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Vol. 9

IX.—NOTES, MUSIC, UNMUSIC

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)

"Richard Strauss is the most musical of men."

That is what I saw at the Dresden Opera as a special afterthought. The performance has been seen. I have never seen a portrait of Strauss, but every detail of his appearance is of the highest level of artistic perfection. The supreme part of his representation is in his rage, serenity, and craft and malice. A whole that he has of Richard Strauss, eminent conductor and pages of it. You go on and on, and the thing of the kind, elephants in the bath, could be a Bavarian baby. It is true! It was against me when he intended moments, might apply it "disturbance" but a music should this conviction the fact is: I am, Far be it from the critic worthy not prof subject were tempte friend one o impr Wi which refer late tole that to in di in w w h I Follow Monckton play, "T and while the Grand play is by Oscar its recent at the St

THE PICKWICK EXHIBITION.

By J. W. T. Ley, Hon.-Gen.-Sec., The Dickens Fellowship.

The Pickwick Exhibition, which was referred to in these columns recently as being organised by the Dickens Fellowship in commemoration of the seventieth anniversary of the completion of "The Pickwick Papers," will be formally opened at the New Dudley Gallery, 169, Piccadilly, W., on Monday next, July 22, by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. The interest that has been shown is remarkable, and offers of exhibits have come not only from all parts of England, but from America and South Africa, too. It may or may not be that "Pickwick" is the most popular book in our language, but of this there can be no question—there is not another book round which some three or four hundred exhibits could be gathered, with any hope of attracting the general public. Such a fact is eloquent testimony to the hold that this production of a lad of twenty-five has upon the English and English-speaking people, and the objects of the promoters of this exhibition are, first, of course, to demonstrate how widely the book is read, and secondly, to show how "Pickwick" has entered into all phases of life.

Every known edition.

An attempt has been made to gather together a specimen of every known edition of the book. Of course, complete success was practically impossible, but of English editions alone, the number on exhibition will be very nearly one hundred. Beginning with a complete set of the original parts, now worth about twenty times their original cost, there is a steady sequence, down to the "Charles Dickens" edition, which was the last that the author revised. Then there are the famous "Household" edition, the edition de luxe, and so on, to the "National" edition just issued by the original publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, which contains every illustration for "Pickwick" that was approved by Dickens. A glance at this collection will show how the book has appealed to all classes, for the prices range from 1d., 3d., 6d., up to several guineas.

In many tongues.

Then there will be an extensive collection of American editions, including the first edition published in the States. Next will be found evidence of the fact that "Pickwick" appeals to people of other nationalities, as well as to the Englishman, though one wonders how some of Sam Weller's remarks read in a Russian translation! There will be French, German, Russian, Danish, Dutch, Bohemian translations, and many of them are very curious. One German edition, for instance, is illustrated, and in every picture the characters appear dressed in German costumes. Further, there will be an edition in Braille type, and another in Pitman's shorthand, and not the least interesting will be an edition published in Van Dieman's Land, copies of which are very scarce indeed.

Illustrations and cartoons.

Our grandfathers tell us that we of the present generation can have no conception of the tremendous popularity of "Pickwick" when it first appeared; but I fancy visitors to this exhibition will be able to gain some conception of it. Very interesting, too, will be a collection of the plagiarisms, many of which have been referred to in these pages. Of pictures there will be a very large collection. Most interesting will be Phiz's original drawing to illustrate the famous Trial Scene. There will be complete sets of illustrations to "Pickwick" by Phiz, Seymour, Buss, Onwhyn, Crowquill, Nast, &c., and several original drawings by well-known artists. Further, a complete set of old engravings, photographs, drawings, &c., has been gathered, illustrating the topography of the book. An interesting picture will be an autographed portrait of Mr. Justice Gazelee, who died in 1830; who was the prototype of Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who laid down the immortal dictum that "what the soldier said isn't evidence." There will be a large collection of political cartoons (including at least one original "Punch" drawing) showing how "Pickwick" has been drawn upon to illustrate this or that political situation.

Pickwick posters.

Another section which will be of more than academic interest will be that showing how "Pickwick" has entered into the commercial life of England. Here will be seen a large collection of posters, newspaper advertisements, &c., in which Mr. Pickwick or Sam Weller, or some other character from the book, is made to extol the virtues of somebody's jams, pickles, cocoa, lemonade, biscuits, linoleum, &c. Examples of Pickwick cigars and Pickwick cigarettes will be seen, as well as Sam Weller blacking, Pickwick biscuits, Pickwick stationery, Pickwick door plates, Pickwick pens, Pickwick Christmas cards, Pickwick playing cards, and so on. Crockery-ware, decorated with Pickwick pictures, will be on exhibition, also including a valuable Pickwick toby jug.

Documentary evidence.

Thackeray said that the future historian would turn to "Pickwick" as a guide to the manners and customs of the period. It is probably not fully realised how true this is, and the exhibition will go a little way towards proving it. In Chapter 33 it will be remembered that "Mr. Weller the Elder delivers some critical sentiments respecting literary composition," and he expresses his opinion that "Poetry's unnatural; no man never talked poetry, 'cept a beadle on Boxin' Day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows." Well, here at the exhibition will be documentary evidence that a "beadle on Boxin' Day" and Warren's blacking did talk poetry, and contemporary examples may be seen. Again, on the same occasion, Mr. Sam Weller reads from his "valentine" as follows: "The first and only time I see you, your likeness was taken on my part in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took by the profect machine (which, p'raps, you may have heerd on, Mary, my dear), although it did finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in five minutes and a quarter." Mr. Weller, senr., was "afereed that werges on the poetical," but undoubtedly Sam was drawing on his imagination, and the probabilities are that Mary had heard of the "profect machine." At any rate, visitors to the exhibition may see contemporary advertisement of it!

Weller's eyes.

Yet again, at the famous trial, Sam said in answer to Mr. Sergeant Buz's inquiry, "Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?" "Yes, I have a pair of eyes, and that's just it. If they was pair o' patent double million magnifying gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a pair o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' o' eyes, you see, my vision's limited. Those who recollect this famous answer will be interested in the contemporary advertisement of the "patent double million magnifying gas microscope" which will be on exhibition!

Open daily.

Much more might be written; but enough has been written to show that the exhibition will be of real interest to everybody who has read "Pickwick." It may be added that the exhibition will be open daily until August 28 (excepting Bank Holiday), from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Admission will be 1s., and 2 p.m. on Saturday's, 6d. Season tickets are obtainable at 7s. 6d., and these admit to the series of lectures and recitals which will be given frequently. The opening ceremony will take place at 3 p.m.

A Meditation for His Mistress

You are a tulip seen to-day,
But, dearest, of so short a stay
That where you grew scarce man
say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower
Will force you hence, and in an hour

You are a sparkling rose i' th' bud,
Yet lost ere that chaste flesh and bud
Can show where you or grew or bud

You are a full-spread, fair-set vine,
And can with tendrils love entwined
Yet dried ere you distil your wine

You are like balm enclosed well
In amber, or some crystal shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your self

You are a dainty violet,
Yet wither'd ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers and
But die, you must, fair maid, ere
As he, the maker of this song.

ROBERT HERVEY

Mr. Robert Ross airs in a quite dignified manner a genuine grievance in his protest in the "Times" against the publication in America of what are called the Complete Works of Oscar Wilde, with an introduction by Mr. Le Gallienne. He points out the fact that Messrs. Methuen, who are to publish a complete edition, have spent a great deal of time and money in acquiring from other publishers certain copyrights which are not under the control of Wilde's executors; and it is therefore a mean proceeding for an American firm to organise a rival edition. He is rightly sarcastic at the expense of Mr. Le Gallienne, who in the American prospectus is described as "a college chum of Wilde's at Oxford."

As all the world knows that Mr. Le Gallienne came to London from Liverpool to his own brief career in Fleet Street, and that he was always the least academic of writers, the claim is not without humour. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that Mr. Le Gallienne will withdraw his name from such an enterprise, and in any case it is certain that self-respecting Americans who want the complete works of Mr. Oscar Wilde will take care that they have the edition issued by Messrs. Methuen. Of Mr. Oscar Wilde's two sons, by the way, one has become a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and the other has changed his name.

Bookman.

We understand that difficulties regarding the copyrights have interfered with the intended issue of a complete edition of the works of Oscar Wilde. In the meantime Mr. Tree has scored a remarkable success by his revival of "A Woman of No Importance." Time has not withered the brilliance of the play, which in Mr. Tree's hands finds a masterly interpretation.

In London, to-day, only two things are necessary to ensure universal right of entry and entire success when entered. They are money and the knowledge of how to spend it. Mrs. Potter Palmer has both. The fabulously wealthy widow of a Chicago hotel-keeper, she has the art of entertaining at her fingers' ends. Perfect dinners,

superb concerts, these are her speciality. The other night, Olive Fremstad came over specially from Paris to sing, for Mrs. Palmer's guests, the Censor-tabooed *Salome* of Oscar Wilde and Strauss. The next morning, her fame having spread, she repeated her performance, this time for a most exalted audience. Unhappy people, other than Mrs. Palmer's friends, have to live without such treats. Wherefore, Mrs. Palmer's invitations are as sought after as a queen's.

Tribune.

CYNICISMS.

"A cynic," wrote Oscar Wilde, "is a man who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing." Mr. Ambrose Bierce has compiled a dictionary ("The Cynic's Word Book," Arthur F. Bird, 3s. 6d. net), which admirably illustrates the truth of this aphorism. Here are one or two specimens of Mr. Bierce's wit:—

COMFORT.—A state of mind produced by the contemplation of our neighbour's uneasiness. CONGRATULATION.—The civility of envy.

GOUT.—A physician's name for the rheumatism of a rich patient.

LIBERTY.—One of Imagination's most precious possessions.

HATRED.—The sentiment appropriate to the occasion of another's success or superiority. The book is amusing in its way. It ends with "Lord." We are promised, or threatened with, a second volume.

It is painful to hear that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is connected with the knavish attempt to foist a spurious "complete" edition of the works of Oscar Wilde on the American public, just exposed by Mr. Robert Ross, Wilde's literary executor. The inclusion of at least one pornographic forgery in the collection is the most disgraceful feature of a thoroughly dishonourable business; and the advertising of Mr. Le Gallienne in the publishers' prospectus as the "life-long friend" and "college chum" of Wilde is a piece of bare-faced imposture which ought to lead to Mr. Le Gallienne's immediately severing his connexion with the enterprise, if nothing else had seemed discreditable to him about this attempt to steal a market from Messrs. Methuen's forthcoming authorised edition. We do not hear much of Mr. Le Gallienne in England now, but we hope he retains enough of his native sense of decency to see that he should explain to the American public that Oscar Wilde was not an alumnus of Liverpool College.

The world seems to be pretty well agreed as to the amount of practical respect that is due to a dead man of genius. We mentioned last week the scandal of the American edition of Oscar Wilde's works. The history of English publishing is marked by such episodes as the posthumous publishing of drawings which Aubrey Beardsley "vehemently refused" to allow the public to see while he had life to prevent it. Now comes word of a curious case from Copenhagen. In the sixties, during his Italian sojourn, Henrik Ibsen produced a certain work. He lost the manuscript, and the work passed out of his life. He died believing, if he ever thought of it, that it was not upon his record.

But in 1893, while Ibsen was alive and famous, a Danish gentleman found the lost MS. on a Roman bookstall. What did he do? He concealed the fact from Ibsen; he kept the papers until he predeceased Ibsen in 1900; and he left them to the Royal Library at Copenhagen on condition that a certain friend of his should have the right to publish it. Neither Ibsen nor his family and friends were consulted. The author now being safely out of the way, the work is to be published this autumn.

THE OPERA HOUSE. The patrons of the Opera House will next week have the opportunity of seeing one of the late Oscar Wilde's masterpieces, "The Importance of Being Earnest." This play has been drawing crowded houses in London during the last season. Indeed, it is universally admitted that the revival has been the greatest success of the year. The company producing it in Southampton is a most exceptionally capable one, and it will be thoroughly well staged. The following is an extract from the "Life of Oscar Wilde." Each audience laughed as never has audience laughed before in a theatre where the work of an English writer of Comedy has been performed. The play is a clean play, many people who had all along been hostile to him as a man, and as a writer, became Wilde's men heart and soul after having witnessed this piece. A great Irish writer remarked recently that after he had seen "The Importance of Being Earnest" in Dublin, he began to look forward with impatience to the day when Oscar Wilde's ashes should be brought from Baginbun cemetery back to his native land, and a statue to the great dramatist raised on the banks of the Liffey.

Morning Post

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH." There are three manuscript copies of Handel's "Messiah" in the handwriting of Mr. J. Christopher Smith, the composer's friend and amanuensis. One is in Dublin, another in Hamburg, and the third, which was described in the *Morning Post*, on Wednesday, was sold yesterday for £100. Mr. Reid being the buyer. This copy was the property of the late Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Jenny Lind's husband. Mr. Reid also bought eight letters of Richard Wagner for £45; three autograph sketches by Mozart for £31; a document signed by Queen Elizabeth, granting the Lordship, castle, forests, &c., of Denbigh to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, £29; a document signed by Sir Walter Raleigh and others, £30; and a commission twice signed by the Young Pretender (once with initials and once Charles P. R.), authorising the Duke of Perth to surprise and seize the Castle of Stirling for his Majesty's use and service, dated Paris, 10th May, 1745, £12. Oscar Wilde's "Vera; or, The Nihilists," made £28 (Gordon).

New Age.

Alfred Bruneau. By Arthur Hervey. (John Lane, 2s. 6d. net.)

