

ideal type of Aphrodite. In archaic art she appears fully clothed, generally with a veil and head-cloth, and with one hand either outstretched or pressed on her bosom and holding some attribute—the apple, pomegranate, flower, or dove—while the other hand either falls at her side or grasps a fold of her garment. Up to the middle of the fourth century the full clothing of her figure predominates, although even as soon as the later half of the fifth century parts of her body were bared. At this period she is depicted as without passion, though capable of it; but it was only in the hands of the Hellenistic sculptors that she lost her dignity of pure womanhood and became sensuous and conscious of her charms.”

Our frontispiece is a reproduction of the frontispiece of this volume which is taken from a marble statue dating from the fourth or third century B. C. It was found on the Greek mainland, and is now preserved in the Royal Ontario Museum of Archeology in Toronto. The statue is thus described on the protecting fly-leaf:

“On Aphrodite’s left arm originally rested an infant, the fingers of whose little hand may still be seen on the drapery of its mother’s bosom. The goddess is looking straight before her, not, however, with her vision concentrated on a definite object, but rather abstractedly, as if serenely proud of her motherhood. She seems to represent here that special development of the earth goddess who typified the kindly, fostering care of the soil, and reminds one of certain Asiatic images of the divine mother and child.”

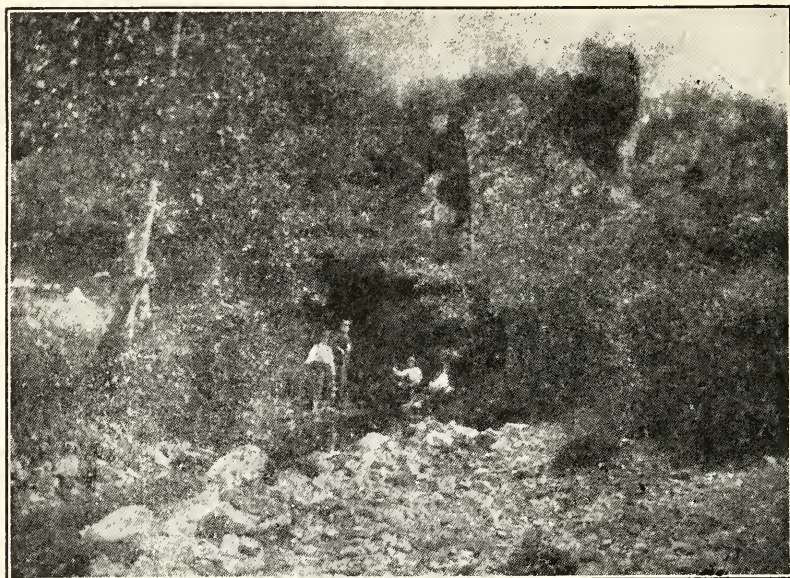
PREHISTORIC MONUMENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

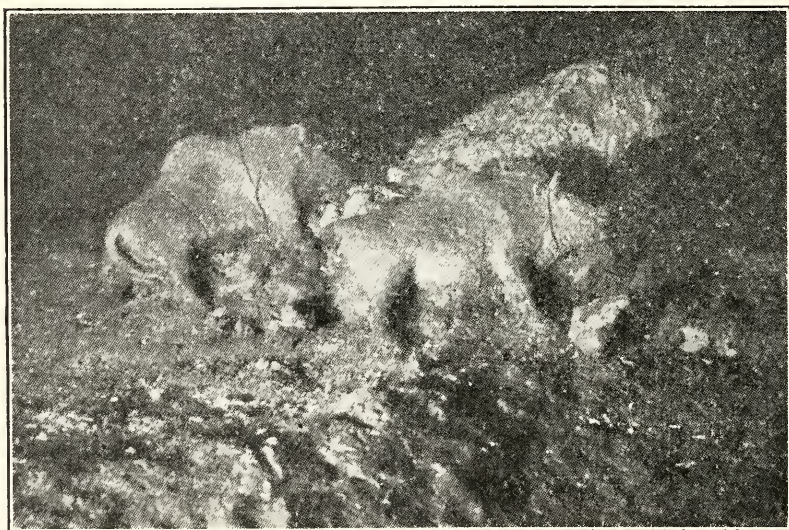
Before primitive man could build houses he lived in caves, and so it is natural that the most important monuments of primeval life are found in limestone regions where caves abound in geological formations. An important discovery made in 1913 by Count Bégouen in the cave of Tuc d'Audoubert is of artistic interest, for it has brought to light the figures of two bisons modelled in clay hidden in the depths of a subterranean recess. He tells of his experience and success in *Die Woche* of June 7, 1913.

