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Oscar Wilde  
Scrapbook

Vol. 11



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ALTHEA GYLES.

Why smile you this adventurous smile?  
The smooth calm outline of your face,  
Your gold flat-falling hair  
Had moved me not,  
So cold they were.  
But when you smiled that gleaming smile,  
Delight in green woods came back to me.  
I saw a huntsman bend his bow  
Under a spring-green tree,  
A white deer fly,  
A hound set free.  
O smile not with that swift barbed smile;  
Depart, and do not so trouble me,  
For dead and cold the red hound lies  
Under a bare-branched tree.  
He guards my heart:  
The deer goes free.  
Yet come with your joy-giving smile  
(Bright as spring's immortality),  
Some far green happy spring again.  
O set my cold heart free,  
Call back my hound,  
And hunt with me.

## THE HUNTER.

And they all kissed each other on the lips.  
Then Gregor and his wife said it.  
Kres!

First the Babouchka answered.  
"Christos, what a cold!"  
bell Ivan Carlich came in.  
and Gregor got up. And with the first tolling of the

"Thirty-eight, Babouchka,"  
"Thirty-six, Gregor."  
"Every time I spat in the corner I did a verst!  
Count; there are thirty-eight spits. May the Virgin of  
Smolensk have pity on me."  
"Very well, have it your own way. But you have  
only walked thirty-six versts."  
The peasant stood for a moment in front of his  
mother with a look of fury, then shrugged his shoulders,  
and cried to his wife:  
"Go and fetch Ivan Carlich."  
And as she jumped from the stove he struck her a  
blow across the shoulders with his stick. She went  
out.  
"Give me the vodka, little mother," said Gregor.  
And he poured a long draught down his throat. Hardly  
had he put down the bottle when his wife returned followed by a young man carrying a balalaika.  
"Ah, so, greeting; very good; tune up, and I will  
continue my pilgrimage. The Babouchka says there  
are still twenty-nine versts."  
"But, Gregor Nikitch, it seems that you have walked  
the whole day and night already. How is it you have  
not arrived?"  
"It is that stupid creature's fault. Give us some tea,  
wife."  
"Seest thou," he continued, "since I promised to go  
a pilgrimage to the holy place of Archangel if I should  
recover, my soul troubled me because I did not fulfil my  
vow. And I saw before me the chapel, and the pilgrims,  
with the flames of the tapers before gold frames,  
and the priests and their fine ornaments. And the devil  
pulled me at night by the feet. As it was impossible for  
me to find a copeck for the journey, I had the idea of  
making the pilgrimage by turning round the room.  
But," he added, blinking his eyes in the direction of his  
wife, "that fool makes me count wrong."  
Ivan Carlich was not by nature talkative. He gave  
a familiar shrug of the shoulders, and began tuning his



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## Westminster Gazette. March 4.

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E. WAKE COOK.

## New Age.

March 7.



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The edition is limited to 1,000 copies for Great Britain and America, and is printed on hand-made paper, demy 8vo. The price of each volume is 12s. 6d. net. There is also an edition, limited to 80 copies for Great Britain and America, on Japanese vellum, 42s. net. each volume. The first six Books are :—

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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

MISS LILY HAMBURY.

It will be with feelings of the deepest sympathy that playgoers will learn of the death, after giving birth to a child, of Mrs. Guedalla, better known to the public as Miss Lily Hanbury, who was rightly regarded as one of the most beautiful actresses on the English stage. It is true that since her marriage in the spring of 1905 Miss Hanbury had made no professional appearances, but the memory of her performances in such plays as "The Dancing Girl," which she herself considered her first real success, in the rôle of Lady Windermere, which she created in "Lady Windermere's Fan," and in various Shakespearean characters, is fresh in our memories.

New York Evening Post. March 6

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Although this work relates exclusively to the plans and cost of a National Theatre for Great Britain, it contains much that is of interest for those who are contemplating the possible establishment of a similar institution in this country. It will at the same time be of interest to those who are interested in the plans for new buildings in London and the surrounding districts. The plans for the new buildings are shown in the accompanying illustrations. The plans for the new buildings are shown in the accompanying illustrations. The plans for the new buildings are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

## BUILDING NOTES.

TO ALTER FIFTH AVE. DWELLING.

*Beau Waller.*

Mr. Lewis Waller is one of fortune's favourites who have no reason to complain of the fickleness of public favour, even when that favour is largely based on the sex which has a reputation for variability and mutability. Certain it is that those who admired Lewis Waller ten years ago are no less enthusiastic for him now than they were then.

For an actor to have maintained his hold on public favour for so long, seems to argue that he must have other than superficial claims for recognition. The truth of the matter is that, quite apart from the fact that he is a handsome man who looks as well off the stage as he does on it, Mr. Waller is a very versatile and accomplished actor in his own *genre*, who served a long and thorough apprenticeship in his art long before he achieved fame as an actor who could command the limelight. One of the qualifications for success, which has no doubt served him well, is the possession of an unusually musical and flexible voice, which he has trained to perfection. To hear him, without any accessories of stage glamour, recite a stirring poem, such as the "Ballad of the Clamphedown," is to realise, even with one's eyes shut, that one is listening to an actor of force and distinction.

Still on the sunny side of fifty, Mr. Waller is the son of an engineer in Spain, to which fact, no doubt, he may owe something of the fiery temperament it often suits him for the purposes of the stage to assume. He was educated partly at King's College, partly in Germany, and made his first appearance on the stage under the auspices of the late J. L. Toole in "Uncle Dick's Darling" almost before he had attained years of discretion.

He first made his mark when he appeared under the famous Hare and Kendal management at the St. James's in "A Wife's Secret" and "The Ironmaster." For some time, too, he was with Mr. Wilson Barrett before he rejoined Mr. Hare for his famous production of "The Profligate" in 1889, which it is perhaps too much to hope that Sir John will be induced to revive, after nearly thirty years, in his forthcoming season at the Garrick.

By this time he had sufficient confidence in his business qualities to attempt management on his own account, and toured the provinces with his own company in Oscar Wilde's brilliant play "A Woman of No Importance," and returned to become a joint lessee of the Haymarket with Mr. Morell for the production of "An Ideal Husband," and then, still with Mr. Morell, went on to the Shaftesbury, where his *régime* was memorable, if only for its courage in putting a drama by Miss Marie Corelli on the stage.

ENGLISH PLAN FOR  
ENDOWED THEATRE

Details of Messrs. Archer and  
Barker's Scheme Capable  
of Modification for  
Trial Here.

There has hitherto been one enormous obstacle to the establishment of a national theatre in England. However willing a man or body of men might be to give a new impulse to the art of the theatre and place England abreast of France and Germany in respect of theatrical organization, he or they could have no definite idea how to set about it. A public park, a picture gallery, or a free library is very easily created, and once created it practically "runs itself." There are a hundred recognized models for this organization and management. But an endowed theatre is, in England, a wholly unfamiliar piece of mechanism and the management of it an unknown art; while there are many reasons why no foreign institution of the kind could be imitated in detail with any hope of success. There is no clear-cut channel, as it were, in which liberality and public spirit can easily flow in the direction of theatrical reform. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that you can buy a free library or a picture gallery ready made, and present it as a "going concern" to whatever community you please. But the man who desired to endow a theatre would have first to invent it—a laborious task for which he would probably have no preparation and no facilities. In the following pages we take this task off his hands.

In this list modern playwrights are represented by Pinero, Jones, Carton, Wilde, Chambers, Stevenson and Henley, Labiche and Grundy, Gilbert, Brieux, Maeterlinck, and Sudermann. To these they would add the names of Ibsen, Shaw, Hauptmann, and probably a number of others who in this short space of time have already ceased being entirely caviare to the general.

**\*SCHEMES AND ESTIMATES FOR A NATIONAL THEATRE.** By William Archer and Granville Barker. In one volume. Pp. 177. Boards. New York: Duffield & Co. \$2.50.

Weekly Sun March 15.

At Home and Abroad.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Little Minister" was staged at Vienna on Monday. A performance of "The Admirable Crichton," during its former run in London, was given for one night in Paris; but this was in English and by the Duke of York's Theatre company. The British dramatists whose plays are most in request on the Continent just now are Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde.

Yarnona Independent. March 7.

QUIDA.—The late Mr. Oscar Wilde told me that he once asked Quida what she herself considered the especially strong point in her own work and the chief secret of its success. The lady's answer may have been a joke, but it had much conviction and some point in it:—"I am the only living English writer," she said, "who knows how two dukes talk when they are by themselves."

## CANDID CHATTER

"Leaves from a Life," Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d.  
net.

A more lively book than this of recollections of famous persons, dead and living, has not issued from the press for many a day, for the author, is never offensive, is singularly outspoken. No name appears on the title page, but when we know that her father is a distinguished painter, who still survives at a great age, it does not become very difficult to establish her identity. In late years she met that "sad and erratic genius" Oscar Wilde. "I am sure he was a brilliant genius, as sure as I am that he was mad. . . . He was sensual looking and always appeared to me to exhale an unhappy and disgusting atmosphere, and I was not surprised at his fall or his dreadful fate. . . . He was a genius; he was a bad and disgusting man; and nothing anyone can write of him can alter either fact."

Newcastle Chronicle



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## Beau Waller.

Mr. Lewis Waller is one of fortune's favourites who have no reason to complain of the fickleness of public favour, even when that favour is largely based on the sex which has a reputation for variability and mutability. Certain it is that those who admired Lewis Waller ten years ago are no less enthusiastic for him now than they were then.

For an actor to have maintained his hold on public favour for so long, seems to argue that he must have other than superficial claims for recognition. The truth of the matter is that, quite apart from the fact that he is a handsome man who looks as well off the stage as he does on it, Mr. Waller is a very versatile and accomplished actor in his own genre, who served a long and thorough apprenticeship in his art long before he achieved fame as an actor who could command the limelight. One of the qualifications for success, which has no doubt served him well, is the possession of an unusually musical and flexible voice, which he has trained to perfection. To hear him, without any accessories of stage glamour, recite a stirring poem, such as the "Ballad of the Clamphed-down," is to realise, even with one's eyes shut, that one is listening to an actor of force and distinction.

