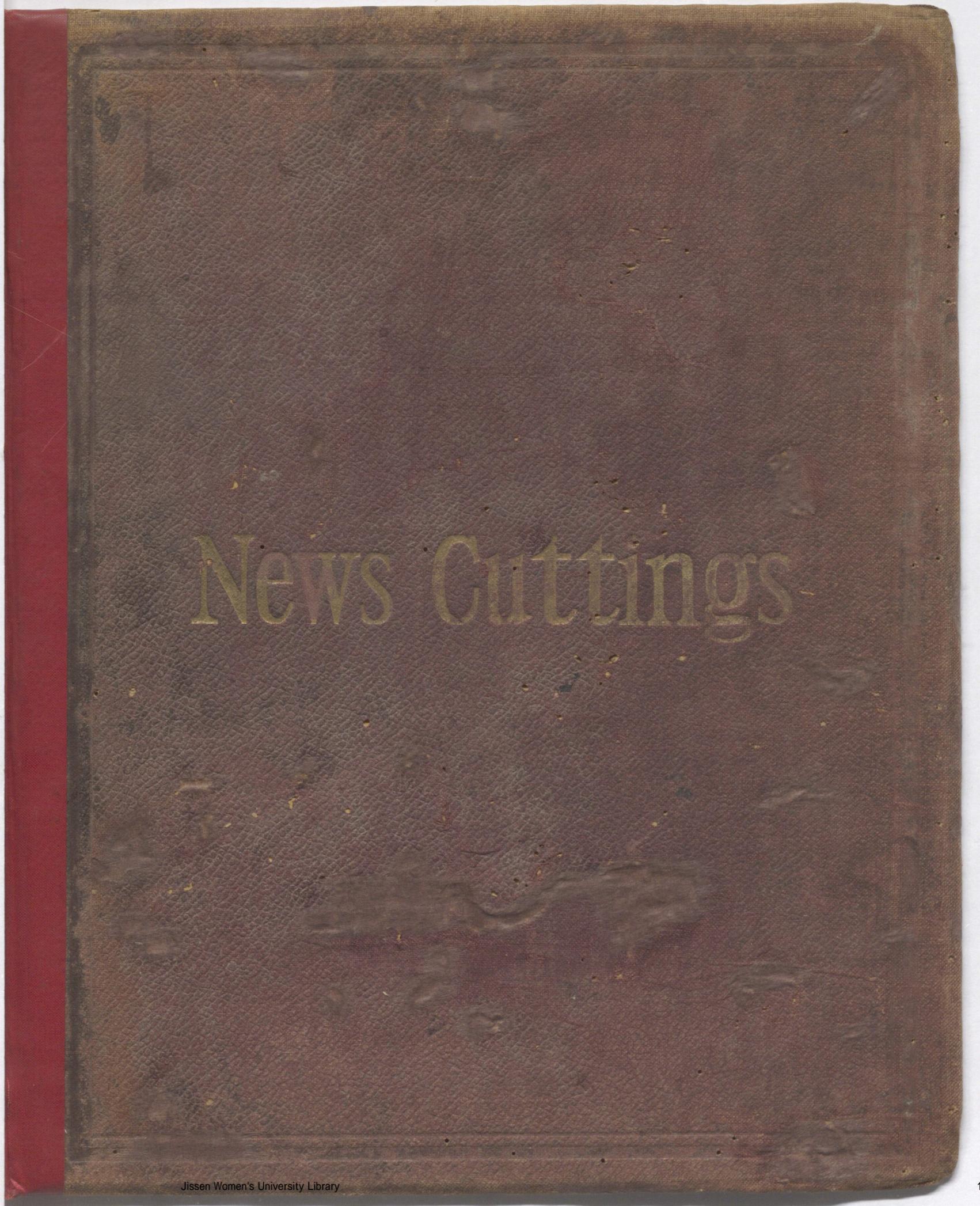
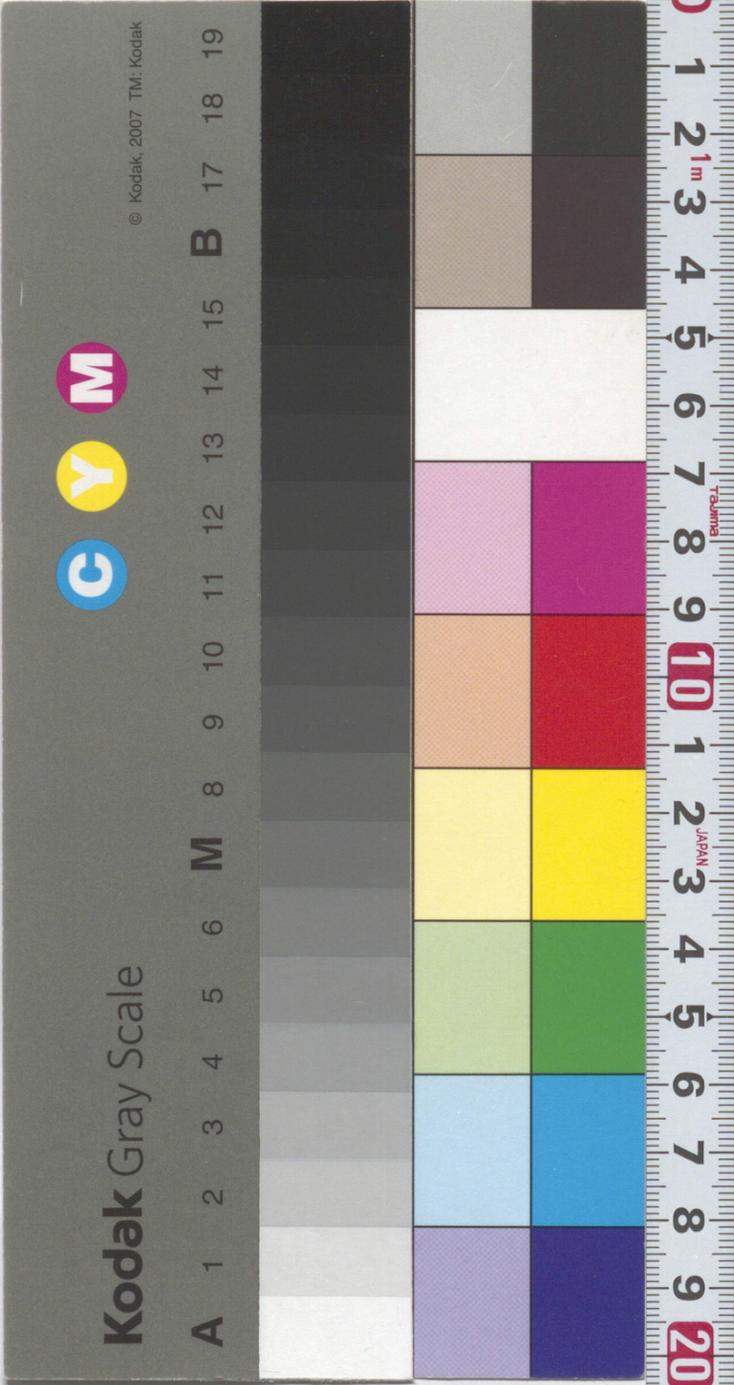


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Vol. **11**



11

OSCAR WILDE AND THE SOUL OF MAN.

"The Soul of Man under Socialism." By Oscar Wilde. With a Preface by Robert Ross. (Arthur L. Humphries.)

The thesis presented in the brilliant pamphlet before us has the characteristic touch of paradox that one expects from the writer. Briefly, it is that by Socialism alone can you get to real individualism. In the excellent preface, in which he reintroduces this essay, Mr. Robert Ross expresses a doubt whether Wilde preaches orthodox Socialism, and on the whole the doubt is well founded. For he conceives Socialism merely as a means of relief for the individual from the worries and anxieties of material existence, so that he may be free to realise himself and to cultivate his own personality. "What is needed," he tells us, "is individualism. If the Socialism is authoritarian, if there are Governments armed with economic, as they are now with political, power; if, in a word, we are to have Industrial Tyrannies, then the last state of man will be worse than the first." We are to get rid of property in the interests of the rich, because its possession to any large extent is practically in slavery. But, having abolished property and poverty, we are also to abolish government. "There is no such thing as governing mankind. All modes of government are failures. Despotism is unjust to everybody, including the despot, who was probably made for better things. Oligarchies are unjust to the many and ochlocracies are unjust to the few. High hopes were once formed of democracy, but democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people. . . . All authority is quite degrading; it degrades those who exercise it, and degrades those over whom it is exercised." The idea of everybody being supplied with food, clothing, shelter, and means for self-culture, without anybody being compelled to work or to submit to the discipline and organisation which attend production in the world as we know it, eludes the practical mind, but it has high poetic sanction:

In the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tillth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn or wine or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
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All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour.