The latest subject of this interesting series of "Living Masters of Music" is a composer worthy of our keenest consideration. Owing to lack of enterprise on the part of our orchestral companies and opera syndicates, he is almost unknown to those of us, tied in London, who take pleasure in following the most recent developments in musical art. Concert promoters, like Mr. Henry J. Wood, would have us believe they are modern and abreast of the times when a season's programmes include a lot of Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Brahms, some Strauss and—with a simulation of encouragement to native talent—some recent outpouring of Stanford's inkpot, or some radiant smile from the urban genius of Parry. But there is an enormous field of new and important music unexplored. Russia, Finland, Poland, Germany, Italy, England, have each brilliant and individualistic writers whose work we occasionally hear, but no group which one would speak easily of as forming a school, and certainly no group of composers whose works are on the same consistently high level as that of the younger Frenchmen, Debussy, Bruneau, Fauré, Hillemecher, D'Indy, Xavier Leroux, Marty, Vidal, Charpentier, Reynaldo Hahn—it is indeed a wonderful list. They are more orderly in their irresponsibility than are Germans in their orderliness; their anarchy is more homogeneous in method and effect; there is a very considerable family likeness in their attitude towards musical progress; and it may be that one is thus tempted to refer to them as a school. Of the writers in each of the other countries we have named there is noticeable a wider variance in individual styles, a profounder difference in ideas, and there is more obvious disparity in the respective merits of the results achieved. Mr. Arthur Hervey, then, has but selected one of a brilliant school to write about, and one whose work is, as we have said before, unfamiliar to concert-goers here. Of Bruneau it might be said, as Oscar Wilde once said of himself, that he stands in symbolic relation to the art and culture of his age. More particularly in regard to musical drama his position is remarkable. Since the ascendancy of the Wagnerian idea several significant efforts have been made to smooth over the anachronisms of operatic art. Mr. Hervey persuades us that Bruneau's achievements in the domain of opera are of the highest importance, and quotes largely from the composer's own writings upon the subject of this much-discussed convention. For instance, every sensible man, he says, understands that the musical drama must be composed of "passion, movement, humanity, and not of formulas conveniently modifiable according to the desire of the interpreters; that the arbitrary reign of the cavatina, the couplet with vocal ornamentation, so absolutely insignificant, is over, making way for liberty in the arrangement of scenes, tableaux and entire works." And in discussing the advantages of prose over verse the composer claims that it gives "liberty of the phrase, liberty of inspiration, liberty of art, liberty of forms, liberty complete, magnificent, definite." His operas are discussed in detail, and upon the whole the book makes very enjoyable reading. It has the fascination of a Baedeker, and is as cheerfully devoid of criticism.

IX.—NOTES, MUSICAL AND UNMUSICAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

"Richard Strauss is the Rodin and the Gorky of music!"

That is what I said as I came out of the magnificent Dresden Opera House, where they had given us a special afternoon performance of "Salome." The performance was as nearly perfect as any I have seen. I have often heard finer singing than here or at the Munich Wagner Theatre, but have never seen a performance so carefully studied in every detail, or, on the operatic stage, with such a high level of acting. There is, of course, one supreme part, Salome, and Frau Krull's representation was intense in its languor, tigerish in its rage, serpentine, hissing, and sinuous in its craft and malignity; but it was the performance as a whole that held one.

Of Richard Strauss's Sinfonia Domestica a very eminent conductor has said:—"There are pages and pages of noise; not a single phrase of melody. You go on and on, waiting, and waiting for something of the kind. It never comes. Not all the elephants in India, if turned into the Ganges for a bath, could make half as much noise as this little Bavarian baby!"

It is true that Salome is, for the most part, noise without melody; though here and there, as if it were against his will and against his judgment, when he tries to carry a situation apparently intended to be pathetic, Strauss does, for the moment, deviate into something to which one might apply the words of Gilbert's famous lullaby; it "distinctly resembles," not indeed "an air," but a musical and melodic phrase. Why Strauss should thus at certain points give away his artistic convictions, I do not pretend to determine; but the fact is there.

I am not a musician, or a musical critic. Far be it from me to take upon myself the curiously cut mantle worn by so many worthy subjects of His Majesty. I do not profess to know anything at all about the subject from their point of view; and, indeed, if I were to set up a theory, as sometimes I am tempted to do, I am sure I should run dead against the most cherished prejudices of very many of my friends. I am only a plain man, and it is simply as one of the uninstructed that I venture to give my impressions of "Salome."

When I was at Berlin—consuming beer and sandwiches in the Great Hall of the Reichstag, at that "Beer-drinking" to which I have previously referred—one of my Berlin friends began to expostulate with me upon the fact that Oscar Wilde is not tolerated in this country. He said, what is known, that Strauss had wanted some extraordinary drama to set to his noise, and until he picked up "Salome" he found nothing at all that would suit him; that here he hit upon a work full of the most striking incident, wonderful in conception, and bold and distinguished in treatment. He had written his music to it—with the consequence that all Germany was filled with admiration combined with a sort of horror. He had produced a magnificent work that would be impossible without the drama, and yet we English, for some unfathomable reason, would have nothing to do with it.

Perhaps I was brutal in my frankness. I asked him if he knew that Oscar Wilde had been in gaol, and why. He did not. I went a step further. I said that we English, though not prudish, any more than the French or Germans, recognised that Oscar Wilde's case was not merely the immoral lapse of a genius—as might be said of the frailties of Byron, of Burns, of J. M. W. Turner, and many others; but that it represented a mental rottenness which had left a trail of slime over almost everything he wrote.

I had in mind, not merely books which were not sold openly, but the supposed prison record said to have been written by him and published recently, in which he tries to draw a parallel between himself and Christ—a parallel every line of which is sickening in its blasphemy, in its affectation, and in its wretched whining. The book could not have been written by any person with the slightest trace of manliness in his composition.

I spoke straight out, admitting the word-artistry, but urging that mere verbal display was not literature; and when I had done my friend said he had no reply to make; now he understood what he had not understood before. It did not affect his artistic sense of "Salome"; but it did alter his opinion of the British public, and their ways. And I was glad that for once in my life I had been able to combat the idea that British opinion is merely Philistine.

Here you have merely an introduction, a prelude, to "Salome," but it seems to fit in with what I have to say. The next day, in Dresden, I saw the opera for myself.

When "Salome" was first published in London I read it, and though it has some strongly savage points, it did not impress me as a work suitable for representation. This is quite apart from the fitness of the subject. The construction is bad. The writer's stage methods which do not fit amiss with Oscar Wilde's scheme of comedy—a comedy entirely and flippantly superficial and artificial—fails altogether when it is applied to the deeper passions, and to what one may call the naked nature of the savage. It does not ring true, as do Gorky's stories, which are equally brutal and devoid of civilising influence. In the former case we have merely a pose; in the latter an intense sympathy with the wild beast. Gorky is a vocalist and artist at the same time; his art is of himself, and he believes in it. Wilde had, indeed, some of the qualities of an artist; he was a highly gifted craftsman; but with him art, like everything else, was pure affectation. He did not believe in it; he was Nihilist to the core.

"Salome," as I saw it on the Dresden stage, owes its success entirely to Strauss. Played merely as a drama without the addition of a fine orchestra to give us Strauss's most varied and wonderful noises, that in themselves get at the soul of the situation, revealing savagery and passion in a marvellous degree and with the utmost artistry, it would be stale, flat, and unprofitable as the weakest of any performances ever put upon the stage. It is Strauss who is the Rodin and the Gorky!

But the very artificiality of the "book" is one which tends to make it suitable for opera. When I was a youth I was indoctrinated in Steele's—or was it Addison's?—dissertations on the opera of his day; and though I may have built upon and developed what I then read, I hold that for opera to be a success it must go entirely outside the realism of everyday life, even outside such Romantic dramas as those which are the base of Shakespeare's magnificent dramas. I could, perhaps, tolerate "Midsummer Night's Dream" as an opera—if it had not filled my heart with its witchery as a drama and the music of its words—though it was not so intended by the great artist who devised it; the "Merry Wives of Windsor" I think I could not tolerate as an opera, its note of realism is too insistent; and I am glad to record that those of my friends who in Berlin saw the "Merry Wives of Windsor" Opera—as I did not—some of them experienced musical critics, were entirely disappointed. The "Merry Wives," Romantic Comedy though it be, is too lifelike, and comes too close to the Comedy of Character, to be a fit subject for presentation in a Song-drama. Mozart in his "Don Giovanni" rests on the entirely supernatural; so does Wagner all the way through his "Ring"; and from the point of view of art I think the instinct that prompted these subjects, was undoubtedly true. When one comes to sung dialogue, enforced with the realism of stage action, one ought to be in a world far removed from that which we know

every day. The world must be purely imaginary in which music is an appropriate vehicle for speech.

In "Salome," it seems to me, the note of artificiality prepares a proper field for Strauss's operatic genius. In no other conditions could an audience tolerate the spectacle of the leading character, sitting on a stone bench at one side of the stage, while all the action and talk were going on at the other side, for, I should think, a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes—sitting there doing nothing, giving no sign to attract attention. The chatter of Herod and Herodias will not let the audience concentrate on the chief character. And the whole series of incidents and actions is dragged out in time to such an extent as could not be endured unless the audience were enthralled by the passion of the music.

I am not going to detail the story further than to say that "Salome" is filled with an intense lust for John the Baptist; that she plays with another lover until he kills himself then and there; that she obtains the temporary release of John while she makes overtures to him, which he spurns; and that thereafter she rages with alternating lust and a desire to satisfy her tiger-nature by cutting off his head; and that eventually Herod—who really does not see why there should be an execution—consents to it. After which "Salome," the purpose of her artificial existence fulfilled, dies.

A lady whom I met at Dresden said she had seen the opera several times: the music was magnificent, but the whole thing perfectly horrible. That is true. It is Gorky in his most animal mood; it is Rodin in its massiveness and tremendous energy, in its presentation of a mass only half or quarter human, the rest rough and untrimmed, pressure-consolidated world's slime—by no means of the whiteness of marble; it is elemental.

The conditions admitted artistically, I have nothing but praise for the acting. Frau Krull is feline and serpentine, raging and purring in manner and tone; she horrifies you by her perfect presentment of a vampire. And the whole setting and grouping, scenery and accessories, are in keeping with her acting and with the music.

The Director of the Royal Opera in Saxony told me the piece has been a wonderful success pecuniarily; and I well believe it.

But to compare "Salome" with the marvellous beauty and purity, religious and moral, of the "Tannhäuser" we saw afterwards in Munich! That was a contrast! I admire the Germans for arranging it.

Wagner's final strain of triumph over mortality and woe fills my heart to bursting; I am forced to sing with it. Of Strauss I remember nothing.

* Previous articles in this series appeared on May 29 and 30, June 3, 8, 10, 14, 18, and 25.

Standard May 6, 1907

MR. TREE'S PLANS.

INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENTS AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

A VERSATILE PERFORMANCE.

No fewer than thirty-three actors and actresses of rank, besides countless supernumeraries, took part in the dramatic *pot pourri* at His Majesty's Theatre last night, the closing night of Mr. Tree's season. Except on the occasions of some complimentary benefits this great dramatic festival almost constitutes a record.

Of course most of the responsibility of the night's work fell on the capable shoulders of Mr. Tree, who exhibited his rare versatility by appearing in four out of the five items which constituted the programme. That the characters were as antithetical as the *blasé* and epigrammatic Lord Illingworth, in Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance," and the heroically weak Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra," or the dilettante *poseur*, Arthur Blair Woldingham in "The Van Dyck," and gallant Colonel Newcome in the play of the same name, did not matter to Mr. Tree. The more diverse and difficult the character the better pleased he seemed to be, and his realisations were never without merit.

His task behind the curtain must have been equally arduous. To change from the face and flannels of Illingworth to the elaborate war panoply of Antony, from Antony to the immaculately attired Woldingham, and from Woldingham to the veteran Colonel in the few minutes permitted by the intervals is so formidable a task that only a master in the art of make-up such as Mr. Tree is could hope to accomplish it.

The excerpts from the five plays produced during the season—"The Winter's Tale" was included—were finely cast, and were well mounted, with all that attention to detail to which the management of His Majesty's has accustomed us. Among the actors and actresses of that great reunion who figured conspicuously, were Miss Constance Collier, Mrs. Charles Calvert, Miss Bateman, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Miss Viola Tree, Mr. Lyn Harding, Mr. Basil Gill, Mr. Charles Allan, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and Mr. G. W. Anson.

In response to half a dozen calls and the cries of an appreciative audience, Mr. Tree gave a *résumé* of the work of the past season. Referring to his plans for the future, he said, "We are going to tour the British Isles, with several Shakespearian and modern plays. During this time we hope to prepare two modern plays for London. One is an adaptation from Charles Dickens's novel 'Edwin Drood,' by Mr. Comyns Carr, and the other is Mr. Locke's 'Beloved Vagabond.' I have also great hopes that we shall do a production of 'Faust,' by Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Comyns Carr, in which Faust will be played by Mr. Basil Gill, and the eternal and infernal fiend by the present representative of Colonel Newcome. During our absence these boards will be held, and I'm sure worthily held, by Mr. Oscar Asche and his accomplished wife, Miss Lily Brayton."

In conclusion Mr. Tree, on behalf of his company, thanked the audience for its continued confidence.

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A VERSATILE PERFORMANCE.

No fewer than thirty-three actors and actresses of rank, besides countless supernumeraries, took part in the dramatic *pot pourri* at His Majesty's Theatre last night, the closing night of Mr. Tree's season. Except on the occasions of some complimentary benefits this great dramatic festival almost constitutes a record.

Of course most of the responsibility of the night's work fell on the capable shoulders of Mr. Tree, who exhibited his rare versatility by appearing in four out of the five items which constituted the programme. That the characters were as antithetical as the *blasé* and epigrammatic Lord Illingworth, in Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance," and the heroically weak Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra," or the dilettante *poseur*, Arthur Blair Woldingham in "The Van Dyck," and gallant Colonel Newcome in the play of the same name, did not matter to Mr. Tree. The more diverse and difficult the character the better pleased he seemed to be, and his realisations were never without merit.

His task behind the curtain must have been equally arduous. To change from the face and flannels of Illingworth to the elaborate war panoply of Antony, from Antony to the immaculately attired Woldingham, and from Woldingham to the veteran Colonel in the few minutes permitted by the intervals is so formidable a task that only a master in the art of make-up such as Mr. Tree is could hope to accomplish it.

The excerpts from the five plays produced during the season—"The Winter's Tale" was included—were finely cast, and were well mounted, with all that attention to detail to which the management of His Majesty's has accustomed us. Among the actors and actresses of that great reunion who figured conspicuously, were Miss Constance Collier, Mrs. Charles Calvert, Miss Bateman, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Miss Viola Tree, Mr. Lyn Harding, Mr. Basil Gill, Mr. Charles Allan, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and Mr. G. W. Anson.

In response to half a dozen calls and the cries of an appreciative audience, Mr. Tree gave a *résumé* of the work of the past season. Referring to his plans for the future, he said, "We are going to tour the British Isles with several Shakesperian and modern plays. During this time we hope to prepare two modern plays for London. One is an adaptation from Charles Dickens's novel 'Edwin Drood,' by Mr. Comyns Carr, and the other is Mr. Locke's 'Beloved Vagabond.' I have also great hopes that we shall do a production of 'Faust,' by Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Comyns Carr, in which Faust will be played by Mr. Basil Gill, and the eternal and infernal fiend by the present representative of Colonel Newcome. During our absence these boards will be held, and I'm sure worthily held, by Mr. Oscar Asche and his accomplished wife, Miss Lily Brayton."

Journal of the University of

In conclusion Mr. Tree, on behalf of his company, thanked the audience for its continued confidence.

