

know they just published a new edition of "The House of a Thousand Candles" last month." Mr. Nicholson's memory has lost its keenness and has left him with just a few deep-planted thoughts that keep coming back into his mind.

While recalling his past, he told of his friendship with Riley. He was very upset about a woman writing for the Star who evidently had called Riley a drunkard, for Mr. Nicholson said, "Riley was not a drunkard, for I knew the man all the time he was living. He had no home life and lived with his different friends the greater part of his life. Anyone of them could vouch for his character." He recalled many incidents about Riley which seemed to kindle the flame of days gone by.

Knowing that he had been an ambassador to several South American countries,

I asked him, "How did you like South America?"

"I would be in better health and better financial condition if I had never been an ambassador," he said. "Their life is a lazy one because of the bad climate." After this he resorted to saying, "Do you know they put out a new edition of "The House of a Thousand Candles?" "

As I recall the old gentleman, it seems impossible that a person of his past ability should be lost with old age. His loneliness reaches out and touches one's heart when he says, "Do come back and see me again, for I'm just a lonely old man waiting for St. Peter or the other fellow." Moving his chair away from the table, he rose, saying, "My children always call me every evening at this time, so I must return to my room."

Herr Muller

MARY FRITSCHÉ

(This sketch is based on a short story, "The Lord of Marutea," by James Norman Hall. The setting is one of the islands of French Polynesia. Forrest, a man employed by a German motion picture company, comes to make a picture of island life and finds Marutea ruled by Herr Muller, the German island trader who has established himself there.)

Representing an absolute revolt against paternal domination and against a German society bounded by convention, the character of Otto Muller is revealed through his own statement of his youth, his treatment of Forrest and of the natives of Marutea, and is antilimacti-

cally shown by the destruction of the grand piano in the concert hall. The conflict within Otto Muller arises from a delusion, the chief medium of self-deception being his music. Episodic action and a cumulative effect are devices leading to the interpretation and to the understanding of the character of Otto Muller.

From the lips of Muller himself comes the story of his youth. The fourth of eight sons, he was destined for an army career. While his father supervised the future of his children with ironclad determination, he allowed Otto to develop his musical ability as an accomplishment, not a career. At eighteen Otto was "commanded" to return from Munich that he

might enter the officers' training school. Inheriting his father's "iron will and passionate nature," he refused. After working ten hours a day and studying music at night for three years, he was employed by the Hanover Opera Company. On the opening night, according to Muller's story to Forrest, he was acclaimed and thought that he had re-established himself in the eyes of his father. He had not, and he became a self-made failure after his father pressed company directors to discharge him. Muller believed that he could become one of the greatest singers of Germany and, perhaps, of all times, according to Forrest's interpretation. In his bitterness and in a fit of madness, he fled. He destroyed himself when he swore never to sing again. The desire for revenge grew as he sought for three years something that would break his father and disgrace the name of Muller. Having come to Marutea, he made his final gesture of degradation by sending a photograph of his wife and two children and him, dressed like savages, to his father. He realized, too late of course, the toll of the revenge he had taken. He knew then that he must build his life upon that island where he was to become the supreme ruler and absolute authority. His delusion could not have been perpetuated unless he had been in absolute isolation.

Otto Muller was an escapist; he would not face reality. He had fled originally to revenge himself on his father. He had a tremendous egotism that grew with the years. Yet at the same time he was still naive, for to be a ruler of a savage people does not carry much prestige. The vital, noble "German baron who had strayed out of his feudal system" was totally unaware of his effect on anyone else. His self-delusion led him to believe

that the natives appreciated one of the arts. He did not know that these savages came to his concerts because they both feared and loved him. The pathos of his delusion springs from the blindness of his thinking that the natives could understand the music. The natives offered Otto Muller an escape for his unrealized dreams. With his concerts for the natives, Muller transmitted himself to Germany and revealed on these nights the unshakable confidence in his belief that his father had driven one of Germany's greatest potential singers to isolation. Muller wanted to believe this. And make-believe can, and did, become reality in the passing of time.

Muller was jealous of his domain; but he was generous and quick-witted, particularly when it came to helping Forrest in his work. He was childlike in his eagerness. His egotism, however, had grown to such proportions through his delusion that eventually he resented the variance in the lives of his people. He had been "for so long in the very centre of the Marutea stage."

But Muller had to have his egotism satisfied. On the night during which both a concert and a picture were presented, the large, dynamic, magnificent figure of Otto Muller accentuated the strange tropical night and exotic scene. Muller's music was powerful and passionate. During this concert, with most of the natives at the picture show, Muller realized that he had deluded himself, that his music had lulled him into deception. He realized he could escape truth no longer. He had not participated in deliberate deception; he did not now.

The violence that had brought him to the Pacific, the violence and impassivity that had met Forrest, encompassed him once more. The revenge typified by

sending the photograph to his father was analogous to the destruction of the piano. Since he was capricious, he would have regretted his action by the next day; but, mercifully, through death, he had escaped the tragedy and result of his violence.

Otto Muller, a heroic and tragic figure with his turbulent emotion and desperate homesickness, is psychologically realistic. His motivation, as presented by his background and delusion, is not exaggerated.

In One World

TOM BECKWITH

*I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after life to spell.
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered, "I myself am heaven and
hell."*

Omar Khayyam

How very strange it seems that the majority of minds still believe in distinctions — yes, distinctions while experiencing life, and, even more absurd and unethical, distinction after life. Can it be that after being submitted to the distinctions between race, color, creed, religion, and position while on earth that we must go on through eternity, that endless span of existence, still making a distinction between supposedly good and evil?

General opinion has it that heaven is the land of the blessed in one section of the everlasting, and hell is the place of punishment for the wicked after death. Do we not atone for our misdemeanors and sins on earth, in life? Is it possible for us to believe that we must go throughout the endless time still suffering for that score which has already been settled? If this be true, what of the supreme thrill, the infinite zest of living?

Long ago Vergil wrote of hell in his "Aeneid," describing it as a place of extremely brutal and maddening physical torture, where the ancient idea of distinc-

tion betwixt good and evil existed. That was long ago. That was in the days when people would not accept new ideas and when ridicule and scorn followed a master. People once stated that the world is flat. We now know how utterly wrong they were.

It was many years after Vergil that the great John Milton, known for his "Paradise Lost," and Oscar Wilde, who wrote the deep and moving "Portrait of Dorian Grey," expressed their opinions in their works of the "heaven and hell on earth" theory. They believed, as I most strongly do, that hell is a psychological state, which is experienced entirely on earth and within the individual.

It is a general consensus that the misery of the mind, that which is psychological, eclipses the misery of the body, or that which is physiological. Then why must this wall of stubborn doubt separate goodness and evil, that is if there exist any, after death?

Let us look now at four of the most hardened, and surely the most evil masters of crime of recent years: John Dillinger, Al Capone, "Baby-Face" Nelson, and Belle Gunnis. We would wonder how these people could live at all with any peace of mind. For example, let us focus our attention upon Belle Gunnis, who was one of the cleverest and most fiendish woman