Wilde's commonwealth is, like Gonzalo's, an allegory, with, possibly, the same touch of sarcasm in it. In a Utopian guise, it describes the kind of life which appealed to Wilde's temperament and imagination, and it is of no consequence that the background is purely fanciful. That life is artistic and hedonistic; at issue on all counts with what Carlyle called the gospel of labour or what Mr. Roosevelt calls the strenuous life. It is a life in which machinery does all the menial work, and Governments just look after the machinery, while the individual devotes himself to making beautiful things in which he takes pleasure. Let him think his own thoughts and go his own way, untrammelled by authority and undeterred by fear of punishment. Where there is no authority there will be no punishments, and this will be a gain of incalculable authority." Thus and thus alone we shall get an intense and artistic form of individualism, freely exercising its own gifts without reference to others and without reference from others. This individualism "does not come to the

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MR. JACOB EPSTEIN'S MONUMENT TO OSCAR WILDE.

THE deepest impression produced at the first sight of Mr. Epstein's monument to Oscar Wilde is the fact that it is intensely monumental in character and conception. This, at the outset, gives his work a distinction denied to most modern sculpture. He has carved a huge square block of stone and retained the feeling of its original character of a solid simple mass. Thus, with proper artistic instinct, he started with a sound basis for the evolution of his design. The monument is to be placed at the top of an incline in the cemetery of Père Lachaise in Paris. The visitor ascending the hill will not fail to be impressed by the dignity and simplicity of the monument standing superbly solid against the sky.

Cutting into the face of the stone Mr. Epstein has carved out a design of surprising force and eloquence, the more effective for its restraint. The huge stone—which weighed some twenty-five tons—square and imposing, is erected on a simple base bearing the words "Oscar Wilde." In refinement of art and originality of conception the design is a fitting tribute to the brilliant genius it commemorates. The idea embodied seems to be in some way the revelation of an intuitive and sympathetic understanding of the mind and psychology of the poet. This is quite unintentional; were it deliberate it would be inartistic. But what is symbolical or philosophic in the subconscious intentions of the sculptor is, in evidence, entirely subsidiary to the decorative functions. To the ultra-moderns, who do not tolerate sentiment of any kind in a work of art, feeling appears a weakness. But a design which evokes or displays no sentiment is nothing more than geometrical and, fundamentally, is hardly possible. In any case, to deprive a work of its sentiment, to withdraw its function of expressing and communicating emotion, is to reduce it to a level of a handicraft—a mere capacity for inventing a pattern.

Mr. Epstein has taken the form of an angel—a winged messenger—to serve his purpose. The figure, seen in profile, is placed right across the front of the stone in sufficient relief to keep the figure wholly plastic and at the same time integral with the mass of the stone. The height of the relief varies in parts producing an effective though subtle variety of shadow and colour. The line of the wings forms the top line of the stone, straight, unbroken, powerful. To the right it curves down with a fine curve continuous with the line of the body which is in effective opposition to the vertical line of the right edge of the stone where it is cut away below the figure. The body lies beneath the wings with the legs bent; the arms extended along the body and contiguous with the wings.

The figure is not the less plastic, not the less sensitive for being treated in an austere decorative manner in keeping with the character of the monument. The face of the angel, sphinx-like in its impenetrable sadness and scornfulness, bears some resemblance to the face of the poet, which, though unintentional, was perhaps inevitable, the sculptor's mind, at work, being concentrated and merged for the moment in the feeling and mental atmosphere of his subject. Seen from the right the face looks out on to the spectator. It bears a helmet or head-dress ornamented in front with a beautiful design of an angel blowing a clarion, and above, curious decorative figures symbolic of Pride, Luxury, and Revolt.

It is seldom that one has the satisfaction of seeing a work of so consistent an excellence in all its parts. In the case of such a work where the relationship of part to part and to the whole is so exact as to produce a fine harmony, the impression conveyed is one of absolute repose. The work is apt on this account to fail to arouse appreciation except in the trained and enlightened mind. There is no irregularity, no bizarrerie, no display of technical cleverness to attract the uneducated eye or delight the vulgar mind. A work of art as great as Mr. Epstein's monument produces a self-forgetfulness, a state of personal unconsciousness, in the beholder. Personal feelings are lost in the universal. There arise no thoughts of the cleverness of the artist, no criticism, and at first no appreciation obtrudes. The mind is absorbed by the thing itself. And any effort to examine the means and method of its production is a deliberate and self-conscious one. Beyond the monumental nature of the work which makes the immediate general impression the admirable subjection of the artist's mind and hand to the essential character of the work which he had to execute becomes apparent.

The restraint of the handling is not more remarkable than the harmonious balance of the parts. The direction of line, the disposition of masses, the treatment of detail, have a certain quality of being inevitable, that one feels that nothing in the complete harmony could be other than it is. The treatment of the wings is very original and shows a fine sense of fitness. They are composed of sculptural feathers which run right across the monument. The long parallel lines which are very effective are broken above the shoulder by two curved lines which, representing shorter feathers, form supplementary curves to the line of the figure. The whole arrangement is rhythmic, simple, and original.

The result more than justifies the Committee, who are to be congratulated on the wisdom of their choice. It is so seldom that work of this kind is entrusted to the right hands. The choice of Mr. Epstein was almost an inevitable one. Sculptors who can produce work of this quality are rare.

The annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society was held at Surrey House, 7 Marble Arch, through the kindness of Lady Battersea, from March 11 to 13. There was a loan collection of various objets d'art and Stuart engravings in addition to the works of members of the Society. The object of the exhibition was a charitable one.

J. B. M.

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Mr. Ross says in his introduction that "the intellectual affinity between Nietzsche, whom Wilde never read, and the philosophy of this essay will be obvious to all students of the great German thinker." True, but it is due to Wilde to say that he is a more moderate and more amiable Nietzsche. His individualist, artistic egoist, is less frightening than the fierce overbearing superman of Nietzsche, and perhaps for that reason the more perilous and seductive. After all, one cannot get away from the thought that the primrose path may still lead to the everlasting bonfire, even though it is pursued by artists in a state which has banished poverty and conquered disease. While human nature remains what it is, the idea of a community in which men will act without reference to their neighbours or interference from them can scarcely even be thought. Yet this essay is brilliantly written, and it does in a remarkable way anticipate a good deal that has been presented to us in the subsequent years as the original thinking of advanced moderns. We find in it the "science of the future," the criticism of the "slave morality," the belief in transforming life by ingenious inventions, the claim of the individual to be the sole arbiter of his own conduct, the notion that the family is a transitory institution, and other things that are the stock-in-trade of the most admired innovators in these times. But for all his acute criticism of current stupidity, Wilde does not convince us that "the soul of man" will really be discovered by this road, and we put down this book with a lingering hope that the "New Hellenism" may still be balanced by a little of the old Hebraism.

I can only refer you to the programme to be obtained, price sixpence, at the theatre—a delightful document, that grows positively romantic in the hand as one proceeds from generation to generation in one's recognition of relationships; a novel theatrical pleasure, just as it is a novel scenic appeal made by the drawing-room, which never changes, but is changed with fashion's transforming hand. The authors have been very wisely simple, and each of their stories has therefore its separate fragrance; I can find no fault with the whole, save that the first opening might be a little less hesitating and the final curtain fall a moment or two sooner. If we give credit to Mr. Knoblauch, who wrote *Kismet*, for the scenario and for the ingenious discovery that in 1860 iron ships were to wood ships what in 1885 steel ships were to iron ships, we may go on perhaps to give credit to Mr. Bennett, who is rapidly gaining mastery in the theatre, for the delicacy of dialogue and sympathy of characterisation. It is then indispensable that we go further, and give credit to Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie for some of the best acting of recent times. Nothing but limitations of space could possibly restrain me from speaking in high praise, and in fuller detail, of the performances of Mr. Eadie, of Miss Haidee Wright, and especially of Miss Mary Jerrold. Such a play is something of a picnic for the actors: it is not every evening that they get an opportunity of showing what they can do with three out of man's seven ages. P. P. H.

THE SITUATION IN THE NEAR EAST.*

Special Interview of a Correspondent of the "Christian Science Monitor" with the Minister for War in Constantinople, Mahmud Shevket Pasha.)