Daily News,

July 10. 1907.

Mr. Robert Ross's well-justified protest against the American edition of Oscar Wilde's works has called forth righteous indignation in many quarters. The attempt to anticipate the authentic English edition prepared for next autumn by Wilde's literary executor, Mr. Ross, is reprehensible enough in itself. But when we hear that the author's fame is to be tarnished by the inclusion of two works which are not by Wilde at all, the case becomes much worse. Mr. Richard le Gallienne edits this spurious edition, and writes a preface to it because, forsooth, he was an "old Oxford chum" of Wilde's. As Mr. le Gallienne was never at Oxford, and was about twenty years younger than Wilde, statements of this kind will not enhance the reputation either of M. le Gallienne or the American publishers.

R. A. S. J.

Academy

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Daily Chronicle.

24.6.1907

MR. TREE'S VERSATILITY.

By way of commemorating the close of a very successful season at His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Tree last night gave a crowded audience the opportunity of noting his remarkable versatility. The entertainment consisted of no set piece, but was made up of scenes from "The Winter's Tale," "Antony and Cleopatra," "A Woman of No Importance," and "Colonel Newcome," and the one-act thriller "The Van Dyck."

It was certainly an arduous undertaking for Mr. Tree to appear in one evening as the flippant peer in Oscar Wilde's comedy, as the valiant Antony, as the good-hearted, upright Colonel Newcome, and as the gentleman-burglar in "The Van Dyck," but it was a unique exhibition of his skill as an actor. There was enthusiastic applause at the final fall of the curtain, which Mr. Tree acknowledged in a brief speech.

Tribune,

July 9, 1907

Mr. Alexander is, one imagines, to be congratulated upon the full success of "John Glayde's Honour," and although "Antony and Cleopatra" and other Shakespearean revivals can hardly have resulted to Mr. Tree's complete satisfaction from the box-office point of view, his revival of "A Woman of No Importance" has, one hopes, proved as eminently satisfactory to himself as it undoubtedly has been to his audiences. Among the lucky ones, too, is Mr. Cyril Maude, who surely can look back and smile richly.

July 27, 1907.

THE MUSICAL STANDARD.

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Comments and Opinions.

:0:

Göhler on Strauss.

R. GEORG GOHLER begins a lengthy article on Richard Strauss in "Die Zukunft" with the following ominous words of Goethe: "I am ready to keep silent on much because I do not want to rub up against the feelings of others, and am quite contented to see others enjoying themselves where I worry myself." The pith of the article is as follows:

Strauss possesses the faculty of adapting himself to the hour and of adopting its style to suit himself. His first compositions still smacked of Mendelssohn and of Schumann. Then came a change to Brahms, and after that

the influence of Wagner and of Liszt fell on him. When he was in favour at Bayreuth he temporised with an opera à la "Parsifal" ("Guntram"), but finding that he could not learn the knack he transferred his affections to the waxing Nietzsche, who stimulated him to "Also Sprach Zarathustra." This, however, only proves that he was as far removed from Nietzsche as he was near the Ueberbrettel, whose little day gave occasion for the Ueberbrettel opera, "Feuersnot." Finally, with the Oscar Wilde epidemic raging, he rang the changes on "Salome." Now, consider, as a contrast, the development of Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner.

Strauss shone most when as symphonist he wrote "Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklärung." Orchestral drollery after that time was his *métier*. "Eulenspiegel" is the best of this kind. In "Heldenleben" he certainly appears to have put himself on a level with the greatest, but it only appears so, for the greatest never posed as heroes. Of more account is the earlier-written "Zarathustra." Like all works of Strauss it is often musically effective. But he is devoid of originality. Invention is the weakest point about him. On account of his technique he is worshipped as a marvel. But in harmony is he more modern, more original, more rich than other Germans, than the latest French or Italian composers? Is he as natural and tasteful? What has "Zarathustra" to do with Nietzsche? What is creative about it? Where is there invention, style, grandeur, truth? So poor is the whole of this music in expression, and, except where somewhat erotic, so barren and dry.

Of all the works the celebrated "Domestica" is, perhaps, the weakest. As lyricist, as symphonist, Strauss is hugely overrated. Strauss never soars, he possesses wings which have cost a lot, but fly he cannot.

The whole success of "Salome" rests on the sensational element being debased. It cannot be too emphatically noised abroad that this "Salome" swindle, a provincial as well as a metropolitan disease, has as much to do with art as "Die Lustige Witwe." The two noble kinswomen should be held up to ridicule arm in arm. They owe their popularity, a street popularity, to such effects as appeal to the mob instincts, and that alone. The music itself to "Salome" is either smudged or banal. It is only the superficial instrumentation that excites enthusiasm. The combined musical and dramatic significance, which Wagner gave to his orchestra, is not in evidence with Strauss. In

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Estey Pianos.

view of the artistic worthlessness, the question arises: why do not the German opera-houses reject the work? Because they stand in need of what will draw. At one time it was "Der Trompeter," now it is "Salome" and "Die Lustige Witwe." The two keep Leipzig going. Stuttgart lives on the "Widow," and Dresden on the merry "Salome." Sad it is, but doubtless a necessity.

One question calls for a distinct answer to understand the case of Strauss. How under any circumstances is such a "sell" possible? How does this musician come to be proclaimed the first composer of the day? It is not for the first time that people have been taken in, and it will not be the last. In the case of Strauss it came about in this wise. He was a very talented musician, and had luck. Bülow, Ritter and Bayreuth gave him a rapid lift, and nowadays the critics are nothing if not advanced. The public followed the fashion. It is a case of derring-do to be advanced and modern. What it, however, means no one knows and, indeed, it does not matter. Critics and public had become very much afraid of committing themselves. They had done so in Wagner's case and they were not to be taken again unawares. Strauss appears with a sensation, and the rest is taken for granted. The more noted musicians hold aloof. Bayreuth, quite rightly, does not mix itself with the sensations of the day. Wagner would not have done so. But the critics! Those who attempt to hang the salvation of the old views of art on the present had better possess themselves of patience and unanimity. After ten years, maybe, the outcome will be that Strauss is relegated to the group to which Meyerbeer—or may it not be Sudermann?—belongs. His passing success will be attributed to his gift for caricaturing in tones and to his orchestral technique, but as to the fable that he is the superior of Wagner—!

Whoever, after "Feuersnot," "Domestica," "Salome" and the latest songs dares to consider that Strauss is the successor of Wagner and Liszt—in fact, whoever reckons him one of the great composers, he proves either that he is a prejudiced member of a clique, or else he has never grasped the value of the "Ninth," of the "Missa Solemnis," of the "Zauberflöte," of the "Faust" Symphony, the "Deutsches Requiem," Bruckner's Masses and Symphonies, Brahms' "Cornelius" and Wolf's songs.

DAVID IRVINE.



We take it that the foregoing may or may not embody Mr. Irvine's views and that he has merely obliged us by sending a translation of Göhler's opinions of the music of Richard Strauss. The only information we have of Göhler is that he is to succeed Balling at Carlsruhe as Capellmeister. That does not deeply impress us. Indeed, we would not be deeply impressed if the celebrated Dr. Richter said the same things of Strauss that we understand Göhler has written on paper. But we credit that great musician with the independent judgment—more developed, perhaps—we venture to consider we editorially possess. We believe Wagner himself would have been extremely interested in Strauss; we also fully believe Bülow's early recognition of our only great living composer in Germany, with a future, had, in the fullest sense, the important quality of sincerity. The great weakness in modern criticism is that critics are so anxious to discover an indication of future methods from the form of writing of a living musician. What Strauss does is consonant with the scope of his particular genius. He tried the Beethoven symphony when a youth—and, later in life, he has shown what can be done with the symphonic-poem. It is not too much to say he has already done for the symphonic-poem what Beethoven did for the symphony. Strauss may be styled great without (at present) equalling (say) Beethoven or Wagner in creativeness or inspiration. No living composer, as will be understood,

is his equal to-day; Debussy and Reger are mere experimentalists, with no future, save in the way of future surprises. They will not help the art on—they merely continue to make simple music-lovers. Strauss, on the other hand, carries on the work of great composers as well as his genius will allow. We condemn him? We ought to condemn ourselves if we do not take the necessary trouble to become properly acquainted with his music. We flatter ourselves we have done this. Others should do the same—including the venture to say, Dr. Georg Göhler. Few English music-lovers know how stupidly conservative commonplace several German musicians are. They would make every composer write according to a given formula. Happily, the genius-composer will break out of just as Strauss has done, and with, in his case, a power and completeness of achievement no stuffy German professor can assail with the slightest hope of vanquishing. Opinions will continue to differ as to the respective value of "Zarathustra," "Don Quixote," "Heldenleben," "Domestica," but we believe the works will withstand the mountain of adverse chatter. True musicians applaud what Strauss has achieved and refrain from making stupid comparisons either between his own work or with those of Beethoven and Wagner. Strauss, indeed, has plenty of time—at least, we devoutly hope so—to continue his gloriously-successful work—both symphonic and operatic. If Strauss be not the "successor of Wagner," who is? Whether he is the successor of Liszt—well, we should imagine no conscientious orchestra composer would care to be that composer's successor from a harmonic point of view. We do not belong to the "clique"; and must suppose that is the reason we find Bruckner impossibly dull, as, in effect, our amusing friend Holbrooke, has declared. After all, could any critic be more damning than is contained in that single word of course, if true? Perhaps there is no doubt of its truth. An attack on Reger we might welcome, because we do not believe in him; and we say this with considerable knowledge of his music. His melodic talent and inspiration seem very small: he appears to be a mere rhythmic, monic and orchestral juggler. On the other hand, we find Strauss' music is a legitimate continuation of the line of the great masters. Genius develops!

Royal Opera Covent Garden

Catalani's "Loreley."

THE production of Catalani's "Loreley" on July 27 cannot (says our P. S.) be regarded as an event of unusual musical significance. It is rather typical of a national enterprise that although this opera was first performed at Milan in 1890 (and in an earlier version in 1880) Londoners make its acquaintance in 1907. The inevitable result is that the opera comes without the freshness that might have accompanied it had it arrived some years earlier. For it is not the work of the giants that can defy time. Out-worn devices, bygone conventionalities occur to an extent that render impossible any genuine enthusiasm. The work, however, is not without a brilliant exterior, but it fails to convert. A pretty lyrical fancy has to suffice for the missing dramatic power. An aptness for picturesque description endeavours to conceal the absence of real imagination. The opera is mounted with lavish prodigality of money and some very charming scenic effects have been achieved. The chorus is used effectively, the lower register of female voices making a rather beautiful impression in the scene. A successful handling of characteristic rhythmic

WRITERS OF TO-DAY.

III.—MADAME SARAH GRAND. By Joshua Harris.

When the New Woman was invented there inevitably came along the countervailing Womanly Woman. The New Woman has passed; but the Womanly Woman—and really it would be hardly less pointless to speak of watery water—still exists, as she has existed from the beginning of things, even before Mere Man, the divergent type, evolved himself. But phrases are sometimes useful as symbols, and the phrase, the Womanly Woman, has at any rate served its purpose in suggesting to our minds a definite type of the eternal feminine. Thus we think of a Womanly Woman as a clinging, plastic creature, wholly wrapped up in the duties of wife and mother, and with no very definite interests outside her home: a leader, gentle, loving creature, overflowing with sympathy and kindness, modest, submissive, self-denying. And eliminating certain silly characteristics not necessarily inherent in the type, one arrives at the idea of a woman made to be petted and cherished and shielded. And, curiously enough, that is exactly the sort of woman that you would think Madame Sarah Grand was, if you only knew her as Mrs. McFall.

An aura of diffidence.

There is nothing hard about her, nothing aggressive or shrewish or shrill. (Indeed, the mere setting down of those words in association with her name provokes a smile from this writer as he reflects on the incongruity of them.) Madame Sarah Grand is so essentially a woman, first and last, and only an author, a speaker, a reformer incidentally. Her voice is soft and caressing; her manner is as gracious as her form is graceful. She must have been a very beautiful girl, and, one suspects, a spoilt child. In the society of men she seems to ask protection and care and guidance. She breathes an atmosphere of dependence on others' goodwill and courteous consideration. Her secretly robust individuality is veiled in an aura of diffidence. You would as soon expect her to dogmatise as to shave her head, or put on dowdy clothes, or wear the wrong kind of hat, or hang herself in golden chains and the pelt of slaughtered birds and beasts. She is beauty-loving and ease-loving, and in conversation she rarely assumes the lead, but seems to prefer to listen and to absorb. If she openly dissents from any expressed opinion it is with a deprecatory smile, though she can be as loftily resentful of any infringement on her sex's prerogatives as any budding debutante; and she has a fine scorn of any manifestation of tactlessness or bad taste.

Her salon.

There is more than a touch of the "fine lady" about her. She has a certain stateliness of demeanour that one feels is not assumed but native to her. She compels, rather than commands, respect. The dullest oaf, the most obtuse of smart young men, the mere brutal man of the world, and the

flippant outspoken social comedian, all alike slough their wonted offensiveness in her presence, and are made subtly aware—by some process that I do not profess to understand—that here is a woman whom they would as soon think of treating with any hint of levity, or subjecting to any kind of outrage or insult, as they would think of beating their own mothers or sisters with their fists. Madame Sarah Grand was by way of running a salon at one time; and there used to assemble in her drawing-room all sorts and conditions of brilliant men and women. In the battles of the wits that took place on her Persian carpet, Madame Sarah Grand invariably held her own. And any attempt to score off her infallibly met with instant disaster. Indeed, I recall, as the only occasion on which such a thing happened in my experience, that the amazing Oscar Wilde was utterly discomfited in a good-humoured bout of words with Madame Sarah Grand, and laughingly acknowledged his defeat.

The standard of revolt.

In those days Madame Sarah Grand was the best-known and worst-abused and generally the most-talked-about woman in the English-speaking world. She had just achieved the kind of unpopular success which seems, once in a long while, to colour every phase and facet of public opinion, to infect every class, to reflect itself in every social mood and movement, in art, the drama, literature, journalism, politics, even in the dress and speech of the period. She was reviewed, and interviewed, and gushed over, and divided, and praised, and attacked, and made the subject of numberless written and whispered japes and rumours and stories. Her name was on everybody's lips, and cropped up in every conceivable variety of periodical. And the New Woman, for whom she stood, affronted your senses at every turn. She was at once a Cult and an Abomination of Desolation. Old women of both sexes foamed at the mouth at mention of her. She was travestied and burlesqued in the theatres and on the music-hall stage. There was none so poor as to do her no irreverence. And the wild mellay of misunderstanding and false notions that danced a frantic carmagnole about the standard of revolt that she had set up was in its way as extraordinary as the later Maffickings in the streets that occurred during the Boer War.

