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Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. **11**

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272

ALTHEA GYLES.

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

THE HUNTER.

And Gregor got up. And with the first tolling of the bell Ivan Carlich came in.
"Christie, what a fine old
First the Babouchka answered
"kres!"
Then Gregor and his wife said it.
And they all kissed each other on the lips.

108

"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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MESSRS. METHUEN'S NEW BOOKS

In Twelve Volumes.

THE WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE. Messrs. METHUEN have much pleasure in announcing that they have commenced the publication, in 12 Volumes, of a uniform edition of the works of OSCAR WILDE. The books are reprinted from the latest editions issued under the superintendence of the author, and in many cases they contain his last corrections. They are published by the authority of his literary executor. "THE DUCHESS OF PADUA" is a new Play, and the other books have been out of print for some years, and are now practically unobtainable.

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:—

THE DUCHESS OF PADUA. A long play hitherto unpublished.

SALOME, AND OTHER PLAYS. This volume includes a lately discovered play, "A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY," and "VERA," an early work. "SALOME" is in the original French.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN.

A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.

A FEW days ago Mr. Eveleigh Nash published a bulky volume labelled simply "Leaves from a Life." No name was on the title-page; but the wise ones have had small difficulty in guessing the secret of its authorship. Already all London is beginning to talk of this remarkable bundle of indiscretions—the work, let it be said at once, of a lady well-known in society and Bohemia, the daughter of one of the foremost painters of the nineteenth century.

The Genius of Insanity.

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Sunday Chronicle.

Manchester.
Agents: Messrs. H. K. Nelson, 11, Abchurch Lane, E.C. 4, London.

Westminster Gazette. March 7.

THE RESTORATION OF THE GILD.
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"The first volume of THE NEW AGE is destined to become the
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New Age, March 7.

Agents for South Africa and Australia:
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sent to 1 & 2, York's 69 str., E. C. 4.

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of charity, though by no means round the theme of soiled
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E. WAKE COOK.

New Age.

March 7.

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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.

New York Evening Post, March 6

Scheme and Estimates for a National Theatre. By William Archer and Granville Barker. New York: Duffield & Co. \$2.50.

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.

But in the scheme itself there are admirable features worthy of note. Great care is taken to ensure the devotion of the proposed theatre to its legitimate purposes and to no other.

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.

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.

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 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."

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."

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.

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.

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.

In this list modern playwrights are represented by Pinero, Jones, Carton, Wilde, Chambers, Stevenson and Henley, Labiche and Grundy, Gilbert, Brieux, Maeterlinck, and Sudermann.

*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.

"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, if never offensive, is singularly outspoken.

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.

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.

New York Herald
March 1882

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 vol-
ume. Pp. 177. Beards. New York: Duf-
field & Co. \$2.50.

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 least direct attention to the amount of detail to be considered and the labor to be performed before the enterprise could be put into practical working shape. Both Mr. Archer and Mr. Barker are well qualified for the task which they have undertaken, the one by his long study of dramatic literature and the art of acting in England and on the Continent, and the other by his experience as a dramatist, as an actor, and a producing manager. The bulky volume which they have compiled does infinite credit to their enthusiasm, their industry, their technical knowledge and their foresight; it discusses, with a convincing array of facts and figures, every step in the process of construction from the appointment of the first committee to the raising of the curtain on the opening night; prescribes, indeed, a compact and elastic organization, which could scarcely fail to operate successfully, if once started on the assumed conditions. But it is impossible to avoid the reflection that this elaborate edifice rests upon a foundation of hope rather than of rational expectation. As a matter of fact all that Messrs. Archer and Barker have done is to point out what may be accomplished if somebody will present a suitable site in central London, if somebody else will build and give the theatre—both site and building to be free from rent and taxation—and if other volunteers will contribute an endowment fund of \$750,000. It is true that provision is made for the creation of a sinking fund for the repayment of donors in the event of the scheme's proving remunerative, but this plan is not likely to prove a great inducement to investors. It is not pretended that money grants may be looked for from either Parliament or the municipal authorities. The fate of the whole scheme apparently depends upon the number of rich men zealous in the cause of a national theatrical art.