TO the average person who has followed the events in Turkey during the last three and a half years, Mahmud Shevket Pasha, the present Minister for War, is one of the most interesting of the Cabinet Ministers. Mahmud Shevket Pasha the indefatigable he might be legitimately styled, for he seems to be unceasingly at work. Early in the morning he is to be seen at his desk, and on Fridays, the Muhamadan Sunday, as well. As a matter of fact the Minister for War sleeps at the War Office at the Sublime Porte and goes to his home but once a week. An old soldier who has spent his life in the service, Mahmud Shevket Pasha led the army corps which occupied Constantinople during the revolution, and deposed Abdul Hamid. It was an hour of great responsibility and of great personal danger, and in it the General succeeded in winning the confidence of the troops, which he has retained in perhaps the greatest difficulties which have since faced him in the War

* The exclusive use of these articles in this country has been courteously placed at the disposal of THE OUTLOOK. For the benefit of many of our readers, we may explain that the *Christian Science Monitor* is a large daily newspaper, published in Boston and dealing almost exclusively with the general events of the day. It has given special attention to affairs in the Near East.

on terms of intimacy with those most remote of all strangers, his parents.

It is a family comedy. Who has not sat in the parental drawing-room and wondered, with an amused if slightly bored tolerance, at the queer fish that swim in to these common waters? An uncle maybe, in clothes behind the fashion, who has married his typist, and who may or may not have discredited himself in other ways, and thus fallen behind in the race, sits with disconsolate geniality balancing a tea-cup. Cousin Nancy is there, the typist, obviously unattractive to one's dear mother, now soon to be Lady Rhead, and positively abhorrent to one's ineffectual and rather passionate middle-aged Aunt Gertrude. In 1885 the drawing-room of her parents' house in Kensington Gore presented this sort of aquarium-like appearance to Emily, who was a modern young lady, hating to read William Black and longing to read Ouida, and more than half in love with young Preece, a brilliant mechanic in her father's works and a disciple of Morris. A thoroughly advanced and consequently rather intolerant young lady! How much more tolerant would she have been, how much more romantic in her eyes the denizens of the drawing-room, could she have seen the same room in 1860, as we have just seen it! Her stodgy father, now to be made a baronet for his services to shipbuilding and to give ten thousand pounds to the party funds, was then a brisk young idealist, wooing pretty, gentle Rose Sibley in face of the disapproval of her terrible brother Samuel, who had a contemptuous distrust of all young idealists in business. Uncle Sam, balancing his tea-cup, *he* ever a terrible young man!—but then Emily did not know him in those days, as we did, and can never know. Can she ever know that poor Aunt Gertrude was a fine-spirited young woman like herself, who rose splendidly once in her wrath and threw her engagement ring back at the prosperous Samuel rather than that he should treat her, and Rose, as women only who did not matter? No, not as we can, who saw her then: not though Aunt Gertrude speaks of it to Emily, passionately, tenderly, rather than let her own tragedy repeat itself; for Emily is in danger of missing happiness also, if she let her young mechanic go and take

has given the impression that at least he was a consenting party after the act. He has more than once gone out of his way to minimise the Italian military excesses and to express his continued friendliness with Italy in spite of these, of the flagrant breach of the public peace, and of the general Islamic disturbance—and now, it appears, in spite also of his initial disapproval. He has certainly rendered notable service to Italy throughout the war by maintaining Egypt's neutrality and hindering Turkish reinforcements from reaching Cyrenaica by land from Syria. He has been applauded by every Tory newspaper for his policy of connivance in the affair.

It was therefore not on any "wild rumour" that I based my opinion, but on grounds which still seem to me to need a great deal of very difficult explaining. All the same, I congratulate Sir Edward Grey on his courage now, however late in the day, in avowing his disapproval of the raid at whatever cost to his diplomatic reputation with the Opposition Front Bench in the House of Commons; and I am glad to be able to indulge a hope that, taken in connexion with Mr. Churchill's valorous speech about the Mediterranean, it indicates that our Government is at last preparing to put its foot down and take the steps necessary to make the Italian nation understand that there are limits to English complaisance, and that their illegalities must be put a stop to and public order restored.—Yours faithfully,

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[There seems to us to be a great many intelligible explanations of Sir Edward Grey's attitude besides that which Mr. Blunt adopts.—Ed. W.G.]

HEREDITARY CHARACTER.

To the EDITOR of THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.
Sir,—Every publicist knows how easy it is by ripping a couple of sentences from their context to make them bear any extravagant meaning that he likes to thrust on them. A writer in Saturday's *Westminster Gazette* who glances at one of the essays in my recently published book "Life's Great Adventure," which, by the way, is not a philosophical treatise on heredity and education, but a collection of essays where these, among many other subjects, are lightly touched on, insinuates that I advocate that a parent's discovery of hereditary virtues and vices should be made the groundwork for education. Had I only a little more Scotch blood in my veins, or a little less politeness in my nature, I should be tempted to ejaculate, "The mon's a fule!" So much remains to be discovered before this happens that the mere suggestion to-day is preposterous. But that is no reason why parents should not be encouraged to collect valuable knowledge on the question, which, placed at the disposal of those who are in a position to utilise it properly, will in course of time materially alter our present system of education, which, I take it, every sane person agrees is capable of much strengthening and improvement.

When this particular essay was written, an interesting correspondence was forward in several papers, notably in the *Westminster Gazette*, criticising public school education. It was noticeable that there was a strong tendency to throw the whole blame for all defects on the school, as though the home had but a very small part to take in modern education. Yet it must play a bigger part, if character in truth be more than intellectual requirements, an obvious fact that in my opinion, who am a parent and not a schoolmaster, is too often overlooked.

Also, about the same time, the inspirer and the writer of this essay had before them some rather remarkable instances of similarity of character between first cousins and common grandparents. In no case had the grandparent been able to exert personal influence on the children. This similarity was most remarkable in childhood, say between the ages of eight and fourteen; and it was shown how when environment was very similar though not identical it persisted in later life; whereas with a different environment it disappeared, at least superficially, though under emotional stress it would recur, showing it was still present. The field of cousinship is worthy of careful investigation, and though naturally more difficult of access than the Home Close, may yet yield even richer fruit.

Now, to hunch the shoulders and sneer is the favourite pose of ignorance when it assumes the air of superior wisdom. My friend Epicurus has not learned any "secrets of heredity which are hidden from the world at large," as the writer of your paragraph contemptuously surmises, but he is evidently better-informed than his critic, who appears to think that nothing definite is known of the influence of heredity on character. As many of your readers are interested in this and cognate subjects, about which they will hear a good deal before this month of July is finished, I would refer them to the current issue of the *Eugenics Review*, where they will find an instructive article by Professor Burt, of the Liverpool University, on "The Inheritance of Mental Characters," from which I will only quote the following words, taken from his conclusion:

"Among individuals, mental capacities are inherited. Of this the evidence is conclusive. . . . The fact of mental inheritance can no longer be contested and its importance can scarcely be over-estimated."—I am, your obedient servant,
London, July 22.

FRANCIS STOPPORD.

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SIR,—Every publicist knows how easy it is by ripping a couple of sentences from their context to make them bear any extravagant meaning that he likes to thrust on them. A writer in Saturday's *Westminster Gazette* who glances at one of the essays in my recently published book "Life's Great Adventure," which, by the way, is not a philosophical treatise on heredity and education, but a collection of essays where these, among many other subjects, are lightly touched on, insinuates that I advocate that a parent's discovery of hereditary virtues and vices should be made the groundwork for education. Had I only a little more Scotch blood in my veins, or a little less politeness in my nature, I should be tempted to ejaculate, "The mon's a fule!" So much remains to be discovered before this happens that the mere suggestion to-day is preposterous. But that is no reason why parents should not be encouraged to collect valuable knowledge on the question, which, placed at the disposal of those who are in a position to utilise it properly, will in course of time materially alter our present system of education, which, I take it, every sane person agrees is capable of much strengthening and improvement.

When this particular essay was written, an interesting correspondence was forward in several papers, notably in the *Westminster Gazette*, criticising public school education. It was noticeable that there was a strong tendency to throw the whole blame for all defects on the school, as though the home had but a very small part to take in modern education. Yet it must play a bigger part, if character in truth be more than intellectual acquirements, an obvious fact that in my opinion, who am a parent and not a schoolmaster, is too often overlooked.

Also, about the same time, the inspirer and the writer of this essay had before them some rather remarkable instances of similarity of character between first cousins and common grandparents. In no case had the grandparent been able to exert personal influence on the children. This similarity was most remarkable in childhood, say between the ages of eight and fourteen; and it was shown how when environment was very similar though not identical it persisted in later life; whereas with a different environment it disappeared, at least superficially, though under emotional stress it would recur, showing it was still present. The field of cousinship is worthy of careful investigation, and though naturally more difficult of access than the Home Close, may yet yield even richer fruit.

