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Oscar Wilde
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Vol. 9

April 11.

HISTORY, ARCHÆOLOGY,
AND BIOGRAPHY.

"The Life of Walter Pater." By Thomas Wright. In Two Vols. 25s net. (London: Everett and Co.)

To judge from books like this of Mr Wright's, biography would seem to be a lost art. Beside such finished jewels as Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" or Lewis's Goethe, Mr Wright's production seems like a heap of un-rushed quartz. He has given us the gold, it is true; but it was his business, it is not the reader's, to pick it out from the dross of irrelevance and digression in which it lies embedded, and to mould it into some semblance of shape. Such a task would not have been difficult had Mr Wright possessed any faculty of arrangement, and had he been content to do one moderately sized volume instead of two bulky ones. It is hardly possible to imagine a more uneventful boyhood than that of Pater. Will it be believed that Mr Wright takes 150 pages to bring him to the portals of reason? The test has only been excelled by the biographer of Tristram Shandy; but Mr Wright's digressions have nothing of witty and little of wise, consisting mainly of tiresome lists of masters, accounts of commemorative days, and descriptions of personages who did less to do with Pater than Hamlet's player with Hamlet. The Oxford pages show a marked improvement, and, save for the over-romanticism given to the affairs of Jackson and a urban Little Gidding at Walsworth, we have no fault to find with the London period, except the same utter lack of arrangement and perspective which disfigures the whole book. The style is pedestrian, and occasionally slipped; scarcely any discrimination is observed in the selection of anecdote, and the constant turning upon Pater's unprepossessing appearance is in the worst possible taste, as is also a clumsy attack, in the trumpeting and self-important preface, upon Mr A. C. Benson's oughtful if necessarily somewhat shadowy biography. On the other hand, Mr Wright's criticisms on Pater's writings are both shrewd and sympathetic, and he manages, by dint of lying us everything, to tell us something about a succession of phases of the intellectual history of his subject, though we confess that in the test and most important phase—that of Christianity—there is a psychological hiatus which good biographer would have done his best to fill up.

Probably no man of genius, except Pascal, Amiel, ever had such an uneventful existence as Walter Pater. He never married; it is subtle if he ever was in love; he travelled little; and he deliberately avoided everything that might distract him from that tranquil voyage autour de ma chambre to which, when still a boy, he had committed his soul. In London, of a decayed branch of an old Buckinghamshire family of Dutch origin, he spent his childhood in penurious surroundings at Enfield, his boyhood in shrinking, cat-like isolation at King's School, Canterbury, and his youth in poorly furnished apartments at Oxford, where he burned his youthful poems, took a long but not final leave of Christianity, and, on being fortunate enough to win a fellowship, began those studies of the Renaissance upon which, and more especially upon the series called "Imaginary Portraits," his future reputation as a writer was founded. Disgraced with Oxford, which neglected his lectures, and which afterwards missed him out from the invitations to the Shelley celebrations in 1833, he spent much of his time as possible in London, where his chief associates of note were Edmund Spenser, George Moore, William Sharp, Oscar Wilde, and his old friend R. C. Jackson (alias Nugent), the original of Merius, through whose influence, and perhaps owing to his own failing vitality, he was led back from the rank, if theoretic, Paganism of Denys d'Auxerois to the ascetic devotion which closed the career of his Roman hero. Early in 1894 he went down to Glasgow to receive the degree of LL.D., his first and only public recognition; and on July 30 of the same year, at the age of fifty-five, the fatal climacteric of a short-lived race, the greatest English stylist of the latter half of the nineteenth century passed away. Of his public honour, intellectual exclusiveness, proud modesty, amusing asininity, and luxuriously simple habits, the biography affords many traits. There are many good illustrations, a copious appendix, and a good index.

Northern Echo.
AN INCOMPETENT
WORLD.

"G.B.S." ON THE DRAMA.

"This is a miserably incompetent world." So Mr. Bernard Shaw affirmed in 1896; and, in spite of his manifold efforts at improving our lot by means of his own plays, he probably still believes it in 1907. "Dramatic Opinions and Essays" is a collection of these brilliant (Mr. Shaw admits that they are brilliant) essays on the theatre which appeared in the "Saturday Review" from 1894 to 1898; they have now an introduction by Mr. Huxley, and an "apology" by "G.B.S." On the whole, therefore, in spite of what Mr. Shaw delights to call "an emaciated pre-text," these essays may be regarded as the flower of Shavian seriousness.

What Mr. Shaw says about Oscar Wilde is wonderfully true of himself:

Mr. Wilde is to me our only thorough playwright. He plays with everything; with wit, with philosophy, with drama, with actors and audience, with the whole theatre.

A Great Game.

The picture of Mr. Augustin Daly preparing to produce a version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and, like Mrs. Toder, "a dodgin' among the tender bits with a fork and an eatin' of 'em," is excellent sport; it is also excellent criticism. There is sound judgment, too, in his mordant comments on Mr. Hall Caine:

Who is Hall Caine? If the speeches in "The Manxman" correctly represent the colloquial habits of the island, the Manx race are without a vernacular, and only communicate with one another by extracts from Cassell's National Library, the Chandos Classics, and the like. In the Isle of Man you do not use the word "always," you say, "Come weel, come weel, come life, come death." The most useful phrases for the tourist are, "Dust and ashes, dust and ashes," "Dead sea fruit," "The lone watches of the night," "What a hell is conscience!" . . . The Manx do not speak of a little baby, but of a baby "fresh from God."

Mr. Shaw treats Shakespeare and Mr. Pinero with the same biting levity, the same uncomfortable truth.

Of course, any clever man can make fun of Mr. Caine, or the late Mr. Wilson Barrett, or Miss Corelli—if it is worth while. But Mr. Shaw does it so deftly. And he hits the truth very directly when he interpolates a serious saying like this:

Great works in fiction are the arduous victories of great minds over great imaginations: Miss Corelli's works are the cheap victories of a profuse imagination over an apparently commonplace and carelessly cultivated mind.

There is no doubt that these essays did a great service to English drama. If they have not wholly killed "Sardoodledom," or "Tappertit on Cæsar," or "Poor Shakespeare!" of the dark ages, they have made a way for Mr. Shaw's own plays, and for the breadth and freedom which they represent. They are a melancholy catalogue of dead things, in a way, as well as a prophecy of the new. And, whatever their effect, they are still as fresh and delightful as wittily many-sided, as in the days before the author announced (happily without truth) that "I am off duty for ever, and am going to sleep."

"Dramatic Opinions and Essays." By Bernard Shaw. London: Constable. 1907. Two vols. 10s 6d net.

T. P.'s Weekly. April 12.

Modern Art Tendencies.—R. W. (Regent's Park) writes: In recent numbers of T.P.'s WEEKLY I notice the published prize compositions are subjected to adverse criticism upon the score of rhetorical extravagances and faulty grammar. The critics should, however, bear in mind that this is an age of impressionism and stylism—some unkind people might even go so far as to say an age of charlatanism and quacks. This impressionism and spurious individualism permeates all the arts. Was there ever any period in the history of painting when the gentle art of "flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public" was practised with such ingenuity and variety of method as during the last two generations? In sculpture the rougher and ruder your work, the greater the lack of detail and finish, the more will your genius be proclaimed. The superior person assures us that finish and detail would spoil the rugged strength, the atmosphere, the impress of inspiration the work is alleged to give the beholder. Strange that the immortal masters of Greece and Rome and the Renaissance should have bestowed such infinite pains on detail and finish, and yet, thereby, have only ended their work with so great glory that the very spirit seems to shine through the lifeless marble.

Impressionism is no less rampant in the very latest music. The latter-day composer would have you believe he has achieved the impossible; that by means of fearful and wonderful combinations of sound he can make him who runs drink in with ease the whole story of the Siege of Troy to its smallest details, including even the conversations of the dramatis personæ—or, mayhap, it is a simpler and homelier story that the musician tells, and by still more weird cacophony depicts such incidents as the cooking of the matutinal breakfast, or the howling of the baby, or the boiling of the domestic copper. It is even so in literature. This generation seems to ignore the fact that the greatest of the past masters of the art of writing employed the simplest and most lucidly grammatical English where-with to build immortal work. The growth of stylism and impressionism and artificial peculiarities of individuality have been the most notable features of literature during the last fifty or sixty years. Because this period has produced its Swinburne, its Browning, its Carlyle, its Meredith, its Oscar Wilde, therefore every chattering crowd thinks he is called upon to imitate at least, if he cannot persuade himself that he can do something even more strikingly original. The brilliant achievements of Oscar Wilde seem to have been the forerunner of a whole school of writers and journalists, who turn out flippant drivel and machine-made paradoxes by the yard. How much of recent poetry is anything but a fantastic jangle of words depicting some vague, ill-defined story or idea? You have indeed set yourself a wearisome task if you would discover the precise meaning and exact value of each sentence, and the grammatical relationship of one with another. The outcome of all these modern tendencies is that the first principles are more and more ignored by those who write. Hence the prevalence of literary snobbery, inflated verbiage, foggy mysticism, metre-mongering, vacuous commonplaces or imbecilities tricked out to look smart, the vogue of the topsy-turvy paradox school; and a general lack of sound technique, depth of thought, felicity of expression, honest grace of style, clarity and sound grammar. Recently I have examined many specimens of writing by fairly well-known names in current literature and journalism, also the written work of public men; and I feel bound to say the art of constructing a perfectly balanced grammatical sentence seems to be more and more ignored.

Again, look at the separation of the dependent sentence from the principal by a full stop: look at the growing prevalence of "and" at the beginning of a new sentence after a full stop; also the use of "but" in a similar manner, when it should follow a semi-colon: look at the use of meaningless adverbs and conjunctions which give a sentence the appearance of being dependent where it is not so in reality: look at the absence of indispensable punctuation which at first sight makes some sentences look meaningless or ridiculous: look at the sloppy, ragged, loose, non-homogeneous character of much that you read from the pens of those who are not amateurs. I cannot conclude without quoting two examples of the perverse ingenuity some journalists exhibit in pursuit of what they call "style." I cull the following from recent issues of a London newspaper: "She only survived her second noose six months." "She was né (sic) Miss . . ." The foreign words were not even italicised. Why, in heaven's name, must a journalist write this bastard jargon! I thought this Anglo-Gallic lingo was now confined to the trade vocabularies of milliners, dressmakers, fashion-writers, and hotel proprietors—save, perhaps, its occasional use by ultra-nice lady novelists and journalists, who never use such indelicate words as "night-gown" or "stockings," but employ "robe de nuit" and "bas."

