

black cloth. Then all is packed back into the guitar and the end locked on. Nothing can be seen from the sound-hole but darkness.

The secret of the professional materializing described, I mentioned in *The Open Court* once before; it lies in a secret trap-door over the cabinet in the ceiling of the seance room. The ceiling is papered in designs, and certain lines hide the cuts of this secret door, which is on hinges and hooked up from the room above. When the music starts, the assistants above, all "made up" for the occasion, descend on a padded ladder which they slip down into the cabinet. It cannot be seen in the room for the curtains. They retire up this ladder, drawing it up and locking the trap from above, at the end of the seance. Nothing can be learned or found by an examination of the ceiling from below, as the work on the trap is extra well done.

The witch "make-up" is done by spreading over the face a layer of ordinary flour dough, freshly rolled out, and soft. Holes are torn for eyes, mouth, and nostrils. As it dries it forms the hideous cracks. I have known a lady to use this "dough-face" at parties with disastrous results. It is not safe without first warning the guests that they must control their nerves.

The Diakka pictures were not taken during a seance, neither were those of the witch; but I had them specially posed at a different time. The former are made by the human hand draped with fur. Two burnt matches are used for eyes, and the thumb makes the tongue, which protrudes and moves about as the mouth widely opens. This with ventriloquial talking effects, certainly produces a sensation in a dim and uncertain light. I am indebted to Mrs. May Wheeler for posing these figures specially for me.

## POEMS OF FINITUDE AND INFINITY.

BY CALE YOUNG RICE.

### NAQUITA.

"**N**AQUITA," he said, "Naquita,  
 But one thing do I ask:  
 Bear my dust to the wide plains  
 And scatter it to the four winds,  
 That it may ride the mesas,

The buttes and the red arroyas,  
 And not be shut in a small tomb,  
 An inn for all comers—  
 Whose host, the harrowing worm,  
 Sets no fare forth at all,  
 Save for himself, but silence.”

And so I took his body  
 Of death-made alabaster  
 And bore it, in obedience,  
 To the place of cruel burning.  
 I gave his lips to a flame  
 Stronger than any passion,  
 And his eyes, that held wide heaven  
 And all eternity for me.  
 And I went back to the mesas—  
 Bearing the world and God  
 In a little urn of dust.

And then—oh hunger of love!—  
 I was stricken and could not do it.  
 “If I scatter his dust,” I said,  
 “I scatter my soul to madness.  
 For if his heart were blowing  
 On the windy buttes and mesas  
 My heart would follow after.  
 But here in a grief-gray urn  
 I still can hear it beating,  
 I still can clasp it to me,  
 He still must wait to ride!

“For a little while must wait,  
 Till the flame shall take me too,  
 And our twin dusts commingled  
 On the swift mount of the wind  
 Shall follow all trails that flesh  
 Can never, never follow.  
 Yes, over the Plains shall hurtle  
 Afar, flame-wedded atoms:  
 Till the last wind shall cease,  
 And dust no more be dust,  
 And life and death be one.”

## FLUTTERERS.

In the moist limpid midnight of our garden,  
 Does the firefly, who lights there its sundial,  
 Of time's silent mystic numbers know?  
 As little as do we of heaven's dial,  
 Which God's eternal star-flies enkindle  
 With constellated wandering and glow.

At our mute open window does the grey moth,  
 Who beats toward a warm sense of brightness,  
 Conceive the vastity of Life's desire?  
 As little as do we—whom the strange urgency  
 Of love ever lures to flit and flutter  
 Toward Life's unappeasing blossom-fire.

## CHANT TERRESTRIAL.

How old on the spherul earth is man?  
 How long was it ere a sudden thought  
 Severed him from his brother-beasts,  
     Taught him to walk,  
     Taught him to talk?

How old is he on the spherul earth?  
 How old shall he be when earth is cold  
 And gives to the dead moon ray for ray  
 Of blue chill phosphorescent mould?

How old on the spherul earth is man?  
 Does he a thousand earths in space  
 Inhabit, and uncertain why  
     Face to the sky,  
     Face, and die?

How old is he on the spherul earth?  
 How old shall he be when time has rolled  
 Across Creation's birth-expanse  
 The last star life and death enfold?

## A GAMBLER'S GUESS AT IT.

What are the stars but dice of God  
Flung on the night's uncertain sod?

What is the stake He lays with Fate  
But whether Life's for love or hate?

What if He loses to the Foe?  
Forfeit to Fate we too must go.

What if He wins? Security  
For all through all eternity.

## SAVAGE LIFE AND CUSTOM.

BY EDWARD LAWRENCE.

XI. SAVAGE CHARACTER, AS SHOWN BY THEIR MANNERS,  
MORALS AND PROVERBS.

NO account of savage life and custom would be complete without some notice of their moral characteristics. Savage ways are not our ways, neither are savage ethics our ethics. We have seen them practising cannibalism; offering up human sacrifices and putting to death their relations, and we are repeatedly assured that this is the natural condition of barbaric man. We have been told, over and over again, that races like the South Sea Islanders, live in a state of "revolting depravity"; that they are thieves and liars, and that their normal condition is one of "brutal licentiousness." The very expression "savage" is a synonym for all that is vile in human nature. Yet we have seen how very careful these wild people are in training their little children to ways which all of us deem to be right; are we then to draw the conclusion that all this education is thrown away when riper years are attained? Such an argument would be absurd, because it is obvious that for the training of the young by the ethical standards we have seen, there must be a body of public opinion which enforces that teaching and looks for good results to come therefrom for the benefit of the community.