Now, to hunch the shoulders and sneer is the favourite pose of ignorance when it assumes the air of superior wisdom. My friend Epicurus has not learned any "secrets of heredity which are hidden from the world at large," as the writer of your paragraph contemptuously surmises, but he is evidently better-informed than his critic, who appears to think that nothing definite is known of the influence of heredity on character. As many of your readers are interested in this and cognate subjects, about which they will hear a good deal before this month of July is finished, I would refer them to the current issue of the *Eugenics Review*, where they will find an instructive article by Professor Burt, of the Liverpool University, on "The Inheritance of Mental Characters," from which I will only quote the following words, taken from his conclusion:

"Among individuals, mental capacities are inherited. Of this the evidence is conclusive. . . . The fact of mental inheritance can no longer be contested and its importance can scarcely be overestimated."—I am, your obedient servant,

London, July 22.

FRANCIS STOPFORD.

TELEPHONE CITY 4968.

For

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MR. JACOB EPSTEIN'S MONUMENT TO OSCAR WILDE.

THE deepest impression produced at the first sight of Mr. Epstein's monument to Oscar Wilde is the fact that it is intensely monumental in character and works and a disciple of Morris. A thoroughly advanced and love with young Preece, a brilliant mechanic in her father's Black and long to read Ouida, and more than half in who was a modern young lady, hating to read William presented this sort of aquarium-like appearance to Emily, drawing-room of her parents' house in Kensington Gore rather passionate middle-aged Aunt Gertrude. In 1885 the Rhead, and positively abhorrent to one's ineffectual and unattractive to one's dear mother, now soon to be Lady a tea-cup. Cousin Nancy is there, the typist, obviously behind in the race, sits with miscomproportionate bearing not have discredited himself in other ways, and thus fallen fashion, who has married his typist, and who may or may common waters: An uncle maybe, in clothes behind the

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THE deepest impression produced at the first sight of Mr. Epstein's monument to Oscar Wilde is the fact that it is intensely monumental in character and conception. This, at the outset, gives his work a distinction denied to most modern sculpture. He has carved a huge square block of stone and retained the feeling of its original character of a solid simple mass. Thus, with proper artistic instinct, he started with a sound basis for the evolution of his design. The monument is to be placed at the top of an incline in the cemetery of Père Lachaise in Paris. The visitor ascending the hill will not fail to be impressed by the dignity and simplicity of the monument standing superbly solid against the sky.

Cutting into the face of the stone Mr. Epstein has carved out a design of surprising force and eloquence, the more effective for its restraint. The huge stone—which weighed some twenty-five tons—square and imposing, is erected on a simple base bearing the words "Oscar Wilde." In refinement of art and originality of conception the design is a fitting tribute to the brilliant genius it commemorates. The idea embodied seems to be in some way the revelation of an intuitive and sympathetic understanding of the mind and psychology of the poet. This is quite unintentional; were it deliberate it would be inartistic. But what is symbolical or philosophic in the subconscious intentions of the sculptor is, in evidence, entirely subsidiary to the decorative functions. To the ultra-moderns, who do not tolerate sentiment of any kind in a work of art, feeling appears a weakness. But a design which evokes or displays no sentiment is nothing more than geometrical and, fundamentally, is hardly possible. In any case, to deprive a work of its sentiment, to withdraw its function of expressing and communicating emotion, is to reduce it to a level of a handicraft—a mere capacity for inventing a pattern.

Mr. Epstein has taken the form of an angel—a winged messenger—to serve his purpose. The figure, seen in profile, is placed right across the front of the stone in sufficient relief to keep the figure wholly plastic and at the same time integral with the mass of the stone. The height of the relief varies in parts producing an effective though subtle variety of shadow and colour. The line of the wings forms the top line of the stone, straight, unbroken, powerful. To the right it curves down with a fine curve continuous with the line of the body which is in effective opposition to the vertical line of the right edge of the stone where it is cut away below the figure. The body lies beneath the wings with the legs bent; the arms extended along the body and contiguous with the wings.

The figure is not the less plastic, not the less sensitive for being treated in an austere decorative manner in keeping with the character of the monument. The face of the angel, sphinx-like in its impenetrable sadness and scornfulness, bears some resemblance to the face of the poet, which, though unintentional, was perhaps inevitable, the sculptor's mind, at work, being concentrated and merged for the moment in the feeling and mental atmosphere of his subject. Seen from the right the face looks out on to the spectator. It bears a helmet or head-dress ornamented in front with a beautiful design of an angel blowing a clarion, and above, curious decorative figures symbolic of Pride, Luxury, and Revolt.

It is seldom that one has the satisfaction of seeing a work of so consistent an excellence in all its parts. In the case of such a work where the relationship of part to part and to the whole is so exact as to produce a fine harmony, the impression conveyed is one of absolute repose. The work is apt on this account to fail to arouse appreciation except in the trained and enlightened mind. There is no irregularity, no bizarrerie, no display of technical cleverness to attract the uneducated eye or delight the vulgar mind. A work of art as great as Mr. Epstein's monument produces a self-forgetfulness, a state of personal unconsciousness, in the beholder. Personal feelings are lost in the universal. There arise no thoughts of the cleverness of the artist, no criticism, and at first no appreciation obtrudes. The mind is absorbed by the thing itself. And any effort to examine the means and method of its production is a deliberate and self-conscious one. Beyond the monumental nature of the work which makes the immediate general impression the admirable subjection of the artist's mind and hand to the essential character of the work which he had to execute becomes apparent.

The restraint of the handling is not more remarkable than the harmonious balance of the parts. The direction of line, the disposition of masses, the treatment of detail, have a certain quality of being inevitable, that one feels that nothing in the complete harmony could be other than it is. The treatment of the wings is very original and shows a fine sense of fitness. They are composed of sculptural feathers which run right across the monument. The long parallel lines which are very effective are broken above the shoulder by two curved lines which, representing shorter feathers, form supplementary curves to the line of the figure. The whole arrangement is rhythmic, simple, and original.

The result more than justifies the Committee, who are to be congratulated on the wisdom of their choice. It is so seldom that work of this kind is entrusted to the right hands. The choice of Mr. Epstein was almost an inevitable one. Sculptors who can produce work of this quality are rare.

The annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society was held at Surrey House, 7 Marble Arch, through the kindness of Lady Battersea, from March 11 to 13. There was a loan collection of various objets d'art and Stuart engravings in addition to the works of members of the Society. The object of the exhibition was a charitable one.

I can only refer you to the programme to be obtained, price sixpence, at the theatre—a delightful document, that grows positively romantic in the hand as one proceeds from generation to generation in one's recognition of relationships; a novel theatrical pleasure, just as it is a novel scenic appeal made by the drawing-room, which never changes, but is changed with fashion's transforming hand. The authors have been very wisely simple, and each of their stories has therefore its separate fragrance; I can find no fault with the whole, save that the first opening might be a little less hesitating and the final curtain fall a moment or two sooner. If we give credit to Mr. Knoblauch, who wrote *Kismet*, for the scenario and for the ingenious discovery that in 1860 iron ships were to wood ships what in 1885 steel ships were to iron ships, we may go on perhaps to give credit to Mr. Bennett, who is rapidly gaining mastery in the theatre, for the delicacy of dialogue and sympathy of characterisation. It is then indispensable that we go further, and give credit to Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie for some of the best acting of recent times. Nothing but limitations of space could possibly restrain me from speaking in high praise, and in fuller detail, of the performances of Mr. Eadie, of Miss Haidee Wright, and especially of Miss Mary Jerrold. Such a play is something of a picnic for the actors: it is not every evening that they get an opportunity of showing what they can do with three out of man's seven ages. P. P. H.

THE SITUATION IN THE NEAR EAST.*

(Special Interview of a Correspondent of the "Christian Science Monitor" with the Minister for War in Constantinople, Mahmud Shevket Pasha.)

TO the average person who has followed the events in Turkey during the last three and a half years, Mahmud Shevket Pasha, the present Minister for War, is one of the most interesting of the Cabinet Ministers. Mahmud Shevket Pasha the indefatigable he might be legitimately styled, for he seems to be unceasingly at work. Early in the morning he is to be seen at his desk, and on Fridays, the Muhamadan Sunday, as well. As a matter of fact the Minister for War sleeps at the War Office at the Sublime Porte and goes to his home but once a week. An old soldier who has spent his life in the service, Mahmud Shevket Pasha led the army corps which occupied Constantinople during the revolution, and deposed Abdul Hamid. It was an hour of great responsibility and of great personal danger, and in it the General succeeded in winning the confidence of the troops, which he has retained in perhaps the greatest difficulties which have since faced him in the War

* The exclusive use of these articles in this country has been courteously placed at the disposal of THE OUTLOOK. For the benefit of many of our readers, we may explain that the *Christian Science Monitor* is a large daily newspaper, published in Boston and dealing almost exclusively with the general events of the day. It has given special attention to affairs in the Near East.

on terms of intimacy with those most remote of all strangers, his parents.

