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Oscar Wilde
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Vol. **15**

THE NEW ENGLISH PLAYERS

FIRST SEASON, 1907

FIRST PRODUCTION

AT

THE CRIPPLEGATE INSTITUTE

GOLDEN LANE, E.C.

On 28th October, 1907

At EIGHT o'clock

Doors Open Seven-Thirty o'clock.

“A PRIVY COUNCIL”

A Comedy. Period 1665.

BY

MAJOR W. P. DRURY and RICHARD PRYCE.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY IN THE ORDER OF THEIR
APPEARANCE.

MARY.....Miss ANNE COOMBS
MERCER.....Miss IDA FEARNHEAD
MRS. PEPYS.....Miss MARIE HAYES
SAMUEL PEPYS, Esq., F.R.S.....Mr. ALEXANDER CLIFTON
MRS. KNIPP (of the King's Playhouse)...Miss KATHLEEN FEARNHEAD
SIR WILLIAM KILLIGREW.....Mr. J. DOCWRA ROGERS
SIR CHRISTOPHER MINGS.....Mr. STANLEY SMITH

SCENE: The Dining Room of Mr. Pepys' House.

First Public Performance of a New Play in One Act

ENTITLED—

“A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY”

BY

OSCAR WILDE

At 9.15 p.m.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY IN THE ORDER OF THEIR
APPEARANCE.

MARIA (a Tirewoman).....Miss MARIE HAYES
BIANCA (Wife to Simone).....Miss AMY ROOKER
GUIDO (a young Florentine Nobleman).....Mr. STANLEY SMITH
SIMONE (a Florentine Merchant).....Mr. GEORGE HAYES
SERVANT TO SIMONE.....Mr. J. DOCWRA ROGERS

SCENE: An Upper Room in a House near Florence.

Period circa 1510.

NOTE.—The Florentine Tragedy having been left by the Author in a fragmentary form the opening scene has been written by Mr. T. Sturge Moore. The dramatic rights are the property of Oscar Wilde's literary executor, Mr. Robert Ross.

The New English Players

Will give TWO PERFORMANCES of Shakespeare's Comedies during
the Festival Week in April next.

In accordance with the requirements of the Licensing Authorities—

(a) The Public may leave at the end of the Performance by all exits and entrance doors, and such doors must at that time be open.

(b) All Gangways, Passages, and Staircases must be kept entirely free from chairs or any other obstruction.

(c) The Safety Curtain must be lowered about the middle of the Performance so as to ensure its being in proper working order.

All Communications should be addressed to

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Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

OSCAR WILDE.

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OF HIS POEMS,

By ARTHUR GOODSALL,

On Thursday, March 19th, 1908,

AT 3.30 P.M.

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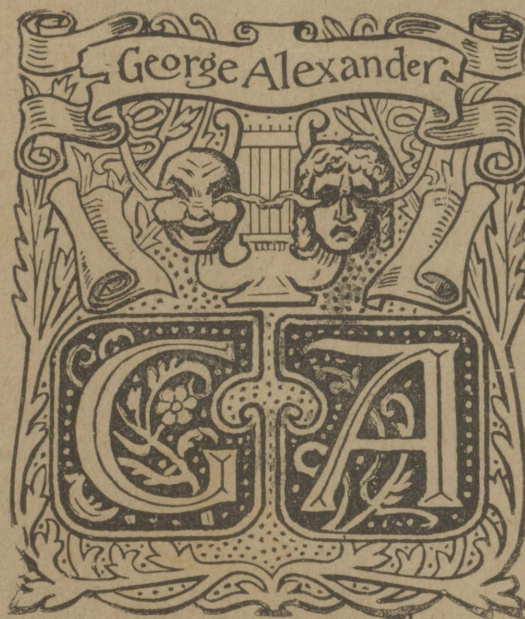
Steinway Hall
Tickets can be obtained at ~~Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street,~~ and Mr. GUY FLETCHER, 55a, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.

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(To whom all communications should be addressed)

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Treasurer :
Mr. D. W. Whitaker

