ye be not judged" is a logical result of "Resist not evil." Jesus denied the possibility of human justice when he asked those who were not guilty to cast the first stone at the woman taken in adultery. In other words Jesus said, "You believe that your laws reform criminals; as a matter of fact they only make more criminals. There is only one way to suppress evil, that is to return good for evil without respect of persons." Our factories, culture, art, science, civilization with its prison cells, houses of infamy, and state church are all based on violence and coercion in direct opposition to the principles taught by Christ.

Florida: I see I should have called you a prophet, not a poet. But perhaps the words are synonymous. The Psalms are the most wonderful poems ever written, I'm told.

Paul: I am only an ordinary working man, a factory hand. On Sundays I come into the country to worship God by reading a good book. I wish I were a prophet. No, I am merely a poor disciple. Sometimes I wish I could go into the world to preach, but I lack courage.

Florida: I can't believe that, in fact I know otherwise, and your appearance seems to contradict your words. You know, Mr. Petrovka, you look like Jesus, I really think so.

Paul: You mean like our pictures of Christ, but they are all fantastical, they do not depict the features of a man of suffering. And we know they are wrong. Saint Clement of Alexandria said, "Jesus had no beauty of face; His person had no physical attractions; He only possessed beauty of soul, which is the true beauty." Saint Irenaeus, a disciple of Saint Polycarp, who was a disciple of Saint John, said that his master had often heard the beloved disciple say that the hair of Jesus had already turned white when He began His mission. That is my picture of Jesus, a man of suffering.

Florida: I never heard that before. It is contrary to our accepted representations of the Saviour, but I see you are right, Mr. Petrovka. You seem always to be right, and right in opposition to what we thought right. (A train whistle is heard.)

Paul: I must go now, Miss Fairbanks, or I'll miss my last train back to New York. You have been very kind to me, and I thank you.

Florida: Oh! you surely must not go just yet? But you'll come again, won't you, Mr. Petrovka? Next Sunday, or perhaps you can come Saturday afternoon, and stay over? Please don't thank me, you make me feel ashamed of myself. I should thank you. Who knows what might have happened to me, if you had not risked your life for me? Please promise to come.

Paul: I was about to ask you if you would object to my coming to the cliffs again. The cliffs and the waves are very beautiful here. It was more than I had hoped for to again have the opportunity of talking to you. I will wait impatiently for next Sunday.

Florida: Saturday!

Curtain.

### ACT 1. Scene 3.

Same scenery. Fairbanks and Grant. Several weeks have elapsed.

Florida: It is not love that steals the heart from love; 'Tis the hard world and its perplexing cares, Its petrifying selfishness, its pride, Its low ambition, and its paltry aim.

Gerald: What's come over you, Flo? It's all since Whiskers came here.

Florida: I wish you wouldn't speak so disrespectfully of Mr. Petrovka. You know he's a gentleman, a Christian, cultured, and no drone.

Gerald: Is that a slap at me?

Florida: You know it isn't, but I dislike the way you talk about the man who saved me from your aeroplane.

Gerald: You don't blame me for that, do you, Flo?

Florida: No, I know it was an accident, but please don't speak of him as Whiskers again, and stop that bleating when you see him coming. He's not a goat, although we Americans would like to make his class goats.

Gerald: You've adopted all his ideas. I expect to see you go to Emma Goldman's meetings soon.

Florida: He's not an anarchist, he's a Tolstoyan.

Gerald: A difference without a distinction. They're all tarred with the same brush.

Florida: Yes, we've blackened them all, more shame to us. And it's made us color blind. You can't even tell the sheep from the goats. A wonderful rancher you'd make!

Gerald: You're facetious, Flo.

Florida: Am I?

Gerald: Don't let's quarrel, Flo. You know I'm disappointed since you went back on me. You promised to marry me this June, and the day of that confounded accident we were going to talk over our honeymoon plans. Now you say it's all off, for this June at least. You can't blame me, if I've got it in for Whisk. . . I mean Petrovka.

Florida: What has Mr. Petrovka to do with it?

Gerald: I don't know that he has, but. . .

Florida: But . . . , you might as well say it. You're jealous.

Gerald: Jealous! Not of a fellow like that! You wouldn't marry a common working man.

Florida: I will marry whom I like, and I will not take your advice about whom I should or should not marry.



Gerald: Flo!

Florida: And there's your ring. (She drops the ring on the grass and turns towards the house.)

Gerald: Damn it! I did it that time. You never know how to take 'em. They're all the same, one minute honey, the next hell. What did that fellow Terence say? "I know the nature of women. When you request, they refuse; when you forbid, they are sure to do it." There's that damn Whiskers again. (Paul is seen approaching.) I'd like to pull 'em. Baa! (He bleats in contempt.)

Paul: Good morning, Mr. Grant. Isn't it wonderful today. Just look at the sea.

Sea!

Thou paragon of elemental powers,  
Mystery of waters—never slumbering sea!  
Impassioned orator with lips sublime,  
Whose ways are arguments which prove a God!  
Sea! of Almighty itself the immense  
And glorious mirror! — how thy azure face  
Renews the heavens in their magnificence!  
What awful grandeur rounds thy heavy space;  
Thy surge two world's eternal warring sweeps,  
And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps.

Gerald: Yah! Say, Petrovka, I'm surprised a man of your views and ability doesn't go to Russia and preach peace. You don't believe in war. You wouldn't strike back, so a fellow can't bang you in the jaw. . . See what an opportunity you'd have there right now, when millions are being killed in useless slaughter. If I were a Russian, I'd go at once. Seems to me it's your duty to go.

Paul: I've often thought of that, Mr. Grant, but I haven't the money, and if I had, I couldn't get a passport, now.

Gerald: Don't let that worry you, if you want to go. I'll fix it for you. You know I'm an immigration officer. I'll get you a passport through Switzerland and Austria, and a free passage. How about it?

Paul: I'm very grateful to you, Mr. Grant. To tell the truth, I never expected it of you, your views on pacificism were so . . . so pronounced.

Gerald: Waal, you see, that's politics. I'm a Republican, and the president who kept us out of war is a Democrat, so I've got to be like the Irishman, agin the government. Will you take my offer?

Paul: Yes, surely; as you said, it's my duty.

Gerald: And, I say, please don't let on how you got your passage and passport, don't even tell Miss Fairbanks. It's a state secret, get me?

Paul: I understand your desire to keep your philanthropy unknown. It's very laudable, Mr. Grant, and I appreciate your generosity the more for it. (They walk towards the house.)

Curtain.

#### ACT 2. Scene 1.

Switzerland. A meeting of Bolsheviks in the room of Olga Oranovitch. Present: Paul Petrovka, Olga Oranovitch, Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxembourg, Lenin, Trotzky, Fritz Platzen, and several others.

Platzen: I have a proposition to make on behalf of the Kaiser. As you know I am a Prussian official, and you may rely on my word when I tell you that the arrangements I am going to disclose have already been sanctioned. Three hundred of us are to be given a special train across Germany to Russia. We will be supplied with funds, and all the German sympathizers in Petrograd will aid us to overthrow the government.

Liebknecht: What is the price? The Kaiser gives nothing for nothing.

Platzen: When we have gained control of the government, we must make peace immediately with Germany.

Liebknecht: And thus enable her to crush the west and then turn on the east.

Platzen: I have the Kaiser's word that he has no designs on Russia.

Luxembourg: A scrap of paper.

Platzen: He wants only economic advantages for the money and aid given us, raw material, laborers. . .

Liebknecht: Soldiers, whom his satraps will impress; provinces, which his peace treaty backed by occupation will wrest from you; a Prussian prince on the throne of the Czar.

Lenin: Well, what is your advice?

Liebknecht: Don't trust the Kaiser.

Trotzky: I learned in America that politics is to take what you can get.

Oranovitch: That's what they call in France an opportunist.

Petrovka: That seems to be the way out of our dilemma. Let us pay unto Caesar what is Caesar's, provided we are enabled to stop this bloodshed. No price is too dear. Then through the Social Democrats we may perhaps be able to undermine the morale of the German soldiers.

Trotzky: We will agree to any terms the Kaiser imposes.

Liebknecht: And take my advice, tear them up when you get in the saddle, or you'll feel the bit in your own mouths, the spurs in your own flanks.

Lenin: Comrades, vote! Against? None! For? All!

Platzen: Make ready! Tomorrow we'll go.

Curtain.

#### ACT 2. Scene 2.

Same room. Olga Oranovitch and a German Spy.

Spy: Did you hear Liebknecht, Luxembourg, and that fellow Petrovka? We'll shoot the three of them, as soon as we get them across the frontier.

Olga: I understand Petrovka is an American citizen.

Spy: Then we'll intern him.

Olga: But we're not at war with America yet.

Spy: We'll find some way. We won't let him communicate with the American consul. It's just as good as war already. They're supplying our enemies with powder and shot, they've helped murder our brave soldiers and starve our innocent children. Here's your passport vised. It's no use staying here any longer. I'm going back to Berlin at once. Auf Wiedersehen!

Olga: Auf Wiedersehen! (Exit Spy). I pity Paul, but what can I do? He's so obstinate! I'd like to warn him, he's not one of them. But he's blind, and insensible, the first man that is absolutely indifferent to me. Is he a man, or am I no longer a woman? (She looks in the mirror, rolls up her sleeve and caresses her arm, lifts her skirt and admires her calf). I wonder if he is naturally so virtuous, or if he only forces himself to act so? Some religious perversion! There's plenty of them in Russia, just as there are of the other kind. Perhaps I would have been like him, if they hadn't given me the yellow ticket. Who knows? I've asked him to come here and say goodbye. I'll try him again. No man has ever. . . (The door opens and Petrovka enters. He is embarrassed.)

Paul: I beg your pardon. I am intruding.

Olga: No, you are not. Please lock the door, and come and sit next to me. I've much to tell you. . . Take this chair and don't speak too loud. Walls have ears. . . Paul, why don't you like me?

Paul: Why don't I like you? But, I do like you, Olga. Why do you talk so silly? (She puts her bare arm round his neck.)

Olga: I mean more than like, Paul.

Paul: But I can't marry you, Olga.

Olga: I don't mean that, Paul. You're so stupid.

Paul: If things were different, I could take a wife. It would be a sin now, for I could not be sure that I would be able to give her a roof and bread, or that circumstances would not compel me to leave her. You know what Tolstoy says is the second commandment of Jesus: "Thou shalt not be united physically to any woman except the one whom thou hast originally known sexually. You commit a sin if you ever abandon that woman. Marriage is marriage, whether there have or have not been any legal or ecclesiastical formalities, once there has been physical union."

Olga: But, Paul, we would not be separated for ever. One day I would come to you for good. (She caresses his hair.)

Paul: Let us wait for that day, Olga. Let us bring peace to the world first, then happiness to ourselves. (She is silent in thought.)

Olga: you cannot go through Germany, you must stay here. They will arrest you.

Paul: Arrest me, after Platzen's promise? Who told you?

Olga: Don't speak so loud, Paul. I heard it, I know. You can't go.

Paul: Then I'll go through Austria.

Olga: It will be the same.



Paul: I'll reach Russia through Archangel. I'll go to England. . . But . . . but where will I get the money? . . . I've my arms still. I'll work.

Olga: Will nothing stop you?

Paul: Death will stop me.

Olga: Then I'll give you the money.

Paul: No!

Olga: I'll lend it you.

Paul: No!

Olga: Then I'll help you to go through Germany.

Paul: How can you do that?

Olga: A woman can do anything. I'll give you my passport.

Paul: What use will that be? You're a woman.

Olga: You'll take off your beard, and disguise yourself in my clothes. You're my height, your eyes are the same color as mine, you wear your hair just the same as I do.

Paul: But what will you do?

Olga: I'll stay here. But we'll have to make the change at once, and right here. If you go to a barber, you'll be watched. I've a scissors and depilatory in my bag. Take off your coat and collar. (While he removes his coat, vest, and collar, she takes off her waist and drops her skirt.)

Paul: Isn't there another room?

Olga: No, stay here, Paul, and don't waste any time arguing. (She removes her shoes.)

Curtain.

### ACT 2. Scene 3.

Germany. The room of the previous scene has been disguised. Several German officers, the German Spy, Liebknecht, Luxembourg, Paul Petrovka.

Officer: You Liebknecht and Luxembourg are charged with plotting against the Fatherland. You will be tried for treason, and I hope you'll be shot. Have you anything to say?

Liebknecht: There is only one form of treason, that is treason against the people. I have always been loyal to them; the rest doesn't matter.

Luxembourg: I will die like a mother giving birth to a child. You cannot shoot our progeny, the seed of woman is immortal, it will live to rid the earth of you and your caste.

Officer: Grunting sow! And you, Petrovka, you are charged with travelling through Germany on a false passport. How did you come into possession of this paper?

Paul: I stole it.

Officer: Why did you steal a passport, when you were granted permission to travel through Germany on your own?

Paul: I wanted to remain in Germany.

Officer: Why?

Paul: That's my business.

Spy: To undermine the morale of German soldiers. I heard you in Switzerland, and Olga Oranovitch will soon be here to corroborate my words.

Paul: Is she also a German spy?

Officer: She is a faithful servant of the Fatherland. Have you anything to say?

Paul: I have said too much.

(Enter Olga Oranovitch.)

Officer: Pray be seated, Fraulein Oranovitch. This man has just confessed that he stole your passport for the purpose of remaining in Germany. How did he obtain possession of your clothes?

Olga: He took them by force after he had gagged me.

Officer: I understand that he wished to remain in Germany so that he might attempt the subversion of our army.

Olga: I heard him express that desire.

Officer: Have you anything to say?

Paul: Nothing. If I were a Hebrew I would thank God for not making me a woman.

Officer: Take them away! (All exeunt except the Chief Officer and Olga Oranovitch.)

Olga: Herr Lieutenant, I should like to see this man Petrovka alone. I think I could glean something of his plans. I have reason to believe that he knows a great deal about our enemies in America.

Officer: We can refuse you nothing, Fraulein. I will give you a pass.

Olga: Thank you, Herr Lieutenant!

Curtain.

### ACT 2. Scene 4.

The previous room has been disguised. Paul Petrovka.

Paul: And I trusted her. What a fool I was, to think that I could turn the current of a woman's will. She said she loved me, and I believed her. How could I believe a woman who has no religion! How could she tell the truth! A man without religion is to be pitied, but a Godless woman is a horror above all things. . . Then I discover that she is nothing but a common Prussian spy. If it were not for that, I might forgive her, for the sake of her love, if she really does love me.

"Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turned,

No hell a fury like a woman scorn'd."

But a spy, in the hire of her country's enemies! . . . And what is to become of me? What of my dream to enter Russia as an apostle of peace! I was too presumptuous. It is only within the power of the Almighty. O God, give the earth peace. Let Isaiah's words be fulfilled. "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruningforks, nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Banish avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride, the enemies of peace; and let in their place come equality, content, joy, love, and meekness! And though I have failed, judge me not by the deed but by the will. Deprive me not of thy blessing. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God!"

(Enter Olga Oranovitch.)

Olga: Paul, can you forgive me? I never expected they would discover you. I never thought that that Prussian spy would travel on your train.

Paul: Prussian spy! What are you?

Olga: You are right, Paul, but they have promised to give Russia liberty.

Paul: The liberty they gave Liebknecht and Luxembourg.

Olga: But they will be freed as soon as peace is declared.

Paul: Then they will be dead, shot by traitors. You are not the only traitor to the people. Prussia will treat us as it treats its own martyrs. It is only a Prussian trick, any fool can see through it.

Olga: Paul, I did not betray you.

Paul: That is why you lied to the Prussian officer.

Olga: You also lied.

Paul: I lied to shield you.

Olga: And I lied to shield you.

Paul: You lied to me in Switzerland, when you said you would remain there.

Olga: I thought I would remain there. It was only when I heard that you had been detained, that I came, to save you.

Paul: Another beautiful lie!

Olga: Do you think I would have come into Germany, to risk death, if I did not love you? I did not know that you would say that you had stolen my passport. I came to take the blame, to exonerate you.

Paul: Then why didn't you?

Olga: Because my woman's intuition showed me a way of escape.

Paul: Yes, a woman can do anything.

Olga: You have reason to sneer, Paul, but I will prove to you that I have betrayed neither you nor my people.

Paul: Prove it to the people.

Olga: If you will only agree to my plan, we will both get into Russia. I'll tell the officer that you are a pacifist, that you can do more good to Germany, if they let you through the German lines into the Russian trenches, than if they kept you in Germany. I'll say you've promised to try and persuade Russian soldiers to desert, and I'll go with you, Paul. You'll see whether I've betrayed the Russian people.

Curtain.

### ACT 3. Scene 1.

Russian trenches, paraphernalia of war. A group of Russian soldiers, Paul Petrovka, Olga Oranovitch.

A Soldier: If we had only had ammunition, we could have marched to Berlin. Now we must again stick on the defensive. Great God, how could they send us the wrong-sized shells, and allow us to be murdered!

Paul: You were murdered with those very shells.

Soldier: What do you say?

Paul: Those shells were made in Russia, to fit Ger-



man cannon, and not to fit Russian cannon. They knew you had no ammunition when they charged you. But they found ammunition ready for their guns, the ammunition you had left behind as useless. I heard it all in the German camp.

Soldier: It cannot be. Such treason, no, I won't believe it. No Russian would be guilty of it.

Paul: That was not the only act of treason. You were led into a trap at the Masurian Lakes. You were betrayed by Germans and Russians at the Russian Court, and they it was who prevented help from reaching you. These traitors removed the Grand Duke Nicholas, and placed traitors in his stead. I heard it all in the German camp.

Soldier: It's a lie! The Little Father wouldn't send us to the shambles like cattle.

Paul: Not the Little Father, but the Little Mother and her Rasputin. While they are starving in Russia, the German armies are eating Russian bread. Libau was stocked to overflowing with food and then surrendered by traitors to the Prussians. While the working men in Petrograd are striking for a crust of black bread, caravans of white flour are being smuggled through Austria into Germany. I heard it all in the German camp.

Soldier: Why should the Czarina and Rasputin sell us to Prussia?

Paul: Russia is honeycombed with German spies. They have bought Rasputin with their women, and surrounded the Czar and Czarina with enemies of the people. They tell her that if the Russians conquer the Germans, Germany will be ruled by the Social Democrats, that democracy will spread to Russia, and that will mean the end of the dynasty. She had Grand Duke Nicholas removed, the only leader that Russia could trust. Now you are led by traitors. Better return to your home, to save your wives and children from starvation, to rid Russia of traitors.

Soldier: Perhaps what you say is true, but it would be treason to desert. We must stay, but we will watch our officers.

Paul: What will you gain by remaining? You will never be permitted to see victory. And the people at home are being told that you are opposed to them, because they are striking for bread. What else can they do? They ask only for bread; if it is given them, they promise to go back to work. Men cannot work when they are starving. They ask that the traitors be punished. What answer do they receive? "If you don't go back to work, the armies will be recalled to shoot you down." Thus the Russian Court is sowing enmity between the army and the people. It's not the people's fault that you were supplied with ammunition fitted only for German cannon. They starved to make what their superiors told them to make.

Soldier: Go and tell them the Russian army will never fire on the Russian people.

Paul: Why should there be a Russian army at all? What does the greatest of all Russians, Tolstoy, say? He says Christ's fifth commandment is, "You have heard it laid down of old that you must love those of your own race and hate foreigners, but I say to you, love every one without distinction of nationality."

Soldier: That is not patriotism.

Paul: Tolstoy knows it is hard for you to conceive this, but he teaches that what is thought noble and grand—love of country, defense of one's own country, its glory, fighting against one's country's enemies—is not only an infraction of the law of Christ but directly denounced by him.

Soldier: Where did Christ denounce war?

Paul: Jesus did not force that men who believed in his doctrine of love and fraternity would ever murder each other with premeditation, so he did not in so many words forbid war. But what is his first commandment? "Live in peace with all men." Thus Tolstoy interprets the words, "Ye have heard it ever said by the men of old time that thou shalt not kill and that whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment, but I say unto you whosoever is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment."

Soldier: The priests pray for the destruction of our enemies.

Paul: Tolstoy was a devout churchman until he heard the priests during the Russo-Turkish war pray for

the destruction of the enemy, asking God to help the Russians kill the Turks by the hundred thousand, then he renounced the Church. He says the key to the Sermon on the Mount is "Resist not evil." This means that we should not only never repay evil with evil but that we should not oppose it with physical force. When the churches approve armies, they act contrary to Christ's teaching. But the truth is, all so-called Christian society is actually based on a denial of the truth of Christ's injunction not to resist evil.

Soldier: It seems true, but what are we to do?

Paul: Tell the German armies opposite you that you are not fighting the German people, and they will refuse to attack you. What gain will either of you derive from this wholesale murder? I know the German workers do not wish to fight the Russian workers. They are as tired of the war as you are. They also desire to go home to their wives and children. They are fighting the battles of their rulers, as you are fighting the battles of your rulers, traitorous rulers. This is not a war of the people. Nothing can be gained by this bloodshed, it will only enslave the people more, give more power to their despots, thrust back further the dawn of the people's liberation. Stop this useless slaughter! He who takes the sword will die by the sword!

Soldier: I believe you, brother. Go back home and tell the people we are with them. Let them rid Russia of traitors. The Russian army is against the German army, not against the Russian people, not even against the German people. We know the peoples of the world do not want to slaughter each other. Send us our orders from the people, and we will lay down our arms.

Curtain.

### ACT 3. Scene 2.

The Nevsky Prospect, Petrograd. A group of Bolsheviks haranguing the people. Machine guns on the tops of the houses around.

Paul Petrovaka: Comrades, I bring you a message from our Russian brothers in the trenches. They are with you body and soul. It is a base lie, that they are willing to turn their guns against you. They will never aim their weapons at a Russian breast. And the Cossacks here, who were brought to intimidate you, neither will they help to slaughter Russians. I have spoken to them, they have told me, sworn by the blessed wounds of the Lord, that no Cossack will quench his sword in your blood. They know your demands are just, they see that you are starving, and that your strike is for bread, only bread, black Russian bread, to feed your wives and your children.

Comrades, while you are dying for black bread, the Germans are eating white bread made of Russian grain, sold to Germans by Russian traitors. I know it, I saw it with my own eyes. (Cries of Treason.)

Comrades, while those machine guns are being pointed at you, to slaughter you with bullets cast in Russia, your brothers in the trenches are being slaughtered by shells cast in Russia, shells that were made just a little too big for Russian cannon, but exactly the right size for German cannon. I know it, I saw it with my own eyes. (Cries of Treason.)

But let us not place our trust in bullets and shells, let us trust in God. With our bare arms let us demand bread, black bread, and peace. Not war, not violence, but love, and peace!

Comrades, you see these men in khaki behind the machine guns, they are not Russian soldiers, they are secret police, disguised in uniforms, to deceive you, to make you believe the Russian army is ready to slaughter you. I know it, I saw it with my own eyes. (The populace look up and shake their fists, shouting, Treason! The machine guns open fire. The people fall and scatter. Suddenly a company of Cossacks appears. Paul is wounded, but he cries out:)

The secret police have murdered the people!

A Cossack leader shouts: They have disgraced the name of the Russian army! Charge the machine guns! Let us join the revolution! Long live the people!

(Some of the Cossacks run into the houses to get the gunners, others help the wounded. Suddenly a red flag appears, and Fritz Platten springs on to the platform.)

Platten: I proclaim the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. Now is the time for force, not love. Do not be fooled



by Pacifists, Socialists, Mensheviks. Only we, the Communists, can liberate the people. We spurn the half-heartedness, hypocrisy and co-operation of the decadent official Socialist parties. We, the Communists, are the direct successors of the heroic efforts and martyrdom of a long series of revolutionary generations from Baboeuf to Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg.

Proletarians of all lands! In the war against imperialistic barbarity, against monarchy, against the privileged classes, against the bourgeois state and bourgeois property, against all forms and varieties of social and national oppression—unite!

Cheers and Curtain.

### ACT 3. Scene 3.

The Nevsky Prospect. The Bolsheviks.

Lenin: We must execute every member of the imperial family. They are plotting to overthrow the government of the people. The Czar has ordered the Duma to dissolve.

Paul: It will be murder.

Lenin: They did it in France. Cromwell did it in England.

Paul: That is why England is a monarchy today.

Lenin: But France is not a monarchy.

Trotsky: England would not be a monarchy today, if it had guarded against foreign monarchies. We must have an army of the people, or foreign monarchies will thrust a Czar upon us again. Even France and America, the great republics of the modern world, will not sympathize with us. They are ruled by plutocrats who will finance our reactionaries to destroy us. The abolition of plutocracy, aristocracy in Russia will react on England, France, America, and they will be against us.

Paul: He who sheds man's blood by man shall his blood be shed. Jesus would not sanction it.

Trotsky: That is why Jesus was crucified.

Paul: But his death made his religion eternal.

Trotsky: If people were Christians, Christian peoples would not be slaughtering each other. His religion was crucified with him. Your Christian England, your Christian America will send their troops to slaughter us, because we wish to obey Christ's injunction and make peace with Germany.

Paul: A reign of terror will only turn them more against us.

Lenin: He who is not with us is against us.

Trotsky: You did not learn in Christian America to turn the other cheek. There every man is for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost. The police protect the property of the employers, not the demands of the employees. Didn't they use the troops to kill the strikers? What did our police do here? Shot us down with machine guns. If we have not the military force to protect ourselves against armed enemies, if we have not the police force to execute our law as it does the capitalist law in your Christian countries, we might as well get hammer and nails and hang ourselves to the cross.

Paul: I would rather die than kill.

Lenin: My friend, you speak for yourself. One man can die for a people, but if we do not follow Comrade Trotsky's advice, all the people will perish for nothing. And did not Christ say that he had brought a sword into the world? We must wield that sword in self-defense or commit suicide. And remember we have both the same end in view—economic equality. You agree with me there, do you not, Comrade?

Paul: We are as one there, that is Christ's teaching, to divide everything with the poor. It is Tolstoy's religion. I object to the means.

Trotsky: The end justifies the means.

Lenin: Do not let us quarrel, Comrades. Now is the time to submerge our little differences for the Communist good. Comrade Petrovka, the Soviet of the People have decided to honor you with a great mission, to the Czar in Moscow. Here is the treaty of peace with Germany. Go to the Czar, and in the name of the people, demand his signature . . . There may be danger, you will be placing your head in the lion's jaws. If, therefore, you would rather not go, tell us frankly, and we will send another. Your services to the people have been valuable, and we can employ you elsewhere. Yet it would be fitting that you fulfil this mission, for the people appro-

priately call you the Apostle of Peace. Comrade, let us hear your answer.

Paul: I will go. (Cheers.)

Curtain

### ACT 3. Scene 4.

Moscow. Salon in the Kremlin. The Czar, Czarina, the Czarevitch, Czarevnas, and nobles.

A Noble: Your Majesty, there is an envoy of the Bolsheviks without. He desires audience. The Red Guard accompany him, and they will not be denied.

Czarina: I would not receive him. Did we not command the Duma to dissolve?

Noble: Your Majesty, the Duma has refused to dissolve. It says it was elected by the people, and can be recalled by the people only.

Czarina: The scum!

Czar: Must we grant him audience?

Noble: Your Majesty, the Red Guard will force their way in, we cannot keep them out. The Imperial Guard are fraternizing with them.

Czar: Then let him deliver his message.

Czarina: And bring my faithful Rasputin to me.

(Exit Noble.)

Czarevitch: Father, I am trembling. Something terrible is going to happen to us. Let us go away. I don't want to be Czar. Let us go to some other country, to England, then I can get well and be happy with other children. Tell him the Duma can rule Russia, and we will go away.

(Enter Noble accompanied by Paul Petrovka, and followed by the Red Guard. Paul's arm is bandaged, he bends very low, but is silent.)

Noble: Your Majesty, this is Paul Petrovka, the envoy of the Bolsheviks. He has a document which the people pray your Majesty will graciously deign to sign. (The Noble takes the document and hands it to the Czar who reads it while his hands tremble.)

Czar: I cannot sign this, it would be treason to my Allies. I have promised to support them to the end. I cannot make peace with Germany, until my Allies make peace. Tell the people, I cannot sign it.

Paul: Your Majesty, the Russian people desire peace, they are starving and weary of the war. They believe if Russia makes peace, all the other nations will be compelled to make peace. They believe that God will not allow the Kaiser to subdue Russia or any other European power, therefore it is unnecessary to continue the war. We know that God will destroy the Kaiser and frustrate his devilish plans. The Russian people are willing to place their destiny in the hands of Providence. In the name of the Russian people, I beseech your Majesty to give Russia peace.

Czarevitch: Father, sign it. So many people have been killed already, and they are dying by thousands of starvation and disease. Tell him you will make peace.

Czarina: That is not an affair for a child to decide. Let the Czar of all the Russias tell his subjects his will. Where is my loyal servant Rasputin? I commanded you to bring him hither.

Noble: Your Majesty, the guard are searching him in the garden.

Czar: If the Russian people desire peace, I cannot prevent it. But I will not sign this paper, it would be treason. I will abdicate. Let the people make peace. Tell the people my will. I will abdicate.

(Suddenly a number of guards appear, dragging the bloody body of Rasputin. They all stare in horror.)

A Guard: Your Majesty desired the presence of your faithful servant, Rasputin. Here is the traitor, Rasputin. What is your Majesty's pleasure of him?

Czar: Who has done this?

Czarevitch: Father! Father! (The Czarevnas cover their faces.)

Czarina: The Russian people! Canaille! Cowards!

A Guard: Canaille! Cowards! For ridding Russia of a traitor? Comrades, are we canaille, cowards?

The Red Guard: No No! They're the traitors. Treat them as Rasputin! Down with the Czar! Long live the people! Shoot them! Shoot them! (The imperial family huddle together in fear, surrounded by the nobles. The Red Guard shoulder their rifles. Paul walks towards the



imperial group, turns and faces the Red Guard with his hands held up.)

Paul: Would you murder innocent children?

A Guard: Haven't our children been murdered by these traitors? Shoot, comrades, shoot. (He fires his revolver, and the Red Guard shoot, until all drop, including Paul.)

Curtain.

#### ACT 4. Scene 1.

America. Same scenery as in Act 1.

Florida:

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?  
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?  
To view each lov'd one blotted from life's page,  
And be alone on earth as I am now.

I wonder why I feel so lonesome, so desolate today? Gerald is coming to say good-bye. Perhaps I shall never see him again. Then I have never heard from Paul. He promised to write. Perhaps he has written and I never received his letters. Hardly anyone gets mail from Europe nowadays. Perhaps something has happened to him. Oh, isn't it terrible to feel so alone in the world! And there must be millions of others who feel like me today, mothers, sisters, daughters, sweethearts who have lost the only man they lived for. Paul was right, I feel it now. War, cursed war, that robs us of all we love!

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need for arsenals nor forts.  
The warrior's name would be a name abhorr'd,  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Should wear forever more the curse of Cain.