It is a family comedy. Who has not sat in the parental drawing-room and wondered, with an amused if slightly bored tolerance, at the queer fish that swim in to these common waters? An uncle maybe, in clothes behind the fashion, who has married his typist, and who may or may not have discredited himself in other ways, and thus fallen behind in the race, sits with disconsolate geniality balancing a tea-cup. Cousin Nancy is there, the typist, obviously unattractive to one's dear mother, now soon to be Lady Rhead, and positively abhorrent to one's ineffectual and rather passionate middle-aged Aunt Gertrude. In 1885 the drawing-room of her parents' house in Kensington Gore presented this sort of aquarium-like appearance to Emily, who was a modern young lady, hating to read William Black and longing to read Ouida, and more than half in love with young Preece, a brilliant mechanic in her father's works and a disciple of Morris. A thoroughly advanced and consequently rather intolerant young lady! How much more tolerant would she have been, how much more romantic in her eyes the denizens of the drawing-room, could she have seen the same room in 1860, as we have just seen it! Her stodgy father, now to be made a baronet for his services to shipbuilding and to give ten thousand pounds to the party funds, was then a brisk young idealist, wooing pretty, gentle Rose Sibley in face of the disapproval of her terrible brother Samuel, who had a contemptuous distrust of all young idealists in business. Uncle Sam, balancing his tea-cup, *he* ever a terrible young man!—but then Emily did not know him in those days, as we did, and can never know. Can she ever know that poor Aunt Gertrude was a fine-spirited young woman like herself, who rose splendidly once in her wrath and threw her engagement ring back at the prosperous Samuel rather than that he should treat her, and Rose, as women only who did not matter? No, not as we can, who saw her then: not though Aunt Gertrude speaks of it to Emily, passionately, tenderly, rather than let her own tragedy repeat itself; for Emily is in danger of missing happiness also, if she let her young mechanic go and take

1

The attempt made lately to vindicate the character of Richard III. would almost make one reiterate Pilate's sarcasm. What is truth? Well, for a start, William Tell was largely a myth; Coriolanus's mother never interceded with him on behalf of Rome; Elondel did not sing his way to the prison of Richard I.; Rosamond was not poisoned by Queen Eleanor, but died at Godstow convent; if Homer's account of the siege of Troy is correct, Helen must have been sixty years of age when Paris fell in love with her; the Spartans, at Thermopylae, numbered not 300, but 7,000; the Abbe Edgeworth, at the execution of Louis XVI., did not exclaim, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!"; the French soldiers did not dance with the Turkish women in the sanctuary of Sancta Sophia, at Constantinople. And after all that, Wilde talked about "The Decay of Lying"!

Aberdeen Free Press.

I naturally was interested to find out which of the British authors and playwrights met with most favour in the Fatherland, and I was glad to see that the love for Shakespeare was as great as ever. Dickens is still a great favourite with Germans, young and old, Stevenson probably coming next (a play founded on "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde" is being performed in many German towns

just now), being followed by Conan Doyle, an Maclaren, and—Oscar Wilde! There is, generally speaking, no doubt whatever that the average German, I mean of the intelligent, cultured classes, is most desirous of a better and friendly understanding with Great Britain. English literature and art—even music—are highly appreciated everywhere, the political liberty of Great Britain, as evidenced in freedom of speech and press, is looked at with longing eyes, and her colonising and naval successes are greatly admired and held up as examples of what the Germans might do in these departments, if they were conducted on the same broad, intelligent lines as in this country. Even the Social Democrats are never ceasing to taunt the German Government with their failures in not accomplishing the same work as the British Government has been enabled to do. Taking a broad view of things, I certainly think that everything is tending towards a better and more lasting understanding between the two great Teutonic nations, and I have little fear that a very distinct entente cordiale—pity there is no good English expression for this phrase—may soon be established and may lead to good, beneficent results for both nations.
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As on the opening night the late arrivals were a source of great annoyance, and caused a series of interruptions till quite ten o'clock, the Company commenced their productions with commendable promptitude at 9-30 p.m., and it is a great pity that the large majority of the audience, who arrive in time, should be put to inconvenience because of the action of certain late comers who seem to consider it the fashion to put in an appearance after the play has well started. The noise created must also seriously handicap the members of the Company.

There is very little out of the ordinary in the story. A woman makes a false step, leaves her home, husband and infant daughter in a moment of madness. The child grows up into a beautiful woman, marries the man of her heart. About this time her mother appears on the scene, that is, twenty years after, having discovered that her daughter had married well. She poses as a young woman, and forces her way into Society through her son-in-law, whom she has been blackmailing. She is the talk of the town, and a friend of her daughter's husband, who is himself in love with the young wife, tells her that her husband is false to her, and persuades her to elope with him. The mother accidentally discovers the true state of affairs, and saves her child from the fatal step she is about to take. In doing so, she compromises her own reputation. In the end the wife and husband are reconciled.

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The Coroner: Why do you meet through in four days ago at Royal-parade.
your father?—I do not know. I last saw M
The Coroner (Mr. Luxmoore Drew): Where
le body was not that of his father.
Historic's clerk, said he was certain that
ressed for an answer, stated that he was a
The other brother, Vernon Thomas, who,
n Tuesday.
a Sunday in the infirmary, where he died
 Sidney Thomas said he last saw his father
washed, Fulham, was their father.
van Thomas, 72, dyer and cleaner, of
ay disagreed as to whether the deceased
Two brothers at a Fulham inquest yester-

**BROTHERS.
CONFLICTING EVIDENCE OF TWO
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I seemed to hear of these great events and read of them in the newspapers as one in a dream. . . . My real world was a dream-world, a cloister, or quiet green garden.

It is typical that though he was sent, when learning wood-engraving under Linton, to Thackeray's house on some message connected with the "Cornhill," he says simply and almost casually of the visit that "I have no recollection of ever having seen him in the flesh." His art was his life, and he seldom went outside it.

One or two curious facts emerge: perhaps the most unexpected of all is the statement that Oscar Wilde once edited "Little Folks"! Another diverting thing is that Mr. Gilbert asked Mr. Crane, a strong supporter of the "greenery-gallery Grosvenor Gallery" school, to suggest costumes and scenery for "Patience." There is a very typical letter, too long to quote, from Stevenson, about a book-illustration; Mr. Crane's naive comment on Stevenson's "impatience" is so worded as to recall the doctrine of the brothers Jagnal, in "The Golden Butterfly"—"art must not be forced." There are interesting descriptions of the technique of the work for Mr. Evans and Linton, and of the ephemeral "Kerographic" process; but recent lives of Kate Greenaway and Birket Foster are fuller on these points. A distinct snub by Whistler is modestly related: Mr. Crane had met Whistler once, and on a second occasion said so, by way of introduction:

But he was not at all inclined to be friendly, and only said, drily, "Very likely"—and we didn't get any further.

The book is full of sketches, and has many reproductions of the author's pictures. But the best commentary on it and on Mr. Crane's life is a story he tells:

A stevedore visited the Whitechapel loan collection at Toynbee Hall, where the picture ["The Bridge of Life"] then was, and said, "I wish I hadn't come here; my house'll seem a deal more squalid and dreary now that I have seen a picture like this."

Art, beauty, the lighting-up of dreary and squalid places—those are the ideals which this quiet, sincere volume shows on every page.

"An Artist's Reminiscences." By Walter Crane. London: Methuen. 18s. net.

Sporting Sketches

SEPTEMBER 19, 1907

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Aberdeen Free Press.

I naturally was interested to find out which of the British authors and playwrights met with most favour in the Fatherland, and I was glad to see that the love for Shakespeare was as great as ever. Dickens is still a great favourite with Germans, young and old, Stevenson probably coming next (a play founded on "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde" is being performed in many German towns

just now), being followed by Conan Doyle, an Maclaren, and—Oscar Wilde! There is, generally speaking, no doubt whatever that the average German, I mean of the intelligent, cultured classes, is most desirous of a better and friendly understanding with Great Britain. English literature and art—even music—are highly appreciated everywhere, the political liberty of Great Britain, as evidenced in freedom of speech and press, is looked at with longing eyes, and her colonising and naval successes are greatly admired and held up as examples of what the Germans might do in these departments, if they were conducted on the same broad, intelligent lines as in this country. Even the Social Democrats are never ceasing to taunt the German Government with their failures in not accomplishing the same work as the British Government has been enabled to do. Taking a broad view of things, I certainly think that everything is tending towards a better and more lasting understanding between the two great Teutonic nations, and I have little fear that a very distinct entente cordiale—pity there is no good English expression for this phrase—may soon be established, with sufficient results for both nations.

