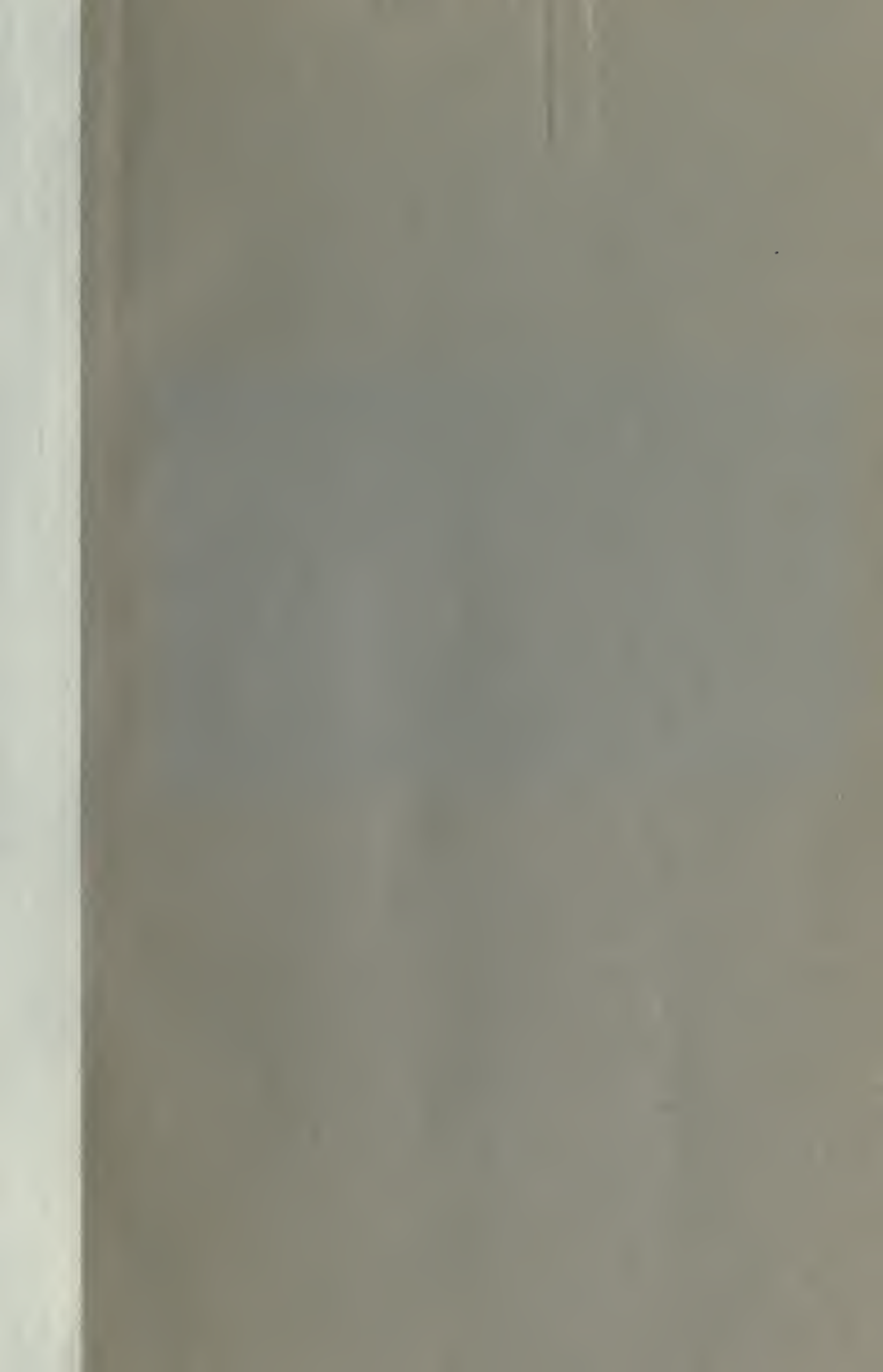


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THE
LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F. Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

Vol. 3

September, 1917

No. 6

Reflections on Teuton Culture

By THEODORE F. BONNET

The jar of war has shaken many a smug philosopher out of his fat-headed self-esteem and not a few of the plain people into a clearer sense of the philistinism of learning and the magnificence and mystery of life. The war with all its devastation will probably be found to have been worth while, especially in the self-satisfied Central Empires where there was a little too much reverence for a pseudo-science concerned with academic problems and the modes of the day, where also there was lack of perspective among scholars and artists and consequently a fatal excess of seriousness. Hence the stage in Germany and Austria was seen to be largely occupied with social problems and current ideas, or at least more given to their discussion than to any other subject. It was there Ibsen's mantle was commonly believed to have descended.

The impression of universal culture must have been unavoidable in a country where subsidized theatres abounded in the vestibule of which one might study the portraits of Ibsen, Tolstoi, Strindberg, Hauptmann, D'Annunzio and Shaw. These names, learned critics told us, were household words. Germany had no writers like Meredith or Chesterton or Anatole France to distract attention from the main business of playgoing. In literature the dialogue was the *thing*. Even Hofmannsthal, a poet, threw all his work at random into theatrical form. In Germany before the war the theatre was the ultimate shrine of national art. And the theatre

had little genuine comedy—mainly farce. Only in Bavaria with its Catholic impatience of pseudo-intellectualism was there found a saving sense of humor—the humor of Ludwig Thoma, chief pillar of the journal *Simplicissimus*, a representative of the Bavarian spirit. With all the defects of his qualities he was at least sensitive to the legitimate objects of ridicule—the police, the bureaucracy, the Court.

It was in this atmosphere of pedantry peculiar to Germany, where a passion for the theatrical made banality of sentiment seem profound, that the scholarship of a Freud was much admired. It is of Freud that I would speak, one of his books having arrested my attention, one of more than ordinary significance. This book—Freud's study of Leonardo Da Vinci—is hardly a volume for bachelors and maids; in the majority of its pages, indeed, is not a book even for sophisticated men of sensitive nature. To be quite frank it is a book that plumbs the depths of nastiness. It is revolting, disgusting.