Quite unspoilt.

It would not have been surprising had Madame Sarah Grand's frail literary craft, tossed on this turbulent, roaring sea, capsized altogether. A woman less strong and simple and clear-sighted must inevitably have lost her head and come to complete shipwreck. And it would be untrue to say that Madame Sarah Grand never for a moment lost her equilibrium, her mental poise. I think she was affected a little by all the storm and stress about her. I fancy

that her vision did become a little blurred and her head a trifle giddy. There is no doubt that she got a lot of feverish enjoyment out of the tremendous fuss. Possibly, as she rode on the high crest of each succeeding wave of notoriety, she occasionally failed to realise that the level on which she must eventually ride into harbour, or founder, was a good deal lower down. But then I doubt if any human being ever did come through an experience like that without any trace of moral or mental damage. And it is no more than the bare, cold truth to say that it left Madame Sarah Grand quite unspoilt. For a short while there seemed to be a danger that she would imbibe an exaggerated idea of her own importance in the cosmic scheme. She was a little too eager to figure for ever prominently before the eyes of the world. It was all very fresh and ingenuous, however, and as little irritating to witness as the display that any nice woman might be pardoned for indulging in at some triumphant crisis of her life.

Serenely enthroned.

When the tumult and the shouting died, and the vogue of the New Woman, like all vogues, subsided, it left Madame Sarah Grand serenely enthroned on the pinnacle of her native commonsense; demurely satisfied with her supreme moment, and steadfastly resolved still to go her appointed way, even though it now lay through the humdrum realms of commonplace. Out of the hurly-burly she has emerged into the atmosphere of domesticity which one feels she was born to. She still continues her propaganda from the public platform on which she has learned to address vast crowds so effectively and humorously and sanely; the self-same crowds that once raved and raged so furiously about her in the heyday of her fame. They still go to see and hear the gentle lady who once stood for all that is most fretful and unruly in her sex. And she must be a perpetual wonder and mystery to them. She must be also a refreshment. For they go to see her, very likely, in the same spirit of curiosity that would impel them to go and see some shameless divorcée of the theatre; and no doubt the contrast between the misconceptions that once eddied about her name, and the speaking figure of the woman as she really is and always has been, must be a thing that causes the unsophisticated mind to marvel exceedingly.

The immortal riddle.

For she is the Womanly Woman incarnate: the living, breathing antithesis of the unsexed ternagant she is popularly supposed to represent. Slim and shy-looking, talking in a voice most refined and sweet, and in a manner most modest and unaffected, expressing in every tone and gesture the very quintessence of femininity, she interposes her delicate personality between her audience and the black, fummy fog of slander and libel and obloquy through which they have hitherto strained their gaze to behold her, and stands before them a spectacle for the gods who never permit those they love to grow old. In that sense, and in that sense only, she embodies the immortal riddle of the sex that is for ever New.

THE PICKWICK EXHIBITION.

By J. W. T. Ley, Hon.-Gen.-Sec., The Dickens Fellowship.

The Pickwick Exhibition, which was referred to in these columns recently as being organised by the Dickens Fellowship in commemoration of the seventieth anniversary of the completion of "The Pickwick Papers," will be formally opened at the New Dudley Gallery, 169, Piccadilly, W., on Monday next, July 22, by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. The interest that has been shown is remarkable, and offers of exhibits have come not only from all parts of England, but from America and South Africa, too. It may or may not be that "Pickwick" is the most popular book in our language, but of this there can be no question—there is not another book round which some three or four hundred exhibits could be gathered, with any hope of attracting the general public. Such a fact is eloquent testimony to the hold that this production of a lad of twenty-five has upon the English and English-speaking people, and the objects of the promoters of this exhibition are, first, of course, to demonstrate how widely the book is read, and secondly, to show how "Pickwick" has entered into all phases of life.

Every known edition.

An attempt has been made to gather together a specimen of every known edition of the book. Of course, complete success was practically impossible, but of English editions alone, the number on exhibition will be very nearly one hundred. Beginning with a complete set of the original parts, now worth about twenty times their original cost, there is a steady sequence, down to the "Charles Dickens" edition, which was the last that the author revised. Then there are the famous "Household" edition, the edition de luxe, and so on, to the "National" edition just issued by the original publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, which contains every illustration for "Pickwick" that was approved by Dickens. A glance at this collection will show how the book has appealed to all classes, for the prices range from 1d., 3d., 6d., up to several guineas.

In many tongues.

Then there will be an extensive collection of American editions, including the first edition published in the States. Next will be found evidence of the fact that "Pickwick" appeals to people of other nationalities, as well as to the Englishman, though one wonders how some of Sam Weller's remarks read in a Russian translation! There will be French, German, Russian, Danish, Dutch, Bohemian translations, and many of them are very curious. One German edition, for instance, is illustrated, and in every picture the characters appear dressed in German costumes. Further, there will be an edition in Braille type, and another in Pitman's shorthand, and not the least interesting will be an edition published in Van Dieman's Land, copies of which are very scarce indeed.

Illustrations and cartoons.

Our grandfathers tell us that we of the present generation can have no conception of the tremendous popularity of "Pickwick" when it first appeared; but I fancy visitors to this exhibition will be able to gain some conception of it. Very interesting, too, will be a collection of the plagiarisms, many of which have been referred to in these pages. Of pictures there will be a very large collection. Most interesting will be Phiz's original drawing to illustrate the famous Trial Scene. There will be complete sets of illustrations to "Pickwick" by Phiz, Seymour, Buss, Onwhyn, Crowquill, Nast, &c., and several original drawings by well-known artists. Further, a complete set of old engravings, photographs, drawings, &c., has been gathered, illustrating the topography of the book. An interesting picture will be an autographed portrait of Mr. Justice Gazelee, who died in 1839; who was the prototype of Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who laid down the immortal dictum that "what the soldier said isn't evidence." There will be a large collection of political cartoons (including at least one original "Punch" drawing) showing how "Pickwick" has been drawn upon to illustrate this or that political situation.

Pickwick posters.

Another section which will be of more than academic interest will be that showing how "Pickwick" has entered into the commercial life of England. Here will be seen a large collection of posters, newspaper advertisements, &c., in which Mr. Pickwick or Sam Weller, or some other character from the book, is made to extol the virtues of somebody's jams, pickles, cocoa, lemonade, biscuits, linoleum, &c. Examples of Pickwick cigars and Pickwick cigarettes will be seen, as well as Sam Weller blacking, Pickwick biscuits, Pickwick stationery, Pickwick door plates, Pickwick pens, Pickwick Christmas cards, Pickwick playing cards, and so on. Crockery-ware, decorated with Pickwick pictures, will be on exhibition, also including a valuable Pickwick toby jug.

Documentary evidence.

Thackeray said that the future historian would turn to "Pickwick" as a guide to the manners and customs of the period. It is probably not fully realised how true this is, and the exhibition will go a little way towards proving it. In Chapter 33 it will be remembered that "Mr. Weller the Elder delivers some critical sentiments respecting literary composition," and he expresses his opinion that "Poetry's unnatural; no man never talked poetry, 'cept a beadle on Boxin' Day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows." Well, here at the exhibition will be documentary evidence that a "beadle on Boxin' Day" and Warren's blacking did talk poetry, and contemporary examples may be seen. Again, on the same occasion,

Mr. Sam Weller reads from his "valentine" as follows: "The first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (which, p'raps, you may have heered on, Mary, my dear), although it do finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter." Mr. Weller senr., was "afeered that werges on the poetical," but undoubtedly Sam was drawing on his imagination, and the probabilities are that Mary had heard of the "profeel macheen." At any rate visitors to the exhibition may see contemporary advertisement of it!

Weller's eyes.

Yet again, at the famous trial, Sam said in answer to Mr. Sergeant Buz's inquiry, "Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?" "Yes, I have a pair of eyes, and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifying gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a fig o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' o' eyes, you see, my vision's limited. Those who recollect this famous answer will be interested in the contemporary advertisement of the "patent double million magnifying gas microscope" which will be on exhibition!

Open daily.

Much more might be written; but enough has been written to show that the exhibition will be of real interest not only to the "Dickens idolator," but to everybody who has read "Pickwick." It may be added that the exhibition will be open daily until August 28 (excepting Bank Holiday), from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Admission will be 1s., and 2 p.m. on Saturday's, 6d. Season tickets are obtainable at 7s. 6d., and these will admit to the series of lectures and recitals which will be given frequently. The opening ceremony will take place at 3 p.m.

A Meditation for His Mistress

You are a tulip seen to-day,
But, dearest, of so short a stay
That where you grew scarce man
say,

You are a lovely July-flower,
Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower
Will force you hence, and in an hour

You are a sparkling rose i' th' bud
Yet lost ere that chaste flesh and bud
Can show where you or grew or stood

You are a full-spread, fair-set vine
And can with tendrils love entwine
Yet dried ere you distil your wine

You are like balm enclosed well
In amber, or some crystal shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your sell

You are a dainty violet,
Yet wither'd ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers and
But die, you must, fair maid, ere
As he, the maker of this song.

ROBERT HERBERT

Nation (Speaker) July 6. 1907

Mr. Robert Ross airs in a quite dignified manner a genuine grievance in his protest in the "Times" against the publication in America of what are called the Complete Works of Oscar Wilde, with an introduction by Mr. Le Gallienne. He points out the fact that Messrs. Methuen, who are to publish a complete edition, have spent a great deal of time and money in acquiring from other publishers certain copyrights which are not under the control of Wilde's executors; and it is therefore a mean proceeding for an American firm to organise a rival edition. He is rightly sarcastic at the expense of Mr. Le Gallienne, who in the American prospectus is described as "a college chum of Wilde's at

Oxford." As all the world knows that Mr. Le Gallienne came to London from Liverpool to his own brief career in Fleet Street, and that he was always the least academic of writers, the claim is not without humour. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that Mr. Le Gallienne will withdraw his name from such an enterprise, and in any case it is certain that self-respecting Americans who want the complete works of Mr. Oscar Wilde will take care that they have the edition issued by Messrs. Methuen. Of Mr. Oscar Wilde's two sons, by the way, one is a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and the other has changed his name.

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* * *
"College
Chums."

It is painful to hear that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is connected with the knavish attempt to foist a spurious "complete" edition of the works of Oscar Wilde on the American public, just exposed by Mr. Robert Ross, Wilde's literary executor. The inclusion of at least one pornographic forgery in the collection is the most disgraceful feature of a thoroughly dishonourable business; and the advertising of Mr. Le Gallienne in the publishers' prospectus as the "life-long friend" and "college chum" of Wilde is a piece of bare-faced imposture which ought to lead to Mr. Le Gallienne's immediately severing his connexion with the enterprise, if nothing else had seemed discreditable to him about this attempt to steal a market from Messrs. Methuen's forthcoming authorised edition. We do not hear much of Mr. Le Gallienne in England now, but we hope he retains enough of his native sense of decency to see that he should explain to the American public that Oscar Wilde was *not* an alumnus of Liverpool College.

Unauthorised
Ibsen.

The world seems to be pretty well agreed as to the amount of practical respect that is due to a dead man of genius. We mentioned last week the scandal of the American edition of Oscar Wilde's works. The history of English publishing is marked by such episodes as the posthumous publishing of drawings which Aubrey Beardsley "vehemently refused" to allow the public to see while he had life to prevent it. Now comes word of a curious case from Copenhagen. In the sixties, during his Italian sojourn, Henrik Ibsen produced a certain work. He lost the manuscript, and the work passed out of his life. He died believing, if he ever thought of it, that it was not upon his record.

* * *
But in 1893, while Ibsen was alive and famous, a Danish gentleman found the lost MS. on a Roman bookstall. What did he do? He concealed the fact from Ibsen; he kept the papers until he predeceased Ibsen in 1900; and he left them to the Royal Library at Copenhagen on condition that a certain friend of his should have the right to publish it. Neither Ibsen nor his family and friends ulted. The author now being safely out of the way, the work is to be published this autumn.

Bookman.

July 1907

We understand that difficulties regarding the copyrights have interfered with the intended issue of a complete edition of the works of Oscar Wilde. In the meantime Mr. Tree has scored a remarkable success by his revival of "A Woman of No Importance." Time has not withered the brilliance of the play, which in Mr. Tree's hands finds a masterly interpretation.

Morning Post,

20
July.

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

There are three manuscript copies of Handel's "Messiah" in the handwriting of Mr. J. Christopher Smith, the composer's friend and amanuensis. One is in Dublin, another in Hamburg, and the third, which was described in the *Morning Post*, on Wednesday, was sold yesterday for £100, Mr. Reid being the buyer. This copy was the property of the late Mr Otto Goldschmidt, Jenny Lind's husband. Mr. Reid also bought eight letters of Richard Wagner for £46; three autograph sketches by Mozart for £31; a document signed by Queen Elizabeth, granting the Lordship, castle, forests, &c., of Denbigh to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, £28; a document signed by Sir Walter Raleigh and others, £20; and a commission twice signed by the Young Pretender (once with initials and once Charles P. R.), authorising the Duke of Perth to surprise and seize the Earl of Mar, £12 10s. Oscar Wilde's "Vera: or, The Nihilists," made £26 (Gordon);

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

The patrons of the Opera House will next week have the opportunity of seeing one of the late Oscar Wilde's masterpieces, "The Importance of being Earnest." This play has been drawing crowded houses in London during the last season. Indeed, it is universally admitted that the revival has been the greatest success of the year. The company producing it in Southport is a most exceptionally capable one, and it will be thoroughly well staged. The following is an extract from the "Life of Oscar Wilde." Each audience laughed as never has audience laughed before in a theatre where the work of an English writer of Comedy has been performed. The play is a clean play, many people who had all along been hostile to him as a man, and as a writer, became Wilde's men heart and soul after having witnessed this piece. A great Irish writer remarked recently that after he had seen 'The Importance of being in Earnest' in Dublin, began to look forward with impatience to the day when Oscar Wilde's ashes should be brought from Bagneux cemetery to the City of London, and a statue to the great dramatist raised on the banks of the Liffey."

Jissen V2010n03U18v0379 Library

Southport Visitor July 20, 1907.

B7 stander

July 17
1907

In London, to-day, only two things are necessary to ensure universal right of entry and entire success when entered. They are money and the knowledge of how to spend it. Mrs. Potter Palmer has both. The fabulously wealthy widow of a Chicago hotel-keeper, she has the art of entertaining at her fingers' ends. Perfect dinners,

superb concerts, these are her speciality. The other night, Olive Fremstad came over specially from Paris to sing, for Mrs. Palmer's guests, the Censor-tabooed *Salome* of Oscar Wilde and Strauss. The next morning, her fame having spread, she repeated her performance, this time for a most exalted audience. Unhappy people, other than Mrs. Palmer's friends, have to live without such treats. Wherefore, Mrs. Palmer's invitations are as sought after as a queen's.

