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Vol. 11

Daily Chronicle.

THE LAST ELIZABETHAN.

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By E. Hallam Moorhouse.

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Birmingham Mail: August 5, 1908

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ATHENÆUM Aug. 8, 1908

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[illegible] daughter of Sir Henry Tuppe, of Pittsburg) have chartered Lord Lonsdale's yacht, and are going for a Mediterranean cruise and to the Greek Archipelago.

Mrs. Spender Clay will entertain a large party at Fochabers this month. Her husband has taken a house there for the shooting, and Mr. and Mrs. Waldorf Astor are to be among their guests.

No Wedding Gifts by Request.

There was only a small congregation at the ancient parish church of All Saints, Kingston-on-Thames, yesterday, when Lieut.-Colonel Edward Turner, late of the Royal Artillery, was married to Miss Clara Eleanor Philp, daughter of Mr. Thomas Philp, of Edgware and Watford, the contracting parties being little known in the riverside town.

The bride, who was given away by Mr. E. G. Chenneck, was dressed in a Princess gown of silk crêpon in pale biscuit shade, with a hat to match, and she was attended by three bridesmaids, who were attired in pale blue voile over white, with white fancy straw hats trimmed with white tulle and pale pink roses.

As the Colonel and his bride left the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" a party of friends gathered at the porch liberally pelted them with rose leaves.

The reception was held at Bushey Lodge, Hampton Court-road, and was attended by about seventy guests. At the special request of the bride and bridegroom no wedding presents were sent.

Lady Kinnaird's Birthday.

To-day is the birthday of Lady Kinnaird, whose pretty Christian name of Alma—which she bears in common with Lady Breadalbane and other well-known people—has the advantage, or disadvantage, of indicating clearly in what year its bearer was born.

Miss Alma Agnew, one of the youngest members of the very large family of Sir Andrew Agnew, eighth baronet of Lochnaw, married the Master of Kinnaird (as he then was) in 1875, and has now, besides three other sons, a young master of her own, who is a lieutenant in the Scots Guards.

Lady Kinnaird is a sweet-faced, amiable woman, who entertains very pleasantly in St. James's-square and at Rossie Priory, her husband's fine castellated mansion in Perthshire.

— Mr. G. R. Sims, the well-known dramatic author and journalist, will celebrate his 61st birthday to-day.

— The Duchess of Albany left Claremont, Esher, yesterday for Crookham House, near Fleet, Hants, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Moreton.

PREMIER'S VISIT TO LEEDS.

The Premier will during his approaching visit to Leeds stay at Gledhow Hall, the seat of Lord Airedale, the chairman of the Liberal meeting to be addressed by Mr. Asquith. It is arranged that a life-size steel engraving of the late Sir John Lawson Walton shall be unveiled at the Leeds and County Liberal Club, and the Premier has promised to perform the ceremony.

ACCIDENTS IN SHIPYARDS.

The Home Secretary, having noticed with great [illegible] accident in the ship-building industry, has sent out copies of a report by two of H.M. inspectors

Birmingham Mail: August 5. 1908

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M.A.P., August 8-1908

A Patron of the Literary Drama.

But love is not the only passion which Mr. Alexander has improved out of existence. He reforms nature all round. He has taught us how to be politely furious and tastefully indignant. He has shown us that it is a pleasant thing to be in a rage. He has revealed to us the nice side of anger. He has caught the modern gift of treating life with indulgent tolerance and bland amusement. His smile is the keynote of his method. It is a contracted smile, the twisted sidelong smile of the discreet man of the world who takes the tragic enormities of romance very lightly. His eyes match his smile, for they too are fond of narrow sidelong glances at the immaterial comedy of life. Too seldom does Mr. Alexander break out of life into literature, but he has always at all risks broken out whenever our dramatists gave him a chance. He has no prejudice against culture and no grudge against imagination. He is not afraid of poetry, and his fastidious temper often leads him to encourage men of genius. The better the play the better he plays, and, when he gets a character with red blood in it, he throws off his disguise and lets himself go. He revels in the violence of Bernstein and the vigour of Sutro. He is superb in the pseudo-romantic pseudo-sentiment of Anthony Hope. He has unearthed many fine plays, but his immortal achievement was the production of the greatest comedy written in English since the humour of Goldsmith faded and the wit of Sheridan went out. He it was who persuaded Oscar Wilde to write his masterpiece "The Importance of Being Earnest." Another great artistic feat stands to his credit, the production of "Paolo and Francesca." The literary drama owes him so much already that I hope it will soon owe him more.

James Douglas.

August 8, 1908.] NATION.

Communications.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW WAY WITH OLD OFFENDERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I note with interest that there has been plenty of talk about the Home Secretary's Bill "to make better provision for the prevention of crime, and to provide for the prolonged detention of habitual offenders." There will be more, I hope, before the measure is passed or rejected. We cannot in the present situation hear too much concerning prison and the treatment of prisoners. Anything is worth discussing that costs over half a million of money a year; and when, as in the case of the prison system, the annual half-million is as good as thrown away, discussion becomes a kind of necessity.

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August

M.A.P., August 8, 1908

A Patron of the Literary Drama.

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Glasgow Evening Citizen

A HANDFUL OF SAYINGS.

"Compilers of Lives and Recollections are the pest of the age. Every great man nowadays has his disciples, and it is always Judas who writes the biography. Formerly we used to canonise our heroes. The modern method is to vulgarise them. Cheap editions of great books may be delightful, but cheap editions of great men are absolutely detestable. We are overrun by a set of people who, when a poet or painter passes away, arrive at the house along with the undertaker, and forget that their one duty is to behave as mutes."

"The 19th century is a turning-point in history simply on account of two men—Darwin and Renan; the one the critic of the book of Nature, the other the critic of the book of God. Not to recognise this is to miss the meaning of one of the most important eras in the progress of the world. Creation is always behind the age. It is criticism that leads us. The critical spirit and the world-spirit are one."

"We are dominated by journalism. The public has an insatiable curiosity to know everything, except what is worth knowing. In centuries before ours the public nailed the ears of journalists to the pump. That was quite hideous. In this century journalists have nailed their own ears to the keyhole. That is much worse."

"Meredith! Who can define him? His style is chaos illumined by flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything, except language; as a novelist he can do everything, except tell a story; as an artist he is everything, except articulate."

"We are dominated by the fanatic, whose worst vice is his sincerity. Anything approaching to the free play of the mind is unknown among us. People cry out against the sinner, yet it is not the sinful, but the stupid, who are our shame."

"The public swallow their classics whole, and never taste them. It makes use of the classics of a country as a means of checking the progress of art."

"The English mind is always in a rage. The intellect of the race is wasted in the sordid and stupid quarrels of second-rate politicians or third-rate theologians."

"The world will never weary of watching that troubled soul (Newman) in its progress from darkness to darkness."

"In England the people who do most harm are the people who try to do most good. Charity creates a multitude of sins."

"Meredith is a prose Browning, and so is Browning. He used poetry as a medium for writing in prose."

"What is the difference between literature and journalism?—Journalism is unreadable and literature is unread."

—Oscar Wilde.

August 15 1908

Sheffield Independent

August 18 1908.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

"Dear Old Charlie" and "Salome."

It is a peculiar dual bill which is presented at the Lyceum this week. A farce is being served as it were rechauffe, and after we have laughed we are invited to look at a stage interpretation of historical tragedy.

"Dear Old Charlie" is a much better entertainment than when Mr. Welch had the piece. It has been cut and pulled about to some extent, it is played, in a key which brightens the action and dialogue up considerably, and save that the last act is still a little weak, the play is now thoroughly amusing and interesting. The story which Mr. Charles H. E. Brookfield has to tell in the farce concerns the misfortunes of Charles Ingleton, a young stock-broker, who, after entanglements with other men's wives, decides to marry himself. Unhappily for his peace of mind the ghosts of his sins will protrude upon his marital happiness. Rather material ghosts they are too, in the form of the husbands of two of the ladies in whose company he was wont to take pleasure. Ingleton, to deceive the men as to his illicit relations, had taken care to be on good terms with these husbands, and his difficulty when he would settle down is to free himself of a despondent gentleman named Thomas Dumphie, and a demonstrative one named Gabriel Peploe, whose innocent prattlings bring suspicious thoughts into feminine minds. Charlie has further trouble with a box of letters he has foolishly omitted to burn. For two acts we are held hilarious by Ingleton's desperate manœuvres and lies to keep a knowledge of his pre-nuptial indiscretions from his wife, and then in the third act we have the bride discovering things and making matters temporarily uncomfortable for "dear old Charlie." Of course she forgives him, and as all the nuisances in the way of friends and the lady's parents suddenly take it into their heads to depart the curtain comes down on a happy solution of a husband's problems.