'Salome':
Lecture by Herr Max BurkhardtMusical World.
April.

In the middle of last month Herr Max Burkhardt, of Berlin, gave a lecture upon Dr. Richard Strauss's 'Salome.' He first stated that the very opposite opinions put forward by the Press for or against the work have excited public interest to an exceptional degree. Turning to the score, he sat down to the piano and played the principal motifs, commenting thereon at the same time, while other motifs, belonging particularly to the rôle of Salome, were sung by his wife. The lecturer's point of view and judgment upon the musical structure of the work were not without originality.

He said—"Like Oscar Wilde, Strauss is also a stipplist, in the sense that he puts dots of colour beside one another, and in some way imbues each word with an orchestral nuance that reflects that colour; while the sensuality, the feverish haste, the extreme pointedness, of Wilde's drama—Strauss contrives to express these by breathless motive, by the abandonment of every musical form, organic or archi-technical, by continual changes in time (16 times in 24 bars), and by incessant modulations, wherein all feeling of tonality is lost. As for the nervous and scenic effects of Wilde, they are reflected in the music by dissonances; with Strauss these become not only a suspension demanding a resolution, but a particular way of exciting and delighting the senses. In short, the clear-cut character with which Wilde endows his characters, the complicated mosaic of psychological elements in the brain of that man, which must be observed from the pathological point of view—of these Strauss gives a clear idea by his remarkable thematic work and his cleverness in transforming, even metamorphosing, his motive."

Herr Burkhardt ended by expressing in very striking fashion his general ideas upon the art that has given us 'Salome.' "We thus see in Strauss," said he, "that element already described by Nietzsche, of an art of decadence and depression, which consists in the excessive predominance of technique, and in a sensuous richness obtained in plenitude by new means and new colours. 'Salome' has nothing in common with the grand idealist aspiration that informs the women of Wagner—Senta, Elsa, Isolde, Kundry—which would seem to be an emanation



Salome

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'Salome':

Lecture by Herr Max Burkhardt

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structure of the work were not without originality. He said — "Like Oscar Wilde, Strauss is also a stipplist, in the sense that he puts dots of colour beside one another, and in some way imbues each word with an orchestral nuance that reflects that colour; while the sensualism, the fervidity, the feverish haste, the extreme pointedness, of Wilde's drama—Strauss contrives to express these by breathless motive, by the abandonment of every musical form, organic or architectonic, by continual changes in time (16 times in 24 bars), and by incessant modulations, wherein all feeling of tonality is lost. As for the nervous and scenic effects of Wilde, they are reflected in the music by dissonances: with Strauss these become not only a suspension demanding a resolution, but a particular way of exciting and delighting the senses. In short, the clear-cut character with which Wilde endows his characters, the complicated mosaic of psychological elements in the brain of that man, which must be observed from the pathological point of view—of these Strauss gives a clear idea by his remarkable thematic work and his cleverness in transforming, even metamorphosing, his motive."

Herr Burkhardt ended by expressing in very striking fashion his general ideas upon the art that has given us 'Salome.' "We thus see in Strauss," said he, "that element already described by Nietzsche, of an art of decadence and depression, which consists in the excessive predominance of technique, and in a sensuous richness obtained in plenitude by new means and new colours. 'Salome' has nothing in common with the grand idealist aspiration that informs the women of Wagner—Senta, Elsa, Isolde, Kundry—which would seem to be an emana-



Salome

(After the painting by Bernardino Luini).

Westminster Gazette. March 19.

OSCAR WILDE'S "DUCHESS OF PADUA."
By the courtesy of Mr. George Alexander, a copyright performance of Oscar Wilde's "Duchess of Padua" was held at the St. James's Theatre yesterday morning, the title-role being sustained by Miss Amy Rooker, and that of Guido Ferranti by Mr. F. Stanley Smith. As the play is about to be published, and has never been performed in this country, this precaution was necessary in order to preserve the dramatic rights, which are the property of the author's literary administrator and executor.

Athenæum. March 23

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT has published through Messrs. Everett & Co., in two large illustrated volumes, *The Life of Walter Pater*. The book contains a good deal of new material, especially in the account given of the literary relations between Pater and Oscar Wilde. In his preface the author describes Mr. Benson's "Walter Pater" as a "meagre outline.... inspired by some of Pater's relatives." It was more satisfactory to Pater's friends than is the present venture, in which a detachment, unusual in biography, is displayed, such as to remind the reader of the controversy which arose in respect of the lives of Manning.

Glasgow Evening News.

LITERATURE, ART, MUSIC.

Arrangements have been made for the publication of the new edition of Oscar Wilde's writings in America as well as here. The edition will contain one poem of some length which has never been printed at all. There will also be various short pieces and other verse that has not before been collected.

Dundee advertiser April 1.

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Book Monthly. April.

Mr. David Nutt is publishing a fine edition of Oscar Wilde's *Happy Prince and Other Tales*, which have been likened to the work of Hans Christian Andersen. Another April publication with Mr. Nutt is a volume of short stories, *Human Affairs*, by Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan. There is a remarkable story of the occult which would have delighted Hawthorne.

Nottingham Daily Express.

It is a little uncertain when the collected edition of Oscar Wilde's works will begin to appear, because it has to come out simultaneously in America.

Weekly Times and Echo. Mar 30. 1907

Mr. Tree promises at His Majesty's Theatre to follow "The Red Lamp" with a revival of the late Mr. Oscar Wilde's Haymarket Theatre comedy, "A Woman of No Importance."

Mr. Conried has succeeded, after all, in introducing "Salomé" to New York. The performance at the Deutsches Theater evoked no hostile demonstrations. The second performance of the opera at Brussels rivalled the success of the first, and was witnessed by M. Briand, the French Minister for Education. No doubt it would be interesting to know what educational value, positively or negatively, he attached to the most-discussed opera of the day. Dr. Neitzel has given lectures in English on it in America, and is at present discussing it with illustrations on the pianoforte in Germany.

Literary World. April.

RECENT ANTHOLOGIES.

Echoes from Kottabos. Edited by R. V. Tyrrell, Litt.D., LL.D., and Sir Edward Sullivan. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

Under this quaint title, derived from the name of an ancient Greek game, we have a collection of *Dublin College Magazine* reprints. It is in every way a delightful book, full of joy to those who care for that rather rare thing, really witty verse. As is usual in college verse, the collection is rich in true parodies, such as 'My King':

I will not dream of him sage and wary;
He that I love must be wild and brave;
I do not say that he need be hairy,
Whatever he does, he will surely shave.
And he may be Willy, or simply William,
Or that short Bill which is just between;
But whatever he is, he must have a million,
And serve in the Army the Queen! the Queen!

But the parodies are surpassed by the 'affectionate studies' in the style of the great masters, Tennyson, Browning, Walt Whitman, and many others. One of these begins:

I am come, he you was enquiring for a moment ago.
Did anyone tell you I was well and hearty, and without disease?

'The Old Parson and the New' is a piece of satirical writing that deserves a long life. This is a large book, but from the parodies to the serious poems, which include metrical renderings of Greek choruses by Oscar Wilde, practically every piece is a joy, and almost every subject has its turn, even the price of coals. Among the contributors are George Jessop, Edward Dowden, Samuel Cowan, Hubert de Burgh, Townsend Mills, Henry Crichton Weir and Sir Edward Sullivan.

Revue de France, April

Sherard: *The Life of Oscar Wilde*, 12 s. 6 d., T. Werner Laurie. — *The Trial of Oscar Wilde*, hors commerce.

Une autre destinée attristante fut celle d'Oscar Wilde, qui mourut prématurément, après une si cruelle tragédie, et laissant un œuvre insuffisant pour lui assurer le premier rang, à côté d'autres qui, morts plus jeunes cependant, ont conquis une éternelle renommée. Comme ce Christ, dont il parle si magnifiquement dans *De Profundis*, Wilde fut un discur de paraboles, il parla son génie, et il ne lui manqua que des disciples pour recueillir ses paroles. Pourtant un de ceux qui l'ont bien connu, Mr Robert H. Sherard, le biographe de Zola et de Daudet, a tenté de retracer l'existence d'Oscar Wilde: *The Life of Oscar Wilde*. Après un premier essai qui n'était pas très heureux, Mr Sherard a réussi à écrire sur l'auteur de *Salomé* un volume des plus intéressants. Ce n'est pas encore, et pour des raisons qu'il est facile de comprendre, la biographie définitive; il y a bien des trous et des omissions dans ce travail, mais Mr Sherard a su tirer un excellent parti de la documentation dont il dispose. Plus tard, quand de trop fâcheuses réticences ne seront plus nécessaires, il referra, sans doute, une troisième fois son œuvre. Comme document biographique, il a été imprimé récemment un extrait des comptes-rendus sténographiques du procès de 1895, réimpression qu'on trouve, croyons-nous, chez l'éditeur Carrington, et qui s'appelle *The Trial of Oscar Wilde*. Une très belle préface signée G. G. (Charles Grolleau, sans doute) est un noble commentaire sur les turpitudes qui suivent.

Daily Chronicle. April 26.

BRIC-A-BRAC.—It is a little uncertain when the collected edition of Oscar Wilde's works will begin to appear, because it has to come out simultaneously in America.

Weekly Times and Echo 31 Mar

The much-discussed opera "Salomé," by Oscar Wilde and Strauss, which was forbidden in New York, was performed at the Théâtre Monnaie, Brussels, on Monday night, and was a complete success. A profound sensation was created by the last scene, in which Salomé embraces the head of John the Baptist. The grim realism caused a shudder run through the audience.

Tribune April 23.

"A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE," When "The Red Lamp" and "The Vandrick" are withdrawn from His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Tree will revive Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," which is first produced fifteen years ago at the Haymarket. Rehearsals of the comedy will presently be commenced at His Majesty's.

Daily Express, April 24.

The "Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette" anticipated on Monday afternoon Mr. Tree's announcement on Monday night that he intended to revive "A Woman of No Importance," by Oscar Wilde. The revival of this witty comedy will be an extremely interesting theatrical event. The piece was first produced at the Haymarket Theatre on April 19, 1892, and ran until the following August.