Johns Hopkins University Library



CYNICISMS.

"A cynic," wrote Oscar Wilde, "is a man who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing." Mr. Ambrose Bierce has compiled a dictionary ("The Cynic's Word Book." Arthur F. Bird. 3s. 6d. net), which admirably illustrates the truth of this aphorism. Here are one or two specimens of Mr. Bierce's wit:—

COMFORT.—A state of mind produced by the contemplation of our neighbour's uneasiness.

CONGRATULATION.—The civility of envy.

GOUT.—A physician's name for the rheumatism of a rich patient.

LIBERTY.—One of Imagination's most precious possessions.

HATRED.—The sentiment appropriate to the occasion of another's success or superiority.

The book is amusing in its way. It ends with "Lord" Jisser 2019-03-18 University of
a second volume.

Alfred Bruneau. By Arthur Hervey. (John Lane.
2s. 6d. net.)

The latest subject of this interesting series of "Living Masters of Music" is a composer worthy of our keenest consideration. Owing to lack of enterprise on the part of our orchestral companies and opera syndicates, he is almost unknown to those of us, tied in London, who take pleasure in following the most recent developments in musical art. Concert promoters, like Mr. Henry J. Wood, would have us believe they are modern and abreast of the times when a season's programmes include a lot of Wagner, Tschaikovski, Brahms, some Strauss and—with a simulation of encouragement to native talent—some recent outpouring of Stanford's inkpot, or some radiant smile from the urban genius of Parry. But there is an enormous field of new and important music unexplored. Russia, Finland, Poland, Germany, Italy, England, have each brilliant and individualistic writers whose work we occasionally hear, but no group which one would speak easily of as forming a school, and certainly no group of composers whose works are on the same consistently high level as that of the younger Frenchmen. Debussy, Bruneau, Fauré, Hillemacher, D'Indy, Xavier Leroux, Marty, Vidal, Charpentier, Reynaldo Hahn—it is indeed a wonderful list. They are more orderly in their irresponsibility than are Germans in their orderliness; their anarchy is more homogeneous in method and effect; there is a very considerable family likeness in their attitude towards musical progress; and it may be that one is thus tempted to refer to them as a school. Of the writers in each of the other countries we have named there is noticeable a wider variance in individual styles, a profounder difference in ideas, and there is more obvious disparity in the respective merits of the results achieved. Mr. Arthur Hervey, then, has but selected one of a brilliant school to write about, and one whose work is, as we have said before, unfamiliar to concert-goers here. Of Bruneau it might be said, as Oscar Wilde once said of himself, that he stands in symbolic relation to the art and culture of his age. More particularly in regard to musical drama his position is remarkable. Since the ascendancy of the Wagnerian idea several significant efforts have been made to smooth over the anachronisms of operatic art. Mr. Hervey persuades us that Bruneau's achievements in the domain of opera are of the highest importance, and quotes largely from the composer's own writings upon the subject of this much-discussed convention. For instance, every sensible man, he says, understands that the musical drama must be composed of "passion, movement, humanity, and not of formulas conveniently modifiable according to the desire of the interpreters; that the arbitrary reign of the cavatina, the couplet with vocal ornamentation, so absolutely insignificant, is over, making way for liberty in the arrangement of scenes, tableaux and entire works." And in discussing the advantages of prose over verse the composer claims that it gives "liberty of the phrase, liberty of inspiration, liberty of art, liberty of forms, liberty complete, magnificent, definite." His operas are discussed in detail, and upon the whole, the book is a very readable and profitable reading. It has the fascination of a Baedeker, and is as cheerfully devoid of criticism.

Free Lance. 24.20.1907. Man and his Makers.

By BURLINGTON R. CADE.

And so the London season is dying, with only one sensation to its credit—Mark Twain. Dr. Clemens must immediately be congratulated on having done all he possibly could to enliven a deadly dull season. His appearance in Dover Street in a dressing-gown, when en route to a Turkish bath, did not cause the stir that should have done, but his white suit of clothes at a dinner party had the desired effect.

There is a strong flavour of George Bernard Shaw about Mark Twain, or should I say that there is a strong flavour of Mark Twain about George Bernard Shaw! They have both centred their wit in such statements as:—

"I am a clever man—a very clever man; I know I am a clever man."

"I am an original man—a very original man; I want to be an original man."

"I am an eccentric man—all brilliant men are eccentric—and I am particularly brilliant."

"I wear white clothes in the public streets in winter, because then people look at me, and I want people to look at me."

It is wit, like Oscar Wilde's, which stands very little perusing. You hear it after a good dinner and you laugh because you know it is your duty to laugh. G.B.S.'s wit often makes me think of Beaumarchais, who used to say of a certain humourist and his humour: "Laugh at it, laugh always and loud, but quickly, for if you stop to analyse you may have to cry."

As far as the wearing of white clothes is concerned, I am afraid Mark Twain will not obtain many followers in this country. Even for river wear white flannels and "ducks" are completely out of fashion, and only coloured flannels are worn.

Everyone has given up thinking of summer and all thoughts are tending towards autumn and winter apparel. If you are thinking of buying a fur coat for the coming winter, do not do so, for it is predicted they will be but little worn. That is why all the leading firms are now selling them at practically less than cost price. Even if the fur coat does go out of fashion for ever in England, no one who has any sense should regret it, for they were always expensive, did not give the warmth—if as much—as an ordinary heavy coat, and could only be worn on special occasions. To see a man going to the city in a fur coat was ludicrous.

All the way from Kyoto, in Japan, I have had a letter from that clever little actress Sada Yacco. In the course of her letter she says: "More and more we are wearing European clothes, and I see the death of the 'kimono' in the not too distant future."

This is particularly interesting, considering that we in Europe are "more and more" tending towards the Far-Eastern way of dressing. As I said a week or so back, the Japanese influence on woman's clothes is particularly predominant, and it has now, in a limited sense, spread to men. Japanese c-épon pyjamas and shirts are the most popular in the market; thousands use kimonos as dressing-gowns, sandals have replaced slippers, and before long the mere man will be indulging in other novelties à la Japanese, about which I shall have more to say anon.

If you want to make yourself conspicuous you will shortly have an excellent opportunity of doing so, and be in the fashion at the same time. The most brilliant yellow, blue, and pink woollen waistcoats are to be worn this autumn (let us call it "winter," for autumn means winter to us). I have seen one at a leading tailor's of yellow wool finished off with a blue cord and gilt buttons. The most startling combinations of colours are to be the most fashionable, which again proves the influence of the Orient.

I wonder if the City clerk, who considers ready-made clothes beneath him, will be astonished when he learns that a leading American millionaire—said by many to be the richest man in the world—buys his clothes ready-made!

Here is a splendid example for many to bury their misplaced conceit, for if an American millionaire can wear such clothes, surely the majority should not sneer at them, yet I know fellows earning 30s. a week who would consider it beneath their dignity to wear anything of the kind. Mme. Lebaudy, mother of the famous "Emperor of the Sahara," and one of the richest women in France, never buys any gowns which are not ready-made, and set this example of economy, which numerous French women followed, not because they liked it, but because they wanted to do as a millionairess had done.

The Bookshelf.

Poet or Pretender?



AMERICA apparently has discovered a new poet in George Sylvester Viereck. According to Mr. Otis Notman, writing in the delightful Saturday Review of Books published by the New York Times, he is no less interesting a personality than a grandson of Kaiser Wilhelm I. His father, Louis Viereck, was born about the time of the Revolution of 1848, when the German Empire seemed a very long way off. Viereck the elder acquired some notoriety as a Socialist, and settled in America fourteen or fifteen years ago. The son is regarded as a genius, and though he does not attempt, Mr. Notman tells us, to deny the story of his descent—and consequently of his cousinship with the present Emperor—he is more proud of his literary gifts than of his association with any reigning house. He desires to be considered a Monarch of the Muses, and says "I, George Sylvester Viereck, would rather have written 'Nineveh and other Poems' than be the German Emperor. I would rather have written the 'Game at Love,' than be President of the United States; and I would rather have conceived 'The House of the Vampire,' my forthcoming novel, than be Czar of all the Russias." He takes himself seriously, which is at least a first condition of success.

Mr. Viereck mentions three personalities as the determining factors in his literary life. They are Christ, Napoleon, and Oscar Wilde—surely a most astonishing triumvirate. His reasons, however, are excellent. "Christ, Napoleon, and Oscar Wilde," he says, "are the ultimate expression of three things. Christ stands for the consummation of ethical goodness; Napoleon for activity, power; Oscar Wilde, whether he is right or wrong in his vision, still had a 'vision of beauty,' for which he was willing to sacrifice anything else." Whether Mr. Viereck is destined to become another type of American poet or not there is nothing to show; all that we can tell, so far, is that he is neither a Longfellow nor a Walt Whitman in character or temperament or mode of expression. One of his critics finds him, whilst admittedly "a powerful genius in the conceit of alluring fancies and the marshalling of brave words," insufferably dull and intolerably fatiguing. The "lovely things" in "Nineveh," we are told, are discounted by the author's obsession "with the idea of the necessity of laboured obscurity, decadent symbolism and preposterous cryptic pretences which are sheer inanity." A writer who can survive such a critical maelstrom must have much in him. Perhaps he is a new Browning or a Meredith. Mr. Arthur Symonds should give immediate heed to this new star in the literary firmament. Is Mr. Viereck a genuine Poet or a mere Pretender?

Nauseous Novels.

The campaign against unclean fiction has been revived in real earnest by the success—if success it may be called—of a certain novel written by a woman, and mostly, I am sorry to say, read by women. The latest offender, nameless so far as I am concerned, is the worst, and if something is not done to stop this sort of thing the next will go one worse still. For months past I have been protesting against the growing sensuality in fiction, and have incurred censure because I have held woman responsible. But here we have in the newest effort in nauseous possibilities entire justification for all I have said. How can any lady write such a work? How can she find a leading publisher to produce it? Why do the trade risk the loss of valued custom by consenting to stock it? Why do delicately-minded women unblushingly read it? Beauty long ago seemed to have displaced the Beast in fiction, but the Beast is asserting himself again, to the shame alike of morality and intellect. These novels seldom have even the excuse of ability.

THE SEVEN ARTS—AND SALOME

In the chapter on cathedrals, in his "Studies in Seven Arts," Arthur Symonds, quite before the most recent access of Salome literature, revealed the possible source of the Oscar Wilde drama and a good deal of "modern" psychology about the daughter of Herodias. If Wilde had studied well the decorations in the choir of the cathedral at Amiens—the architecture of which, as Walter Pater said, is "full of excitement"—he might have obtained the suggestion for the drama which, as set to music by Richard Strauss, has lately been the world's sensation.

On the north wall of the cathedral choir at Amiens are certain curious painted stone carvings of the fifteenth century, by an unknown artist. They represent scenes from the life and death of John the Baptist. The painting is mostly in golds and reds and blues, now dulled, Mr. Symonds says, to a finer than their original color. "The last three divisions," the author goes on to say, "represent the dance of the daughter of Herodias with fine invention. In the first Salome has just ended her dance; Herod and Herodias sit at the table behind her, and she stands, fingering a long curl, smiling and as yet unconscious, indifferent to a deity, naïve little person, like the Salome of Lucas Cranach, crucified through indifference; and she catches sight of a man bringing a dish to the table; he has something on a platter, and she says, 'Give me presently the head of John the Baptist, on a platter.' By her side a monkey, squatting on the ground, looks up at her with a pained, half-lascivious leer. She wears a girle, from which a heavy chain falls down the front of her gown as she lifts it coquettishly. "In the second division, you see John beheaded. Salome stands by quietly, waiting; but already consciousness of what she has done begins to come into her face, as the headman, looking down at her queerly, like the monkey, in another interrogation, sets the head down on the platter which she holds in her hand.

"In the third, Herod and Herodias sit at a table with the head before them on a platter. In the foreground Salome faints, falling aside as if overpowered by the sight of the head."

A number of autograph letters and signatures of Royalties and other celebrities brought £50, a collection of letters and poems mostly in the autograph of and signed by Frederick the Great, addressed to the Voltaire, £55. The original privately printed first draft of Oscar Wilde's play, "The Nihilists," with numerous MS. alterations in his hand brought £25 and a document twice signed by Prince Charles Edward, authorising the surprise of the Castle of Stirling, 1745, the property of Mr. G. M. Johnston of Edinburgh, £12 10s. The total of the two days was £1592.

THE SOUTHPORT OPERA HOUSE (Proprietors, The Southport Opera House and Winter Gardens, Limited, Secretary, Mr. Richard Singleton).—Mr. Monckton Hoffe has brought a company who do full justice to Oscar Wilde's sensational comedy, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and each character is represented by an artist of merit. Mr. Hoffe is admirably irresponsible as Algernon Monckton, and Mr. H. Lane-Royce goes well for Lord F. G. Worthing, M.P. Mr. Ralph Hutton is good as Canon Chasuble. Miss Kate Osborne is an admirable Lady Bracknell, and Miss Amy Lloyd-Prism is excellent, too, as the Gwendoline of Miss Lydia Busch and the Cicely of Miss Mona Hope. A breezy Harcourt, played by Mr. A. Fitzmaurice, and Miss Ella Kitson, proves an acceptable Aunt Fanny.

Southport Guardian July 20 1907

THE OPERA HOUSE. The patrons of the Opera House will have the opportunity of seeing one of the late Oscar Wilde's masterpieces, viz., "The Importance of Being Earnest," during next week. This has been drawing crowded houses in London during the past season; indeed, it is universally admitted that this revival has been one of the successes of the year. The company producing it in Southport is a capable one, and it will be thoroughly well staged.

The following is an extract from Mr. Robert Sherard's "Life of Oscar Wilde":—"Each audience laughed as never has audience laughed before in a theatre where the work of an English writer of comedy has been performed. The play is a clean play, many people who had all along been hostile to him as a man, and as a writer, became Wilde's men heart and soul, after having witnessed this piece. A great Irish writer remarked recently that after he had seen 'The Importance of Being Earnest' in Dublin, he began to look forward with impatience to the day when Oscar Wilde's ashes should be brought from Baginbun Cemetery back to his native land, and a statue to the great dramatist should be raised on the banks of the Liffey. After that night at the St. James's Theatre, London felt itself indeed, indeed, the Imperial City which is under tribute to no other nation for its enjoyments, as for its wants. Our pride was flattered. That wonderful 'premiere' at the St. James's Theatre, the cleverness displayed, appeared to the dazzled audience supernatural. It was so indeed."