(Enter Gerald Grant in aviator's uniform.)

Gerald: Poetry again! Always communing with the poets instead of with us prosaic mortals. Perhaps if you had not become enamoured of them, you might have learned to understand the prose of those who love you. I envy them their muse. If I had only been born a poet! Then perhaps I could have told you what I feel as Shakespeare describes my feelings at the present moment.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;  
And in thy sight to die, what were it else  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
To die by thee, were but to die in jest.  
From thee to die, were torture more than death.

Florida: Why Gerald, that's quite wonderful of you! When did you begin to read Shakespeare? It makes me feel quite good towards you.

Gerald: Sorry I don't know any more then. But I'll promise to read poetry till the end of my life, if you'll only feel good towards me again.

Florida: I almost feel inclined to call it a bargain, for your sake. You don't know what you miss in life by failing to read the great poets, especially Shakespeare.

Gerald: Flo, perhaps you're right, no, I'm sure you are, but how do you expect me to understand them, if you won't read them with me. Come, Flo, let's make a trade! When I get back, I'll come and read poetry at your feet. That'll be something to come back for, otherwise, what's the use? Might as well fertilize the poppies in Flanders.

Florida: Don't talk like that, Gerald. You'll come back again all right, perhaps with a poppy of Flanders on your arm. There's plenty of pretty girls over there, and you're not half a bad sort of chap, when you put yourself out to please us.

Gerald: Flo, you make me feel reckless when you talk in that flippant way. You know there's only one woman in the world for me, and she's in America, right here. Can't you forgive me? Let's make it up, Flo! I'm going in a couple of days, and who knows if I'll ever come back again. Haven't I done everything in my power to show you that I was a fool? I've tried to make amends. Won't you forgive me, Flo?

Florida: I've forgiven you long since, Gerald. (He seizes her hands.)

Gerald: Flo, can't you make it more than mere forgiveness?

Florida: I don't know, Gerald.

Gerald: I know, you can, you will. (With some hesitancy he puts his arms around her, and she permits her

head to fall on his shoulder.) I knew you'd do it, Flo; I mean forgive me. (He raises her head and kisses her lips.)

Florida: I'm almost sorry you're going now, Gerald. Just when you've come back to me, you've got to go away.

Gerald: I've got a hunch, Flo. I'll tell you, if you promise not to get mad.

Florida: What is it?

Gerald: Will you promise?

Florida: Yes, I promise.

Gerald: Well, you know what a bunch of fellows who're going across are doing?

Florida: No, what are they doing?

Gerald: Well, I don't exactly mean the fellows, its really their girls, who're doing it for them.

Florida: I'll do anything the other girls are doing for the men.

Gerald: You will?

Florida: Of course I will, but you're making me quite curious. Tell me what it is.

Gerald: You promise?

Florida: I promise.

Gerald: They're . . . they're . . . becoming war brides.

Florida: Oh! I didn't think of that. That's taking a mean advantage.

Gerald: You said you wouldn't get mad, Flo.

Florida: I'm not mad.

Gerald: And . . . you promised.

Florida: Did I?

Gerald: And I'm going . . . going to hold you to it. (He folds her in his arms. While he is holding her, he sees approaching Paul Petrovka (his beard has grown) and Olga Oranovitch. He stares in amazement, then suddenly bursts out:)

Holy smokes, by all the imps of Hell, Whiskers! (Florida disengages herself.) But, thank God, he's got a woman with him! (Florida in surprise looks at the approaching couple, then in confusion at Gerald.)

How the devil did you get here, Petrovka? I thought you were in Russia.

Paul: Permit me to introduce my friend, Miss Oranovitch.

Gerald: (Aside.) Damn him!

Paul: Miss Fairbanks! Mr. Grant! I left Russia because after we had made peace with Germany, the Bolsheviks began to arm again, and not only that, they also instituted a Red Terror. When I left Russia, America was at peace with the world, when I reached America, you had also entered the war, and I might as well have remained in Russia.

Gerald: We had to enter the war, because Russia betrayed her Allies and made a cowardly peace with Germany.

Paul: A cowardly peace! Do I understand you correctly, Mr. Grant?

Gerald: Yes, I said a cowardly peace.

Paul: But did you not send me to Russia to work for peace, Mr. Grant?

Florida: Send you to Russia?

Paul: Yes, Miss Fairbanks. Mr. Grant generously furnished me with passports and a free passage, otherwise I would not have been able to go. If I were able to influence Russia to make peace, Mr. Grant deserves all the credit. It was his suggestion entirely. (Florida looks at Gerald.)

Florida: You never told me that, Gerald.

Paul: He desired to keep his philanthropy a secret, Miss Fairbanks, but I cannot permit such magnanimity to remain unknown. All the world should know it.

Gerald: If you say another word about it, I'll . . . I'll . . .

Florida: Gerald!

Gerald: Oh well. . . ! Miss Oranovitch, let me show you the cliffs. (Grant and Oranovitch walk towards the back of the stage, Fairbanks and Petrovka towards the house, but do not enter.) This is your first visit to our country?

Olga: No. Mr. Grant, I was in America some years ago. It's a wonderful country, I love it, but still I think I love Russia more.

Gerald: I expect it's not very pleasant there just now.

Olga: That's not the reason. I'm not like Mr. Petrov-



ka. Soldiers and executions don't bother me. I think they're necessary evils. To tell the truth, I'm like most women, I love a uniform.

Gerald: There's plenty of them here now.

Olga: That's encouraging, Mr. Grant, but I merely followed Mr. Petrovka. You see I'm taking you into my confidence.

Gerald: Oh, I beg your pardon! You're Mr. Petrovka's fiancée?

Olga: No, Mr. Grant, I'm not Mr. Petrovka's fiancée. (She looks towards Paul and Florida.) I was curious to see what drew him to America.

Gerald: Miss Fairbanks and I are engaged to be married.

Olga: Ah! Permit me to congratulate you. . . .

Gerald: Or at least I think we are.

Olga: (Laughing.) The eternal uncertainty, eh, Mr. Grant? There's many a slip twixt the engagement ring and the marriage noose. But no doubt your fears are ungrounded.

Gerald: It was a cinch, till Whiskers came on the scene.

Olga: I beg your pardon, Mr. Grant?

Gerald: See here, Miss Oranovitch, perhaps you can help me?

Olga: Help you! Ah, yes! I should be only too glad, Mr. Grant, if you will tell me exactly what you require of me.

Gerald: You just said you followed Whiskers, I mean Petrovka, here. Evidently you're interested in him.

Olga: Perhaps you've guessed a little secret, Mr. Grant. You're very perspicacious, and abrupt, in true American style.

Gerald: You wouldn't object if Mr. Petrovka went back to Russia?

Olga: Not at all. But I don't think he'll go. He's an American citizen.

Gerald: Well, if he won't go back to Russia, we'll send him to France, we'll draft him.

Olga: He's a pacifist.

Gerald: I'll fix it. Only keep him away from this place for a few days.

Olga: I'll do my best, Mr. Grant.

Curtain.

#### ACT 4. Scene 2.

The front part of the stage represents an office in New York. There is a sign: Draft Board. The back part of the stage remains the same as in Scene 1, to facilitate the change to Scene 4. Three men form the Draft Board of whom one is Gerald Grant. Paul Petrovka, Olga Oranovitch, and several other persons.

Gerald: As you're an American citizen, you'll have to do your share like the rest of us.

Paul: But I am opposed to war. You know I am. I claim exemption on religious grounds.

Gerald: Do you belong to any recognized religious body that preaches pacifism as part of its doctrine?

Paul: No, I do not, but as you have recognized this plea in the case of Quakers, you cannot ignore it in my case.

Gerald: The law says you must belong to some established body. Anyone could come along and claim to be a conscientious objector, and we'd have to exempt him. Germany sent her conscientious objectors into the trenches.

Paul: So America will imitate Germany. But as you go there for a precedent, let me tell you what the greatest German, Luther, said about war: "War is one of the greatest plagues that can afflict humanity; it destroys religion; it destroys States; it destroys families. Any scourge is, in fact, preferable to it. Famine and pestilence become as nothing in comparison with it. Pestilence is the least evil of the three, and 'twas therefore David chose it, willing rather to fall into the hands of God, than into those of pitiless men. Cannon and fire-arms are cruel and damnable machines. I believe them to have been the direct suggestion of the devil. Against the flying ball no valor avails, the soldier is dead ere he sees the means of his destruction. If Adam had seen in a vision the horrible instruments his children were to invent, he would have died of grief."

Gerald: Pity Germany did not follow his advice.

Paul: Pity America did not follow his advice. But

Americans are no better than Russians, in spite of your veneer. You are treating me as Russia treated the Doukobors.

Gerald: Never heard of them, but I expect they got what was coming to them.

Paul: If they got what was coming to them, in your sense, the Quakers would not have raised the money to help them emigrate to Canada where they now are. The Canadian Government would not have allotted land to them, the minister of justice would not have said: "Not a single offense has been committed by the Doukobors; they are law-abiding, and if good conduct is a recommendation, then they are good emigrants." If they had got what was coming to them, Tolstoy would not have written and published *Resurrection* to aid them.

Gerald: You needn't lose your goat about it. Who were they anyway?

Paul: Scape goats, as you wish to make me. Sixteen thousand honest human beings in the Caucasus who shared their property in common, made laws of conduct for themselves, based on a simple form of religion unobscured by ceremonies or ritual. They refused to serve as soldiers. Several of their leaders were exiled, and some hundreds of them were condemned to be enrolled for three years in the so-called "disciplinary regiment." That's where you'll put me, because you have the power, but I expect I'll get what's coming to me, as the Doukobors got it in Canada, but not as you mean it. You are welcome to my goat. . . . But why should I go to Russia? What did America do with its pacifists, the Quakers? The books of Mary Fisher and Ann Austin were burned by the hangman, as you burn our books today. They were searched for signs of witchcraft, imprisoned for five weeks, and then deported. On a first conviction you cut off one ear, on the second the remaining ear, on the third you bored their tongues with a hot iron. In Massachusetts you hanged women Quakers for refusing to depart. Why should I expect to be treated more leniently? Yet a name as revered as that of Washington is that of William Penn, a Quaker, a conscientious objector, a pacifist.

Olga: If you will permit me, Mr. Grant, I should like to say something.

Gerald: Certainly, Miss Oranovitch! Go ahead!

Olga: Mr. Petrovka does belong to an established religious body. The Tolstoyans are as widely recognized in Russia as the Quakers in America.

Gerald: Then we'll draft him into the Red Cross. He'll have to do his share. Isn't that your opinion? (He asks the other two on the Board.)

The Two: Certainly. (Everyone leaves the room, except a thickly veiled lady. As Grant is about to exit, she raises her veil and stops him.)

Gerald: Flo!

Florida: Yes, I heard it all, and after sending him to Russia in the cause of peace, your treatment of him was, to say the least, unfair. Goodbye!

Gerald: Flo!

Florida: No doubt he will be as brave under the Red Cross as you under the Stars and Stripes. He will not disgrace America. I am ashamed for his sake. Again, Good-bye, for ever! (Exit, leaving Grant on the stage.)

Curtain.

#### ACT 4. Scene 3.

After the War. The room of the previous scene has been transformed to represent an immigration office. There is a sign: Immigration Office. Grant is the Immigration Inspector. Paul Petrovka, Olga Oranovitch, and a number of Reds.

Gerald: You are accused of being a Red, and are liable to deportation.

Paul: I am an American citizen. I appeal to the law.

Gerald: An alien has no standing in a United States court. His fate rests solely in the hands of the immigration inspector.

Paul: I demand to have a lawyer.

Gerald: You are permitted to be advised by counsel, but cannot be represented in these proceedings.

Paul: Then I demand that bail be accepted.

Gerald: You are not permitted to give bail, as only citizens of the United States have this privilege.

Paul: But I am a citizen.



Gerald: Your papers have been revoked. The possession of first or final papers does not protect an alien from deportation.

Paul: What proof have you that I am a Red?

Gerald: You have attended meetings of the Communist Party; that is considered sufficient proof that you have revolutionary leanings. The warrant need not specify any particular offense other than to state that you have violated the conditions under which you were allowed to enter the United States.

Paul: You sent me to Russia because I had citizen papers. Now you revoke them with little formality. I was a citizen when you wanted my services, but I am an alien when you want to deport me. I was a citizen when you sent me to Russia to change the Russian government, but I am an alien when I desire the purification of the American Government.

Gerald: There are constitutional methods designed for that purpose.

Paul: What are your constitutional methods? Your constitution was written by revolutionaries. As they had a right to throw off monarchism and aristocracy and adopt republicanism and democracy, others have a right to exchange so-called democracy for something better. The makers of your constitution did not change the government by constitutional methods, they used direct action, bloodshed, rebellion. Have we less rights than the framers of the American Constitution? Were they as infallible as the Pope? Is humanity never to progress? You Americans have not improved one whit over the King of England; you have merely changed the Divine Right of Kings to the Divine Right of the Constitution, which, by the way, only thoroughbred Americans know how to circumvent systematically. I am not speaking against your Constitution. You know it. If the men who framed it lived today, they would draw up a new one. Men who have made a constitution would not be afraid to break it, to rewrite it. They would know it as a human document, and therefore amenable to change by humanity. Constitutions are governed by the law of evolution, as the Old Testament was, as monarchism was. What did Abraham Lincoln say at the first inaugural: 'This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.' But I am not advocating the methods of the makers of the American Constitution. You know it. I am opposed to direct action, bloodshed, rebellion. Our only weapon is the strike, the ballot is useless to us. What do you do with our representatives when we elect them? What do you do with Socialist congressmen? Expel them. Pshaw! Do not talk to me about the ballot and constitutional methods! You will not allow us to use them. Are you surprised that the workers talk of a Dictatorship of the Proletariat? Let them elect their representatives according to the American Constitution, let them sit in the American Senate and American Congress, then by American constitutional methods you will arrive by evolution at an American form of government, foreseen and formulated by an American, Edward Bellamy. Withdraw constitutional methods from the American proletariat and they will attain their ends by revolution.

Gerald: They ought to elect loyal Americans.

Paul: They did elect loyal Americans. You are confounding loyalty to America with loyalty to the Republican Party. Why even your candidate for the Republican presidency, Hughes, says "this action is absolutely opposed to the fundamental principles of our government. If there was anything against these men as individuals, if they were deemed to be guilty of criminal offenses, they should have been charged accordingly. But this action is not directed against these five elected members as individuals but is virtually an attempt to indict a political party and to deny it representation in the legislature. That is not American government. The government cannot be saved at the cost of its own principles. Is it proposed to drive the Socialists to revolution by denying them legal opportunity for discussion of the proposed change in the laws? That will only convince them that the Reds are right and that violence and revolution are the only available means at their command."

Gerald: These Socialists are opposed to democracy.

Paul: The pure idea of democracy, according to its definition, is the government of the whole people by the whole people equally represented. Democracy, as usually conceived and hitherto practised, is the government of the whole people by a mere majority of the people exclusively represented. The former is synonymous with the equality of all citizens; the latter strangely confounded with it, is a government of privilege, in favor of the numerical majority, who alone possess practically any voice in the State. This is the inevitable consequence of the manner in which the votes are now taken, to the complete disfranchisement of minorities. It does not occur to you that there is any medium between allowing the smaller number to be equally powerful with the greater, and blotting out the smaller number altogether. Nothing is more certain than that the virtual blotting out of the minority is no natural or necessary consequence of freedom; that far from having any connection with democracy, it is diametrically opposed to the first principle of democracy, representation in proportion to numbers. No real democracy, nothing but a false show of democracy, is possible without it.

Gerald: You mean to say the American people have no liberties?

Paul: The people, it is true, have many liberties on paper, but they are fictitious, and will never be true and substantial so long as they depend on the plutocracy. Thus, for example, a workman may offer himself as a member to Congress, but his want of money practically places an insuperable barrier in the way of his ambition, for votes are bought, in spite of the ballot, and every election costs a little fortune. Nothing is more easy than to evade the corrupt practices bill; electoral corruption can be practised in a hundred ways and under skillfully disguised forms. But why don't you deport Bryan? He says exactly what I say: "The Democratic party will distinguish between evolution and revolution, guaranteeing freedom of speech and press to every one who advocates changes by constitutional methods. The Democratic party has for twenty years denounced private monopoly as indefensible and intolerable. It cannot surrender its position on this subject now when the beneficiaries of all the private monopolies are mobilizing under the banner of the Republican party for a united attack upon the right of the people to own and operate all necessary monopolies in the interest of the public. The Democratic party will continue to fight against the profiteer. A government that restrains the individual from the use of force in the protection of his rights assumes the solemn obligation to protect the disarmed citizen from every arm uplifted for his injury."

But you can't deport him, because he's too powerful. You can only deport those who are not able to protect themselves.

Gerald: Bryan was born in America.

Paul: And I was born in America.

Gerald: Your papers do not say so. Where were you born?

Paul: Well, never mind. I have family reasons for hiding my identity. But I am not a Red, I am not a Communist.

But to revert. At all times the conservative party, when strong enough to enforce its will, has been a party to persecution. It poisoned Socrates; it crucified Christ; it threw the Christians to the wild beasts in the Roman amphitheatre; it established the Inquisition; it forced Galileo to confess that the earth stands still; it laid its paralyzing hand upon Columbus; it kindled the fires at Smithfield; it gibbeted Quakers; it persecuted Arkwright; it laughed at Fulton, etc., etc. It always was, it is now, and always will be, like a purblind bat, terrified at the breaking of the dawn, fearful that the universe is to be given over with the rising sun to inextinguishable conflagration.

Gerald: Will you deny that you are a Bolshevik?

Paul: I am not a Bolshevik, except in so far as Bolshevism wishes to carry out the ideas of Bellamy.

Gerald: Miss Oranovitch, didn't Petrovka represent the Bolsheviks in Russia?

Olga: He was their envoy to the Czar with the peace treaty, but he was opposed to the Red Terror.

Gerald: If he was their envoy, he was in sympathy



with them, and we'll give him a chance to live under the Red Terror.

Paul: I believe you will not have that satisfaction. The Terror has been abolished. Listen to this:

"Only the entente's renewal of armed intervention or the giving of material help to rebellious Czar's generals in attempts to overthrow the position of the soviet government and the peaceful labor of the workers and peasants towards the organization of socialistic responsibility for the future will bring a reversion by the soviet government to the drastic methods of the Red Terror."

"Therefore the all Russian special committee must decide, first, to discontinue forthwith the extreme penalty by sentence of the all-Russian committee or local benches; second, to direct Comrade Czergninsky to bring before the soviet of people's commissaries and before the all Russian central executive committee a bill for total abolition of capital punishment."

Gerald: I hope you'll have a good time then. If the Bolsheviks hadn't interfered in American affairs, we might have let you stop here.

Paul: Interfered in American affairs! What is the American army doing in Siberia? Who supplied ammunition and funds to Kolchak? Do you know what Kolchak was? Kolchak was nothing but a reactionary. The people, determined for peace, were forced into the army, dressed in British uniforms, and driven towards the front. Over all great Siberia the reactionary generals and Cossack atamans raised and drafted armies by cruelties that outdid the worst efforts of the Bolsheviks. All Siberia echoed with the cries of the tortured men terrorized by the orders of officers masters in the art of terrorism. Instead of reforms by a loved assembly, Kolchak gave them only promises and terrorism. That is what you Americans supported. What is Kolchak today? A beaten, lost, tragic figure whose title of supreme ruler is a mockery and byword.

Gerald: The American army is being withdrawn.

Paul: The American army is retiring from danger, because its allies are defeated and discredited.

Gerald: If things are like that over there, you ought to be glad to go there. Anyway you've got no kick coming. The Bolshevik Government asked us to send you there, and we're simply obeying their pleasure. Besides don't you think it'd be a good thing for you to go and have a personal try-out of the Bolshevik Government, before you try to force it on us? You ought to be glad of the opportunity to live under that Government.

I understand Russia is a wonderful country. Perhaps one day you will be glad that we sent you there. It may be a blessing in disguise. My only fear is that millions of working men and idealists will follow you at their own expense, if the people succeed over there. Perhaps it would be better to give you a little corner in the U.S. to try out your form of government.

Your form of government may be O.K. for you people, but it doesn't suit us. Everybody's got a right to his own idea of government. We want ours, and we're only too glad to give you the opportunity of enjoying yours.

We are not treating you as criminals, we are simply expelling you, as the Huguenots were expelled from France. You may win immortality as they did. Now's your chance. Perhaps this is the finest thing that could happen to Russia. Centuries ago Europe shipped its radicals to America and helped build up the American Republic. We are now shipping radicals to Russia. Perhaps a similar result will take place there. You may build up a great Russian Empire.

Paul: You are right, Mr. Grant. You sent me before as an apostle of peace, now you are sending me as a protagonist of economic justice. May God give me the strength to fulfill my second and greater mission. It is over there that the emancipation of humanity is to be worked out, not here. You are too young. I once thought we had a president who would keep us out of war. I was disillusioned. Then I thought we had a president who had given humanity a League of Nations. I was disabused. He plagiarized it from Europe, from Gustaf Bjorklund's Fusion of the Nations, though he may also have had in mind the League of the Iroquois formed by Hiawatha. I thank you for another free passage, a passage on the Ark. I only hope I am not leaving you to a deluge.

(All exit except Petrovka, Oranovitch, and a Guard.)

Little does he understand that I am less welcome in Russia today, than I am in America; that they may have asked for me merely to destroy me. Should I claim my birthright? But Russia requires me more today than does my native land. I thought I should have the opportunity of seeing Florida once more, to tell her that I love her, that what I have done was for humanity and not against America. . . I had dreamed a dream, but how can I ask her to follow me, an outcast, to Russia. Yet one day, sanity may reign over this distracted earth again, perhaps I will be able to come back to this country again, or I may be permitted to build a home for her in a freer and happier Russia. . . I have told it all to her, she will understand me. Olga, will you take this letter to her? Tell her what I have told you, say good-bye to her for me, or, perhaps she may come to bid farewell to one who is branded an enemy of her country. (Olga takes the letter. Petrovka and the Guard exeunt.)

Olga: Shall I do it? Do I love him so much, that I should sacrifice my happiness for his? I would be a fool! Such things are done in melodrama, not in real life. Even if he does not love me now, who knows what time may bring forth? When I have him back in Russia, I will not let him escape so easily again. There I have means at my command, which I cannot use here. . . I'll tell her that he has promised to marry me. Why shouldn't I? Everything's fair in love and war. There's Grant left for her, what more does she want? (She tears up the letter.)

Curtain.

#### ACT 4. Scene 4.

Scenery same as in Scene 1. Fairbanks standing on the cliffs reading from a newspaper. A ship in the distance.

Florida:

#### THE MELTING POT

They come in their million,  
From Russia, Austria, Italy, Syria,  
China, Japan, spewed from the four corners of the earth.  
Hurl them in, stir them, heap the fires high, let them  
sing!

Yet:

Seething, spluttering, curdling, the cauldron boils but to  
dross.

Thou Great Elixir!

Canst not thou yet transmute the baser stuff?

Wherefor thy alchemy, O arch democracy?

Hurl them in, stir them, heap the fires high, let them  
sing!

Yet:

Seething, spluttering, curdling, the cauldron boils but to  
dross.

Wouldst know the cause?

The pure gold flows with washers' currents not, only the  
mud,

The cursed thirst of gold. The nuggets to the cradle cling.  
Hurl them in, stir them, heap the fires high, let them  
sing!

Yet:

Seething, spluttering, curdling, the cauldron boils but to  
dross.

Confess defeat!

Thy melting pot hath failed to make of these alloy.

No gold from debris such as this can be assayed.

Hurl them out, prod them, fill the currents full, let them  
sink!

For:

Seething, spluttering, curdling, the cauldron boiled but to  
dross.

What a confession for our great Republic, once the  
asylum for the oppressed of all lands! What has made us  
change so? Selfishness, and perhaps cruelty, learned on  
the battle fields of Europe. O America, I could weep for  
you! . . . There's Gerald's plane, over their Ark. The  
paper says he's going to give them a send-off. What  
heartlessness, to vaunt over their heads as a falcon over  
its prey. Perhaps he is gloating over what he thinks is  
my shame. Let him see me, I . . . I . . . (A flame is seen  
falling from the sky.) My God, it's Gerald's plane, it's



burning and falling into the sea! He'll be killed! My God . . . it's struck the water. . . He's dead, I know it, something tells me he's dead. . . perhaps he sought death . . . Gerald, I envy you, if I were only dead! O God! Paul! Paul! I thought you loved me, then to send that woman to me! No, he could not have done it. Perhaps she lied. To doubt is worse than to have lost! Paul! Paul! I cannot suffer this. Spirits of peace, where are

you? Are you all gone? And leave me here in wretchedness behind you? O God, let me die. Come to me death, come, to the happy you are terrible, to the wretched you can but be a comforter. Come, come, come sweetest death, and take me from this loathed light! Take me. . . Paul! Paul! (She leaps from the cliffs into the sea.)

Curtain.

## CHAPTER 2

Whose life, which family, what nation develops according to plan? Who knows what or where he will be tomorrow? Cross currents are constantly changing the destinies of man, especially in America, where immigration, diaspora, and divorce break up and rebuild families in every-changing patterns. Today a man may be a pauper, tomorrow a plutocrat; today a gangster, tomorrow a paragon; today a Jew, tomorrow a Gentile. Every human being is a potential Doctor Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde. Some of our most hardened criminals have led exemplary lives at home, loving and being loved by their families and by others who were unacquainted with their crime record and refused to believe it even when confronted with the most damning evidence.

Life is a mixture of good and evil, a flux between extremes. Take the line-up of nations during World War One, compare it with that of World War Two, and consider them with the line-up that is now shaping for World War Three.

Be not therefore surprised or incredulous of the tergiversations of our characters!

After the Franco-Prussian War, France was bled white, depleted of men and money. Gambetta, sauveur de la patrie, my kinsman, whose name in memory of his inveterate enmity to imperialism I bestowed on my son, resuscitated France and during the Great War, La Patrie took revanche.

Revenge is sure, though sometimes slowly paced!

Did any sane man believe that Germany would ever forget the Great War, or the causes of her debacle? The defection of Italy aggravated by the bombast of her dictator, the weaker and the closer foe, will first be dealt with by a resurrected Germany. Thus ran the thoughts of men in those days. Italy will be crushed or absorbed. Then those who claim to have "won the war," who prevented the subjugation of Europe, will be rendered innocuous or attacked. How or when, God alone knows, but it is as inevitable as the precession of the equinoxes.

And then Russia!

Germany was not bled white. The sixty million people, the eighty billion dollars worth of wealth, the natural resources, scientific methods, organized industry, and will to propagate and infiltrate were still intact.

Admit this, and admit it you must, and the Last Days of the Republic were within the range of realization, though conceived in the realm of imagination.

Thus the prophets prophesied. But Russia brooded and belched and World War Two was whelped.

The Day, the anniversary of the pact signed in the Old World, the capital of the greatest nation in the world, the pomp and pageantry of those who "won the war." The sun glanced from the resplendent capitol, the throngs lining the magnificent avenues, turned in expectation, seemed to reflect its light from their glowing faces. Platinum and diamonds, gold braid and polished scabbards, carmined lips and cheeks, waving plumes, powdered arms and bosoms, brilliant uniforms, shimmering nylon-clad limbs, and clanking silver spurs, threw back the rays of the sun and dazzled the men clad in dull khaki.

Some of the faces overshadowed by the clumsy helmets were drawn and set in contrast to those that gazed at them in admiration. Armless, legless, eyeless, even senseless, many of them thought that they had paid with penury, with their flesh, blood and bone, for all this luxurious wealth and physical perfection. Perhaps they were not dazzled, their eyes merely narrowed in reflection.

Many who face the footlights with smooth faces, portly figures, and costly toilettes, no doubt behind the scenes are wrinkled, lean and ragged. As the actor so the soldier has always used camouflage.

Beneath the beautiful lillies that attract the bees and the birds with their inimitable forms, refulgent hues and sweet scents, lies the repulsive, malodorous swamp, the manure that gives them nourishment. In juxtaposition to the beautiful women that attract the male with their rounded figures and redolent persons, fascinating with color and clothes, is the carnage of peace, billions of innocent creatures slaughtered and robbed for food, habillment, warmth, mere adornment; millions of toilers in the mines, in the marts, in the factories, in the fields, who have paid with their lives for bare existence; and the carnage of war, personified by these maimed veterans — all, the fertilizer on which these rows of human orchids thrive.

The drawn, set faces, the narrowed eyes, darkened by the dull helmets, had left arms and legs beneath barbed-wire entanglements. Is it any wonder that foreign entanglements failed this day to bring a glow to their faces?

The dream or scheme of a former president was an accomplished fact. Through revulsion and vicissitude the League of Nations had passed unscathed, had become the United Nations. Fickle public opinion, so truly limned in Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, had reversed that president's dicta as he himself had done, and forgotten another president's damning judgment.

"Mr. Roosevelt spoke of the Lusitania dead with the burning anger that animated his countrymen for one brief moment before the President told the world they were 'too proud to fight.' Of this phrase Mr. Roosevelt said:

"It is one of those dreadful phrases which, as by a lightning flash, illumines the soul of the man using it and remains forever fixed in the minds of mankind in connection with that man. But this is not all. When the man is President of the United States it is a sad and dreadful thing that the shame is necessarily shared by the nation itself; and it is completely assumed by the nation if it fails to repudiate the man who uttered the phrase."

"Nor was this phrase an isolated one. Mr. Roosevelt disinterred the equally pusillanimous remark made by the President less than three weeks after the Lusitania sinking, when, in refusing an invitation for an Independence Day address, he said: 'This is perhaps the very time when I would not care to arouse the sentiment of patriotism.' Said Mr. Roosevelt:

"Most assuredly, my fellow countrymen, the American Republic will not live, and will not deserve to live, if for the views of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776, we substitute as the basis of national action the views of the President who one hundred and twenty-eight years later declined to speak in commemoration of the day because in a dangerous crisis it seemed to his cold heart unwise 'to arouse the spirit of patriotism.'"

Today Wilson was "our fighting president." "The great patriot," and Roosevelt, the patriot and fighter, who dared to bandy the idle oratory: "The American Republic will not live and will not deserve to live." witnessed his rival's memory arouse the spirit of patriotism.

But they were both long in their tombs. Another generation that knew them not lined the avenues of Washington, and a president who had not yet acquired a sobriquet from the people strode at the head of the procession.

But such men though they may be mere figure-heads in life, often gain immortality through the manner of their deaths; so let us not judge him by his mere patronym. President Eagle would never have been the nation's nominee, for the simple reason that the nation did not know him. But the president-makers knew him and that was sufficient to cause his nomination. Mr. Eagle, Republican, was given a platform, literal and



literary, if one may call the press literary, and that sufficed to assure his election. Prosperity, no radical legislation, protection for vested rights, a few bills that would not prevent (a euphemism for favor) the accumulation of great fortunes, a franchise here and there, the appointment of several safe judges to the Supreme Bench, and the usual patronage, nepotism, and universal change in personnel attendant on every election! Of course I have not given the platform literally, but that was its intent and purpose in the minds of its framers.