"Why review it then?" perhaps you will ask. Be not alarmed, I'm not reviewing it. I'm not competent to review it, having but read paragraphs here and there.

Do not misunderstand me, dear reader; I am not trying to intrigue anybody's interest in the book; and that nobody's curiosity may be edged I will give this solemn assurance that the book cannot possibly have any interest for any but a diseased mind or a mind made curious, as mine has been, by certain phenomena of the times. It is not an obscene book in the sense that it appeals to the prurient, which it does not. It would not appeal to the students of the erotic in literature; neither to lovers of Boccaccio nor lovers of droll stories of any kind, whether the more piquant ones from the oriental tales that Burton translated or the yarns of Petronius who wrote the *Satyricon*. It is a book

apart that only a novelist like Edgar Saltus might read in sober search of salacious book material but hardly without the possibility of being turned aside and bored or worse, as was the case with one scientist I know, one schooled in the very science that Freud exploits. Hence the book's significance as a study of the times in Central Europe, according to my way of thinking notwithstanding the fact that it was translated by an American—A. A. Brill, Ph. B., M. D., lecturer in psychoanalysis and abnormal psychology, New York University. It is to be inferred that Brill was deeply impressed by Freud, but we know that American professors who studied in Germany were impressed by Kraft-Ebbing, and took it for granted that his best known work was a very serious, scientific study. Now this may indeed be the truth respecting Freud's *Leonardo Da Vinci*. For Freud is the great Dr. Sigmund Freud, L. L. D., of the University of Vienna who, rather than his book is herein a subject of discussion, the intention being to direct attention through him to a school of thought which had its origin among the dry-as-dust pedants of Central Europe long before the war, the disciples of which have been propagating their neurotic philosophy all over the world.

Freud is Bernhardi in another guise. He is typical of the egotistic seriousness of German writers and philosophers. The reasoning that supports the argument of the work on Leonardo is of precisely the quality that marks the Machiavellian philosophy of German diplomacy. It has something of the repellant naiveté of an unmoral woman who preens herself on the superiority of her unconventionality.

As none but a person steeped in Teuton philosophy could seriously advance the arguments of Bernhardi, so only a scientist of the school that begat Freud would take it for granted that the raw inclinations of his lopsided individuality might be accepted as a test of normal human instincts. Hence *A Psychosexual Study of an Infantile Reminiscence*.

Such is the sub-title of Freud's work on Leonardo. Here may be found science in its most dogmatic and unscientific mood, the science from which the *intelligentia* of diverse peoples have derived their views on the importance of revolt against routine and unconventionality in the management of marital affairs. Here is science made in Austria busying itself with an analysis of the psychology of an "infant's reminiscence," and drawing therefrom the most extraordinary conclusions as to the child's inherent sexual tendencies. The whole object of this profound study made by a scholar eminent among scholars in Austria is to prove that the infant in question was a congenital pervert.

It happens in this case that the infant became the greatest genius of the Renaissance. His was a genius so extraordinary that his powers might seem to mark the superman. So far above the genius of the world's intellectual giants was Leonardo that to essay an analysis of his emotions would seem to be only less presumptuous than to expound cocksurely God's way His wonders in performing. But Professor Freud in a fine burst of egoism tackles the job with supreme self-confidence, accepting all his own premises with the bland assurance that explains the geometrical problems of the Martians. And the result is an arresting revelation of the Viennese mind under high cultivation.

A little ashamed of his convictions as to the sexual abnormality of Da Vinci the distinguished psychologist introduces his study with a plea in extenuation or rather in exculpation. "When psycho-analytic investigation," he says, "which usually contents itself with frail material, approaches the greatest personages of humanity, it is not impelled to it by motives which are often attributed to it by laymen." He adds: "It does not strive 'to blacken the radiant and to drag the sublime into the mire;' it finds no satisfaction in diminishing the distance between the perfection of the great and the in-

adequacy of ordinary objects." In short the psychologist's motive in psychoanalytic investigation is always sweetly scientific, never induced by a personal curiosity in the vagaries and appetites of sex. Yet we find Professor Freud striving to support a theory of Leonardo's innate taste for abnormal practices in sexual intercourse.

Now the point we would make is that Freud's study of Leonardo is of less importance than the study Freud affords of himself. Professor Freud is one of the intellectual personalities peculiar to his day and generation. He is in a sense peculiar to the intellectual atmosphere of certain academic circles whence Kultur is disseminated throughout the Teutonic communities of Central Europe. To that Kultur may be attributed a state of mind characteristic of a philosophy which has led to an incomprehensible attitude toward the business of life and the relations of men generally. We know the logical consequence of this philosophy in the affairs of nations. Let us see what might be the logical result in the affairs of men were the mental operations of a Freud to be universally accepted as quite rational and normal. There is certainly a hint as to this result in the book under discussion, and this book it should be remarked is not exceptional in a country where pedants have been spending much time for a score of years in expounding the mysteries of sexual passion.

Dr. Freud's thesis, it appears, was in a large measure inspired by what Leonardo once wrote of what Freud calls an infantile reminiscence. Leonardo told of an experience in his cradle of which he had a very early memory. Freud says it was but a phantasy which Leonardo "transferred to his childhood;" a phantasy about a visit from a vulture. Now a phantasy as it was, Freud the great scientist must give forth much heavy vapping on the subject. He tells us that what a man does not understand of his "memory remnants" conceals "invaluable

evidences of the most important features of his psychic development" and that "psychoanalytic technique affords excellent means for bringing to light this concealed material."

And so "we shall venture to fill the gaps," says Freud. And he does, giving us a long dissertation on the vulture as viewed in fable by the ancients, at the same time appealing to the reader to restrain his indignation and to lend an unprejudiced ear "to psychoanalytic work," which, he proudly assures us, has not yet uttered the last word.