Glasgow Herald.

SCORE OF "THE MESSIAH" AT AUCTION.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. London, Friday Night. The most important item in a two-days miscellaneous sale of books, autograph letters, musical and other manuscripts at Messrs Sotheby's was Handel's score of "The Messiah," the property of the late Mr Otto Goldschmidt. It was in the handwriting of the composer's friend and amanuensis, J. Christopher Smith and contained notes by the late owner, the result of careful comparison of his manuscripts with two other important MS. scores in Smith's handwriting known as the "Dublin" and the "Hamburg." The three volumes, in original calf binding, at one time in the possession of Dr William Hayes, realised £400. Other interesting musical items included Weber's autograph score of the overture to "Oberon," 6 pp., £59; three autograph sketches by Mozart—the first a fugue of twenty-seven bars, the second and third of eleven bars each, £31; Beethoven's autograph orchestral sketch of the coda of the scherzo of his ninth symphony, £25; and an autograph letter by him to M. de Bigot, £15 10s; eight letters of Richard Wagner to Madame Henrietta Moritz, through whose influence "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin" were produced at Schwerin and other German towns, made £45. A beautiful elcan document signed by Sir Thomas More, of the purchase of Crosby Place, Bishopsgate, 1524, made £75.

A number of autograph letters and signatures of Royalties and other celebrities brought £50, a collection of letters and poems mostly in the autograph of and signed by Frederick the Great, addressed to the Voltaire, £55. The original privately printed first draft of Oscar Wilde's play, "The Nihilists," with numerous MS. alterations in his hand brought £25 and a document twice signed by Prince Charles Edward, authorising the surprise of the Castle of Stirling, 1745, the property of Mr. G. M. Johnston of Edinburgh, £12 10s. The total of the two days was £1592.

Stage, July 24 1907

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Southport Visitor July 23 1907

OUR ENTERTAINERS. THE OPERA HOUSE.

If it be true that the genius of Oscar Wilde was never fully appreciated until after his death, "The Importance of Being Earnest," which is presented at the Opera House this week by Mr. Monckton Hoffe's company, amply demonstrates the fact. Oscar Wilde's personality has little to do with the play, but his wonderful capacity for illuminating the silly side of society is much in evidence. The philosophical element at times does, in fact, produce a rather exhilarating feeling, and there is a fund of satirical humour such as few of the modern comedies possess. Some of the ejaculatory remarks, like "Truth is never pure and seldom simple," have a way of sticking in the mind that shows them to be true to life. "The Importance of Being Earnest" may be set down as a criticism of life through the medium of laughter. None but the most apathetic of audiences could sit through the play without realising that it is full of humour of the most intellectual type. The attention is riveted on the doings of two bachelors—John Worthing and Algernon Monckton. Worthing is in love with the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, who, with a feminine ardour quite captivating, is desirous of marrying a man with the name of Ernest. Worthing, in order to win her, adopts the name, with somewhat amusing results. Algernon suddenly appears at Worthing's country seat, where Worthing is known as plain Jack, and where also, with a bachelor's liking for something that will enable him to get quickly away from home on certain occasions, he is understood to have a scapegoat brother of the name of Ernest. A very unknown to Worthing, appears in the character of Ernest, falls in love with John's ward, Cicely Cordey, a charmingly impulsive girl of eighteen. She is suddenly confronted by Miss Fairfax. Both, it transpires, desire husbands with the name of Ernest, and both, it will be seen, are in love with a fictitious individual bearing that appellation. From this point the play is one long tangle, with some extremely funny episodes in which the two bachelors figure prominently, generally to their discomfiture, and much to the apparent disgust of the two fair charmers. A way is found out of the difficulty, however, and happiness reigns supreme in the honoured house of Worthing. It may be noticed that the plot is not exceptionally original. Quite a large number of modern comedies are woven out of similar material, but very few of them display the incisive satire of which Oscar Wilde was a past master. Algernon, for instance, in several scenes has a convenient way of disposing of the eternal problem of femininity by a philosophic charm. Mr. Monckton Hoffe was a distinct intellectual success in this role. His assumed intellectual scorn of all that is flippant was decidedly funny, as he himself was a great snigger in this respect. He gave an excellent impression of the careless apathetic, pleasure-loving man about town. Mr. H. Lane-Royce displayed wise restraint as the sober-minded John, who secretly loves the little hyperies of life. His acting in the scene where he makes known the death of his supposed brother was superb. Miss Lydia Busch was capital as Miss Fairfax. She could be wayward, frank to impulsiveness, and excessively dignified in a way that was the despair of the enamoured lover. There was a distinction and abandon about Miss Nora Hope's portrayal of the girlish Cicely that made the part quite fragrant with the atmosphere of the country. She proved to be more than a match for Lady Bracknell, a society matchmaker, who had an able exponent in Miss Kate Osborne. Miss

New York Evening Post July 10, 1907

AN IRISH ANTHOLOGY. The Golden Treasury of Irish Songs and Lyrics. Edited by Charles Welsh. 2 vols. New York: The Dodge Publishing Co. \$2.50.

"Tew, but those roses"—Meleager's phrase to describe Sappho's poetry—should be the motto of every anthologist, but it must be admitted that a selection of Irish verse made in the spirit of Palgrave's or Quiller-Couch's work could be contained in a very slim volume. Few people realize how brief is the period open to an Irish anthologist. Meleager, when, in the first century B. C., he wove his "Garland" of Greek poets, could ransack nearly seven centuries, for the flowers of Greek lyric. Palgrave, for his two volumes in the Golden Treasury Series, and Quiller-Couch for the Oxford Anthology, had to select from the earliest date for the work would have a prehen its pre Poetry ed ses size of advar ing p Wells' alpha histo such obsce phas poeti triol fort ed, are You cen of me; so; for for od fr th

AT TAMMANY HALL

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True and False Democracy

By Pres. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University

Editor of "The Republic" a discussion of particular problems of social democracy, of party machinery, of the tariff, and finally of foreign relations. Published by the Columbia University Press.

At a score of four weeks, which has been devoted to thoroughly cleansing and restoring the decorative features and upholstery of the Grand Theatre will re-open its doors on Monday next with that brilliant society play, by an equally brilliant writer, Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest." The play will be immediately followed by another play from the same gifted pen, entitled, "An Ideal Husband."

Though we are not yet out of July the autumn season at local theatres will open very shortly. As a matter of fact, a little more than a week separates us from the resumption of activities at the Royal and the Prince's. There are already indications that the season will be one of quite exceptional interest, and the number of "new and original" productions which are promised should whet all appetites. Those of us who are especially fond of the revival of Oscar Wilde's play, "The Ideal Husband,"

THE THEATRES.

Manchester Autumn Productions.

Man and his Makers.

By BURLINGTON R. CADE.

And so the London season is dying, with only one sensation to its credit—Mark Twain. Dr. Clemens must immediately be congratulated on having done all he possibly could to enliven a deadly dull season. His appearance in Dover Street in a dressing-gown, when en route to a Turkish bath, did not cause the stir that it should have done, but his white suit of clothes at a dinner party had the desired effect.

There is a strong flavour of George Bernard Shaw about Mark Twain, or should I say that there is a strong flavour of Mark Twain about George Bernard Shaw! They have both centred their wit in such statements as:—

"I am a clever man—a very clever man; I know I am a clever man.

"I am an original man—a very original man; I want to be an original man.

"I am an eccentric man—all brilliant men are eccentric—and I am particularly brilliant.

"I wear white clothes in the public streets in winter, because then people look at me, and I want people to look at me."

It is wit, like Oscar Wilde's, which stands very little perusing. You hear it after a good dinner and you laugh because you know it is your duty to laugh. G.B.S.'s wit often makes me think of Beaumarchais, who used to say of a certain humourist and his humour: "Laugh at it, laugh always and loud, but quickly, for if you stop to analyse you may have to cry."

As far as the wearing of white clothes is concerned, I am afraid Mark Twain will not obtain many followers in this country. Even for river wear white flannels and "ducks" are completely out of fashion, and only coloured flannels are worn.

Everyone has given up thinking of summer and all thoughts are tending towards autumn and winter apparel. If you are thinking of buying a fur coat for the coming winter, do not do so, for it is predicted they will be but little worn. That is why all the leading firms are now selling them at practically less than cost price. Even if the fur coat does go out of fashion for ever in England, no one who has any sense should regret it, for they were always expensive, did not give the more warmth—if as much—than an ordinary heavy coat, and could only be worn on special occasions. To

see a man going to the city in a fur coat was ludicrous.

All the way from Kioto, in Japan, I have had a letter from that clever little actress Sada Yacco. In the course of her letter she says: "More and more we are wearing European clothes, and I see the death of the 'kimono' in the not too distant future."

This is particularly interesting, considering that we in Europe are "more and more" tending towards the Far-Eastern way of dressing. As I said a week or so back, the Japanese influence on woman's clothes is particularly predominant, and it has now, in a limited sense, spread to men. Japanese crépon pyjamas and shirts are the most popular in the market; thousands use kimonos as dressing-gowns, sandals have replaced slippers, and before long the mere man will be indulging in other novelties à la Japanese, about which I shall have more to say anon.

If you want to make yourself conspicuous you will shortly have an excellent opportunity of doing so, and be in the fashion at the same time. The most brilliant yellow, blue, and pink woollen waistcoats are to be worn this autumn (let us call it "winter," for autumn means winter to us). I have seen one at a leading tailor's of yellow wool finished off with a blue cord and gilt buttons. The most startling combinations of colours are to be the most fashionable, which again proves the influence of the Orient.

I wonder if the City clerk, who considers ready-made clothes beneath him, will be astonished when he learns that a leading American millionaire—said by many to be the richest man in the world—buys his clothes

ready made! Here is a splendid example for many to bury their misplaced conceit, for if an American millionaire can wear such clothes, surely the majority should not sneer at them, yet I know fellows earning 30s. a week who would consider it beneath their dignity to wear anything of the kind. Mme. Lebaudy, mother of the famous "Emperor of the Sahara," and one of the richest women in France, never buys any gowns which are not ready-made, and set this example of economy, which numerous French women followed, not because they liked it, but because they wanted to do as a millionairess.

The Bookshelf.

Poet or Pretender?



AMERICA apparently has discovered a new poet in George Sylvester Viereck. According to Mr. Otis Notman, writing in the delightful Saturday Review of Books published by the *New York Times*, he is no less interesting a personality than a grandson of Kaiser Wilhelm I. His father, Louis Viereck, was born about the time of the Revolution of 1848, when the German Empire seemed a very long way off. Viereck the elder acquired some notoriety as a Socialist, and settled in America fourteen or fifteen years ago. The son is regarded as a genius, and though he does not attempt, Mr. Notman tells us, to deny the story of his descent—and consequently of his cousinship with the present Emperor—he is more proud of his literary gifts than of his association with any reigning house. He desires to be considered a Monarch of the Muses, and says “I, George Sylvester Viereck, would rather have written ‘Nineveh and other Poems’ than be the German Emperor. I would rather have written the ‘Game at Love,’ than be President of the United States; and I would rather have conceived ‘The House of the Vampire,’ my forthcoming novel, than be Czar of all the Russias.” He takes himself seriously, which is at least a first condition of success.

Mr. Viereck mentions three personalities as the determining factors in his literary life. They are Christ, Napoleon, and Oscar Wilde—surely a most astonishing triumvirate. His reasons, however, are excellent. “Christ, Napoleon, and Oscar Wilde,” he says, “are the ultimate expression of three things. Christ stands for the consummation of ethical goodness; Napoleon for activity, power; Oscar Wilde, whether he be right or wrong in his vision, still had a ‘vision of beauty,’ for which he was willing to sacrifice anything else.” Whether Mr. Viereck is destined to become another type of American poet or not there is nothing to show; all that we can tell, so far, is that he is neither a Longfellow nor a Walt Whitman in character or temperament or mode of expression. One of his critics finds him, whilst admittedly “a powerful genius in the conceit of alluring fancies and the marshalling of brave words,” insufferably dull and intolerably fatiguing. The “lovely things” in “Nineveh,” we are told, are discounted by the author’s obsession “with the idea of the necessity of laboured obscurity, decadent symbolism and preposterous cryptic pretences which are sheer inanity.” A writer who can survive such a critical maelstrom must have much in him. Perhaps he is a new Browning or a Meredith. Mr. Arthur Symons should give immediate heed to this new star in the literary firmament. Is Mr. Viereck a genuine Poet or a mere Pretender?

Nauseous Novels.

The campaign against unclean fiction has been revived in real earnest by the success—if success it may be called—of a certain novel written by a woman, and mostly, I am sorry to say, read by women. The latest offender, nameless so far as I am concerned, is the worst, and if something is not done to stop this sort of thing the next will go one worse still. For months past I have been protesting against the growing sensuality in fiction, and have incurred censure because I have held woman responsible. But here we have in the newest effort in nauseous possibilities entire justification for all I have said. How can any lady write such a work? How can she find a leading publisher to produce it? Why do the trade risk the loss of valued custom by consenting to stock it? Why do delicately-minded women unblushingly read it? Beauty long ago seemed to have displaced the Beast in fiction, but the Beast is asserting himself again, to the shame alike of morality and intellect. These novels seldom have even the excuse of ability.

New York man

July 18, 1907

THE SEVEN ARTS— AND SALOME

In the chapter on cathedrals, in his "Studies in Seven Arts," Arthur Symonds, quite before the most recent access of Salome literature, revealed the possible source of the Oscar Wilde drama and a good deal of "modern" psychology about the daughter of Herodias. If Wilde had studied well the decorations in the choir of the cathedral at Amiens—the architecture of which, as Walter Pater said, is "full of excitement"—he might have obtained the suggestion for the drama which, as set to music by Richard Strauss, has lately been the world's sensation.

On the north wall of the cathedral choir at Amiens are certain curious painted stone carvings of the fifteenth century, by an unknown artist. They represent scenes from the life and death of John the Baptist. The painting is mostly in golds and reds and blues, now dulled, Mr. Symonds says, to a finer than their original color. "The last three divisions," the author goes on to say, "represent the dance of the daughter of Herodias with fine invention. In the first Salome has just ended her dance; Herod and Herodias sit at the table behind her, and she stands, fingering a long curl, smiling and as yet unconscious, indifferent; a dainty, naive little person, like the Salome of Lucas Cranach, cruel through indifference; and she catches sight of a man bringing a dish to the table; he has something on a platter, and she says, 'Give me presently the head of John the Baptist, on a platter.' By her side a monkey, squatting on the ground, looks up at her with a pained, half-lascivious leer. She wears a girdle, from which a heavy chain falls down the front of her gold-flowered dress; the blue lining is seen as she lifts it coquettishly.