G. H.

Boston Mail . Sept: 21. 1907

A new operatic version of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" is to be produced in Lyons. This little play, by one of the most brilliant writers we ever had, was much too brutally crude and realistic for English audiences. There was too much of it for the British palate—about it for the British palate. But it went well in America and everywhere on the Continent.

* * *

London Opinion Sept 29, 1907

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Extravagance is the luxury of the poor.—Oscar Wilde.

Times of India Sept. 21. 1907

THE GAIETY THEATRE.

“Lady Windermere’s Fan.”

The Bandmann Comedy Company scored a signal success last night at the Gaiety Theatre, Bombay, when they cleverly played before a large audience Oscar Wilde’s powerful conception “Lady Windermere’s Fan.” The first act had not proceeded far when it was apparent that full justice would be done to the play, which one writer has described as “a collection of clever epigrams.” From the rise to the fall of the curtain the Company worked in real sympathy with the audience, who followed the story with increasing interest until, at the conclusion, the artists received a markedly warm ovation.

As on the opening night the late arrivals were a source of great annoyance, and caused a series of interruptions till quite ten o’clock. The Company commenced their productions with commendable promptitude at 9-30 p.m., and it is a great pity that the large majority of the audience, who arrive in time, should be put to inconvenience because of the action of certain late comers who seem to consider it the fashion to put in an appearance after the play has well started. The noise created must also seriously handicap the members of the Company.

There is very little out of the ordinary in the story. A woman makes a false step, leaves her home, husband and infant daughter in a moment of madness. The child grows up into a beautiful woman, marries the man of her heart. About this time her mother appears on the scene, that is, twenty years after, having discovered that her daughter had married well. She poses as a young woman, and forces her way into Society through her son-in-law, whom she has been blackmailing. She is the talk of the town, and a friend of her daughter’s husband, who is himself in love with the young wife, tells her that her husband is false to her, and persuades her to elope with him. The mother accidentally discovers the true state of affairs, and saves her child from the fatal step she is about to take. In doing so, she compromises her own reputation. In the end the wife is reconciled to her husband.

It is by no means a two-person play, and the Company as a whole acquitted themselves most

Morning Leader.

Sept. 20, 1907

ART AND SOCIALISM.

MR. WALTER CRANE'S REMINISCENCES.

The group of artists whose work revived decoration as a popular art in England, and more particularly those who, like Kate Greenaway, Caldecott, and Mr. Walter Crane, aided Mr. Edmund Evans in glorifying books for children, are gradually being presented to the public with something of the intimacy of fame. Mr. Crane's "An Artist's Reminiscences" are, however, painfully disappointing, as reminiscences, though they have an abiding charm in themselves. He has known famous men, has done famous work, and has been part and parcel of two great movements—the artistic revival that began with the Pre-Raphaelites, and the struggle for freedom which culminated in the "Bloody Sunday" of 1887, and sent Mr. Burns and Mr. Cunninghame Graham to prison. Yet his life seems almost a backwater, remote from those full streams; as he says apropos the unification of Italy,

I seemed to hear of these great events and read of them in the newspapers as one in a dream. . . . My real world was a dream-world, a cloister, or quiet green garden.

It is typical that though he was sent, when learning wood-engraving under Linton, to Thackeray's house on some message connected with the "Cornhill," he says simply and almost casually of the visit that "I have no recollection of ever having seen him in the flesh." His art was his life, and he seldom went outside it.

* *

One or two curious facts emerge: perhaps the most unexpected of all is the statement that Oscar Wilde once edited "Little Folks"! Another diverting thing is that Mr. Gilbert asked Mr. Crane, a strong supporter of the "greenery-yallery Grosvenor Gallery" school, to suggest costumes and scenery for "Patience." There is a very typical letter, too long to quote, from Stevenson, about a book-illustration; Mr. Crane's naïve comment on Stevenson's "impatience" is so worded as to recall the doctrine of the brothers Jagenal, in "The Golden Butterfly"—"art must not be forced." There are interesting descriptions of the technique of the work for Mr. Evans and Linton, and of the ephemeral "Kerographic" process; but recent lives of Kate Greenaway and Birket Foster are fuller on these points. A distinct snub by Whistler is modestly related: Mr. Crane had met Whistler once, and on a second occasion said so, by way of introduction:

But he was not at all inclined to be friendly, and only said, drily, "Very likely"—and we didn't get any further.

The book is full of sketches, and has many reproductions of the author's pictures. But the best commentary on it and on Mr. Crane's life is a story he tells:

A stevedore visited the Whitechapel loan collection at Toynbee Hall, where the picture ["The Bridge of Life"] then was, and said, "I wish I hadn't come here; my house'll seem a deal more squalid and dreary now that I have seen a picture like this."

Art, beauty, the lighting-up of dreary and squalid places—those are the ideals which this quiet, sincere volume shows on every page.

"An Artist's Reminiscences" by Walter Crane. London: Methuen, 188. net.

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Sept. 21 1907

AMERICAN DRY GOODS.

- "Jane Cable." By G. B. McCutcheon. London: E. Grant Richards. 1907. 6s.
- "The Price of Silence." By M. E. M. Davis. London: Constable. 1907. 6s.
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wrote—enjoyed the joke hugely. We have had plenty of opportunity of judging American novels since then.

Yorkshire Post 24 Sept.

YORK THEATRE ROYAL "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN."

The Monckton Hoffe Comedy Company commenced a week's engagement at the York Theatre Royal last night, with the production of Oscar Wilde's charming play "Lady Windermere's Fan." The opportunity of relief from the succession of musical comedies was welcomed by a large audience, who thoroughly appreciated the efforts of the very able company which Mr. Monckton Hoffe has brought together. Adequate expression was given to the sparkling epigrams, the cynical pessimism, and the powerfully dramatic situations in which this very clever play abounds. Miss Nora Hoffe, as Lady Windermere, and Miss Lydia Busch as Mrs. Elyn, proved themselves emotional actresses of considerable ability, playing with restraint and feeling, and their acting at times reached a high level. Mr. Monckton Hoffe, as Lord Windermere, played with real distinction. Among other members of a very capable company, Mr. H. Lane Bayliff, as Lord Darlington; Mr. R. W. Hutton, as Lord Augustus Loreton; and Mr. A. Fitzmaurice, as Cecil Graham, deserve special mention.

Stage Sept. 26.

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Sunday Times

Mr. J. T. Grein writes: The approach of October 5, which is the birthday of Mrs. Bernard Beere, gives me an opportunity to couple with my congratulations the interesting announcement that ere long this gifted actress hopes to return to the stage. Remembering her creations in "As in a Looking Glass," Ariane in "La Tosca," and more recently in "A Woman of No Importance"—the latter a characterisation of Wilde's heroine unsurpassed by any actress English or Continental—our managers will, no doubt, soon offer us the opportunity to applaud one of the few "grand dames" on our stage.

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The story of "Lady Windermere's Fan" is too well known to justify re-telling here. It is sufficient to say that it is presented by a company in every way worthy of it. Full justice is done to its mordant wit, its sparkling dialogue, its intense human interest.

As Lady Windermere Miss Nora Hoffe is everything that one could desire. Her grief on learning of her husband's supposed infidelity was a wonderful effort, and her mingled distress and anger when Mrs. Elynnne, the objectionable lady (who is her own mother, although she is not aware of that fact) is invited to the house by Lord Windermere, was remarkable for its display of versatility. The most powerful scene was in the third act, when Mrs. Elynnne (Miss Lydia Busch) having followed her daughter to Lord Darlington's rooms, whither she had fled when distracted by the discovery of her husband's infidelity, persuades her to return home before her flight is discovered. The passionate pleading of the mother, anxious to save her daughter from the fatal step that wrecked her own life, the alternate scorn and tears of the daughter, and the mother's ultimate sacrifice of her own good name, when Lady Windermere's fan is discovered by Lord Windermere in Lord Darlington's room, aroused the deepest emotion in the audience. The ladies well deserved their enthusiastic call before the curtain. From first to last Miss Busch carried through her difficult role in splendid fashion.

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To-morrow and Saturday "The Importance of Being Earnest" will be played.

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Saturday Review,

Sept. 21, 1907

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Daily Express.