Daily Telegraph, April 25.

On Monday evening "The Red Lamp" and "The Vandrick" resume their place in the bill at His Majesty's. Some three or four weeks later Mr. Tree, who he intimated in his speech last Monday, is to revive Oscar Wilde's play, "A Woman of No Importance," an event which will be looked forward to with decided anxiety as serving to show how far the piece retains its original freshness. It may be instructive to recall that immediately after its first performance Mr. William Archer spoke of it as attaining to "the very highest plane of English modern drama," asserting further that "it stands alone on that plane." The critic subsequently made rather a merit of the fact that he was charged with being "grossly and excessively eulogistic"; he was, however, careful to add that at the time Mr. Pinero still held "The Second Mrs. Tanguer" up his sleeve. In the forthcoming revival Mr. Tree will, of course, resume his old part, while among others engaged are Mrs. Charles Calvert, Miss Kate Cutler, Mr. Charles Allen, and Mr. Red Lewis. As to the rôles of the two principal female characters there is a difficulty. If matters are arranged, Mr. Tree will bring over from America a young leading comedy actress, who has not been seen in London for some time, to play Miss Ellis, Neilson's original part; as to that sustained by Mrs. Bernard Beere, we must await the development of events.

Evening Standard St. James's Gazette. April 26.

It looks as though the revival—first announced in our columns—of Mr. Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," at His Majesty's, would be followed by other plays—plays yet unproduced and unknown, which were early products of that amazing and prolific brain. Mr. Gerald Lawrence—who, as we all know, proposes "going into management" with his wife, Miss Fay Davis—has one of those early efforts in his possession. "I should like to do it," he said to me, "but it is, I fear, too unrelievably sombre to be successful. The subject of it is early Italian." Well, it may be that by the time Mr. Lawrence has his plans in working order Oscar Wilde will have renewed his hold upon the theatre. By that time Mr. Lawrence may find that his Italian drama would be just the card to play.

Daily Telegraph, May 1.

Mr. Tree is busily engaged with rehearsals of Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," which is to be seen at His Majesty's in about three weeks' or a month's time. As we foreshadowed last week might be the case, he has succeeded in persuading Miss Ellis Jeffreys to cross the Atlantic to sustain a prominent part in the production.

New Age, May 2.

Now that so much interest is being taken in the more remote and philosophic aspects of Socialism, especially those questions, most difficult of all, bearing upon the relationship of the individual to the State, it becomes a matter of urgency that a cheaper issue of Oscar Wilde's "Soul of Man Under Socialism" should be brought out. Mr. Humphreys, who is the holder of the copyright of this important essay, would be conferring a benefit upon students of modern political ideas by issuing an edition at, say, a shilling. Meantime those who require the essay will have to continue referring to the "Fortnightly Review" of February, 1891, in which it originally appeared, or buying the beautifully printed volume issued by Mr. Humphreys at six shillings under the title "Sebastian Melmoth," which contains "The Soul of Man," as well as a selection of aphorisms and epigrams from the same author's plays.

Jewish Chronicle May 3.

The "Ballad of Reading Gaol," from the pen of Oscar Wilde, has received the attention of the translator who, in his Yiddish version, has made some attempt to present the original metre, although he has given a free translation. His Yiddish seems to fit with remarkable aptness the English equivalent, and indeed the version has been successfully carried out. You could have knocked us down with the proverbial feather the other day when we espied an English Borough Council employé writing the legend "wet paint" at the foot of an electric light standard, while underneath he chalked the Yiddish version of these two words! This calligraphic performance was accomplished with a facility which astonished us, for the man had written them in the round characters which the Police Court reporter once described as "Cursed."

Glasgow Evening Citizen May 3.

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Era, May 4.

MR. TREE'S managerial career has actually extended to twenty years. He first started for a brief season at the Comedy Theatre, and in 1887 went to the Haymarket Theatre. From thence he crossed the road to the magnificent Temple of Thespis to which playgoers so consistently flock. Mr. Tree is now busily engaged with rehearsals of Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," which is to be seen at His Majesty's in about three weeks' time. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is coming from America to sustain a prominent part in the revival.

Weekly Times and Echo. May 5.

Mr. Tree's future plans for His Majesty's Theatre include the revival on the 11th inst. for a week of "Julius Caesar," to be followed by "Tribly" on the 18th inst. On Wednesday, the 22nd, he promises to revive for day evening, the late Mr. Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," with Wednesday matinees; while on the afternoons of two Thursdays in the month—viz., the 23rd and 30th—"Hamlet" will be played.

Glasgow Evening Citizen. May 4.

Messrs. Vickers propose to issue a book entitled "A Holiday in Hades," which they suggest was written by Oscar Wilde, under the pseudonym of "David Scoffern."

Daily News, May 3.

Messrs. Vickers send us the very interesting, if correct, information that the late Oscar Wilde is supposed to be the author of a book entitled "A Holiday in Hades," which they propose to issue under the pseudonym of "David Scoffern." We are accustomed to the continual returns to activity of the shade of the late Adeline Sergeant, but it is another matter when authors of the rank of Oscar Wilde renew their literary labours.

Belfast News-Letter. May 2.

There will shortly be published an extraordinary work, entitled "A Holiday in Hades," which deals with the mighty dead, and the authorship is assigned to the late Oscar Wilde, though "David Scoffern" will officially appear as the author.

Sunday Times Sunday Special, May 5.

Mr. Tree has lost no time in giving effect to his intention of conducting His Majesty's Theatre on a repertory basis. "The Red Lamp" and "The Vandrick" will be played until next Friday, and will be dycked for six nights and a matinee by "Julius Caesar." On Saturday week "Tribly" will be given two performances, and will also be played twice on Whit Monday and on the following evening. On Wednesday, May 22, will come the promised revival of "A Woman of No Importance," which will remain in the bill until further notice. Mr. Wilde's play will be given as the usual Wednesday matinees, and there will be two special matinees of "Hamlet" on Thursdays, May 23 and 30.

Observer, May 5.

Mr. Tree has now settled upon the revival of "A Woman of No Importance" on the 22nd inst. at His Majesty's, where, however, it will be preceded by a few representations of "Julius Caesar," beginning on Saturday next, and a few subsequent ones of "Tribly." In Oscar Wilde's subsequent ones of "Tribly." In Oscar Wilde's comedy Mr. Tree will himself play Lord Illingworth, and he has secured Miss Ellis Jeffreys for one of his chief colleagues in the cast.

Glasgow Herald, May 4.

We are informed that there will shortly be published a work entitled "A Holiday in Hades," which deals with the mighty dead, and that the authorship is assigned to the late Oscar Wilde, though "David Scoffern" will officially appear as the author.

Glasgow Evening Times, May 6.

Mr Beerbohm Tree will revive Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," at His Majesty's in about three weeks. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is coming from America to sustain a prominent part.

Westminster Gazette.

March 19.

OSCAR WILDE'S "DUCHESS OF PADUA."

By the courtesy of Mr. George Alexander, a copyright performance of Oscar Wilde's "Duchess of Padua" was held at the St. James's Theatre yesterday morning, the title-rôle being sustained by Miss Amy Rooker, and that of Guido Ferranti by Mr. F. Stanley Smith. As the play is about to be published, and has never been performed in this country, this precaution was necessary in order to reserve the dramatic rights, which are the property of the author's literary administrator and executor.

Athenæum,

March 23

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT has published through Messrs. Everett & Co., in two large illustrated volumes, *The Life of Walter Pater*. The book contains a good deal of new material, especially in the account given of the literary relations between Pater and Oscar Wilde. In his preface the author describes Mr. Benson's 'Walter Pater' as a "meagre outline inspired by some of Pater's relatives." It was more satisfactory to Pater's friends than is the present venture, in which a detachment, unusual in biography, is displayed, such as to remind the reader of the controversy which arose in respect of the lives of Manning.

RECENT ANTHOLOGIES.

Echoes from Kottabos. Edited by R. Y. Tyrrell, Litt.D., LL.D., and Sir Edward Sullivan. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

Under this quaint title, derived from the name of an ancient Greek game, we have a collection of *Dublin College Magazine* reprints. It is in every way a delightful book, full of joy to those who care for that rather rare thing, really witty verse. As is usual in college verse, the collection is rich in true parodies, such as 'My King':

I will not dream of him sage and wary ;
He that I love must be wild and brave ;
I do not say that he need be hairy,
Whatever he does, he will surely shave.
And he may be Willy, or simply William,
Or that short Bill which is just between ;
But whatever he is, he must have a million,
And serve in the Army the Queen ! the Queen !

But the parodies are surpassed by the 'affectionate studies' in the style of the great masters, Tennyson, Browning, Walt Whitman, and many others. One of these begins :

I am come, he you was enquiring for a moment ago.
Did anyone tell you I was well and hearty, and without disease ?

'The Old Parson and the New' is a piece of satirical writing that deserves a long life. This is a large book, but from the parodies to the serious poems, which include metrical renderings of Greek choruses by Oscar Wilde, practically every piece is a joy, and almost every subject has its turn, even the price of coals. Among the contributors are George Jesson, Edward Dowden, Samuel Cowan, Hubert de Burgh, Townsend Mills, Henry Chilton Weir and Sir Edward Sullivan.

Glasgow Evening News,

LITERATURE, ART, MUSIC.

Arrangements have been made for the publication of the new edition of Oscar Wilde's writings in America as well as here. The edition will contain one poem of some length which has not been printed at all. There will also be various short pieces and other verse that has not before been collected.

March

29

2019-03-01 Women's University Library

Dundee advertiser April 1.

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Jisse 2019-03-18 University Library

Sherard : *The Life of Oscar Wilde*, 12 s. 6 d., T. Werner Laurie. — *The Trial of Oscar Wilde*, hors commerce

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des raisons qu'il est facile de comprendre, la biographie définitive ; il y a bien des trous et des omissions dans ce travail, mais Mr Sherard a su tirer un excellent parti de la documentation dont il dispose. Plus tard, quand de trop fâcheuses réticences ne seront plus nécessaires, il refera, sans doute, une troisième fois son œuvre. Comme document biographique, il a été imprimé récemment un extrait des comptes-rendus sténographiques du procès de 1895, réimpression qu'on trouve, croyons-nous, chez l'éditeur Carrington, et qui s'appelle **The Trial of Oscar Wilde**. Une préface signée G. G. (Charles Grolleau, sans doute) est un noble commentaire sur les turpitudes qui suivent.