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By this time he had sufficient confidence in his business qualities to attempt management on his own account, and toured the provinces with his own company in Oscar Wilde's brilliant play "A Woman of No Importance," and returned to become a joint lessee of the Haymarket with Mr. Morell for the production of "An Ideal Husband," and then, still with Mr. Morell, went on to the Shaftesbury, where his régime was memorable, if only for its courage in putting a drama by Miss Marie Corelli on the stage.

## Weekly Sun

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## Yarmouth Independent, March 7.

**OUIDA**—The late Mr. Oscar Wilde told me that he once asked Ouida what she herself considered the especially strong point in her own work and the chief secret of its success. The lady's answer may have been a joke, but it had much conviction and some point in it:—"I am the only living English writer," she said, "who knows how two dukes talk when they are by themselves."

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There has hitherto been one enormous obstacle to the establishment of a national theatre in England. However willing a man or body of men might be to give a new impulse to the art of the theatre and place England abreast of France and Germany in respect of theatrical organization, he or they could have no definite idea how to set about it. A public park, a picture gallery, or a free library is very easily created, and once created it practically "runs itself." There are a hundred recognized models for this organization and management. But an endowed theatre is, in England, a wholly unfamiliar piece of mechanism, and the management of it an unknown art; while there are many reasons why no foreign institution of the kind could be imitated in detail with any hope of success. There is no clear-cut channel, as it were, in which liberality and public spirit can easily flow in the direction of theatrical reform. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that you can buy a free library or a picture gallery ready-made, and present it as a "going concern" to whatever community you please. But the man who desired to endow a theatre would have first to invent it—a laborious task for which he would probably have no preparation and no facilities. In the following pages we take this task off his hands.

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**\*SCHEMES AND ESTIMATES FOR A NATIONAL THEATRE.** By William Archer and Granville Barker. In one volume. Pp. 177. Boards. New York: Duffield & Co. \$2.50.

## March 6

## CANDID CHATTER.

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A more lively book than this of recollections of famous persons, dead and living, has not issued from the press for many a day, for the author, if never offensive, is singularly outspoken. No name appears on the title page, but when we know that her father is a distinguished painter, who still survives at a great age, it does not become very difficult to establish her identity. In late years she met that "sad and erratic genius" Oscar Wilde. "I am sure he was a brilliant genius, as sure as I am that he was mad. . . . He was sensual looking and always appeared to me to exhale an unhappy and disgusting atmosphere, and I was not surprised at his fall or his dreadful fate. . . . He was a genius; he was a bad and disgusting man; and nothing anyone can write of him can alter either fact."

## Newcastle Chronicle



March 6. 1908

## PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

### MISS LILY HANBURY.

It will be with feelings of the deepest sympathy that playgoers will learn of the death, after giving birth to a child, of Mrs. Guedalla, better known to the public as Miss Lily Hanbury, who was rightly regarded as one of the most beautiful actresses on the English stage. It is true that since her marriage in the spring of 1905 Miss Hanbury had made no professional appearances, but the memory of her performances in such plays as "The Dancing Girl," which she herself considered her first real success, in the rôle of Lady Windermere, which she created in "Lady Windermere's Fan," and in various Shakespearean characters, is fresh in our memories.



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New York Herald  
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New York Evening Post. March 6  
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# Weekly Sun

March 15.

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Yarns Independent. March 7.

QUIDA—The late Mr. Oscar Wilde told me that he once asked Ouida what she herself considered the especially strong point in her own work and the chief secret of its success. The lady's answer may have been a joke, but it had much conviction and some point in it.—"I am the only English writer," she said, "who knows how two dukes talk when they are by themselves."

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Newcastle Chronicle



Had all gone well, Dr. Richard Strauss would have directed an orchestral performance of excerpts from his opera "Salomé" at the Queen's Hall on the 19th inst., but the Society of German Composers has intervened, for reasons not quite clearly set out, and the long-looked-for concert has been abandoned. In its place we are to hear a Tchaikowski and Wagner concert under Mr. Wood's direction, and Mischa Elman is to play the former composer's Violin Concerto. It is not altogether a pity that the original proposal has been abandoned. In his "Salomé" Strauss creates the most remarkable atmosphere. Knowing the East fairly well, and having heard the opera given under most favourable conditions, the writer can vouch for the composer's success in presenting his subject just as it should be given. The music, the mounting, and the stage accessories are in keeping with it. Oscar Wilde's book and Richard Strauss's music move hand in hand through a darkened opera house; but to divorce book from music and bring the latter to any ugly modern concert-room is to rob it of nearly all significance, and make people wonder why sounds so bizarre, so uncouth, and so unpleasant were ever set down.

Era, March 7. 1908

#### GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

The pupils of Miss Kate Rorke gave a dramatic performance in the theatre of the institution on the evening of the 26th ult., and it was a happy idea to give two scenes from Oscar Wilde's play *A Woman of No Importance*. In the first scene, at Lady Hunstanton's, Miss Julie Huntsman, who has on many occasions proved herself a capable actress, made the character of Lady Hunstanton effective; while Miss Ada Castiglione in the little part of Lady Caroline Pontefract showed marked ability. The lines where Lady Pontefract replies to Miss Worsley's remarks by saying "Do not apologise, my dear child. I agree with every part of your little speech. My brother is a scoundrel, but much may be forgiven to a man who gives such superb dinners," were delivered with a precision and point that would have done credit to an experienced actress. Nor was Miss Ethel McDowall less successful in the part of Miss Hester Worsley, her speech in defence of American life and aims being prettily given. Miss Ena Farmer appeared as the sentimental Lady Stutfield; and Miss Eugénie Francklyn, who made a graceful Mrs. Allenby, would have greatly added to the witty remarks on the ideal husband if spoken distinctly. In other respects Miss Francklyn proved herself a clever actress, and smoked her cigarette in a ladylike manner. Miss Marion Robertson, who played Mrs. Arbuthnot, has in this scene little to say. The scene of the drawing-room at Lady Hunstanton's was well arranged, and the costumes were bright and effective. The second selection from Oscar Wilde's play was the scene in Mrs. Arbuthnot's room, where Gerald appeals to his mother to marry Lord Illingworth. Mr. William Norman, who has an excellent voice, made a manly Gerald Arbuthnot, and acted with considerable distinction; while Mrs. Arbuthnot's long and difficult speech was delivered by Miss Marion Robertson with a force and pathos rare in a student. In the part where the mother reproaches her son for thinking she spends too much time in church, "But where else could I turn! God's house is the only house where sinners are made welcome, and the sick do not ask if the hand that smooths their pillow is pure," were given by Miss Robertson with a true dramatic ring. In serious parts this young lady should have a great future. In the latter portion of this scene Miss Hester Worsley, acted with much charm by Miss Ethel McDowall, comes on for a short time. The audience listened with rapt attention to Mr. Norman and Miss Robertson's clever performance. It was unfortunate that during this scene the sound of a piano was so plainly audible in the theatre.

Daily Mirror, April 30. 1908

The May number of the "Fortnightly Review" contains, amongst other interesting things, a judgment passed on the plays of Oscar Wilde by Mr. St. John Hankin, a playwright as clever, in a different way, as the author of "Lady Windermere's Fan."

## Morning Post, March 7.

### SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS.

#### STORY-TELLING AND ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

When any hopeful signs reveal themselves of genuine progress in our methods of education—and this more particularly in things appertaining to our elementary courses—it is well to note them at once for all they are worth. In this connection, the observations of an educationist who from early girlhood on into middle age has never relaxed in her aim, and who has besides attained more than an ordinary measure of success, may perhaps be listened to with respect. Miss Marie Shedlock has made her name as a story-teller. This does not imply that she is a frequenter of entertainments or of parties composed of juveniles dressed up in their best and awaiting "the conjurer." Her work is that of a serious and thoughtful investigator and psychologist of child nature. If she has devoted her life to mastering the art of story-telling it is because she considers this art an invaluable factor in elementary education. "The truest education," she maintains, "must be leading and inspiring," and by stories properly told, as by music efficiently performed, there is at disposal the best means by which to lead and inspire the very young. Under the auspices of the Board of Education of the London County Council, of the Manchester Education Committee, the Birmingham University, and other educational organisations, Miss Shedlock has during the last year not only told stories to English school children, but she has also been giving a series of lectures upon her methods to elementary teachers throughout the country.

#### THE VOCATION OF STORY-TELLING.

Miss Shedlock gladly addresses herself to parents as well as to teachers, for, after all, a child's parents should be its very best teachers. As one of her most privileged experiences, she mentions an opportunity recently afforded her by the Ancoats Brotherhood, of speaking to an audience of some eight hundred persons in Manchester, mostly working men and their wives, to whom amongst other things she told Oscar Wilde's story of the Selfish Giant.

## Daily Chronicle, March 7.

"Salomé," which had already formed the basis of a Strauss opera, modelled on the story as told by Oscar Wilde in his unpleasant play—which was produced in Bayswater some years ago—is to be treated operatically by another composer, or perhaps it would be fairer to say it has been so treated. A young French naval officer named Mariotte claims to have composed a "Salomé" opera before Strauss produced his—in 1905, to be precise. However, Strauss had precedence in publicity, and he has laid down the terms on which Mariotte's work may be heard. It must be given only at Lyons and for a single season. Meanwhile trouble with the Society of German composers will prevent the holding of the "Salomé" recital in London, which was to have been conducted on the 19th by Dr. Strauss himself. "Salomé"—not the Strauss version—however, is to be in evidence on a London stage next week, at the Palace. For some time past considerable interest has been created in the chief cities of the Continent by Miss Maud Allan, who has caused something like a sensation in Paris, Vienna and Berlin with her "Vision of Salomé" dances. Miss Allan will enter Mr. Butt's programme on Monday night.

#### What Is a Decadent?

Mr. R. A. Scott-James, the author of "Modernism and Romance" (John Lane Company), is very British and consequently very solemn. The book is made up of a number of essays of a critical nature that appeared in the *Daily News* of London and other publications that are at much pains to be literary and refined. It is necessary for that journal to have contributors who will reassure its readers when they have been shocked, puzzled and scandalized by the frivolities, paradoxes and inversions of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. We imagine that nobody better fitted for the job could be found than Mr. Scott-James.

The only really interesting chapter is that on the Decadents. And that attracts the attention, not for any intrinsic reasons, but because it is suggestive of the methods, the frame of mind, of a whole school of criticism—art, musical and so on.