The reader must not think that there were no men in America at the time under review. There were. As one man of the day tersely proclaimed:

"There are many Lincolns in America today, but none will ever be president. Those who control the polling booths do not want a president, they want a pimp; those who go to the booths are principally gun-men, political job-holders or -hunters, the bosses and the wage-slaves of large financial, commercial and industrial gangs who receive or expect special privileges; those who stay away from the booths are pusillanimous castratos always chanting a swan song, their citizenship should be revoked."

Close behind the president and his cabinet, and in striking contrast to the simple dress of the Republic, came the representatives of all the other members of the United Nations — princes, earls, dukes, barons, knights, scintillating in foreign uniforms, foreign orders, foreign decorations, foreign medals, but most of them accompanied by indigenous spouses.

Somehow many of the faces of the husbands were not as exotic as their apparel, in fact among them were the sons of American mothers; a prince and an earl, sons of American fathers and mothers: a lord and a baron who had once been American-born billionaires.

What a triumph for the daughters of the Republic who had laid their virtue and their greenbacks under the venal venery of titled attaches. This procession was theirs, theirs the apotheosis, theirs the deification. They were the cynosures, the *raison d'être* of this demonstration.

Of course not all of them had bought this lure of monarchism with virtue. Many had journeyed to foreign lands and paid only dollars for their titles. Among such was the Duchess of Albion, nee Mary Morning, daughter of Price Morning, the richest man in the world, wife of the British Ambassador, the Duke of Albion, the scion of one of the oldest and proudest houses related to the king of England.

As the Duke and Duchess, both magnificent specimens of humanity physically, tall, haughty, perhaps disdainful of lower rank and lesser wealth that strutted at its side in this republic, marched past the balcony occupied by Price Morning, Maud Morning, his youngest daughter; Patrick Pilligin, leader of the Irish-Americans; Rudolph Rothkopf, German-American head of the Beer-bibber Party; and Paul Fidus whom we have met before as Paul Petrovka; they acknowledged the flutter of handkerchiefs with becoming dignity and passed on.

How came Paul to be in this entourage? After the First World War, it had been easy for him to return, simply by declaring his American citizenship. Disillusioned by what he had seen and suffered in Russia, he had also lost faith in the practicability of Tolstoy's doctrines. He had never been a communist or socialist in the accepted sense.

One of his first acts after his arrival in America was to visit the house of Florida Fairbanks. Enquiries elicited the information of her death, and that she was really the daughter of one Price Lupus. This immediately set up a whirlpool of memories from his boyhood; the death of his sister, Angelica, the facts of which were unknown to him; the death of his father, Felix Fidus; and his own flight from home in the West to make his own way in the world.

Where was Lupus? What had become of his daughters, especially of Maud, his school companion?

Paul went West, and it did not take him long to discover the fact now almost forgotten, that Price Morning was no other than his father's former partner, Lupus.

He did not wish to see Lupus nor investigate his father's financial estate, but an ineradicable yearning to see once again the companion of his childhood, urged

him to seek an interview with her, and she after their first meeting refused categorically to let him depart, despite the remonstrances of her father.

What strange bedfellows!

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"Doesn't she look grand," cried Maud. "The most beautiful, the most stately woman in the procession. I think I envied her and wished myself in her place. The thrill of patriotism, the consciousness of being a member of a great and glorious nation, must be more intense in those who take part than in us, mere spectators."

"Which nation have you in mind, Miss Morning?" queried Pilligin.

"Why, America, of course," retorted Maud giving him a rapid look out of her large brown eyes.

"I thought you might mean the Duke's," said Pilligin with a touch of unconcealed irony in his stentorian voice.

"And why not?" interposed Morning. "Isn't the British Empire a great and glorious nation, one that we might be proud of? Why shouldn't Maud envy her sister, or rather why should she? Look at her! Isn't she as beautiful, as stately. No, damn it, she's majestic, worthy of a prince, the Prince of Wales if you like, and to wear the crown of the British Empire itself, damn it!"

Morning banged his large hand on the balustrade covered with festoons of purple velvet, Maud blushed a deep scarlet almost indistinguishable from the bunting, and lowered her eyes, the three men looked at the ponderous plutocrat in reflective silence.

Morning was not in the habit of using idle words. His words either expressed or hid his thoughts. Which was it now? Rumor, even the press, had connected the name of the plutocrat's second daughter with a prince. Practically every European country was Morning's debtor, he could dictate terms, even to the British Empire, his greatest debtor. If Maud wished, and if he put that heavy fist of his down, perhaps, who knows, one of his progeny might rule the British Empire. His own father and mother were both born in the British Isles. Since the mining properties his father had left him had been increased to the greatest fortune in the world, since his eldest daughter had married an English duke, genealogists had discovered that the Duchess' ancestry could be traced back to the time of William the Conqueror, and that only after the Ducs de Maurnayng had been reduced to the status of common merchants was the name curtailed to plain Mr. Morning. Since Price Morning, or to be more exact since archaeologists in the pay of the Duchess Mary, had unearthed what they claimed to be the ancient keep of Maurnayng, and since the site had been obliterated by a magnificent palace, the Castle de Maurnayng, which had cost Price twenty million English pounds, there had been talk of reviving the title of the Ducs de Maurnayng, but Price in the august presence of the Duke and Duchess, and without the least consideration for their dignity, had banged his fist on the table and shouted:

"Damn it! I'm no dook, and I don't want anybody dooking me. Price Morning is good enough for me, and the climate of New York suits my constitution. You can have the Palace de Maurnayng, and loan me a couple of rooms when I run over for business."

"But, Mr. Morning," suggested the Duke, "Mr. Carnegie lived in his castle in Scotland."

"Yah," thundered Morning, "but I ain't nutty about golf, and old Andrew died plain Mr. Carnegie. Nothing doing, damn it!"

"But, dad," pleaded the Duchess Mary, "think of Maud! As the daughter of a duke and with your power and, and influence, she might do even better than I."

"Yes, undoubtedly," acquiesced his Grace as his spouse turned toward him with a reassuring smile.

"If Maud wants to be a duchess, I'll give her the place and you can fix up the title for her. I've got no sons, anyway. But, as for me. Nix!"

"But," continued Mary, "my sister can be more than a duchess. My sister-in-law, the lady Eileen, married a prince of the royal blood. Why shouldn't Maud?"

"Who's stopping her?" shouted Price. "Not me! If she wants to be a princess, I'll make her a princess. Damn it! I'll make her a queen, if she wants. Her blood's as blue as any queen's, and as red as any heroine's. She not only looks a queen, but she is a queen in character,



culture, chivalry, or any other royal prerogative. If she wants a crown to wear on her glorious brown head, I'll give it her, damn it! But so far as I see, she's satisfied to be plain Maud Morning, or change it to Mrs. Fidus."

"What, marry a Jew?" cried the Duchess.

"What's the matter with a Jew?" snapped Morning. "Weren't Beaconsfield and Reading Jews? Didn't Roseberry marry a Jewess? Aren't some of my business associates Jews? Without their brains and co-operation would I be what I am today? Would your king be on his throne? None of that anti-Semitic bunk for me, damn it! I'm a free-born American and see no difference between Jew and Gentile. As to Paul, he's the straightest shooter I've met in my long life, and I've met every body."

And so Price remained plain Mr. Morning, and the newspaper stories inspired by the Duchess of Albion had not yet succeeded in buying the throne of the British Empire for the House of Morning.

Rothkopf, a self-constituted suitor, tried perhaps more strenuously than the others to divine the great plutocrat's thoughts. Impecunious relatively, ambitious, capable, the leader of one of the strongest parties in America, he lacked only Morning's billions to force the doors of the White House. As one of Morning's lobbyists he was already in his pay directly and indirectly through the inside information that enabled him to speculate successfully in the franchises that systematically fell to the lot of Morning. But Morning, an exact judge of men and in accordance with the policy of all employers, did not intend to place his employee in a position where he could act on his own initiative, perhaps exact excessive emolument or refuse behests. Morning had sufficient sense to understand that men who can be bought have their price. He had discovered that most men were loyal to him because he paid the highest price or because they knew that he could pay the highest price. He used them, but he did not implicitly trust them, that is, he never made any man his confidant. As for Rothkopf, he mistrusted him. But the ten million Beerbibbers, mostly German-Americans, who fought through conviction for beer, were a factor he had to consider in his financial operations. These considerations made the leader of the Beerbibbers a frequent guest at the Morning mansion and prevented Maud from showing any discourtesy to the powerful senator.

Patrick Pilligin, large, blubbery, blue-eyed Irish-American, dispenser and partaker of graft, fixer of judges and juries, senator and lobbyist, also in the pay of Morning, but an inveterate foe of England and father of a numerous family, pondered the old plutocrat's asseverations not matrimonially, and not exactly venally. Morning had no son, if the House of Morning was to be perpetuated, it would have to be through his daughter Maud. She was the only person in the world in her father's confidence, he discussed every move in his stupendous operations with her, asked her advice, followed it when she could convince him that she was right, or ignored it, when he could convince her that she was wrong. It was generally understood that Maud would head the House of Morning when the old man died. Hitherto her republicanism and patriotism, her sisterly affection for Paul whose father had been one of Morning's closest associates, had been impregnable. But if perchance the glamor of a throne should cast its toils around her, the bonds between Anglican England and Protestant America, royal England and royalist America, would be inseparably cemented and invincibly fortified. In addition to his numerous other dignities, Pilligin was the head of the Irish-American League that wished to sever the only remaining link between England and Ireland, and the proud possessor of a Catholic order in recognition of his leadership of American Catholics in their political aspirations. Morning's words might have an ominous significance to the bulky Irish-American Catholic.

Paul, Jew by birth but Pantheist by conviction, author and social-reformer, philanthropist, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, healing the sick, teaching the ignorant, with money Maud forced upon him, as quickly as Morning handed it over under the pretext of being dividends accruing from Fidus' stocks, had grown up as stated with Maud; as little children they had slept in one bed, as brother and sister they had trudged to school to-

gether with their arms around each other, as co-eds their lips had often met in a holy kiss. Then one day they had awakened to the startling revelation that they were man and woman, and Paul had never embraced her since. Maud, divining the restraint before Paul had defined it to himself, had wished to prevent it. Her brown eyes had looked ever since into his black eyes with longing, she wanted to press her lips to his again, hold him in her arms, but she knew that his restraint was reverence, that he had elevated her to a pedestal of adoration, inspiration, and she with her womanly intuition had told herself that she must remain what he had made her.

Now when her father so forcibly gave utterance to his anglophilia, her eyes had sunk in embarrassment, but raising them furtively she had caught the questioning, ardent look in Paul's sad eyes, and in a moment she was at his side, her trembling hands clasping his reassuringly. If this incident had not taken place on the balcony exposed to the view of thousands, her arms, then and there, would have encircled his neck and her lips would have sought his in passionate recompense.

As they stood thus, each absorbed in his own thoughts and feelings, their vision was suddenly directed skywards. A fleet of six air-ships and about a hundred attendant airplanes was approaching. At the time of which I write the noise of air-motors had been eliminated. They had, therefore, received no warning, and the scout flyers were directly over their heads before their attention was diverted from the procession. Majestically, like creatures of flesh and blood, they sailed through the azure sky, reflecting the sun's rays in a sheen of silver variegated with the banners and streamers of all nations.

The beauty of the whole scene was inspiring; on the earth the stately buildings of stone in their settings of green, the long vistas of the avenues lined with venerable trees, shading the gaily-clad spectators, the balconies and windows garlanded, festooned with ribbons, oak leaves, rich cloths; and their sabled occupants; the glittering procession, prancing steeds, crawling tanks, ponderous cannon, airy cyclists; the clash and harmony of the bands; in the sky the man-made birds, symbols of man's victory over the atmosphere and promises of his conquest of interstellar space.

At a signal the procession halted, the air-ships arrested their flight, the airplanes gyrated each in a narrow circle, those in the service of the nation raised their hands in salute, private citizens bared their heads, the boom of a cannon was heard in the sky and at the same instant a hundred hands and a million voices caused the air to reverberate with the glorious strains of The Star Spangled Banner. Never before had such a volume of music risen to heaven. The sentiment of the moment was overpowering, horses and men quivered with emotion, the hearts of many stopped beating, and women sank to the earth in hysterical swoon.

During these tense moments, one of the airplanes, unobserved by the vast multitude on the ground, seemed to be unable to continue its gyrating evolution, it dived rapidly down and forward, and as it passed over the spot where the President stood bareheaded surrounded by secret-service agents, an object camouflaged almost to invisibility dropped from the fuselage. A second after there was a puff of blue smoke, a dull detonation, and before the throng had realized fully what had happened, the airplane had disappeared.

While the voices still resounded in thrilling accents, hoarse cries began to rend the skies, the people stepped from the sidewalks and crowded upon the procession, thousands were crushed and then trampled beneath frantic persons and galloping horses. The shrill whistle of policemen, the horns of ambulances scurrying hither and thither to succor the injured, rose above the national anthem which, as the panic spread along the line, died away uncompleted.

And then, in place of the glorious strains of the song of victory, the revulsive wail of grief and calamity:

"The President is dead!"

A cordon of police surrounded the bloody spot where the fragments of the President and his attendants strewed the ground. When the doctors and the officers, military and civil, finally and reluctantly admitted to each other that the chief executive had been premeditatedly assassinated by an aerial bomb, and signalled the air-craft above, the assassin had long disappeared in the direction of the Atlantic Ocean.



## CHAPTER 3

Radio, television, radar, jet- and rocket-planes, helicopters, zeppelins, the latest and most marvelous inventions of man were impressed to discover the perpetrator of the dastardly crime. Every plane on earth and in the sky, ever pilot, every human being who might be able to handle a flying machine, in America and in every other land, or on the wide waters, was investigated. America demanded it, and she had the power to enforce her demands—power perhaps not actual but since the World Wars sufficiently potential in the imaginations of the nations of the earth to make her word law. No one doubted her power, the power of the atom bomb, as no one had doubted the combined power of Germany, Austria and Italy before Armageddon.

But probing and scouring as she did, coercion and reward failed to discover the slightest clue. Perhaps the assassin had been engulfed by the oceans, incinerated by avenging flames, wrecked in an arid or icy desert, or amid inaccessible peaks, gone, the devout hoped, with his secret to pay the penalty before a spiritual judge.

Or he was being sheltered by his friends, enemies of the Republic—or of the President. Enemies of the Republic there were many: every country in the debt of the United States, every country envious of her wealth and power, every country rival for world-trade, every country that feared her or hated her, because their nationals had been kept out by immigration or quota laws; individual enemies, men who had been deported, women who had been debarré for "moral turpitude", persons whose pelf or prerogatives had vanished before the American legions. Then the enemies internal and external of the President, anarchists, communists, lunatics, political opponents, men and women who had been ousted from "jobs", whose avenues to graft had been closed by the inevitable shake-up that inaugurates a new president.

These enemies, the usual enemies of those in position, were known, but as no one in particular could be identified, the press, the police, the public instituted a futile examination of motives.

To wind up, the commander of the air squadron was courtmartialled. No one knew when or how the strange aircraft had joined the squadron. While it had vanished nothing to differentiate it from the other units had been remarked. The only conclusion: There must have been a traitor in the airforces, and the commander was demoted. Excuse: At least he should have known of the stranger's presence in his fleet.

Eagle was not the first president to be assassinated, and no one believed he would be the last. Attempts on the lives of every president have probably been entertained, and deterred or frustrated by the secret service. What a commentary on our so-called civilization, or shall we say human beings! The greatest of the presidents had met a violent death. This fact was recalled but no one remembered the words of that president:

"As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the republic is destroyed."

The gloom that settled on the republic was caused by the grief at the senseless death of its chief magistrate, it was not a foreboding of impending doom. Jazz went on despite the warnings of augurs who drew their conclusions from the flights of the birds of science. Palaces of amusement rose higher into the air, dazzling with their brilliance, dazing with their shows of naked lasciviousness. Men grew rich and powerful through bootlegging or blackmarketing. Girls disappeared and were never heard of again unless sometimes their mutilated bodies were flaunted along automobile highways. Children were held for ransom, and failing payment, callously clubbed. The stock exchange made and broke billionaires at the expense of the nation. Graft permeated all the professions, the judiciary, the legislature. Yet no one, except the augurs, thought that all pleasure, luxury, enjoyment; vice, hypocrisy, falsehood; crime, corruption, dishonesty must be paid for sooner or later. And the longer the day of reckoning is delayed, the greater the price.

These conditions had been general since the World Wars, in fact the adult population had grown up amid them and knew no other. Only the old men and women, those who had reached adolescence before the Armistice, remembered any other conditions, and they of course were out-of-date. The students of history were mere theorists, dreamers, visionaries.

It was under these conditions that the presidency automatically devolved upon the vice-president, Henry Holland. Probably the highest office in the land would never have been attained through the electoral college by this independent character. He had been elected to the vice-presidency not for political reasons but because of an adventurous career that had made him the people's idol. As a young man he had rocket-planed solo around the world, east and west, north and south, eclipsing the renown of Lindbergh whose memory had already almost faded into fable. The populace require contactual heroes to awaken their enthusiasm. Names as centrifugal ripples tend to lose their potency, only where the stone is flung are the boats rocked.

Of medium height, healthy, wiry, courageous, silent, modest, deliberate, he had never been suspected of any ability as a statesman and leader. His friends rushed to advise, to prevent wreck to the ship of state. The virtual masters of the land brought documents for urgent signature which however were held over for consideration. The press surmised and prognosticated. The people were satisfied that everything would come out all right.

Holland listened attentively to advice, some he took, some he ignored. He read all documents, some he signed, some he vetoed. He met all protests with the quiet remark: "I have always acted as my own pilot."

This naturally did not fall in with the views of the masters of the land. Often they gathered in conclave to devise controls on the "pilot." But despite the fact that they controlled the political machinery and the money power, they were not able to prevent Holland's re-election after his first short term. All they were able to compass was the election of Mr. Stout to the vice-presidency.

If Holland had not chosen to respect the precedent and law that a chief magistrate should not run for three terms, there is no doubt that he would have been re-elected. But he chose to throw in his support to Stout. Only after he discovered Stout's disloyalty to himself did he regret his decision. Then it was too late, and inadvisedly he was persuaded to found a third party, which may rob one or other of the old parties but never elect its own candidate.

At the time of which I write, party lines were not sharply demarcated, they had followed in the wake of English politics, become opportunist as American politics were bound to become. The Solid South often voted republican; the North, democratic. Candidates switched without humiliation or reproach. In addition to the two main parties, there were the Beerbibbers, the Irish-Americans, the Socialists, and the Reformers led by Fidus. So when Holland stampeded and launched the Independents, not his action but his chances were weighed by opponents.

This is what engaged the minds of many men gathered at a reception in the Morning mansion.

"Holland doesn't stand a ghost of a chance, now that you've been nominated," Morning reiterated.

"But he'll pull a bunch of votes," stated Stout somewhat gloomily.

"That's to be expected, but that won't change the outcome. You'll be president, and we might as well decide definitely on a cabinet."

"There's Rothkopf, Pilligin and Fidus."

"None of them any good," snapped the ponderous plutocrat.

"But look at the votes they control. Their followers might decide the election."

"They might if we'd let 'em. Rothkopf is getting too strong. That's why I wouldn't back him for the vice-presidency. At heart he's a German and a royalist. He'd like to see England, France, and Italy destroyed, or at least disrupted, for conquering the Fatherland, and that's the way he and the Beerbibbers would vote."



"If that's the case, why wouldn't he have it in for us?"

"He has, and that's another reason I don't trust him."

"But his vote might offset the vote of the Irish-Americans in case they go democratic," Stout continued to argue.

"What makes you think they'll vote democratic?"

"New York and Chicago have voted democratic before and they might do it again, if we don't win over Pilligin. What's the matter with Pilligin?"

"Nothing except he's anti-British, and I can't afford to have an enemy of England in the cabinet."

"He couldn't do much harm," said Stout placatingly.

"There's family and financial reasons," replied Morning, finally in his voice.

"Then there's only Fidus left."

"Leave him out. He's all right personally, and he's a protege of the family. But he'll never go back on the Reform Party, and no reformer will ever vote republican, or for the matter of that, democratic. They want a United States of the Earth. Even if he voted with us in the cabinet, he couldn't bring us any votes in the election. But he'll vote only as his conscience dictates. Then they might bring up his Jewish background. If it wasn't for that I might have even run him for the presidency."

There was a long pause during which the hum of a phonofilm was borne to the ears of the two men in their arbor. Stout spoke again:

"I suppose then we can't count on any votes from Rothkopf and Pilligin?"

"We'll get all the votes they control," replied Morning emphatically; "if we don't, I'll drop 'em both cold, they'll starve."

"But they've both got money, and their adherents could raise enough for them to make them independent of you."

"That's so?" sneered the financier. "All they've got is invested in stock I control. If I like, I can break 'em. Then I've got the goods on 'em in so many crooked deals they've pulled that they wouldn't dare to go back on me, even if they could raise the dough."

Stout knew this only too well, and could not help thinking that he himself enjoyed no more independence than the two men mentioned. While Morning's threats were not uttered insinuatingly, Stout drew the conclusion that whoever dared cross the potentate would meet with a similar fate. Yet Holland had defied him.

Close to the two men but hidden behind a group of thick shrubbery stood Rothkopf, an appliance for amplifying sound waves held to his ear. So intent was he on his own act of eavesdropping that he failed to notice that he himself was being watched. He should have known that a man in Morning's position would never appear in public without a retinue of detectives. Perhaps he did know, but took a chance. As he moved rapidly away, disturbed by approaching footsteps, he was followed by a footman who watched him approach Maud Morning, and then suddenly disappeared.

"What is the latest political news, Mr. Rothkopf?" enquired Maud pleasantly, as the German-American drew near.

"I must ask you, Miss Morning. Whatever I know would be stale to you."

"I've heard the Beerbibbers demand the Secretary-of-Stateship as the price of their vote."

The color mounted to the roots of Rothkopf's short-cropped red hair. No doubt this remark had been made designedly. Was the conversation to which he had been an eavesdropper also made for his ears, and were father and daughter in league?

"There was some talk about it, Miss Morning, by a few irresponsible ward bosses, but I knocked the idea out of their heads. I told them I didn't want the job. I could do more for them by retaining my freedom."

"Wasn't that too unselfish of you?" she enquired suavely.

He ignored the sarcasm and flung out his own hint:

"But I'm afraid, Miss Morning, the Beerbibbers are getting out of hand. They demand some voice in the government, and some of them have openly threatened to vote as they please. I am doing everything I can to hold them in line, but I'm afraid we'll lose a number of

votes unless something is done to appease them."

The point did not pass over Maud's head, but she asked innocently: "How will they vote, Mr. Rothkopf?"

"Many will vote socialist, as they have always done; others favor the democratic candidate, and his disarmament plan; then Holland still has the allegiance of many whom he favored. It will be hard to prevent those votes going to him. They're bought and paid for."

"Is there no way to prevent this disintegration?" A more serious inflection came into her voice. He could not fail to notice it.

"Many no doubt could be bought over from their convictions, could be won by higher bids. But it will cost at least a hundred million," he added nonchalantly, "and if the machinery is not oiled by experienced hands, the effort will fail of its purpose."

"That means, Mr. Rothkopf," she said candidly, "that unless a hundred million dollars of the campaign fund are entrusted to you for distribution, the Beerbibbers may prevent the election of Stout?"

"I did not say that," he hastened to assert, "nor did I hint it. In fact I should much prefer that others carry on the negotiations. Since I declined to be put forward as a candidate for the Secretary-of-Stateship, my influence and authority have waned. As I cannot guarantee results, I wish to avoid blame."

Was he making a frank confession, or had he already arranged revenge for defeat. Truth was not one of his virtues, but if he was telling the truth, it would be necessary to weigh very carefully to whom they should entrust that part of the campaign funds assigned to the Beerbibbers.

The conversation had taken a turn that one of the speakers would have wished to avoid. He would have preferred to lead the talk into other channels, far from politics. But he judged the occasion unpropitious, and fearing to entrust himself further to the subtle cross-examination of this woman, he abruptly excused himself on the plea of an important conference.

An elevator took him to the roof of the mansion where a few minutes later, in answer to his pocket-radio signal, an avis swooped down and picked him up. The avis, a compact combination of boat, auto, plane and helicopter, was not yet in general use. In fact this was the only one in America, being the property of the German ambassador, Count Feuerstab. Resembling a flying fish, with folding pectoral planes, propellers above and in front, it was equally motile for air, land, sea and undersea.

The depressing whirl of the helicopter, that neutralized the buoyancy of the helium compartments, being reversed and exerting a raising force, the avis shot up vertically for some distance; then the planes opened from the sides, and the avis shot forward in the direction of Washington. The two hundred odd miles via Philadelphia were traversed in less than an hour, and the avis then dropped like a hawk to the roof of the German embassy.

Count Feuerstab's father had served the last kaiser loyally. For that reason and because of his own pronounced junkerism, the most important ambassadorship of the reich had been conferred upon him. We say reich; for to all Germans except the minority social-democrats the Fatherland was still das Reich; though a republic to which a royalist had been elected president. Titles of nobility and military ranks were still conferred and as highly esteemed as they had ever been. England could hardly consistently object to the continued fostering of the royalist tradition.

Stout, tall, of military bearing; blond, with fierce moustache and short-cropped hair, a scar across his cheek (the evidence of a duel), he was typical of his caste. His voice when he spoke German had the intonation of haughty command.

"What are his plans?" he enquired referring to Price Morning.

"I had no time, Excellency, to discuss them with him. After a formal greeting he withdrew with Stout, but I heard sufficient to know what he has in mind." And then he recounted in detail the conversation between Morning and Stout, and between Miss Morning and himself.

"It would then not be advisable to vote for Stout."



"No, Excellency."

"What about Holland?"

"It would be a waste of votes, Excellency. I believe the two republican candidates will split the votes, and that Highland, the democratic candidate, will be elected. We might as well give him our votes for a price."

"What will he do for us?"

"He will observe strict neutrality in case we declare war. That will enable us to import foodstuffs, and of course Morning will not refuse to sell us ammunition. When we have settled our score with Italy for her treason to us, we can turn on France and reconquer the lost provinces. America will not enter another European war if we pretend friendship for Belgium and Great Britain, and show that our ultimate objective is Russia; and Russia will not attack us if we do not go East. Russia knows that any move in our direction will bring the atom bomb on her head. Of course we must not attack France, we must wait to be attacked; neither England nor Russia will permit France to overrun Germany. Morning will be glad to sell ammunition to anybody provided England is not molested."

"Will Highland do anything for you personally?"

"He would, Excellency, but I think it advisable to remain in the background. I might let it appear publicly that I am in favor of Stout. But anyway, if Highland is elected, Morning may ruin me financially. I hope, Excellency, the Fatherland will protect me. I am making a sacrifice."

"Yes, Rothkopf, yes I know. You will be protected. But it is necessary that you continue in prominence. The day may come when it will be necessary for you to take the helm in this country, so that the world-destiny of the Fatherland may be fulfilled. There is still some sentiment in this country for France, though the actions of Italy, her communist elements, have alienated sympathy. The financiers who have loaned Italy money will criticize our just war, and even Morning will protect his Italian son-in-law and his estate (we can give him assurances as to that); but the American people will remain indifferent. We cannot depend on the will of one man not to intervene in our imbroglio with France. We must have the American workingman on our side. If necessary a general strike must be engineered. There must be no munitions for our enemies. In fact it is desirable that there be no munitions at all in the United States. In that connection we can go along with Russia. Mr. Highland must be forced to advocate universal peace, total disarmament, no army, no navy, no air fleet, the destruction of the atom bomb. We can easily convince America that the stronger we are, the less need for American preparations for war. We must never forget that if it had not been for the United States we would already have been masters of the world as our Kultur destines us to be. Our merchant boats though small and unarmed and our trade zeppelins, furnished with our secret weapons, could easily bring the decadent British Empire to an end, and then we shall be face to face with the United States, with the whole of Latin America on our side. In anti-

pation of that day we must see that this country has no soldiers, nor weapons, that the workingman follow our leaders. During all this time of preparation we shall pretend friendship for Russia and her satellites, but as soon as we have emasculated the United States, we shall open our Drive to the East.

"It is necessary, Rothkopf, that you retain your influence not only over the Beerbibbers, but over all the workingmen's organizations, if for no other reason than to keep an eye on the communist infiltration; you must keep up relations with the Irish who hate England, with the pacifists or United-States-of-the-Earth propagandists, the Reformers, led by that Jew, Fidus."

"Pilligin and Fidus are my friends, Excellency," said Rothkopf apparently with pride. "If Fidus cared, he might even be president. The people love him."

"Yes, I know you have some influence with them, but what relations have you with the common laboring classes?"

Rothkopf hesitated. He was a member of the German secret service, and had taken the oath of allegiance to the German reich, but at the same time he was selfish. So long as the interests of the Fatherland coincided with his own ambitions, he would obey the commands of the ambassador implicitly, but if he was to be used as a cat-paw, his own interests would be paramount. Germany's power in America was not as ruthless as that of Russia, and if necessary America would protect him against personal violence. Finally he replied:

"There is Oysterlinni, Excellency. He is a Sicilian, head of the Blackhand. He rules practically all the gunmen of America. He controls the dope, bootlegging, gambling, smuggling, and white-slave traffic. His gunmen are hired to swing elections, his bombing squads are used by the unions to intimidate scabs or to force the hands of the employers. He maintains a fleet of airplanes, trucks, speed-boats, and from his fastness in Mexico rules like a king. He has the power to drive the laboring classes. He can be bought, Excellency."

"A remarkable man, a remarkable man," reiterated the ambassador; "but will he not sympathize with Italy?"

"He has no country, Excellency. He is an outlaw, tolerated in Mexico and some other Central American States only because he is able to pay."

"Doesn't the United States know of his stronghold?" enquired the ambassador pensively.

"No, Excellency. He never stays long in one place or in any State. Whenever a search is made, he cannot be found, he has been shot or poisoned. While his existence is known to the world, his retreat is known only to a few trusted lieutenants."

"How did you learn of it, Rothkopf?" asked the ambassador pointedly.

"I don't know where he is. I know only one of his agents. He supplies the Beerbibbers' turnhalls with beer, Excellency."

He smiled broadly and the ambassador laughed.

## CHAPTER 4

I have referred to the British Empire as if it still were intact, but as a matter of fact it was already fast descending to its nadir. Shorn of India, it still retained great financial power there by playing off the Parkistan Moslems against Hindustan. Deprived of Egypt, from which she withdrew with less humiliation since India had been given self-rule, she still retained the Sudan and outposts across the Red Sea. But as explained, England and her aristocracy was buttressed by the American dollar against the socialist politicians with their pro-Russian intrigues.

