CONTENTS:

Death (Poem) PAUL CARUS ................................................. 129

Andrew Dickson White as I Knew Him. EDWARD T. HEYN ............. 132

Bolshevism and the Laws of Property. HOMER HOYT ..................... 138

American Ideals as Applied to China. GILBERT REID .................... 140

Byzantium. An Historical Poem. With Letter from HORATIO GATES GIBSON 145

The Religion of Beauty. F. W. FITZPATRICK ............................ 151

Savage Life and Custom. Illustrated. (Continued.) EDWARD LAWRENCE .. 157

Paracelsus as a Theological Writer. With Four Portraits of Paracelsus.
   JOHN MAXSON STILLMAN ........................................... 169

The Talmud on Dreams. JULIUS J. PRICE ................................ 182

Dreams. T. B. STORK ................................................... 186

Regarding Christian Origins. EDGAR A. JOSSELYN ........................ 189

Book Reviews and Notes .................................................. 191

The Open Court Publishing Company
122 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

Per copy, 10 cents (sixpence). Yearly, $1.00 (in the U.P.U., 5s. 6d.).

Entered as Second-Class Matter March 26, 1897, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879
Copyright by The Open Court Publishing Company, 1919.
Passed by Chief Military Censor at Washington

GERMANY
IN WAR TIME

Personal Experiences of an American Woman in Germany

MARY ETHEL MCAULEY

296 pages  Cloth, $1.50

An American girl’s story of actual conditions in Germany at the present time. Over 150 photographic reproductions illustrate the awful hardships endured by the German people in daily life.

"An informing book on Germany in war time * * * without the slightest color of prejudice."— New York Evening Post.

"Reads almost like a girl’s letters home and ripples on informatively, illuminatively, yet unaware that it is a war document of prime importance."— Chicago Tribune.

"The great value of Miss McAuley’s book lies in two facts—that she writes without hate and that she writes only of things she has seen * * * her book has a quality of naiveness that I have rarely met outside the pages of good old Herodotus."— The Truth Seeker.

"Mary Ethel McAuley in her book, in the many pictures as well as the text, tells more about ‘Germany in War Time’ than all the other books that have been written on the subject put together"— New York Evening Globe.

Copies on hand are limited. Order at once.

ORDER BLANK

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.
122 South Michigan Ave.,
Chicago.

You may send me.........................copies of Germany in War Time, by Mary Ethel McAuley, for which I enclose payment.

Name..........................................................................................

Address.........................................................................................
THE Open Court Publishing Company announce with profound sorrow the death, following a prolonged illness, of

DR. PAUL CARUS,

Editor of *The Open Court* and *The Monist*, at La Salle, Illinois, on Tuesday, February the eleventh, nineteen hundred and nineteen.

A memoir of the lifework of Dr. Carus and of the long and faithful service which he rendered our country and humanity in general will be found in a subsequent number of this journal.
DEATH.

O DEATH, in thee we reach life's consummation; In thee we shall find peace; in thee our woes, Anxieties and struggles will be past. Thou art our best, our truest friend! Thou holdest The anodyne that cureth every ill.

Thou lookest stern, O Death; the living fear thee; Thy grim, cold countenance inspireth awe, And creatures shrink from thee as their worst foe. They know thee not, for they believe that thou Takest delight in agony and horror, Disease and pain. The host of all these ills Precedes thee often, but thou brook'st them not. 'Tis life that is replete with suffering, Not thou, O refuge of the unfortunate, For thou com'st as surcease of pain; thou grantest Release from torture, and thy sweetest boon Is peace eternal. So I call thee friend And will proclaim thy gift as greatest blessing.

Death is the twin of birth: he blotteth out The past but to provide for life's renewal. All life on earth is one continuous flow Which death and birth cut up in single lives Of individual existences So as to keep life ever new and fresh.

Oblivious of the day that moulded us, We enter life with virgin expectations; Traditions of parental past are we, Handing the gain of our expanding souls
Down so succeeding ages which we build.
The lives of predecessors live in us
And we continue in the race to come.
Thus in the Eleusinian Mysteries
A burning torch was passed from hand to hand.
And every hand was needed in the chain
To keep the holy flame aglow—the symbol
Of spirit-life, of higher aspirations.
'Tis not desirable to eke out life
Into eternity, world without end.
Far better 'tis to live in fresh renewals,
Far better to remain within time's limits.
Our fate 'tis to be born, to grow, to learn.
To tread life's stage; and when our time has come
There is no choice but to depart resigned.
Again and evermore again, life starteth
In each new birth a fresh new consciousness
With larger tasks, new quickened interests,
And with life's worn-out problems all renewed.
But we must work the work while it is day,
For thou, O Death, wilt hush life's turbulence
And then the night will come to stay our work.

When we have tasted of the zests of life,
Breathed in the bracing air of comprehension,
Enjoyed the pleasures of accomplishment,
When we have felt the glow of happiness,
The thrill of love, of friendship, of endeavor,
When we have borne the heat of day and sweated
Under the burden of our tasks, we shall,
Weary of life's long drudgery, be glad
To sink into the arms of sleep, to rest
From all our labors, while our work lives on.
As at the end of day we greet the night,
So we shall tire of duties, pains and joys
And gladly quaff the draught of Lethe's cup.

Wilt thou be kind to me, O Death, then spare me
The time to do my duties, to complete
My lifework ere I die. Let me accomplish
The most important tasks that lie before me,
So when I die I have not lived in vain.
But has my purpose grown beyond myself,  
I shall be satisfied and welcome thee.

Kinder thou art than thou appearest, Death!  
Peace-bringer, healer of life’s malady,  
Thou lullest us into unconsciousness.  
Thine eye, well do I know it, solves the transient  
Into mere dust; but thou discriminatest,  
Thou provest all, O just and un bribed judge,  
Appli’st the touchstone of eternal worth  
And so preservest the enduring gold.  
Thou setttest free the slave, soothe st all anguish,  
Grantest an amnesty for trespasses,  
Abolishest responsibilities,  
Ordainest the cessation of the ills  
That harass life. Withal thou simply closest  
A chapter in time’s fascinating book,  
There to remain as we have written it,  
And so thou dost no harm. Happy is he  
Who neither feareth nor inviteth thee.

I honor thee, great sanctifier Death,  
Lord of the realm of no return—High Priest  
Of the unchangeable, thou consecratest  
Our souls when gathering them unto their fathers  
In their eternal home; I honor thee,  
Yet will not seek thee! I am here to live  
And so will bide until the summons come  
To enter on my Sabbath eve of life.  
But neither shall I shrink from thee, for truly  
I see no cause why I should face thee not.  
Thou dost not doom me to annihilation,  
Thou wipest out my trace of life as little  
As any deed can ever be annulled.  
Indeed, thou comest to immortalize,  
To finish, to complete, to consummate,  
To sanctify what I have been and done.  
Therefore, I shall be ready at thy call  
And deem the common destiny of all  
Meet for myself, so when thou beckonest,  
Friend Death, grant me thy sweet enduring rest.

Paul Carus.