Mr. George Lestocq has taken up the part of Charlie, and playing it on the lines Mr. Charles Hawtrey made successful, he does exceedingly well. He gives us a brisk and yet suave performance, characterised by many clever touches and admirable consistency. He never allows the interest to flag, and in several passages he is exceptionally funny. Miss Marjorie Chard makes a charming Agnes. She carries through the luncheon-table scene very naturally, and acts with quiet force and sweetness in the closing passages. Mr. C. Douglas Cox and Mr. S. Trelawney contribute capital studies of Charlie's irritating friends, Miss Leonora Braham makes a laughable Mrs. Fishbourne, and the other parts are very adequately sustained.

The multiplication of the "Salome" dances and incidents serves to point the anomaly of a censorship which bans the big things in the way of Strauss's "Salome" opera or Oscar Wilde's "Salome" play, and permits miniatures of a much less interesting kind to be staged. Every advantage is being taken of the present craze, and it has been found possible to get the Lord Chamberlain to license a short one-act play written by the Hon. Eleanor Norton dealing with the incident of the dance and the request for the murder of John the Baptist. This was orginally played at the Passage Theatre in Berlin, and is now being sent round the English cities. The piece is less gruesome than some of the representations, inasmuch as the head is not introduced, and there is a certain force and character about the production. The idea utilised is that of an astrologer warning Herod, but in vain, against a desire to see Salome; the dance is executed, and the head of the Baptist is the desired reward. Salome got this, but Herod in remorse almost immediately orders Salome's own execution. The dance is the central figure of the piece, and it is rather cleverly done by Miss Mabilia Daniell. Mr. Robert Hilton is a forcible Herod, and Mr. Philip Desborough does well in the part of the astrologer.

Morning Leader

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Sep 12 1908

"THE SHIP."

By William Archer.

"The world is so full of a number of things," as Stevenson says, that it is impossible for a man of limited capacity to keep pace even with those things which should, and do, specially interest him. That is why Gabriele D'Annunzio's latest tragedy, "La Nave," though produced some nine months ago, has only now come to my hands. Even now I might not have read it but for an enthusiastic article in the Paris "Temps," which proclaimed it at once a great national tragedy and a political manifesto of the utmost importance. Of its political aspect I hope to speak later: in the first place, let me say a few words of the play as a play. Its theme has at any rate the grandeur of simplicity. The period chosen is the sixth century, when the new Italy, incarnate in Venice, was just arising out of the ruins of the old. There has been a struggle, it would seem, between two leading families: the Faledro family, which represents a tendency to revive Roman luxury and vice under the suzerainty of Constantinople; and the Gràtico family, which would fain see Venice independent, strenuous, austere, and mistress of the sea. The Faledro faction has been beaten: Orso Faledro and his four sons have had their eyes put out. Marco Gràtico is chosen Tribune of the city, his brother Sergio its Bishop; and the new national ideal is to be symbolised as well as promoted by the construction of "La Nave," a Dreadnought of the period, the most formidable ship that ever sailed the seas. But just at this juncture who should arrive from Constantinople but a daughter of the Faledro family, the beautiful, baleful Basiliola, steeped to the lips in all the vicious arts of a decadent civilisation, and panting to avenge the fate of her kindred. Both Marco and Sergio fall under her spell. At last Sergio gives a pagan feast in the very atrium of the Cathedral, at which Basiliola infuriates half of the populace and enraptures the other half by a lascivious dance. The sacrilege is interrupted by Marco, who has now regained his senses. The two brothers fight; Sergio is killed; and Basiliola is chained to her own pagan altar. Then the great ship "Totus Mundus" is finished and launched; Basiliola, who is about to be blinded like the rest of her clan, contrives to burn herself instead; and Marco sails away to Alexandria to do penance for his fratricide by bringing to Venice the body of her patron, Saint Mark.

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But it is one thing to record of an artist, "He was superhuman at such and such a point," and a very different thing to issue the order, "At this point you will be kind enough to be superhuman." And D'Annunzio would have his luckless actors superhuman all the time.

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The fact is, the poet's imagination is a huge and grandiose theatre, far surpassing anything that stone and steel, paint, canvas, and electricity can ever realise in the material world. His conception of drama is quite the reverse of Dumas' famous formula, "Two trestles, three boards, and a passion." Every possible and impossible auxiliary must be dragged in to create a tremendous chiar'oscuro, both scenic and psychological. He sometimes reminds one of Victor Hugo, more often of Oscar Wilde in "Salome"; but the constant and inevitable reminiscence his work conjures up is that of Wagner

AT THE THEATRES.

MISS PAULINE CHASE AND A BARRIE REVIVAL.

Miss Pauline Chase has returned to London after a six weeks' holiday in America. This is the first time that Miss Chase has been to her native country since she came to England five and a half years ago. Miss

Morning Leader

Sept 12. 1908.

Now, is this a great drama? An extraordinary work of imagination it assuredly is: and as it has apparently been very successful on the stage, its dramatic quality would seem to stand self-vindicated. But I cannot help thinking that it must have succeeded rather as a patriotic manifesto than as a drama pure and simple. D'Annunzio's art seems always to be straining to burst the physical limitations of the theatre. He told me, I remember, six or seven years ago, that he dreamed of a vast National Theatre on something like the antique model, though fitted with all modern apparatus, to be built somewhere on the shores of the Alban Lake. I have not heard that this dream has been realised, or is even approaching realisation. At any rate, "La Nave" has been acted in the ordinary theatres of Italy; and if they have risen to the demands the poet makes upon them, then certainly he has evoked a new and marvellous theatrical art. For his stage-directions are at least as full of imagination as his dialogue, and constantly require, not only of his actors, but of his decorators, machinists, and electricians, the most gorgeous, the most exquisite, and (I imagine) the most impossible effects. It is not merely that his scenes are vast and structurally complex, and (three out of four of them) constantly swarming with people. Modern stage-management is accustomed to grappling with such problems; though, for my part, I think the ordinary solution of them apt to be more fatiguing than genuinely effective. What makes D'Annunzio's stage-directions so impossible is his continual enlistment of entirely unmanageable natural phenomena. It would need a whole meteorological department to supply him with his clouds and constellations, his gleams and his glamors, his pompous aerial pageantry. It is all intensely theatrical, and yet it defeats the resources of the theatre. As for the resources of the actor, the poet is constantly outstripping them. Here is an example:

> Basiliola has placed her foot on the robe spread before the smoking altar, but she appears great and exalted as if she were, with her soul and with her vengeance, on an aerial summit crowned with a cloud full of lightnings.

This is no unfair specimen of the feats he proposes to his Basiliola and his Marco. Ecstatic critics have sometimes written in a similar strain of the greatest moments of the greatest actors; but it is one thing to record of an artist, "He was superhuman at such and such a point," and a very different thing to issue the order, "At this point you will be kind enough to be superhuman." And D'Annunzio would have his luckless actors superhuman all the time.

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Glasgow Evening Citizen

A HANDFUL OF SAYINGS.

"Compilers of Lives and Recollections are the pest of the age. Every great man nowadays has his disciples, and it is always Judas who writes the biography. Formerly we used to canonise our heroes. The modern method is to vulgarise them. Cheap editions of great books may be delightful, but cheap editions of great men are absolutely detestable. We are overrun by a set of people who, when a poet or painter passes away, arrive at the house along with the undertaker, and forget that their one duty is to behave as mutes."

"The 19th century is a turning-point in history simply on account of two men—Darwin and Renan; the one the critic of the book of Nature, the other the critic of the book of God. Not to recognise this is to miss the meaning of one of the most important eras in the progress of the world. Creation is always behind the age. It is criticism that leads us. The critical spirit and the world-spirit are one."