Here is science analyzing an ancient fable that Leonardo may never have heard of in order to bear out what Freud himself, inadvertently perhaps, allows us the privilege of designating as his "pre-conception" of what he describes as Leonardo's "sexual activity." What we actually know of this activity Freud confesses is very little. However, says Freud, it is "full of significance;" quite as full perhaps as the cradle phantasy. What we really know of Leonardo is that he was chaste to a degree, that he was a man of ascetic temperament given to arduous and successful scientific and mechanical investigation when not engaged on his paintings and sculptures. Freud himself says that Leonardo's investigations extended over all realms of science, in every one of which he was a discoverer or at least a prophet or forerunner, but the great scientist adds: "observation of daily life shows us that most persons have the capacity to direct a very tangible part of their sexual motive powers to their professional or business activities."

Thus you see it is not easy to escape the science of a psychoanalyst. A dangerous thing to combat is the preconception of the Viennese mind, especially when it does not scruple at pursuing a theory without regard to the most tender considerations and in utter disregard of the holiest and most sacred relations of life.

One may not even hint at the unspeakable con-

victions of this famous scientist who has been translated in an American university and applauded by our magazine writers. Doubtless I will be told (so important is the printed word in the opinion of zealous purveyors of knowledge) that convictions are the most sacred things in the world and the diffusion of them in their variety essential at all times to the welfare of the world, and therefore that it is absurd to gag at Freud or to deprecate the publication and translation of his views. Well, at least one may hint at the character of his science and the basis of his convictions, which, appropriately enough, was the vulture-headed goddess *Mut* of the Egyptians, a figure of altogether impersonal character—half male and half female.

It is to the Egyptian pantheon that the great Freud leads us that we may study the origin of the smile of Mona Lisa del Gioconda, the smile that has haunted four centuries and in which wise men like Walter Pater have seen lurking all the subtle wonder of the ages. "She is older than the rocks among which she sits," says Pater; "like the vampire she has been dead many times and learned the secrets of the grave." One of her secrets the scientist of Vienna has learned. The smile of La Gioconda no longer bewilders him. It suddenly dawned upon him "that only Leonardo could have painted this picture, as only he could have formed the vulture phantasy." How lucid! I wonder if the suggestion came from Pater's mention of the vampire. "This picture," says Freud, "contains the synthesis of the history of Leonardo's childhood," and the scientist returns to Pater, the word-artist, to bear out his theory. According to Freud, Pater saw in the picture "the entire erotic experience of modern man, but as a matter of fact Pater says that "but for express historical testimony we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last." The triumph of art was achieved, according to Freud, because of a "kindly nature which bestowed

on the artist the capacity to express in artistic productions his most secret psychic feelings hidden even to himself." He expressed these feelings in many paintings, Freud would have us believe. Freud has read the smile before, a fixed smile in pictures that have perplexed many spectators but not Freud, pictures that "breathe a mysticism into the secret of which one dares not penetrate."

In Freud's peculiar eyes the pictures are androgynous, the figures "gaze mysteriously triumphant, as if they knew of a great happy issue concerning which one must remain quiet; the familiar fascinating smile leads us to infer that it is a love secret."

Surely Freud has not been quiet. He has interpreted a smile for us along scientific lines, in harmony with the general spirit of the science, philosophy and literature prevalent of late years among the people who gave us Nietzsche and the wonderful Strauss.

THE POETRY OF SAN FRANCISCO

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

It is remarkable how many poems have been written about San Francisco. A San Franciscan who makes a collection of them has two hundred and sixteen separate pieces, gathered without much difficulty, and is confident that labor will turn up many more. In making his collection he excluded rigidly all poems which were not concerned directly with San Francisco and San Francisco Bay; in his anthology there are poems of place only, no poems of persons: poems dealing with San Franciscans are numerous, but they are outside his scope. Another condition which set limits to his collection was this: he accepted only those pieces which, in his opinion, deserved to be called poems. There are tons of doggerel dealing with San Francisco, but he would have none of it. He ignored the trashy songs which have been written about his city both before and after the vogue of ragtime. He overlooked nine-tenths of the fugitive poems about San Francisco which have appeared in San Francisco newspapers from '49 to the present day. Nevertheless, he has collected two hundred and sixteen poems, and is sure he can collect many more. Is not this a remarkable showing for a city which has a history of only sixty-eight years?

I do not know of any collection of poems about New York or Boston or Philadelphia or Baltimore. Certainly, splendid collections could be made of the poetry celebrating these historic cities. The great American poets whose names are known the world over would be represented in such collections. Yet it may be said without boasting that the poetry written about San Francisco is worthy of comparison with the poetry written about these famous old cities of the Atlantic Coast. The poetry of San Francisco, taken in the mass, might have to yield precedence to the poetry written about these four cities; yet the

comparison would be a respectable one just the same. And when it came to comparing individual poems, it would be found that several celebrating San Francisco had no superiors in American poetry of urban inspiration.

Excluding New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, I think investigation would show that compared to other big American cities which have been sung by poets San Francisco is first and the rest far behind. Chicago is a city more than four times as large as San Francisco and at least eighteen years older; she has inspired a multitude of money-makers, a scant handful of poets. A collection of poems about Chicago would not be large, and the tone of the poems would not be pleasant to Chicago ears. The American cities which, on account of their size, are usually mentioned with San Francisco, also show a dearth of poetical celebrators. St. Louis, New Orleans, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Buffalo—what sort of poetical anthology could be compiled for any of these? Let local pride answer as best it may.

The flashing names on the roll of San Francisco's singers are Robert Louis Stevenson, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, Edward Rowland Sill, Ambrose Bierce, Ina Coolbrith and George Sterling. After these come poets of whose tributes any city would be proud: Edward Pollock, Louis Robertson, Bliss Carman, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, Witter Bynner, John Vance Cheney and Edwin Markham. In the next rank are found Daniel O'Connell, Herman Scheffauer, Clarence Urmey, Samuel J. Alexander, Lionel Josephare, Charles Keeler, Nora May French, Ella Higginson, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Clinton Scollard, Gelett Burgess and Wallace Irwin. Bringing up the rear is a throng of sweet singers some of whose names and poems are not as well known as they deserve to be.

