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**rites of Eleusis.**

**CLASSICISM AND MYSTICISM  
AT CAXTON HALL.**

The first of the Rites of Eleusis was held at Caxton Hall last night by the mystical society of which Mr. Crawley [*sic*] (of the "Equinox") is the chief. It was the rite of Saturn. The rites of Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, and Luna follow on successive Wednesdays, and unless a more cheerful tone is imparted than Saturn gave, the people who have paid five guineas for the whole lot will have committed suicide before they reach Luna.

The "Leader" worshipper, sneezing through a fog of incense, entered the temple of Saturn, which was lit by one feeble blue light. Most of the ritual was held in total darkness, though once there was a methyated spirit fire, which betrayed an audience of ladies and gentlemen in evening-dress, sitting most uncomfortably on very low bamboo stools.

After a litany of lamentation, the lights went out. After that it was all lamentation—though once there was a jolly interval when a traitor in the temple was discovered, and slain, howling bitterly. The ritual is really an appeal to Saturn to explain the riddle of the universe. He explains it. "Death." "There is no God." "There is nothing behind the Veil but a pinch of dust."

In the end, the veil is rent asunder, and the Master of the Temple is found dead, having recited, "O melancholy brothers, dark, dark, dark!" and committed suicide.