"We are dominated by journalism. The public has an insatiable curiosity to know everything, except what is worth knowing. In centuries before ours the public nailed the ears of journalists to the pump. That was quite hideous. In this century journalists have nailed their own ears to the keyhole. That is much worse."

"Meredith! Who can define him? His style is chaos illumined by flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything, except language; as a novelist he can do everything, except tell a story; as an artist he is everything, except articulate."

"We are dominated by the fanatic, whose worst vice is his sincerity. Anything approaching to the free play of the mind is unknown among us. People cry out against the sinner, yet it is not the sinful, but the stupid, who are our shame."

"The public swallow their classics whole, and never taste them. It makes use of the classics of a country as a means of checking the progress of art."

"The English mind is always in a rage. The intellect of the race is wasted in the sordid and stupid quarrels of second-rate politicians or third-rate theologians."

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"Meredith is a prose Browning, and so is Browning. He used poetry as a medium for writing in prose."

"What is the difference between literature and journalism?—Journalism is unreadable and literature is unread."

—Oscar Wilde.

August 15 1908

Sheffield Independent

August 18 1908.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

"Dear Old Charlie" and "Salome."

It is a peculiar dual bill which is presented at the Lyceum this week. A farce is being served as it were rechauffe, and after we have laughed we are invited to look at a stage interpretation of historical tragedy.

"Dear Old Charlie" is a much better entertainment than when Mr. Welch had the piece. It has been cut and pulled about to some extent, it is played in a key which brightens the action and dialogue up considerably, and save that the last act is still a little weak, the play is now thoroughly amusing and interesting. The story which Mr. Charles H. E. Brookfield has to tell in the farce concerns the misfortunes of Charles Ingleton, a young stock-broker, who, after entanglements with other men's wives, decides to marry himself. Unhappily for his peace of mind the ghosts of his sins will protrude upon his marital happiness. Rather material ghosts they are too, in the form of the husbands of two of the ladies in whose company he was wont to take pleasure. Ingleton, to deceive the men as to his illicit relations, had taken care to be on good terms with these husbands, and his difficulty when he would settle down is to free himself of a despondent gentleman named Thomas Dumphie, and a demonstrative one named Gabriel Peploe, whose innocent prattlings bring suspicious thoughts into feminine minds. Charlie has further trouble with a box of letters he has foolishly omitted to burn. For two acts we are held hilarious by Ingleton's desperate manœuvres and lies to keep a knowledge of his pre-nuptial indiscretions from his wife, and then in the third act we have the bride discovering things and making matters temporarily uncomfortable for "dear old Charlie." Of course she forgives him, and as all the nuisances in the way of friends and the lady's parents suddenly take it into their heads to depart the curtain comes down on a happy solution of a husband's problems.

Mr. George Lestocq has taken up the part of Charlie, and playing it on the lines Mr. Charles Hawtrey made successful, he does exceedingly well. He gives us a brisk and yet suave performance, characterised by many clever touches and admirable consistency. He never allows the interest to flag, and in several passages he is exceptionally funny. Miss Marjorie Chard makes a charming Agnes. She carries through the luncheon-table scene very naturally, and acts with quiet force and sweetness in the closing passages. Mr. C. Douglas Cox and Mr. S. Trelawney contribute capital studies of Charlie's irritating friends, Miss Leonora Braham makes a laughable Mrs. Fishbourne, and the other parts are very adequately sustained.

The multiplication of the "Salome" dances and incidents serves to point the anomaly of a censorship which bans the big things in the way of Strauss's "Salome" opera or Oscar Wilde's "Salome" play, and permits miniatures of a much less interesting kind to be staged. Every advantage is being taken of the present craze, and it has been found possible to get the Lord Chamberlain to license a short one-act play written by the Hon. Eleanor Norton dealing with the incident of the dance and the request for the murder of John the Baptist. This was orginally played at the Passage Theatre in Berlin, and is now being sent round the English cities. The piece is less gruesome than some of the representations, inasmuch as the head is not introduced, and there is a certain force and character about the production. The idea utilised is that of an astrologer warning Herod, but in vain, against a desire to see Salome; the dance is executed, and the head of the Baptist is the desired reward. Salome got this, but Herod in remorse almost immediately orders Salome's own execution. The dance is the central figure of the piece, and it is rather cleverly done by Miss Mabilia Daniell. Mr. Robert Hilton is a forcible Herod, and Mr. Philip Desborough does well in the part of the astrologer.

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Morning Leader

THINGS IN GENERAL.

"THE SHIP."

By William Archer.

"The world is so full of a number of things," as Stevenson says, that it is impossible for a man of limited capacity to keep pace even with those things which should, and do, specially interest him. That is why Gabriele D'Annunzio's latest tragedy, "La Nave," though produced some nine months ago, has only now come to my hands. Even now I might not have read it but for an enthusiastic article in the Paris "Temps," which proclaimed it at once a great national tragedy and a political manifesto of the utmost importance. Of its political aspect I hope to speak later: in the first place, let me say a few words of the play as a play. Its theme has at any rate the grandeur of simplicity. The period chosen is the sixth century, when the new Italy, incarnate in Venice, was just arising out of the ruins of the old. There has been a struggle, it would seem, between two leading families: the Faledro family, which represents a tendency to revive Roman luxury and vice under the suzerainty of Constantinople; and the Gràtico family, which would fain see Venice independent, strenuous, austere, and mistress of the sea. The Faledro faction has been beaten: Orso Faledro and his four sons have had their eyes put out. Marco Gràtico is chosen Tribune of the city, his brother Sergio its Bishop; and the new national ideal is to be symbolised as well as promoted by the construction of "La Nave," a Dreadnought of the period, the most formidable ship that ever sailed the seas. But just at this juncture who should arrive from Constantinople but a daughter of the Faledro family, the beautiful, baleful Basiliola, steeped to the lips in all the vicious arts of a decadent civilisation, and panting to avenge the fate of her kindred. Both Marco and Sergio fall under her spell. At last Sergio gives a pagan feast in the very atrium of the Cathedral, at which Basiliola infuriates half of the populace and enraptures the other half by a lascivious dance. The sacrilege is interrupted by Marco, who has now regained his senses. The two brothers fight; Sergio is killed; and Basiliola is chained to her own pagan altar. Then the great ship "Totus Mundus" is finished and launched; Basiliola, who is about to be blinded like the rest of her clan, contrives to burn herself instead; and Marco sails away to Alexandria to do penance for his fratricide by bringing to Venice the body of her patron, Saint Mark.

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But it is one thing to record of an artist,

Now, is this a great drama? An extraordinary work of imagination it assuredly is: and as it has apparently been very successful on the stage, its dramatic quality would seem to stand self-vindicated. But I cannot help thinking that it must have succeeded rather as a patriotic manifesto than as a drama pure and simple. D'Annunzio's art seems always to be straining to burst the physical limitations of the theatre. He told me, I remember, six or seven years ago, that he dreamed of a vast National Theatre on something like the antique model, though fitted with all modern apparatus, to be built somewhere on the shores of the Alban Lake. I have not heard that this dream has been realised, or is even approaching realisation. At any rate, "La Nave" has been acted in the ordinary theatres of Italy; and if they have risen to the demands the poet makes upon them, then certainly he has evoked a new and marvellous theatrical art. For his stage-directions are at least as full of imagination as his dialogue, and constantly require, not only of his actors, but of his decorators, machinists, and electricians, the most gorgeous, the most exquisite, and (I imagine) the most impossible effects. It is not merely that his scenes are vast and structurally complex, and (three out of four of them) constantly swarming with people. Modern stage-management is accustomed to grappling with such problems; though, for my part, I think the ordinary solution of them apt to be more fatiguing than genuinely effective. What makes D'Annunzio's stage-directions so impossible is his continual enlistment of entirely unmanageable natural phenomena. It would need a whole meteorological department to supply him with his clouds and constellations, his gleams and his glamors, his pompous aerial pageantry. It is all intensely theatrical, and yet it defeats the resources of the theatre. As for the resources of the actor, the poet is constantly outstripping them. Here is an example:

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DAILY TELEGRAPH, 1908

August 19

DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir—All Mr. Courtney's friends must not only be feeling indignant with a system which bans a play by him, but they must, I am sure, realise that his protest, while an example of his patience and courtesy, will have as little effect on the question as that bloodless deputation which waited on Mr. Herbert Gladstone. So long as Mr. Courtney and the other dramatic writers tip their foils with buttons, in the shape of personal tributes to Mr. Redford—asseverations that they have no personal grievance against him, that given his post he is the most excellent and admirable official—nothing whatever can be done by the authorities.