I have placed Stevenson first on the list because his is the best known name of all. A year ago nobody

knew that R. L. S. had celebrated San Francisco in verse. There is no poem about San Francisco in his collected works; as far as I know, there is no poem about any resident of San Francisco in his collected poems, although a San Francisco doctor is specially and honorably mentioned in the dedication of *Underwoods*. Within the last twelvemonth, however, the Bibliophile Society of the United States printed for its members two sumptuous volumes of poetry by R. L. S. which came as a complete surprise to Stevensonians. To San Franciscans the gem of this new collection was the poem "Beside the Gates of Gold" written in 1880 when Robert Louis was in California, poor and ill. That poem contains a tribute to the San Francisco friends who made his dark days light.

But in the anthology of San Francisco poems (when it comes to be compiled), Bret Harte's famous "San Francisco: From the Sea" must have the place of honor. The first two lines:

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate

drop glibly (usually in misquotation) from the lips of hundreds of San Franciscans. Yet one finds few who are familiar with the entire poem. This is too bad, because Bret Harte in this poem expressed certain bitter truths which it is not salutary for San Francisco to forget. It is an antidote for the sugared poison purveyed by poetastical promoters in their dithyrambs about "the city loved around the world." We may accept the truth from our poets, and when he penned "San Francisco: From the Sea" Bret Harte was doubly a poet, for he was poet and seer.

In only two other cases that I remember have the singers of San Francisco been severely critical: Ambrose Bierce in his "Vision of Doom," and Nicholas Vachel Lindsay in his "City That Will Not Repent." In "Vision of Doom" Ambrose Bierce indulged his most pessimistic vein; the poem is a

great poem, but it touches San Francisco on the raw. It is one of the things for which Bierce will not be forgiven by the people of San Francisco when the world finally acclaims his genius and his townsmen rediscover his *Shapes of Clay*. Lindsay's poem is an indictment disguised as a compliment. To Lindsay 'Frisco (as he is not afraid to call her, being happily ignorant of one of her provincial weaknesses), is a Phryne, or rather, a Thais for whom there is no Paphnutius. This poem does not displease San Francisco: she knows that Eastern investors do not read poetry.

One may almost hazard the statement that the best poems about San Francisco have been written; that the poets to come will not celebrate her as splendidly as did the poets of the past. It will be noticed that all the poets of San Francisco whom I have placed in the first rank are dead, with the exception of Ina Coolbrith and George Sterling. (I assume, and not unreasonably, that the voice of Ambrose Bierce has been stilled forever.) Stevenson, Bret Harte, Miller, Stoddard, Sill and Bierce have had their glorious say about the city they loved; what Ina Coolbrith and Sterling may write hereafter may enhance their reputation, but will not surprise their admirers. Great new poets will undoubtedly arise in San Francisco, but the city is growing so fast, is taking on so rapidly the conventional ways of the ordinary American metropolis, that perhaps it will be as little celebrated in their poetry as the New York of the twentieth century or the Chicago of any time.

Did we not know that the enthusiasm of the young poet renews the interest of themes seemingly exhausted, we might conceive that the future poets of San Francisco would decline to sing her glories for the reason that nothing remained to be said, that the ground had been traversed till all its freshness was gone. And certainly, the poets have been very thorough in their treatment of the city. Take only the best known San Francisco poems of Bret Harte,

Miller, Ina Coolbrith and Sterling. Besides his "San Francisco: From the Sea," Bret Barte wrote "The Angelus" in celebration of the bells at the Mission Dolores; he wrote of Lone Mountain and North Beach; he told once and forever the beautiful love story of the San Francisco heroine Concepcion de Arguello. Joaquin Miller sang of the Seal Rocks and the loves of the seals, he sang of San Francisco Bay, he chanted of dawn at the Golden Gate and of sunset at the beach; years ago he stood "beside the mobile sea" and prophesied of the glorious future of San Francisco, and more recently (in a poem whose title testifies to his lack of Latin—"Resurgo San Francisco") he acclaimed the grandeur-to-be of a city just rising from the desolation of April, 1906. Ina Coolbrith has put into imperishable numbers the beauty of San Francisco at morning and at evening; she has celebrated Telegraph Hill and her beloved Russian Hill and Alcatraz; she too uttered her paeans for the old and the new San Francisco. George Sterling has enriched the annals of San Francisco by singing "The Homing of Drake" and the coming of Portola; he has celebrated Market street by night ("the Path of Gold") and in two poems of perfect beauty, "The Evanescent City" and the "Exposition Ode" he has perpetuated San Francisco's greatest achievement, her matchless World's Fair.

San Francisco has had two expositions of importance: her Midwinter Fair was of local importance only; her Panama-Pacific Exposition was a world event. Strangely enough, the holding of a World's Fair in San Francisco was foreseen by one of San Francisco's poets long before even the little Midwinter Fair was thought of. The poet-seer who had a dream which he did not live to see realized was an eccentric genius named Robert Duncan Milne. His "Dream of the Golden Gate," a beautiful poem which would have claimed attention from the lovers of poetry even though its forecast had not come

true, was published about 1890. The Midwinter Fair, several years later, prompted a San Francisco youth of seventeen to try his 'prentice hand at verse. His lucubration was published in a San Francisco newspaper under the pseudonym of Jonathan Stone. It was of sufficient interest to challenge the attention of that discerning critic Ambrose Bierce; Bierce summoned the youthful singer and persuaded him to sign his proper name to all future efforts. And so Herman Scheffauer (for he was Jonathan Stone) started author. The great World's Fair of San Francisco impelled many singers to utter themselves. A bulky book of World's Fair poems might be compiled; it would be for the most part a volume of intolerable dreariness. But in the midst of the paste diamonds George Sterling's two gems of purest ray serene would shine out in blinding splendor.