Book Monthly. April.

Mr. David Nutt is publishing a fine edition of Oscar Wilde's *Happy Prince and Other Tales*, which have been likened to the work of Hans Christian Andersen. Another April publication with Mr. Nutt is a volume of short stories, *Human Affairs*, by Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan. There is a remarkable story of the occult which would have delighted Hawthorne.

Nottingham Daily Express,

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of Oscar Wilde's works will begin to appear, be-
cause it has to come out simultaneously in
America.

April
27.

2019-2021 Women's University Library 46

Daily Chronicle.

April
26.

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Weekly Times and Echo.

Mr. Tree promises at His Majesty's Theatre to follow "The Red Lamp" with a revival of the late Mr. Oscar Wilde's Haymarket Theatre comedy, "A Woman of No Importance."

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28.

10. Mar. 30. 1907 Tribune,

Mr. Conried has succeeded, after all, in introducing "Salomé" to New York. The performance at the Deutsches Theater evoked no hostile demonstrations. The second performance of the opera at Brussels rivalled the success of the first, and was witnessed by M. Briand, the French Minister for Education. No doubt it would be interesting to know what educational value, positively or negatively, he attached to the most-discussed opera of the day. Dr. Neitzel has given lectures in English on it in America, and is at present discussing it with illustrations on the pianoforte in Germany.

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Jessen W2019-03-11 8:49 Library

Weekly Times and Echo. 31 Mar

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Jissen W2019-03-18 University Library

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April
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Jissen Women's University Library



New Age,

May 2.

Now that so much interest is being taken in the more remote and philosophic aspects of Socialism, especially those questions, most difficult of all, bearing upon the relationship of the individual to the State, it becomes a matter of urgency that a cheaper issue of Oscar Wilde's "Soul of Man Under Socialism" should be brought out. Mr. Humphreys, who is the holder of the copyright of this important essay, would be conferring a benefit upon students of modern political ideas by issuing an edition at, say, a shilling. Meantime those who require the essay will have to continue referring to the "Fortnightly Review" of February, 1891, in which it originally appeared, or buying the beautifully printed volume issued by Mr. Humphreys at six shillings under the title "Sebastian Melmoth," which contains "The Soul of Man," as well as a selection of *Sebastian Melmoth* and *Other Plays* from the same author's plays.

2019-03-18 Women's University Library 53

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Daily News,

May
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Jissen Women's University Library
2019-03-28

May 2.

Belfast News-Letter.

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Jessen Women's University Library

Daily Telegraph, ^{April} 25.

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Jewish Chronicle May 3.

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2019-03-18 Jissen Women's University Library 57

Glasgow Evening Citizen, May 3.

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Sunday Times

Sunday Special,

May 5.

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2019-03-18 University of London

Evening Standard St. James's Gazette.

april

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It looks as though the revival—first announced in our columns—of Mr. Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," at His Majesty's, would be followed by other plays—plays yet unproduced and unknown, which were early products of that amazing and prolific brain. Mr. Gerald Lawrence—who, as we all know, proposes "going into management" with his wife, Miss Fay Davis—has one of those early efforts in his possession. "I should like to do it," he said to me, "but it is, I fear, too unrelievably sombre to be successful. The subject of it is early Italian." Well, it may be that by the time Mr. Lawrence has his plans in working order Oscar Wilde will have renewed his hold upon the theatre. By that time, however, his Italian drama would be just the card to play.

Era,

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MR. TREE's managerial career has actually extended to twenty years. He first started for a brief season at the Comedy Theatre, and in 1887 went to the Haymarket Theatre. From thence he crossed the road to the magnificent Temple of Thespis to which playgoers so consistently flock. Mr. Tree is now busily engaged with rehearsals of Oscar Wilde's comedy, *A Woman of No Importance*, which is to be seen at His Majesty's in about three weeks. Mr. Tree's *Ellen Terry* is coming from America to sustain a prominent part in the revival.

Jessen Wortel University Library

May 5-

Weekly Times and Echo.

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Glasgow Herald

We are informed that the author has published a work entitled "The History of the Theatre with the m

Observer,

May 5

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Jessen Women's University Library

Daily Telegraph.

May
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Jissen 2016-03-18 University Library

Glasgow Evening Citizen.

Messrs. Vickers propose to issue a book
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may 4

2019-10-18 Women's University Library 65

Glasgow Herald,

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Jissen2019-03-18 universiteit library

Glasgow Evening Times May 6.

Mr Beerbohm Tree will revive Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," at His Majesty's Theatre, London. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is coming from America to sustain a prominent part.

Jissen Women's University Library

Leicester Post,

IS HECTOR MACDONALD ALIVE?

I had a chat with Mr. Weir to-day on the extraordinary revival of the story that General Hector Macdonald is alive and serving in the Chinese army. A resident in Johannesburg has written to one of the papers there that during his travels he was present at some army manoeuvres, and at once recognised an officer, though the moustache had gone and the costume was so different. It was a recognition, however, to which at first he could not put a name, and then it flashed upon his mind that before him was the brilliant victor of Omdurman who had been supposed to be dead. Before he could get a word the discoverer was hustled away, and was told not to return. That might have been for other reasons; the Chinese avoid having their organisations investigated by the foreigner. Some time before this occurred a Scot in Tasmania was certain that he saw Hector Macdonald there. Now, of course, one wants to know what are the proofs that Macdonald committed suicide in an hotel in Paris as was said, and that his body was in the coffin which was buried in Edinburgh. There was the evidence of the servant maid at the hotel that he shot himself; but there was no inquest. The authorities were satisfied, and the coffin was promptly sealed down. I believe that neither the widow nor the brother who went to Paris saw the corpse.

STORY CURRENT ABOUT WILDE.

I do not suggest it is to be assumed that Macdonald is alive. The same sort of tales have been current about Wilde for years; and one of them is to the effect that the man supposed to be Wilde ran away on being hailed in New York Broadway. The evidence that Wilde died in an hotel in the Latin Quarter of Paris, close to the Seine, is conclusive. Mr. Weir does not profess to credit that the memorial to the one British general who rose from the ranks is a memorial to somebody alive and well at the present time. The French law is peremptory as to the prompt removal of the dead under seal. The coffin, too, was hurried across London—in a furniture van, I believe—but there were a good many old friends to see it off to Scotland; and they asked questions as to the circumstances of the death. Besides, the Paris correspondents of the English papers were keen in their inquiries.

Glasgow Herald.

Mr Bernard Shaw's Dramatic Opinions.

"Dramatic Opinions and Essays." With an Apology. By George Bernard Shaw. Two Vols. 10s 6d net. (London: Archibald Constable and Co.)

These volumes are composed of a selection from dramatic criticisms contributed to the "Saturday Review" from January, 1895, to May, 1898, at which latter period a fortunate accident relieved the author from the depressing task of making bricks without straw and breaking butterflies upon the wheel. Making due allowance for an occasional excessiveness of statement produced by mental exacerbation, we cannot but agree with Mr Shaw's implied assertion that it is pitiful for a critic of powerful vision, unimpeachable integrity, and unerring taste, to be tied down to the serious consideration of a stage given up, for the most part, to plangent melodrama, hobbledolor farce, mutilated and tawdrified Shakespeare, the transpontine audacities of Mrs Ebbsmiths, and the Dumas-pasteboard and rag-bag fripperies of Ruritanian marionettes. The Shavian bricks, in defect of straw, have plenty of Shaw, which from the reader's point of view is all that is wanted, and though their function is thus explosive rather than structural, we are enabled now and then in the intervals of the illuminations to perceive the true foundations and ideal outlines of Mr Shaw's histrionic creed. Mr Shaw is the Ruskin of the stage, with Ibsen (or himself) for Turner. Unlike Mr Ruskin, however (for Mr Shaw is perhaps the greatest English humorist since Swift), he is most delightful in his vituperative or sardonic moments, when, with Ibsen for stalking horse—or, if Ibsen is out of the way, Henry Arthur Jones, Oscar Wilde, Miss Achurch, Duse, William Morris, or the Elizabethan Stage Society—he is taking potshots at such inviting objects as Mr Comyns Carr and his cloth-stuffed prigs of the Round Table, Sardou and the "well-made play," "Sardoodledom," the jejune atrocities of the Daily Theatre ("O, Mr. Daly! Unfortunately Mr Daly! What a play!"), the mouthy heroes, hoydenish heroines, and tear-compelling baby of a play, "adapted from Hall Caine's celebrated novel," ("Who is Hall Caine? How did he become celebrated? At what period did he flourish?"), or the beautiful and nonchalant Mrs Pat. Campbell, who broke the bourgeois gloom of an Ibsen play with a discordant gleam of well-bred railway.

Sketch,

Mr. Charles Marriott's new novel is, says its author, his best work. Mr. Marriott has refused to sit on his pedestal of "The Column." He was hoisted thereupon amid acclamation; and the temptation must have been to make more "Columns," and have more sunny seats. But Mr. Marriott is a student of the art of story-telling; he lives in remote Cornwall, that he may study with few distractions; and the result is apparent in the new leaves the public may now turn over. The simple life has its votaries in literature: the way of progress with such is to drop ornaments rather than to multiply them. A sense of physical confinement is sometimes the means of gaining full freedom for the pen. From Raleigh to Oscar Wilde, from Lovelace to Wilfrid Blunt, the silent cell has been a haunt of words. Even the women of Lancashire, whose lives have been in cotton-mills rather than in libraries, have known the stress of composition in Holloway; and Manchester has its score of willing Dames Pellico. The twelve times twelve women who have gone to prison because women are not voters must surely yield us one writer of "race," as Dr. Johnson called it; one woman who can put into literature with vivacity this new phase of woman's life.

LOST: THE YOUNG GIRL.

THE MARRIED WOMAN'S MONOPOLY OF NOVEL AND DRAMA.

By L. S.

Not one of the serious plays at present holding the stage has a young girl for chief character.

Not one of the winter's novels by famous contemporary novelists deals with the love affairs of the young girl.