For what would the deans, subdeans, rural deans, &c., of musical, theatrical and literary criticism do if they had not the fine word "decadent" to fall back on? Whatever they don't understand, whatever is new and unfamiliar, whatever threatens the established practitioners of the arts—be they elderly prima donnas or academic painters—is immediately described as "decadent." The plays of Ibsen, the writings of Maeterlinck, the music of Debussy, all have been branded by certain of the wonderful guides as "unhealthy," "gloomy," "diseased" and "disordered."

"Gloom" is regarded in some quarters as particularly indicative of decay. And yet those who detect that quality in "Hedda Gabler" or "Pelléas et Mélisande" or Strauss's "Salomé" hold that Shakespeare and Wagner are perfectly robust and healthy. But for the life of us we cannot see that there is much rollicking fun in the Ring operas, "Hamlet," "Othello" or even "Macbeth." But stop, the inconsistency is but apparent. "Decadent" and "decadence" are terms which are applied by those whose minds have become fossilized, only to things which are new. To these there is nothing quite so criminal as an unusual way of looking at the world we live in.

This is by the way. Mr. Scott-James has taken the late Oscar Wilde, whose plays are now being produced all over Germany, poor Mr. George Moore and poor Mr. James Huneker as three typical decadents. It appears that it was Mr. Huneker's book "Visionaries" that procured for him this distinguished honor. Alas! did he deserve it? We fear not. Bernard Shaw's "dear James" would have to put his hand on his heart and announce his unworthiness of the compliment. For, as far as we can remember, "The Master of Cobwebs," "The Third Kingdom," "A Mock Sun" and especially "Rebels of the Moon" are caricatures of some contemporary exaggerations and not to be taken seriously except by donkeys.

As for Mr. George Moore, late of Paris and London, and now of Dublin, if he is "decadent" it must mean that the qualification consists in unfitness for the young person. The "Memoirs of My Dead Life" is very frank, but not more frank than the eighteenth century. Besides, an Irishman who has spent most of his life in France is liable to show small respect for Anglo-Saxon notions of respectability.

In the case of the unfortunate author of "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Importance of Being Ernest," it is sad for us to reflect that New York as well as London allowed itself to be entertained by his plays without bothering much about the author's personal character. Though it must be admitted this carelessness was more than made up for later on. Perhaps some day we shall have reason to regret our sometime admiration for the works of W. Shakespeare, the symphonies of Beethoven or the paintings of Turner. You never can tell what the explorers of the past of men of genius will bring to light.

March 7. 1908. New York Evening Sun



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# Morning Post, *March 7*

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### STORY-TELLING AND ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

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When any hopeful signs reveal themselves of genuine progress in our methods of education—and this more particularly in things appertaining to our elementary courses—it is well to note them at once for all they are worth. In this connection, the observations of an educationist who from early girlhood on into middle age has never relaxed in her aim, and who has besides attained more than an ordinary measure of success, may perhaps be listened to with respect. Miss Marie Shedlock has made her name as a story-teller. This does not imply that she is a frequenter of entertainments or of parties composed of juveniles dressed up in their best and awaiting “the conjurer.” Her work is that of a serious and thoughtful investigator and psychologist of child nature. If she has devoted her life to mastering the art of story-telling it is because she considers this art an invaluable factor in elementary education. “The truest education,” she maintains, “must be leading and inspiring,” and by stories properly told, as by music efficiently performed, there is at disposal the best means by which to lead and inspire the very young. Under the auspices of the Board of Education of the London County Council, of the Manchester Education Committee, the Birmingham University, and other educational organisations, Miss Shedlock has during the last year not only told stories to English school children, but she has also been giving a series of lectures upon her methods to elementary teachers throughout the country.

#### THE VOCATION OF STORY-TELLING.

Miss Shedlock gladly addresses herself to parents as well as to teachers, for, after all, a child's parents should be its very best teachers. As one of her most privileged experiences, she mentions an opportunity recently afforded her by the Ancoats Brotherhood, of speaking to an audience of some eight hundred persons in Manchester, mostly working men and their wives, to whom amongst other things she told Oscar Wilde's story of the Selfish Giant.



## What Is a Decadent?

New York Evening Sun  
March 7-1908.

Mr. R. A. Scott-James, the author of "Modernism and Romance" (John Lane Company), is very British and consequently very solemn. The book is made up of a number of essays of a critical nature that appeared in the *Daily News* of London and other publications that are at much pains to be literary and refined. It is necessary for that journal to have contributors who will reassure its readers when they have been shocked, puzzled and scandalized by the frivolities, paradoxes and inversions of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. We imagine that nobody better fitted for the job could be found than Mr. Scott-James.

The only really interesting chapter is that on the Decadents. And that attracts the attention, not for any intrinsic reasons, but because it is suggestive of the methods, the frame of mind, of a whole school of criticism—art, musical and so on.

For what would the deans, subdeans, rural deans, &c., of musical, theatrical and literary criticism do if they had not the fine word "decadent" to fall back on? Whatever they don't understand, whatever is new and unfamiliar, whatever threatens the established practitioners of the arts—be they elderly prima donnas or academic painters—is immediately described as "decadent." The plays of Ibsen, the writings of Maeterlinck, the music of Debussy, all have been branded by certain of the wonderful guides as "unhealthy," "gloomy," "diseased" and "disordered."

"Gloom" is regarded in some quarters as particularly indicative of decay. And yet those who detect that quality in "Hedda Gabler" or "Pelléas et Mélisande" or Strauss's "Salome" hold that Shakespeare and Wagner are perfectly robust and healthy. But for the life of us we cannot see that there is much rollicking fun in the Ring operas, "Hamlet," "Othello" or even "Macbeth." But stop, the inconsistency is but apparent. "Decadent" and "decadence" are terms which are applied by those whose minds have become fossilized, only to things which are new. To these there is nothing quite so criminal as an unusual way of looking at the world we live in.

This is by the way. Mr. Scott-James has taken the late Oscar Wilde, whose plays are now being produced all over Germany, poor Mr. George Moore and poor Mr. James Huneker as three typical decadents. It appears that it was Mr. Huneker's book "Visionaries" that procured for him this distinguished honor. Alas! did he deserve it? We fear not. Bernard Shaw's "dear James" would have to put his hand on his heart and announce his unworthiness of the compliment. For, as far as we can remember, "The Master of Cobwebs," "The Third Kingdom," "A Mock Sun" and especially "Rebels of the Moon" are caricatures of some contemporary exaggerations and not to be taken seriously except by donkeys.

As for Mr. George Moore, late of Paris and London, and now of Dublin, if he is "decadent" it must mean that the qualification consists in unfitness for the young person. The "Memoirs of My Dead Life" is very frank, but not more frank than the eighteenth century. Besides, an Irishman who has spent most of his life in France is liable to show small respect for Anglo-Saxon notions of respectability.

In the case of the unfortunate author of "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Importance of Being Ernest," it is sad for us to reflect that New York as well as London allowed itself to be entertained by his plays without bothering much about the author's personal character. Though it must be admitted this carelessness was more than made up for later on. Perhaps some day we shall have reason to regret our sometime admiration for the works of W. Shakespeare, the symphonies of Beethoven or the paintings of Turner. You never can tell what the explorers of the past of men of genius will bring to light.

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## GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

The pupils of Miss Kate Rorke gave a dramatic performance in the theatre of the institution on the evening of the 26th ult., and it was a happy idea to give two scenes from Oscar Wilde's play *A Woman of No Importance*. In the first scene, at Lady Hunstanton's, Miss Julie Huntsman, who has on many occasions proved herself a capable actress, made the character of Lady Hunstanton effective; while Miss Ada Castiglione in the little part of Lady Caroline Pontefract showed marked ability. The lines where Lady Pontefract replies to Miss Worsley's remarks by saying "Do not apologise, my dear child. I agree with every part of your little speech. My brother is a scoundrel, but much may be forgiven to a man who gives such superb dinners," were delivered with a precision and point that would have done credit to an experienced actress. Nor was Miss Ethel McDowall less successful in the part of Miss Hester Worsley, her speech in defence of American life and aims being prettily given. Miss Ena Farmer appeared as the sentimental Lady Stutfield; and Miss Eugénie Francklyn, who made a graceful Mrs. Allenby, would have greatly added to the witty remarks on the ideal husband if spoken distinctly. In other respects Miss Francklyn proved herself a clever actress, and smoked her cigarette in a ladylike manner. Miss Marion Roberton, who played Mrs. Arbuthnot, has in this scene little to say. The scene of the drawing-room at Lady Hunstanton's was well arranged, and the costumes were bright and effective. The second selection from Oscar Wilde's play was the scene in Mrs. Arbuthnot's room, where Gerald appeals to his mother to marry Lord Illingworth. Mr. William Norman, who has an excellent voice, made a manly Gerald Arbuthnot, and acted with considerable distinction; while Mrs. Arbuthnot's long and difficult speech was delivered by Miss Marion Roberton with a force and pathos rare in a student. In the part where the mother reproaches her son for thinking she spends too much time in church, "But where else could I turn! God's house is the only house where sinners are made welcome, and the sick do not ask if the hand that smooths their pillow is pure," were given by Miss Roberton with a true dramatic ring. In serious parts this young lady should have a great future. In the latter portion of this scene Miss Hester Worsley, acted with much charm by Miss Ethel McDowall, comes on for a short time. The audience listened with rapt attention to Miss Roberton's clever performance. It was unfortunate that during this scene the sound of a piano was so plainly audible in the theatre.



Daily Mirror . April 30 . 1908

The May number of the "Fortnightly Review" contains, amongst other interesting things, a judg-

ment passed on the play of Oscar Wilde by Mr. St. John Hankin, a playwright as clever, in a different way, as the author of "Lady Windermere's Fan."

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# Daily Chronicle.

March  
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"Salome," which had already formed the basis of a Strauss opera, modelled on the story as told by Oscar Wilde in his unpleasant play—which was produced in Bayswater some years ago—is to be treated operatically by another composer, or perhaps it would be fairer to say it has been so treated. A young French naval officer named Mariotte claims to have composed a "Salome" opera before Strauss produced his—in 1905, to be precise. However, Strauss had precedence in publicity, and he has laid down the terms on which Mariotte's work may be heard. It must be given only at Lyons and for a single season. Meanwhile trouble with the Society of German composers will prevent the holding of the "Salome" recital in London, which was to have been conducted on the 19th by Dr. Strauss himself. "Salome"—not the Strauss version—however, is to be in evidence on a London stage next week, at the Palace. For some time past considerable interest has been created in the chief cities of the Continent by Miss Maud Allan, who has caused something like a sensation in Paris, Vienna and Berlin with her "Vision of Salome" dances. Miss Allan will enter Mr. Butt's programme on Monday night.