"In the second division, you see John beheaded. Salome stands by quietly, waiting; but already consciousness of what she has done begins to come into her face, as the headsman, looking down at her queerly, like the monkey, in another interrogation, sets the head down on the platter which she holds in her hand.

"In the third, Herod and Herodias sit at a table with the head before them on a platter. In the foreground Salome faints, falling aside as if overpowered with some physical terror. Her fingers, as her hands hang, are rigid; in her convulsed face, lines like old age tighten her plump chin into the fixed wrinkles of an old woman, and her smooth forehead is drawn upward into a deep furrow by the movement which sets her blue eyes horribly open. This naïf sculptor has rendered his legend, not as a legend, but as an actual drama, and with a subtle psychology."

Here was assuredly a Salome drama, with a suggestion in it still more gruesome than that contained in the Wilde-Strauss opera; and if it had all been carved in the twentieth century, instead of the fifteenth, it would have been pronounced the acme of everything degenerate. But that a simple sculptor of the fifteenth century should be capable of the sort of psychology that we sometimes call modern will not surprise any who are at all familiar with that period.

It would be interesting indeed to know whether Wilde ever saw these painted sculpture at Amiens. If he did, a Salome drama might well have been powerfully suggested to him.

In this picture, in passing, to which we have referred, there is something quite characteristic of the method which Mr. Symonds has adopted in this extremely interesting book of his on the "Seven Arts." There is a blending throughout of sculpture, painting, architecture, music, the handicrafts, the stage, and literature. Among his seven arts Mr. Symonds does not include literature, but he does include dancing, and all are treated with an intense conscious subtleness which, though modern in no mechanical sense whatever, could never have had an existence before the last quarter century.

A psychologic critic like Mr. Symonds seems already to have realized the fusion of the elements and anticipated the time when all the senses shall have been proved to be one sense. He reminds one of his own quotation from George Meredith's "Emilia," apropos of a picture of Beethoven: "The wind seemed in his hair, and he seemed to hear with his eyes: his forehead frowning so." But you shall be the wiser, as well as the more deeply versed in modern artistic psychology, when you have read this book. The chapters on "Rodin," on "The Painting of the Nineteenth Century," on "Whistler," on "Cathedrals," on the "Ideas of Richard Strauss," on "The Problem of Richard Strauss," on "A New Art of the Stage," and on "The World as a Ballet," are particularly significant and interesting.

Jessen Women's University Library
(E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, \$2.50 net.)

Southport Guardian July 20
1907

THE OPERA HOUSE.

The patrons of the Opera House will have the opportunity of seeing one of the late Oscar Wilde's masterpieces, viz., "The Importance of Being Earnest," during next week. This has been drawing crowded houses in London during the past season; indeed, it is universally admitted that this revival has been one of the successes of the year. The company producing it in Southport is a capable one, and it will be thoroughly well staged.

The following is an extract from Mr. Robert Sherard's "Life of Oscar Wilde":—"Each audience laughed as never has audience laughed before in a theatre where the work of an English writer of comedy has been performed. The play is a clean play, many people who had all along been hostile to him as a man, and as a writer, became Wilde's men heart and soul, after having witnessed this piece. A great Irish writer remarked recently that after he had seen 'The Importance of Being Earnest' in Dublin, he began to look forward with impatience to the day when Oscar Wilde's ashes should be brought from Bagneux Cemetery back to his native land, and a statue to the great dramatist should be raised on the banks of the Liffey. After that night at the St. James's Theatre, London felt itself, indeed, the Imperial City which is under tribute to no other nation for its enjoyments, as for its wants. Our pride was flattered. . . . That wonderful 'premiere' at the St. James's Theatre, the cleverness displayed appeared to the dazzled audience supernatural. It was so indeed."

Jissen Women's University Library

Shrewsbury Herald

Glasgow Herald.

SCORE OF "THE MESSIAH" AT AUCTION.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

London, Friday Night.

The most important item in a two-days miscellaneous sale of books, autograph letters, musical and other manuscripts at Messrs Sotheby's was Handel's score of "The Messiah," the property of the late Mr Otto Goldschmidt. It was in the handwriting of the composer's friend and amanuensis, J. Christopher Smith and contained notes by the late owner, the result of careful comparison of his manuscripts with two other important MS. scores in Smith's handwriting known as the "Dublin" and the "Hamburg." The three volumes, in original calf binding, at one time in the possession of Dr William Hayes, realised £100. Other interesting musical items included Weber's autograph score of the overture to "Oberon," 6 pp., £59; three autograph sketches by Mozart—the first a fugue of twenty-seven bars, the second and third of eleven bars each, £31; Beethoven's autograph orchestral sketch of the coda of the scherzo of his ninth symphony, £25; and an autograph letter by him to M. de Bigot, £15 10s; eight letters of Richard Wagner to Madame Henrietta Moritz, through whose influence "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin" were produced at Schwerin and other German towns, made £46. A beautiful clean document signed by Sir Thomas More, of the purchase of Crosby Place, Bishopsgate, 1524, made £75.

A number of autograph letters and signatures of Royalties and other celebrities brought £50, a collection of letters and poems mostly in the autograph of and signed by Frederick the Great, addressed to the Voltaire, £52. The original privately printed first draft of Oscar Wilde's play, "The Nihilists," with numerous MS. alterations in his hand brought £26 and a document twice signed by Prince Charles Edward, authorising the surprise of the Castle of Stirling, 1745, the property of Mr G. M. Jissen Worth, £100. The total of the two days was £1592.

In a miscellaneous sale of

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

If it be true that the genius of Oscar Wilde was never fully appreciated until after his death, "The Importance of Being Earnest," which is presented at the Opera House this week by Mr. Monckton Hoffs's company, amply demonstrates the fact. Oscar Wilde's personality has little to do with the play, but his wonderful capacity for illuminating the silly side of society is much in evidence. The philosophical element at times does, in fact, produce a rather exhilarating feeling, and there is a fund of satirical humour such as few of the modern comedies possess. Some of the ejaculatory remarks, like "Truth is never pure and seldom simple," have a way of sticking in the mind that shows them to be true to life. "The Importance of Being Earnest" may be set down as a criticism of life through the medium of laughter. None but the most apathetic of audiences could sit through the play without realising that it is full of humour of the most intellectual type. The attention is rivetted on the doings of two bachelors—John Worthing and Algernon Moncrieff. Worthing is in love with the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, who, with a feminine ardour quite captivating, is desirous of marrying a man with the name of Ernest. Worthing, in order to win her, adopts the name, with somewhat amusing results. Algy suddenly appears at Worthing's country seat, where Worthing is known as plain Jack, and where also, with a bachelor's liking for something that will enable him to get quickly away from home on certain occasions, he is understood to have a scapegoat brother of the name of Ernest. Algy, unknown to Worthing, appears in the character of Ernest, falls in love with John's ward, Cicely Cordew, a charmingly impulsive girl of eighteen. She is suddenly confronted by Miss Fairfax. Both, it transpires, desire husbands with the name of Ernest, and both, it will be seen, are in love with a fictitious individual bearing that appellation. From this point the play is one long tangle, with some extremely funny episodes in which the two bachelors figure prominently, generally to their discomfiture, and much to the apparent disgust of the two fair charmers. A way is found out of the difficulty, however, and happiness reigns supreme in the honoured house of Worthing. It may be noticed that the plot is not exceptionally original. Quite a large number of modern comedies are woven out of similar material, but very few of them display the incisive satire of which Oscar Wilde was a past master. Algernon, for instance, in several scenes has a convenient way of disposing of the eternal problem of femininity with quite a philosophic charm. Mr. Monckton Hoffe was a distinct success in this role. His assumed intellectual scorn of all that is flippant was decidedly funny, as he himself was a great sinner in this respect. He gave an excellent impression of the careless, apathetic, pleasure-loving man about town. Mr. H. Lane Bayliff displayed a wise restraint as the sober-minded John, who secretly loves the little hyperises of life. His acting in the scene where he makes known the death of his supposed brother was superb. Miss Lydia Busch was capital as Miss Fairfax. She could be wayward, frank to impulsiveness, and excessively dignified in a way that was the despair of her enamoured lover. There was a distinctness and abandon about Miss Nora Hope's portrayal of the girlish Cicely that made the part quite fragrant with the atmosphere of the country. She proved to be more than a match for Lady Bracknell, a society matchmaker, who had an able exponent in Miss Kate Osborne. Miss Amy Lloyd-Desmond, as Miss Prism, made an excellent old maid who has almost given up hope. The play is preceded by an amusing curtain raiser, entitled "A Breezy Morning," by Eden Philpotts.

Stage,

July 28 - 1907

SOUTHPORT — OPERA HOUSE (Proprietors, The Southport Opera House and Winter Gardens, Limited; Secretary, Mr. Richard Singleton).—Mr. Monckton Hoffe has brought a company who do full justice to Oscar Wilde's satirical comedy, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and each character is represented by an artist of merit. Mr. Hoffe is admirably irresponsible as Algernon Moncrieff, and Mr. H. Lane-Bayliff does good work as John Worthing, M.P. Mr. Ralph Hutton is good as Canon Chasuble. Miss Kate Osborne is an austere Lady Bracknell, and Miss Amy Lloyd-Desmond ably represents the old maid, Miss Prism. Excellent, too, are the Gwendoline of Miss J. J. W. and the Cecily of Miss Mona Hope. *A Breezy Morning*, played by Mr. A. Fitzmaurice and Miss Ella Kitson, proves an acceptable curtain-raiser.

Southport Guardian July 24. 1907

THE WINTER GARDENS.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

It is nearly eight years since the society comedy "The Importance of Being Earnest" was seen at Southport prior to the present visit to the Opera House. On that occasion the name of the author was not printed on the bills or programmes—in fact it was not shown in connection with any of the plays from the same pen. The policy of repression has since then be revised, and now recognition is again accorded of the authorship. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is of course a title which shows a clever play upon words. There is a good deal of "Ernest" about it, but very little that is "earnest." It is in such cases that the foreigner fails to appreciate the beautiful subtlety of the English language. According to the play, fictitious Ernests are both earnest and not earnest at one and the same time—a paradox which the author makes the basis of his plot. The piece is certainly interesting from one point of view, and the audience on Monday evening found points of amusement which were probably never intended by the author. The dialogue is written in the flip-pant, epigrammatic style associated with this past master of left shoulder satire, which is regarded as an essential to "society" plays, and which certainly serves to tickle the ears of the proletariat while crediting "society" people with far greater acumen and mental nimbleness than they can be expected to possess. There are many smart lines which raise a laugh, sometimes at the expense of a conviction, and the plot is worked out with conceivable probability. The author relies more upon his literary polish and caustic wit than upon his situations. The revival is grateful to old play-goers as a sample of something which was a few years ago held to be essentially clever, but apart from its cleverness, the artificiality of the whole thing becomes more and more apparent as the years go by. The company selected by Mr. Monckton Hoffe has been carefully chosen, and the individual artistes are good in their respective parts. Mr. Hoffe himself is very successful as Algernon, and indicated the characteristics of the role with true artistic touch. Mr. H. Lane Bayliff, as the more sedate John Worthing, gives a contrasted study which finds equal acceptance. The Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax has a delightfully artistic representative in Miss Lydia Busch; Miss Lydia Hope, as Cicely Cordew, was quite hygienic; Miss Kate Osborne lost no opportunity to emphasise the desires of the society matrimonial aider and abettor; and Miss Amy Lloyd-Desmond was admirable as the "Old Maid," whose hope of marriage became something more than a fond wish. "A Breezy Morning," by Eden Philpotts, is played as a curtain raiser.

July 10, 1907

AN IRISH ANTHOLOGY.

The Golden Treasury of Irish Songs and Lyrics. Edited by Charles Welsh. 2 vols. New York: The Dodge Publishing Co. \$2.50.

"Few, but those roses"—Meleager's phrase to describe Sappho's poetry—should be the motto of every anthologist, but it must be admitted that a selection of Irish verse made in the spirit of Palgrave's or Quiller-Couch's work could be contained in a very slim volume. Few people realize how brief is the period open to an Irish anthologist. Meleager, when, in the first century B. C., he wove his "Garland" of Greek poets, could ransack nearly seven centuries for the flowers of Greek lyric. Palgrave, for his two volumes in the *Golden Treasury Series*, and Quiller-Couch for the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, ranged over six and a half centuries. The earliest poets in the volumes before us date from the close of the eighteenth century, the best of them from the middle of the nineteenth. From one century's work we cannot expect an anthology that would do Ireland justice.

Half a dozen collections of Irish poetry have already appeared, but none so comprehensive as Mr. Welsh's. The best of its predecessors was the "*Treasury of Irish Poetry*," by Brooke and Rolleston, published seven years ago. It is about half the size of the present work, and has distinct advantages of arrangement, the poets being placed in groups, chronologically. Mr. Welsh has arranged his poets in strictly alphabetical order. This is to ignore the historical interest that should be added to such a miscellaneous collection, and to obscure for the reader the successive phases of Irish poetry. For instance, the poets of the *Irish Nation*, who wrote patriotic verse hostile to England in the 'forties, should be grouped together. Isolated, they and their problems and grievances are almost unintelligible. The poets of *Young Ireland*, of whom Mr. Yeats is the central figure, are the hope of Irish poetry of the future. The effect of their movement is lost when they are separated by so many names that have little significance now, and will never retain their place by force of merit. At least one-third of the poems collected here are hardly removed from doggerel, or can only be classed with the thinnest of Tom Moore's.

It is to be observed that, while English anthologists do not scruple to include in their collections Irish poets such as Yeats or Goldsmith or Moore, Irish editors, whose need was greater as their field was more restricted, have shown a proper pride in ignoring all poets not of Irish birth. Mr. Welsh would have done well to go further than his predecessors and to resign to English collectors Oscar Wilde, whose five poems included here do not contain a single allusion to Irish interests, while one of them, "*Ave Imperatrix*," is a whole-hearted panegyric of England, a false note in pages so full of the griefs of the exile and the patriot. In strong contrast are his mother's (Lady Wilde's) passionate laments for Erin and reproaches against England.

The deepest roots of Irish as of Greek poetry are set in the national sagas, and it is from that fountain of legends of

Things done long ago and ill done,
that Irish poets must in the future draw their inspiration and allusions, if they are to count as more than imitators, like Wilde, of the English poetic tradition. That was perceived first by Ferguson and Mangan in the middle of the last century, and the poets of *Young Ireland* are but following their example. The pitfall of mysticism has been indicated to them so often by the critics that it will be sheer perversity on the part of Mr. Yeats and his friends if they let the "smoke of their dreams" obscure from all but a few mystics the essential beauty of their vision. Their task is to interpret those great sagas which most of us know so imperfectly, in such verse that they will become the common property of the world instead of being reserved for a few antiquaries and the moribund traditions of the very aged Irish. Homer and the Greek tragedians made out of the dim figures of the heroic saga, Helen, Achilles, Oedipus, and the rest, "forms more real than living man." That is what the poets who adore the Gaelic tradition must do for Cuchullin and Naisi and Deirdre, that Irish Helen whose precise story is still so vague to most educated readers. As it is, their names in beautiful verse give a slight shock as of a barbarism.