But in the scheme itself there are admirable features worthy of note. Great care is taken to ensure the devotion of the proposed theatre to its legitimate purposes and to no other. The property is to be held by a board of fifteen trustees, of whom one is to be nominated by each of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, one by the Royal Academy, two by the London County Council, and nine by the original donors. In case of death, or resignation, vacancies would be filled by vote of the surviving members. The trustees are to appoint a director, and a staff—including a literary manager, a business manager, a solicitor, and a play reader. With the direct management of the theatre, the selection or production of plays, and affairs of the interior generally, neither the trustees nor the donors, are to have anything whatever to do. Executive control, subject to general regulations, will be entirely in the hands of the director and his staff, with the director supreme. The latter, of course, is removable by the trustees as a body, if they find him incapable. The regulations ordain that at least thirty different plays shall be acted every year, and that at least three different plays shall be presented every week. Of the performances each season one-fourth at least must be of the English classical drama, and one-third of the English and foreign classical drama taken together. Plays that have survived for one hundred years are to be accounted as classical. Not more than one-fifth of the performances may be of plays of foreign origin. American plays are to be counted as English. All these rules are sound, intelligent, and liberal. Sample programmes are given for an imaginary season in which the authors represented are Shakespeare, Pinero, Henley, and Stevenson, W. S. Gilbert, Congreve, Haddon Chambers, Molière, Wilde, Grundy, Sudermann, Sheridan, W. B. Yeats, H. A. Jones, Dumas, fils, T. W. Robertson, Brieux, Ben Jonson, R. C. Carton, Mæterlinck, Bulwer Lytton, Tennyson, Wills, and Frederick Fenn. This is a list against which very little exception could reasonably be taken considering the representative nature of the theatre. The absence of such names as Ibsen, Gorky, Björnson, Hauptmann, D'Annunzio, and Bernard Shaw denotes a prudent conservatism.

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 comedies whose plays are most in request on the Continent just now are Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde.

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Yarns and 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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March 6

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, 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 will do justice to his character."

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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 a vulgarly 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

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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. 1908. 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.

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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.

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Daily Chronicle.

March
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March 11 Glasgow Herald

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 Lévy who invented my music, and he, I think, expresses all the pity and terror of the thing.

"One little touch which Mr. Wilde gives us 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.

"I have other classical studies in reserve for you, but I cannot go into details of those yet. I am, as you know, a San Francisco girl. I have been five years in Berlin and played in Paris and Vienna and Budapest. Yet how wonderful you English are—your reception of my work here is as big as in any other city I have played in."

LITERARY AND CRITICAL.

"Modernism and Romance." By R. A. Scott-James. 7s. (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 into 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, Gaiety Theatre.

"WIDOWERS' HOUSES."

Wm. de Burgh Cokane.....Charles Bibby.
Dr. Harry Trench.....Lewis Casson.
Sartorius.....Clarence Derwent.
Blanche.....Penelope Wheeler.
Lickchese.....B. Iden Payne.
Parlour Maid.....Louise Holbrook.
Porter.....Leonard Cheetham.
Waiter.....Basil Dean.

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.

Sketch, March 11, 1908

Those who are overwhelmed with the desire to hear the music of Richard Strauss's opera, "Salomé," will regret the trouble with the German Composers' Society that has led to the cancelling of the arrangements by which a great part would have been given at the Queen's Hall on Friday next, under the direction of the composer himself. The decision of the German society being final and irrevocable, the concert will be devoted to Wagner and Tchaikovsky, whose genius will be interpreted by Mr. Wood. It is not altogether a matter for regret that the "Salomé" music will not be given at the Queen's Hall, for it would be shockingly out of place there, and could achieve little more than a success of curiosity. In the opera, book, music, and scenic accessories are united in the most skilful manner imaginable: each depends upon the others, with the result that the entire work makes an impression almost impossible to obliterate. It may be that Oscar Wilde's book can stand by itself, although it cannot be held to have half the effect that it possesses with music and setting; but, as far as the music itself is concerned, we have no hesitation in saying that it cannot be divorced from the book and scenery. It was not written for the concert platform; it is in no sense and for no time absolute music. It is to be feared that admirers of Strauss must wait to hear "Salomé" until they can go to the Continent, or until their representatives have succeeded in persuading the Premier to abolish the Censorship.