Miss Maud Allan has an eerie fascination, and her dancing at the Palace Theatre has managed to crowd the place to suffocation. We have other dancers, perhaps, who can match or rival Miss Allan, though no one, perhaps, dances with her arms quite as she does. From her shoulder to her finger-tips she gives us a serpentine act. Yet no one has taught her.

Miss Allan thought out her movements, her costume of jewels, and her idea of "Salome" and her notions of Mr. Oscar Wilde's heroine are extremely interesting. She brings some new facts to bear on the curious woman.

"She was a child," says Miss Allan, "a spoilt child, who cried for the moon, and she had all the stubbornness of her species. She wanted, above all things, to kiss the face of the Baptist, and this the good man refused. In a whim she asked for his head, so that she might have her desire, but having got what she wanted, she found that the 'virtue' of the thing had escaped her. And the result? Here I part company with Mr. Wilde, for I let you see the mad, sad remorse of this pitiful wanton. It was Marcel Levy who invented my music, and he, I think, expresses all the pity and terror of the thing."

"One little touch which Mr. Wilde gives me is, I think, superb. 'You would have loved me,' says the woman to the dead

man's face, 'if you had seen me.' That is her heart-cry before she is overwhelmed with the sheer terror of her crime."

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## Outlook, March 14, 1908

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## LITERARY AND CRITICAL.

"Modernism and Romance." By R. A. Scott-James. 7s. 6d. (London: John Lane.)

Though some of the papers contained in this remarkably thoughtful and suggestive volume have appeared in various periodicals, they form altogether a continuous and closely connected exposition of modern literary tendencies. Though the authors representing those tendencies are mentioned and discussed, the papers, Mr. Scott-James explains, are "not meant as critiques of books," but "as representing an attempt to disentangle certain ideas and habits of thought which are in the air." Mr. Kipling and Hall Caine are excluded, the former because he represents no permanent habit of thought; the latter because, though popular, he is not an extreme enough type of popular author. Having defined romance as the element of uncertainty—the state of being always on the edge of something—and vindicated his occasional citation of minor or bad authors by the statement that "the least meritorious book is of value as a symptom," the writer passes on to his categories. The pseudo scientific spirit of popular materialistic writers like Haeckel he describes as a melancholy and arid negation of will, different altogether from the spirit of logical and yet gnomic writers like Thomas Hardy, who, though "he is a rebel protesting against the intrusion rule both of dogmatic morality and of a ubiquitous science and culture," nevertheless has a profound belief in free and naturally-circumstanced human nature. In this Hardy differs also from the Decadents, who distrust not only God and man's laws, but man himself. Decadence such as the writer skilfully exemplifies in Oscar Wilde and George Moore sets in "when art like a drooping flower is parted from the live forces of nature, or when some form of life is maintained after the life itself has departed."

## Irish Times, March 11

### GAIETY THEATRE.

#### "WIDOWERS' HOUSES."

Wm. de Burgh Cokane.....Charles Bibby.  
Dr. Harry Trench.....Lewis Casson.  
Sartorius.....Clarence Derwent.  
Blanche.....Penelope Wheeler.  
Lickchess.....B. Iden Payne.  
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Dublin playgoers can certainly complain of no lack of interesting plays at the Gaiety Theatre recently, and to judge by the crowded aspect of the houses we have seen lately, they are able to appreciate their good fortune. Another of Mr. Shaw's plays was produced last night, in which we left the touching, but somewhat sentimental, sphere of "Candida," and returned to the region of hard fact. There is no poetic illusion about "Widower's Houses;" it is of a most eminently practical nature, and we are once more brought by Mr. Shaw, after his temporary lapse into sentiment, back to a world which is governed according to strictly business principles. The play last night was clever, bright, even sparkling, and more in accordance with the ordinary circumstances of every-day life than is usual in plays of the "realist" school.

The breezy practical note is struck from the moment the curtain rises on the garden of a hotel at Ramagen, on the Rhine, with a highly impossible river in the background, and some English visitors arriving in the foreground. At least the visitors, who seemed previously unacquainted, instantly recognised each other as English, though we confess that their nationality did not seem to us obvious at first. One party consisted of a Mr. Cokane, who seemed at first to have a distinctly unfamiliar accent, and a young doctor called Harry Trench, who was only recently qualified. The other consisted of a father and daughter, bearing the name of Sartorius, the father reminding us of a recent Malvolio, a little aged and modernised. The two parties naturally fraternise, and the two elder men stroll off to see a church, leaving the young people to their own devices. Now, Mr. Shaw desires to make these two become engaged to be married, and as any ordinary dramatist would make the man propose to the girl, Mr. Shaw, desiring to be original, makes the girl practically propose to the man. Of course this idea is not original—it was used some time ago by Oscar Wilde, and is the conventional device of the unconventional school—but as the permutations and combinations obtainable out of one couple are necessarily extremely limited, perhaps it is none the worse for that, and we have no particular objection to its use, provided it is clearly understood that it is not more true to life or art than the more usual method.

## Morning Post, March 20

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March 14 - 1908

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GREAT wits to madness sure are near allied"; but on the one side of the thin partition is a solitary cell, on the other a many-chambered palace. Madness is usually the obsession of the mind by one subject, to the exclusion or disorder of everything else; genius is a universal obsession. Insanity is often the darkening of all but one of the colours of the mental spectrum; genius is the equal brightening of them all into a broader and intenser daylight of common sense. Madness is automatic, and can express only itself; genius is volitional, inclusive, and aloof; it can break up the mental spectrum, and show a red or violet line of insanity against the sunshine of its own whole and detached sanity. Lear, Hamlet, and Macbeth are more realistically and effectively insane in Shakespeare's plays than Rousseau is in his own writings: the notes of madness and despair that ring sharply against the sounding-board of a clown's wit, a friend's counsel, or a porter's jest, die away in inarticulate reverberations among the dreary vaults of the cell that insanity builds for its own solitary habitation. Great genius, which means great creative genius, is therefore the very antithesis of madness: the red or violet line of insanity can never brighten into sunshine; the more intense it to interest—are the respective characteristics of the two great sub-classes of literary ego-maniacs, the paranoiacs and the decadents. The cowardice of the paranoiacs generally takes the form of the hallucination of persecution. Sometimes, as in the case of Savage, this disorder is caused or aggravated by circumstances; occasionally it is a mere piece of egotistical pose, as in Beaumarchais' interminable memoirs of the Koromann lawsuit. In its unadulterated form of sheer delusion it is seldom productive of anything but incoherent raving: Rousseau is perhaps the solitary instance of a writer who could express the obsessions of a madman with the logic of a philosopher and in the style of a lord of language. With the decadents we have to deal carefully, keeping a wary eye upon the bludgeon wherewith Mr Bernard Shaw belaboured the broad Semitic shoulders of Mr Max Nordau. Art is free, no doubt; and we are willing to acknowledge the services rendered to literature by the so-called decadents of France and Britain. A soil no longer virgin may require the stimulus of eccentricity and perversion; but it is the fruit of the seed of sanity that we look for as our harvest. And in the pages of such morbid ego-maniacs as Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde, and Huysmans, the sickle of criticism gathers little but deadly nightshade of perverted instinct, waxy, odourless flowers of cleverness, and festering weeds of blasphemy and prurience. Such things, burnt up and spread out over his fields as manure, are of practical use to the literary farmer, the professional author; to the ordinary reader they are interesting only as evidences and products of the most recent manifestations of literary insanity.

## THINGS SEEN.

### THE DECADENCE OF MODERN ART.

LONDON, Monday.

Some time ago Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote a very amusing reply to Dr. Max Nordau's well-known book "Degeneration," in which that amusing writer undertook generally to show that a great volume of modern art was founded on thoroughly degenerate notions of life, and created by people who themselves were, generally speaking, a set of morbid neuropaths. Nordau's book was at once an old story and a new one. A clever writer wrote a book some time ago to show that most geniuses were compact of madness, or allied to it. There is something to be said for this theory, which is, indeed, the working hypothesis of the average Philistine. Certainly it is a very old

### SHIPPING NOTICES.

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## THE DECADENCE OF MODERN ART.

LONDON, Monday.

GREAT wits to madness sure are near allied"; but on the one side of the thin partition is a solitary cell, on the other a many-chambered palace. Madness is usually the obsession of the mind by one subject, to the exclusion or disorder of everything else; genius is a universal obsession. Insanity is often the darkening of all but one of the colours of the mental spectrum; genius is the equal brightening of them all into a broader and intenser daylight of common sense. Madness is automatic, and can express only itself; genius is volitional, inclusive, and aloof; it can break up the mental spectrum, and show a red or violet line of insanity against the sunshine of its own whole and detached sanity. Lear, Hamlet, and Macbeth are more realistically and effectively insane in Shakespeare's plays than Rousseau is in his own writings; the notes of madness and despair that ring sharply against the sounding-board of a clown's wit, a friend's counsel, or a porter's jest, die away in inarticulate reverberations among the dreary vaults of the cell that insanity builds for its own solitary habitation. Great genius, which means great creative genius, is therefore the very antithesis of madness: the red or violet line of insanity can never brighten into sunshine; the more intense it becomes, the more sharply does it contrast with the whole spectrum of sanity. The massed orchestras of the world could not play a discord into harmony; Swift raised to the tenth power could not have broadened out the jackal-cry of the fourth part of "Gulliver" to the symphonic range of Shakespeare's "Tempest."