"The Florentine Tragedy," a one-act play by Oscar Wilde, will be produced for the first time in public on Monday, October 28, at eight o'clock, at Cripplegate Institute, Golden-lane. F.C. by the New English Players.

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Bernard Shaw and the Fabian Society, Oscar Wilde, George Moore, Mr. Gladstone (who sent one of his famous postcards in acknowledgment of a design that deserved a letter), the Howards and Wilbrahams (with both families he was no less a friend than an artist), W. E. Henley (who abused Crane and Morris), and Cobden Sanderson are names that figure in the pages of this gossipy book, which ends with the reference to the conferring, in 1904, of the Albert Gold Medal of the Society of Arts "in recognition of the services rendered to art and industry by awakening popular interest in decorative art craftsmanship, and by promoting the recognition of English art in the forms most material to the commercial prosperity of the country." His is the first artist's name that figures in the list of past recipients of the medal, which has been conferred on such men as Rowland Hill, Faraday, Lord Kelvin, Lord Lister, and Sir William Crookes.

* "An Artist's Reminiscences." By Walter Crane. With 123 Illustrations by the author and others from photographs. (Methuen and Co. 18s. nett.)

Midland Counties Express,

Sept. 28.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has been telling a *Daily Telegraph* representative of an experience he had on his recent visit to Germany. "I met there," said Mr. Tree, "a famous actor and producer. Anxious to draw him out, I boldly said, 'I suppose you are rather inclined to hold the British drama in considerable contempt?' 'On what grounds,' he returned, 'do you base that supposition?' With an air of perfect gravity I replied, 'Because I have been led to believe by sundry articles in London papers and magazines that the British drama is moribund, while that in Germany and France is, on the other hand, flourishing apace.' The bait took. 'On the contrary,' my companion warmly insisted, 'the opinion here is quite the reverse. Germany produces next to nothing; France sends us still less; and, as a matter of fact, we rely almost exclusively on English productions. Our three great dramatists to-day are Shakespeare, Bernard Shaw, and Oscar Wilde.' 'It is long since I became aware that Shakespeare was a German,' I said; 'but I did not know until now that the other two playwrights you mention were also compatriots of yours.' 'I am bound to say," added Mr. Tree, "that so cogent were my friend's arguments, so conclusive his reasoning, I was, in the end, well-nigh constrained to acknowledge he had right on his side!"

Musical Standard. Sept. 28.

A NEW operatic version of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," composed by M. Mariotte, a French musician, is to be produced during the winter at the Grand Theatre at Lyons. M. Mariotte first read "Salome" in 1895, when he was a naval officer and on his way to China. Later he left the service, and studied music under the most modern masters in Paris.

Bradford News Letter Oct. 1, 1907

MR. BEERBOHM TREE AND MUNICIPAL THEATRES.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree, speaking at Liverpool, where he was entertained to supper by Sir Alfred Jones, said that in such a city of wealth and eminence the time was ripe for the introduction of some local theatrical initiative. Internationalism in art was a fine thing, and he was struck whilst he was in Berlin with the interest the Germans were taking in the English theatre. Berlin was a city no bigger than Liverpool, but, in addition to the work of German authors, in many of the theatres were to be seen, during the ten days he was there, plays by English authors, such as Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Stephen Phillips, and Conan Doyle.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN."

There was a crowded and appreciative house at the Theatre Royal on Saturday evening to see the performance of "Lady Windermere's Fan," in spite of the fact that the company gave this play during their last visit. But Oscar Wilde's clever scenes and brilliant epigrams will easily bear re-hearing, especially the excellent scene in the rooms of Lord Darlington, Lady Windermere's lover, which gave the company the opportunity of doing one of the best pieces of work Calcutta has seen for a long time. The playwright was artist enough to follow real life so far that there is not one character who speaks fifty words to anyone else's five, and the principal work is divided among four or five parts. Chief of these is Lady Windermere, which was well played at short notice by Miss Constance Dowling, though her difficult speeches would have been more effective with a less hurried delivery. Miss Hamer as Mrs. Eryllyne was excellent, and so were Mr. Claude King, as Lord Windermere, and Miss Dorcas Christie as the Duchess of Berwick, and especially Mr. Clifford Bown and Mr. Sinclair Cotter in their humorous parts. Mr. Clifford Hargreaves was also good as Dumby, one of the epigrammatists. It would be hard to say why Lady Agatha, well played by Miss Helen Grenville, went to a big dance with her hair down, or why Mr. Hopper appeared at the same ball in a dinner jacket, unless that is supposed to be a habit of Australian millionaires; but otherwise the whole performance was really good.

To-night the company play "East Lynne," and on Tuesday and Wednesday, "John Glayde's Honour," Alfred Sutro's latest success.

Morning Post, Oct. 1. Daily Report

On Thursday and Friday Messrs. Puttick and Simpson will sell the libraries of Mr. G. Herbert, Mr. J. Timothy, and the late Miss Fitzroy. The books comprise works on music and the fine arts, philosophy, political economy, and natural history, and include Jeremy Bentham's works, Ruskin's "Examples of Architecture," Grolhier Society Publications, the Goupil series of historical monographs, Richardson's novels, editions of Shakespeare, Scott, Tennyson, Lytton, and Oscar Wilde.

Not much better prices were obtained at Puttick and Simpson's book sale to-day. The Waverley Novels, with etchings by Boucher, original Border edition, forty-eight volumes, only sold for £4 18s. Lord Lytton's novels, edition de luxe, thirty-two volumes, published at £12, sold for £7 2s. 6d. Oscar Wilde's works sold for only a few shillings each.

Lincoln Echo; Oct. 2

LINCOLN AMUSEMENTS.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" AT THE MONKTON-HOFFE COMEDY COMPANY. The performance of "Lady Windermere's Fan" was excellently played, Mrs. Eryllyne having a very effective representative in Miss Lydia Busch, and Miss Nona Hoffe ably realising the wavering nature of Lady Windermere. Mr. H. Lane Bayliff was strong as Lord Darlington, Mr. R. W. Hutton scored greatly as Lord Augustus Lorton, and Miss Maude Henderson was richly humorous as the Duchess of Berwick. A Breezy Morning was the curtain-raiser. To-night (Thursday) *The Belle of Mayfair* is presented by Mr. J. Bannister Howard's company.

Stage. Oct. 3, 1907

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Empire - Calcutta 30 Sept.

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Daily Report, Oct. 1.

Not much better prices were obtained at Puttick and Simpson's book sale to-day. The Waverley Novels, with etchings by Boucher, original Border edition, forty-eight volumes, only sold for £4 18s. Lord Lytton's novels, edition de luxe, thirty-two volumes, published at £12, sold for £7 2s. 6d. Oscar Wilde's works sold for only a few shillings each.

Lincoln Echo; Oct. 2

LINCOLN AMUSEMENTS.

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SUNDAY SUN SEPTEMBER 28, 1907

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Jissen 2019-03-18 Universiteitsbibliotheek

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JULIAN COOKE.

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John Bull, Oct. 5.

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It is only necessary to review the list of plays condemned by him. They are Ibsen's "Ghosts," Brieux's "Maternity," Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness," Oscar Wilde's "Salome," and Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Without a single exception, these plays are thoroughly moral in their influence; they discourage precisely what Mrs. Grundy regards as vice; their portrayal of immorality, so far from attracting, repels the mind; and, in short, they are the great morality plays of our generation. When, therefore, we see Mr. Redford putting his veto upon them, there is only one conclusion to be drawn, namely, that Mr. Redford has sworn to suppress every play that might possibly make for morality in England. And it is this almost criminal attitude of his that constitutes him and his office a national peril of the most momentous order.

Daily Mirror, Oct. 11.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

The Misfortunes of a Man with a Fixed Income and Nothing to Do.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW. By Roderick Lysons. (A. L. HUMPHREYS. 5s. net.)



Athenæum, Oct. 11.

Love, the Criminal. By J. B. Harris-Burland. (Greening & Co.)

THE author shows himself a practised hand in the concoction of sensational fiction. He leads off with a quotation from Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" dealing with love and suffering. The love with which we are here concerned is sheer sexual passion, untempered by intellectuality, unrefined by those qualities which make true love, not an "explanation of the extraordinary amount of suffering that there is in the world," but an explanation of the fortitude and cheerfulness with which much of life's suffering is endured.

