

run over your mother she would have sent you the money, and you would have gone to St. Petersburg and started a world-wide conflagration there. So it is I that saved Russia—our great, beloved country, rich and fair!"

"I beg your pardon!" cried the gentleman standing behind me, who was the man with whom I was doing business in Kalitkin, "not so fast! He isn't the deliverer of Russia either. I was supposed to meet him in Kieff, but didn't go. But if I had gone he would certainly not have run over your mother. And my reason for not going was that I had to attend the wedding of Bumagin's daughter."

Bumagin was also present. He beat his breast and said:

"So it is not you that saved Russia, but I! For she's my daughter!"

"You mean your daughter saved Russia!" said someone in the rear of the crowd.

"No, but her husband! If he had not married her——"

"Where does the husband come in? His aunt—after her death——"

"Was it his aunt that saved Russia?"

A frightful confusion and shouting was on foot.

After it had lasted for half an hour, it transpired that Russia had been delivered by an illiterate old Russian woman, servant of the bridegroom's aunt, who administered to the old lady a double dose of some medicine, by mistake, with fatal results.

It was decided then and there to appoint a deputation from among the citizens of Kalitkin, with the object of searching for this old servant and expressing to her the gratitude of Russia's people.

When they found her, she proved to be a person of the most exceptional modesty, for she had not even dreamed of the feat performed by her—the deliverance of our great and glorious Russia, so well beloved by every one of us, from ruin!

FINIS.

Translated by Jacob Wittmer Hartmann.

## A NOISY NOISE ANNOYS AN OYSTER

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

I WAS sitting upon the terrace of the Café de la Paix one summer evening some years ago before the war, when my attention was attracted to a procession of young exquisites. It was not an ordinary procession. It appeared to partake of the nature of an advertisement. All the members of the party were apparently male. At least they were dressed in the extreme masculine fashion. They were apparently from the stage of some theatre, for they were painted and powdered excessively. Their gait was mincing; each carried an elegant cane held to the face rather like a lorgnette, and each held in the other hand a copy of the first volume of Mr. Alfred Noyes. The Café de la Paix must have been very full that evening; at least, they shortly re-emerged, followed by some rapid remarks from the maître d'hôtel.

The second time I heard of Mr. Noyes was in London. I had been slumming, and had dug down to the office of the *New Age*, where I discovered an individual bearing the savory name of Oliver Onions. This gentleman proved to be full of Mr. Noyes, and informed me that it was the boast of that individual that he had made a living out of poetry ever since he left Oxford. "Interesting indeed," said I, "whose poetry?" I was then reminded that Mr. Noyes was himself a poet, and indeed, on investigation, it appears that this Mr. Noyes is the most determined poet that ever lived. It seems that he set the career of Tennyson before him from the very start. He intended to become Poet Laureate, and nothing should stop him. I do not think anything will stop him.

THE evidence of his campaign is to be seen in his career. The very fact of seizing upon the canons of Oxford is evidence. But as soon as he left Oxford he perceived that he must pick up with the bigger traditions of popularity. He therefore took the big English traditions: the sea, and King Arthur, and the May-Queen, and tied them up with Swinburne and Kipling. One can see traces of the style of all

of these. Here is a passage of so-called blank verse of the most wooden Tennysonian model:

"So six days passed, and on the seventh returned  
The courier, with a message of the Queen  
Summoning Drake to court, bidding him bring  
Also such curious trifles of his voyage  
As might amuse her, also be of good cheer  
She bade him, and rest well content his life  
In Gloriana's hands were safe: so Drake  
Laughingly landed with his war-bronzed crew  
Amid the wide-eyed throng on Plymouth beach."

Here is a purely Kiplingesque stanza:

"If you try and lay there, sir, with your face turned wonder,  
Up to twenty million miles of stars that roll like one,  
Right across to God knows where, and you just huddle under  
Like a little beetle with no business of his own,  
These you'd hear, like growing grass, a funny, silent sound,  
sir,

Mixed with curious crackles in a steady undertone,  
Just the sound of twenty billion stars a-going round, sir,  
Yus, and you bentath 'em like a wise, old ant, alone,

Ant upon a stone,

Waving of his antlers, on the Sussex downs, alone."

Here is a stanza which reads like a parody of Swinburne:  
"Whether the walls that I know, or the unknown fugitive  
faces.

Faces like those that I loved, faces that haunt, and waylay,  
Faces so like and unlike in the dim unforgettable places,  
Startling the heart into sickness that aches with the sweet  
of the May."

WHENEVER anybody makes a hit, Alfred Noyes must be on the spot with another poem exactly like it. No sooner does Herbert Trench score a success with "Apollo and the Seaman," than Mr. Noyes obliges with "Bacchus