Swift's later phase, however, is mainly pathological, and he is perhaps the only genius of the very first rank whose mental sunset has sent up a green ray of declared insanity. In the few writers of Swift's calibre who have not retained their mental powers to the last, the sunset has either been of tropical suddenness and completeness: or, as in Scott's case, the mind has gone down behind mists which dimmed but did not break up its light. It is among the geniuses of the second rank, who express little besides their own personalities, that we have to look for conspicuous examples of literary insanity. Taine more than hinted that all the Elizabethan dramatists, even Shakespeare and Jonson, were mad. It is not surprising that to a nervous French valetudinarian of sedentary habits the frantic lives and furious rant of brilliant, hot-blooded young Englishmen, drunk with Spanish wines and the Pierian spring, should have seemed the signs of lunacy; yet even the plays of Peele and Greene contain nothing that is not explicable by temperament and convention, and Marlowe only

"that fine madness did retain,  
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."  
Among later authors, also, we must leave out of account those, like Collins and Clare, whose madness either completely paralysed or did not in any way affect their literary faculties. To a more interesting and a somewhat dubious category belong those, like Poe, whose madness only or occasionally manifested itself in their writings. Nothing can be sadder than Cowper's satires and lyrical pieces; but his reflective pieces and poems are deeply tainted with that religious aberration which in Johnson took the form of morbid depression, burst out in a single lurid flame of genius in the one remembered poem of poor Christopher Smart, and, combined with a studiously nurtured form of ego-mania, led Borrow down through the quaint, whimsical meanderings of "Lavengro" into the dark, fanatical labyrinths of the appendix to "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Such writers, however, were only mad north-north-west; when the mental wind was southerly, they were sanity itself. Possibly Nat Lee is the only British writer of note—certainly he is the only British poet—whose writings are, so to speak, saturated with insanity. Lee's madness, however, was of a harmless sort; so far from involving any radical perversion, it took the harmless, indeed the amiable, form of an exaggerated sensibility to moral beauty and physical majesty; it was merely a weakening of the radical perception by alcoholic excess.

A deeper and more insidious form of madness is the ego-mania of a literary giant like Nietzsche. Nietzsche's frantic deification of strength is in reality a craven confession of weakness. It is the weak man and the neurotic woman that worship apparent strength; the strong man worships weakness, and proves his own strength by measuring it against braggart and boastful talk: Nietzsche is a lily-livered Israelite, embracing the knees of Goliath; Ruskin is a David, piercing the monster's brain with a stone from the wayside brook. The two principal characteristics of Nietzsche—his cowardice, which shrinks from direct moral issues, and his morbid perception, which is the result of the blood and the brain to revolt to interest—are the respective characteristics of the two great sub-classes of literary ego-maniacs, the paranoiacs and the decadents. The cowardice of the paranoiacs generally takes the form of the hallucination of persecution. Sometimes, as in the case of Savage, this disorder is caused or aggravated by circumstances; occasionally it is a mere piece of egotistical pose, as in Beaumarchais' interminable memoirs of the Kornmann lawsuit. In its unadulterated form of sheer delusion it is seldom productive of anything, but incoherent raving: Rousseau is perhaps the solitary instance of a writer who could express the obsessions of a madman with the logic of a philosopher and in the style of a lord of language. With the decadents we have to deal carefully, keeping a wary eye upon the bludgeon wherewith Mr Bernard Shaw belaboured the broad Semitic shoulders of Mr Max Nordau. Art is free, no doubt; and we are willing to acknowledge the services rendered to literature by the so-called decadents of France and Britain. A soil no longer virgin may require the stimulus of eccentricity and perversion; but it is the fruit of the seed of sanity that we look for as our harvest. And in the pages of such morbid ego-maniacs as Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde, and Huysmans, the sickle of common gathers little but deadly nightshade of perverted instinct, waxy, odourless flowers of cleverness, and festering weeds of blasphemy and prurience. Such things, burnt up and spread out over his fields as manure, are of practical use to the literary farmer, the professional author; to the ordinary reader they are interesting only as evidences and products of the most recent manifestations of literary insanity.

Some time ago Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote a very amusing reply to Dr. Max Nordau's well-known book "Degeneration," in which that amusing writer undertook generally to show that a great volume of modern art was founded on thoroughly degenerate notions of life, and created by people who themselves were, generally speaking, a set of morbid neuropaths. Nordau's book was at once an old story and a new one. A clever writer wrote a book some time ago to show that most geniuses were compact of madness, or allied to it. There is something to be said for this theory, which is, indeed, the working hypothesis of the average Philistine. Certainly it is a very old one. But Dr. Nordau set himself to prove a much more difficult hypothesis. This was to show, in Mr. Shaw's words, that "all our characteristically modern works of art are symptoms of disease in our artists." This, of course, was only another way of saying that all the world was going mad, a perilous assertion, because such beliefs are not uncommonly held by gentlemen and ladies who, in ardent pursuit of their theory, are apt to land themselves in madhouses. Nordau, indeed, did take the not very intelligent ground of ruling out as morbid, degenerate, and the rest of it a good deal of modern work that he did not like. And the answer to such a critical method is tolerably obvious. You could apply it to all ages and all artists. If Ibsen is morbid, what was Shakespeare? Nordau praises the Renaissance and the wonderful things it did for the human intellect and spirit. I should have said that the Renaissance was conspicuous for the number of men and women it produced of an extremely morbid, indeed dangerously morbid, type, combined with extreme sensibility to art, and great faculty for producing it.

Mr. Shaw, however, had a specially interesting answer to make to Nordau, which effectively exposed his slapdash and uncritical methods. Shaw himself, whatever may be said of his work as a constructive artist, is a thoroughly expert critic of art in nearly all its branches—music, painting, the drama, literature. And he has had a far more exact training than Nordau in the business of appreciating the work of most of the modern schools of workers in all these departments. Armed with this superior knowledge he easily demolished Nordau's shallow criticisms. He showed, for example, that the men whom Nordau criticised, instead of possessing the true characteristics of degeneracy—weakness of will, poverty of constructive ideas, failure to achieve solid, definite, lasting results, and to carry out complicated developments of art into practice—were, on the contrary, just as able to do the world's work and show it an actual way of solving its problems, as was Michael Angelo himself. Take Wagner himself, that remarkable combination of poet, revolutionist, musician, theorist, worker, stage-manager, and architectural expert. Mr. Shaw shows how these qualities worked out in achievement:—

"Wagner" (he says) "was discontented with the condition of musical art in Europe. In essay after essay he pointed out, with the most laborious exactitude, what it was he complained of, and how it might be remedied. He not only showed, in the teeth of the most venomous opposition from all the dunderheads, pedants, and vested interests in Europe, what the musical drama ought to be as a work of art, but how theatres for its proper performance should be managed—nay, how they should be built, down to the arrangement of the seats, and the position of the instruments in the orchestra. And he not only showed this on paper, but he successfully composed the music-drama, built a model theatre, gave the model performances, did the impossible, so that there is now nobody left, not even Hanslick, who came to snuff himself by repeating the old anti-Wagner cry of 'craziness and impossibility—nobody, save old Max Nordau, who, like a true journalist, is fact proof.'"

Anyone who has been to Bayreuth can see, as I have seen, that what Mr. Shaw says is true—that the theatre which Wagner built and designed is the best theatre for hearing and seeing which he has ever entered, that the scenery is the best, the arrangement of the orchestra is the best, and on the whole the representation of opera or music drama is the best. In the same way Mr. Shaw can show that William Morris (fancy anybody who saw Morris and spoke with him thinking him a degenerate!) not only wrote about poetry and art, but was a most successful designer, manufacturer, paper maker, printer, and that Nordau's description of him as "beating the air" full of "mad projects" was simply an abusive treatment of the idealistic side of a great practical genius.

Of course there is a side of truth in what Nordau has written of modern art. It has its decadent side. Nobody who knows the work, and has followed the career of men like Baudelaire, Verlaine, Wilde, Beardsley, can deny this. I suppose, too, that a certain side of these men's characters is due to the hurry and complication of modern city life, the reaction of luxurious and composing surroundings on men of over-sensitive temperaments and ill-balanced characters. But one must remember that all ages have produced this neurotic type, which is far from being restricted either to one type of civilisation or to one period in the development of civilised life. Undoubtedly such phrases as "art for art's sake" and such movements as the æsthetic movement may well come into sharp conflict not merely with conventional morals, but with the foundations of moral life. But we must be careful of confusing the two things. The true artist is always an adventurer. He is always showing us new forms, new ways of doing things or seeing them, new combinations of colours, sounds, words, materials. Therefore the average man and woman never appreciate him at first, perhaps never does at heart appreciate him. What kind of a fame had Shakespeare in his lifetime? How much true fame, that is to say how much intelligent appreciation, does he enjoy now? The Philistine critic—and Nordau, with all his cleverness and shrewdness, is an undeniable Philistine—will always be hard on the new artist, who seems to outrage the old forms, and to depreciate the old masters, who in their turn were innovators on the men who preceded them, and came in for their turn of obloquy or neglect. Nor is it necessary to think of the modern world as if it were in a state of putrescence. The world is very young yet. It will be a mere baby centuries after our bones are dust.

So far as I remember, Oscar Wilde, in his *De Profundis*, deplored the evils of the Renaissance—the ugliness to which it inevitably led. Candidly, I agree with him. I think that the Renaissance had in it all the seeds of death; that in spite of its infinite technical perfection, its wonderful knowledge of anatomy, its musical skill, its sense of beauty in colour, its rapture over the Classics raised like young men that had been dead from the tomb, its delight (in England, at all events) in its discovery that the vulgar tongue was in itself an exquisite instrument of prose and

poetry, its sense of release as from a long, dark imprisonment, its wonder over the new world beyond the seas, its dreams of strange things, yet to be made known—in spite of all these things, in the heart of the Renaissance lurked the architecture of Gower Street and Camden Town, the "poetry" of Pope and of Pope's indifferent imitators, the life that Smollett and Hogarth have illustrated, the worse life that followed, the music of Stainer and Barnby, the painting—of many worthy persons.

London Sketches. March 28, 1908.

## Harris and Du Cros

Mr. Frank Harris, who has been posing as the ghost of Mr. Du Cros in the Law Courts, has had an adventurous career. He was born in Wales and after studying life and roughing it in America and Greece, he came to London, and, with Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Hyndman, preached Socialism on Sundays in Hyde Park. Shortly after, he became nominal editor of the *Tory Evening News*. Then he married a wealthy widow and lived in Park Lane and Tunbridge Wells, and took a Rev. Mr. Kerscaille in to edit the *Fortnightly Review*. He then dabbled in society journalism, and abandoned Park Lane for Bohemia and Christian Science, giving important evidence at the inquest on the late Harold Fredericks. Mr. Frank Harris's next move was the *Saturday Review*, and, after a visit to South Africa he became converted to Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Selling the *Saturday*, he started the *Candid Friend*, which died, and after some exploits in finance, came into possession of *Vanity Fair*, with Mr. Harry S. Foster, the financial agent, and was, after an attack on Parr's Bank, mulcted in damages, £5,000.