Mr. Welsh might have included more translations from the Irish. He omits that wonderful Aran ballad, "*The Grief of a Girl's Heart*," whose intensity, even in Lady Gregory's prose translation, makes nearly all the love-songs in these volumes seem thin and pale:

It is late last night the dog was speaking
of you; the snipe was speaking of you in
her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely
bird through the woods. It was on Sunday
I gave my love to you; the Sunday that is
last before Easter Sunday. And myself on
my knees reading the Passion; and my two
eyes giving love to you forever.

Simastha in Theocritus is not more passionate and outspoken. Mr. Welsh should have included also the translation of that "*Lament for Ireland*," which rises above so much of the Irish poetry of discouragement:

I do not know of anything under the sky
That is friendly or favorable to the Gael,
But only the sea that our need brings us to,
Or the wind that blows to the harbour
The ship that is bearing us away from Ireland;
And there is reason that these are reconciled
with us,

For we increase the sea with our tears,
And the wandering wind with our sighs.

How different is Irish from English poetic inspiration is shown on every page. England has never needed, like Ireland, and for a time Scotland, to sound the note of defiant grief or display a love of country deepened by a passionate pity for her sorrows. What one misses most in Irish poetry is the true Tyrtæan note. Even the fierce glee over the defeat of the English at Fontenoy, where the Irish fought on the French side—

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is
fought and won—

is still the brief triumph of the outlawed exile, and the griefs of exile, *dura fuga*, overpower the strain of victory. That impassioned love of a soil so often thankless, a true *mater severa*, is a thing that even Irish poets have wondered at:

'Tis as though her sons for that ungentle mother
Knew a mother's tenderness, felt a mother's
pains.

Ireland may yet have her school of nature

poets, but so far the love of country has overpowered the Wordsworthian delight in mere contemplation, just as the most passionate Irish love-songs are addressed, not to individuals, but to Dark Rosaleen, or the Rose of the World, or some other of the figures by which they signify Erin, the true love of all their longings.

Manchester Evening News July 27.

THE THEATRES.

Manchester Autumn Productions.

Though we are not yet out of July the autumn season at local theatres will open very shortly. As a matter of fact, a little more than a week separates us from the resumption of activities at the Royal and the Prince's. There are already indications that the season will be one of quite exceptional interest, and the number of "new and original" productions which are promised should whet all appetites, those of "first-night" audiences especially. The Royal makes a start with an interesting revival of Oscar Wilde's play, "The Ideal Husband,"

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After a closure of four weeks, which has been devoted to thoroughly cleansing and restoring the decorative features and upholstery, the Grand Theatre will re-open its doors on Monday next with that brilliant society play, by an equally brilliant author, Oscar Wilde to wit, entitled "Lady Windermere's Fan." This will be immediately followed by another play, by the same gifted pen, entitled "An Ideal Husband."

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"SALOME" IN PARIS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Tuesday Night.

Paris gave an extraordinary welcome last night to Dr. Richard Strauss and to his opera on Oscar Wilde's "Salome," sung in German by the best company of singers in Germany, and stage-managed by Dr. Löwenfeld, of the Stuttgart Theatre Royal. The President of the Republic, Mme. and Mdle. Fallières occupied a box, and "all Paris" filled the house. The old Châtelet had not seen such an audience for many an evening. Not to have been at "Salome" last night ruled a Parisian out of the Parisian smart set, and those who failed to get there are furiously making up for a lost opportunity by booking seats for the next performances. The offices of Mme. Astruc, who manages the undertaking, are crowded all day with people who consider it a favour to be allowed to buy tickets at large prices. Richard Strauss, for all his apparent detachment and the look which seems to say that he cares not a rap what the audience may think, must have been inwardly elated when the "Tout Paris" called him twelve times or so, with Frau Destinn and Herren Burrian and Feinhals, after the curtain. No composer has ever been a greater or more sudden "draw" in Paris before.

Honest critics who saw "Salome" once in Germany and could judge it on one hearing must be men of genius. Barring those, the best-trained ear cannot adequately "take in" and remember after a single performance the extraordinary music of Dr. Strauss's one-act, which plays in about an hour and three-quarters. One can but record impressions, some subtle, some picturesque, others haunting and terrible. The one that stands out foremost is that of the climax, fearful in the story and as fearful in the music. Herod, exasperated by Salome's dogged clamours for the head of Iokanaan, sends the ring which is the death-warrant to the executioner, standing with drawn scimitar, who steps down into the pit. Salome hesitates, then runs to the edge and looks down. No voice is heard, but the orchestra sounds a terrible, long-drawn murmur. Salome then sings low, watching, and the murmur of strange sounds, of which one feels one never heard the like before, goes on in the orchestra. It becomes gradually clearer and higher pitched. The strings bring in an amazing combination of sounds, not loud but fearfully strident. The feeling of tension and agonising suspense produced by the music is an effect of sheer genius. The strident strings work on the nerves till one thinks one can bear it no longer. A horrible and unearthly scream from the orchestra, and one knows the head has fallen. Note that the orchestra gives no crash or percussion, which would have been the obvious effect for an everyday dramatic composer. It plays on discreetly and with restraint throughout the scene, but works up in the hearer's mind a subtle terror. Salome receives the head, kisses the lips, and holds the salver aloft in triumph. The effect of the music changes to furious and gloating enthusiasm. Salome's long soliloquy is a marvellous page of music. It never drags for a moment or falls off once from wonderful characterisation. Salome, exulting horribly and railing horribly at the dead face, then filled with yearning and saying it in the words of the Song of Solomon, furious with desire and passionately despairing, is painted in every mood by the subtlest and most penetrating, varied, and powerful music. If critics continue to find no melody in Richard Strauss after Salome's monologue, their case is hopeless. Her moods are expressed in arresting themes, and her thirst of desire in a magnificent phrase. The end now comes swiftly. Herod peers out from beneath the cloak which has hidden his face, orders the lights to be put out, mounts to a tower, suddenly turns ordering Salome's death, and in a second the men-at-arms have crushed her under their huge shields.

From all that leads up to the great climax one retains many intense impressions. Perhaps, the first is given by the voice of John the Baptist rising in serene melody from the pit. Throughout the play afterwards the contrast between the holiness of Iokanaan, and the passion, the fever, and the fret of all around him, is dramatically kept up by the composer. Yet the scene between Iokanaan and Salome crying "I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan," remains less vividly in the memory than one would have expected. A second hearing might deepen the impression, but a first leaves one with the thought that Salome's perverse passion is less strongly told by the music than later. But the scene after the entrance of Herod cannot be forgotten. Herod's character, fretful, cruel, depraved, and fearful, is painted in the music of his speeches with marvellous intensity. The man lives at once when we have heard him for a moment. Another amazing impression is left by the quintet of the five disputing Jews, which is a masterpiece of part writing, a marvel of picturesque and humour, and a terror to singers. Herod has silenced the Jews, and asks Salome to dance. The speeches with which he wheedles her are musically admirable. The dance of the seven veils is already famous. One need hear its accompanying music only once never to forget the astonishing touches of fantastic and perverse voluptuousness with which it begins. Merely in the use of wood-winds which capriciously banter with curious fragments of themes, the composer shows an extraordinary imagination. After the dance comes one of his subtle touches. Herod has promised Salome whatever she may ask for. She says, softly, "I will have on a salver—," and is interrupted by Herod laughing and pleased, then, when he has done, adds, "the head of Iokanaan." She coos the words softly on a phrase which haunts one, rising to altissimo on the name "Iokanaan." The phrase remains in the ear as a marvellous expression of perverse and cruel desire. After that she repeats the words on different phrases, obstinate, angry, and, at last, fierce and furious, when Herod gives way, and the stupendous climax comes.

Paris has ratified the verdict that this is the greatest music drama since Wagner. Even a first impression, however inadequate, of so extraordinarily complex a score, is indelible. The music is essentially and perfectly dramatic. It keeps the ear constantly interested, and it is constantly developing and illuminating the story played on the stage. All one can say against it is that it is too full of ideas, too much crowded with meanings, and that a first hearing overwhelms and exhausts the hearer. The rendering last night cannot, I think, ever have been bettered. Frau Destinn, in spite of a rather unsuitable physique, is the real Salome, with all her passion and devilry, and her singing was magnificent. Herr Burrian's Herod is an even finer piece of acting, and he is an equally fine singer. He expresses the depraved weakness and the hideous humour of the character with marvellous intensity. Herr Feinhals's splendid voice chants magnificently the prophetic speeches of Iokanaan, but his make-up is rather stagey. Frau Sengern, of the Leipzig Stadtheater, an effective actress and singer, was Herodias. The tour de force of the Jews' quintet was accomplished by the chorus of one bass and four tenors with masterly dexterity. Under the leadership of Dr. Strauss, the orchestra, on which lies by far the heaviest burden of one of the most difficult scores ever written, played admirably. Mdle. Trouhanova, of the Monte Carlo Opera, who impersonated Salome for the dance, was absolutely the spirit of the music with intelligent art.

afternoon. The scene attending the execution may be described in the words of the eye-witness:

Long before the appointed hour (four p.m.) for the execution to take place thousands of Chinese Colonies. They are, however, enticed to the British position to the breaking-point, and that is just what they are doing.

All the Prime Ministers are keenly conscious that the tariff issue cannot be settled by a blind attack on the Free Trade pledges of the Home Government, and, in the Conference, blind attacks of any kind have been carefully avoided. This is seen by the fact that the doors of the Conference are shut, because Canada wished it, and Great Britain desired it, but was not insistent. The exact attitude of the Prime Ministers was realised by Mr. Lloyd-George, when he rather piteously told them that the issue could not be determined "by one party manœuvring the other into a false position." This is the British reading of the pressure of the Conference upon the British representatives to make them declare themselves fully. From a plain statement that the Colonies will give tariff advantages, with the distinct purpose of keeping the trade in Imperial channels, the Conference has come down to a careful hunt to find out what blocks the way in London. This is what Mr. Lloyd-George calls "manœuvring someone into a false position," the false position meaning making it plain that the resistance to the Colonial demands is against the interests of the Empire. The exact meaning of Dr. Jameson's resolution is to find out, by still another trial, which principle is at issue—Free Trade, or anti-Imperialism. "You say," he says, in effect, "that we cannot put on a duty to keep our trade within the Empire; what about dealing with such items on which there are already duties by way of a beginning?" Just why Sir Wilfrid Laurier should have intervened, and suggested that the main issue should be settled first, is by no means clear. There is for the moment no main issue at all. There is only a painstaking hunt for some ground, upon which all parties may stand. A settlement of the main issue can only be in one direction. The British Ministers have refused the Colonial offers now, because, in their haste, they refused them in the electorates of Great Britain at the last General Election. The haste with which Sir Wilfrid Laurier tries to swing the Conference back to a deadlock needs just a little explanation. One hesitates to suggest that it is in return for the favour of the closed doors, but why do it?

However, we are getting, step by step, to a determination of the crucial question put to the Imperial Ministers. The Colonies say: "We will give you an undoubted preference." The Imperial Ministers say they are thankful, but in return they can give nothing which will interfere with Free Trade principles. The Colonies understand this. None of them propose to interfere with their own principle of Protection. Now we come a step further on. Dr. Jameson's resolution reaffirms the pious hope of 1902, and goes further, and says: Deal with the situation where Free Trade principles are not in jeopardy. Let us have a preference on such items on which duties are imposed now. This means, either raise the present duties to the foreigner, leaving the Colonial products as at present, or lower them to Colonial products. This is a fair way round, and one which is not one-sided, as Mr. Lloyd-George's is. The suggestion is quite in keeping with the whole attitude of the Prime Ministers, and is in no sense hostile to the Imperial Ministers. It is in keeping with the whole procedure of the Conference, which has been not to discover antagonisms, but points of agreement. It also emphasises the strong desire of the Colonies that the plain issue of trade preference should be put to the test. Dr. Jameson's proposal covers a preference in Great Britain on wines and dried fruits. The carrying of the proposal would not give the Colonies anything like so much as they are seeking, but it would represent an advance on 1902, and that is what the Colonists ardently desire. Moreover, it would create a basis upon which the tariff issue could be discussed with a wider knowledge four years hence. If this step can be gained, very much is gained, and towards the gaining of this is the pressure of the Conference. The only harm that can be done will be by the Imperial Ministers looking upon the resolution, not as a painstaking searching after a mutual foundation, but as a manœuvring of them into a false position. When Mr. Lloyd-George talked that way he probably saw a little light breaking in, and was resentful instead of thankful.

Should this last resolution be refused, there need be no doubt whatever as to the false position which the Imperial Ministers are in. From a position in which they boldly stated that the Colonies made no offer, they will have come slowly down, step by step, to a refusal to give in return any offer, even an offer which does not interfere with Mr. Asquith's immutable principle. The painstaking way in which the Prime Ministers are searching out and eliminating objections shows their goodwill to Great Britain. There is no refusal to recognise the difficult position the Ministers are in, in view of the last General Election here. What they are asking is that the pain and passion of that time shall be forgotten. They had no hand in it, and no say in it, and when they come here, in 1907, frankly ignorant of what happened in 1906 in the electorates of Great Britain, they are quite within their rights, and show their good sense. They have approached the issue as if there had been no Tariff Reform upheaval in Great Britain, and they approach it on business lines. To Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd-George they answer, "If you cannot treat with us on the basis of new duties, will you treat with us on the basis where duties already exist?" Just according to the answer returned shall we know whether the Ministerial fear of Mr. Asquith's "Joss" is so great that they will not risk a test of any kind. The Colonies are not asking for much; they are pleading for a trial—any trial. Are the politics of Great Britain so hide-bound that this may not be?

KING AND THE PREMIERS.

The King will confer upon those Colonial Premiers not already members of the Privy Council the distinguished honour of admission to its roll. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Robert Bond already enjoy the prefix "Right Honourable," and the other Premiers will have attained the same status before they leave England. His Majesty has decided to hold a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace on Friday, and it is understood that Mr. Deakin, General Botha, Mr. Moor, Dr. Jameson, and Sir Joseph Ward will be sworn either on that occasion or soon afterwards.

THE QUEEN IN ATHENS.