A political opposition that adopted such tactics would have little chance at a general election. What mutiny ever succeeded where the ringleaders began declaring their superior officer a model of all the virtues, unless on H.M.S. Pinafore? What revolution is recorded in history where the insurrectionists, or rebels, occupied their spare time in eulogies of the dynasty? Even Andrew Marvell waited till Charles was executed.

All dramatic writers have or should have grievances against Mr. Redford. Except that his name is George Alexander Redford, he has no qualification for the post. In his refusal to license "Waste," and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," he proved himself not a guardian of public morals, but an enemy of dramatic art in England. By his refusal to license Mr. Courtney's adaptation of Sophocles he has proved himself the personal enemy of all poets and dramatists. In the prohibition of "Waste" he was discourteous to the author, and dilatory in the exercise of his duty.

On the other hand, it is idle to attack Mr. Redford because he correctly interprets the law by prohibiting modern plays with scriptural characters, such as "Salome," and permitting the performance of "Everyman," in which the Supreme Being appears. That is the fault of the stupid English law, not stupid Mr. Redford. The English people allow a burlesque of Miss Allan's "Salome" at the Alhambra, in which much fun is derived from the Baptist's head, but they will not allow Wilde's play or Strauss's opera!

And it is idle to attack Mr. Redford because he correctly interprets the wishes of a vast majority (and possibly gratifies his own intellectual perceptions) by licensing the Gaiety plays, to whose defence Mr. Adrian Ross, my namesake, so gallantly rushes, as though the honour of a barmaid was impugned. Has anyone ever been corrupted by a Gaiety play? Even Mr. Stead survived the "Spring Chicken"; and, by the way, I do not suppose Mr. Courtney, Mr. Shaw, or Mr. Granville Barker have ever submitted plays to Mr. George Edwardes or offered to collaborate with Mr. Adrian Ross.

Again, it is idle for the Stage Society to produce brainless and dull nonsense like the "Breaking Point." Such things do not form part of Mr. Redford's indictment. They are, indeed, briefs for the defence.—Your obedient servant,

ROBERT ROSS.

Vicarage-gardens, W., Aug. 18.

Aug. 20.

DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP ONCE MORE.

AN OPEN APPEAL TO THE CENSOR.

Sir—You work quietly along in your spacious study, reading and judging plays; good and bad—decent and indecent—dramas, comedies, tragedies . . . . and you mark them either with red or blue pencil, according to your taste, just as it suits you best.

Sir, you ought to throw away that pencil—for the dramatist is the judge of his time; judge and jury in one person, and not the Censor. . . . you have to throw away that pencil, for the dramatist lives for the whole nation—it is he who holds the torchlight above their heads, that they may see and judge themselves—but it is you who try to extinguish that flame. . . . you have to throw away that pencil, for it is the dramatist who is responsible for his work and its causes, and not the Censor. . . . you have to throw away that pencil, for it is the dramatist who censures—he has by all means the right to do so, and only he.

Sir, it rests with you to make a change; I was watching the theatre for the last four years and what have I seen? That the Censor forbade to perform play after play.

England, the considered greatest nation of the world, does not give a free voice to its dramatists—to those who ought to represent freedom in the first instance. Is England afraid that its judges will be too severe? There are no such innocents that are ashamed of their nakedness.

I have seen that there was a deputation for bringing home freedom. What has become of it? Nothing has been done.

I have seen, meanwhile, what has been going on about and on the stage. It's all lukewarm water.

You compel your dramatists to give you luke-warm water, for there is no danger in it, and it does good to the nerves.

Everything goes slowly in this country—it will take another ten years until the Government will abolish the Censor.

Shall the dramatists of England wait another ten years?

Sir, shall they wait—and the foreigners, too?

Can you believe that Ibsen and Maeterlinck are so-called "indecents"? Can you believe that "Mrs. Warrens Profession" is unwholesome? Can you believe that the "Œdipus" is "worse" than the former two? I do not believe you do.

Sir, I reiterate it; it rests entirely with you to make a change—you can do it with a twist of your fingers. Why should you be the only person who gets good plays?

Do acknowledge that your position is a super-

THE DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir—There is much to be said for the views of Mr. Robert Ross, and, like him, I am utterly at a loss to understand for what reason the Œdipus Rex has been refused a license. It brings before us another glaring inconsistency in the administration of the censorship. Had the "Hippolytus" of Euripides been banned it would not have surprised me, as this play, in my view, has neither the charm, the noble reserve, nor the delicacy of Racine's tragedy on the same subject. But it was sanctioned by the Censor and produced at the Court Theatre in March, 1906! Why then, has Œdipus the King been tabooed? The function of the Censor is surely that of determining whether or not the theme of a drama has been so treated as to safeguard what the Act defines as "good manners, decorum, and the public peace." And it is because many of us hold this to be the essential duty of the Censor that we supported him when he banned "The Breaking Point." But in Sophocles' play there is no taint whatever of anything sensual. In its treatment there is nothing that can possibly be detrimental to public morals. As to the marriage of Œdipus and Jocasta, it is here that we see how a theme in the hands of a rare dramatic genius can, and should, be handled. The awful truth is only disclosed to the audience when our hearts are full of pity and awe for the fate of Œdipus himself. And is not this sense of pity and awe a deep and purifying influence? Indeed, it is one of the finest examples of what Aristotle laid down as the end and true aim of tragedy. Never has a dramatist distilled from a theme so terrible, and in a manner so exquisite, such beauty and pity and pathos. The whole work is a wonderful human picture showing how sympathy and pity and tears are enshrined in the human soul, in its pilgrimage through the valley of sorrow and adversity. In the whole range of dramatic art, who can find a tragedy more beautifully winged with those "thoughts that wander through eternity," more poignant in its portrayal of passion and emotion, more majestic in its spectacle of a soul unaware of its guilt beating and crashing against an unseen power—a power that ultimately sunders it, and hurls it into utter darkness?

But, quite apart from this, and apart also from the drama's perfect harmony, and unity, and superb poetry, which alone make it one of the most renowned master-works in the annals of dramatic literature, I would ask the Censor, and those to whom he is responsible, whether they are aware of one, at least, of the lessons that this great tragedy can teach us? As the marvellous story unfolds itself, and we watch Œdipus struggling for freedom from the fuel coils that entangle him, and share his anguish, and tremble for his safety, and shudder at the horror that creeps across his face, it is not for nothing, believe me, that we are moved to tears and crushed into silence for the misery of him who tried to avoid sin, but who was yet a great sinner, and whose heart was full of tenderness and tears for those sorrowing multitudes whose sorrow it was his fate and lot to cause. No, Sir, it is not for nothing; and may it not teach us that it is futile to attempt to thwart the Power that sways the universe; that the sinner will surely reap what he has sown, and, above all, that we must believe in the eternal wisdom and justice of the Creator, although this wisdom and justice may often be but dimly understood, may often, indeed, pass man's understanding?

Let us hope that the Lord Chamberlain will reconsider his decision, and enable us to witness Mr. W. L. Courtney's version of the greatest tragedy the Greeks have bequeathed to us.—Your obedient servant,

LAURENCE SIRRONS.

St. John's Park, Highgate, Aug. 19.

concert was given by Mr. Charles Tree's company before a large audience.

A cycle carnival will be held at Gwyrch Castle to-day, and a flower show will be opened at Ruthin Castle.

Rhyl.—Sunny, bracing. New Pavilion and Marine Gardens. Illus. Guide (post 1d), Advt. Assoc., Dept. 6.

RYDE.

Delightful weather continues. Over thirty hours of sunshine have been registered this week.

There are many visitors in the town.

Excursions by land and sea are well patronised, and the entertainments provided are very popular.

The juvenile regatta, held on the Canoe lake on Tuesday, attracted a big concourse of spectators, and the interesting programme of events proved attractive alike to old and young.