Italy had become practically a satellite of the Russian bear, and for that reason the United States had permitted Germany to secretly rearm, and serve as a buffer against further Russian expansion. It was this repetition of history that enabled Germany to entertain designs against Italy, probably with the backing of American capitalists. The real objective was however, not Italy but Russia, via Greece, Austria, Hungary, and the other countries within the Soviet sphere.

Twenty million men were under arms, costing the

world thirty billion dollars a year. Russia had the largest army, then came China with her interminable civil war, and in third place came the United States.

Russia and the U. S. were watching each other as cat and mouse, America backing Greece and Turkey in Eastern Europe, China and a re-trained though not re-armed Japan in Asia, to keep Russia worried. While America publicly declared her intention to keep out of the quarrel between Germany and Italy, and Russia dared not disclose any designs on Italian territory, Germany could defy the UN while it wrangled about the dispute, because secretly America had given Germany the green light. Of course America had the atomic bomb, and that was the principal deterrent to Russia, even if she had the bomb herself. Surrounded by Germany, Greece, Turkey, China and Japan, from which atomic carriers could operate, Russia was at a disadvantage as compared with the United States which had no adjacent countries open as bases for Russian carriers. Russia's vast manpower could reach her neighbors but not America.

Wars are supposed to be instigated for selfish ends,



by rulers, politicians, capitalists. It has been argued that the people never desire war and would never make war of their own accord. No doubt in many cases this is true. But there are exceptions to every generality. There are very few universal truths. Everything is relative.

While it is true that Germany's rulers could have averted war, it is also an incontrovertible fact that the German nation enlisted willingly in the war against Italy. Italy had betrayed them, through this betrayal they had been deprived of territory, many Germans had been made subject to foreign rule, the empire had been humbled and impoverished. Accordingly government and nation shared the responsibility for this war.

When Germany invaded Belgium and attacked France in 1914 there was no moral excuse, at least not in the eyes of the civilized world; but when the German cabinet invented a pretext for declaring war on Italy, there were very few people in Germany not convinced that they had adequate justification. The world, however, had to be conciliated. A mere war of retaliation would have been unjustifiable in the eyes of the world, though the world had nothing to say in the matter.

The pretext was readily available. Germans in Italy had grown more haughty as the commercial power of Germany grew. According to German press agents, many Germans seemed to be discriminated against, to be persecuted, and even oppressed by communist laws. Sharp notes were exchanged, until at last Germany threatened to send an air demonstration to protect the Germans living in Italy. Naturally Italy resented this, and asked the powers to intervene. A riot was organized by agents provocateurs, in which several Germans were killed by communists. Without waiting for an investigation, the German air sally such as it was flew over the Alps.

Germany was supposed to have only commercial planes, but any plane can carry a bomb, radioactive substances, or bacteria. Germany supposedly had no war material, no arms. All means of making war had been restricted by the terms of the peace after the Great Wars. But Germany had built up a moderate commercial air fleet, and a not negligible chemical industry, under the Allied inspectorship. All that was necessary was for her pilots to drop smoke bombs from the air, and in a few days Rome was deserted. But that did not mean that Italy was subjugated. Italy had been insolently preparing for just such an emergency, aided by Russia. But in spite of these precautions, she was far behind Germany, and in a few days most of the vulnerable spots became cellar cities, even though there had not been a single casualty.

Germany's schrecklichkeit tactics enabled her to intimidate, but not to make conquests. But soon an army was mobilized though inadequately equipped, and on the march. This meant a protracted campaign.

As soon as Germany declared war, she tore up the peace treaty and converted all her industries to the manufacture of war material. This was not difficult as the most detailed plans had been formulated and hidden for years, and every individual of the nation was ready and prepared to take up his military duties. Who was to stop her? The armies of occupation had been withdrawn, and only inspectors had seen the principal cities for months.

France protested more strenuously than any other power, but no one wanted another World War. And Germany asseverated that she had no designs on France, and that communist Italy was as much an enemy of France as she was of Germany—which seemed to be borne out by facts. All this enabled Germany to return to her militaristic career. It was only necessary to place arms in the hands of the nation—every man had been drilled for months as efficiently, in fact more efficiently, than the best armies in existence.

President Highland declared a strict neutrality of the United States. That meant that she was able to furnish all the supplies she could to either of the belligerents. Naturally the greater part went to Germany. Firstly and most important Germany had the wherewithal to pay; then miracle dictu a German submarine appeared at the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar and threatened to sink all contraband destined for Italy. Thus very little contraband entered the Italian ports. This naturally riled Italy despite the fact that contraband reached her in no negligible quantities across France,

Spain and Portugal. In retaliation she sank a ship in the Mediterranean carrying contraband, and her air craft often ventured across the continent to bomb German shipping.

With the German army in Austria, Germany's prestige immediately reacted on the Eastern European states which had been chafing under the domineering arrogance of Russia. Her straggling convoys of air ships and submarines which protected German shipping in the Mediterranean, finally established submarine bases in Turkey and Greece, with the collusion of America and England, and thus Germany was able to obtain adequate supplies also now from the East. Turkey especially which had lost much through Russia's rise to power, openly sided with Germany in accordance with ancient tradition, and Greece believed she could only benefit from Italy's defeat. Had not Mussolini attacked Greece?

But even without these avenues of access and egress, Germany could not be isolated as she had been during the Great Wars. Flying had developed to such an extent that both belligerents were able to obtain supplies from all the four corners of the earth. The only obstacle to either party's taking advantage of this progress in aviation was the fact that Germany had to concentrate a preponderance of her limited air force in Italy, as her troops at the outset of hostilities were at such a distance from Italy and were not well enough equipped to meet the enemy on its own ground even if they could be transported, and Italy had to keep practically her whole air force at home to meet the enemy.

This must not be considered to have been a major war. Neither of the combatants had a real army or navy. Everything was makeshift, and amused the rest of the world. As always, the world did not take this flare-up seriously, and everybody laughed and joked, egged them on, and sold them supplies to continue the spectacle.

Thus the war dragged on in the air for almost a year, until Germany was able to arm her troops, which she of course did very secretly, then the great march across Austria was begun, with benefit of war correspondents. Aided by every German in Austria, and now better equipped than Italy, the first, second and third lines of defense were successfully smashed, Austria officially joined Germany, and as a reward her borders were again extended to the Adriatic and she was safely installed in Trieste with German long-range guns and submarines to defend and extend her rights.

The powers thought Germany had gone far enough, and when Italy sued for peace, Germany considered it politic to make peace on favorable terms.

These events in Europe had brought only added prosperity to America. Loans to Italy were uncollectible, Italy was bankrupt, a nation of paupers, but they were industrious and thrifty, so every Italian industry, and that meant practically all of them, that was foreclosed for a song by American creditors, indirectly more than made good the loss in loans. Germany doing everything in her power to placate the United States raised no objection to Italy's being bloodsucked. In fact Germany had assured the United States at the outbreak of hostilities that she would be satisfied with the suppression of communism, and would let America take the rest less what went to Austria, and some trade treaties for herself. At the same time Germany played a double game with Russia, assuring her that she was anxious to get America out of Europe and would not object to Russia opening or closing the Dardanelles, provided Germany was given trade preferences in the Near East. Russia probably was not a dupe, but the immediate purpose of Germany to keep Russia from inciting the Balkans to fight Germany, was achieved for the time being.

On the other hand Germany made protestations of perpetual peace with the United States, pledged all Germany's regained and redoubled power to aid the United States against Russia. It looked as if Germany and the United States were going to divide world-commerce between them, if Russia could be eliminated.

England always watchful and remembering her dependence on the United States during the World Wars and still her debtor, feared that under some unfavorable circumstances pressure for repayment might be exerted. She began to concentrate over a million veterans on the fields of Canada, strategic railways were pushed to Hud-



son Bay to feed steamships and airplane lines to Britain, munition factories and atomic piles were developed in the far north with local resources. England's necessities were being made secure against another universal holocaust.

After the Great Wars there were more than a million voters in the United States born in Germany and Austria. Germany's quota exceeded that of any other nation. At least twenty percent of the population were enrolled among the Beerbibbers. These of course were not all Germans or of German descent. Many were merely allied to Germans by marriage, many were merely bibblers or bootleggers of various nationalities, including hundred percent Americans.

The Beerbibbers had always been active pacifists or isolationists in the United States. Since the revenue from alcoholic liquors had been lost, they demanded that the expenses of the country be cut by abolishing the army, the navy, by total disarmament. This they argued would lower taxation, and no one, especially the workingman, could deny the logic of this argument. Labor disturbances had become chronic and could be curbed only by military force. The abolition of the army therefore meant greater license to labor.

Mr. Highland had been elected despite capitalism, his term of office was nearing its close and he was looking forward to a second term. Votes from Wall Street were out of the question, so while a general strike was in progress he disbanded the army, passed a five-day working week without reduction of wages, and transformed the navy and aeronavy into a merchant marine and aerine. Of course the war ships and air ships were not scrapped, they were merely allowed to become obsolete and for lack of appropriations no new ones were built. The country had prospered by remaining neutral in the war between Germany and Italy. Italy which had been an armed camp, or rather a nation of camp-followers, had been brought to utter ruin. Germany without an army or navy or aeronavy yesterday had risen again overnight to be a great world power. In case of necessity, America could do what Germany had done. These were the specious arguments used to disarm the United States, and no one used these arguments more assiduously than Germany.

Highland was re-elected on a wave of popular hysteria, Rudolf Rothkopf was elected vice-president.

After the World Wars, France had had inspectors in Germany to guard against any preparations for another war. During the war against Italy, these inspectors had been ignored by force majeure, but now after the conclusion of peace and encouraged by Britain, France insisted that these inspectors be permitted to renew their duties. The more insistent France became, the more obstinate Germany grew until finally she told her ancient enemy to attend to her own business.

The Tricolor had been insulted, there was only one answer—an ultimatum. Germany ignored the ultimatum and rushed her forces flushed with victory toward Alsace-Lorraine. She had taken these provinces from France in 1871. The extensive beds of iron ore in Lorraine, the great textile industries, vast deposits of potash, the salt and petroleum of Alsace were not yet exhausted.

In the former wars Germany had taken the initiative, the fighting had been done on French soil. Now the French were in Frankfurt and Cologne before the Germans and Austrians debouched from the Black Forest. Germany had restrained herself in deep design. France's initial success and Germany's failure to make a move in the direction of Brussels and Paris, kept England and Belgium out of the war. Germany specifically declared that Belgium was in no danger, that she was fighting a purely defensive war, that she had been attacked and invaded without giving the slightest provocation, as all the world bore witness.

England was not deceived, but the United States again declared her neutrality, and most of the nations of the world refused to take sides against Germany. They remained indeed neutral in principle though not strictly so in business. Then England knew that Germany had mobilized her full strength against France and that another war might add glory and possessions to Germany's flag, but would weaken her man power. She would see to it that Germany got none of France's colonies, nothing but the lost provinces. Besides England had no more "blood and sweat" to wage a continental war. Accordingly England this time considered discretion the better part of valor, and decided to abide her time.

## CHAPTER 5

How was this new Franco-German war conducted? Was there any improvement over the methods of the World Wars? A few episodes will tell.

### THE FIELD MARSHAL DEI GRATIA

Among the hecatombs of Verdun, indelibly inscribed in the annals of Hell as the crowning enormity of a modern field marshal, more infamous than Herod, the slaughterer of the innocents, wallows the twenty-third regiment. Many of the men in its thinned ranks were born within cannon shot, in martyred Lorraine, and speak French more fluently than German; in fact, they are French, but a tyrannical flag has impressed them into service to poison and blind and maim their own kith and kin. The dire straits of their oppressors, decimated by just and righteous mitrailleuses, and accelerated by avenging time, has caused these men of fifty and older to be stationed here near their homes on the Western Front, instead of being dispersed one by one among hostile hordes on the East, in accord with the Prussian principle of expatriation and disintegration.

These men never expect and never receive promotion, they form the files of the companies to which they are attached, and rarely two of them stand shoulder to shoulder, unless the intervening Prussian is blown to atoms. They handle nothing but the spade and wire-cutter, rarely the rifle, when they are not hounded about to perform menial duties, and they advance only in massed formation.

They never retreat or surrender, for Prussian bullets are behind and between them, and when one of their number falls, he begs his camarade to let him lie and die, that he may be spared further treason against La Patrie.

One of these modern unmanumitted ames damnées dragged into a fratricidal cause, is a wealthy gentleman of Lorraine, fifty years of age, tall, dark, lithe, of aristocratic mien and carriage. His natural refinement cannot be hidden even by his unkempt hair, bristling

beard, and ragged and reeking uniform. He has not been given the opportunity to enjoy a shave or bath or change of raiment for a month, and his mustaches are still clogged with the crumbs of the stale bread and stalactites of the rancid soup on which he is condemned to subsist. He has slept in bogged trenches, been frozen and soaked periodically, and devoured by vermin. The sanitary trenches, salubrious baths, wholesome food, and antiseptic clothes of the subsidized war correspondent have not fallen to his lot.

He is seated on a cartridge case between the narrow trench walls, but his vision outranges the periscope at his side. Around him vast craters are being instantaneously scooped out of the earth, aerial torpedoes are bursting above his head, and beneath his feet sappers are mining forward and laying the fuses of volcanic eruptions. But he is deaf and oblivious to all this isotonic instrumentation and clangorous cacophony of Pandemonium. He sees his wife and young children seated beneath the vines that cling around his chateau, a few leagues away, near Metz.

His heart is filled with forebodings. He does not expect to live when the Tricolor waves above the Lorraine fortress, yet he hopes and believes that one day the Schwartz and Weisz will be hurled down. But utter annihilation must level the swath of the advancing French legions, and his home and wife and children lie directly in their path! If they could only remain hidden in one of the deep caves that hoards the juice of his vines, till his compatriots should have passed beyond! But the retreating Boches would leave no living soul in their wake, that he well knows.

The tears stream down his sunk and sallow cheeks, and his lips can only murmur a heart-rending prayer for the safety of his flesh and blood.

The Chateau d'Esperance is sufficiently remote from any military establishment to be immune against the ever-growing intrepidity and infallibility of the French aces.



Besides, an adjoining convent and orphanage adds to its sanctity. For this very reason it has been artfully chosen to be the headquarters of the field marshal commanding the Verdun army, who does not despise to hide his Mephistophelian physiognomy behind the innocence of such women as his men had raped, and such infants as his myrmidons had crucified. Of him, who callously sends his soldiers in hundreds of thousands to a futile slaughter, while he himself basks in safety and luxury, it may be said:

"Mephistopheles comes before us, not arrayed in the terrors of Cocytus and Phlegethon, but with the natural indelible deformity of wickedness. He is the Devil, not of superstition, but of knowledge. Such a combination of perfect understanding with perfect selfishness, of logical life with moral death, so universal a denier both in heart and head, is undoubtedly a child of Darkness, an emissary of the primeval Nothing, and may stand in his merely spiritual deformity, at once potent, dangerous, and contemptible, as the best and only genuine Devil of these latter times."

He had not carried his baton in his knapsack, but had sharpened his teeth on it in his cradle, *dei gratia*!

His long, lank nose protrudes pestilentially into the business of a whole nation; his bumptious, beardless chin recedes from every act of justice and virtue; while his dull, shifty eyes blink beneath a cap tilted laterally in disdain of the whole universe.

He sleeps in the soft beds of the bedless owner in the trenches, sucks the grapes from the vineyard, swills the wines from the cellars, of the starving and thirsting vintager before Verdun. Dainty morsels to tickle his jaded palate have been garnered from the surrounding country, and are whirled around with him in his retinue of motor cars. He has butter and eggs and cheese from Holland, caviar from Poland, smoked fish from Norway, raisins from Greece, dried figs from Smyrna.

The room he occupies is brilliantly illuminated and comfortably heated with the timber of the chatelain shivering in the dark dug-outs. Morning and night he bathes in the water drawn from the rippling brook of the bedraggled, unwashed and unshaven vavasour. A barber accompanies him, shaves and shampoos him every day, and every eve and morn his lackeys assist him into fresh, perfumed linen and glittering uniform.

Neither does he lack the society of women. His staff have invited a number of girls and ladies from the neighborhood, to celebrate another pyrric victory before Verdun. The wife of the man whom he has deprived of home and household, the chatelaine, for whom a desolate husband can only pray, is also there, because the field marshal has summoned her from her room and she dare not disobey.

She is a tall, queen-like brunette, probably not yet thirty, but emaciated by nocturnal vigils. Dark circles surround her large eyes, lustrous with fear and fever, and now two hectic spots glow on her otherwise wax-white face.

She shudders at the attentions of her self-invited guest. The blood rushes to her brow, then she becomes pale as death.

The field marshal takes a Turkish cigarette from a bejewelled case, taps it on his thumb nail, and lights it with the aid of a patent tinder-box suspended with numerous other pendants from a massive gold chain. After a few sybaritic puffs, he allows the tinder-box to drop, and selects a small manicurer to remove a speck of dust which he had noticed beneath his thumb nail. Then he takes a quill hilted in gold to pick a particle of tobacco from between his teeth.

The chatelaine watches in horror all these careless movements which are yet performed deliberately as if to tantalize her. She knows that her husband has not been able to smoke even the coarsest tobacco since he was dragged from her arms. She sees his nails worn to the quick by enforced toil amid shot and shell, and his teeth coated with offal which he has not been able to brush off since he was forced from his home.

She would like to snatch his aromatic cigarette from between her provoker's lips and jam it into his eyes which leer at her satyrically; knock out with a champagne bottle his teeth, which are brushed morning, noon, and night, and which now smirk upon her in undisguised covetousness; and nip with his bejewelled nail-clipper

those fingers and nails professionally manicured and polished, which he now presses brazenly into her arm as he leads her to a retired seat.

She refused to drink, but he says: "You must," and she tries to force a few drops between her lips. They almost choke her.

She sees her two children who are trying to sleep in one of the upper rooms. The one, barely five years of age, is ailing, and the maid vainly tries to rock it to rest. The noise of the rampaging officers, and now the absence of their mother, has kept them awake for hours.

At the opposite end of the salon are two heavy oak tables adjoining each other. At the one are seated a number of radio-telephonists and telegraphists, perpetually tapping and talking, day and night; at the other are several staff officers, with mathematical instruments in their hands, poring over maps and charts, receiving and issuing reports and orders, which are immediately checked and charted. Several other rooms in the chateau are used for similar purposes.

Every half hour or so, the field marshal approaches the tables and discusses the latest moves with the highest officers.

"What does your Highness think of young Heulenberg asking for more troops?" ventures a satellite.

Kreutz! Himmel! Donnerwetter!" curses the field marshal. "Not a regiment from here! We'll take that damned Verdun yet, even if it costs a million men."

"Heulenberg says it can't be done, and if it could, it would cost too much, and leave us too weak on the East."

"What does that marsh rat know? What has he done? Nothing! If I'd been on the East, I'd have wintered in Danzig last year."

"He says he could have got to Danzig this spring, if he'd had the troops that have been lost here."

"Do you think that I'm going to allow that marsh rat to have troops to take him to Danzig, before I get to Paris, and if I have to halt the attack on Verdun?"

"He says you will have to stop whether you wish or not."

"We'll see about that! So long as there's a regiment in Germany, I'll have it. Haven't I slaughtered all the French reserves? It's only a matter of a few more weeks, and Verdun will be behind us, and Paris before us."

All this braggadocio was being vented while Germany was at peace with Poland and Russia, while Russia still occupied the eastern provinces of Germany, while Field Marshal von Heulenberg was merely guarding the border between German and Russian forces in constant fear that Russia might at any moment launch an attack on Germany, or order Polish troops to invade Germany.

"The French with their volunteers seem still to have a few men left, or they would not be able to undertake such a powerful offensive on the Meuse," apologetically suggests the satellite.

"What's that?" snaps the field marshal. "Shock! Schwestern! Those damned shop-keepers! It's nothing! After a few thousand of them get blinded and poisoned with our gas, and after a few hundred women and children are blown to pieces by our Zeppelins, they'll slink back to their holes. When I'm finished here, I'll give some attention to the other end of the line, and drive them into the Channel, the German Channel, I'll call it."

"The people are calling for Heulenberg as chief-of-staff. He says we should act only on the defensive on the West."

"The people! Perdition take the people! What have they to say in the matter?"

"That shows what a fool the marsh rat is, like his father. He wants my troops to rob me of the eternal glory I am gaining here."

"Greece will never join France so long as a German queen rules there. We have bought the Greek army, the posts and telegraphs, the navy; our submarines are replenished from the Piraeus, and we have bought the whole press and the politicians, and the king together. We promised them half of Serbia, and so she even betrayed her ally to us. How will she then join France?"

"As to Roumania, haven't we just made a treaty with her? We'll give her Bessarabia, and we'll promise her Transylvania, but when the Russians are driven across the Ural Mountains, we may decide to keep Transylvania ourselves," he added with a sly leer.



"If we've got to leave Constantinople nominally under the Turks, we may have to extend the German Empire to the mouths of the Danube. Austria has been promised Saloniki."

"But Saloniki belongs to the Greeks," urged the satellite.

"What's that? To the Greeks? What have they done to help us in this war? If we give her Cyprus, and the islands that Italy took, we want something in return, and that something will be Saloniki. Then we'll give Kavala to Bulgaria."

"But what will Turkey say?"

"Turkey will say nothing, because we've promised them German protection, but all the civil and military officials must be Germans, and every concession given to other nations will be revoked and handed over to us, so that in time Turkey will be practically in our hands, and be joined as an integral part of the German Empire."

"But doesn't Greece want Smyrna?"

"What she wants and what she'll get are two different things. The whole of Asia Minor to the Persian Gulf, and then down to Aden and Suez, is Prussian. That's why Roumania will have to join the German Confederation. We shall ship our goods down the Danube and then across the Black Sea, to Odessa and to Armenia. It'll be cheaper than the rail across Stamboul. Then we'll build a great harbor at the mouths of the Danube, and from there we'll attack Odessa, and take all the coasts of the Black Sea."

"I've heard it whispered that we've promised Saloniki to Bulgaria?"

"I believe we have, but she won't get it, you can be quite sure of that."

Here the conversation is interrupted by an important dispatch.

"Every regiment that we send there is annihilated," says an officer, pointing to a spot on the map. "Which shall we send there now?"

The field marshal looks in the direction of the chatelaine. She has disappeared.

"Where is the twenty-third?" he inquires.

The satellite refers to a roster.

"There are many men from Lorraine in the twenty-third."

"Never mind; so much the better. Send the twenty-third there, and have our guns trained on them, and chain them to the machine guns, and if they attempt to surrender or escape to our lines, in case their trenches are destroyed and rushed, shoot every man of them."

The officer salutes, and dictates the necessary order to an operator.

\* \* \* \*

A terrific storm is raging over Verdun. The elements "winged with red lightning and tempestuous rage" are trying to outdo the flash of cannon and the whiz of projectile, but miserably they fail. The artillery of heaven bursts forth, clap upon clap, as if it would rend the earth in twain, but "the deep dread-bolted thunder" is drowned by the deafening detonations of man. The machine-guns of the sky will, however, not be cowed by this overwhelming bombardment. The hail swoops down as a curtain of fire from a cloud-burst, and rattles harmlessly on to the steel helmet of the modern Mars, who contemptuously smiles at this parody of his own death-dealing debacle. As if angered by this show of human disdain, the lightning strikes down an officer, and the men stop to laugh at this burlesque. The death of one where millions have fallen, fills them only with amusement.

## CHAPTER 6

### SUBMARINES

Supplies flowed into both countries from all parts of the world until the French navy in the Mediterranean and in the Atlantic began to take a heavy toll of German shipping, then the German submarine began its nefarious work. How familiar it all is to us oldsters, but to our children it was as a chapter from an unread book.

The good ship *Roosendahl* is outward bound from Rotterdam to New York, freighted with a purely Dutch cargo of cheese, cocoa, etc., and bearing a few neutral and American passengers. Captain Van den Lingen has taken every precaution to keep his ship free of anything

Taking advantage of this natural disturbance, the Germans have launched another abortive attempt to put Verdun behind them. The twenty-third is being driven as sheep to the shambles. Many of them, like beasts of burden, have strapped to their backs heavy metal cylinders, which contain the chemicals of liquid fire. A Prussian behind directs the nozzle at the enemy, and very often turns it on to the bearer of the incinerating drum.

One of these pack-slaves is the chatelain. He staggers forward as he is brutally commanded, with his back and head bent forward close to the ground, so that he sees nothing but the shell-torn earth at his feet. He is still in the first rank, though hundreds have fallen around him. He does not hear the buzz of the mitrailleuse bullets, nor the whistle of command. He presses on heedless of groans and curses, callous to the blood rushing in streams from his limbs lacerated by barbed wire.

At his feet, the vision of his wife and children beckon him onward to eternal peace.

Suddenly the Prussian behind him lurches forward with a cry of terror. The nozzle sinks with him voiding its deadly flame over the chatelain and around into the faces of the doomed Germans. At the same instant the sanguinary spray of a mitrailleuse scatters the soil around them, and the martyr of Lorraine falls to the earth and renders up his soul with a sigh of relief and prayer:

\* \* \* \*

"Vive La Patrie!"

It is past midnight when the field marshal enters the chatelaine's room unannounced. She is in bed, unable to sleep, with her youngest child in her arms.

A faint cry of terror escapes her as she recognizes the intruder, and she shrinks back, clutching her child to her bosom.

"Why did you leave the salon without my permission?" he demands haughtily.

She is unable to find words or voice for answer, but can only stare at him as a paralyzed creature.

He repeats his question more peremptorily, yet flattered by her fear.

She starts and stutters:

"My child is sick . . ."

"Well, let the servant look after it," he replies calmly. "Here, slavey," he continues harshly, addressing the girl who sleeps with the elder child in another bed, and who has been awakened by his loud voice, "take this kid into another room, and take that one with you too, and don't let them bother your mistress again tonight. You can look after them as well as she."

The servant obeys mechanically as a person in a dream. Her mistress is too terrified to more than instinctively resist the removal of her child. Her eyes are rivetted on the omnipotent ogre, the arbiter of her person, property, posterity, and partner.

While the maid carries the child away, the field marshal drops on to a settee at the side of the bed, negligently draws his jeweled case from his vest pocket, selects a gold-tipped cigarette, drives it as a miniature pile on to his nail, lights it with his patent tinder-box, and after a few probative puffs, turns his puckered eyes in the direction of the chatelaine.

The smoke seems to obstruct his vision, he waves it aside with his hand, and looks again. Then he starts to his feet, and bends his head forward to obtain a clearer view.

A pale corpse lies on the bed.

God has spared also her a life of treason.

Vive La France!

that can be construed into a breach of neutrality. He has further had the foresight to insure his life and make his will, for he is well aware that *Civis Americanus* sum is as much despised as *Civis Romanus* sum was respected, and the mere fact of his being a neutral with temerity enough to sail the high seas against Germany's commandment: "No one shall cross the ocean so long as I am barred, and further to insure by preponderance in tonnage after the war, I am determined to sink every ship that is unable to protect itself against my submarines," is sufficient to condemn him to death.

If he were not bound for an American port, he might



have had the prudence to mount a long range gun on his decks, and taken a chance at discovering the assassins first and sinking them before they had the opportunity of launching a torpedo at him. But as his helm is set for "God's own country," "the land of the free," "the mother of civilization," where it is "the inalienable right of every man to be born equal," he is compelled to obey its laws that every neutral shall risk death on unequal terms.

The law says:

"When you spy a German submarine, you shall stop immediately, hold up your hands in token of submission, allow yourself to be pillaged, placed in an open boat in mid ocean, so that you may die of thirst, starvation, and exposure; see your ship blown to the devil, while you whistle Yankee Doodle and sing Hail Columbia. But if you try to save your ship and property from destruction, and your wife and children from any or all of the above mentioned deaths, and a German torpedo should blow you prematurely into the Kingdom where all Americans have had special seats reserved for them because of their multifarious virtues, do not ask President Highland to send another note to the president of Germany, for he has not yet completed his series on a former affair."

Among the passengers are the newly-wed cousins, Gerald and Geraldine Washington, lineal descendants of the Founder of the Republic. She is a tall, blond, somewhat emaciated Gibson girl of twenty, convalescing after a nervous break-down in Germany, where the outbreak of hostilities had interrupted her music studies, and shattered her health. Unable to return with the exodus of Americans, she had gone through one brain-storm after another, and when sufficiently recovered to support the strain of the voyage, the submarine atrocities had already been inaugurated, and in her nervous prostration, she was too terrified to risk the indiscriminate dangers.

Her fiancé had proposed to marry her in Holland, and escort her back on a neutral ship, but she had continuously dissuaded him, so that it was in the fall before they were able to spend their honeymoon on board the Roosendahl.

Gerald is a strapping Saxon of twenty-five, with features that closely resemble those of his wife; frank, open, blue eyes that distinguish him from the American who has a cunning leer and a crafty smirk to index his proclivities in sport or business. His attentions to his wife are not those of a husband only, but his solicitude for her health discloses the traits of the tender nurse of some wounded comrade.

The deck is spick and span, as scrupulously scrubbed as the vitrified cobbles of a Dutch village. The sky is as blue as their eyes, as peaceful as their souls, and Gerald stretched at the feet of his bride, wonders how men can destroy each other as ferocious beasts along thousands of miles of fighting lines that probably will remain where they were before the leaders of these men were seized with homicidal mania.

Not far distant but below the sea-line, the German submarine, U 13, and the U.S.A. steamer, Stars and Stripes, within easy speaking distance of each other, are cutting the waves at an even knotage.

Captain Hermann is a native of Bremen but a citizen of the U.S.A. He is carrying wood fibre from Bergen, and had met the U 13 a few days previously to the north of Scotland.

The two German captains had quickly arranged terms for their mutual advantage. From the high masts of the steamer, when another ship is sighted, the U is warned, and either dives or disappears. The torpedoes are being withheld for many weighty reasons of State. Firstly, the Stars and Stripes must not be compromised. Then the U had received strict orders to reserve her murderous missiles for a spectacular raid at the very doors of the U.S.A. She even evades costly men-of-war, as she does not wish to risk a return blow, but to sink defenseless craft and thus terrorize neutral merchantmen from the high seas, although the opportunity to sink them would at all times be welcomed, for that fits in with the Prussian plans of post-bellum preponderance.

Arrived at the American port, the U sends a code message to the German ambassador, instructing him to have the Stars and Stripes laden with oil and other supplies, and to arrange to have the U furnished with wireless messages concerning the sailings of boats and the

localities of French war ships.

The presence of the U no longer creates wonder, for she had been preceded by others, but consternation ranges among the thousands of passengers and crews that are at her mercy, and this is not allayed by the U captain's barefaced speciousness that he had merely brought a message for the ambassador.