Marriage was the end and climax of both novel and play up to fifteen or twenty years ago. The play and novel of to-day begin at marriage—that is to say, where their predecessors left off.

What is the reason of this radical change of standpoint?

What has happened to the young girl in literature and drama—to the love affairs of youth, never "running smooth," but always ending satisfactorily in marriage?

Looking back on the season's more important novels I find myself anxiously asking, Where are our heroines of yesterday? Plays invite the same question; dramatist and novelist alike have apparently ruled the young girl out of their scheme of creation.

Take the last winter's novels of our leading writers.

In Mr. Eden Phillpotts' "Whirlwind," the heroine is married quite early in the book. Mr. Robert Hichens marries his heroine in "The Call of the Blood" still earlier. Mr. W. J. Locke in "The Wandering Vagabond" has practically eliminated the young heroine altogether. Mrs. Humphry Ward in her last book, "Penelope's Career," deals entirely with married life. Considerable interest has recently been aroused by Miss M. P. Wicks' "Wingless Victory," but here again the heroine is married from the outset of the story.

Perhaps the finest novel of the year is Mr. Archibald Marshall's "Exton Manor." Here, again, the heroine is a married woman.

The fact is that novels nowadays are always based upon the problems of married life. The novel of twenty years ago was like this:

Love—Difficulties—Marriage.

The novel of to-day is like this:

Marriage—Difficulties—Love.

PLAYS OF TO-DAY.

And I pick up the paper and run my eye down the list of plays "under the clock." There is not one among the more serious in which the interest centres around the love affairs of the young girl. "John Gayle's Honour," "The Duel," "The Stronger Sex," "The Liars," "The Great Conspiracy," "The Truth"—all are alike in this one particular. They deal with problems and circumstances of married life, and not with the old story of the course of true love in its pristine simplicity.

Evening News,

April 26.

Again, I ask, "Where are our heroines of the past?"

We have been gradually forgetting her, this young girl, during the last fifteen or perhaps twenty years. Or you may perhaps say that during that time she, in the abstract, has been growing up, has married, and has altogether become a more complex character. We must not follow the parable too far, for the thought of what she may yet become is almost appalling!

The names of some of the plays that attracted attention about the time that the change was most apparent were significant. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" are examples that mark the period when the "problem play" began to take hold of the popular fancy. Oscar Wilde's brilliant, satirical society dramas did much to alienate our interest from the pretty figure of the ingénue.

Speaking broadly, it may be said that in the last two decades the tendency has been to marry the heroine earlier, till in the present day it is almost an invariable rule that she shall be married before the story opens.

REASONS.

Now the reasons for this are more serious and far-reaching than they appear at first sight. Why has the young girl been forgotten? Briefly, I would suggest three reasons:

I. Because there are now fewer objections made by parents to marriage.

II. Because the young girl is less womanly and attractive.

III. With regard to plays. Because actresses cannot play leading parts until they are too old to play "ingénues."

Let us examine these reasons in detail.

In the first place, parents are far more willing to agree to the marriage of their daughters with men who would a few years ago have been considered too poor. Provided the future husband's prospects are good, and he is considered satisfactory in other ways, parents are less inclined to insist upon the young couple's waiting.

Secondly, this is an age of golf, cycling, motorizing activity, and generally unromantic bustle. The young girl is losing the glamour with which the more domestic life of a few years ago surrounded her. She is more prosaic, more matter-of-fact—more practical.

All this does not necessarily point to a deterioration in her character, but it does mean that her romance is dying—if not dead.

Thirdly, there is the question of actresses. We are becoming more critical; we insist upon a far higher standard in acting now, and by the time the actress has acquired sufficient experience to play leading parts satisfactorily she is beyond the age at which she is fitted for the "ingénue."

But I would sum up the reason for the disappearance of the young girl broadly by saying that the conditions of modern life have so altered her that she ceases to interest us. It is, after all, we who are "growing up," and we ask for the stronger meat that "belongeth to them that are of full age!" Imagination and romance play a less part in our lives—we have not time for them.

Yet I believe she will return, we shall some day find time of social problems and marriage questions, and shall welcome back the romantic and picturesque figure of the "young girl."

Lawrence Gilman May 4

"Salomé"

Strauss' "Salomé" will be produced at the Châtelet Theatre, Paris, in the beginning of next month. It will be sung in German by the original caste, but the orchestra will consist of members of M. Colonne's combination. It will be remembered that this work was the cause of much heated discussion in New York, where it was eventually withdrawn without being presented to the public. The origin of the play is worth recalling. Oscar Wilde was living in France when he wrote "Salomé," and the tragedy was first printed in French. It was only two years later, after its publication in Paris, and when the author was in prison in England, that an English edition was published. This edition was a translation from the original, due to Lord Alfred Douglas, Wilde's intimate friend. The play was first published at the end of 1895, and to-day it is out of print. "Salomé" was played in Paris at the Nouveau Theatre on October 28, 1896, with another of Wilde's plays, "Lady Windermere's Fan," translated from the English. A few years ago Richard Strauss set the tragedy of "Salomé" to music, and it has met with great success in Germany. It is an opera in one act, which lasts the exceptionally long time of two hours and a quarter, and the four persons in the caste do not leave the stage once during that time, with the exception of Jokanaan (John the Baptist), who towards the end goes off into the wings to be decapitated. His head, on a charger, is brought in shortly after. Her Strauss has promised to come to Paris and direct the opera orchestra himself.

Star.

The répétition générale of "Salomé," by Oscar Wilde, music by Richard Strauss, took place last night at the Paris Châtelet, before a brilliant house. *saxs Rantee*

May 4

ACADEMY

SALOME, STRAUSS AND SATHANAS

WE must make up our minds never to see *Salomé* played in England. Now and then, no doubt, we may have the opportunity of journeying to Bayswater or Bloomsbury to see it acted in a dingy hall—when the Scala Theatre could

scarcely hold it worthily. With that we must be satisfied; and we must not blame the Censor alone. Supposing the idiotic ban which he is forced officially to place on it removed, it still would not be worth the while (pecuniarily) of Mr. Tree or Mrs. Patrick Campbell to mount it and act it as it deserves. The fault, in fact, lies not in our stars but in ourselves. Among the many strange and great qualities of Wilde's play, one stands pre-eminent, a kind of hunger for beauty—not moral beauty, but the beauty of stuffs and gems and women, of cups of amber that are like apples of gold, of white peacocks with gilded beaks and purple feet. That is a kind of beauty for which the playgoing public has no hunger. To them the litany of jewels and of weapons in "Dorian Gray" are but dull catalogues of things which are not even for sale at Christie's and thus legitimate subjects of commercial interest. The beauty of the crafts, of art that domineers over nature, now making use of her and now expelling her with a gilded pitchfork does not appeal to them. It seems wicked, while there is nothing wicked of course in the laughter at moral deformity or the sympathy with moral obtuseness which provides their daily theatrical amusement.

We have a strong suspicion, however, that there is some one else to blame besides the Censor and the public; and that is Mr. John Lane. His offence began with the publication of Beardsley's designs in illustration of *Salomé*; he has aggravated it by the re-issue of them in a beautiful quarto, with Lord Alfred Douglas's translation. "One should not forget," writes Mr. Lawrence Gilman, to whom we shall come presently:

to give due credit to the admirably poetic and eloquent English translation of Wilde's text made by Lord Alfred Douglas, with its curious and striking mixture of the verbal style of the King James version and something of the rhythmic cadence of M. Maeterlinck—a sufficiently odd yet influential compound.

For "the King James version" read pure and classical English touched here and there with the fine simplicity (exceedingly difficult to recapture) of an early Miracle or Morality, and you have a fair description of the English version; but since it is not Lord Alfred Douglas we are arraigning we may pass on. It was Beardsley, we believe, that was the last straw to the professional critic, who so often confuses his office with that of proctor or prefect, and the world with a pack of schoolboys. Why did wicked Mr. Lane choose Beardsley to publish instead of a set of nice, respectable illustrations by, say, Sir Noel Paton, or Mr. Sant, or even Mr. Blair Leighton, or Mr. Charles Buchel, whose *Herod* (as Mr. Tree) glares in His Majesty's Theatre? The book might then have been found in every cultured home. But Mr. Lane must choose Beardsley, adding another scarlet letter (a capital A for Art) to that already won for the play by its authorship, and the mischief was done. Thenceforth *Salomé* was to be cut dead by the respectable.

And there is some excuse for the respectable. It is a commonplace that one man of genius cannot interpret another in exactly his own terms; and Beardsley could no more be true to Wilde in his illustrations than he could to Aristophanes. In these *Salomé* drawings more clearly than in any of his work, perhaps, we see one of his characteristics—the mocking spirit, the Mephistopheles, *der stils verneint*. These drawings are, without exaggeration, devilish, and their author the Sathanas of our title. Turn them over, and with the impression of them strong in your mind let your eyes fall on the last. The dead *Salomé*, the masked pierrot, the faun, the powder-pot and the monstrous puff—if all this, coming where it does, is not devilish, devilishly witty, and devilishly cruel and devilishly "denying," the word has no meaning. Is there any recorded utterance of Wilde's on these drawings? He must have been interested in the genius, which, after finding in his play the inspirations for some of its most exquisite work, could dismiss it so with a mocking laugh. Do what we will, we cannot help thinking in this connection

of a nymph weeping on the sward and a satyr laughing back at her as he leaps into the thicket.