To-morrow afternoon the regatta will be held off the pier, and in the evening a band concert will take place in the terrace gardens, which will be illuminated.

Royal Pier Hotel.—The best. Gordon Hotels (Ltd.) Illus. Guide free.—Matthews, Sec., Advt. Assoc. Bodega, Union-st.—Wines, Spts. Op. Sundays 12.30.

"Maypole" "for reliable quality Butter, Tea, Eggs."

SHANKLIN.

Very fine weather was enjoyed yesterday.

The annual town regatta was successfully carried

DAILY TELEGRAPH, 1908

August 19

DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir—All Mr. Courtney's friends must not only be feeling indignant with a system which bans a play by him, but they must, I am sure, realise that his protest, while an example of his patience and courtesy, will have as little effect on the question as that bloodless deputation which waited on Mr. Herbert Gladstone. So long as Mr. Courtney and the other dramatic writers tip their foils with buttons, in the shape of personal tributes to Mr. Redford—asseverations that they have no personal grievance against him, that given his post he is the most excellent and admirable official—nothing what ever can be done by the authorities.

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On the other hand, it is idle to attack Mr. Redford because he correctly interprets the law by prohibiting modern plays with scriptural characters, such as "Salome," and permitting the performance of "Everyman," in which the Supreme Being appears. That is the fault of the stupid English law, not stupid Mr. Redford. The English people allow a burlesque of Miss Allan's "Salome" at the Alhambra, in which much fun is derived from the Baptist's head, but they will not allow Wilde's play or Strauss's opera!

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ROBERT ROSS.

Vicarage-gardens, W., Aug. 18.

Aug. 20.

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Sir, you ought to throw away that pencil—for the dramatist is the judge of his time; judge and jury in one person, and not the Censor. . . . you have to throw away that pencil, for the dramatist lives for the whole nation—it is he who holds the torchlight above their heads, that they may see and judge themselves—but it is you who try to extinguish that flame. . . . you have to throw away that pencil, for it is the dramatist who is responsible for his work and its causes, and not the Censor. . . . you have to throw away that pencil, for it is the dramatist who censures—he has by all means the right to do so, and only he.

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> It protects public morality by permitting the vicious rubbish, full of pornographic suggestion, that stimulates the senses at musical theatres.

Why should musical plays and light comedy opera be the target for people who do not happen to favour the fare? There can be not the slightest doubt that light musical plays are, and always will be, the favourite type of public entertainments. To say they are demoralising is utterly ridiculous; they are far less so than many of the so-called "high-class plays" which deal with many vexed sex problems.

I happen to be associated at the moment with one of the most charming musical entertainments of recent years, videlicet, "Butterflies," at the Apollo Theatre. Recently a little classical dance which was introduced into the third act met with abuse from one conspicuous quarter, so that the management felt compelled to invite the whole of the Press to witness the dance as a sort of jury, and pronounce judgment, which judgment was decidedly in favour of the perfect good taste of the dance, and also of the entire play.

It is not a fact that musical plays essentially appeal to the basest instincts. A first-class work must necessarily commandeer some of the finest intellects in the course of its manufacture, and where a single individual can, and more often than not does, write and produce an ordinary play, it is a rarity for one person only to be responsible for more than one department of a musical play.

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[illegible] BARRONS.

St. John's Park, Highgate, Aug. 19.

1908

DAILY TELEGRAPH,

August 21.

August 28

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir—Mr. Charles D. Leslie's argument that certain subjects must of necessity be debarred from representation on the stage is not a sound one. It is not the subject that matters, but the treatment of it. Were the story of Œdipus an actual event happening in our own day every newspaper in London would be full of it. Publicity would be given to it in the interests of morality. Some papers more than others would dwell on the disagreeable details, and certain papers might even be tempted to trade upon them; but the Legislature would not interfere in consequence. Mrs. Grundy would still refuse to invite Jocasta to her house, and Œdipus would be shunned by the elect! Now, in the name of common sense, why is it worse for the stage to speak of such things than the newspaper? If Mr. Leslie's contention were true, that a great writer must not handle certain subjects lest a third-rate scribbler "should use the same theme for a bestial drama," then the duties of the Censorship would become a farce. It would be better to draw up a certain number of rules and to adhere to them, and so dispense with the charge on the nation of the reader's salary.

If we must have a censor at all, it should at least be recognised that his hands must not be tied by any rules. A play is a work of art, and should be licensed solely on its merits. So long as there is a Censor, too, there should be a court of appeal. Even a criminal is not condemned unheard nowadays. A committee of educationalists, men eminent in their several vocations, should have power to support or to reverse the Censor's decisions in cases where writers occupy a position of distinction in their profession. A peer is judged by his peers.—Yours, &c.,

London, Aug. 19. WM. POEL.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir—I read Mr. Courtney's dignified letter of protest against the high-handed and indefensible action of the Censor with the keenest sympathy; but I deeply regret to see that the correspondence has developed into a blatant advertisement of the lowest form of theatrical enterprise—musical comedy. If the public had heard the conversation of the authors, composers, and purveyors of this form of dramatic industry as I have, they would be in no doubt as to the ideals of these people.—Your obedient servant,

London, Aug. 20. "ANTI-HUMBUG."

DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir—It would be interesting, and possibly instructive, if we could be told on what grounds a license is refused for the performance of "Œdipus Rex," and granted for a performance of "The Ring." In "Die Walküre" the whole dramatic action turns upon the consciously incestuous love of Siegmund for his married sister, Sieglinde. Considerable portions of both the first and the second act are taken up with love-scenes between the two. Even the gods discuss at length, in a scene in which the imagination is tempted to substitute Mr. Redford and Mrs. Grundy for the principal performers, the impropriety of the union of brother and sister.

It may be contended by the allegorically-minded that Siegmund and Sieglinde are only "ideas," and as dramatic characters are not intended to be considered seriously. Unfortunately, the appearance of Siegfried on the second day of the Trilogy calls for an explanation. Possibly he can be accounted for as the "logical sequence" of the combination of two "ideas" on a previous evening. But even if this interpretation be correct, on what grounds should unbridled license be granted to "ideas"?

Performance in a foreign language can be urged in defence of sanctioning "The Ring," but apart from the fact that many members of a Wagner audience are well acquainted with the text in the original German, "Die Walküre" has quite recently been performed in English. And the fact that Duse was refused permission to perform "La Citta Morte" is sufficient proof that performance in a foreign language is no protection from the inconsequent decisions of censorship.

To put forward the plea that the words and dramatic action of an opera are of no account is to show oneself entirely ignorant of the fundamental principles of the Wagnerian music-drama. Besides, if this contention should hold good, and the dramatic action of an opera is of no consequence, why are we in England debarred from hearing Richard Strauss's amazingly interesting "Salome" and Saint-Saëns's beautiful "Samson et Dalilah"? I have never met anybody—indeed, I find it difficult even to conceive the type of mind which could derive harm from hearing a performance of "Die Walküre," and he would indeed be a rash man who would venture to affirm that Sophocles, in sublime and noble treatment of the same theme, falls in any way short of Wagner!

As Mr. Martin Harvey so well says in his admirable letter, "the mind does not linger over details where great works of art are concerned." And that hypothetical mind which could be corrupted by witnessing a performance of "Œdipus Rex" must already be in so advanced a stage of corruption that it becomes a question whether the many should be debarred from seeing one of the greatest tragedies of the world's literature in order to postpone an inevitable Descensus Averni.—Your obedient servant, CHRISTOPHER SANDERSON.

Morden House, Royston, Herts, Aug. 26.

Daily Mail. August 28

the Shakespeare literature, the enormous extent of which—second, I believe, to no foreign literature on the subject, except that of Germany—may be judged by the compendium obtainable at the present Hungarian Exhibition, all the leading lights of English literature have been translated into Hungarian; their lives, works, and thoughts have permeated Hungarian literature and Hungarian thought. No essayist would attempt to write without being familiar with Addison, Steele, Macaulay, and Carlyle; no novelist to create without having digested Dickens (whose works are to be found in practically every house in Hungary which lays any claim to education), Thackeray, and Scott, not to mention the score of lesser lights. Hungarian philosophers are as familiar with Locke, Mill, Carlyle, and Herbert Spencer as any Englishman; no Hungarian student of economics would dare to attack his subject without a thorough knowledge of Adam Smith.