Then before the innocent can be warned or attain shelter, the German sets off for the New England coast on her heroic task of striking where there are none to strike back, and hiding in cowardly submersion where those able to defend themselves are to be encountered.

The Stars and Stripes laden with oil, bombs, and other cargo destined for her recent consort, approaches the scene of action innocently and immunoely flaunting her colors at the French cruisers which she passes and whose positions she immediately wirelessly to the U. Her papers are made out for a Central American port, and if a French cruiser had dared to hold her up merely for the purpose of legitimate search, the whole of the United States would have howled itself black in the face against France's breach of neutrality.

Not ten miles distant from the American coast, the Stars and Stripes transfers to the U the power of destroying neutral ships which are carrying merchandise sold by America at usurious prices. Without this blood-sucking trade America would be in the throes of the gravest crisis in its history, millions of men and women would be walking the streets starving.

The Roosendahl is nearing her destination, she has received the wireless warning, and a homeward bound vessel has even tossed a newspaper on board containing accounts of the latest submarine atrocities.

While Gerald reads to his wife, the first officer of the ship stands by and listens in anxious silence.

"The day of the ostrich—elocutionary ostrich—policy for the United States has passed," Col. Holland asserted in a statement issued tonight.

"The U-boat raids off the coasts of New England, Col. Holland charged, were the direct result of President Highland's submissive policy toward Germany in regards to the rights of neutrals.

"The boldness of the Germans in sending a submarine to waylay shipping off the American Coast was the culmination, he said, of European contempt for the United States.

"He blames the latest crisis to the fact that President Highland, after declaring that the United States would stand as the champion of the rights of neutrals, has deserted the neutral nations and left them leaderless and the prey of the belligerents.

"Now that the war has been carried to our very shores there is no American who does not realize the awful tragedy of our indifference and inaction," Col. Holland said. "Nine-tenths of wisdom is being wise in time. By taking the right step at the right time America's influence and leadership might have been a stabilizing force.

"President Highland's ignoble shirking of responsibility has been clothed in an utterly misleading phrase—the phrase of the coward—he kept us out of war." In actual reality war has been creeping nearer and nearer until it stares at us from just beyond our three mile limit, and we face it without policy, plan, purpose, or preparation."

Averting his gaze from his pale wife, Gerald turns to the officer and exclaims bitterly:

"I am almost ashamed to be an American. I have witnessed two fiascos in Mexico, Americans murdered with impunity time without number, and now this."

"The law of America places us at the mercy of these submarines," replies the officer. "We can carry only defensive guns, but we are not allowed to use even them. The law of America says we must stop when a submarine hails us. We dare not run away, and we dare not fire a gun. We must stop, get into our boats, and see our ship blown to pieces. We are not allowed to defend our property, because America says we must not. If one cargo is destroyed, America is ready to sell us another at a higher price. Those are American business principles.

"You know this is true, because submarines destroy every ship that belongs to us neutrals; they'd destroy American ships too, as they have done in the past, if they did not understand that America inwardly desires the de-



struction of as many cargoes as possible because it's good for American trade. Every neutral except America, and she's not neutral, is treated with contempt. It is an absolute certainty that when a German submarine sights a neutral ship, she sinks it if she can, and we have to submit.

"The whole world knows that Germany has decided that there shall not be any neutral ships after the war, so that her own ships which are now safe in her harbors or being protected in neutral harbors, may monopolize the shipping trade of the world after the war.

"If we were allowed to carry guns at least equal in range, calibre, and rapidity with those of the submarines, if we were allowed to fire them when we catch sight of a submarine, or allowed to try and escape, there might be a chance for us, but now we are condemned by your civilized country to permit the destruction of all we possess. If we were allowed to defend ourselves properly, submarines would not dare to approach near enough to discharge torpedoes with accuracy, and at a longer range we should be their equals, perhaps superiors."

"I should like to see neutrals stop all communication with the States," continued Gerald. "If they refused to buy anything from us for six months, we should feel the pinch so acutely that it would not take long for our pusillanimous government to prohibit German submarines from approaching our coasts and to accord foreign ships the necessary protection for trading with us in safety. Neutrals ought to arm every one of their boats, and allow them to call only at Canadian ports, if our country will not permit them to properly arm and defend themselves, and will not enforce their immunity if they are engaged in trade which is purely peaceful."

"Your country reminds me of a merchant who is in league with highway robbers to attack his customers so that they may come back for more."

Geraldine shivers at this incontestable accusation. A cold wind has sprung up, and the waves are dashing wildly over the bows of the ship, but no one dare go below.

Suddenly a cry of joy is heard aloft, and the officer explains that an American merchant cruiser is approaching.

"Thank God! We are safe now," exclaims Geraldine with a sigh of relief, and the look of intense feeling which had clouded the face of her husband vanishes in a moment.

But they have hardly time to congratulate each other when another cry is heard from the look-out:

"Periscope on the port bow!"

They look at each other in sudden revulsion, but the smoke from the American cruiser though dismantled, reassures them and prevents a panic.

The U signals the Roosendahl to stop, then orders her captain to lower his boats and quit the ship.

The American cruiser receives the wireless for help, but Captain Van den Lingen has only ten minutes to comply with the peremptory orders of the submarine.

Geraldine has fainted, and is being carried to a boat in the strong arms of her husband. The ship in a moment has been transformed into a mass of agonized human beings. Several other women have swooned, one has lost her mind and sprung into the sea. Amid all this cruel consternation, there is no time or opportunity to save her. Orders and shrieks drown each other, men and women and children rush hither and thither in despair at the nefarious necessity of being torn from all they possess, clothes, heirlooms, precious souvenirs, the bedding that was to give them repose in the New World. Then the prospect of those ruthless waves and the piercing wind in the open boats with their infants and wives and daughters and sisters and mothers! What a welcome from the Statue of Liberty!

An officer and several of the crew of the undersea assassin have now boarded the Roosendahl.

Gerald shouts to them:

"I'm an American citizen."

"I'm sorry you're not the President of the United States of America," replies the officer contemptuously, and he orders Captain Van den Lingen to cut his boats adrift.

While the innocent martyrs of the behests of two presidents are undergoing their torment, the Prussian officer and his men loot and pillage the Roosendahl of all

those precious possessions abandoned by their victims.

Before they have completed their vile piracy, the American cruiser has arrived on the scene, and begun its search for the scattered life-boats.

Gerald has been picked up and appeals to the American commander:

"I'm a descendant of Washington, I've fought and bled for my country, and I ask you to protect my property on that ship. All my wife's belongings are there, and surely they have no right to sink American property?"

"I'm sorry, Sir," replies the commander. "I've instructions to preserve strict neutrality, and cannot interfere."

The cruiser lies between the doomed Roosendahl and the submarine. The U commander calls the American to move his ship out of the way as he wishes to shell the Hollander. The American complies in accordance with American notions of neutrality, while Gerald suppresses an oath.

"That's what your American men-of-war do to help neutrals," says Captain Van den Lingen sarcastically.

"They're not Americans," mutters Gerald under his breath. "Those are the scoundrels who have seized the government of our glorious republic and brought it eternal ignominy, those are the renegades who are too proud to fight."

"No they're not," retorted Captain Van den Lingen. "Those are the Americans that Captain Chichester saved at Manila. This is one of the very ships. Have you never heard the story? Admiral Dewey told it to an English lord, so it is true. He informed him that the presence at Manila of German cruisers with a heavier displacement than that of the American ships caused him to realize the grave character of the danger in the event of the German ships beginning hostile action, of which he had reason to be apprehensive."

"He described how the whole American fleet watched in silent anxiety the visit of the German admiral to Captain Chichester's ship and the intense relief with which they saw, shortly after, the German admiral return to his own ship, His Majesty's ships under Captain Chichester's command hoist their anchors and shift their anchorage to a position which placed them in the direct line of fire between the German and the American ships."

"Compare the action of Captain Chichester with that of your American captain."

Gerald grows scarlet with impotent rage, and he hurries away to the cabin where his wife lies in a half unconscious state, together with a child and an elderly lady who have died of exposure.

The submarine has already fired thirty bombs without effect at the Roosendahl, which seems at every shot to proclaim the injustice that is being perpetrated against her.

Ashamed of his gunnery, the U commander now orders a torpedo to be hurled into the vitals of the ship that taunts him with his bullying attack.

With a terrible explosion, and screams so human that they appear to issue from the throats of martyrs suffering some Neroian torture, the good ship, Roosendahl is finally blown into the air, centrifuging eternal eddies or sight and sound, like human emanations, which one day in reproduction shall blind and deafen the maledicted monsters responsible for this deed.

Captain Van den Lingen draws his hand across his face to wipe away the tears that stream down his grief-stricken features.

\* \* \* \*

Geraldine has at last reached the Eastern home where she was born, but the exposure and terror of those last few hours within sight of the shores of America have left their mark.

Her husband is seated at her bedside, and reads to her as she bids him:

"One might think that the words 'our generous allies' were but the stereotyped compliment with which French and English officials address one another in public. Not at all! They were written by our own George Washington in his private diary, May 1, 1781. They referred to the French, whose generous assistance he well knew was enabling him to bring the American war to a triumphant conclusion."

"It is well for us Americans, if ever we should feel complacent about the gifts some few of us are making to France of themselves, their money, and their time, that France sent us 5,000 trained and well equipped soldiers



under Rochambeau, who arrived at our direst moment of need and shared with our destitute colonials the hardships and the triumph of Yorktown—the victory that ultimately brought England to terms. In addition there was the effective help of the French navy and the service of those many ardent young Frenchmen who, like Lafayette, Lauzun, and Chastelux, hastened to offer themselves to the cause of liberty. Merely in man power and physical equipment the aid of France was an extremely valuable, possibly determining, assistance to us in our hour of extreme need.

"The moral aid was even greater. France was the first and only nation to recognize the struggling colonies as a sister state. Our Emissary Lee sought in vain for help or even recognition among other European nations. Forbidden to enter Madrid, he turned to the great Frederick at Berlin, but was not admitted to audience, although the Prussian king sent him word on his departure that he should not be displeased to hear of any disaster to England! The French alone dared the risk of recognizing and helping a weak people who were striving to create their own country.

"Times have changed. Englishmen are now fighting by France's side, also in the cause of universal liberty. But we in the persons of our legal representatives, our congress, are passing measures to authorize our president not to help our ancient allies but to hinder them in the prosecution of their struggle. Such is national gratitude. Times have changed, and Americans must have changed.

"Some Americans have responded to the need of our old generous allies! A few score of our young men have given their lives as Lafayette and his fellows gave theirs to our forefathers. They have entered the armies of France or are serving as ambulance drivers and assistants in hospitals. They are scores where they should be thousands! And they are volunteers, disowned by our own government as soon as they actually enter the armies of France, grudgingly permitted to cross the Atlantic and give themselves to France.

"As a nation we have done nothing whatever. All our gifts—and the total of them is nothing to brag about—are from private citizens, a voluntary recognition of a debt, a personal homage to a brave people. Nothing comparable to the single act of official recognition that the nation of France gave to us when we were fighting for existence! We are neutral! This quarrel, our president declares, is in no sense our quarrel; we are not concerned except to keep our trade relations undisturbed by the war. If France had taken that attitude during our revolution there would very likely have been no United States of America. Is it surprising, then, that the French are puzzled and ask themselves what sort of liberty we care

for over here, what has become of the old ideal for which we risked all? The meagerest recognition by our government of the just cause for which France is bleeding would have been of immeasurably more help to the French than all the gifts of hospitals and supplies and volunteer work that the American republic has thus far unofficially offered. No wonder our veterans unite in despising this generation!"

"Gerald," she addresses him weakly while her large blue eyes look sadly into his. "When I am gone, you'll go to France and help repay the debt which we still owe her."

"But you're not going to die," he answers deprecatingly, while a lump rises in his throat.

"The Prussians have murdered me with the connivance of an American man-of-war, acting upon instructions from the President of the United States. Was there ever a President called Washington?" she asks wistfully.

"We are his descendants," he says regretfully but not without a slight tinge of pride in his low voice.

"Then if you are a Washington, you will pay your country's debts."

"I'll go to France!"

"I know you will, dear Gerald. What we owe we must repay, even if it costs blood. Did George Washington refuse to shed his blood?"

"He was not too proud to fight."

"If he had sworn to hold the slayers of his compatriots to a strict accountability, would he have kept his word?"

"He never told a lie."

"Gerald, you are a Washington, and his spirit will follow you to France."

She pauses for breath. The exertion and intensity of feeling have been too much for her waning strength.

"Gerald, I'm so tired. Won't you call mother, dear?"

He looks at her affrighted, and then hurries on to the veranda where several other members of the family are gathered.

Geraldine's mother, a white haired matron of almost sixty, hastens to the side of her daughter and places her arm tenderly round her head. Brothers and sisters and friends also step reverently into the chamber and with bated breath gather round the bed.

"Don't talk, honey," pleads her mother. "It tires and excites you."

But Geraldine rambles on:

"He's not too proud to fight. To France, France, to avenge my murder. He's not too . . ."

Her head turns feebly to the bosom that gave her suck, her eyes are closed.

She is dead.

## CHAPTER 7

The war between France and Germany still dragged along. Germany of course had been emasculated by the great wars and occupancy by the great powers. Russia and Poland still occupied parts of eastern Germany and Prussia. It was only because of Germany's quick and easy victory over Italy that Germany was able to partially recover and withstand the French onslaught. Germany had no great generals experienced in actual warfare. They had all been liquidated after the second world war.

This war had not broken out in accordance with the plans of America. The war against Italy, yes, because it had destroyed the progress of communism in Italy, and strengthened the western barrier against Russia. But the war between France and Germany was playing into the hands of Russia. So long as Germany was busy with France, she could do nothing toward recovering her eastern provinces from Russia and Poland. The weaker western Germany became, the greater possibility of communist eastern Germany, with the help of Russia and Poland, invading western Germany and spreading communism.

France of course was strong, but divided into innumerable parties, her arms had not been limited after the great wars, and she was in possession of rich portions of western Germany. She might have been able to overrun the whole of western Germany, but that would have brought her face to face with Russia, and brought Russia into the war, which America wished to avoid at all

costs, at least for the present until Germany was built up. So America and England exerted all their power and influence to check France.

If it had not been for the growing threat of the communists taking over France, America and England would not have permitted Germany to make war on France.

Since the loss of India and Egypt, England had adopted a policy of withdrawing troops from all outlying possessions, cutting down the ruinous cost of her military establishment, and expanding commercially by peaceful means—the policy of Germany before she undertook the ruinous first world war. Her hold on India and Egypt was therefore more secure through commerce than it ever had been by military occupation.

Japan was no longer a menace to America and Great Britain who both competed for her trade, but America was now training millions of Japanese in land, sea and air tactics, though not supplying them with arms and material, which were being accumulated in the Philippines and on mandated islands. This of course was intended as a threat to communist provinces of China, and principally as a deterrent to Russia. All this seemed to be in contradiction to the policy of disarmament followed at home. But no one appeared to think there was anything inconsistent in following different policies toward the east and the west, and giving military aid to Germany, Greece and Turkey.



Thus the world was sitting on a powder keg, with eyes cocked skywards for atomic bombs often hoaxed by flying discs.

President Highland showed signs of weakening. Pressure brought to bear by Price Morning acting for the old stock Americans and for Great Britain, began to have some effect. Germany was warned to avoid the American coast, and told that the sinking of another American ship would be considered an unfriendly act. England had permitted her adventurous sons, especially French Canadians, to volunteer on the western front, as the Poles in the United States had insisted on being shipped to the eastern front where no hostilities were in progress, to offset the number of German Americans sailing back to the Fatherland. England was also selling vast quantities of supplies to France.

The war had reached the stage of stalemate. Count Feuerstab called on the vice-president.

"Mr. Vice-president, I regret that the friendship between America and Germany seems to have reached its apogee," began Count Feuerstab as soon as they were alone.

"I would not say that, Excellency," replied Rothkopf. "The American people are indifferent about the present conflict, all they desire is profit and high wages. But there is Morning and England—they are spending vast sums on publicity and endeavoring to create prejudice against the Fatherland. If it were not for these influences the Germans in America would be able to enlist all necessary sympathy. That would be natural for there are no French in the United States."

"But there are still many Poles, Mr. Vice-president."

"That is true," answered Rothkopf, "but if the Fatherland announced that it was willing to sign a peace treaty with Poland provided no Polish corridor to split Germany were demanded, this Polish agitation could be stopped. The Poles are too poor to desire war. I would be glad to act as peacemaker, Excellency."

"That is worth considering, Rothkopf," said the Count adopting a more familiar tone. "I will make the suggestion. But what is to be done about Price Morning and Great Britain?"

"If I were president, I should know what to do," was the equivocal reply.

There was a long silence during which the two men eyed each other furtively. Then the Count spoke:

"Why can't you be president? Highland is not popular with England or with the republicans. If he were assassinated, they would not regret him, and they could be accused."

"But I wouldn't be any more popular than Highland. No one would believe that England or the republican party would like to place me in the White House."

"That is true, but yet Holland became president when Eagle was assassinated," urged the Count. "Oysterlinni should blame Highland for the defeat of Italy, or at least I have heard the Italians in America have been urging Oysterlinni to take revenge not only for their defeat but for the suppression of their attempts to blow up German property and murder German sympathizers. Mexico is our friend, we could count on her to protect Oysterlinni."

"There may be something to these rumors you have heard, Excellency, but coming as they do from Mexico I should not place too much reliance on them. Mexico may be Germany's friend at present, but she is not an enemy of the United States despite some differences about oil leases. Highland's demise at this time would not help us. First it would be necessary to discredit England and Price Morning. England has gathered over a million veterans in Canada, her munition factories are working day and night. Wall Street is talking about cutting wages all around—miners, steel workers, railroad men. The people must be told that Wall Street intends to bring English troops in to prevent a general strike, that American manufacturers want cheap munitions to sell to France. A general strike could be engineered and that would be an excuse for Oysterlinni's gunmen to become active. During such turmoil anything might happen."

"For instance, the Beerbibbers might be armed," suggested the Count firmly; "and once in possession of war material, all shipments could be diverted to the Fatherland."

"It will be necessary to act with great prudence, Excellency."

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Their respective stations in life made Maud Morning and Paul Fidus not indifferent to the events that were shaping around them. Maud identified with the world's paramount plutocracy, Paul the mouthpiece of American paupers, seemed to stand at opposite poles of the social order. True, the poor of the United States were not the most abject on earth, yet when contrasted with the rich of their own country, they stood in antithetical positions. Accordingly these two often clashed in their views of life.

"The Last Days of the republic are imminent," was a favorite phrase of Paul, and he repeated it again this day.

"Nonsense," replied Maud, "you're a crepe-hanger. You see only the one side of our national life, the poor, the dissatisfied, the unfortunate, the criminal, and you think the country is going to the dogs."

"You are mistaken, Maud. I happen to be in a position where I can see both sides, you know that. That is why I am able to judge."

"You have only theories," retorted Maud, "you have no actual evidence."

"There are trends, and if you wish I will show them to you."

"I'd like to see them, but no more slumming. I know all about that."

"All right, Maud. Put on some plain things, and I'll show you."

Maud disappeared for a few moments. When she reappeared she was dressed in a simple walking suit that matched her brown eyes and hair. Paul could not help admiring her, and she susceptible, blushed and asked:

"It's Scotch, it's the simplest thing I have. Won't it do?"

"Yes, it'll do, That's not what I was thinking about. I was struck by the perfect color scheme, the tweed, your hair, and your eyes."

The roses in Maud's face deepened.

"Kidder!" and she hastened to the door.

As they walked along Fifth Avenue, he resumed:

"See the kind of president and vice-president we elect nowadays. They favor shamelessly their own parties to the detriment of the nation at large. Highland prompted by Rothkopf is playing into the hands of Germany, Rothkopf in control of the law-making machinery has made prohibition a dead letter."

"Why don't you run for president. I guarantee you'll be elected. But you're of foreign extraction yourself," interrupted Maud slyly.

"That does not make me less an American," was the quick retort. "The fathers of both of us came across. Washington and Roosevelt did not favor their ancestral homes when the welfare of America was at stake."

"But the people elected Highland and Rothkopf."

"No, they didn't. The machine elected them, money elected them."

"You don't mean to say we elected them?" demanded Maud.

"No, not our money, but money. The convention nominated Highland. The people had nothing to do with the nomination. Without money, and the press and politicians that money buys, no man can be nominated. No poor man can go straight to the people. Rothkopf got onto the ticket because Germany and the Beerbibbers supplied the funds of the campaign. Most people are too ignorant to "scratch" or split their votes, they vote a straight ticket; the straight vote put Rothkopf into office. Besides there was no way to eliminate Rothkopf. Many democrats wanted Highland, but not Rothkopf. To get Highland in, they had to vote for the party president and the party vice-president. They couldn't do otherwise for Highland and Rothkopf were the only candidates. It was Hobson's choice. And it always will be so until candidates are nominated by direct vote of the people without a direct primary. One day if an accident happens Rothkopf may be president, though the vast majority of the people do not want him. We should have the recall."

"Holland became president when Eagle was assassinated," suggested Maud, "and he didn't make such a bad president although he was against us."

"The cases are not identical. Holland was the choice of the people. If we took a vote of the people today, Holland would again be president. Then Holland is not a crook."



"Inferring that Rothkopf is a crook?"

"You know better than I what he is."

They entered a men's clothing store. Thousands of men were preening themselves before mirrors, selecting ties, different styles of hats, suits, etc. Enormous sums were being spent on every conceivable article, nylon socks, fancy shoes, perfumed handkerchiefs, gloves, jewelry. The variety was astounding—different costumes for various occasions, tennis, golf, polo, dancing, bathing, morning-, evening-, afternoon-, dinner-suits; winter overcoats, spring coats, rain coats, dust coats; stacks and stacks of shirts of every conceivable cut and color, soft sport shirts, evening dress shirts; union suits for winter, summer, spring and fall, of silk, cotton, rayon, wool, linen, spun-glass, and numerous new synthetics.

To one side was the barber shop, or Handsome Parlor as it was then named. Here sybarites were being manicured by painted girls, shampooed, massaged, spending a day's earnings on toilet requisites.

"Is this another trend?" inquired Maud facetiously.

"Most of this is inane luxury, characteristic of a nation in its decline."

"But doesn't it keep money in circulation, permit the rich to spend, and the poor to earn?"

"It does and that's its condemnation. It is the object for which money is spent that counts, not the mere act of spending. Money can be spent in corruption, in vice and sloth, and as these men are spending it. The lives of many of these men are passed in this way, this is for what they live and devote their heritages or earnings. This is the ideal of the majority of our young men."

"As to the poor earning, hardly any of these girls behind the counters or in the Handsome Parlor earn sufficient wages to feed and clothe themselves as they are habituated to dine and dress. Most of them sell their bodies. The poor through example and temptation are made as bad as the rich."

"But it's always been so," urged Maud. "They like it, they want to do it. You can't stop them."

"No, it wasn't always so. Luxury is more excessive and more shameless now than it ever was. At the same time we have poverty as abject as it was in the last century, and men and women who through compulsory education, facilities for observation and opportunities for comparison, have been made conscious of their inferior state and ready to make wealth their own by any means."

They left the store, and Paul beckoned to a taxi. As they drove along, both were silent, she endeavoring to grasp his point of view, he absorbed in his own reflections. She knew that he spent no money on himself, gave everything away in charity. When the East Side came into view, she spoke suddenly:

"I thought there was to be no slumming."

Awakened from his reverie, he looked out of the window and seemed surprised to note their whereabouts. A word to the chauffeur and he turned to her, apologetically.

"I am taking you to another store; the chauffeur took a short cut."

In a moment they halted before a workingman's store and entered. Paul looked around in expectancy, then he led his companion to a counter where a laborer and his wife stood bargaining. Unobserved they listened until the laborer bought a second-hand suit for \$8, his old suit being taken in exchange for \$2; and his wife bought a second-hand dress for \$4 and some coarse dress material. At this juncture Paul turned hastily away to avoid recognition, and they hurried to their taxi.

"I know that man," explained Paul as soon as they were on their way again. "All he possesses, he has on his back. He has no other clothes, neither has his wife. They and their three children live in an old wooden shack. They sleep in one room. The oldest child, a daughter, works in a department store where we are going now. He is a street cleaner, his salary is \$25 a week. His daughter's salary is half that. They get by, but none of them is satisfied. June, the daughter, was forced by our benevolent government to go to high school. There she learned loose sexual relations, or equality with the male sex as the modern bobbysoxer terms it, to smoke, to drink, to attend cabarets, shows, dance-halls, to dine and dress beyond the means of her parents. She's not a bad girl, as girls go nowadays, she simply does what the majority of her class do, and sees no evil in it, neither do her parents."

They get out of life all the pleasure they can. Naturally she's not satisfied with her home, the food eaten at home, the clothing worn at home, and she stays away from home as much as possible. If she did not love her folks, she would leave home. The parents are dissatisfied because through their daughter they hear constantly of another existence and with her share in discontent their present mode of life which they have only the hankering but not the ability or opportunity to forsake. There is nothing dishonorable in his work—it is the great diversity between himself and our shameless luxury that has made him a pessimist and a recruit to every labor agitation. Communism or socialism would not improve his lot, in fact it would make it worse, for he would earn less, have a no better home, and less opportunity to enjoy the moments of leisure and pleasure he now has. This is a fair specimen of our city laboring class (unionized by the way) if they do not happen to belong to certain specialized trades. They are ready to obey any demagogue who advocates the overthrow of our present order."

"During and after the world wars the working classes earned enormous wages. Why have wages gone down, why can't they be raised, why can't work be supplied for everybody, why should there be so much unemployment? Surely something can be done about it. Why don't you do it?" said Maud.

"You know I have done and am doing all I can. I have urged the sharing of profits, the annual wage, pensions, and every form of insurance, financed independently of the government, by employer and employee among themselves. Many have seen the light, but still most walk in darkness. And do not forget that it was during the era of high wages and mass employment that communism and socialism took hold of this country. England with her socialism and Russia with her communism are still much worse off than we are, though we are bad enough. None of these isms will solve the problem. You know what I think the solution is, because you have read all my books, listened to all my speeches, for a number of years."

They had arrived at one of the foremost department stores. Maud wondering why she had been brought to a place with which she was thoroughly familiar, but surmising that the visit bore some relation to the excursions to the other stores, smiled and simply said:

"Another trend?"

They had great difficulty in moving along—the crowds of women being unusually inconsiderate. Dressed in the latest fashions, skirts of thin transparent material ending above the knees, sleeveless with backs and bosoms bare, fantastic hats perked on their heads, each seemed bent on jostling the others unceremoniously out of her way.

They halted midway between the underwear and the corset departments. While a number of men took in the spectacle, women tried on the various articles of attire. Many bought, often paying extraordinary sums for the luxurious articles, but many more merely tried them on. Paul looked at Maud questioningly.

"Don't you see here some of the reasons for the present state of the world? Don't you see anything wrong here?"

"No, Paul, I can't say that I do. What's wrong with this trend?"

"It's striking contrast to the last store, the time and money being wasted here, and the fact that this is a rendezvous for a great number of persons seeking illicit relations. Many women come to buy what they need, but many more come to buy what they do not need. Then great numbers have no intention of buying or have not the money to buy. They fritter away their own time and the time of the shop girls. They gloat over things beyond their means, imagine themselves other than they are, develop irrational desires, a neurosis of dissatisfaction with their present lot. Innumerable wives and mothers spend their time here, instead of attending to their household duties. Then many of these women come here merely to expose their bodies to the men standing around."

"Well, would you close the department stores," inquired Maud, "or place a policeman at the door to prevent these women from entering?"

"No," replied Paul, "I do not pretend that I am able to change these traits of human action. I claim only that



these things show where we are going. What you see here you see in London and Moscow, in Tokyo and Calcutta, and would have seen the same in ancient Jerusalem and in ancient Rome. Neither Marx nor Stalin have changed it one iota, and never will. Man does not live by bread alone!

"Daily the number of dissatisfied persons increase, while the means to satisfy their desires decrease. I know it was not always so. There was a time when the wealth per capita increased, but now wealth is being concentrated into fewer hands, into the palms of more favored officials in Russia, wages are being cut every year, while the cost of living is going up because of the greater luxury and unchecked birth-rate. That is why I deplore today the things we are witnessing."

They strolled toward the beauty department which was exposed to public view as was the Handsome Parlor they had visited earlier in the day. There had been a time in the history of the nation when women attended to their toilet in the seclusion of their boudoirs, but when they began to bob their hair and patronize men's barber shops, they gradually emancipated themselves until beauty parlors became virtually public dressing-rooms.

There they saw women spending fortunes to have their faces lifted, their noses altered, their busts developed, their hollow cheeks puffed, every part of their bodies changed to suit their vacuous fancies. There were wrinkle eradicators, skin blanchers, masseurs, and masseuses, manicurists; hair dyers, hair dressers, hair depilators; a doctor who treated the eyes with belladonna. The counter did a thriving trade in cosmetics, powder, paint, pencil, and a thousand nostrums guaranteed to beautify the most beautyless.

"The quest of beauty is not an evil in itself," commented Paul, "it is the vanity of this artificial beauty, the base purposes which much of it is made to serve, and the money and time that is spent on this counterfeit article, money that can often be ill-spended, money that deprives the spender and her dependents of dire necessities and precious opportunities of life."

They emerged from the throng and sauntered down Broadway. A sign above a church attracted their attention:

"A dance will be given here tonight to further the Kingdom of God."

"Shall we enter?" suggested Paul.

"No, not now. Our shopping expedition has tired me. Let's go to the park. Perhaps we may return later, if this is another of your trends."

As they walked he talked:

"There is no possibility of avoiding the impending doom of our so-called civilization. The germ of destruction is contained in all our daily doings. The press, our literature, all our publications avoid facing reality. All our pictures, plays, amusements, are merely shots in the arm to deaden consideration and realization of the facts of life. Everything and everybody is always attending some amusement, hardly one a funeral. Very few are the mourners.

"Our publications are clever, entertaining, instructive, but as soon as you have read one, you are ready for the next, crave another shot in the arm, like the chain smoker. The effect of all our literature, books and publications is evanescent, dope to deaden the faculties. Our movies, our theatres are operated for the same obfuscating purpose, in contrast to the tragedies of the classical world, which clearly foresaw its doom.

"No publisher, no producer, will consider anything that encourages the contemplation of disease, death and the grave, written to make a permanent impression on the world, unless with the added admonition: Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die!"

How true! Even today our regular channels of publicity would never issue anything as crude as this book which knows nothing about the laws of literature, style, unity, composition. Intentionally or unintentionally it ignores or breaks every rule of writing, every law of book making. Does not even take the trouble to correct the proofs. It is not a work of art, was not written for the literati nor the cognoscenti, but for him who runs to read, as it was written while I ran. Merely the outpourings of an unlettered savage, naked as nature, without palliative make-up; cast out of the jungle into your civilization of world

Wars one, two and three, and their interludes; your literary civilization of the countrymen of Shakespeare still running true to the anti-semitic Shylock; the countrymen of Goethe still selling their Faustian souls to the devil; and both of them akin in their cultured purpose of blowing the earth to hell, and crucifying six million descendants of the authors of the Bible, in infernal concentration camps, even in their own Promised Palestine!