Outlook, March 14, 1908

A recital of Oscar Wilde's poems will be given by Mr. Arthur Goodsall at the Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, on March 19. Tickets may be obtained of Messrs. Chappell, 50 New Bond Street, and particulars of Mr. Guy Fletcher, 55A Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.

Morning Post, March 20

STEINWAY HALL.

Mr. Arthur Goodsall as an actor has done good work, especially in connection with mystery plays and the like. And he is not a bad reciter. But yesterday afternoon's recital was ill-inspired. Mr. Goodsall relied mainly on poems by Oscar Wilde. Nobody knew better than Wilde how to write speeches that should tell when delivered. But his poems do not lend themselves to recitation or to reading aloud in a room of any size. They are exquisite exotics with a hothouse fragrance which is lost in, so to speak, the open air. This fragility Mr. Goodsall seemed to recognise, for he read in a voice so subdued as to be often inaudible to those at the back of the hall. By way of contrast he recited a couple of poems by Mr. Rudyard Kipling—the first being "Ganga Din." Here he was more effective, but the very vigour of Mr. Kipling's language made Wilde's verses seem more languid than ever. Mr. Felix Swinstead contributed some delightful pianoforte solos. The audience was appreciative, but small.

Daily Express

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, ead remorse of this pitiful wanton. It was Marcel Lévy who invented my music, and he, I think, expresses all the pity and terror of the thing.

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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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11. Glasgow Herald Mar. 11.

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March 11

Irish Times,

GAIETY THEATRE.

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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 Korumann 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

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.

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FAMOUS YORKSHIRE FLANNELS, non-shrink-
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Horses for Household Removals; estimates free.
only Upholsterers in Norwich who keep their own
with Lock-up Vans, cheapest in Norwich, the
FURNITURE REMOVED OR WAREHOUSED
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prices; prompt attention; quotations free; in-
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COLUMNS, STANCHIONS, Tie Bars, Roof
with. Established 1860.
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Kendalwood, Mr. and Mrs. Sell, 40, Grapes Hill,
Norwich.

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—Personalia 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.'"

THINGS SEEN.

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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.

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.

"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."

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.

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, and 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 aesthetic movement may well come into sharp conflict not merely with conventional morals, but with the foundations of moral life.

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.

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.

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 duties. To a more interesting and somewhat dubious category belong those...

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.

Louise 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.

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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.

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.'"

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 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."

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 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.

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"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 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 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 aesthetic 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.

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Table with multiple columns containing market data, including 'PRODUCE', 'GENERAL MARKETS', 'BIRMINGHAM CYCLE MARKET', 'BELFAST—Friday', 'DUBLIN—Friday', and 'BUSINESS DONE'.

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

BRIAR PIPES! BRIAR PIPES! BRIAR PIPES!—G. T. R. Ellison, 6, Guildhall Hill, Norwich

BRETT & CO. for **EARTHENWARE** and **HARDWARE** of every description; special quotations for whist drives, fishing clubs, &c.; Publicans' Mugs and Tumblers a speciality.—St. Benedict's and St. Stephen's, Norwich.

BOOKS BOUGHT, any quantities; good prices given.—Hunt, Bookseller, Orford Hill, Norwich. Established 1860.

COLUMNS, STANCHEONS, Tie Bars, Roof Trusses, and all Builders' Iron Work; lowest prices; prompt attention; quotations free; inquiries invited.—Barnards, Ltd., Norwich. (lts.)

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

FURNITURE REMOVED OR WAREHOUSED with Lock-up Vans, cheapest in Norwich, the only Upholsterers in Norwich who keep their own horses for Household Removals; estimates free. Any quantity of Antique or Modern Furniture Bought for Cash.—Kett & Sons, St. Giles's Street, Norwich.