One of the most familiar sights in Hungarian book shops is the latest volume of the Tauchnitz Edition of British Authors. The rage for English magazines and reviews is only equalled by the difficulty of obtaining a glimpse of the London journals subscribed to by all the principal coffee-houses and clubs.

Another instance of a spreading Anglomania is the increasing fashion of donning evening dress at theatres and in the principal restaurants. Ten years ago a man appearing in any of the latter in a dress-coat was at once taken to be an Englishman; to-day any man who appears without one is pitied for his ignorance. Even private supper parties have taken the cue—to the infinite gratification of the steam laundries.

BRITISH GAMES IN SCHOOLS.

Hungarian schools, too, have adopted the British principle of "mens sana in corpore sano," and the hitherto predominant gymnastics are being gradually supplanted everywhere by outdoor games.

Rich men will pay any price for an article if assured that it is "valódi angol" (genuine English), though this fact is unfortunately abused by crafty and unprincipled tradesmen. Had they been better represented, there can be no doubt that English firms would have succeeded in monopolising the Hungarian market with their electro-plate wares, to the great discomfiture of the score of German and Austrian firms that are now "doing a roaring trade." There is a great field for British enterprise in this direction.

Ladies' fashions, too, are not set by Paris and Vienna only—especially as regards walking costumes; the English ladies' fashion papers are studied with zest in the boudoirs of Hungarian houses.

The mania for English musical plays and dramas is also a remarkable feature of the Hungarian theatrical world. Apart from Shakespeare, we find the works of Bernard Shaw, Barrie, and Oscar Wilde in the répertoire of the National Theatre. All the Gilbert and Sullivan operas have been played here; and the "Geisha," the "Belle of New York," and others of the same calibre are still general favourites—if for no other reason, because they are English. And no music-hall programme is complete without its English clown and its quartet of English girls, who "take" by their nationality, no question being raised as to the quality of their voices.

English is, of course, the language of the racecourse, as most of the jockeys and trainers are Englishmen or Americans. In fact, a man cannot be truly "horsey" without at least a smattering of the English tongue. And the efforts of the Hungarian Government to secure fine breeds of horses—the original object of Count Stephen Széchenyi in introducing horse-racing into the country—depend to no small extent on the import of thoroughbred sires and mares from Great Britain.

Hungarian designers look up to Walter Crane, an exhibition of whose works was held some few years ago in the Museum of Decorative Arts, as their master and guide; while Hungarian landscape painters take Turner and animal painters Landseer as their respective models. There are also Burne-Jones and Reynolds schools.

Sport requisites are almost exclusively of British origin, though of recent years some cheaper American makes of tennis racquets have been struggling to oust their English rivals. The principal firm in this field of trade actually employs an Englishman for the re-stringing and mending of racquets.

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ARTHUR B. YOLLAND.

1908

August 21.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir—Mr. Charles D. Leslie's argument that certain subjects must of necessity be debarred from representation on the stage is not a sound one. It is not the subject that matters, but the treatment of it. Were the story of Œdipus an actual event happening in our own day every newspaper in London would be full of it. Publicity would be given to it in the interests of morality. Some papers more than others would dwell on the disagreeable details, and certain papers might even be tempted to trade upon them; but the Legislature would not interfere in consequence. Mrs. Grundy would still refuse to invite Jocasta to her house, and Œdipus would be shunned by the elect! Now, in the name of common sense, why is it worse for the stage to speak of such things than the newspaper? If Mr. Leslie's contention were true, that a great writer must not handle certain subjects lest a third-rate scribbler "should use the same theme for a bestial drama," then the duties of the Censorship would become a farce. It would be better to draw up a certain number of rules and to adhere to them, and so dispense with the charge on the nation of the reader's salary.

If we must have a censor at all, it should at least be recognised that his hands must not be tied by any rules. A play is a work of art, and should be licensed solely on its merits. So long as there is a Censor, too, there should be a court of appeal. Even a criminal is not condemned unheard nowadays. A committee of educationalists, men eminent in their several vocations, should have power to support or to reverse the Censor's decisions in cases where writers occupy a position of distinction in their profession. A peer is judged by his peers.—Yours, &c.,

London, Aug. 19. WM. POEL.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir—I read Mr. Courtney's dignified letter of protest against the high-handed and indefensible action of the Censor with the keenest sympathy; but I deeply regret to see that the correspondence has developed into a blatant advertisement of the lowest form of theatrical enterprise—musical comedy. If the public had heard the conversation of the authors, composers, and purveyors of this form of dramatic industry as I have, there would be in no doubt as to the ideals of these people.—Your obedient servant,

London, Aug. 20. "ANTI-HUMBUG."

DAILY TELEGRAPH,

August 28

DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir—It would be interesting, and possibly instructive, if we could be told on what grounds a license is refused for the performance of "Œdipus Rex," and granted for a performance of "The Ring." In "Die Walküre" the whole dramatic action turns upon the consciously incestuous love of Siegmund for his married sister, Sieglinde. Considerable portions of both the first and the second act are taken up with love-scenes between the two. Even the gods discuss at length, in a scene in which the imagination is tempted to substitute Mr. Redford and Mrs. Grundy for the principal performers, the impropriety of the union of brother and sister.

It may be contended by the allegorically-minded that Siegmund and Sieglinde are only "ideas," and as dramatic characters are not intended to be considered seriously. Unfortunately, the appearance of Siegfried on the second day of the Trilogy calls for an explanation. Possibly he can be accounted for as the "logical sequence" of the combination of two "ideas" on a previous evening. But even if this interpretation be correct, on what grounds should unbridled license be granted to "ideas"?

Performance in a foreign language can be urged in defence of sanctioning "The Ring," but apart from the fact that many members of a Wagner audience are well acquainted with the text in the original German, "Die Walküre" has quite recently been performed in English. And the fact that Duse was refused permission to perform "La Citta Morte" is sufficient proof that performance in a foreign language is no protection from the inconsequent decisions of censorship.

To put forward the plea that the words and dramatic action of an opera are of no account is to show oneself entirely ignorant of the fundamental principles of the Wagnerian music-drama. Besides, if this contention should hold good, and the dramatic action of an opera is of no consequence, why are we in England debarred from hearing Richard Strauss's amazingly interesting "Salome" and Saint-Saëns's beautiful "Samson et Dalilah"? I have never met anybody—indeed, I find it difficult even to conceive the type of mind which could derive harm from hearing a performance of "Die Walküre," and he would indeed be a rash man who would venture to affirm that Sophocles, in sublime and noble treatment of the same theme, falls in any way short of Wagner!

As Mr. Martin Harvey so well says in his admirable letter, "the mind does not linger over details where great works of art are concerned." And that hypothetical mind which could be corrupted by witnessing a performance of "Œdipus Rex" must already be in so advanced a stage of corruption that it becomes a question whether the many should be debarred from seeing one of the greatest tragedies of the world's literature in order to postpone an inevitable Descensus Averni.—Your obedient servant, JOSEPH SHEEB SANDERSON.

Morden House, Royston, Herts, Aug. 26.

the Shakespeare literature, the enormous extent of which—second, I believe, to no foreign literature on the subject, except that of Germany—may be judged by the compendium obtainable at the present Hungarian Exhibition, all the leading lights of English literature have been translated into Hungarian; their lives, works, and thoughts have permeated Hungarian literature and Hungarian thought. No essayist would attempt to write without being familiar with Addison, Steele, Macaulay, and Carlyle; no novelist to create without having digested Dickens (whose works are to be found in practically every house in Hungary which lays any claim to education), Thackeray, and Scott, not to mention the score of lesser lights. Hungarian philosophers are as familiar with Locke, Mill, Carlyle, and Herbert Spencer as any Englishman; no Hungarian student of economics would dare to attack his subject without a thorough knowledge of Adam Smith.

One of the most familiar sights in Hungarian book shops is the latest volume of the Tauchnitz Edition of British Authors. The rage for English magazines and reviews is only equalled by the difficulty of obtaining a glimpse of the London journals subscribed to by all the principal coffee-houses and clubs.