Mr. Harris, though short in the legs, has an imposing manner, tells good stories in a big, bass voice, and with his apt quotations in Greek, German, and French, holds his own, even among students. He has enjoyed the confidence of several men of eminence at many times. He served Mr. Chamberlain as a Radical, Lord Randolph Churchill as a Tory Democrat, Mr. Oscar Wilde as a playwright and essayist, and Lord Alfred Douglas as a poet, and has had many eminent henchmen. He is certainly a picturesque figure, though his epigrams and paradoxes in the witness-box had certainly more of the insolence than the wit of the late Oscar Wilde, when that unfortunate genius was fighting his famous action with the late Marquis of Queensberry.

When friends fall out you may go bail  
That each will hurl the nearest brick;  
But it is hard to call "Blackmail!"  
When they have but a Cros to pick.

## Blackpool Times March 21, 1908

Sir Ernest Cassel, father of Mrs. Wilfrid W. Ashley, was the subject of a lengthy special article in yesterday's "Daily Dispatch" under the head of "Behind the Throne—Personalities of some of the Real Rulers of England."

At one of the week-end parties at Sandringham a guest was asked by his Majesty as to his opinion on the importance of Sir Ernest Cassel's work in Egypt. "My answer, sir," was the reply, "is the title of one of Oscar Wilde's plays, 'The Importance of Being Ernest.'"







Residences.—Mr. and Mrs. Self, 40, Grapes Hill, Norwich.

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**ELLISON'S NOTED COUNTRY SMOKING MIXTURE**, absolutely mellow, SIXPENCE PER OZ.—14, THE WALK, NORWICH.

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**FAMOUS YORKSHIRE FLANNELS**, non-shrinking; best for wearing; patterns free.—Crowe's Warehouse, Otley, Yorks. x

**GLASS JARS**, with air-tight metal covers, suitable for Marmalade or Preserve. 1lb. 3s. doz. 2lb. 4s. doz. Etched Circle or Key Pattern Crystal Tumblers. 2s. 6d. doz., 3 doz. for 5s.; Heavy-cut Tumblers. 4s. 6d. doz.; 3 doz. for 12s.—Johnson, Burton, & Theobald, London Street, Norwich

**LARGE ROOM** complete with Tables, Chairs, &c. for Whist and other Parties. **BRIDE CAKES** 200lb. always in stock. Illustrated Price Lists on application. **FANCY ICED CAKES**, various flavours, from 1s. each.—Spelling's, Confectioners, Fruiters and Caterers, Norwich.

**MRS. EDWARD SELF**, 147, Clarham Road, Lowestoft, wishes to PURCHASE any Quantity of LADIES' GENTLEMEN'S, and CHILDREN'S LEFT-OFF CLOTHING; best price given. Ladies waited on at their own residences.

**ON VIEW** in my window this week, a Solid Mahogany Suite in Crimson Leather, £8 15s. 0d.; also a fine Piano, nearly new, 24 guineas, cost £60; well worth your attention.—G. Rudd, 11, St. Stephen's Street, Norwich.

**THOSE Removing or Warehousing Furniture** will do well by applying to the best and cheapest Removal Contractors in the Eastern Counties. ALL RISKS TAKEN. Numerous Testimonials. ESTIMATES FREE. Inspection Invited.—FREDERICK W. FULTON, REMOVAL CONTRACTOR, ROSE LANE, NORWICH. Telephone No. 333. P.S.—Send Post Card to give you a call. Estimates given at sight.

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THOMAS BULLIMORE, Secretary.  
Queen Street, Norwich.

#### SHIPPING NOTICES.

EASTER HOLIDAYS—TRIP TO

Chambers & Co. Pt. 6s 9d  
Bolslow fully paid, 20s 3d  
Browns, part paid, 22s  
1st 22s  
Dearne Valley Colliery, 6  
Furness, Withy Ord.,  
22s 6d  
Hadfields Ord., 72s 72s

Bank 12s  
Staveley Coal & Iron  
29s 6d  
U.S. Steel Com., 30 7/8  
Vickers Ord., 30s 9d  
Do. 5 p.c. Deb., 1/2 prem  
on letter  
Zinc Corporation, 4s 6d

#### DUBLIN—Friday.

Markets firm, with a further rise in Coats.

#### BUSINESS DONE.

Land Stock, 89 1/4	Dunlop, 16 1/4
Bank of Ireland, 316	Do. Def., 14 10 1/4
Hibernian Bank, 5 1/4	Enfield Autocar, 7 1/2
Munster Bank, 5 1/4	Henry St. Warehouse, 2 1/2
National Bank, 22 3/4	Fim Pref., 6 1/2
Guinness, 58	Coats, 165 9
Wireless Tele., 10 9	Do. Pref. Ord., 47 1/2
Gt. Southern Rail., 84	Dolphin Barn Brick, 15 1/2
Do. Def., 11 1	Sewing Cotton, 31 1/2
Midland, 5 1/4	Fine Spinners, 28 6
Do. 4 1/2 Deb., 112 1/2	Burke, 6 1/4
County Down Pref., 102 1/4	Parkes Pref., 19
Gt. Northern Deb., 114	Dolphin Hotel Pt., £3 13
Dublin & Blessing, Trams., 12 1/2	Freeman, 2 1/4
Dublin Trams., 12 1/4 1/2	Do. Pref., 4 1/2
	Irish Times Pref., 5 1/2

#### BELFAST—Friday.

#### BUSINESS DONE.

Ulster Bank, 12 1/2	Belfast Water 3 p.c., 82 1/2
Gt. Northern Ry. Deb., 114	Fine Cotton Spinners, 28s 6d
Belfast & Co. Down Ry. Deb., 107	Brewster Pref., 3 1/4
Do. 4 1/2 p.c. Pref., 117	Sawers Ord., 19s 3d
Gt. Sth. & West. Ry., 84	Con. Goldfields, 57

#### BIRMINGHAM CYCLE MARKET.

Friday Evening.—A fair amount of business doing and prices generally firm. Dunlop Rubbers rose smartly to 7. Daimlers rose to 44s 3d and Darracqs to 51s 9d. Humber's higher.

#### CLOSING PRICES.

Argylls, 8s	Rover, 20s
Beisize, 9s 10 1/2d	Rudges, 20s 3d
Beauforts, 1s	Small Arms, 12 1/2
Centaur, 7s	Star, 5s
Components, 7s	Stepneys, 26s 3d
Enfield, 21s	Swift, 25s
Gladiator, 2s 6d	Triumph, 13s 9d
Humber, 24s 3d	Dunlop Ord., 16s
Hudsons, 23s 6d	Do. Def., 1s 5s
Premier, 5s	Do. France, 18s

#### GENERAL MARKETS.

#### PRODUCE.

**LONDON.**—Sugar—Home refined of all descriptions was in good demand yesterday. Prices firm. Piece rather dearer. A moderate business was done in foreign granulated at steady prices. Ready ZH sold at 12s 0 1/2d, ECH at 12s 1 1/2d to 12s 0 1/2d, RAV at 12s 1 1/2d, and March-August RAV at 12s 3d; first marks March quoted 12s 0 1/2d sellers; April-May, 12 1/2d; May-August sold at 12s 2 1/2d and buyers; July-August, 12 1/2d. October-December quoted 11 1/2d. Value, XLR, ELB, SCH, and TIDA March, 12s 1 1/2d; PGR fine ready, 12s 7 1/2d, star fine March, 12s 7 1/2d, f.o.b. Hamburg. Dutch granulated—S and T ppt., 13s 1 1/2d; WSR special ppt., 13s 1 1/2d; super dpt., 12s 10 1/2d. Lebaudy's fine granulated and leaves ppt., 13s 6d. Say's cubes and leaves, 14s 3d. No. 1, 14s 3d. No. 2, 14s 3d. No. 3, 14s 3d. No. 4, 14s 3d. No. 5, 14s 3d. No. 6, 14s 3d. No. 7, 14s 3d. No. 8, 14s 3d. No. 9, 14s 3d. No. 10, 14s 3d. No. 11, 14s 3d. No. 12, 14s 3d. No. 13, 14s 3d. No. 14, 14s 3d. No. 15, 14s 3d. 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GREAT wits to madness sure are near allied"; but on the one side of the thin partition is a solitary cell, on the other a many-chambered palace. Madness is usually the obsession of the mind by one subject, to the exclusion or disorder of everything else; genius is a universal obsession. Insanity is often the darkening of all but one of the colours of the mental spectrum; genius is the equal brightening of them all into a broader and intenser daylight of common sense. Madness is automatic, and can express only itself; genius is volitional, inclusive, and aloof; it can break up the mental spectrum, and show a red or violet line of insanity against the sunshine of its own whole and detached sanity. Lear, Hamlet, and Macbeth are more realistically and effectively insane in Shakespeare's plays than Rousseau is in his own writings: the notes of madness and despair that ring sharply against the sounding-board of a clown's wit, a friend's counsel, or a porter's jest, die away in inarticulate reverberations among the dreary vaults of the cell that insanity builds for its own solitary habitation. Great genius, which means great creative genius, is therefore the very antithesis of madness: the red or violet line of insanity can never brighten into sunshine; the more intense it becomes, the more sharply does it contrast with the whole spectrum of sanity. The massed orchestras of the world could not play a discord into harmony; Swift raised to the tenth power could not have broadened out the jackal-cry of the fourth part of "Gulliver" to the symphonic range of Shakespeare's "Tempest."