To run through a collection of poems about San Francisco and note their titles is to realize how much material for authentic poetry has been discovered in one small peninsula and its surrounding waters. The Bay of San Francisco with its changing colors, its cloud effects, its fishing craft, its sea gulls and its islands has commanded the enthusiasm of singers from Edward Pollock, San Francisco's first poet, to the youngest minstrel just breaking into the local magazines. To poets as to painters the hills of San Francisco have made irresistible appeal. Not alone such historic landmarks as Lone Mountain, Telegraph and Russian Hills and Twin Peaks and Sutro Heights have been celebrated but also those humbler eminences that to city-dwellers are no longer hills but merely "grades." The streets of the city—Market and Powell particularly—have had their bards. Chinatown has been interpreted by the poet's as well as the water-colorist's and the photographer's art. The far-famed restaurants—Coppa's, Luna's and others—have been sung with gusto. Bret Harte celebrated the opening of the old

California Theatre in verses worthy of that British poetical tradition associated with Drury Lane and Covent Garden; a later singer mourned the passing of the Tivoli. The beloved fog of San Francisco has been defended by poets as well as by real estate boomers. Lotta's Fountain lives in verse. And the memorial to Stevenson in Portsmouth Square has an anthology all its own. Bliss Carman journeyed from afar to sing of the Stevenson Memorial; but most appealing of all the poems inspired by this monument so dear to all San Franciscans is "The Little Bronze Ship" by W. O. McGeehan who doesn't set up as a poet at all, but is a true one for all that. It goes without saying that one of the most popular subjects with the poets of San Francisco is the Golden Gate; on the other hand, it will surprise most people to learn that Golden Gate Park has been avoided or overlooked by most San Francisco poets. So let the young poet who would be numbered among the singers of his city seek his theme in that wonderful garden.

Poets all over the United States sought to express the meaning of San Francisco's tremendous disaster of 1906. It is not to be wondered that the distinctively San Francisco poets succeeded best of all. The poetical honors of 1906 belong to Louis Robertson, Edwin Markham, John Vance Cheney, Herman Scheffauer and Nora May French. Fully a score of vaticinating poets rebuilt a grander city before the ashes of the old were cold; Joaquin Miller and Ina Coolbrith wrought without the aid of the poor overworked phoenix, but that is not the only reason why their poems on this subject will live.

In San Francisco the most unlikely person may turn poet. There is Lorenzo Sosso. Once upon a time he was a waiter in the dead and gone Good Fellows Grotto, and could serve a planked steak as well as another man, if not better. But Lorenzo had a soul above steaks. While he cried "Draw one!" his thoughts were with the Muse. Many of his

best poems were written on the back of yesterday's menu while the cook was French-frying potatoes or dropping the infrequent oyster into the pepper roast. After a while the waiter-poet began to attract attention, and awed customers of the Grotto were afraid to insult him with tips. He published several volumes wherein close-packed verses marched in double column through hundreds of pages. And some of them are very good poems. When the air of San Francisco makes a knight of the napkin ring, who shall wonder that this remarkable city should intrigue the Muse of an Ella Wheeler Wilcox? Yes, Ella too has written of San Francisco. Because her subject was so good, her San Francisco poem is just a little above her average. Obviously, a San Francisco anthology would contain some unexpected names. However, three that might be looked for will not be found: Bayard Taylor, Helen Hunt Jackson and Richard Realf.

When the San Franciscan who loves poetry is asked about the poems about San Francisco he loves best, it is not always a volume by one of the major singers he plucks from the book shelf. It may be that he turns to Samuel J. Alexander, most passionate of San Francisco's devotees; it may be that he quotes you Lawrence W. Harris's "Damndest Finest Ruins;" it may be that he opens a little leather book and recites the "Ballad of the Hyde-street Grip" by Gelett Burgess; it may be that he rollicks through Wallace Irwin's one and only "Telygraft Hill;" or it may be that he calls your attention to the too little known "Low Brown Hills" of Ella Higginson. There are so many of these poems about San Francisco, and so many of them have a way of singing themselves into the inmost heart!

DR. FABER'S LAST EXPERIMENT

By CONTAMINE DE LATOUR

When Doctor Faber had convinced himself that his young wife Graziella was really dead, he turned to his two disciples, Jan Felds and Sven Gröbbe, who had followed all the phases of the last agony.

"You have witnessed my efforts to save her," he said, "you know that I have used every means possible to human science. I can do no more at present; every effort must be bent upon arresting the normal change, the change inevitable to physical matter. But later, when decay has been prevented, I shall make a supreme experiment. If that succeeds man will have triumphed over death. If it fails I shall have given one more proof of the vanity of human presumption.

"Go your way; forget that I am on earth. Return to this laboratory one year from tonight. The door may be shut. In that case force it. Enter, and judge my results by what you find."

The two young doctors vanished, and in the last hour of the dying year Faber was left alone with his dead in the silence and the shrouding shadows.

Junius Faber was in his forty-fifth year. He had acquired fame by the boldness of his doctrines and by the audacity of his works. The prodigious results of his experiments had opened new horizons to science.

Starting from the transformist principle, he denied the reality of death, and, recognizing in the final disintegration nothing but a new series of the evolutions of material life, he had applied himself to discern the infinite and multiple elements, and to isolate and study their causes and effects, in view of forcing them to follow his treatment and to obey his will.

Fiber by fiber, and atom by atom, he held the formula of the flesh. He could destroy and reconstitute the most delicate tissues, recompose the divers

organs, and give artificial life to the remnants of the dead. He had awakened brains separated from their cranial cases. He had caused to beat hearts drawn from their thoracic depths. He had given circulation to arteries tied off from the venous system. The scientific world owed him for operations reputedly impossible and for experiments of unspeakable temerity.

Some of his work was as inexplicable as miracles. His success was the enigma of the Academy of Sciences.

But all his science had failed to save Graziella; although for her, a girl eighteen years old, he had won fame from the unknown and wrested marvels from the grave.

It was known that Faber's wife was dead; but there had been no funeral and no coffin had been carried from the house.

In the first weeks that followed the death, Faber's efforts had been bent to the task of averting decomposition. By reactions and by means of powerful antiseptics he had kept the flesh of his beloved lifelike; and by aid of electric currents he had established a faint semblance to circulation of the congealed blood and to the flutter of the pulse in the alabaster wrists.

By means of the respectful admiration of the workers in the clinic he had secured the first choice of the subjects of the dissecting rooms; and more than once since the passing of his wife the dead had come to his laboratory in canvas bags.

Graziella had died of slow consumption. Faber had extracted the lungs, mined by tuberculosis, and in their place he had grafted the lungs of a woman dead from accident. He had cleansed the organism of his wife of all its noxious germs, and had eliminated all its ills.