Another instance of a spreading Anglomania is the increasing fashion of donning evening dress at theatres and in the principal restaurants. Ten years ago a man appearing in any of the latter in a dress-coat was at once taken to be an Englishman; to-day any man who appears without one is pitied for his ignorance. Even private supper parties have taken the cue—to the infinite gratification of the steam laundries.

BRITISH GAMES IN SCHOOLS.

Hungarian schools, too, have adopted the British principle of "mens sana in corpore sano," and the hitherto predominant gymnastics are being gradually supplanted everywhere by outdoor games.

Rich men will pay any price for an article if assured that it is "valódi angol" (genuine English), though this fact is unfortunately abused by crafty and unprincipled tradesmen. Had they been better represented, there can be no doubt that English firms would have succeeded in monopolising the Hungarian market with their electro-plate wares, to the great discomfiture of the score of German and Austrian firms that are now "doing a roaring trade." There is a great field for British enterprise in this direction.

Ladies' fashions, too, are not set by Paris and Vienna only—especially as regards walking costumes; the English ladies' fashion papers are studied with zest in the boudoirs of Hungarian houses.

The mania for English musical plays and dramas is also a remarkable feature of the Hungarian theatrical world. Apart from Shakespeare, we find the works of Bernard Shaw, Barrie, and Oscar Wilde in the répertoire of the National Theatre. All the Gilbert and Sullivan operas have been played here; and the "Geisha," the "Belle of New York," and others of the same calibre are still general favourites—if for no other reason, because they are English. And no music-hall programme is complete without its English clown and its quartet of English girls, who "take" by their nationality, no question being raised as to the quality of their voices.

English is, of course, the language of the racecourse, as most of the jockeys and trainers are Englishmen or Americans. In fact, a man cannot be truly "horsey" without at least a smattering of the English tongue. And the efforts of the Hungarian Government to secure fine breeds of horses—the original object of Count Stephen Széchenyi in introducing horse-racing into the country—depend to no small extent on the import of thoroughbred sires and mares from Great Britain.

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ARTHUR B. YOLLAND

Daily Mail.

AUGUST 22, 1908 NEW AGE

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Just think for one moment what this circus business has made of you!—and, gentle reader, I (like you) stand as the type and symbol of civilised man—it has turned you into the incarnate spectator—only interested in life for the sake of the tickle it gives you—the spectator of noble and ignoble deeds—noble deeds for you to clap, ignoble deeds for you to hiss; of you, who should be prancing along the cinder track with wild locks flying, it has made a ticker of the card of events; it has taught you the history of the competitors; you can spot a likely winner; you are a judge of form. You are the man that waves his hat and shouts "Hurray!" who mafficks and behaves unseemly, who reads the lists of the wounded and the latest cricket news; you the sightseer, the Looker-on.

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If Mr. Chesterton has any enemies—and men of robust opinions and independent character usually have—then he may expect to hear a good deal of plain speaking during the next few weeks. We can see the stern and righteous critics grinding their teeth and denouncing the insufferable impertinence of a man, only thirty-four years of age, whose career is unfolded in a fairly substantial volume and whose achievements are enthusiastically proclaimed. But let it be said at once that the anonymous author of the volume has done this work with sufficient discrimination not to expose his hero to the shafts and scoffs of the scornful. We have here real criticism, not unrestrained adulation; and to our thinking the book, though it may be a little premature, is not unjustified. It is true that Mr. Chesterton is sometimes foolish. He was never more foolish than when he came to Manchester and talked artificial rubbish about Shakspere, adopting a pose which ill became him, and uttering absurdities which he mistook for epigrams. But he is young, and he will grow wiser. We must let him have his mad moments, and make the most of his wiser hours. Mr. Chesterton—and we are now speaking from personal knowledge of him—lacks balance and is never likely to settle on the heights of philosophic calm; but in spite of obvious defects he is a force to be reckoned with, and he possesses originality, earnestness, a fine argumentative faculty, the gift of illumination, and a saving grace of humour. With such endowments he can afford an occasional eccentricity.

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> In the autumn of the year 1899 no one outside his own circle had ever heard of G. K. Chesterton. In the spring of 1900 everyone was asking everyone else, "Who is 'G.K.C.'?" Before the year was over his name and writings were better known than those of men who had made reputations while he was still an infant. I do not know any example in the last fifty years of so dizzy a rise from obscurity to fame as that which I shall try to describe.

With the weapons he employs and the effects he produces.

> Evidence never matters much to Mr. Chesterton. He has abundant imagination, sympathy, and insight, and he can reason clearly and correctly in the abstract; indeed, he is one of the most effective controversialists of the day. But of the temper which we call scientific, the power of deducting general principles from a vast mass of facts, he shows little at any time, and none at all when his judgment is warped by a general theory.

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Sept. 24. 1908

Glasgow Herald

POETRY, VERSE, AND DRAMA.

"John the Baptist: A Play." By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. 5s net. London: John Lane.)

The Bible story of which John the Baptist and Herodias are the central figures has long been a favourite one with novelists and dramatists. The theme was employed by Flaubert in "Herodias," perhaps the best of his "Trois Contes." The main lines of Flaubert's story were followed in a French play, of which a bowdlerised English version was produced on the London stage some dozen years ago. About the same time Oscar Wilde wrote his "Salomé," which was produced semi-privately by the Stage Society, and which is now in the repertory of every German theatre, while the operatic version by Richard Strauss aroused the raptures of German audiences and the puritan susceptibilities of the civic authorities of New York. Finally, in 1898, Hermann Sudermann wrote and produced his "Johannes," the English translation of which is now before us.

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Oct. 2. 1908

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Star.

Sep. 24

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

"Orthodoxy."

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DRAMATIC BURIAL SCENE.

When a Socialist deputy at Toulon yesterday had concluded a denunciatory speech at the graveside of the victims of the French cruiser disaster M. Thomson, the Minister of Marine, stepped forward (says the "Daily News"), and, looking fixedly at the deputy, cried "Vive la France!"

"For ever," added the deputy.

various matters.

Many other attractive features appe
"JOHN BULL'S" Biscuits, of surpassing
for Womenfolk, which menfolk may read
the Letter Bag, bright and informative;
Mummers' Corner, where things theatrical
Then the City article seems with sound
the Open Letters and Postcards administ
deserved keen-hauling to sundry individua
Nor must we forget the Racing notes,
wrestles in his own inimitable style with t
than average success.

All these attractions—and there are
BULL'S" weekly pennyworth, which we e
inwardly digest, and take in regularly.

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If Chestertonese were a pose and not a prose, it could not have been kept up. Nothing could be more fatiguing than the labor of writing like Mr. Chesterton, if it were merely a toilsome mannerism. If you do not believe me, I invite you to try. It is comparatively easy to parody the verbal paradox of Oscar Wilde. We have all done it. But who has parodied the poetic paradox of Chesterton? The reason is plain. The Wilde paradox was a trick of words. The Chesterton paradox is a trick of temperament. The one is a paradox of the tongue: the other is a paradox of the soul. Or, to put it in another way, Wilde invented the art of topsy-turvy phrases: Mr. Chesterton has invented the art of topsy-turvy dreams. The one made words stand on their heads: the other makes visions stand on their heads. As words are scarcer than visions, Wilde grew staler and staler, whereas Chesterton grows fresher and fresher. His new book is better than all his old ones. "Orthodoxy" (John Lane) is a far finer book than "Heretics." I read it through in one gasp, and I am sure it was written in one gasp, for it is a headlong furious rush of imaginative excitement—the excitement of the imagination driving the reason at top speed. As a rule it is the reason that drives the imagination, drives it slowly and cautiously. Mr. Chesterton seizes the whole machinery of reason and lets his imagination drive it like mad. That explains the vigor of his case for Christianity. Most Christian apologists try to defend Christianity by appealing to pure reason. Mr. Chesterton defends it by appealing to imagination. He stabs his antagonists in a dream, and cleaves them to the chine with a fantasy. They have no armor that can turn the edge of his fairy sword, and no weapon that can pierce his mail of moonshine. In plain words, Mr. Chesterton is a poet charging through the ranks of prose.