Swift's later phase, however, is mainly pathological, and he is perhaps the only genius of the very first rank whose mental sunset has sent up a green ray of declared insanity. In the few writers of Swift's calibre who have not retained their mental powers to the last, the sunset has either been of tropical suddenness and completeness; or, as in Scott's case, the mind has gone down behind mists which dimmed but did not break up its light. It is among the geniuses of the second rank, who express little besides their own personalities, that we have to look for conspicuous examples of literary insanity. Taine more than hinted that all the Elizabethan dramatists, even Shakespeare and Jonson, were mad. It is not surprising that to a nervous French valetudinarian of sedentary habits the frantic lives and furious rant of brilliant, hot-blooded young Englishmen, drunk with Spanish wines and the Pierian spring, should have seemed the signs of lunacy; yet even the plays of Peele and Greene contain nothing that is not explicable by temperament and convention, and Marlowe only

"that fine madness did retain,

Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

Among later authors, also, we must leave out of account those, like Collins and Clare, whose madness either completely paralysed or did not in any way affect their literary faculties. To a more interesting and a somewhat dubious category belong those, *and Poe*, whose madness fully or occasionally manifested itself in their writings. Nothing can be sadder than Cowper's satires and lyrical pieces; but his reflective pieces and poems are deeply tainted with that religious aberration which in Johnson took the form of morbid depression, burst out in a single lurid flame of genius in the one remembered poem of poor Christopher Smart, and, combined with a studiously nurtured form of ego-mania, led Borrow down through the quaint, whimsical meanderings of "Lavengro" into the dark, fanatical labyrinths of the appendix to "The Romany Rye." Such writers, however, were only mad north-north-west; when the mental wind was southerly, they were sanity itself. Possibly Nat Lee is the only British writer of note—certainly he is the only British poet—whose writings are, so to speak, saturated with insanity. Lee's madness, however, was of a harmless sort; so far from involving any radical perversion, it took the harmless, indeed the amiable, form of an exaggerated sensibility to moral beauty and physical majesty; it was merely a weakening of the critical perception by alcoholic excess.

A deeper and more insidious form of madness is the ego-mania of a literary giant like Nietzsche. Nietzsche's frantic deification of strength is in reality a craven confession of weakness. It is the weak man and the neurotic woman that worship apparent strength; the strong man worships weakness, and proves his own strength by measuring it against braggart and boastful talk: Nietzsche is a lily-livered Israelite, always embracing the knees of Goliath; Ruskin is a David, piercing the monster's brain with a stone from the wayside brook. The two principal characteristics of Nietzsche—his cowardice, which shrinks from direct moral issues, and his morbid perception, which that to interest—are the respective characteristics of the two great sub-classes of literary ego-maniacs, the paranoiacs and the decadents. The cowardice of the paranoiacs generally takes the form of the hallucination of persecution. Sometimes, as in the case of Savage, this disorder is caused or aggravated by circumstances; occasionally it is a mere piece of egotistical pose, as in Beaumarchais' interminable memoirs of the Kornmann lawsuit. In its unadulterated form of sheer delusion it is seldom productive of anything but incoherent raving. Rousseau is perhaps the solitary instance of a writer who could express the obsessions of a madman with the logic of a philosopher and in the style of a lord of language. With the decadents we have to deal carefully, keeping a wary eye upon the bludgeon wherewith Mr Bernard Shaw belaboured the broad Semitic shoulders of Mr Max Nordau. Art is free, no doubt; and we are willing to acknowledge the services rendered to literature by the so-called decadents of France and Britain. A soil no longer virgin may require the stimulus of eccentricity and perversion; but it is the fruit of the seed of sanity that we look for as our harvest. And in the pages of such morbid ego-maniacs as Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde, and Huysmans, the sickle of criticism gathers little but deadly nightshade of perverted instinct, waxy, odourless flowers of cleverness, and festering weeds of blasphemy and prurience. Such things, burnt up and spread out over his fields as manure, are of practical use to the literary farmer, the professional author; to the ordinary reader they are interesting only as evidences and products of the most recent

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 Browns part paid, 22s  
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 Dearne Valley Colliery, 6  
 Furness, Withy Ord.,  
 22s 6d  
 Hadfields Ord., 72s 72s

Bank, 12½  
 Staveley Coal & Iron  
 29s 6d  
 U.S. Steel Com., 30 7½  
 Vickers Ord., 30s 9d  
 Do. 5 p.c. Deb., ½ prem  
 on letter  
 Zinc Corporation, 4s 6d

## DUBLIN—Friday.

Markets firm, with a further rise in Coats.

### BUSINESS DONE.

Land Stock, 89¼  
 Bank of Ireland, 316  
 Hibernian Bank, 5¼  
 Munster Bank, 5¼  
 National Bank, 22¾  
 Guinness, 58  
 Wireless Tele., 10/9  
 Gt. Southern Rail., 84  
 Do. Deb., 111  
 Midland, 56¼  
 Do. 4½ Deb., 112½  
 County Down Pref., 102¼  
 Gt. Northern Deb., 114  
 Dublin & Blessing Trams,  
 12½  
 Dublin Trams., 12¼/16

Dunlop, 16/1½  
 Do. Def., 14/10½  
 Enfield Autocar, 16  
 Henry St. Warehouse, 2¼/16  
 Pim Pref., 6½  
 Coats, 165/9  
 Do. Pref. Ord., 47¾  
 Dolphin Barn Brick, 15/  
 Sewing Cotton, 31/6  
 Fine Spinners, 28/6  
 Burke, 6¼  
 Parkes Pref., 19/  
 Dolphin Hotel Pft., £3 13/  
 Freeman, 2¾  
 Do. Pref., 4¾  
 Irish Times Pref., 5½

## BELFAST—Friday.

### BUSINESS DONE.

Ulster Bank, 12½  
 Gt. Northern Ry. Deb.,  
 114  
 Belfast & Co. Down Ry.  
 Deb., 107  
 Do. 4½ p.c. Pref., 117  
 Gt. Sth. & West. Ry., 84

Belfast Water 3 p.c., 82½  
 Fine Cotton Spinners, 28s  
 6d  
 Brewster Pref., 3½  
 Sawers Ord., 19s 3d  
 Con. Goldfields, 57

## BIRMINGHAM CYCLE MARKET.

Friday Evening.—A fair amount of business doing and prices generally firm. Dunlop Rubbers rose smartly to 7. Daimlers rose to 44s 3d and Darracqs to 31s 9d. Humbers higher.

### CLOSING PRICES.

Argylls, 8s  
 Belsize, 9s 10½d  
 Beauforts, 1s  
 Centaur, 7s  
 Components, 7s  
 Enfield, 21s  
 Gladiator, 2s 6d  
 Hummer, 24s 3d  
 Hudsons, 23s 6d  
 Premier, 5s

Rover, 20s  
 Rudges, 26s 3d  
 Small Arms, 12¾  
 Star, 5s  
 Stepneys, 26s 3d  
 Swift, 25s  
 Triumph, 13s 9d  
 Dunlop Ord., 16s  
 Do. Def., 15s  
 Do. France, 18s

## GENERAL MARKETS.

### PRODUCE.

LONDON.—Sugar—Home refined of all descriptions was in good demand yesterday. Prices firm. Pieces rather dearer. A moderate business was done in foreign granulated at steady prices. Ready ZH sold at 12s 0¾d, ECH at 12s 1½d to 12s 0¾d, RAV at 12s 1½d. and March-August RAV at 12s 3d; first marks March quoted 12s 0¾d sellers; April-May, 12 1½d; May-August sold at 12s 2¼d and buyers; July-August, 12s 3d; October-December quoted 11s 6d value; XLR, ELB, SCH, and TFDA March, 12s 1½d; PGR fine ready, 12s 7½d, star fine March, 12s 7½d f.o.b. Hamburg. Dutch granulated—S and T ppt., 13s 1½d; WSR special ppt., 13s 1½d; super ditto, 12s 10½d. Lebaudy's fine granulated and loaves ppt., 13s 6d. Say's cubes and loaves, 14s 5d and 14s 6d respectively. French crystals quiet and nominal. No 3 crystals in Paris firm at 25c. to 12½c. advance. German and Dutch cubes, etc.—Meyer's ppt., 14s; AC and TTD March-August, 14s 2¼d; EAR ditto, 14s; OZB, 14s 1½d; PGR ready, 13s 10½d, ASR cut loaf ppt., 13s 9¾d. Crushed—S and T ppt., 13s 6¾d, ASR in circle, 13s 1½d. Chips—WSR ppt., 13s 4½d, PGR March, 13s 0¾d. Crystals—SP ppt., 12s 11¼d, EAR ready, 12s 8¼d; PGR March, 12s 7½d. Caster—GD prompt, 12s 4½d; XLR March-August, 13s 2¼d, LCB March, 12s 8¼d. Cane sugar—At auctions yesterday there was a fair demand at steady prices. Since auctions 131 bags Demerara crystallised sold at 17s 7½d, 68 bags fine colour syrups at 15s, and 510 bags Surinam crystallised at 17s 4½d. Beetroot opened with quotations unchanged, and after easing off slightly hardened again upon the German export figures for February, say, 79,000 tons, against 54,000 tons last year. A moderate trade was done, and the market closed fully steady at Thursday night's prices to an occasional ¼d advance. Sales comprised May at 10s 4¾d to 10s 5¼d, June at 10s 6d, July at 10s 6¾d, August at 10s 7¼d, 10s 7d, and 10s 7½d, September at 10s 5¾d, October-November at 9s 10¼d, and October-December at 9s 10d, closing sellers and buyers of March at 10s 3¾d and 10s 3d, April at 10s 4d and 10s 3¾d, May at 10s 5¼d and 10s 5d, June at 10s 6d and 10s 5½d, July at 10s 7d and 10s 6½d, August at 10s 7½d and 10s 7¼d, September at 10s 5¾d and 10s 5¼d, and October-December at 9s 10¼d and 9s 9¾d. Contracts registered for 107,000 bags beet and 12,000 bags granulated.

Rum—Market steady; 200 puncheons Demerara sold at 1s 2½d to 1s 3½d.

Glucose quiet at late rates.

Coffee—At auctions yesterday 1684 packages were offered, and met with a good demand at full prices. Futures opened unchanged in value, but there was again scarcely any business done, and the market closed very quiet. March quoted 30s; May, 30s 3d paid and buyers; July, 30s 9d value; September, 31s paid and buyers; and December, 31s 7½d value. Contracts registered for 1750 bags.

Rice—Market steady; 2000 tons Rangoon March-April shipment to Antwerp reported sold at 7s 7½d E terms. Rice meal steady.

Tea—Public sales advertised for next week comprise about 34,000 packages Indian, 20,000 Ceylon, and 2500 Java. The week closed with a steady market and rather more inquiry for the better teas about 7½d. Average price of Indian for the week 7¾d, against 9¼d; Ceylon, 7¾d, against 8¾d; and Java, 7d, against 8¼d.