Count Bégouen and his sons undertook to explore this cave, and followed the sparkling brook which emerges from the rock as seen in the adjoined photograph. They felt sure that here they were at the entrance of an archaic cave. After about one hundred yards the course of the brook left them on dry land and they found themselves in a beautiful hall covered with shining crystal stalactites. Here they found some animal drawings of the glacial period scratched in the wall, bisons, wild horses and reindeer, and so realistically that even the arrow heads with which the animals were killed are distinctly and artistically portrayed. After passing through narrow passages often so low that they had to creep through on hands and knees, the explorers finally came to a place where the way was entirely blocked. After hewing down the obstructing pillars and stalactites they entered a section of the cave where no human foot had trod for thousands of years. Here footprints of the cave-bears were still visible on the ground in undisturbed freshness, and skeletons of the same animals lay intact in the corners. There were also human footprints, and these together with the artistic carvings on the walls proved that the place had once been inhabited. But Count Bégouen’s

success was crowned when in the center of the very last hall he found to his surprise two statuettes of bisons modelled in clay leaning against a rock. One of these, a female, is 61 cm. in length and 29 cm. from the pit of the stomach



COUNT BÉGOUEN AND HIS SONS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.



STATUETTES BY PREHISTORIC ARTISTS.

to the tip of the hump. The bull is somewhat larger. There are some cracks in the clay but they do not essentially disturb the artistic shape of the animals which are modelled in faithful imitation of nature. The flashlight photo-

graph affords a correct idea of the appearance of these remarkable art productions in the position in which they were found.

A few words may be added in comment upon the recent theory which Count Bégouen shares. It assumes that prehistoric art served a magic purpose. Because present pragmatic man always sees some practical end toward which his efforts are directed, he is inclined to think that the deeds of prehistoric art must also have had a definite intention, and this can only have been to attract by magic power the animals to be hunted. Perhaps scholars of the future when discovering our modern monuments will assume that they too were meant as means of conjuration to procure a victory over the enemy, and the idea that our artists have designed them in pure joy of some great accomplishment or of ideas that took possession of their minds will not occur to them. It can be said of theories as of books, *Habent sua fata*. The truth is that we have these artistic monuments, and we need only concede that art flourished in the primitive prehistoric age of mankind.

SONG OF THE WAR DEVIL.

BY C. L. MARSH.

“Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.”

—Tennyson.

Still in the heart of each human I lurk,
Peasant, philosopher, Christian or Turk,
Still is unstifled my smoldering fire,
Spark of the tiger that once was your sire.
Smear me with culture and bury me deep,
Out from the blaze of your passion I leap.
Preach me or teach me! I laugh you to scorn,
Into your hearts from your fathers I'm born.
My eyes are glowing red,
By your native hatred bred,
And I wake your drowsy will
With a thirsty lust to kill,
Till the golden fields are filthy with the foulness of the dead.

Plausible tales of a national might;
Country! Religion! “The Glory of Right!”
These are the slogans that make my disguise,
I am the child of “The Father of Lies.”
Cat-like I crawl through your peace-making schemes,
Softly I purr at your love-gendered dreams.
Waiting the moment when “self” is alone
Swiftly I strike, and your heart is my own.
Your eyes see only red,
By my fiery passion fed,
And I paralyze your sight
Till you know not wrong from right,
And I laugh to see you triumph in the thousands of your dead.