But such a man can write a great book without being able to spell, without any knowledge of grammar, syntax, etc., a man can compose beautiful music without being able to read a note, a man can heal the sick without a day's schooling, even as a man can be a great craftsman without belonging to any union.

Paul continued his conversation developing the same theme:

"The most convincing evidence of our decadence is the contemporary disintegration of the British Empire now in her death throes. The oldest of our modern civilizations fights heroically to keep Hitler from her doors, and no sooner is Hitler destroyed than she turns round and adopts his most dastardly weapon, the persecution of the Jews. But this is only one of her vagaries. Her so-called socialist regime (really trade unionism) is the antithesis of all the deeds that made England great, wrought the Magna Charta, elected the mother of parliaments, proclaimed tolerance, freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of speech; made her a refuge for the persecuted of all lands and all religions, the protagonist of private and personal enterprise and possessions, of the individual rights and initiatives of man."

Even as Paul's thoughts ran several years hence, so our own experience today brings up a similar picture.

I see no hope for our civilization. Humanity is diseased, physically, mentally and spiritually. The trends Paul mentioned do not exhaust all the evidence. What is the use of the so-called Four Freedoms, when the basic freedoms have been nullified? Let us take the following freedoms, all basic for an enduring civilization:

Freedom of Migration, Freedom to Earn a Living, Freedom to Health, Freedom from Monopoly.

When the world was young, peoples were free to migrate wherever and whenever they were able, without artificial laws. America was built up by emigration, cross-breeding, the courage and initiative of the pioneer. Now the world is condemned to overpopulation in certain areas while vast continents remain underpopulated, birth-control where births would be desirable, no birth-control where births are undesirable; an uncontrolled interbreeding within national borders, in contrast to a so-called controlled civilization. Peoples are not even permitted to emigrate to their ancient homes, but are segregated within ghettos and extermination camps, as they were in Germany, and as they still are by Great Britain. Destroying a civilized people in a half-empty world! Of course I refer to the Jews.

Are the Jews who seek to enter Palestine criminals? Only a scoundrel would hold such a view. Not the Jews are criminals but the Arabs and British who murder them and prevent their entry into their ancient land, are the criminals. The men and women who try to enter America or any other land for the purpose of earning an honest living are not criminals. Those who prevent such attempts are the real criminals, selfish and short-sighted fools opposing the natural evolution of humanity along rational lines. The law, the government, the lobbies criminalize honest people when they frustrate the inalienable right of every human being to move freely about the earth in search of an honest livelihood.

No nation has the moral right or the scientific knowledge to judge and decide which peoples should be condemned to death. Have the Arabs done more for the world than the Jews? Will civilization be safer in the keeping of an Arab world? Did God grant to the Arabs a deed in perpetuity to Palestine? Will the Arabs in Palestine be better off by excluding the Jews? No, only a few rich Arabs will again be given the power to enslave the masses.

"The land is mine," saith the Lord. The whole earth should be thrown open to migration and cross-breeding, especially in Palestine, Australia, Canada, great areas in Asia, Africa and America, where the soil is calling for population.

If a sane and healthy humanity is to evolve, this must



be done. Of course I have not in mind the shiftless, criminal, or diseased members of a race, but the superior members who are the equals of any race, and are now being exterminated to the detriment of humanity.

Freedom to Earn a Living is nullified not only by the above-mentioned emigration laws, which prevent millions of honest workers from seeking the spots on the earth where they could earn a living by their labor, but this freedom is also nullified by many artificial monopolies. All unions and professional licensing laws are designed for the protection of certain privileged classes, and to criminalize millions of honest people.

Every union, when it tries to prevent honest people from earning a living is engaged in a criminal offense. The unions may call him a "scab", may "slug" him to death; picket or strike against the employer who hires him, but the fact remains that the union, abetted by the law, is the criminal in God's eyes, whereas the "scab" is the honest man. Therefore the open shop should not be criminalized by the law, but should on the contrary be legalized by the law.

The so-called Socialist (trade-union) government now in power in England, which is responsible for the murder of Jewish patriots, I class as criminal, not much better than Bolshevism. Their acts in Palestine, and the ruin to which they have brought England, are sufficient evidence of this thesis.

Humanity must learn to distinguish between men and ideas. Socialism and Communism may be wonderful ideas in theory, but they have to be executed by men, and as soon as you place their execution in the hands of men, you build up by their nature a tyranny that destroys every essential right of man.

In a similar class are all the professional unions, bolstered by lobbies and engineered laws. There was a time when any man was free to plead a cause before a judge or jury. Now he must be a graduate of a certain school, conform to certain rules of the Lawyers' Monopoly.. Naturally I am not decrying education and training. I am only deploring the exclusion, extermination, criminalizing of the innumerable geniuses who have not been able, through poverty, race or other causes, to place at the service of humanity gifts which are equal and often superior to those of the privileged and licensed classes.

Every genius is not a child prodigy. The divine afflatus may strike in middle age, or even in old age, when it is too late to pass through all the preliminary but often unessential processes of our educational assembly-line. Poverty, race, lack of opportunity, birth in backward lands, may also have prevented the acquisition of such preliminaries. Must such valuable material be for ever cast on the junk pile?

Consider in this connection that Charles L. McCuen, head of GM Laboratories, is not a college graduate.

In this country, diplomas and degrees in millions of cases do not always signify intrinsic ability. Our schools, primary, secondary, colleges, universities, are similar to assembly-lines which pass through unselective conveyors automatically millions of inefficient, ignorant, characterless material which in no sense can be compared to the natural capacity and merit that is forced to go to waste for the above shortsighted and at the same time discriminative and indiscriminative reasons.

This brings us to what I call the Freedom to Health. Every man who attempts to minister to the sick is prosecuted as a criminal unless he has graduated from a certain school, belongs to a certain association, and has obtained a certain license. Our Constitution envisaged freedom to practice any of the healing arts, our Christian religion authorized it by the example of Jesus and his Apostles, yet any man who attempts to exercise this natural right is judged a criminal. He is no more a criminal than Jesus was a criminal. It is those who judge him who are the criminals. Of course I have in mind honest men and women who have a natural or self-acquired gift to heal the sick by methods and means they have tried and studied in their own way.

If humanity was not physically and mentally sick and deteriorating from day to day, if the licensed medical profession were able to cure the increasing number of the mentally and physically sick, there would be some justification for granting a monopoly to a certain union, but all our diseases, cancer, diabetes, tuberculosis, etc., are still taking their toll in millions of deaths. And

usually it is only the failures of the licensed profession that ever reach the unlicensed or unorthodox healers.

Not only are certain men given a monopoly which is not justified by the continuing sickness of humanity, physical and mental, but certain methods and certain drugs are granted monopolies not justified by results. Take the one item of insulin. It has been granted practically a monopoly in the treatment of diabetes, and all attempts to advocate some other form of medication is considered criminal. Yet we know that millions of diabetics find relief without insulin, and even some of the outstanding authorities have discounted the value of insulin. The AP recently stated that a New York physician asserted that early optimism on control of diabetes with insulin was "now becoming dissipated," that under present methods of treatment victims can not escape progressive damage to the blood vessels.

Of 200 diabetic patients studied at Mount Sinai Hospital, New York, said Dr. Henry Dolger in the Journal of the American Medical Association, not one escaped retinal (eye) hemorrhage—regardless of age of onset, severity of the disease or method of treatment.

"It makes little difference how the diabetic is treated; if he lives long enough, he will develop one or another form of vascular disease," he concluded.

The above is only a single example, but considered in conjunction with the many other diseases and the rapid growth of psychiatry, there cannot be any doubt that humanity is degenerating physically and mentally.

Then consider the hundreds of thousands of deaths soon to be caused by atom bomb mutations. In the course of time this may result in the genetic dying out of more people than the population of the earth at any one time.

There seems to be an eternal war between the mind or soul and nature, in other words between spirit and matter. The spiritual is constantly striving to make itself independent of the material, but it is only a matter of time when nature will destroy the whole of humanity. That is why I say that the present evolution of humanity is doomed.

In line with the above monopolies are the tariff walls and duty frontiers. The franchises granted to utilities, the patents that are suppressed in the interests of certain manufacturers, the trusts and cartels that enrich the few at the expense of the many, and criminalize those who try to bring about a freer world. Free trade made England great.

Is it not possible that this protecting and pampering of the few is the cause of all our labor troubles, our national and international wars, and that Freedom from Monopolies is one of the basic remedies for world unrest?

Humanity is sick, physically, mentally, spiritually. Germany and Japan gave evidence of their spiritual sickness during World War Two. England followed in their steps by persecuting the Jews and submitting to a degenerate form of government. America through threat of Russia is compelled to take the same downward path that leads to physical, mental, and spiritual decay.

\* \* \*

Let us revert:

It was a warm evening, the park and its pools were crowded. Men and women, in trunks or tight-fitting nylon suits, which exposed more than they hid, competed against each other, or disported themselves in the water or on the sand. Some of the men wore nothing but loin clothes, in fact there seemed to be no restrictions as to what one could wear or not wear. Lying around were couples embracing each other unconcerned about the rest of the world. Empty bottles which obviously had contained intoxicating liquors, filled the garbage cans.

"Are you hungry?" inquired Paul.

"Yes, I feel like a hot dog," she said gaily.

"Would you object to that place over there?" he asked pointing to an alfresco dancing pavillion.

"No, it'd be fun. Or perhaps you have some ulterior motive," she added quickly, "a dance?"

"No, Maud, I wasn't thinking of that just now. I wouldn't ask you to dance in such a place. The fact is, this is another of the trends that show where we are going."

She seemed to be disappointed, but her mood quickly changed as they entered a room behind the counter. There dancing was also in progress, but what dancing! While an almost nude burlesque show was presented on the stage, in the body of the room intoxicated couples



similarly clad or unclad, mingled in immoral dances, laughed at the suggestive or downright obscene jokes, emptied glasses of liquor which they bought openly at the counter. The place reeked with smoke and alcohol.

"I can't eat here," said Maud in disgust. "I've seen and heard enough. Let's get out into the fresh air. I didn't know this was permitted, especially in our parks."

"It's against the letter of the law," explained Paul apologetically, "but this place is protected. No policeman would raid it. If a charge was laid, a small fine or bribe would settle the matter."

They bought their sandwiches and went out to a

park bench to eat. The moon was shining palely, the hum of bipeds impressed them according to their respective temperaments. To the one it meant the whispering of love, legitimate, unalloyed, secret only through convention. To the other it signified the temptation of carnality, illegitimate, tainted, secret through fear. Thus do all things affect different souls differently, and cause men to differ in their estimates of the same object. To one the world is infinitely good; to another, infinitely bad. Yet it is one and the same world, and it seems to evolve independent of human estimates. Seems only, for nature is modified, though imperceptibly, by reason.

## CHAPTER 8

We have been accorded an insight into the lives and plans of various human beings. We know that the world is pursuing its course above a rumbling volcano. While we are on the brink of the abyss, before all our characters are engulfed, as so many of us are in the midst of life, let us stop for another moment to consider some details that we have omitted or overlooked in our hurry.

Paul Petrovka was the son of a Russian Jew. His real name was Paul Fidus or rather Fidusky. His father had Americanized the name to Fidus. He had a sister named Angelica, about whom we shall have something more to say.

Fidus the elder was a partner of Lupus who had come from England and had changed his name to Morning when he settled in New York. I will at the end of this book tell the story of the firm of Lupus and Fidus.

Lupus was married twice. He had deserted his first wife Florence Fairbanks, by whom he had a daughter Florida Fairbanks, whose story I told at the beginning of this book. The first Mrs. Lupus had taken her maiden name after her divorce, and after Lupus had changed his name to Morning, the two families had lost contact with each other. No one connected them with each other because both bore different names.

Price Lupus by his second marriage had three daughters. Their names were Lucille who they merely said had died, if anyone enquired; Mary, Duchess of Albion; and Maud Morning whose story I regret ends abruptly here, as does that of Paul. They were trapped in "The Destruction of the World", described in another book. They are to us "Ships that passed in the night."

The fate of other members of both families is told in the following chapter.

Communism or what went under that name had been banned from the United States. That does not mean there were no Communists. The country was saturated with them, and the most powerful embassy was that of Communism. The Russian ambassador, Grimkowsky, was the most powerful man in the United States. In his hands centered the strings that controlled strikes, wages, production, munitions, war and peace.

The Germans believed that they were responsible for the wave of pacificism that now swept over the United States, but they were mistaken. The Russians not only encompassed more, but knew more. For instance, Grimkowsky knew that England had massed over a million troops in Canada, not to protect the United States against Russia, as was publicly declared; not to make up for the weakening of United States' defences in Alaska; not to prepare and hold a future capital for the British Empire in case London were destroyed and the royal family and cabinet had to flee to Canada; but to march into the United States at the bugle call of Price Morning, if the Communists, not the Beerbibbers, should seize power.

What was this Communism?

It was a secret society, an esoteric sect, in America, specifically in Canada and the United States, that should have been exterminated mercilessly. The term Communism is a misnomer. As the term Socialism was applied to Nazism to build up an anti-social militarism, so the term Communism has been misappropriated by Bolshevism to build up an anti-Communist dictatorship. Only the immature, the inexperienced, are its converts. The mature, the experienced, are immune. These fanatics do not work for money, they work for an illusion, a delusion, as did the Canadians who in their delusion betrayed their own country to Russia. There is no cure for such cases,

only extermination; as there is no possibility of compromise with cynical Bolsheviks, only war.

We must distinguish between the Russian people and the present Bolshevik government of Russia. We cannot have peace with the Bolsheviks though we can live in peace with the Russian peoples. War with the Bolsheviks is inevitable. We must prepare for that war. And when we fight that war, and destroy the Bolshevik government, as we must and will, we shall find a Russian people ready to live in peace with us. We should declare openly to the world and to the Russian peoples that we are determined to free Russia from its Bolshevik Czars.

If there ever was a pacifist it was Jesus. No one desired peace more than Jesus, yet he prophesied war. That is my own position. We must face facts, reality, the inevitable. We desire to live in peace with all peoples, but there is no peace and cannot be between Bolshevism and free men.

There is an ideal Communism (I saw that mirage myself), that is dangled before the obfuscated brains of this secret society, this esoteric sect, outside of Russia. This ideal Communism is not only a phantasy, but absolutely impossible of realization, externalization; and if it were realized, externalized, would lead only to the destruction of civilization, the extinction of humanity.

This ideal Communism has not been realized, not even approximated, in Russia itself, and the dictators of the Soviets know it better than any one else on earth. Their arguments that they have thus far been prevented from attaining the ideal Communism is merely mendacity. They have no intention of imposing Communism on the world, their purpose is to enslave the world, as they have enslaved the disillusioned Russian people by fear and force, to perpetuate their own tyranny and despotism, their own hegemony. They are ruthless realists, unprincipled opportunists, and not a single one of them attempts to live the life of an ideal Communist, though that would be possible for them as individuals. They are all, without a single exception, rank capitalists (speculating with public capital for personal profit), unmitigated individualists (egoists, egotists), cynical anti-Communists (hypocrites).

There are many co-travellers or rather co-tourists in America of Communism and Russia, and Socialism. But let us bear in mind that there is no Communism in Russia, only Stalinism, Sovietism, Bolshevism; and that hundred and fifty million Russians hate them worse than we do; that there is no Socialism in England, only trade-unionism, a system of robbing Peter to pay Paul, what we would have here if our unions seized power.

Our unions are no longer "free associations," but rigid cartels, in which the membership has no power, the real power being exercised by the few.

We know what Communism and Socialism are, they are not new discoveries of modern man, they were discovered by the bees and ants before man came into existence on this earth; the prehistoric, the classic, the mediaeval, the barbaric world are full of examples, tried and discarded.

Contemporary history is replete with instances of Communism true to name which have never been a menace to civilization. America abounds in such instances. Koreshan Unity of Estero, near Fort Myers, Florida, is a flourishing example. It is only pseudo Communism and pseudo Socialism that are menaces. The political Communism (Bolshevism) of Russia, and the political Socialism (trade-unionism) of England are merely cloaks for the dictatorship of the proletariat, and by this must



not be understood any democratic movement in which the proletariat have any real power, but an oligarchy which uses the proletariat as a mercenary army.

There are only six million Communists (Bolsheviks) in the whole of Russia. There are no better people than the Russians, but they are the most docile, regimented and enslaved people on earth, enslaved by six million Bolsheviks.

These co-tourists claim that we are being misinformed by our press, that the truth is hidden from us. But all these co-tourists have never been to Russia, have never lived under Stalin's satraps, know less than others about actual conditions in Russia. It is they who are being misinformed by the Russian press.

We have more than sufficient evidence of the truth, given to us by Russians who have escaped from the knouts of Bolshevism. There is no iron curtain for many of us. We are constantly penetrating the purlieus of Sovietism; when, how and by whom it is not my purpose to disclose. Stalin would give much to know. As to England, these co-tourists cannot claim that anything is being hidden from us there, the land that now also breeds the asinine assassins of defenceless Jews in Palestine. Only the masochist mentalities of Socialists (trade unions), Communists, Nazis, Fascists are able to revert to savagery in our modern world.

Why shouldn't we deport these co-tourists to Russia and England, in exchange for the anti-Bolsheviks and anti-Socialists (trade-unionists) who are anxious to come to us? I am afraid Russia and England would be depopulated, and the borders of the United States would have to be extended to include the whole of North and South America. But it would be conclusive evidence to the co-tourists and to the world.

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Paul was not a Bolshevik. Jews are not Bolsheviks, but they have no choice in Russia, and many Jews in foreign lands still have relatives in countries now dominated by Russia.

Anti-Semitism in America, and persecution of the Jews in Palestine by Great Britain, are driving many Jews to seek aid where they can get it. For instance, if Russia promises aid to the Jews in Palestine, and America and Britain favor the Arabs against the Jews, for the sole purpose of obtaining oil from the Arabs, or attracting the loyalty of Moslems in India to offset the desire for freedom of the Hindus, is it any wonder that many Jews from Eastern Europe are friendly to Bolshevism in Palestine?

You Anglo-Saxons, weigh very carefully whether your policy is not preparing your own destruction? To the minds of rational, humanitarian men, unprejudiced by religion, nationalism, politics, greed, there is and can be only one solution: O holy trinity of Jew, Christian and Moslem, living in peace, intermarrying; freed from a British or any other mandate—an independent republic headed by a triumvirate consisting of a Jew, a Christian, and a Mahomedan, all with equal honor and power, for "all men are born free and equal"—Abraham Lincoln. A suitable triumvirate until an election by the adult population could be held, would be the Chief Rabbi, the Orthodox Patriarch, and the Sheik.

During my seven years' sojourn in the Holy Land, Moslems and Jews got along very well together, and there is nothing today to prevent a rapprochement, except England's perennial policy of fishing in troubled waters, and dog-in-the-manger tactics. There are in England among certain classes, the counterparts of the degenerate Prussians. It is this class that has sown discord between Jew and Moslem. In South Africa I learned at first hand of the suppression of the natural development of the British Colonies on the part of these degenerate English. If it were not for these "monkey-wrenches", Africa could surpass America in progress and civilization, for it is a vaster and far richer continent.

Forty years ago after making my on-the-spot study I proposed to England, which was then ruled by men of good faith, and to a Zionist Congress, that a Jewish colony be established in Uganda, and that Palestine become a protectorate of the British Empire. Forty years ago that would have been a possible solution. Today it is impossible, for Jews, Christians, and Mohamedans alike have no faith in the present Socialist (trade union) government of England.

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To revert to our story. We have not been able to bring all the actors involved on to our small stage. Other characters were operating behind the scenes, guiding the world to its destruction. Some of the characters of this book believed that they were ruling the destinies of the world, but others quite unknown to us as yet, whose activities barely interlocked with those familiar to us, were the actual arbiters of fate. Their story, often independent of this but its consequence, is therefore told elsewhere.

Let us mourn here for Paul, not for his sake alone but for the sake of America, for the sake of the world. He was the only man who could have saved America, but he was a Jew.

He was religious, he practised an all-embracing religion.

He had the knowledge and experience and background to guide the people out of chaos.

He loved the people, he loved America, he loved the world.

But when his name was mentioned for the presidency, the answer was curt and brief. He is not a Republican, he is not a Democrat, he is a Jew.

He was honest, truthful, self-sacrificing.

He was brave, but he hated war.

And when he thrust his defenceless body between the insane combatants, crying Peace! Peace! the bullet of a Bolshevik destroyed the hope of the world.

\* \* \* \*

And Jesus went out, and departed from the temple; and his disciples came to him for to show him the buildings of the temple.

And Jesus said unto them, See ye not all these things? Verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.

And as he sat upon the mount of Olives, the disciples came unto him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?

And Jesus answered and said unto them, Take heed that no man deceive you.

For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ: and shall deceive many.

And ye shall hear of wars, and rumours of wars; see that ye be not troubled; for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.

For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places.

And these are the beginning of sorrows.

Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you: and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake.

And then shall many be offended, and shall betray one another, and shall hate one another.

And many false prophets shall arise, and shall deceive many.

And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold.

But he that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved.

And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations: and then shall the end come.

When ye, therefore, shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, (whoso readeth, let him understand:)

Then let them which be in Judaea flee into the mountains:

Let him which is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of his house:

Neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes.

And woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days!

But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the sabbath day:

For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, nor ever shall be.

And except those days should be shortened, there shall no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened.



Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not.

For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; inso-much that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.

Behold, I have told you before.

Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: Behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not.

For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

For wheresoever the carcase is, there will be eagles gathered together.

Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken.

And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man, in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.

And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet; and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.

Now learn a parable of the fig tree: When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh:

So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors.

Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.

But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

For as in the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark,

And knew not, until the flood came, and took them all away: so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left.

Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left.

Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour our Lord doth come.

But know this, that if the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up.

Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, this is how it will be. The brothels, hotels, resorts, parks, lanes, alleys and cars will be panting with copulating couples. Saloons, beer-halls, bars, cocktail lounges will be reeking with delirious drunkards. The dance-halls will be whirling to the cacophony of jungle jazz. The degenerate children of degenerate parents will be devising, undeterred and undetected, new deviltries of delinquency. The parliaments and congresses will be filling the records and the press with their interminable vapourings. All the damned doings of the nation that Paul exposed to Maud will be enacted unabated. Then —

## CHAPTER 9

# LUPUS and FIDUS

### The Persons of the Drama:

Lupus, 40, mine operator and speculator.  
Later known as Price Morning.

Mrs. Lupus, 35.

Lucille Lupus, 16, their daughter.

Fidus, 50, his partner.

Angelica, 18, his daughter.

Prince of the Alps, Italian.

Count Schwernot, Prussian.

Chief of the Gangsters.

Brady, a miner.

Foreman.

Father Ignatius, a priest.

Bruno, a lawyer.

A Physician.

A Professor.

A Nurse.

A Chauffeur.

A Caretaker.

An American Medium.

A Private Secretary.

A Private Detective.

A Celestial Judge.

An Angel.

An Opera Singer.

A Corpse made up to represent Lupus.

Guests, Nobles, Miners, Secret Service Men,  
Fiends.

### PERIOD:

Five years before the Great War and continuing to  
the Doom of the Proletariat.

### PLACE:

Coal Mines in Colorado, an adjoining city. A Cottage in  
the Sierra Nevada.

Rome.



ACT 1. Scene 1.

Reception Room in the House of Lupus, in a City adjoining Coal Mines, in Colorado. An Evening Party. Mr., Mrs., Miss Lupus, Mr. and Mrs. Fidus, Guests.

Fidus: Angelica has promised to recite one of her poems. She is becoming quite a poetess, I understand, and I'm proud of her. Come now, Angelica! Don't be bashful!

Angelica: THE STRIKE

Deep in the mines, dense gloom profound,  
Nor picks nor shovels now resound,  
But a sullen hum, as of swarming bees:  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

We'll damp the boiler, and starve the stove,  
Slack the white furnace and lights. By Jove!  
Our masters we'll squeeze and bring to their knees!  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

We'll stop transportation, have expropriation,  
More pay and less work, or we'll shirk, we'll shirk!  
To hell with the world and its industries!  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

Fire-damp, blast and slide, we have learned to deride.  
Shall we fear an injunction? To hell with compunction!  
Our tyrants are deaf, they deny our pleas.  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

Compassion be damned, haven't miners been hanged?  
Shall we sell our soul for the profiteer's coal?  
To us belongs all; we alone, referees.  
Strike; Strike, while the innocent freeze!

Lupus: Excellent! Those are their plans, their very words. Now you see, my friends, and you Fidus, even your own daughter condemns those bums.

Angelica: But I'm not finished yet, Mr. Lupus.

Lupus: Go right ahead. You can't unsay what you've said already.

Angelica:

High in their mansions, the lights in full glow,  
Hear the strain of the strings, the wine's lawless flow!  
But how brief their defence, how blunt their decrees:  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

Make the swines' hours long, and their pay a mere song,  
Keep the high prices high, though the miners may die!  
Shall WE bend to these? We alone, legatees.  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

Lupus: That's alright! It doesn't hurt a bit. I own the coal, so I expect I can burn it as I please; and I'd like to see the Fuel Administrator who'll stop me, or prevent me charging what I like for my own property! If he won't do as we want, we'll fire him; and if Washington won't pass our anti-strike laws, we'll can the government. And as to the wine, if the Prince of Wales can ship it to Washington, I can drink it here. Those who don't like it, can stay dry, or try my grape juice. I'm not taking any bill-of-fare from William Jennings Bryan yet, and as I notice, mighty few of you are. Here's to your poem, Angelica, kid!

Fidus: Are you through?

Angelica: No, Daddy dear! I know you're disappointed, so far, but now you're coming into your own.

Then a voice in the wilderness cries in its pain:  
Turn back! Turn back! All thy grasping is vain!  
LOOKING BACKWARDS alone, can heal thy disease.  
Strike not, while the innocent freeze!

Higher pay, higher cost; what is won is thus lost.  
If thou gainst from thy raise, but the innocent pays.

Sell, share with the poor, or meet heaven's closed door.

Till all meed is equal, there'll be but one sequel:  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

Fidus: That's fine, baby! I knew there was something wrong somewhere. Let your old daddy kiss you! That's straight goods, friends. That's truth, honest truth! The sooner we American millionaires become Christians, the sooner will the American people return to industry and contentment.

Lupus: Not by a long chalk! I reckon I'm a Christian, and I've never yet heard a Christian minister preach about selling all and sharing with the poor. No, kid! Let those who want money, sweat for it; and those who've got it, hold on to it!

Angelica: I've got another verse, the last one.  
They jeer:

'Tis a poet demented, she'll rant till she's vented.  
We know what we want, and we'll have it or fight!

No such devotees can our all-greed appease.  
Strike! Strike, while the innocent freeze!

Lupus: That's me, though you've said it yourself. I'm for a fight to the finish. So long as Lupus is a member of the firm of Fidus and Lupus, there's going to be no sharing of the profits with outsiders.

Fidus: Here's the overseer, and one of the men we sent for. Now we'll get to the bottom of the matter.

(Enter Overseer and Brady.)

Lupus: What's your trouble now?

Overseer: The men want a raise, eight hours a day, six days a week, all the year round.

Lupus: Tell 'em to go to hell! Pardon me ladies!

Overseer: The strike'll continue.

Lupus: That can't hurt me. We're mining too much coal anyhow. Let 'em lay off, that'll boost prices.

Fidus: But we have a certain amount of responsibility towards the public and especially the poor, and winter's upon us.

Lupus: What's the public ever done for us? And the poor, let 'em go to work, cut out these strike stunts, and there won't be any poor.

Fidus: I'd like to get something straight from the men themselves. I'm a bit suspicious of the unions, and that's about the only point on which I agree with you, Lupus.

Lupus: A bunch of crooks, blackmailers! I could buy the whole gang, if I wanted to.

Fidus: Let's hear the man. (To Brady.) We want to be fair with you boys, so we'd like to hear what you have to say. What's all this talk about a 30% raise, and the other stuff?

Brady: We know you're straight, boss, so I'll tell you exactly how it stands. We didn't want to strike at this here mine, because you've always given us a square deal, but we belong to the union, and what the union says goes. Of course we're no better off in the long run than the men at the other mines. You've given us good hospitals, good schools, good clubs, a home for the aged and crippled, and God knows there's enough of 'em, but we ain't got enough work nor enough pay. I'm not blaming you, Sir, perhaps it ain't your fault. As Mr. Lupus says, if we dig too much coal, the prices'll drop, and our pay'll drop as much. So we've got to lay off, work only half the year, half the week, half the day. But we've got to live all the year, all the week, all the day, and our wives and kids too. How can we live all the time, when we get pay for only half time? Then you're paying us regular union pay, and you give us a bonus that they don't get at the other mines, but there's no union prices for what we've got to buy. You give us a co-operative store and we're better off than lots of others, but the H.C.L. has gone higher, and when we've grubbed and clothed the family, there ain't nothing left, and no work to make a bit. We've got to do it boss. We've got to live. And you know it's a risky job. Look at the cripples we've got, the explosions and accidents. But we ain't afraid of that, we're used to it. It's a hard job, but we're willing to do it. We only want enough for the wife and kiddies.



Fidus: And I'll see you get it. Go back to the mines and tell 'em so.

Brady: Thank you, boss! (Exit.)

Lupus: What you're going to do?

Fidus: I don't know yet. I'll think it over. We've recognized the right of collective bargaining, so we'll probably have to do something that the other operators agree to. But I don't believe that's going to settle our labor problems. Neither will your anti-strike laws. The men have as much right to walk out, as we have to lock them out. So long as workers strike, there must be a reason. It's our duty to discover the causes and remedy them. Repression will mean nothing to them but oppression, it will simply aggravate the evil, and no doubt drive every working man in the country to strike. We may have to come to profit-sharing—not a mere bonus added to a man's wages. That is merely an increase in wages and has no direct relationship to a man's own work. I believe that a man should have a direct share of the profits derived from the particular unit of work he himself is doing. What the laboring man wants, as I see it, is, above all else, to be treated as a man of flesh and blood.

Lupus: So long as Lupus is a partner in the firm of Fidus and Lupus there's going to be no sharing of profits with working-men, take it from me!

Fidus: I've given you my opinion and I'll give it to the commission.

Lupus: (Aside.) The damn fool! I'll have to get rid of him, the sooner the better.

Fidus: In the mean time I intend to share my part of the profits with the men.

Lupus: You can do as you please with what's your own. All I know is, the more you give 'em the more they want.

Fidus: They're like us. Working men are as insatiable as progress. Let's go into your study.

(Exeunt Fidus and Lupus. Lights are lowered and a curtain dropped representing a study.)