Well, if the collocation of too much genius into one work has frightened us in England, it is not so abroad. The reception of *Salomé* on the Continent may be learned from Mr. Robert Ross's prefatory note to the edition we have been speaking of. And now Mr. Lawrence Gilman has had the courage to analyse the music of the opera, which is one of the most popular in the *répertoire* of the towns of the Continent. No more than Beardsley can this third man of genius interpret Wilde faithfully; and Strauss's task must have been extraordinarily difficult. He had not, as most composers of operas have, to give life and art to an entirely colourless and inartistic libretto. He had to take a work of art already perfect, a piece of literature which, like all good literature, had already its own music, its own tone, refrains, melodies, harmonies and discords, and wed it to that which was struggling for birth from his own brain. And the result, if something of great power and import, is not the *Salomé* of Wilde. It is something far more turbulent, if not more tremendous, more savage, if not fiercer, more cataclysmal, if not more terrible. "The orchestra thunders simultaneously in two violently antagonistic keys; or the band as a whole will be playing in A-flat major, while the singer intones valiantly a phrase in A (natural) minor." (That word "valiantly" shows a sad lack of humour in Mr. Gilman, but never mind: we are too grateful for his patience and skill in explaining the music to quibble with his phrases.) But where in Wilde's *Salomé* do we find such artistic brutality as that, such crudeness of means, and so violent a struggle for an aim which the author fulfilled with so much deceptive ease? The "catalogue" part of *Salomé* (see Mr. Ross's note again)—the joy of the aesthete lingering over the beautiful things of this Eastern world of his imagining—is gone: so is the consummate craftsmanship. But we have in their place something that is worth having. No one who has seen the opera (*stavat*—restrained. Many people try to write stories in this way. Intimately sympathetic, and its pathos is always duly sufficient to give us such a story as "Capture of Town." It is very nearly all that should be, gradually humorous, was that his insight was not profound enough and his art at all this before. What we did not know about this author sometimes so pathetic that one wants to cry. We knew dialogue that is always true to life, often humorous, and thousand and one different types of Cockneydom in men. He has too a unique faculty for hitting off the most Mr. PETT RIDGE knows more about London than most Stoughton, 5s.)

Nearly Five Millions. By W. PETT RIDGE. (Hodder &

bc. As a rule he vacillates between Ben and Dan. seems a trifle uncertain as to what his first name ought to be.

Leicester Post,

IS HECTOR MACDONALD ALIVE?

I had a chat with Mr. Weir to-day on the extraordinary revival of the story that General Hector Macdonald is alive and serving in the Chinese army. A resident in Johannesburg has written to one of the papers there that during his travels he was present at some army manoeuvres, and at once recognised an officer, though the moustache had gone and the costume was so different. It was a recognition, however, to which at first he could not put a name, and then it flashed upon his mind that before him was the brilliant victor of Omdurman who had been supposed to be dead. Before he could get a word the discoverer was hustled away, and was told not to return. That might have been for other reasons; the Chinese avoid having their organisations investigated by the foreigner. Some time before this occurred a Scot in Tasmania was certain that he saw Hector Macdonald there. Now, of course, one wants to know what are the proofs that Macdonald committed suicide in an hotel in Paris as was said, and that his body was in the coffin which was buried in Edinburgh. There was the evidence of the servant maid at the hotel that he shot himself; but there was no inquest. The authorities were satisfied, and the coffin was promptly sealed down. I believe that neither the widow nor the brother who went to Paris saw the corpse.

STORY CURRENT ABOUT WILDE.

I do not suggest it is to be assumed that Macdonald is alive. The same sort of tales have been current about Wilde for years; and one of them is to the effect that the man supposed to be Wilde ran away on being hailed in New York Broadway. The evidence that Wilde died in an hotel in the Latin Quarter of Paris, close to the Seine, is conclusive. Mr. Weir does not profess to credit that the memorial to the one British general who rose from the ranks is a memorial to somebody alive and well at the present time. The French law is peremptory as to the prompt removal of the dead under seal. The coffin, too, was hurried across London—in a furniture van, I believe—but there were a good many old friends to see it off to Scotland, and they asked questions as to the circumstances of the death. Besides, the Paris correspondents of the English papers were keen in their inquiries.

Glasgow Herald.

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Not one of the winter's novels by famous contemporary novelists deals with the love affairs of the young girl.

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Perhaps the finest novel of the year is Mr. Archibald Marshall's "Exton Manor." Here, again, the heroine is a married woman.

The fact is that novels nowadays are always based upon the problems of married life. The novel of twenty years ago was like this:

Love-Difficulties—Marriage.

The novel of to-day is like this:

Marriage-Difficulties—Love.

PLAYS OF TO-DAY.

And I pick up the paper and run my eye down the list of plays "under the clock." There is not one among the more serious in which the interest centres around the love affairs of the young girl.

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Speaking broadly, it may be said that in the last two decades the tendency has been to marry the heroine earlier, till in the present day it is almost an invariable rule that she shall be married before the story opens.

REASONS.

Now the reasons for this are more serious and far-reaching than they appear at first sight. Why has the young girl been forgotten? Briefly, I would suggest three reasons.

I. Because there are now fewer objections made by parents to marriage.

II. Because the young girl is less womanly and attractive.

III. With regard to plays. Because actresses cannot play leading parts until they are too old to play "ingénues."

Let us examine these reasons in detail. In the first place, parents are far more willing to agree to the marriage of their daughters with men who would a few years ago have been considered too poor. Provided the future husband's prospects are good, and he is considered satisfactory in other ways, parents are less inclined to insist upon the young couple's waiting.

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All this does not necessarily point to a deterioration in her character, but it does mean that her romance is dying—if not dead.

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But I would sum up the reason for the disappearance of the young girl broadly by saying that the conditions of modern life have so altered her that she ceases to interest us. It is, after all, we who are "growing up," and we ask for the stronger meat that "belongeth to them that are of full age!" Imagination and romance play a less part in our lives—we have not time for them.

Yet I believe she will return some day tired of social problems, marriage questions, and shall we say the romantic and picturesque "young girl."

"Salomé."

Strauss' "Salomé" will be produced at the Chatelet Theatre, Paris, in the beginning of next month. It will be sung in German by the original cast, but the orchestra will consist of members of M. Colonne's combination. It will be remembered that this work was the cause of much heated discussion in New York, where it was eventually withdrawn without being presented to the public. The origin of the play is worth recalling. Oscar Wilde was living in France when he wrote "Salomé," and the tragedy was first printed in French. It was only two years later, after its publication in Paris, and when the author was in prison in England, that an English edition was published. This edition was a translation from the original, due to Lord Alfred Douglas, Wilde's intimate friend. The play was first published at the end of 1895, and to-day it is out of print. "Salomé" was played in Paris at the Nouveau Theatre on October 28, 1896, with another of Wilde's plays, "Lady Windermere's Fan," translated from the English. A few years ago Richard Strauss set the tragedy of "Salomé" to music, and it has met with great success in Germany. It is an opera in one act, which lasts the exceptionally long time of two hours and a quarter, and the four persons in the cast do not leave the stage once during that time, with the exception of Jokanaan (John the Baptist), who towards the end goes off into the wings to be decapitated. His head, on a charger, is brought in shortly after. Her Strauss has promised to come to Paris and direct the opera orchestra himself.

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IS HECTOR MACDONALD ALIVE?

I had a chat with Mr. Weir to-day on the extraordinary revival of the story that General Hector Macdonald is alive and serving in the Chinese army. A resident in Johannesburg has written to one of the papers there that during his travels he was present at some army manœuvres, and at once recognised an officer, though the moustache had gone and the costume was so different. It was a recognition, however, to which at first he could not put a name, and then it flashed upon his mind that before him was the brilliant victor of Omdurman who had been supposed to be dead. Before he could get a word the discoverer was hustled away, and was told not to return. That might have been for other reasons; the Chinese avoid having their organisations investigated by the foreigner. Some time before this occurred a Scot in Tasmania was certain that he saw Hector Macdonald there. Now, of course, one wants to know what are the proofs that Macdonald committed suicide in an hotel in Paris as was said, and that his body was in the coffin which was buried in Edinburgh. There was the evidence of the servant maid at the hotel that he shot himself; but there was no inquest. The authorities were satisfied, and the coffin was promptly sealed down. I believe that neither the widow nor the brother who went to Paris saw the corpse.

STORY CURRENT ABOUT WILDE.

I do not suggest it is to be assumed that Macdonald is alive. The same sort of tales have been current about Wilde for years; and one of them is to the effect that the man supposed to be Wilde ran away on being hailed in New York Broadway. The evidence that Wilde died in an hotel in the Latin Quarter of Paris, close to the Seine, is conclusive. Mr. Weir does not profess to credit that the memorial to the one British general who rose from the ranks is a memorial to somebody alive and well at the present time. The French law is peremptory as to the prompt removal of the dead under seal. The coffin, too, was hurried across London—in a furniture van, I believe—but there were a good many old friends to see it off to Scotland; and they asked questions as to the circumstances of the death. Besides, the Paris correspondents of the English papers were keen in their inquiries.

Sketch,

May 1.

Mr. Charles Marriott's new novel is, says its author, his best work. Mr. Marriott has refused to sit on his pedestal of "The Column." He was hoisted thereupon amid acclamation; and the temptation must have been to make more "Columns," and have more sunny seats. But Mr. Marriott is a student of the art of story-telling; he lives in remote Cornwall, that he may study with few distractions; and the result is apparent in the new leaves the public may now turn over. The simple life has its votaries in literature: the way of progress with such is to drop ornaments rather than to multiply them. A sense of physical confinement is sometimes the means of gaining full freedom for the pen. From Raleigh to Oscar Wilde, from Lovelace to Wilfrid Blunt, the silent cell has been a haunt of words. Even the women of Lancashire, whose lives have been in cotton-mills rather than in libraries, have known the stress of composition in Holloway; and Manchester has its score of willing Dames Pellico. The twelve times twelve women who have gone to prison because women are not voters must surely yield us one writer of "race" as Dr. Johnson called it; one woman who can put into literature with vivacity this new phase of woman's life.

April 25.

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LOST: THE YOUNG GIRL.

THE MARRIED WOMAN'S MONOPOLY OF NOVEL AND DRAMA.

By L. S.

Not one of the serious plays at present holding the stage has a young girl for chief character.

Not one of the winter's novels by famous contemporary novelists deals with the love affairs of the young girl.

Marriage was the end and climax of both novel and play up to fifteen or twenty years ago. The play and novel of to-day begin at marriage—that is to say, where their predecessors left off.

What is the reason of this radical change of standpoint?

What has happened to the young girl in literature and drama—to the love affairs of youth, never "running smooth," but always ending satisfactorily in marriage?

Looking back on the season's more important novels I find myself anxiously asking, Where are our heroines of yesteryear? Plays invite the same question; dramatist and novelist alike have apparently ruled the young girl out of their scheme of creation.

Take the last winter's novels of our leading writers.