And now, as the alchemists leaned over their crucibles watching for symptoms of transmutation, so he waited and watched. That a slow, an almost im-

perceptible, change was in progress, he knew; and, tortured by mingled terror and assurance, he noted the slow growth of his unnatural grafts, and with quickened pulses watched the laborious affirmation of solidity, hesitant, still uncertain, in the undeniably precise adaptation of the transferred organs, and in their progressive incorporation into the general action of the survival.

All the incisions had closed. The skin was acquiring its naturally delicate color. The girlish breast was beginning to obey obscure respiratory impulses. Faber felt that suppleness and warmth were returning to the inert members. The little nostrils of the childish nose exhaled a hardly perceptible moisture.

Faber passed his hands over his eyes as if to clear his vision. He stiffened his lithe body and looked closer, to prove to himself that he was not deceived.

Talking to himself slowly and distinctly, making carefully ordered gestures to assure himself that he had not lost his reason, he made sure that he was in full possession of his senses. He told himself that it was true; that the superhuman work that he had undertaken was in normal reasonable progress; that the body of Graziella was returning to the sources of life.

Faber opened his note book. He had reached the last page—the minutes of the last lesson to be given to the world. The work begun when Graziella died was about to carry his bold doctrines to their apogee.

He locked his laboratory and, going out into the black air of the Paris winter, presented his haggard face to the assembled doctors of his school. Months had passed since he had come among them. All knew the secret of his absence. The two men, Felds and Gröbbe, had warned the world of science that the master was at work upon one final supreme effort to annihilate the power of death.

His face was bloodless, the fire of determination burned in his deep eyes, and his voice rang with assured triumph. "What is life, gentlemen?" he

asked, fixing his intent gaze upon the eager students. "Nothing but the external, material manifestation of the movements and faculties of the thing we call the soul! And what is the soul? It is imponderable fluid which penetrates all bodies and fills all space.

"By means of that fluid the heat waves, and the light waves, which serve as intermediaries between spirit and matter, are transmitted. That fluid is the universal force, or power; the same cosmogonic intelligence that ancient science recognized in the invisible order of nature.

"It is the god Cneph of the Egyptian priests. Paracelsus called it 'the brain of God.' It is Reichenbach's 'astral light.' The soul of man is nothing but that part and parcel of the force that is in all that lives!

"To capture that force, to assign it to an aim, to reintegrate it in the physical body from which it has evaporated, is to do the appointed work of science.

"Can that appointed work be done?

"I answer: Yes, it can be done; it shall be!

"We have an example in that other vehicle, the vase, which is the type and symbol of the physical body. The air which fills the vase is a portion of the ambient atmosphere. If we break the vase, the air escapes and joins the atmospheric mass. If we reconstitute the vase, the air again fills it and continues its participation in the general evolution. In the same way the association of the divers elements composing the electric pile causes the spark to show itself, and the spark, canalized by the transmitting wires, forces action in the apparatus directed by it. When the elements of the pile are disassociated the spark is abolished; when they are reassociated the spark jets out anew.

"So it is with the thing that we call the soul. When matter ceases to be fit to hold the soul, the soul abandons it. If the same material envelope that held the soul is rendered fit for habitation, a soul—the

first one that dwelt in it, or another—may be communicated to it. The communication of a soul to a physical body may be obtained by means of an intensification of magnetic power. In point of fact magnetic power is an emanation or reflection of the soul—force. The phenomena of hypnotic suggestion and of spiritism, the rule of minds by other minds, the displacement of inanimate objects under the influence of psychic radio-action, and the transmission or transference of thought, are nothing but proofs of the faculty which is under the impulsion of the individual while, at the same time, it is outside of him. Understood aright this is a simple fact. It is the only secret of the Thaumaturgus of the Middle Ages.”

His lecture ended, Faber returned to his laboratory. He sat for an hour in the dim light, deep in thought.

It was the closing night of the old year. The place was silent; not a sound penetrated the thick walls. Suddenly he remembered the day and the hour. The time appointed for the return of Felds and Gröbbe was at hand!

Faber arose, lighted all the lusters, side and center, and approached the slab where Graziella lay as if asleep.

Fiercely authoritative, he stood before her; his desperate will in the shadows, wrestling with her soul. On him alone, on the power of his determination, hung the issue into life. With the bells tolling the requiem of the departing year, with the chimes announcing the coming of the New Year, they would enter, Felds and Gröbbe, to find her dead,—or to find him master of the mystery!

He concentrated his will in the projection of his magnetic fluid.

“Grazia, arise! Come forth!”

He fixed the forces of his tortured brain on the execution of his order, and again issued his command:

“Grazia, come forth!”

During the twelve months of his unfaltering effort there had been hours together when he had lost the sense of his individuality, when all around him had whirled, when he had been conscious of dull cracklings in his brain; when the surrounding space had been stirred by the displacement of invisible but solid forms. And now, in the hour of approaching triumph, it seemed to him that the corpse of Graziella swirled as if entering the maelstrom of Infinity.

For the first time he had a perception of the meaning of his results. By his own will he had separated the vital principle of his being from that being; and, as a result, his life was drifting onward to the gulf of death.

He had expended all his vitality in his struggle with the inertia of dead matter!

A cry burst from his lips; he staggered and fell.

When Felds and Gröbbe entered the laboratory they found a dead man, Faber, and an idiot, Graziella, gibbering, shivering and showing her white teeth.

ON SPENDING TIME

By NORMAN KEITH

Those only who have little time to spend, can to the full enjoy the luxury of dissipating it. Your leisured person is encumbered with the weary hours, and deliberates how he shall shed them. Like the millionaire he is surfeited with his wealth and cannot know the delight of living at the rate of ten days of the week—with an “end” in the middle.

Your connoisseur tastes the moments as they leave the hour glass with a special joy. Each tick of the clock lessens the chance of meeting the man whom destiny has marked out to make your fortune, each tick increases the pleasure—and the pace.

Maybe, you overstep the limit,—the capitalist with that churlish regard for punctuality that marks the man without temperament, closes his doors on the inspiration of your genius, also his check book and leaves you “in the discard.”