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. **PTIDE-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. FURT**, REMOVAL CONTRACTOR, ROSE LANE, NORWICH. Telephone No. 333. P.S.—Send Post Card to give you a call. Estimates given at sight.

WE GUARANTEE our Dinner, Tea, and Toilet Services are the Cheapest and Best in the Eastern Counties.—**LOOSE**, Magdalen Street, Norwich.

THE DIRECTORS of the **TEMPERANCE BUILDING SOCIETY** are prepared to make advances by way of mortgage on **FREEHOLD, LEASEHOLD, or COPYHOLD** Property, upon easy terms of repayment extending from 5 to 15 years. Borrowers may redeem their Securities by giving one month's notice, but the Directors have no power to call in a mortgage so long as the Subscriptions are paid. **THOMAS BULLIMORE**, Secretary, Queen Street, Norwich.

SHIPPING NOTICES.

EASTER HOLIDAYS—TRIP TO

Chambers & Co. Ft., 6s 9d
Bolelow fully paid, 20s 3d
Browns, part paid, 22s
Lyd 22s
Dearne Valley Colliery, 6
Furness, Withy Ord., 22s 6d
Hadfields Ord., 72s 72s

Bank 12%
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, 8 3/4	Dunlop, 16 1/4
Bank of Ireland, 3 1/2	Do. Def., 14 10 1/2
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	Fin Pref., 6 1/2
Guinness, 58	Coats, 165 9
Wireless Tele., 10 9	Do. Pref. Ord., 4 7/8
Gt. Southern Rail., 84	Dolphin Barn Brick, 15 1/2
Do. Deb., 11 1	Sewing Cotton, 31 6
Midland, 5 1/2	Fine Spinners, 28 6
Do. 4 1/2 Deb., 11 2 1/2	Burke, 6 1/4
County Down Pref., 10 1/2	Parkes Pref., 19
Gt. Northern Deb., 11 4	Dolphin Hotel Pt., £3 13
Dublin & Blessing Trams., 12 1/2	Freeman, 2 1/2
Dublin Trams., 12 1/4 1/8	Do. Pref., 4 1/2
	Irish Times Pref., 5 1/2

BELFAST—Friday.

BUSINESS DONE.

Ulster Bank, 12 1/2	Belfast Water 5 p.c., 82 1/2
Gt. Northern Ry. Deb., 11 1/4	Fine Cotton Spinners, 28 1/2
Belfast & Co. Down Ry. Deb., 10 7	Brewster Pref., 3 1/2
Do. 4 1/2 p.c. Pref., 11 7	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 Darratts to 51s 9d. Humber's higher.

CLOSING PRICES.

Argylls, 8s	Rover, 20s
Beisize, 9s 10 1/2d	Ridges, 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, 15s 9d
Humber, 24s 3d	Dunlop Ord., 16s
Hudsons, 23s 6d	Do. Def., 15s
Premier, 5s	Do. France, 18s

GENERAL MARKETS.

PRODUCE.