In Mr. Eden Phillpotts' "Whirlwind," the heroine is married quite early in the book. Mr. Robert Hichens marries his heroine in "The Call of the Blood" still earlier. Mr. W. J. Locke in "The Wandering Vagabond" has practically eliminated the young heroine altogether. Mrs. Humphry Ward in her last book, "Fenswick's Career," deals entirely with married life. Considerable interest has recently been aroused by Miss M. P. Willcocks' "Wingless Victory," but here again the heroine is married from the outset of the story.

Perhaps the finest novel of the year is Mr. Archibald Marshall's "Exton Manor." Here, again, the heroine is a married woman.

The fact is that novels nowadays are always based upon the problems of married life. The novel of twenty years ago was like this:

Love—Difficulties—Marriage.

The novel of to-day is like this:

Marriage—Difficulties—Love.

PLAYS OF TO-DAY.

And I pick up the paper and run my eye down the list of plays "under the clock." There is not one among the more serious in which the interest centres around the love affairs of the young girl.

"John Glayde's Honour," "The Duel," "The Stronger Sex," "The Liars," "The Great Conspiracy," "The Truth"—all are alike in this one particular. They deal with problems and circumstances of married life, and not the old-fashioned course of true love in its "pristine simplicity."

Evening News,

April 26.

Again, I ask, "Where are our heroines of the past?"

We have been gradually forgetting her, this young girl, during the last fifteen or perhaps twenty years. Or you may perhaps say that during that time she, in the abstract, has been growing up, has married, and has altogether become a more complex character. We must not follow the parable too far, for the thought of what she may yet become is almost appalling!

The names of some of the plays that attracted attention about the time that the change was most apparent were significant. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," are examples that mark the period when the "problem play" began to take hold of the popular fancy. Oscar Wilde's brilliant, satirical society dramas did much to alienate our interest from the pretty figure of the ingénue.

Speaking broadly, it may be said that in the last two decades the tendency has been to marry the heroine earlier, till in the present day it is almost an invariable rule that she shall be married before the story opens.

REASONS.

Now the reasons for this are more serious and far-reaching than they appear at first sight. Why has the young girl been forgotten? Briefly, I would suggest three reasons:

I. Because there are now fewer objections made by parents to marriage.

II. Because the young girl is less womanly and attractive.

III. With regard to plays. Because actresses cannot play leading parts until they are too old to play "ingénues." Let us examine these reasons in detail.

In the first place, parents are far more willing to agree to the marriage of their daughters with men who would a few years ago have been considered too poor. Provided the future husband's prospects are good, and he is considered satisfactory in other ways, parents are less inclined to insist upon the young couple's waiting.

Secondly, this is an age of golf, cycling, motoring activity, and generally unromantic bustle. The young girl is losing the glamour with which the more domestic life of a few years ago surrounded her. She is more prosaic, more matter-of-fact—more practical.

All this does not necessarily point to a deterioration in her character, but it does mean that her romance is dying—if not dead.

Thirdly, there is the question of actresses. We are becoming more critical; we insist upon a far higher standard in acting nowadays, and by the time the actress has acquired sufficient experience to play leading parts satisfactorily she is beyond the age at which she is fitted for the "ingénue."

But I would sum up the reason for the disappearance of the young girl broadly by saying that the conditions of modern life have so altered her that she ceases to interest us. It is, after all, we who are "growing up," and we ask for the stronger meat that "belongeth to them that are of full age!" Imagination and romance play a less part in our lives—we have not time for them.

Yet I believe she will return, we shall some day tire of social problems and marriage questions, and shall welcome back the young girl, and picture the figure of the "young girl."

News of the Chronicle May 4

"Salome."

Strauss' "Salome" will be produced at the Chatelet Theatre, Paris, in the beginning of next month. It will be sung in German by the original caste, but the orchestra will consist of members of M. Colonne's combination. It will be remembered that this work was the cause of much heated discussion in New York, where it was eventually withdrawn without being presented to the public. The origin of the play is worth recalling. Oscar Wilde was living in France when he wrote "Salome," and the tragedy was first printed in French. It was only two years later, after its publication in Paris, and when the author was in prison in England, that an English edition was published. This edition was a translation from the original, due to Lord Alfred Douglas, Wilde's intimate friend. The play was first published at the end of 1895, and to-day it is out of print. "Salome" was played in Paris at the Nouveau Theatre on October 28, 1896, with another of Wilde's plays, "Lady Windermere's Fan," translated from the English. A few years ago Richard Strauss set the tragedy of "Salome" to music, and it has met with great success in Germany. It is an opera in one act, which lasts the exceptionally long time of two hours and a quarter, and the four persons in the caste do not leave the stage once during that time, with the exception of Jokanaan (John the Baptist), who towards the end goes off into the wings to be decapitated. His head, on a charger, is brought in shortly after. Her Strauss has promised to come to Paris and direct the opera orchestra himself.

Star.

May 4.

The répétition générale of "Salome," by Oscar Wilde, music by Richard Strauss, took place last night at the Paris Chatelet, before a brilliant house and a brilliant

Jessen Woelfel's Olin Miller Library

SALOME, STRAUSS AND SATHANAS

WE must make up our minds never to see *Salomé* played in England. Now and then, no doubt, we may have the opportunity of journeying to Bayswater or Bloomsbury to see it acted in a dingy hall—when the Scala Theatre could

scarcely hold it worthily. With that we must be satisfied; and we must not blame the Censor alone. Supposing the idiotic ban which he is forced officially to place on it removed, it still would not be worth the while (pecuniarily) of Mr. Tree or Mrs. Patrick Campbell to mount it and act it as it deserves. The fault, in fact, lies not in our stars but in ourselves. Among the many strange and great qualities of Wilde's play, one stands pre-eminent, a kind of hunger for beauty—not moral beauty, but the beauty of stuffs and gems and women, of cups of amber that are like apples of gold, of white peacocks with gilded beaks and purple feet. That is a kind of beauty for which the playgoing public has no hunger. To them the litanies of jewels and of weapons in "Dorian Gray" are but dull catalogues of things which are not even for sale at Christie's and thus legitimate subjects of commercial interest. The beauty of the crafts, of art that domineers over nature, now making use of her and now expelling her with a gilded pitchfork does not appeal to them. It seems wicked, while there is nothing wicked of course in the laughter at moral deformity or the sympathy with moral obtuseness which provides their daily theatrical amusement.

We have a strong suspicion, however, that there is some one else to blame besides the Censor and the public; and that is Mr. John Lane. His offence began with the publication of Beardsley's designs in illustration of *Salomé*; he has aggravated it by the re-issue of them in a beautiful quarto, with Lord Alfred Douglas's translation. "One should not forget," writes Mr. Lawrence Gilman, to whom we shall come presently:

to give due credit to the admirably poetic and eloquent English translation of Wilde's text made by Lord Alfred Douglas, with its curious and striking mixture of the verbal style of the King James version and something of the ornate and archaic of the Elizabethan, a sufficiently odd yet influential compound.

For "the King James version" read pure and classical English touched here and there with the fine simplicity (exceedingly difficult to recapture) of an early Miracle or Morality, and you have a fair description of the English version; but since it is not Lord Alfred Douglas we are arraigning we may pass on. It was Beardsley, we believe, that was the last straw to the professional critic, who so often confuses his office with that of proctor or prefect, and the world with a pack of schoolboys. Why did wicked Mr. Lane choose Beardsley to publish instead of a set of nice, respectable illustrations by, say, Sir Noel Paton, or Mr. Sant, or even Mr. Blair Leighton, or Mr. Charles Buchel, whose *Herod* (as Mr. Tree) glares in His Majesty's Theatre? The book might then have been found in every cultured home. But Mr. Lane must choose Beardsley, adding another scarlet letter (a capital A for Art) to that already won for the play by its authorship, and the mischief was done. Thenceforth *Salomé* was to be cut dead by the respectable.

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"SALOME" IN PARIS.

PRESENTATION TO-NIGHT AT
THE CHATELET.

OPERA THAT SHOCKED.

What will Paris say? Will "she" refuse to be shocked? New York recently (or rather the protectors of the morals of New York, such as Mr. Comstock) reared its brows in shocked surprise at Oscar Wilde's "Salome" when presented at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Several well-known ladies in New York said they "never enjoyed a musical play so much." But "Salome" was metaphorically kicked out of the Empire city—a splendid advertisement for the later productions in various American cities.

So "Salome" visits Paris this evening with a halo of notoriety. Will "she" shock Paris? Her appearance at the Chatelet, accompanied by the music of Richard Strauss, is her debut in France.

The opera will be sung in German, and the orchestra will be conducted by Richard Strauss in person.

The following is a short analysis of Wilde's poem.

The scene represents the terrace of Herod's Palace. At the door of the banquet hall stands a young officer, Narraboth. Princess Salome, who has fled from the festival, appears.

Suddenly, from the bottom of a neighbouring cistern, in which the prophet Jochanaan is imprisoned, there is heard the voice of the prisoner, who predicts the advent of a new religion.

The Princess imperiously insists on the prophet being brought forth and shown to her. Narraboth consents, out of love for the Princess.

On seeing Jochanaan, the Princess tells him that she loves him passionately. Narraboth hearing this kills himself, and falls dead at the Princess's feet, but she does not even see him, so taken up is she with the Prophet.

DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS.
Jochanaan, however, scorns the Princess; he curses her, and her mother, Herodias, the wife of Herod. Herod and his guests come out of the banquet hall, and, excited by the wine he has drunk, he invites Salome to eat fruit with him, to drink from his cup, and to dance with him.

Salome, after refusing, agrees on condition that Herod swears to grant her any request she may make. Herod swears, and the "Dance of the Seven Veils" is then danced, after which she falls exhausted at the King's feet. She then demands her ransom, which is that the head of the Prophet shall be brought to her on a platter of silver.

Herod offers her in vain all the wealth of his kingdom, but she insists. The executioner is sent down into the cistern, and presently reappears with the Prophet's head.

Salome gluttonously kisses the lips of the butchered prophet, and Herod orders her to be instantly put to death.

The verdict of Paris is awaited.

