

Need I burden the reader with painful descriptions of the subsequent lynchings, arson, mayhem, and massacres? Need I list the churches that were pillaged? Need I catalogue the names of statesmen who fell under the assassin's knife and pistol? Need I report statistics of rape upon maidens and grandmothers? Need I describe the rioting at the capital, the stoning of Foreign Embassies? Ah no, the bloody tale by this time must already be too well known to everyone. Suffice it therefore to note merely that before the chimes of the Church of the Reconciliation had an hour later struck twelve somber clangs, battleships had been ordered into foreign waters by their respective governments and within a half hour the war had become universal.

The sparrow's unpremeditated shot had been felt, if not heard, around the world!

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EPILOGUE.

God solemnly stroked his beard and sighed. For already the noises of strife and conflict upon the earth had reached heaven. He could hear the distant thunder of cannon, the whinny of shells, or the sudden roar of a mine splitting the earth open, and He touched the arm of Saint Peter.

—It is? He asked.

—War, said St. Peter.

God slowly wagged his great, grey head.

—Another sparrow, he murmured, who has done wrong.

SLATER BROWN

ANNOUNCEMENT

The next issue of A. 1925 will be non-polemic. It will contain verse and prose by Slater Brown, Kenneth Burke, Robert Coates, Malcolm Cowley, Hart Crane, Charles L. Durboraw, Walter S. Hankel, Matthew Josephson, Isidore Schneider, Allen Tate, John Brooks Wheelwright and William Carlos Williams.