What matter, there are other capitalists! Monied persons are plentiful as gooseberry bushes. But the man who, having to catch the last train or face the wrath to come,—dallies with his drink, discourses on the many brilliant things that we remember so perfectly at night, and forget so completely in the morning—where shall we find his like, if in the stress of competition his joy of life goes out?

Not only has the spendthrift of the moments the joy extravagance invariably brings, but allied with the satisfaction of an hour mis-spent is the license the pastime affords to the imagination.

“Home late, my dear?” said a leading light of financial circles, holding tightly to the hat rack in the hall, under the mistaken impression that it was the bed rail. “Late! I’ve been working hours and hours, my dear, and when at length I thought I had got free of the eternal grind, I met MacWirtle on the very threshold of the office. He wouldn’t listen

to my going, but thrust me back into the cold, bare board room, where I sat until my blood ran chill."

The contrast between the glittering halls of the gilded saloon where the financier had watched the possibility of his last train recede into the distance and the cold board room that he conjured up was an inspiration of genius that he could never have attained in the ordered atmosphere of a well-regulated day and neatly apportioned night.

Think of the ecstasy that comes to him who, having worked for years on the completion of an elaborate invention, learns at last that the man and the hour have arrived who will finance and appreciate him! Your ordinary unemotional individual turns up at the nick of time. Your spendthrift knows better how to manipulate himself. He issues manifestos by special messenger, telephone or wire explaining the impossibility of turning up at the magnate's premises within an hour, two hours, three hours of the appointment, thereby sending his value up fifty per cent. I knew a man who earned an income by the extravagant expenditure of his time. His invention consisted of a silent typewriter, which though evolved in the recesses of his genius, never took shape or form. The idea fascinated business men and capitalists alike. Krinkong had appointments innumerable, with greedy millionaires eager to pick his brains and try his typewriter. What happened? The inventor outwitted them all. They simply could not get him to their offices, and were finally impelled to send to his lodgings in a remote street an opulent motor car charged to convey him then and there to an interview! Even there the astute Krinkong was not done. He stopped at all his creditors—the grocer who had "groced" for him for years, accumulating rights of patents never promulgated—half a right for a pound of butter, a tenth for a quarter of tea; the tailor who had chalked up a suit of tweeds under the spell of Krinkong's eloquence concerning an aeroplane fashioned after

the figure of a man and designed to advertise the triumph of the tailor's sartorial skill. At the finish, the inventor fixed up a retainer of three pounds a week, during such time as he was completing the typewriter; he is completing it still!

Your true artist never hurries when arriving late, never apologizes, inevitably makes no reference to the object of his call, and after a due and proper interval gives an oblique reference to some untoward happening that detained him en route. He never explains or indulges in detail.

"Business of the most pressing, the most vital nature alone would have kept me," is the opening phrase of one of the most persuasive and eloquent of time spenders.

"Such, my dear sir, is the condition of nerves to which my arduous life reduces me, that I assure you, my dear sir, I positively assure you, I tremble at a street car."

The trembler in question has a constitution of sheet copper, is never hurried, and always has his hands full.

For, and this point is one to be insisted on, the man who spends time with a free hand has little of it to spare. He is continually up against it, and embarks each morning on a race in which he invariably wins. He spends all the time in this week and the week after, and will continue to overdraw his account to the end.

"There is no real necessity"—can you hear the awful voice that summons you from the tavern—"to wait until the last moment. You know when your train goes; surely it is quite simple to catch it."

Not nearly so simple, if the lady only knew it, as to lose it. Man's gambling instinct is roused by the keenness of the chase. A quarter to twelve—that means you will just do it, if you jump on a street car you'll get to the station in good time. Fatal words, the zest for the sporting chance induces a last five minutes. The clock ticks, the glasses

circle round, and it's a taxi to the train and heavy odds against your catching it.

"Lost the train, my dear?" asks an aggrieved voice. "Not much. Got held up in the fog, and had to wait for hours and hours. Thought you heard a taxi stop? I *do* like that. Why look at me, I'm all over mud, wading through this beastly road. A dry night? Oh, nonsense, it's been raining lots since you turned in."

One has the keenest appetite for spending time, when, as at the present moment, one should be writing "copy." Why not, why not buck up and get it done? The sooner your work is over the sooner you can go home with plenty of time to spare. The very words strike chill. What a desolate life, what a dull world with plenty of time to spare. One talks best, thinks most clearly under the whip of time.

Your regular routine man never lights up at the chime of the clock, never rushes off on a "joy ride" or climbs to the heights of heaven seeking the brightest star.

And then the sense of power and plenty, the magnificence of spirit that descends upon you like a mantle when you spend the time you owe to some base capitalist who never filched a moment from his scheduled day, or spent a glorious luncheon when he should have been addressing a meeting of uproarious shareholders.

Augustus Ledevain was perhaps the most prodigal of any man I ever knew in spending time. Him have I seen hold up the traffic while he discoursed on men and things, and while he talked six feverish financiers hungered for him. He never hurried, he never flurried, the stream of his conversation flowed like a limpid river. So lavish was he of his days and nights that he refused to spend the energy necessary to the proper arrangement of his papers. Inevitably he never turned up at his office, but having the capacity and talent inseparable from a generous

temperament, men of business ran him to earth in his flat, bearing important documents, specifications of patents, particulars of properties for his consideration. These papers Ledevain could never find. There would ensue a spirited scene on the morning of the day when an important option expired. Augustus seated in a box-like arrangement termed a vapor bath, would blandly smile upon an infuriated company promoter. "You will find the option under the leg of the table in the dining room. Not the table? My dear friends, I mean the dinner wagon." It was no use to protest, grumble or revile. Ledevain was content to smile upon the outraged option monger, patent agent or promoter and give his views upon the social revolution. He was always arranging a week-end in the country, and never got farther than the railway station, but he derived so much satisfaction and delight over the spending of time en route that, as a witty Irishman remarked, "It is better to have lost the train than never to have gone at all."