Telegraph. May 9

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Tree's arrangements at His Majesty's include the revival of "Julius Caesar" next Saturday, which will give place to "Tribby" on Saturday, the 13th. On Wednesday, the 22nd inst. he will present Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," with the following cast:

Lord Illingworth	Mr. Tree.
Sir John Pontefract	Mr. J. Fisher White.
Lord Alfred Ruford	Mr. Langhorn Burton.
Mr. Kelvil, M.P.	Mr. Charles Allan.
The Ven. James Daubeny, D.D. (Rector of Wrockley)	Mr. Edmund Maitrice.
Gerald Arbuthnot	Mr. Chas. Quartermaine.
Farguhar (Butler)	Mr. Olive Currie.
Francis (Footman)	Mr. F. Cowley Wright.
Lady Hanstanton	Mrs. Charles Calvert.
Lady Caroline Pontefract	Miss Kate Bishop.
Lady Stutfield	Miss Kate Cutler.
Mrs. Alenby	Miss Ellis Jeffreys.
Hector Worley	Miss Viola Tree.
Alice (Maid)	Miss Hilda Moore.
Mrs. Arbuthnot	Miss Marion Terry.

A WONDERFUL DANCE.

"SALOME" FIRST NIGHT AT THE
VARIETIES.

Though the great "Salomé" production at the Chatelet, about which everyone is talking for the moment, was postponed from last evening until to-night, Paris had a "Salomé" first night at the Variétés, to whose review—the brightest, prettiest, and funniest show "in town"—a dance has been added which should draw well nigh as many people as the now famous adaptation of Oscar Wilde's play itself.

Anything more wonderfully graceful than this dance of Miss Maude Allan it would be difficult to imagine. Snake-like is perhaps the best description of her curiously lithe movements, and there is something literally fiendish in her dance of triumph round the Baptiste's head—a fiendishness which never for one moment comes anywhere near the ridiculous, than which nothing would have been easier.

To introduce so tragic an item into a programme whose chief feature is its caricature of all that is up-to-date was a daring experiment on the part of the management of the Variétés; but they have found in Miss Allan a dancer whose motion is real poetry, and whose movements would tell their story without the aid of stage accessories.

So deep was the impression made on the audience that it took some little while before M. Brasseur and his brilliant supporters could get them back into laughing humour.

"The Revue du Centenaire," by the way, seems to grow more successful as it grows older. Last night there was not even a "strapotatoire" to be had, and the whole piece went with infinite go.

May 9.

DAILY CHRONICLE.

"SALOME" IN PARIS.

[From Our Correspondent.]

PARIS, Wednesday.
Oscar Wilde's musical drama "Salome," with music by Richard Strauss, was produced to-night at the Chatelet, and was enthusiastically received by a crowded audience. The dress rehearsal on Monday night was witnessed by M. Fallières and several members of the Ministry. Seats had been booked long in advance, and to-day many of those changed hands at high prices.

Herr Strauss, who came specially from Berlin for the purpose, conducted in person, the opera being sung in German. Frau Emmy Destinn, of the Berlin Royal Opera, appeared in the name part. Herr Burrian, of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, was Herod, and Herr Fritz Feinhals, from Munich, appeared as John the Baptist.

The composer and the whole company were repeatedly called before the curtain.

DAILY NEWS.

Strauss's "Salome."

"A Guide to the Opera, with Musical Illustrations. By Lawrence Gilman. London: John Lane. Price 3s. 6d. net."

Mr. Lawrence Gilman, one of the younger American musical critics, is already known in this country by his "Phases of Modern Music." He has a facile pen, and his criticisms are more interesting for their manner of expression than for their matter. In this account of Strauss's "Salome," Mr. Gilman has endeavoured to steer clear of criticism altogether. For that reason this guide is not of the first interest, perhaps, because we who can only know "Salome" from the score and from Oscar Wilde's play would rather read a critical than a descriptive account of the opera. Mr. Gilman has done his work thoroughly from his point of view. Part of his book is devoted to a survey of the story of Salome, as it is to be read in the Bible and Josephus, and to Oscar Wilde's version. The rest of the volume analyses the music. The description of the music will no doubt be of interest and use to Strauss enthusiasts; especially to those who already possess a score.

Pall Mall Gazette, May 7.

There was a brilliant audience at the "répétition générale" of Wilde's "Salomé" at the Chatelet, in Paris, last night. Rehearsals those present including M. and Mme. Fallières, the Austrian and Ambassadors, and the Ministers MM. Pichon, Briand, Barthélemy, Herr Strauss conducted.

Birmingham Mail. May 8.

At the present time Mr. Tree is busily engaged upon rehearsals of Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," which is to be revived at His Majesty's in about a fortnight or three weeks' time. Miss Ellis Jeffreys has been persuaded to cross the Atlantic to take a leading part in the production, and others figuring prominently in the cast will be Miss Kate Cutler, Mrs. Calvert, Miss Kate Bishop, Miss Viola Tree, Mr. Charles Allen, Mr. Frederick Lewis, Mr. Charles Quartermaine, and Mr. Fisher White.

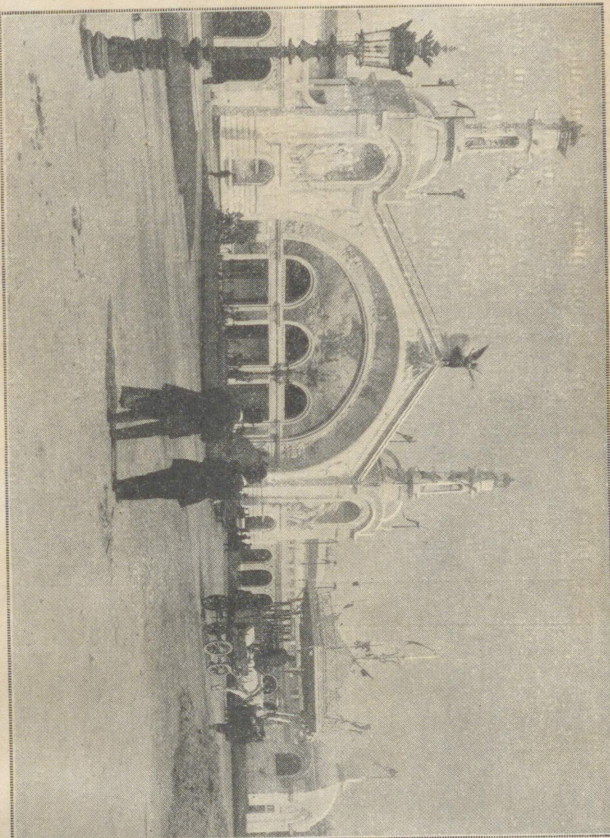
It is extremely probable that other leading members of His Majesty's company—Miss Constance Collier, Mr. Lyn Harding, and Mr. Basil Gill—will be seen in the Drury Lane production of the American-Indian play, "The Last of His Race," which was successfully tried at Glasgow a few weeks ago. Another play of American origin, named "Strong Heart," which has an entirely Transatlantic atmosphere, is to be produced at the Aldwych to-night, with Mr. Robert Edeson in the principal part. At the present time, in fact, London is revelling in a real live American season. At the Waldorf Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe are making a host of admirers in their Shakespearean and romantic roles; there are typical American plays at the Hicks and Terry's and the Comedy, and, in addition to the pieces mentioned at the beginning of the paragraph, an American syndicate has possession of the Shaftesbury. After this the idea that American goods are boycotted on this side may surely be regarded as exploded.

MAY 10, 1907.

Although Mr. Gilman has been careful to eschew criticism, I find a passage which raises quite an important point in the aesthetics of opera. "It is a true lyric-drama," writes Mr. Gilman, "that is to say, the music is always and uncompromisingly at the service of the dramatic situation, enforcing and italicizing the meaning of the text and action. Its advance upon Wagner, from the constructive point of view, lies in the greater fullness with which the orchestral commentary is elaborated and sustained. It has been aptly characterised as 'an orchestral tone-painting, accompanied by dramatic action on the stage.'" In a footnote Mr. Gilman explains that he is not comparing the artistic quality of Strauss's achievement with that of his great predecessor, but is merely tracing its analogies and departures in the matter of form. There is either a confusion of thought here, or Mr. Gilman uses words in an uncommon sense. How an opera which has been "aptly characterised" as "an orchestral tone-painting, accompanied by dramatic action on the stage," can be called a "true lyric-drama," I cannot understand. This use of the orchestra has essentially the narrative character of an epic. Then, again, what does Mr. Gilman mean by "artistic"? Possibly he should have written "intrinsic value of Strauss's achievement." The question of a greater fullness of orchestral commentary than is to be found in Wagner is not merely a matter of constructive form. It is an artistic question which should be not so lightly skimmed over. Indeed, it is the one point in the opera on which opinions are most divided. Many hold that Strauss's orchestra entirely mars the drama, and so is an artistic failure.

L'EXPOSITION MARITIME DE BORDEAUX
M. Miller-Lacroix, ministre des Colonies, a présidé.

Facade du grand palais de l'Exposition de Bordeaux.
Pho. Scen.



sur les vins et la concurrence désastreuse faite aux produits naturels de leurs vignes par les produits artificiels de l'industrie. D'ail. récemment, quinze mille Français

l'enseignement supérieur; Liard, vice-recteur de l'Académie de Paris, et Jules Gaudier, directeur du cabinet

Le ministre des Colonies inaugurant l'Exposition de Bordeaux. — Pho. Scen.
Le général à gauche, au point d'arrivée; à droite, commandant en chef M. Miller-Lacroix, ministre des Colonies; M. Fallières, ministre; M. et Mme. Fallières, commandant en chef; M. Lacroix, ministre des Colonies.



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L'ILLUSTRATION

11 Mai 1907



L'organisateur des représentations de Salomé à Paris :
M. Gabriel Astruc. — Pho. P. Berger.

tielle du théâtre. Mlle Sutter donna un charme tout personnel à l'œuvre de Richard Strauss, grâce à ses qualités de tempérament et à un jeu réaliste qui produisit des effets de théâtre, des oppositions tout à fait intéressantes. Remarquez aussi combien son costume est suggestif.

La vraie créatrice de Salomé fut représentée par la première fois à Dresde le 9 décembre 1905; Mlle Wittich fut parfaite au point de vue vocal; mais cette admirable Isoldé, cette superbe Brunhilde n'a pas trouvé, dans le rôle de Salomé, un peu trop félin pour elle, l'emploi de ses nobles qualités dra-

developed she did full justice to the character of the Princess as Wilde portrayed her, a feline, raging, caressing being, mad and cunning with sinister passion. The difficult part of Jokanaan,