Musical News Oct. 12

Strauss' "Salome." By Lawrence Gilman. (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net.) Mr. Gilman has set himself the task of providing a guide to the now celebrated opera which has in Germany created so great a furor. He first deals with the story of "Salome," beginning with the daughter of Herodias in history and art, and subsequently coming to Wilde's own book. Of this, perhaps, it is sufficient to say that the principal feeling engendered is one of wonder that a composer with the endowments of Richard Strauss should have felt moved to make it the subject of an opera. That he may have recognised in it full scope for his cleverness—and Strauss is diabolically clever—one may confess, but why he should have conceived it worthy the powers of the foremost composer of his time defies conjecture. In considering the music of "Salome," Mr. Gilman is analytical rather than critical, and the reader who desires to study the score will be indebted to him for smoothing the way by indicating the principal "motives" and the manner and place of their introduction. Indeed, a guide is indispensable in a score where the orchestra may be playing in A flat major while the unlucky singer, if he be conscientious, is endeavouring to warble in A natural minor. Possibly, under the circumstances, it would not mar the effect were he to sing out of tune. It certainly would be pardonable. "In addition to its remorseless and prodigal realism of exposition, the music contains numerous ebullitions of a sly and fantastic humour that are not apparent to the listener—plays upon words, jocose and daring tricks of instrumentation, recondite pranks suggested by allusions in the text, intended, at times, rather for the eye of the curious student than for the ear of the listener." Truly, Strauss must sometimes write with his tongue in his cheek.

Ladies' Field, 1.11.12.

It will interest many readers of THE LADIES' FIELD to learn that Mrs. Bernard Beere has decided to return to the stage, where she has been much missed during the last few years. Her creation of Wilde's Woman of No Importance lives still in the memory of the younger generation, and when recently the play was revived it was felt how much of the original success was due to Mrs. Bernard Beere.

Reynolds', October 13. 1907

A Pathetic Figure.

Mr. Crane gives us in rich profusion anecdotes and portraits of many other men and women connected with literature, art, and politics—of Tennyson, G. F. Watts (whose fine portrait of Mr. Crane forms the frontispiece of this volume), George Bernard Shaw, Stepniak, Prince Kropotkin—in fact, almost of everybody who has been anybody during the last three decades. He has even a kindly word to say of Oscar Wilde, and he advances this partial explanation of his pathetic personality:—

If he ever fooled people, he was also befooled. He squandered the most brilliant talents on trifles, but showed even in his brilliant trifling gleams of real power and imagination. He would have been happy in Pagan times, but could not adjust himself to modern British suburban ideals or morals. He fought the Philistines with delicate weapons, and at last, derying them, and overstepping ordinary bounds in the

MAY 2, 1905.

"DAILY CHRONICLE"

A BOOK OF GREAT INTEREST.
OSCAR WILDE: The Story of an Unhappy Friendship.
By ROBERT H. SHERARD.

With several Portraits of the late Oscar Wilde. Uniform in style and size with "De Profundis." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

DAILY TELEGRAPH says: "It is certainly pathetic and undeniably interesting. It is well written, too, and, in parts, rises to the dignity of real literature."

Complete Catalogue post free on application.
London: GREENING & CO., 18 and 20, Cecil-court, Charing-cross-road.

Marion's Weekly Chronicle
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Not a very original point of view, this of the leisured and well-fed man of the world, with a rather dyspeptic outlook, and a turn for misanthropy and egoism. His temperament leads him away from the society to which he has been accustomed, and into the desert—so to speak—of dull seaside towns, unhomelike hotels, and places where "people"—society people—are never to be seen.

But though not original, the type is interesting to study, like all "human documents." Here we have the society egoist's confession, written down in methodical, in the slightly crestfallen and melancholic manner which Mr. A. C. Benson has made so popular. And confessions are always worth over-hearing.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

It is darkly hinted that the author of the book is "well known in society and politics." That may be. Oscar Wilde, however, made one of his characters remark: "Never talk against society. Only those who can't get into it do that." And we cannot help feeling that why the bored gentleman of this essay wearied of "people," and motor-cars, and "shoots," and the clubs was that "people" grew tired of him.

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THE author shows himself a practised hand in the concoction of sensational fiction. He leads off with a quotation from Oscar Wilde's 'De Profundis' dealing with love and suffering. The love with which we are here concerned is sheer sexual passion, untempered by intellectuality, unrefined by those qualities which make true love, not an "explanation of the extraordinary amount of suffering that there is in the world," but an explanation of the fortitude and cheerfulness with which much of life's suffering is endured.

Musical News Oct. 12

Strauss' "Salome." By Lawrence Gilman. (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net.) Mr. Gilman has set himself the task of providing a guide to the now celebrated opera which has in Germany created so great a furore. He first deals with the story of "Salome," beginning with the daughter of Herodias in history and art, and subsequently coming to Wilde's own book. Of this, perhaps, it is sufficient to say that the principal feeling engendered is one of wonder that a composer with the endowments of Richard Strauss should have felt moved to make it the subject of an opera. That he may have recognised in it full scope for his cleverness—and Strauss is diabolically clever—one may confess, but why he should have conceived it worthy the powers of the foremost composer of his time defies conjecture. In considering the music of "Salome," Mr. Gilman is analytical rather than critical, and the reader who desires to study the score will be indebted to him for smoothing the way by indicating the principal "motives" and the manner and place of their introduction. Indeed, a guide is indispensable in a score where the orchestra may be playing in A flat major while the unlucky singer, if he be conscientious, is endeavouring to warble in A natural minor. Possibly, under the circumstances, it would not mar the effect were he to sing out of tune. It certainly would be pardonable. "In addition to its remorse-

less and prodigal realism of exposition, the music contains numerous ebullitions of a sly and fantastic humour that are not apparent to the listener—plays upon words, jocose and daring tricks of instrumentation, recondite pranks suggested by allusions in the text, intended, at times, rather for the eye of the curious student than for the ear of the listener." Truly, Strauss must sometimes write with his tongue in his cheek.

Ladies' Field. 11.12.

It will interest many readers of THE LADIES' FIELD to learn that Mrs. Bernard Beere has decided to return to the stage, where she has been much missed during the last few years. Her creation of Wilde's Woman of No Importance lives still in the memory of the younger generation, and when recently the play was revived it was felt how much of the original success was due to Mrs. Bernard Beere.

Reynolds', October 13. 1907

A Pathetic Figure.

Mr. Crane gives us in rich profusion anecdotes and portraits of many other men and women connected with literature, art, and politics—of Tennyson, G. F. Watts (whose fine portrait of Mr. Crane forms the frontispiece of this volume), George Bernard Shaw, Stepniak, Prince Kropotkin—in fact, almost of everybody who has been anybody during the last three decades. He has even a kindly word to say of Oscar Wilde, and he advances this partial explanation of his pathetic personality:—

If he ever fooled people, he was also befooled. He squandered the most brilliant talents on trifles, but showed even in his brilliant trifling gleams of real power and imagination. He would have been happy in Pagan times, but could not adjust himself to modern British suburban ideals or morals. He fought the Philistines with delicate weapons, and at last, defying them, and overstepping ordinary bounds in the

pursuit of pleasure—though, perhaps, not more guilty of perverted excesses than some others—he committed the fatal crime of being found out, was instantly dropped by Society, and so fell, and was crushed by the heavy foot of the Law.

One word more. The publication of a volume of memories is sometimes an ominous sign. It is a token that the writer has completed his life-work. We trust this is not true of Mr. Walter Crane. Our sincere wish is that he will remain in harness for many years to come, achieving fresh artistic successes, and working as vigorously as of old for the cause of popular emancipation and progress.

4 Newcastle Weekly Chronicle
Oct. 5. 1897

A new operatic version of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," composed by M. Mariette, a French musician, is to be produced during the Winter, at the Grand Theatre at Lyons. M. Mariette first read "Salome" in 1895, when he was a naval officer and on his way to China. Later he left the service, and studied music under the most modern masters in Paris.

JULIAN COOKE.

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London Opinion Oct 5

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The peerage is the best thing in fiction the English
have ever done.—*Oscar Wilde.*

Reynolds'

Oct. 6.

SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

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The most remarkable men I have known were, without a doubt, Whistler and Oscar Wilde.—Miss Ellen Terry.

Athenæum,

D. 15. 11.

Love, the Criminal. By J. B. Harris-Burland. (Greening & Co.)

THE author shows himself a practised hand in the concoction of sensational fiction. He leads off with a quotation from Oscar Wilde's 'De Profundis' dealing with love and suffering. The love with which we are here concerned is sheer sexual passion, untempered by intellectuality, unrefined by those qualities which make true love, not an "explanation of the extraordinary amount of suffering that there is in the world," but an explanation of the fortitude and cheerfulness with which much of life's suffering is endured.

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MAY 2, 1905.

"DAILY CHRONICLE"

A BOOK OF GREAT INTEREST.

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