## ACT 2. Scene 2.

Study. Lupus and Fidus.

Fidus: See here, Lupus, I'm going to make the great experiment. I know I've no right to draw you in, but I want you to do me a favor. Our annual profits on the mines are about four million dollars, my share is three million, yours one million. I've decided to give the men two million, half the profit, but you see it'll all come out of my pocket. I've only got one million that I can draw on, you know the rest is all tied up in new properties or the old mines. You've got about a million in your banks, I want you to lend it me, then I'll give the two million to Fidus and Lupus, and they'll divide it among all the men equally. That'll settle the strike for ever.

Lupus: Let's think it over a minute. I just want to figure out if I've got the million handy. You're a damn fool, anyhow!

(Aside.) Here's my chance, but how to use it! I may never have it again. With this profit-sharing stunt, who knows what my quarter share will be worth in a couple of months. I've got to settle his hash, quick. . . . I've got it, his signature first, then I'll figure how to use it!

Alright, Fidus, I think I can do it for you. I'll just get my secretary to type a receipt; and as it's a pretty little check, we might as well have a witness.

(Exit Lupus. He returns in a few seconds with his Private Secretary and Private Detective.)

Just make out a receipt for Fidus to me for a million dollars.

Private Secretary: Yes, Sir! (He takes a double sheet of foolscap and inserts it in a typewriter.)

Lupus: I'll just make out a check. (He sits down and writes check.) Here you are, Fidus. I'm sorry to see money that once belonged to me thrown to the Devil in this way. But that's up to you.

Fidus: I'll endorse it over to Fidus and Lupus, and make out my personal check to Fidus and Lupus, then you can arrange to have the two million made up into pay envelopes. (He takes the seat vacated by Lupus, endorses check and while writing his own, continues:) I'll go down to the mines first thing in the morning, and

tell the boys what we've done, and what we're going to do. I want to see the effect.

Lupus: I'll fix it up. Perhaps I'll be able to get down myself later in the day, and see the fire-works. Let's have the receipt. (The Secretary hands it to him, he places it before Fidus who signs it and then rises from the seat.)

Fidus: I'll go and listen to the singing. (Exit.)

Lupus: You two fellows just sign this as witnesses. (They both sign.) Now you can join the girls, but I want to have a little talk to you. (Exit Secretary.) Have you got everything fixed?

Private Detective: Yes, Sir!

Lupus: Shoot!

Private Detective: I've got five hundred sluggers at the mine. Most of 'em joined a couple of weeks ago and know all the leaders. I've got their names and you can have 'em served with the injunction. The gang's all ready, just waiting for orders to put the machinery out of commission and start a riot. A bunch of your miners didn't want to join the strikers, and we had some trouble getting 'em out of the mines. It'll be a cinch to start a fight, and lay out any you don't want.

Lupus: I don't want any one that's got a lot of say, whether he's with the strikers or the loyal bunch. Get the ring-leaders, or run 'em out of the mines. Let your men smash the machinery tonight. If any of the ring-leaders escape tomorrow, arrest 'em for sabotage, and we'll get the balance of the crew with the injunction. I want a clean-up. D'ye get me?

Private Detective: Yes, Sir! The chief of the gang's handy and I'll give him the word.

Lupus: Oh! he is, is he? Supposing you bring him up. I'd like to see what kind of a specimen he is. Don't let any one see him come up here. Use this door, and you'd better stay in the reception room and use your ears.

Private Detective: Yes, Sir! (Exit.)

Lupus: Luck's with me! I'll get the whole damn shooting-match at one shot. Clean out the mines, get possession of 'em, and get rid of Fidus. Let me see. (He reads:)

Received of Price Lupus one million dollars.

Felix Fidus.

Now to complete this Bill of Sale. There's plenty of room above the receipt. (He inserts the paper in the typewriter and writes. Then he withdraws it and reads:)

I have this day sold to my partner, Price Lupus, all my interests in the coal mines known as the Black River Collieries for one million dollars, receipt of which is acknowledged below. I have the right to buy back the said interests within thirty days for one million dollars plus six per cent interest. If I fail to make use of my right of redemption within the period named, or if I should die within the said period, this sale to Price Lupus shall stand and require no further documents of legitimation.

Received of Price Lupus one million dollars.

Felix Fidus.

As Witness:

Sydney Sykof  
Bud Budmash

(There is a knock at the side door.)

And now we'll see if luck's still with me. Come in! (Enter Chief of the Gangsters.)

Chief: Want to talk to me, boss?

Lupus: Only want to take a peep at your phiz.

Chief: Sort o' nickle show, eh?

Lupus: That's about it. Been a long time at the game?

Chief: What game have ye particularly in yer head, boss?

Lupus: Well, boxing bouts where the other fellow's knocked out and stays out for good.

Chief: Guess I've practised the noble art o' self defence since I was a picaninny.

Lupus: You look like a grown-up one still.

Chief: Tain't looks as count, boss.

Lupus: No, guess it's the referee, that's me this time, as I've got a guy that I'd like to count out. Can you do it?

Chief: 'Pends on the stakes, boss!

Lupus: I'll make the purse ten thousand bucks.

Chief: Must be some scrapper, an' I reckon there's a



bit o' risk to my own skin.

Lupus: That's up to you. Are you game?

Chief: He's not to come back, eh?

Lupus: That's the talk. And you've got to keep your mouth shut.

Chief: I know that. Where's the match to be pulled off?

Lupus: He'll be down at the mines tomorrow morning. There'll be a bunch of accidents and some casualties. You've got to get in training tonight, and not let him open his mouth to the miners. I don't want them to hear what he's got to say.

Chief: Sort o' orator, eh?

Lupus: Not exactly.

Chief: What's he call himself?

Lupus: Do you agree to the conditions?

Chief: Ten thousand! How about the rope or the pen, boss?

Lupus: I'll keep you out. It'll only be an extra accident.

Chief: I take ye. What's his name?

Lupus: Fidus of Fidus and Lupus!

Chief: Nix! The match's off! Ye'll have to double, boss.

Lupus: It's a go, but no money passes till it's over.

Chief: That's the rule. Any other propositions, boss?

Lupus: Not tonight. Get out by this door, and hide your phiz!

Chief: Night, boss! (Exit.)

Lupus: The mines are worth at least six million a year, but he gives 'em two in bonuses and charity. I've got two million of his checks, in a year I'll have eight. I'll corner all the coal mines, then I'll talk to the railroads, the steel trust, the factories, every man in this country or any other country that wants my coal. They'll pay my price or freeze. . . . I'll have a strike every year, that'll send my coal up, and other industries down. Then I'll buy their stock, and sell it back to 'em when they go up again with the help of my higher priced coal. The best stock I'll keep, until I control Wall Street. Then Washington, the police force and the army! We'll see if this damn scum of a proletariat is going to run America!

(Curtain.)

#### ACT 2. Scene 1.

The Coal Mines. Groups of Miners. Miner Brady stands on a wheel-barrow to address them.

Brady: I was up to Fidus last night, and he told me we'd get what we're asking for. I know we'll get it, and you know it. What's the use of loafing around waiting till the other operators come across? Fidus gave me his word, and we all know what that means. Even if the others don't agree to the miners' conditions, we'll get a square deal at this pit. What ye say, boys, shall we go down and dig coal?

Miners: I feel like taking a chance. So do I. So do I.

Chief of the Gangsters: Ye're a fine bunch o' union men. Lot o' scabs! Yah! Dirty scabs! To dig coal before the others make a deal. Ye ought to be plugged, the whole damn lot o' ye. No digging for me, till the others dig. An' I don't believe a damn word o' this here Fidus. Perhaps it's only a stall to get us back on the job again. Let's see the color o' his coin first, then we'll 'gree to consider it.

Brady: Who the hell are you? You ain't got no say here, anyhow. You've only been at this here pit two weeks, and I never seen you do any work. Boys, you all know Fidus. Let's go down this morning!

Chief: I'll show ye who I am, ye dirty scab!

(General fight, shots fired, several fall. In the distance Fidus and Angelica are seen approaching.)

A Miner: There he is! There's Fidus, boys! Let him talk to us!

(Several miners help Fidus on to the wheel-barrow.)

Fidus: My boys . . . (A shot rings out and he falls into the arms of miners.)

Angelica: O God! He's shot! Daddy! Daddy! Speak to me, Daddy!

(The miners lay him on the ground.)

Fidus: Lads! I forgive him who did it. I know

you've had plenty of provocation, but I was going to make good. Ask Lupus, he'll . . . (He dies in Angelica's arms.)

(Brady approaches with blood on his face.)

Brady: There's the damn skunk that did it. Get him, boys! We'll lynch him!

(They rush towards the Chief of the Gangsters. A posse of plain clothes men, led by the Private Detective, run to get in between them, and surround the Chief of the Gangsters.)

Private Detective: I'll arrest him.

Miners: Lynch him! Lynch him! String him up on a derrick! (Lupus is seen approaching guarded by secret police.)

Chief: There's Lupus! Ask him what we're going to get. (Lupus approaches.)

Chief: Are we going to get our terms? This guy says yer partner promised everything we asked fer.

Lupus: Never heard of it. What's all this rumpus?

(Curtain.)

#### ACT 2. Scene 2.

A curtain representing inside of office is dropped between the front and the back part of the stage. The mines and miners are still seen through windows.

Lupus and Private Detective.

P.D.: I've arrested 'em all. The chief of the gang wants to have a private talk with you, before I let him go.

Lupus: Talk with me? What've I got to do with him? You've paid 'em all, haven't you?

P. D.: The chief says he's got a little private bill to cash in. We'll have to let him slip quick. The miners have got it in for him, say he laid out their chums, and Brady says he saw him shoot Fidus. That's a pretty serious affair.

Lupus: Don't think you'd better let the chief go. I didn't bargain for murdering Fidus. Let him swing for it. I don't want to see him. If the miners want to lynch him, let 'em. What you arrest Brady for?

P.D.: Sabotage!

Lupus: Bring him in here. I'd like to talk to him.

(Exit Private Detective.)

Got to get that chief out of the way. Knows too much. He may get arrested any minute for murder, and blow the whole game.

(Re-enter Private Detective with Brady handcuffed.)

You say you saw that fellow shoot Fidus?

Brady: Yes Sir, saw the gun in his hand, and the smoke.

Lupus: Are you quite sure? There were lots of guns today.

Brady: I'll swear to it.

Lupus: Then why the hell didn't you stop him?

Brady: God forgive me, Sir, but I was sort o' hypnotized, and when I run towards him, he'd done it.

Lupus: Why didn't you fellows knock him on the head after?

Brady: Didn't get a chance. The police got him and arrested me.

Lupus: (To P.D.) What's Brady in for?

P. D.: Sabotage, Sir!

Lupus: Nonsense; I know Brady. He's been with us ten years. He wouldn't smash a crow-bar. Let him go, Cap! I'll vouch for him.

P. D.: Alright, Sir! (He frees Brady.)

Brady: Thank you, Sir! I won't forget it.

Lupus: I wish you'd got that murderer.

Brady: We'll get him yet, Sir.

Lupus: Luck to you!

(Exit Brady.)

Let 'em get him!

(Exit Private Detective.)

(Through the windows of the office a group of miners is seen welcoming Brady. Brady addresses them:)

Brady: Boys, let's rush the police, and get that murderer. I believe he shot our boys also. Come on!

(Followed by a crowd he runs towards a group of prisoners. They seize the Chief of the Gangsters and hang him to a derrick.)

Lupus: Damn good riddance! and twenty thousand dollars saved!

(Curtain.)



ACT 2. Scene 3.

Same office as in Scene 2. Lupus and Angelica in mourning.

Lupus: What do you intend doing?

Angelica: I'm going to stay here, Mr. Lupus. I want to be near Daddy's grave.

Lupus: What good will that do you?

Angelica: Mr. Lupus!

Lupus: I mean what'll you do for a living?

Angelica: I haven't thought of that yet. I expect Daddy left me enough to live on, but I don't want to do that. I want to work. I believe everybody should work, and earn his own bread.

Lupus: That's correct. I'm glad you look at it that way. Fidus didn't leave you much. I don't think there'll be anything for you, when I get things straightened out. He gave most of it away in charity, and had to sell his interest in the mines. When all the debts are paid, his interest may be next to nothing.

Angelica: But Daddy told me he was going to share two million dollars of his own money with the miners.

Lupus: Did he? I think you must have misunderstood him. He did speak about a profit-sharing plan, but it couldn't have been as much as all that. We did have some money set aside for something like it, but that'll all be absorbed now in replacing the machinery that these ragamuffins broke to pieces. If there was anything over, I wouldn't give it 'em anyhow, after what they've done. What did Fidus get from 'em for his charity? A bullet!

Angelica: Oh! Mr. Lupus, I don't believe any of our men ever thought of such a terrible deed. It was that stranger they hanged. I'm going to devote my life to them. I'm sure Daddy would have wanted me to. I'll get a position in the hospital. Never mind if there's no money for me. I would have given it back to them anyway. It belonged to them, except Daddy's share for his services to them. I'm glad he gave them everything.

Lupus: I think you're foolish, but if your mind's set upon it, you might as well stay here in the office. We want somebody, and I'd pay you fifteen dollars a week.

Angelica: Oh! Mr. Lupus, do you really think I'd be useful here?

Lupus: You might be able to do something. You know shorthand and typing.

Angelica: Oh! Thank you, Mr. Lupus, you're very kind!

Lupus: I've got to do something for my partner's child.

(He strokes her cheek, but she is unconscious of his desires. Suddenly she jumps up.)

Angelica: I'm going to thank God on Daddy's grave. (Exit.)

Lupus: Damn her Daddy!

(Curtain.)

ACT 2. Scene 4.

Same office as in previous scene. Angelica at typewriter and Lupus.

Lupus: Have you ever thought of marrying, Angelica?

Angelica: What a strange question, Mr. Lupus? What makes you ask it?

Lupus: You've got such strange ideas about different things, I thought you'd have some about marriage.

Angelica: I don't think I have. But I haven't really thought much about it myself, although I've read quite a bit. Marriage always brings up to me the picture of Daddy. He used to speak about my lost brother, Paul, and my dead mother, and said she and I had made him what he was. It must be the most wonderful thing that God gave man, if it made Daddy what he was. That's the way I look at marriage—a father, a mother, children, all helping each other to become better people.

Lupus: (Aside.) Always her Daddy!

Angelica: What did you say?

Lupus: No! I said . . . Yes! That's a beautiful description, but it doesn't always happen. Sometimes they don't love each other, what then?

Angelica: I think people shouldn't marry unless they are sure of each other's love. Marriage is simply the union of two people who love each other. If there is no

love, there is no marriage. It seems to me that is what God wanted us to do.

Lupus: That's right. But they may love each other when they get married, and cease to love later on.

Angelica: I think if people really love each other, they can never change. It must be passion that they mistake for love. But of course, I really don't know what passion or love is. I can only imagine.

Lupus: (Bending towards her.) But I know.

Angelica: (Continuing her line of thought without noticing his ardent looks.) If such a thing is really possible, that people may cease to love each other, then they should be divorced.

Lupus: Then you believe in divorce?

Angelica: Why shouldn't I? I'm not a Catholic, and I just said, if there is no love, there is no marriage.

Lupus: But I'm a Catholic.

Angelica: I don't understand you, Mr. Lupus.

Lupus: I . . . I mean what is a Catholic to do?

Angelica: That is beyond me. I expect your church thought as I do when it forbade divorce—that people should not marry unless they love each other, and that true love lasts as long as life.

Lupus: But why shouldn't a Catholic rebel, though he is married? You said love is before marriage. (He takes her hand.) Why shouldn't I . . . (Mrs. Lupus enters abruptly.)

Lupus: (Starting up.) What the devil are you doing here?

Mrs. Lupus: Thank you! I came to see what you are doing here. (She looks at Angelica.) You've been coming down to the mines ON BUSINESS very often lately. (Angelica leaves the room.) I see you have very important business.

Lupus: At least my business is no damn concern of yours. I've never consulted you, and don't intend to. I do what suits me. If you don't like it you have your remedy. Might as well save yourself any more dirty spying. Next time you'll knock before you come into my office, or you'll have the pleasure of being shown the door by the clerk.

Mrs. Lupus: You're very kind, Mr. Lupus. She must be a wonderful creature to have captivated YOU.

Lupus: You can either shut up and get out, or I'm going. I've told you if you don't like it, sue for a divorce.

Mrs. Lupus: And give you the opportunity of marrying that thing, a Jewish hussy.

Lupus: I never wait for opportunities. What I want I take.

Mrs. Lupus: So I see. That's why you married my money.

Lupus: It was the best investment your father ever made.

Mrs. Lupus: And I was your commission.

(Exit Lupus)

The pig! The hussy! I expected it of him, but her, with that innocent baby face, and the cloak of religion!

(Enter Angelica.)

Angelica: O Mrs. Lupus, I hope there's nothing serious the matter?

Mrs. Lupus: I wonder what your dead father would have said.

Angelica: About what?

Mrs. Lupus: You and Mr. Lupus.

Angelica: I don't understand you, Mrs. Lupus. Please tell me what you mean.

Mrs. Lupus: (Aside.) She plays it off beautifully. (Aloud.) Why, all your friends are talking about it. It's disgraceful! A young girl like you, and he a married man, father of a girl as old as yourself!

Angelica: (She stares at Mrs. Lupus.) Now I think I understand. And you believe it? You think that of me? I won't even try to deny it, it's too contemptible, too. . . . too . . .

(Enter Lupus.)

Lupus: I see you are still here.

(Mrs. Lupus looks at him in fear and leaves the office.)

Angelica: I'm going, Mr. Lupus. I can't stay here any longer. (She takes her coat and hat.) Thank you for all you've done for me.

Lupus: I don't know what she said to you, but she doesn't know what she's talking about. She's crazy.



Jealousy, nothing but jealousy! Don't take any notice of her.

Angelica: Good-bye, Mr. Lupus.

Lupus: But where will you go to, what will you do?

Angelica: I don't know. Perhaps I'll go East to Daddy's relatives. Perhaps I'll find Paul. I'll go to Daddy's grave to say Good-bye, and I'm sure he'll show me the way.

Lupus: That's foolish! You can't go like that. I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I've got a beautiful little cottage in the Sierra Nevada. There's nobody there but an old caretaker. It's far away from everybody. Go up there for a couple of months, till all this nonsense is forgotten. Then you can either come back or go East, just as you like. Any way it'll give you time to think it over.

Angelica: I don't think I ought to accept your offer.

Lupus: Of course you should. I'll send the clerk over to help you pack. I'll go and get a ticket.

(Exit Lupus. While Angelica is pondering, the curtain drops.)

### ACT 3. Scene 1.

Sunset at Cottage in Sierra Nevada. Pines, orange grove, waterfall, valleys, hills, a brook, a beehive. Angelica on the porch.

Angelica: Isn't it wonderful here! I'd like to stay for ever, but I must go into the world to work as others. I'm no better than they. Look at the wonderful sunset!

Now the noon,

Wearied with sultry toil, declines and falls,  
Into the mellow eve:—the west puts on  
Her gorgeous beauties,—palaces and halls,  
And towers, all carv'd of the unstable cloud,  
Welcome the calmly waning monarch—he  
Sinks gently midst that glorious canopy  
Down on his couch of rest—even like a proud  
King of the earth—the ocean.

(She turns towards the waterfall, rises from her chair. In the distance Lupus approaches, dressed in motoring clothes. She does not notice him.)

Everything here inspires one with poetry. Look at that wonderful fall, catching the rays of the setting sun. Certainly Byron stood before such a sight.

(Lupus stops to listen to her.)

The fall of waters! rapid as the light,  
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;  
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,  
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat  
Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,  
And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
With its unemptied clouds of gentle rain,  
Is an eternal April to the ground,  
Making it all one emerald:—how profound  
The gulf! and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent  
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent  
To the broad column which rolls on.

Lupus: Wonderful!

(She turns in surprise.)

Angelica: I did not know anyone was listening to me. When did you come?

Lupus: I was inspecting some new properties in the neighborhood, and thought I'd come and sleep here to-night. It's a wonderful place, but I must confess I never saw its beauty, till I heard you describe the falls just now.

Angelica: Isn't it lovely! But I must go and prepare a room for you, and perhaps you're hungry?

Lupus: No, don't trouble. I told the caretaker to get the room fixed up, and I've had my dinner. Sit down and tell me how you're getting on.

Angelica: I've been going back to my poetry since I've been here. You can't help it. I'm sure I'll be a poetess after I'm dead.

Lupus: Why wait till you're dead?

Angelica: I must go back to the haunts of men to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow.

Lupus: You needn't. This place is yours if you wish. Angelica. . . .

Angelica: No, I can't accept it. It's very kind of you, but I can't live on charity.

Lupus: It's not charity, Angelica. It's . . . , it's . . . , don't you understand, Angelica?

Angelica: I know you feel as if you had some responsibility towards me, and I appreciate it, but I believe it's everyone's duty to share in the toil of the world, and I must do my share. I believe that's what God put us here for. There's your chauffeur. I'll get him some supper. (She disappears in the cottage.)

Lupus: She makes me mad. If she can't understand, I'll force her. It can't be that she doesn't know. Every woman does. . . . Perhaps it's that that determines me to have her. Yes, I'll have her, tomorrow, and I'll make her understand. . . . It's impossible that she'll repulse me. Haven't I offered her this place, and all the money she wants. . . . If she doesn't understand, so much the better. Tomorrow!

(Curtain.)

### ACT 3. Scene 2.

The porch at dawn. Lupus, Angelica, Caretaker, Chauffeur.

Lupus: I want you to go into town with this letter.

Chauffeur: Yes Sir!

Lupus: (To Caretaker.) And you can go with him. You haven't had a vacation for some time, so you needn't get back till bed-time.

Caretaker: Thank you, Sir, you're very considerate.

Lupus: (To Angelica.) Do you want anything in the town.

Angelica: I can't just think of anything. No, never mind this time.

(Exit Chauffeur and Caretaker. The noise of the automobile is heard. She looks around while he looks at her.)

Every day I discover new wonders.

### DAWN

How beautiful doth all nature dawn before me!  
Valleys and hills and bubbling brooks,  
The shimmering sky, armed as with darts,  
From Phoebus' bow to Hesperus shot,  
As if to hurl the pale Diana into gloom.

Hark; the glorious chorus of the birds,  
Vying in love and praise to mate and God!  
The dawn is theirs, even to drown the falls,  
And hush the breeze,  
That steals through their coniferous bowers.

It wafts to me a quickening fragrance,  
Laden with rose and orange grove and sweet  
verbena,  
That draw from yonder drowsy hive  
Emancipated bees to dewy baths.

May they serve as inspiration to my sex!  
To give the nectar of our lips to those who love  
And harbor us with care and wisdom;  
But to the drones that sip in ease and lust  
Come death, inflicted by our stings!

Lupus: I don't know much about poetry, but it sounds good. But haven't you forgotten something about the bees? I read something last night in one of your books, I think it was Keats:

Even bees, the little alms-men of spring bowers,  
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.

As you wish to follow the bees, let me be your poison-flower, Angelica.

Angelica: That is the first time you have ever quoted poetry, so I'll cap it. But let a woman answer you, for somehow I seem to feel like a woman this morning.

I know the very difference that lies  
'Twixt hallow'd love and base unholy lust;  
I know the one is as a golden spur,  
Urging the spirit to all noble aims;  
The other but a foul and miry pit,  
O'erthrowing it in midst of its career.



Lupus: Call it lust, if you will. Call it whatever you like, I don't care any more. I want you, and I'll have you.  
(He seizes her arm.)

Angelica: Mr. Lupus, what's the matter with you?

Lupus: I don't want to hurt you so don't force me to.  
(He tries to drag her into the cottage. She resists. He lifts her up and carries her into the cottage. The audience is left in suspense for several minutes, then Lupus emerges dishevelled and flushed.)

I should have used the chloroform or the drug. She's like a mad bitch, worse than a swarm of bees. I was a fool. . . . Well haven't I given her this cottage, and all the money she wants, the ungrateful idiot! Without me she would have starved, had to go to work to earn a few dollars. I'll tell her she'll have to get out of this. That'll bring her to her senses. (Angelica emerges, haggard, dishevelled, with a cloak thrown across her arm.)

Angelica: You cowardly wretch, you infernal scoundrel, so that's what you brought me here for, that is why you sent the servants away! That is what you call love! (She flings some coins and bills in his face.) There's the last of your money! If there is any justice in the land, you'll pay for this with your life. There must be men in America who will avenge me!

(She starts off.)

Lupus: I must stop her. She'll ruin me.

(He hurriedly takes a bottle out of his pocket, pours some chloroform on a handkerchief, rushes after her, seizes her from behind, and thrusts the handkerchief into her face. She becomes limp in his arms, he carries her back to the porch and places her in a chair.)

Damn her! How the devil could I take such a risk for a baggage like that. . . . But what'll I do when she wakes up? and the servants get back? Then there may be some visitors before I can fix things up. . . . It'd be better if she didn't wake up at all. . . . It's risky, but I've got to take the chance. I'll tell the chauffeur and the caretaker she took an overdose of a sleeping-draught, and that they'd better keep their mouths shut, as I don't want any newspaper talk. They'll do it. They can't afford to do anything but what I tell 'em.

(He looks around to see that no one is in sight, takes the bottle from his pocket, and pours the contents between her lips.)

(Curtain.)

#### ACT 4. Scene 1.

Palace of Lupus (now known as Morning) in Rome. Morning, Mrs. Morning, Miss Morning (Lucille), Count von Schwernot, Prince of the Alps, Nobility, Uniformed Diplomats and Officers, Opera Singers, Private Secretary, Private Detective. A Prima Donna sings a selection.

Count von Schwernot: (To Morning where no others can hear.) Mr. Morning, I believe your country is very favorably disposed towards Russia. Isn't that so?

Morning: Exactly, your Highness!

Count: Can you imagine any eventuality that would cause a reversal of this traditional attitude?

Morning: Many, your Highness.

Count: For instance?

Morning: Business!

Count: Ah, yes! I understand that Miss Morning has a very high opinion of our German nobles, and that many of my countrymen have laid their titles at her feet.

Morning: Mostly empty ones, your Highness, and my daughter is worthy of a reigning prince.

Count: That is difficult without an Emperor.

Morning: It has been granted in the case of young ladies whose fathers have been raised to the nobility.

Count: Ah yes! I see. But the grooms were not quite reigning princes.

Morning: My daughter is ambitious, your Highness.

Count: No doubt! And American heiresses are usually worthy of their ambitions.

Morning: You flatter my countrywomen, your Highness.

Count: Not at all. I consider American men the equals of American women. You, for instance, I believe control the whole American financial world. I understand your commands on Wall Street are as faithfully obeyed as the behests of our former Emperor in Germany.

Morning: You exaggerate, your Highness.

Count: I daresay in case of war you could determine the direction to be taken by all America's resources.

Morning: That would depend, your Highness.

Count: Do you think American public opinion could be turned even against Russia, so that in case of war your country would not only not remain neutral but would give financial and material aid to Russia's enemies?

Morning: If it would pay us better, your Highness.

Count: Most interesting, Mr. Morning. You Americans are the most practical people in the world. I shall esteem it an honor to serve you and the charming Miss Morning when I return to Berlin. (The Count withdraws to another part of the room.)

Morning: (To himself.) I wonder what's his game. Looks like Germany's going to plug Russia. That means Italy, Austria, France, England, perhaps the whole dog-gone earth. Well, I should worry! But I'll get busy. Perhaps I can do more on Wall Street than his Highness imagines. Guess he was kidding me about Americans. Trying to get my goat, and draw me. Didn't spill much, I reckon. If my kid's not good enough for a sauerkraut prince, a Dago one'll have to do, and I'll buy the title baron from Italy cheaper than I'd get it from Germany. Perhaps it'd be better business too in the long run. Who knows where Germany'll be in a general shake-up. England's got it in for Germany, and it'd cost something to run the blockade of John Bull's fleet, if John Bull takes a hand against Germany. I calculate I'll have a little business talk with Italy; see if I can't queer the Alliance. (He approaches an Italian nobleman and draws him aside.)

Your Italian music deserves its position of pre-eminence, Prince. It certainly is unapproachable. In fact, you Italians are a more gifted people than the rest of the world gives you credit for. My art collector here tells me you are not an unworthy progeny of Ancient Rome. The old marbles are not greater than the canvasses of Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, Tintoretto and Leonardo da Vinci. Dante is probably greater than the Ancients. Marconi ranks with our Edison. I am proud to live in Rome, and will esteem it a privilege to be allied with a modern Roman.

Prince of the Alps: Such praise coming from the Croesus of the New World deserves to be acknowledged by the whole of Italy. Speaking for myself, Mr. Morning, I can assure you that an alliance with the American who appreciates Italian art, science and literature so eloquently would be deemed the highest honor by any Roman. But I have not heard of the alliance at which you hint.

Morning: It's nothing, Prince; merely an expression of my sentiments.

Prince: With such encouragement the fair Miss Morning will soon be besieged by a myriad of suitors.

Morning: Keep it to yourself.

Prince: Your confidences are highly flattering, Mr. Morning.

Morning: No flattery at all. I'm sure the trust reposed in you by Italy has never been betrayed, and that your affection for your country will constrain you to use with due caution whatever I may say to you.

Prince: You are enigmatic, Mr. Morning, but you have my word of honor that our conversation will go no farther.

Morning: That's not what I mean, Prince. I want it to go to the Premier.

Prince: I must be unusually dense tonight, or I would understand the interest of my country in the alliance you mentioned.

Morning: Let me speak clearly. I do not refer to my daughter now. That was merely a little secret between ourselves. I have reason to fear that a grave calamity threatens Italy.

Prince: You astonish me. Please speak freely.

Morning: Let us take a suppositional case, for instance, war between Germany and Russia. Italy would join Germany.

Prince: Certainly, we have a treaty.

Morning: That would mean the slavery of Italy, perhaps its disappearance from the map of Europe.

Prince: You astound me! If you were not Mr. Morning, I would barely take your words at the value I must. Pray continue.



Morning: You know our traditional friendship for Russia. England and France are allies of Russia. Speaking for American business interests I can assure you that America will be against you. If Germany wins you will never recover Italia Irredenta, you will never set foot in Asia Minor. If Germany is defeated, and Italy is on the side of Germany, Italy will shrink almost to nothing. If however, Germany is defeated, and Italy is with us, then there is Italia Irredenta, Trieste, Fiume, Asia, Africa, and freedom from Prussian dictatorship.

Prince: I do not know what to think, Mr. Morning—your words are so overpowering. But why do you speak of war between Germany and Russia?

Morning: I do not say there will be war, but if it comes to that, I hope you will let your government know what I have said.

Prince: They shall know it immediately. And now I will go pay my respects to Miss Morning.

Morning: Remember our little secret, Prince.  
(Curtain.)

#### ACT 4. Scene 2.

Palace of Morning in Rome. Morning and Prince of the Alps in uniform.