LONDON.—Sugar—Home refined of all descriptions was in good demand yesterday. Prices firm. Prices 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, 12s 3d; October-December quoted 11 1/2d, 6d value; XLE, ELB, SCH, and TEDA March, 12s 11 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 opt., 13s 1 1/2d; WSR special opt., 13s 1 1/2d; super ditto, 12s 10 1/2d. Lebaudy's fine granulated and leaves opt., 13s 6d. Say's cubes and leaves, 14s 3d and 14s 3d respectively. French crystals quiet and nominal. No 5 crystals in Paris firm at 25c, to 12 1/2c advance. German and Dutch cubes, etc.—Meyer's opt., 14s; AC and TED March-August, 14s 2 1/2d; EAR ditto, 14s; CZE, 14s 1 1/2d; PGR ready, 13s 10 1/2d; ASR out last opt., 13s 9 1/2d. Crushed—S and T opt., 13s 6 1/2d; ASR in circle, 13s 1 1/2d. Chips—WSR opt., 13s 4 1/2d; PGR March, 13s 0 1/2d. Crystals—SP opt., 12s 11 1/2d; EAR ready, 12s 8 1/2d; PGR March, 12s 7 1/2d. Caster—GD prompt, 12s 4 1/2d; XLR March-August, 13s 2 1/2d; LCB March, 12s 8 1/2d. Cane sugar—At auctions yesterday there was a fair demand at steady prices. Since auctions 131 bags Demerara crystallised sold at 17s 7 1/2d, 68 bags fine colour syrups at 15s, and 510 bags Surinam crystallised at 17s 4 1/2d. 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 1/4 advance. Sales comprised May at 10s 4 1/2d to 10s 5 1/2d, June at 10s 6d, July at 10s 6 1/2d, August at 10s 7 1/2d, 10s 7d, and 10s 7 1/2d, September at 10s 5 1/2d, October-November at 9s 10 1/2d, and October-December at 9s 10d, closing sellers and buyers of March at 10s 3 1/2d and 10s 3d, April at 10s 4d and 10s 3 1/2d, May at 10s 5 1/2d and 10s 5d, June at 10s 6d and 10s 5 1/2d, July at 10s 7d and 10s 6 1/2d, August at 10s 7 1/2d and 10s 7 1/2d, September at 10s 5 1/2d and 10s 5 1/2d, and October-December at 9s 10 1/2d and 9s 9 1/2d. Contracts registered for 107,000 bags beet and 12,000 bags granulated. Rum—Market steady; 200 puncheons Demerara sold at 1s 2 1/2d to 1s 3 1/2d. 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 7 1/2d value. Contracts registered for 1750 bags. Rice—Market steady; 2000 tons Rangoon March-April shipment to Antwerp reported sold at 7s 7 1/2d 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 7 1/2d. Average price of Indian for the week 7 1/2d, against 9 1/2d; Ceylon, 7 1/2d, against 8 1/2d; and Java, 7d, against 8 1/2d. 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 3 7/8d per lb. White Singapore steady. About 30 tons sold for April-May shipment at 5 1/2 c.i.f. Fair on the spot quoted 5 3/4d per lb. Zanzibar cloves steady but quiet. India rubber—Market steady. Fine hard Para of the spot and near delivery quoted 5s 1d per lb. Island negrohead sold in Liverpool at 1s 7d per lb. Caud ball quoted 2s 3/4d 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 1/2d 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 included superior seconds May-July shipment at £23 10s, for January-March shipment, good second at £22 5s, good brown at £21 15s, for August-October and October-December shipments, good brown at £23, fair seconds at £22 10s, and good brown at £22, fair seconds at £22, March-May shipment at £22

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, *Keats and Poe*, whose madness usually or occasionally manifested itself in their writings. Nothing can be sadder than Cowper's satires and lyrical pieces; but his reflective pieces and hymns 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 normal 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 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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Chambers & Co. Pt., 6s 9d
 Bolckow fully paid, 20s 3d
 Browns part paid, 22s
 1½d 22s
 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 7-16
 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 Pt., £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., 3¼
 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
 Humber, 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. Piece rather dearer. A moderate business was done in foreign granulated at steady prices. Ready ZH sold at 12s 0½d, ECH at 12s 1½d to 12s 0½d, RAV at 12s 1½d, and March-August RAV at 12s 3d; first marks March quoted 12s 0½d 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, SOH, and TFDA March, 12s 11½d; 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 TFD March-August, 14s 2¼d; EAR ditto, 14s; CZB, 14s 1½d; PGR ready, 13s 10½d; ASR cut loaf ppt., 13s 9½d. Crushed—S and T ppt., 13s 6¼d; ASR in circle, 13s 1½d. Chips—WSR ppt., 13s 4½d; PGR March, 13s 0½d. Crystals—SP ppt., 12s 11½d; 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 5½d 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. Islan negrohead sold in Liverpool at 1s 7d per lb. Caucho 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 815,000 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 inquiry for shipment. About 10,000 bales sold and inquiry for 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

THINGS SEEN. ^{May 17}

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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THOMAS BULLIMORE, Secretary. Queen Street, Norwich.

SHIPPING NOTICES.

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EASTER HOLIDAYS.—TRIP TO

SS
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 ~~new~~ 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 they 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. "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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