Spending time is an art that some are born to, others acquire; but having formed the habit never can it be broken. It is the final heritage of the dispossessed of which even capitalism cannot rob us. We may be penniless, and without shoes, denied the solace of drink and of tobacco, but the poorest of us possesses all the time there is, and, thank the Lord, have the spending of it!

BOOK ENDINGS

By THE BOOKWORM

We are reminded by preachers and moralists that all things come to an end. This is as true of books as of life—even the longest ends at last—and in the chastened mood to which the reflection leads I have been looking up the concluding sentences of some famous books. Gibbon, of course, supplies the classic passage about the ending of books. "It was among the ruins of the Capitol," so runs the last sentence of *The Decline and Fall*, "that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised near twenty years of my life, and which, however inadequate to my own wishes, I finally deliver to the curiosity of the public." The passage describing his own emotions when he wrote that sentence has been often quoted, but, familiar as it is, few readers will object to seeing it once more:

It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

In contrast with Gibbon, Milman ends his *History of Latin Christianity* with the rather tepid sentence: "Christianity may yet have to exercise a far wider, even if more silent and untraceable influence, through its primary, all-pervading principles, on the civilization of mankind." Hallam, on the other hand, seems to have had Gibbon in mind when he wrote

the closing words of his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*:

I here terminate a work, which, it is hardly necessary to say, has furnished the occupation of not very few years. The errors and deficiencies of which I am not specially aware may be numerous; yet I cannot affect to doubt that I have contributed something to the general literature of my country, something to the honorable estimation of my own name, and to the inheritance of those, if it is for me still to cherish that hope, to whom I have to bequeath it.

Carlyle ended the address to the reader which closes his *History of the French Revolution*, with the words: "Man, by nature of him, is definable as 'an incarnated Word.' Ill stands it with me if I have spoken falsely: thine also it was to hear truly. Farewell." In a letter to Emerson, he records his emotion in taking leave of the book, in a manner that is a Carlylean echo of Gibbon:

You, I hope, can have little conception of the feeling with which I wrote the last word of it, one night in early January, when the clock was striking ten, and our frugal Scotch supper coming in! I did not cry; nor did I pray: but could have done both. A beggarly Distortion; that will please no mortal, not even myself; of which I know not whether the fire were not after all the due place! And yet I ought not to say so: there is a great blessing in a man's doing what he utterly can, in the case he is in.

It is interesting to compare the conclusions of three famous French histories of the French Revolution. "The conclusion of this book is itself a book," says Michelet, and he promises his readers another volume which will allow him "through the past to anticipate the future." Thiers ends his history of the Revolution with a statement of his own impartiality and good faith:

I have described the first crisis which prepared the elements of this liberty in Europe. I have done so without animosity, lamenting error, revering virtue, admiring greatness, seeking to discern the profound designs of Providence in these wondrous events, and reverencing them when, as I have deemed, revealed.

And Lamartine characteristically concludes his *History of the Girondins* with a touch of rhetoric:

The history of the Revolution is glorious and sad, like the morrow of a victory and the eve of another combat. But if this history is full of mourning, it is full, above all else, of faith. It resembles an antique drama in which while the narrator gives his recital, the chorus of the people sings of its fame, bewails its victims, and raises to God a hymn of consolation and hope.

Before leaving the historians, I will quote the last sentence of Buckle's *History of Civilization in England* as an excellent summary of the thesis which the whole work maintains:

The handwriting is on the wall; the fiat has gone forth; the ancient empire shall be subverted; the dominion of superstition, already decaying, shall break away, and crumble into dust; and new life being breathed into the confused and chaotic mass, it shall be clearly seen, that, from the beginning there has been no discrepancy, no incongruity, no disorder, no interruption, no interference; but that all the events which surround us, even to the furthest limits of material creation, are but different parts of a single scheme, which is permeated by one glorious principle of universal and un-deviating regularity.

Examples of perfect endings are rare, though I have heard them claimed for writers as far apart as Plato and Laurence Sterne. Plato's *Symposium* ends with a fine passage too long to quote, and Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* with an equivocal situation. Swift closes *A Tale of a Tub* with the ponderous "Project for the Universal Benefit of Mankind," and he concludes *The Battle of the Books* with three rows of asterisks, in this anticipating a use of that typographical device employed by modern novelists for another purpose. I have heard the last sentence of George Eliot's *Middlemarch* quoted as one of the finest passages in English literature:

The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

Had I to pronounce upon the best ending of a work, I should split my vote between two. One is the description of the situation of Adam and Eve in the concluding lines of *Paradise Lost*:

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;
They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

The other is the condensation of Voltaire's philosophy, which ends *Candide*—" 'Cela est bien dit,' répondit Candide, 'mais il faut cultiver notre jardin.' "

Thackeray, who discussed the endings of books in an essay called *De Finibus*, is guilty of one of the worst in the whole range of fiction:

Ah! Vanitas Vanitatum! which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out.

This is the ending of *Vanity Fair*, and could there be anything more deplorable, except, perhaps, the tiresome chapter that begins *The Newcomes*? Scott ends the first of the Waverley Novels with a dedication, and the last of them, *Castle Dangerous*, with an intimation to "the gentle reader" that no more tales are to be expected from the same source. Dickens is fond of ending on the sentimental note, as witness *Dombey and Son*, *Oliver Twist* and *David Copperfield*. His postscript to *Our Mutual Friend* explains how he and the manuscript of that book were together in a railway accident:

I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers for ever, than I was then, until there shall be written against my life, the two words with which I have this day closed this book:—The End.

To end with a writer not given to pathos, who ever read without regret the closing sentence in *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*, where Dumas takes leave of his famous four musketeers?

HOST

By A. WICKHAM

When I was host to my enemy
 I set him a chair of state,
I summoned a solemn company
 And served him quails on gold plate.
I pledged him courteous all the night,
And this I did for spite.

There was little enough of my pride to see
 When I was host to my friend.
I set him a dish of hominy;
 The feast came quick to an end.
I said: "It is here I have lost my skin,
 Since I was a hardy fool.
Then open your counsel, and let me come in
 And school myself at your school."

With the blood of my wounds I pledged my friend,
 And fitly I had proved,
Before that grim carousal's end,
 How courteous I had loved.

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