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One of the prerogatives of a poet is to be beyond the reach of argument. I pity the logic an who tries to chop logic with Mr. Chesterton. He beats at his own game and all the other games as well. For the most elusive devil in all the devilry of Mr. Chesterton is his imagination. With it he plays all sorts of pranks and turns every controversy into "A Midsummer Night's Dream," his victims being generously garnished with long ears. But beneath his elfishness there is a desperate sincerity, and it is a sincerity of the imagination. He lets his imagination play on Christianity, and, lo! it is lighted up as the sky is lighted up by a flash of lightning. You see the spacious splendors of it in wild gusts of illumination. As he himself puts it, he states his philosophy in "a set of mental pictures rather than in a series of deductions." He accepts Christianity not because it fits his mind but because it fits his imagination. He rejects agnosticism and all the other isms because they do not fit his imagination. To put it baldly, he is a Christian because Christianity is romantic, and because the sceptical philosophies are prosaic. He believes in the story of God because he desires to believe in the story of man. Christianity is "the life of practical romance." It is a combination of "something that is strange with something that is secure." It is a view of the world which combines "the idea of wonder and the idea of welcome." Obviously, you cannot destroy that position, for it is based upon personal experience. You may say that what satisfies Mr. Chesterton's imagination does not satisfy yours, but you cannot say that it does not or ought not to satisfy his. There is no answer to the testimony of the saint, whether he be a Salvation Army convert or a man of letters. This book is simply Mr. Chesterton's testimony to the fact that Christianity has saved his soul from the darkness of nihilism and the blackness of negation. It sparkles with wit and humor and daring metaphor and flaming epigram, but in its essence it is only one of Prof. James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." It is the egoism of humility.

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The weakest parts of the book are the parts that tackle dogma. But they are negligible. The strength of the book is its spiritual interpretation of the Christian symbols. It is an expression of that great revolt against the reactions of science which is leading us back through the old infidelity to the old faith. In one sense, Christianity is reshaping us: in another sense we are reshaping Christianity. The movement is outside the walls of theology, for it outflanks them. It is outside the Churches, for it is above them. It is a movement of the imagination of man—a blind movement that is felt dimly in art and literature and life. We have heard all the explanations, and we know that they do not explain. Therefore, we return to the inexplicable. Tired of reality, we go back to unreality. Weary of facts, we resume the mysteries. Sick of the guesses of man, we accept the guess of God. What Mr. Shaw calls "the Life Force" makes mystics of us all. We cannot help ourselves. Whether we look into our own hearts or into the hearts of others, whether we look at a flower or at a cathedral, we feel the certainty of a divine uncertainty. It must mean more, and if it means more, why not that? Christianity is simply a sustained triumph of the imagination. Agnosticism is simply a sustained failure of the imagination.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

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Some people I know dislike Mr. Chesterton because he is a slovenly giant with tumbled hair and a dishevelled manner. Others dislike him because they think his style is affected. I like him because he is himself. He would be spoiled if his hair were brushed and his prose were combed. The more unruly and the more uproarious he is the more delightful I find him. It is as absurd to blame him for being Chestertonian as it would be to blame an elephant for being elephantine, or a serpent for being serpentine, or a bull for being bovine. If ever there was a case of the style being the man, his is that case. Mr. Chesterton writes in Chestertonese because he cannot help it. Some critics implore him to give up being himself, and to be somebody else, as if he could change his nature with a wave of his pen. Even if he could change his nature, I hold that he ought to be forcibly prevented from doing so. I have no patience with critics who do not know a good thing when they see it. That he is a good thing I am convinced, and I protest with all my soul against the feeble attempts that are constantly made to prune and trim him, as the topiarist prunes and trims a hedge or a tree, into a formal pattern and a conventional symmetry. Let him run wild, for the wilder he runs the more amusing he is, and also the more instructive. His very excesses are magnificent and his very defects are glorious, for his excesses are the hilarity of life and his defects are the extravagances of energy. His imperfections are the flourishes of his perfe tions, and his insanities are the caperings of his sanity. To ask for the one without the other is like asking for an oak without leaves or a sea without waves.

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If Chestertonese were a pose and not a prose, it could not have been kept up. Nothing could be more fatiguing than the labor of writing like Mr. Chesterton, if it were merely a toilsome mannerism. If you do not believe me, I invite you to try. It is comparatively easy to parody the verbal paradox of Oscar Wilde. We have all done it. But who has parodied the poetic paradox of Chesterton? The reason is plain. The Wilde paradox was a trick of words. The Chesterton paradox is a trick of temperament. The one is a paradox of the tongue: the other is a paradox of the soul. Or, to put it in another way, Wilde invented the art of topsy-turvy phrases: Mr. Chesterton has invented the art of topsy-turvy dreams. The one made words stand on their heads: the other makes visions stand on their heads. As words are scarcer than visions, Wilde grew staler and staler, whereas Chesterton grows fresher and fresher. His new book is better than all his old ones. "Orthodoxy" (John Lane) is a far finer book than "Heretics." I read it through in one gasp, and I am sure it was written in one gasp, for it is a headlong furious rush of imaginative excitement—the excitement of the imagination driving the reason at top speed. As a rule it is the reason that drives the imagination, drives it slowly and cautiously. Mr. Chesterton seizes the whole machinery of reason and lets his imagination drive it like mad. That explains the vigor of his case for Christianity. Most Christian apologists try to defend Christianity by appealing to pure reason. Chesterton defends it by appealing to imagination. He stabs his antagonists in a dream, and cleaves them to the chine with a fantasy. They have no armor that can turn the edge of his fairy sword, and no weapon that can pierce his mail of moonshine. In plain words, Mr. Chesterton is a poet charging through the ranks of prose.

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One of the prerogatives of a poet is to be beyond the reach of argument. I pity the logic an who tries to chop logic with Mr. Chesterton. He beaten at his own game and all the other games as well. For the most elusive devil in all the devilry of Mr. Chesterton is his imagination. With it he plays all sorts of pranks and turns every controversy into "A Midsummer Night's Dream," his victims being generously garnished with long ears. But beneath his elfishness there is a desperate sincerity, and it is a sincerity of the imagination. He lets his imagination play on Christianity, and, lo! it is lighted up as the sky is lighted up by a flash of lightning. You see the spacious splendors of it in wild gusts of illumination. As he himself puts it, he states his philosophy in "a set of mental pictures rather than in a series of deductions." He accepts Christianity not because it fits his mind but because it fits his imagination. He rejects agnosticism and all the other isms because they do not fit his imagination. To put it baldly, he is a Christian because Christianity is romantic, and because the sceptical philosophies are prosaic. He believes in the story of God because he desires to believe in the story of man. Christianity is "the life of practical romance." It is a combination of "something that is strange with something that is secure." It is a view of the world which combines "the idea of wonder and the idea of welcome." Obviously, you cannot destroy that position, for it is based upon personal experience. You may say that what satisfies Mr. Chesterton's imagination does not satisfy yours, but you cannot say that it does not or ought not to satisfy his. There is no answer to the testimony of the saint, whether he be a Salvation Army convert or a man of letters. This book is simply Mr. Chesterton's testimony to the fact that Christianity has saved his soul from the darkness of nihilism and the blackness of negation. It sparkles with wit and humor and daring metaphor and flaming epigram, but in its essence it is only one of Prof. James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." It is the egoism of humility.

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The weakest parts of the book are the parts that tackle dogma. But they are negligible. The strength of the book is its spiritual interpretation of the Christian symbols. It is an expression of that great revolt against the reactions of science which is leading us back through the old infidelity to the old faith. In one sense, Christianity is reshaping us: in another sense we are reshaping Christianity. The movement is outside the walls of theology, for it outflanks them. It is outside the Churches, for it is above them. It is a movement of the imagination of man—a blind movement that is felt dimly in art and literature and life. We have heard all the explanations, and we know that they do not explain. Therefore, we return to the inexplicable. Tired of reality, we go back to unreality. Weary of facts, we resume the mysteries. Sick of the guesses of man, we accept the guess of God. What Mr. Shaw calls "the Life Force" makes mystics of us all. We cannot help ourselves. Whether we look into our own hearts or into the hearts of others, whether we look at a flower or at a cathedral, we feel the certainty of a divine uncertainty. It must mean more, and if it means more, why not that? Christianity is simply a sustained triumph of the imagination. Agnosticism is simply the failure of the imagination.

JAMES DOUGLAS.