

five per cent. of our people are unconsciously biased by such pictures and articles as I have mentioned. They even jeer at the Kaiser's infirmities (which were transfused, by the way, through the English blood of his ancestry). For twenty-seven years he has reigned over a great people, and no man in Europe has tried so hard to preserve the peace as has this man. Remember the Morocco incident, less than four years ago; the German people clamored for war, but the Kaiser, by wise repression and true diplomacy, avoided it. This incident, however, served him one great purpose, showing to his master mind exactly where England stood. From the day of Agida (the Pantha incident), the blood red flag of England was known to wave with personal hostility against Germany, and mighty preparations were therefore made to meet the inevitable.

The Belgian feature of the present war is worthy careful consideration. It is a fact that a declaration of war by one nation against another nation is notice per se to all the world that the nation so declaring war is ready to go to any extent, even to the breaking of a treaty. Treaties may be violated at will, they are not binding upon nations in time of war. They are the means of conducting negotiations between nations in times of peace, and once a treaty becomes a burden to a nation that nation certainly has the right to abrogate the same. We have done it, England has done it, every nation has done it, according to the exigencies that arose.

The German Chancellor described the Belgian neutrality treaty as "a scrap of paper," the American humorist immediately twisted it to suit his wit. The chancellor, a serious-minded man, was not dealing in frivolities when he made that statement, and as he explained (when he saw the attitude of other countries), what he meant thereby was that the treaty had been violated by both France and England years prior to the German declaration of this war and that the crossing of German troops into Belgium was therefore no violation. Some fifteen years ago a situation arose which caused the world to exclaim with one accord that "Belgium should be wiped off the map of the earth." At the time of which I speak, a great human cry was raised throughout the civilized world against the Belgians for the abuse of the negroes in Congo, Africa, whose lives were sacrificed by tens of thousands in the rubber gathering industry that Belgium might profit thereby in dollars and cents. Tales of outrages to men, women and children were most appalling. Photographs were taken and published throughout the world, and with one

accord the hand of man was raised against the Belgians.

Belgium has been tricky all her life. It was English and French money, English and French diplomats, who built and financed the fortifications of Belgium, who outlined the course she was to pursue, and Belgium, secure in the thought that England and France were back of her, provoked Germany into dealing with her as the past indicates, and all this will be proven after the war is over. The present King of Belgium has unquestionably won for himself the respect and admiration of the world for his consideration and courage. Brave, of course he is brave, no man deserves credit for being brave. It is the commonest inheritance of the human race; no more should a man be praised for being honest. Honesty and bravery should be inherent. No more should a man be praised for caring for his mother in her old age. These are "he male" standards, and for him who fails to meet any of these standards, God have mercy on his soul!

In the above article in attempting a sincere, if somewhat personal concept of some points leading to the present war, I may have seemed a little bitter against England, but I had ancestors in the Revolutionary War. England has always treated America with scant courtesy and consideration (unless she wanted a favor). She stopped our commerce and searched our ships at will in 1912, and is doing pretty nearly the same thing today. She employed troops to kill our ancestors; she employed Indians, savage and cruel, to massacre our helpless women and children; she burned the capital of our nation, a defenseless and peaceful inland town, and, mark you, all or most of us were of her blood. It was done for the purpose of controlling our methods and modes of life, and levying tribute. That she learned a great lesson from the Revolutionary War is certain, for her present day colonies have been well treated, but I fear the lesson of 1812 has been forgotten.

Our nation today is also suffering from financialism. The dollar mark has been the "open sesame" to everything in the United States. Our desire for gain is so great that our country today is shipping tons upon tons of destructive ammunition to help carry on an inhuman war. We talk neutrality, but we do not practice it.

There is a great lesson to be gathered from the causes and effects of the present war. Is it for us to make sport of such thrift, industry and efficiency as has been shown the world by the German people? Fortunate indeed is the nation that can avoid war, but defensive militarism is absolutely essential.

BILLY SUNDAY

By Aleister Crowley.

"The wild man went his weary way
To a strange and lonely pump."

THE feelings of the Albert Memorial having been wounded by the criticisms of artists, I thought it only kind to bring back a photograph of the City Hall of Philadelphia, on the same principle as the association of Count Guido and Judas by Caponsacchi.

I repaired, accordingly, to the Quaker City for this purpose, and being strayed amid the various nuts, herbacea and other vegetables after which the foxy folk name streets, came suddenly upon a large, low, wooden tabernacle.

Like Blind Bartimeus, I inquired why, in view of the fifteen thousand people then just coming out, there should be fifteen thousand more obviously waiting to go in. My informant replied that it was a preaching. A preaching, in my system of metaphysics, postulates a preacher. I asked about the preacher. "Billy Sunday," was the answer, and I felt like the man at Melbourne, who was told that the people were all going to see the race for the cup, and, an instant before his extermination, asked, "What cup?"

But I am not the Pride of the Bench, and I did not continue, "Who is Billy Sunday?" For this preacher is certainly the most often discussed man in the United