Prince: I recall the evening when you promised me the unattainable.

Morning: Haven't I fulfilled my promise? The war has made me the richest man in the world. You and my daughter will inherit it all.

Prince: I speak for my country. At this very moment, the Austrians may have launched their march on Rome. Instead of Italia Irredenta, Trieste, Africa, Asia, we are to be divided between Germany and Austria. Before that I will die. My men are waiting for me to lead them to death. I have come to say Adieu!

Morning: But surely you will marry Lucille before you leave Rome again?

Prince: I will not make her my wife today, and leave her my widow tomorrow.

Morning: You can resign from the army, and return with us to America. Rome is not the safest place in the world just now.

Prince: You once said we were a worthy progeny of Ancient Rome. Why think that I have since turned traitor and poltroon? Americans may ignore the dastardly murder of women and children on the Lousitania, we Italians are different. Adieu!

Morning: Wait! All is not lost yet. Promise me not to get shot, and Italy will win.

Prince: My dear Morning, you amuse me! Of what value are your promises?

Morning: America shall enter the war! Ten million Yanks will be here in a few months! I'll flood Italy with American coal, steel, food, ammunition!

Prince: You seem to forget that Wilson was elected President because he kept you out of war.

Morning: Wilson be damned! I'm boss in the U.S.

Prince: Then why have your promises to us failed?

Morning: Because I'm in this game for profit. The longer it lasts, the more there's in it for me. I've made England part with her securities. I've bought English bonds and my own back at a discount. I've floated loans for England in America. The Old World owes me more than it can ever pay. I've transferred the Bank of England to myself. It couldn't be done, unless John Bull was almost bled to death.

Prince: And you would have left us to our fate?

Morning: You'd be alright in America.

Prince: Until the German navy reached New York. After Italy, America!

Morning: Let's drop that. I'll show you what I can do. (He rings a bell and his Private Secretary enters.) Code this to my lobbyist in Washington:

German treaty with Mexico. Preparing to invade America. Roosevelt made peace between Russia and Japan. We can dictate European peace, but only on condition that America enters war immediately. Also necessary, if German invasion to be forestalled. Opportunity for greater name than Roosevelt. Not merely peace-maker, but chance to apply some democratic ideals; say control by the people, in other words self-determination; say treaty for universal peace, in other

words a resurrected UN. Tell Wall Street, we'll drop every cent Europe owes us, if we don't save our debtors.

(To Prince.) Now, will you promise?

Prince: If it means the salvation of Italy, I must promise, but I will return to my troops.

Morning: It's a bargain.

(Curtain.)

#### ACT 4. Scene 3.

Palace of Morning in Rome. Reception in honor of marriage of Lucille Morning to Prince of the Alps.

Prince: Allow me to greet you, Baron Morning!

Morning: Baron!

Prince: For your services to Italy, the government has been pleased to confer this title upon you.

Morning: Prince, this is the happiest day of my life. I did what I could and never expected to be paid for it. Please convey my eternal gratitude and submission to the Premier.

Prince: I also wish to thank you, Baron, for that magnificent gift. (Points to an oil painting.) It is a masterpiece and is another proof of your excellent judgment and unexampled patronage of art.

(Morning and the Prince withdraw to one side out of hearing of the other guests.)

I really cannot understand your love for everything artistic. Your collections are the marvel of the world. I hope they afford you the pleasure they were intended to inspire.

Morning: Pleasure! Yes pleasure through profit. This studio jargon and my collections bring me in contact with the fashionable world, diplomats, people who have money to invest. I depend on my art collectors to make the right selections. Besides, it's a good investment. Art treasures increase in value as quick and safer than stocks and bonds.

Prince: Ah! I understand.

Morning: Then my collectors in all parts of the world keep me posted on the genius of the people.

Prince: How are you interested in that?

Morning: By genius I mean the policy of a nation. For instance, the genius of England is or was expressed in Free Trade, the Survival of the Fittest, formulated by Darwin. I counted on that to destroy Self-Determination, the UN.

Prince: Ah! You proposed it because you knew you could destroy it?

Morning: Yes! With Self-Determination what would Italy have in Asia or Africa? England would lose her possessions. She is now in the position of a gambler who has lost practically all, and can recoup only by continuing the game. A UN would stop the game of the Survival of the Fittest to promote which England has Free Trade. So long as the game continues there is a chance for her to get back what she has lost. If England had not lost so much, she undoubtedly would be the strongest advocate of the UN. She has always stood in the vanguard of similar movements, but until she gets back what she has lost during the war, I can stifle the UN. I don't want it. It's bad for business. I make money when there's trouble, not when people or nations can settle their disputes amicably. I stir up the stock-exchange, and buy when others are compelled to sell. Without this war, English financiers would not have lost to me. Without this war, Italy would not have gained what she has, and with Self-Determination and a UN she could not keep what she has gained.

Prince: It does not seem honorable. I suppose there is a flaw somewhere in your philosophy, though I cannot name it. It, however, works out justly in the case of Italy, so I must submit.

By the way, you spoke of returning to America.

Morning: Only poor Americans live in America, and they go South in Winter, North in Summer, West in Spring, and East in the Fall.

(Aside) I can't tell him the jig's up, that Germany will soon march in, and that will be the end of Italy.

Prince: Ah! Now I understand why Americans eat ice cream at Christmas. (A young lady comes hurriedly towards them.)



Young Lady: Oh! Baron! The American medium has just written a poem with the planchette, and we want you to hear it. (She drags him towards the other guests.)

Guests: Read it! Read it!

Medium:

#### FROM ANGELICA

Morning: Stop!

Medium: Yes, Baron!

Morning: Let me see it! (He takes the paper and reads it hurriedly, while attempting to hide his anxiety. Mrs. Morning comes next to him.)

Guests: Read it aloud, Baron! Read it aloud!

(Morning hands the paper back to the Medium.)

Medium:

I have crossed the natal bourne,  
I have won the spirit plane,  
Where the waiting cease to mourn  
And immortals know no bane.

My transition was a dream  
Out of which I woke to life,  
To a world of love and paeon,  
Where all heart ties still are rife.

For the sire who sought me long  
Held me clasped within his arms,  
And I heard the welcome song,  
That enthralled me as with charms.

Thus I wandered in his care  
Through the friendships of the soul,  
Midst the fields and flowers rare,  
And the pleasures without toll.

And the earth and all bereft  
Was effaced as by a mist,  
Yet the waves of those I left  
All the dikes of heaven kissed.

Till they grew unto a roar,  
Told me of the voices' dearth,  
Bade me enter en rapport;  
And my message sailed to earth:

There's no death! We all do live!  
You may hear the voices still,  
See the auras that we give,  
If you wish it, if you will!

Guests: How beautiful! Isn't it wonderful?

Morning: (Aside.) I was almost afraid she was going to say something. What rot! It isn't her. There's no such thing. Bunk! But it's strange he got her name and about her sire.

Guests: Who's Angelica? Do you know her, Baron? Please tell us all about her!

Morning: No! No! I never heard of such a person. It's nonsense!

Guests: And you, Baroness?

Mrs. Morning: Gee! It almost scared me to death. I thought it was somebody I used to know, but it wasn't. I never heard of such a person. Let us dance.

(A dance and curtain.)

#### ACT 5. Scene 1.

The stage is divided into two parts, front and back. The back represents a bedroom in which the death-bed scene takes place. The front half is in obscurity during Scene 1.

Bed-room. Morning sick in bed. A Nurse busy. A Doctor examining Morning. Sitting around, Mrs. Morning, a Priest, a Professor, a Lawyer.

Morning: Well, Doctor, I expect I'm going?

Doctor: While there's life there's hope.

Morning: I'm not afraid to go. I've never been afraid of anything. That's why I could do what I did. That's why I've got what I have. I didn't even fear the Devil. How about that, Father Ignatius?

Father Ignatius: No good man need fear Satan.

Morning: I built a church just to nag him. Perhaps I ought to build another, just for spite, to keep him away from my death-bed!

Father Ignatius: He dare not approach you. If all

the sons of the Church were as faithful as you, my son, Hell would soon be empty.

Morning: Here, Bruno, give Father Ignatius half a million, no make it a million, for a new church. Call it a fee for absolution.

Bruno: Yes, Baron! (Bruno makes a note.)

Father Ignatius: My son, I absolve thee. The Holy Father will remember you for this in his prayers. The blessings of the whole Catholic Church will follow you. May the intercession of the Saints assuage your suffering!

Morning: Tut! Tut! I'm alright. It's just to spite the Devil. . . and those accursed miners. Build it among 'em. They're all atheists. If they'd only go to church, they wouldn't go on strike. When I'm gone they'll want to forget me. The church will make them remember Morning and his iron fist. Drat 'em! . . . Well, Professor, what can I do for you, before I go?

Professor: Baron, I am not here to receive, but to give whatever lies in my power. I have been delegated to express the sorrow of the whole student-body, alumni, and faculty of the noble foundation that bears your name.

Morning: I expect that's about all you can do for me. I at least did something with my money, but what can you do for me with your science? You've been experimenting with the living and with the dead. You haven't found the origin of being, the elixir of life, or the cause of death. I experimented with gold, and learned all there is to know about it.

Professor: It takes time and money.

Morning: That's it—time and money! Well, I might as well give you a few million more. I can't take it with me. But I don't see what good it's going to do me now. While I was alive, it was a sop to public opinion. You have to give charity and build universities and endow libraries, just as you have to pay taxes. But I'd rather give it away and get some honor and advertising, than let the people take it away from me in the form of taxation. . . Well, I suppose you and the Church did all you could for me, you helped me sell stock, you defended my reputation and my financial operations, and I'd rather give it you, than share with the damned proletariat. They never did anything for me. My own workingmen did nothing but strike, and try to rob me of the profits which I earned through my own intelligence without the help of their brute bodies. If it hadn't been for me, they'd have starved, the ingrates!

Professor: Education will teach the working classes to appreciate justly the services rendered humanity by great captains of industry such as you, Baron.

Morning: I don't know so much about that. The more they know, the more they want.

Professor: That's because wrong systems of education. . .

Morning: Alright, Professor. Give 'em the right kind and we'll make it five millions. Bruno, arrange that.

Professor: Baron. . .

Morning: I might as well get something for my money. Professor, I understand you've made some startling discoveries about the dead and dying.

Mrs. Morning: Oh! don't let us speak about that now!

Doctor: I'm afraid, Baron, you are tiring yourself with all this conversation. I shall have to order the visitors out of the room.

Morning: I'm doing the ordering still. When I'm dead somebody else'll do it. While I'm alive I'm going to know it. I'll die talking. . . Now, Professor, sit down again. You, Father Ignatius, I'll excuse you. When I stop talking, give me the unction. (Father Ignatius bows himself out.) Professor, have you been able to communicate with the departed?

Professor: We have investigated some inexplicable cases of psychic phenomena and received messages purporting to come from discarnate beings, but we have not yet been able to establish their complete authenticity.

Morning: And never will. When we're dead, we're dead!

Professor: Not always, Baron.

Morning: How's that?

Professor: We have not yet been able to explain or recognize all cases of suspended animation or trance.

Morning: You mean to say that I may be buried alive?



Doctor: Oh no, Baron! Medical science has provided against such an eventuality.

Morning: How?

Doctor: I'd rather not explain just now.

Morning: I demand to know. You tell me, Professor!

Professor: While transferring a cemetery some years ago, it was discovered that a high proportion of the corpses showed signs of having been buried alive. It was then decided to inject a virulent poison into all corpses to make death certain before interment.

Morning: Doctor, see that it's done. I don't want to wake up in my coffin. . . .

Mrs. Morning: Oh, dear, do let us stop this. . .

Morning: Alright. Professor, is it true that the dying see their past rise before them?

Professor: That happens very often. Those who have recovered from a trance, also affirm that they see their future.

Mrs. Morning: Please, dear!

Morning: Alright! I'm tired anyway. I'll rest a little and. . . .

(He sinks back on a pillow. The doctor bends over him. After a few moments he goes out and returns with Father Ignatius who administers extreme unction. Suddenly Morning starts up with a cry:

I see it! (and drops back dead.)

(Curtain.)

### ACT 5. Scene 2.

While the lights are lowered, scenery from the wings shuts off the view of the bed-room, and the front half of the stage takes on a celestial appearance.

Celestial Judge and Spirit of Morning.

Spirit of Morning: Are you God?

Celestial Judge: I am but one of his judges.

Spirit: Is there a God?

Judge: I have said, I am but one of his judges.

Spirit: Then why does he not show himself?

Judge: Here, or on earth?

Spirit: Both. If I had seen him on earth, I would have regulated my life differently. If I see him here, I will believe you.

Judge: Thou didst not see all the kings of the earth, though thou wert honored by many. Thou didst nevertheless believe that others existed. Men who have seen God have lived on the earth. They left their testimonies. If thou hadst not learned to consider all men liars, thou wouldst have believed them. . . Only such as are judged worthy according to thy earthly standards are presented to thy earthly monarchs. Dost thou consider thyself fit to stand in the presence of God?

Spirit: Why have I been brought before you?

Judge: To be judged.

Spirit: I did not know, I did not believe in a future life.

Judge: Thou shalt not be judged according to that belief, but according to thine acts.

Spirit: But my acts would have been different, if I had known that I was to be arraigned after death.

Judge: The criminal constrains his acts through respect for earthly laws, not through spontaneous action. If thou hadst foreseen this day, thou wouldst have ordered thy life in fear of punishment, to profit here as thou didst profit on earth. Doth thy conscience tell thee that reward is granted for deeds done through fear or self-interest? The standard of terrestrial conscience is not different from that of heaven. Whether thou didst or didst not believe in immortality, could not cast thy conscience in a different mould. Dost thou plead ignorance of conscience' law?

Spirit: But God's law teaches forgiveness. I demand that my sins be forgiven. I dare not plead ignorance, for all my deeds are known, are they not?

Judge: If they were not, perchance thou wouldst lie here as thou dost on earth. Didst thou invoke God's law on earth? Hast thou a right to call upon it here? Dost thou show repentance? Hast thou made an effort to atone for the wrongs thou didst commit in the flesh? Thou hast not even in thy defense a death-bed repentance. If the unrepentant sinner may appeal to the law which he despises, then the good will suffer in vain, the evil will escape with impunity. Not a tooth for a tooth, but God's

eternal justice ordains a day of reckoning for all thine acts on earth. . . . Yet God is merciful even to the wicked, for He maketh his very punishment the means of his improvement and final salvation. The godless believe there is no God, no after-life, therefore they commit all manner of crimes. Some who even believe in an after-life and profess to communicate with the departed, teach that there is no retribution in the life beyond the grave. Divine justice says the good shall have their reward in heaven, and the wicked shall be punished in hell. On earth thou didst have thy riches, thy honors. Thou didst do much evil. Thou didst commit horrible crimes. . . To err is human, to forgive divine. Jesus forgave his enemies, but he swung the lash in the Temple. . . Dost thou know this woman?

(The Spirit of Angelica appears.)

Spirit of Morning: O God! Angelica!

Judge: Angelica, what hast thou to say of this man?

Spirit of Morning: Mercy! Mercy! I cannot listen. (Covers his ears with his hands.)

Judge: Not only must thou hear it, but thou shalt hear all thy earthly deeds, and see them, whether good or bad. Thou canst not stop thy ears here.

Spirit of Angelica: He. . .

Spirit of Morning: Angels of mercy! I hear her voice! Silence, I tell you!

Judge: Look upon her! (Spirit of Morning holds his hands before his eyes.) In vain thou shieldest thine eyes, thou must look upon her.

Spirit of Morning: Take her away! I see her! I see her!

Judge: Speak, Angelica, tell this man that which he did unto thee.

Spirit of Angelica: He poisoned me, he ravished me, he robbed me, he murdered my father.

Spirit of Morning: A lie! A lie!

Judge: Truly, that which thou utterest is a lie.

(The Spirit of Fidus appears.)

Judge: Fidus, what hast thou to say of this man?

Spirit of Morning: Holy Mother of Christ, strike me deaf and blind!

Spirit of Fidus: He plundered me, he plundered my child. He assassinated me, he assassinated my child. He violated my daughter.

Spirit of Morning: O Saints of Heaven! Pardon!

(A host is seen approaching.)

Judge: Look yonder! Approaching, thou seest the miners and soldiers thou didst send to their graves, the widows and orphans thou didst pillage. Anon thou shalt answer them. Man, thou hast much to answer here. But go thou now to thy semblables.

(Curtain)

### ACT 5. Scene 3.

While the lights are lowered, the front half of the stage is changed to represent hell. Serpents painted on scenery, red flames issuing from caves, demons and lost souls strutting across the stage. The bed-room is hidden in darkness. There is a trap door hidden from the audience by a rock. The Spirit of Morning disappears through this trap door in Scene 4.

Spirit of Morning chained. Enter Spirit of the Chief of the Gangsters.

Spirit of Chief: Welcome, boss! I've been waiting fer ye. But I perceive yer chained. So was I, but I put one over 'em. Hold yer chain in this flame, an' it'll melt like butter.

(Spirit of Morning holds chain in flame.)

Spirit of Morning: It burns, it burns! Liar! Water! For Christ's sake! Water! It burns!

(Spirit of Chief grins at him, while an angel brings a cup of water, and places it on a rock. The angel disappears immediately, the Spirit of the Chief seizes the water and drinks it.)

S. of Morning: Thief, give me my water! It burns! It burns! Liar! Thief! Give me my water!

S. of Chief: (Mockingly.) Me, a thief, a liar! I never stole a cent, I never told a lie. I'm George Washington. You lied me to the rope, you stole twenty thousand bucks of me. You're a liar, you're a thief. Have a drink! (He holds the cup of water towards S. of Morning, then drinks it himself.) Melts like butter! Hah! Hah!



S. of Morning: Water! Water! It burns! Water!  
S. of Chief: I'm drinking water, ain't I? What's the matter with ye? Melts like butter? (He smacks his lips.) Say, there's yer daughter!

(Behind a gauze is seen the picture of the cottage in the Sierra Nevada. Lucille is sitting on the porch. Count von Schwernot appears.)

Lucille: Why, what brings you here, Count? I never thought you were in America. I understood you were in Italy.

Count: I was, but they sent me here to inspect some properties. I heard you were staying up here, Princess, and thought I'd just drop in and renew our old friendship.

Lucille: I'm sure you're very welcome. Mother'll be back in a few days, she's visiting some friends in Los Angeles, so it happens I'm quite alone, not a soul here till the caretaker returns to night. Very romantic, isn't it? Pray be seated!

Count: And how is the Prince of the Alps?

Lucille: He was called back to Italy. There is still much unrest in Europe.

Count: You know, Princess, I'm quite jealous of your husband—he, the husband of the woman whom I had once thought to make mistress of my Prussian castle.

Lucille: Count!

Count: Yes, I must tell it you now. I loved you then, but your father told me you were ambitious, only a prince could win your hand. I love you still, Lucille. (He seizes her hand. She rises.)

Lucille: Please let me go, Count, you frighten me!

Count: Can't you love me, Lucille? Come back with me, and we'll return to Prussia.

(She tries to drag herself away. He rises.)

No, I won't let you go. You belong to me. (He attempts to put his arms around her, she breaks loose and rushes into the cottage. He follows her.)

S. of Morning: Set me free! Set me free! He's killing her! Set me free!

S. of Chief: Why don't ye put yer irons in the fire? Melt like butter! Hah! Hah! Kill yer daughter. That's nix! Didn't ye tell me to kill Fidus an' the strikers? When I come here, they had me up as a witness again ye, an' I heard ye pised Fidus's daughter. You ain't got no kick coming. Hah! Hah! Melts like butter! (He smacks his lips.)

(Count emerges from cottage.)

Count: She's mine now! But what am I to do next? She's in a swoon. If somebody comes along, they may ask about her. I ought not to be seen here. I'll go. But I can't leave her here. I can't carry her like that down to the machine. . . She may come to any minute. . . She called me a cowardly Hun! Curse her! Perhaps I made a mistake. If these accursed Americans should hear of it! And like an idiot I told her about our properties here. (He looks at a ring on his finger.) Majesty gave it me to use if I failed. It was intended for himself in case the Allies captured him. (He takes the ring from his finger, and lifts the stone.) He told me it was a deadly poison, instantaneous, painless, leaving absolutely no trace, the discovery of our great German scientists. (He lifts it slowly towards his mouth, when about to swallow it, he stops suddenly.) What a fool I am. I haven't failed yet. I'll give it her.

(He re-enters the cottage.)

S. of Morning: Let me go! Let me go! The hell fiend's dishonored my child, and now he's poisoning her!

S. of Chief: Well who's holding ye? Put yer bracelets in the flames! Melt like butter! Hah! Hah! Dishonored yer child! an' now he's poisoning her! Who dishonored Fidus's child, who pised her? Reckon yer old pardner's bout square with ye now. Melts like butter! (He smacks his lips.) So long, Count! Hope to see ye again! (The Count is seen emerging from the cottage and disappears.) Have a drink! 'Tain't gone dry up here yet. Expect ye'd like to have a drop of the stuff

ye left down there. I'll see what I can do fer ye. Cost ye twenty thousand bucks a drop, but that's a flea bite fer a bloated plutocrat like you. Say, there's yer missus. Reckon I'll wait a bit!

Mrs. Morning and the Count are seen sitting on the porch of the cottage.)

Mrs. Morning: It was terrible, Count! She was all by herself. The doctors said it was heart failure.

Count: I can imagine your state of mind, Baroness. You must feel terribly lonesome now?

Mrs. Morning: Yes, Count, I hardly know what I shall do with myself.

Count: (He takes her hand.) If you will permit me, I will endeavor to make you forget all your bereavements.

Mrs. Morning: O Count, this is so sudden. You must give me time to think it over. (The Count takes her his arms.)

S. of Morning: Hell and all the fiends here, free me, only for a brief second, that I may strangle that adulterer!

S. of Chief: Why don't ye put yer irons in the flames? Melt like butter! (He smacks his lips.) Adulterer! Eh? What ye call yerself, then, Mr. Morning? A lily white virgin, who didn't put one over his missus! Have a drop! (Offers the cup, but drinks it himself.) What, ye refuse an old friend! Perhaps, yer thirsty fer blood? Jealous!

The green eyed monster's got ye, eh! Look at 'em. See 'em hugging each other. Yer face is like a burning coal, yer like an ugly fiend o' hell yerself. Why don't ye get 'em? Sickem, Morning, Sickem! Hah! Hah! Melts like butter! He smacks his lips.)

(Curtain)

#### ACT 5. Scene 4.

The front half of the stage is in complete darkness, only the Spirit of Morning is seen looking towards the bed-room which is illuminated with candles around the corpse. Enter the Doctor with hypodermic syringe in his hand.

Doctor: He's gone! Perhaps the greatest force of our time. He made war and peace. Sent millions to an untimely grave. Men trembled before his power. Whole nations toiled to fill his vaults. He owned them body and soul, more completely than the slave-owners their slaves. And all by means of a handful of gray matter, apparently no different from the brains of other men. . . . What is the secret of it all? He had less vital force, less will power, less magnetism, character, education than thousands of other men who were his abject slaves. Was it the cortical substance, or luck, chance, opportunity, aided by the artificial arrangement of our modern society? . . . One thing is certain, a less complex social system would make such an organism totally impossible. I can well diagnose, though I cannot prescribe, the anarchist's methods for purging the world of its organizations. . . The secret may one day be discovered in the psychic powers which are threatening to revolutionize our exact sciences. Till then we must reckon without the psyche, deny its very existence.

(He bends over the corpse to insert the needle. The Spirit of Morning raises its arms, endeavors to move towards the corpse, but cannot.)

Spirit of Morning: Stop!

(The Doctor starts up.)

Doctor: I thought I heard a voice. (He looks around.) It must be my imagination affected by my musing. (He rapidly inserts the needle and injects the virus. With a cry of agony the Spirit of Morning disappears through the trap door. The corpse starts up from the bed, but falls back immediately. The Doctor in horror starts back, then slowly approaches the corpse to examine it.)

He must have been in a trance.

(Curtain)



# EXTRANEOUS

The companion volume, *The Destruction of the World*, which also contains the play, *The Doom of the Proletariat*, is now ready for the press and will be run off as soon as possible.

“*univrs*”

I was tempted to have this book printed without a single capital letter just to demonstrate how unnecessary, confusing and cumbersome capitals are. (See my pamphlet “Universal” Language, available on request.) A few readers may notice that I have not followed a uniform rule in capitalizing such words as communism, etc. Most readers will not even notice these discrepancies. Of course the literati are not taken into consideration, as this book is not written for them. Other discrepancies may be considered a matter of taste (or unsystematism), such as hyphenated, or two words or one (compound) word. These are simply conscious examples of the iconoclasm that in this book has ignored the conventions of the arbiters of literature.

---

## I BELIEVE

in Pure Government without isms, without militarism, republicanism, monarchism, communism, bolshevism, socialism, trade-unionism, etc., etc., etc. Pure Government is an entirely different concept from any of the concepts of the prevailing isms. A Pure Government should be independent of, and not favor, any ism. A Pure Government should not indulge in any race-, color-, or religious discriminations; should not favor any immigration-, emigration-, or commerce (export, import) barriers; any monopolies of utilities, manufactures, professions (medical, legal, religious, etc.), or trades (unions); but should protect the majority of the peoples of the world against the encroachments and selfishness of all isms; in other words a Pure Government should encourage Liberty and Freedom for the poorest as well as the richest, for the weakest as well as the most powerful, so that there shall be no obstacles to the rise of the lowliest and the meekest to the highest positions in the land.

---

## AMERICA'S SLOGAN

We can and will live in peace with the Russian People, but not with the Bolshevik Czars.

---

## OPEN WIDE THE DOORS

There are approximately a million and a quarter D. P's in Europe who refuse to return to Russia, and less than 20 per cent of them are Jews. Surely the empty spaces of the world can absorb these persons with benefit to humanity and without hardship to any country.

## LINGO OF THE LATRINE

Your book-club authors are saturated with whisky, tobacco, profanity, and fornication. Of course this is not new. In Zola's days it was dubbed “realism”. Today it is “true-to-life.”

Sewers and cesspools are “true-to-life”, but we bury them out of sight. Even the cats bury their excrement. We deodorize our bath-rooms and flush our stools, we use toilet-paper. In the Holy City they micturate and defecate in the middle of the street, but I never noticed an artist glamorize the act, and the scarcity of toilet-paper was one of the hardships of the War.

Civilized beings use toilet-paper and kotex to get rid of the stench and the repulsiveness, they don't go about exposing it or depicting it, in so-called “literature”.

Parents don't copulate in front of their children, they don't show them pictures or books glamorizing the act of procreation, though it is “true-to-life.”

There are many things “true-to-life”, but they are ugly, repulsive, execrable, and sane people keep them out of sight, and enact them in the privacy of their bath-rooms, or the intimacy of their nuptial chambers.

Whisky, tobacco, profanity, fornication, are not the media of great art or of great artists.

Whisky-swillers and cigarette-hounds deodorize their breaths with gum. The ladies who buy and produce our modern “literature” hide their smells under perfumes; their angularities under padding, foundations; their fat under corsets, girdles, supports, braces, boning; their flat breasts under brassieres, bust-cups; their cloven hoofs above high heels and under tight uppers; their deformities under styles and fashions; their sallowness under attractive colors; their lack of hips under bustles, etc.; their ugliness under make-up, so that the proverb has changed from Beauty is skin-deep to paint-deep.

Why not use the same technic in their “literature”?

Part of our so-called “literature”, and perhaps the most degenerating, are the movie-scripts being concocted in Hollywood by Bolsheviks. To corrupt the American people, these Bolsheviks glorify whisky, tobacco, profanity, fornication, and their own putrid divorces.

There is only one way to destroy this ulcer. The American people themselves and their churches must demand a movie center, where Bolsheviks will not be hired or permitted to write nor to enact in their own lives their vices, nor to pollute and destroy the American people with whisky, tobacco, profanity, fornication, and divorce.

There are far better script-writers and screen-artists in America than our book-club proteges and our movie “stars” promoted by our moguls, but they are suppressed, systematically and ruthlessly, by the Bolsheviks who infiltrate into power.

Accordingly, I have not considered it my duty to glorify whisky, tobacco, profanity, and fornication to assure the sale of this book. The places for them are Hollywood, ladies' cocktail bars, men's saloons, and the latrines.



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This is Dr. Immanuel of the world's only Radio Miracle Shrine. Through the telekinetic waves broadcast by YHWH, the Patron Power of this station, and the faith of the sick and their friends and relatives, a miracle of healing can happen to anyone who tunes in to this station. This is not an amusement program, this is a solemn occasion, and if you want results do not treat this opportunity lightly. Be serious. Everything depends on your attitude.

Now bring the sick to the radio. Bring them in chairs or beds, if they cannot walk. Or take the radio to them. Place a pillow in front of a chair for the sick to kneel on, if he is able. If he is not able to kneel, let him listen carefully and reverently. Now I am speaking to the sick:

Do not think of anything in particular, have only faith. Just relax and breathe deeply. You are now in the posture of prayer. You are going to ask YHWH to heal you of your ills. YHWH has commanded us to kneel in this way and has promised to heal us if we are obedient to His commands. If you have not had sufficient faith in the past, from now on you will have the necessary faith, and you will obey in spite of yourself.

Remain on your knees and clasp your hands tightly. All of you can do this. Those who are not kneeling can clasp their hands.

Your body has obeyed your soul, but that is not sufficient. It is necessary that you strengthen your faith and obedience by additional trials. You are in the posture of prayer, and clasping your hands in supplication as YHWH has commanded. Remain on your knees with your hands clasped.

Your body and your hands have obeyed your soul, but even that is not sufficient. It is necessary that you reaffirm your faith and obedience. You are in the posture of prayer, you are on your knees, your hands are clasped. Now close your eyes. This is the veritable attitude of supplication. In this attitude you are showing your obedience to the will of YHWH.

Be perfectly quiet. This is an awful moment. Have perfect faith. A miracle is going to happen to someone. Listen:

Heal them now, O YHWH, I beseech thee!

Heal them now, O YHWH, I beseech thee!

Heal them now, O YHWH, I beseech thee!

Now all of you place your hands on the sick person and repeat after me:

Heal us now, O YHWH, we beseech thee!

Heal us now, O YHWH, we beseech thee!

Heal us now, O YHWH, we beseech thee!

Do not move yet, listen. I am now going to command you to open your eyes. When I do so, you will come out of the expectant state in which you are now. You will come out of it quite naturally, without feeling in the least fatigued. On the contrary, you will feel strong, vigorous, active, full of life:

Open your eyes!

Open your eyes!

Open your eyes!

If you are healed or improved, give thanks to YHWH. But if you are not healed this time, do not lose heart, do not give up hope. Very often it takes time, perseverance and many trials. In the mean time it will help you to use faith, fasting and prayer.

YHWH keep you till we meet again next Sunday at the same hour.

And now a few words about my sponsors who make this program possible.



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