Spices—The market for black Singapore pepper was rather easier. About 50 tons sold for March-May and May-June shipment at 3 11-32d c.i.f. Fair on the spot quoted 3¾d per lb. White Singapore steady. About 30 tons sold for April-May shipment at 5¼ c.i.f. Fair on the spot quoted 5¾d per lb. Zanzibar cloves steady but quiet.

India rubber—Market steady. Fine hard Para on the spot and near delivery quoted 3s 1d per lb. Island negrohead sold in Liverpool at 1s 7d per lb. Cacao ball quoted 2s 3½d for forward delivery. At auction yesterday there was no competition for medium kind but plantation met a fair demand at 2d to 6d per lb. advance. Colombian and Central American held firm. Gambier inactive. April-June shipment, 17s 3d sellers c.i.f., delivered weight terms.

Shellac inactive. TN orange on the spot quoted 107s 6d. For delivery 100 chests May sold at 100 Calcutta cabled as 55 rupees sellers.

Cinchona bark—The Java shipments for February amounted to 315,000 Dutch lb., against 1,428,000 Dutch lb. for February, 1907.

Hemp—The market for Manila grades ruled weak. Large business was done. About 10,000 bales sold and in shipment. About 10,000 bales in shipment. £23 10s, for January-March shipment, good second at £22 5s, good brown at £21 15s, for August-October and October-December shipment, good second at £23, fair seconds at £22 10s, and good brown at £22 10s, for March-May shipment at £22 10s.



### THE DECADENCE OF MODERN ART.

LONDON, Monday.

Some time ago Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote a very amusing reply to Dr. Max Nordau's well-known book "Degeneration," in which that amusing writer undertook generally to show that a great volume of modern art was founded on thoroughly degenerate notions of life, and created by people who themselves were, generally speaking, a set of morbid neuropaths. Nordau's book was at once an old story and a new one. A clever writer wrote a book some time ago to show that most geniuses were compact of madness, or allied to it. There is something to be said for this theory, which is, indeed, the working hypothesis of the average Philistine. Certainly it is a very old one. But Dr. Nordau set himself to prove a much more difficult hypothesis. This was to show, in Mr. Shaw's words, that "all our characteristically modern works of art are symptoms of disease in our artists." This, of course, was only another way of saying that all the world was going mad, a perilous assertion, because such beliefs are not uncommonly held by gentlemen and ladies who, in ardent pursuit of their theory, are apt to land themselves in madhouses. Nordau, indeed, did take the not very intelligent ground of ruling out as morbid, degenerate, and the rest of it a good deal of modern work that he did not like. And the answer to such a critical method is tolerably obvious. You could apply it to all ages and all artists. If Ibsen is morbid, what was Shakespeare? Nordau praises the Renaissance and the wonderful things it did for the human intellect and spirit. I should have said that the Renaissance was conspicuous for the number of men and women it produced of an extremely morbid, indeed dangerously morbid, type, combined with extreme sensibility to art, and great faculty for producing it.

Mr. Shaw, however, had a specially interesting answer to make to Nordau, which effectively exposed his slapdash and uncritical methods. Shaw himself, whatever may be said of his work as a constructive artist, is a thoroughly expert critic of art in nearly all its branches—music, painting, the drama, literature. And he has had a far more exact training than Nordau in the business of appreciating the work of most of the modern schools of workers in all these departments. Armed with this superior knowledge he easily demolished Nordau's shallow criticisms. He showed, for example, that the men whom Nordau criticised, instead of possessing the true characteristics of degeneracy—weakness of will, poverty of constructive ideas, failure to achieve solid, definite, lasting results, and to carry out complicated developments of art into practice—were, on the contrary, just as able to do the world's work and show it an actual way of solving its problems, as was Michael Angelo himself. Take Wagner himself, that remarkable combination of poet, revolutionist, musician, theorist, worker, stage-manager, and architectural expert. Mr. Shaw shows how these qualities worked out in achievement:—

"Wagner" (he says) "was discontented with the condition of musical art in Europe. In essay after essay he pointed out, with the most laborious exactitude, what it was he complained of, and how it might be remedied. He not only showed, in the teeth of the most envenomed opposition from all the dunderheads, pedants, and vested interests in Europe, what the musical drama ought to be as a work of art, but how theatres for its proper performance should be managed—nay, how they should be built, down to the arrangement of the seats, and the position of the instruments in the orchestra. And he not only showed this on paper, but he successfully composed the music-drama, built a model theatre, gave the model performances, *did* the impossible, so that there is now nobody left, not even Hanslick, who cares to stultify himself by repeating the old anti-Wagner cry of craziness and impossibilism—nobody, save old Max Nordau, who, like a true journalist, is fact proof."

Anyone who has been to Bayreuth can see, as I have seen, that what Mr. Shaw says is true—that the theatre which Wagner built and designed is the best theatre for hearing and seeing which he has ever entered, that the scenery is the best, the arrangement of the orchestra is the best, and on the whole the representation of opera or music drama is the best. In the same way Mr. Shaw can show that William Morris (fancy anybody who saw Morris and spoke with him thinking him a degenerate!) not only wrote about poetry and art, but was a most successful designer, manufacturer, paper maker, printer, and that Nordau's description of him as "beating the air" full of "mad projects" was simply an abusive treatment of the idealistic side of a great practical genius.

Of course there is a side of truth in what Nordau has written of modern art. It has its decadent side. Nobody who knows the work, and has followed the career of men like Baudelaire, Verlaine, Wilde, Beardsley, can deny this. I suppose, too, that a certain side of these men's characters is due to the hurry and complication of modern city life, the reaction of luxurious and composing surroundings on men of over-sensitive temperaments and ill-balanced characters. But one must remember that all ages have produced this neurotic type, which is far from being restricted either to one type of civilisation or to one period in the development of civilised life. Undoubtedly such phrases as "art for art's sake" and such movements as the æsthetic movement may well come into sharp conflict not merely with conventional morals, but with the foundations of moral life. But we must be careful of confusing the two things. The true artist is always an adventurer. He is always showing us new forms, new ways of doing things or seeing them, new combinations of colours, sounds, words, materials. Therefore the average man and woman never appreciates him at first, perhaps never does at heart appreciate him. What kind of a fame had Shakespeare in his lifetime? How much true fame, that is to say how much intelligent appreciation, does he enjoy now? The Philistine critic—and Nordau, with all his cleverness and shrewdness, is an undeniable Philistine—will always be hard on the new artist, who seems to outrage the old forms, and to depreciate the old masters, who in their turn were innovators on the men who preceded them, and came in for their turn of obloquy or neglect. Nor is it necessary to think of the modern world as if it were in a state of putrescence. The world is very young yet. It will be a mere baby centuries after our bones are dust.



Residences.—Mr. and Mrs. Self, 40, Grapes Hill, Norwich.

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EASTER HOLIDAYS.—TRIP TO



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MARCH 14, 1908

# ACADEMY

So far as I remember, Oscar Wilde, in his *De Profundis*, deplored the evils of the Renaissance—the ugliness to which it inevitably led. Candidly, I agree with him. I think that the Renaissance had in it all the seeds of death; that in spite of its infinite technical perfection, its wonderful knowledge of anatomy, its musical skill, its sense of beauty in colour, its rapture over the Classics raised like young men that had been dead from the tomb, its delight (in England, at all events) in its discovery that the vulgar tongue was in itself an exquisite instrument of prose and poetry, its sense of release as from a long, dark imprisonment, its wonder over the new world beyond the seas, its dreams of strange things, yet to be made known—in spite of all these things, in the heart of the Renaissance lurked the architecture of Gower Street and Camden Town, the “poetry” of Pope and of Pope’s indifferent imitators, the life that Smollett and Hogarth have illustrated, the ~~unhappy~~ life that followed the music of Stainer and Barnby, the painting—of many worthy persons.



London Sketches. March 28. 1908.

## Harris and Du Cros

Mr. Frank Harris, who has been posing as the ghost of Mr. Du Cros in the Law Courts, has had an adventurous career. He was born in Wales and after studying life and roughing it in America and Greece, he came to London, and, with Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Hyndman, preached Socialism on Sundays in Hyde Park. Shortly after, he became nominal editor of the *Tory Evening News*. Then he married a wealthy widow and lived in Park Lane and Tunbridge Wells, and took a Rev. Mr. Kerscaille in to edit the *Fortnightly Review*. He then dabbled in society journalism, and abandoned Park Lane for Bohemia and Christian Science, giving important evidence at the inquest on the late Harold Fredericks. Mr. Frank Harris's next move was the *Saturday Review*, and, after a visit to South Africa he became converted to Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Selling the *Saturday*, he started the *Candid Friend*, which died, and after some exploits in finance, came into possession of *Vanity Fair*, with Mr. Harry S. Foster, the financial agent, and was, after an attack on Parr's Bank, mulcted in damages, £5,000.

Mr. Harris, though short in the legs, has an imposing manner, tells good stories in a big, bass voice, and with his apt quotations in Greek, German, and French, holds his own, even among students. He has enjoyed the confidence of several men of eminence at many times. He served Mr. Chamberlain as a Radical, Lord Randolph Churchill as a Tory Democrat, Mr. Oscar Wilde as a playwright and essayist, and Lord Alfred Douglas as a poet, and has had many eminent henchmen. He is certainly a picturesque figure, though his epigrams and paradoxes in the witness-box had certainly more of the insolence than the wit of the late Oscar Wilde, when that unfortunate genius was fighting his famous action with the late Marquis of Queensberry.

When friends fall out you may go bail

That each will hurt the nearest brick;  
But it is hard to call "Blackmail!"

When they have but a Cros to pick.



When they have but a cross to pick.

# Blackpool Times

March

21. 1908

Sir Ernest Cassel, father of Mrs. Wilfrid W. Ashley, was the subject of a lengthy special article in yesterday's "Daily Dispatch" under the head of "Behind the Throne—Personalities of some of the Real Rulers of England."

At one of the week-end parties at Sandringham a guest was asked by his Majesty as to his opinion on the importance of Sir Ernest Cassel's name. "My answer, sir," was the reply, "is the title of one of Oscar Wilde's plays, 'The Importance of Being Ernest.'"

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