Musical Director :
Mr. William Robins

Secretary :
Mr. A. P. Horne

Box Office Manager :
Mr. E. Arnold

Assistant Stage Manager :
Mr. Percy D. Owen

PRICE TWOPENCE

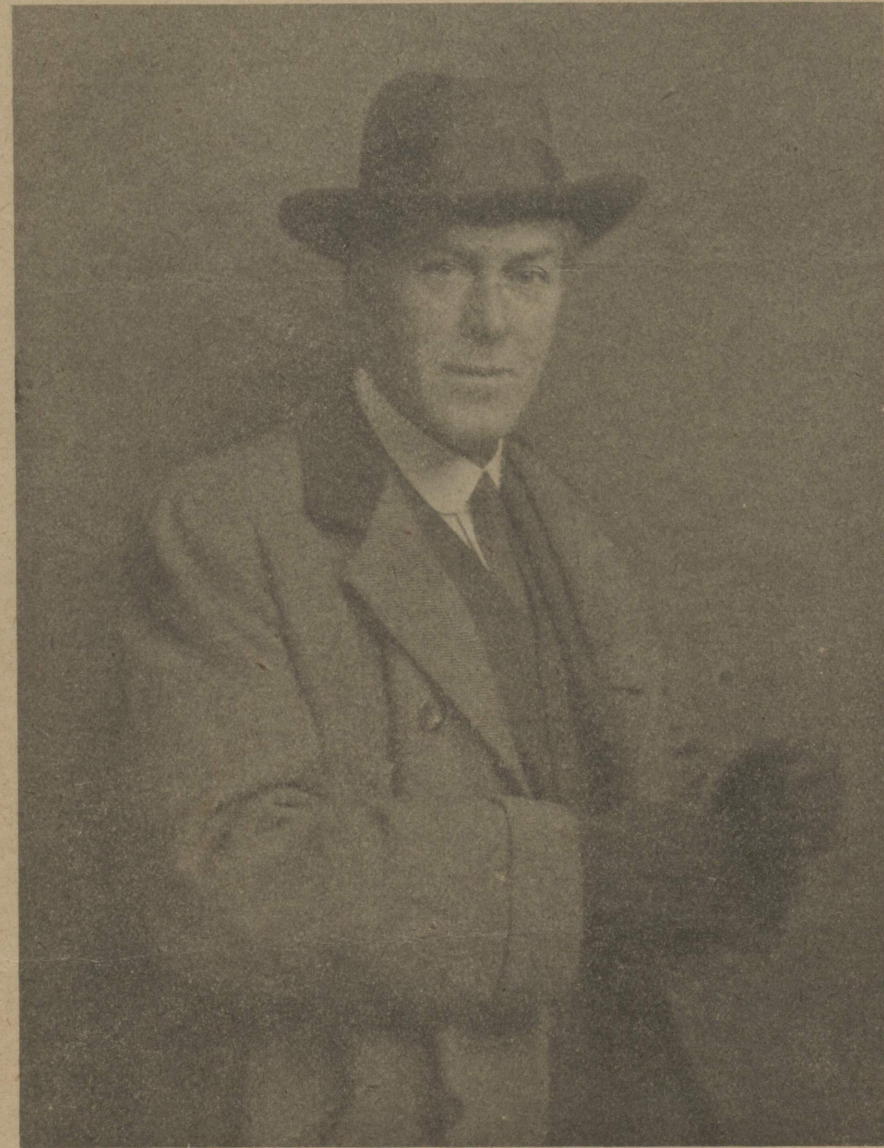


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Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.



Photo by Ellis & Walery, Baker Street.
Miss STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL



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Miss ALICE BEET

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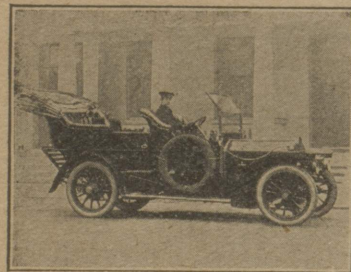
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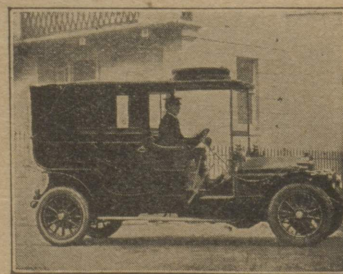


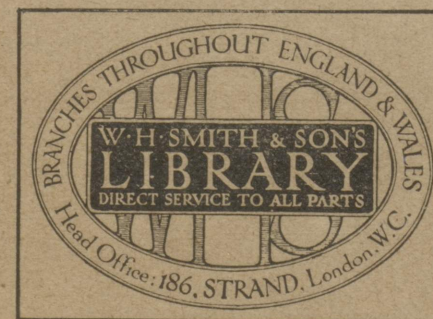
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Miss HELEN ROUS



Photo by H. W. Barnett.

Miss MARJORIE WATERLOW



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By OSCAR WILDE

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Rev. Canon Chasuble, D.D.	(Rector of Woolton)	... Mr. E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS
Merriman	(Butler to Mr. Worthing)	... Mr. ERIK STIRLING
Lane	(Mr. Moncrieffe's Man-servant)	... Mr. T. WEGUELIN
Lady Bracknell Miss HELEN ROUS
Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax	(her Daughter)	Miss STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL
Cecily Cardew	(John Worthing's Ward)	Miss ROSALIE TOLLER
Miss Prism	(her Governess)	... Miss ALICE BEET

Time - - The Present.

Act I. ... Algernon Moncrieffe's Rooms in Piccadilly
Act II. ... The Garden at the Manor House, Woolton
Act III. ... Morning-Room at the Manor House, Woolton

Preceded at 8.30 by

A MAKER OF MEN

A Play, in One Act,

By ALFRED SUTRO

Cuthbert Farringdon	Mr. GERALD AMES
Edith Farringdon	Miss DOROTHY GREEN
A Maid	Miss MARJORIE WATERLOW

Scene—The Farringdons' Sitting-Room.

Time—The Present.

A signal will be given from the stage by the sounding of a bell one minute before the curtain rises upon each Act.

Programme of Music.

POTPOURRI	"Songs of London" Karl Kaps
SELECTION	"Dollar Princess" Leo Fall
{ VALSE	"Casse Noisette"	Tschaikowsky
MARCHE	"Russe"	Luigini
SELECTION	"The Arcadians"	Talbot—Monckton
MARCHE	"Gladiators" Fucik

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EXTRACT FROM THE RULES MADE BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.—(1) The name of the actual and responsible Manager of the Theatre must be printed on every play bill. (2) The Public can leave the Theatre at the end of the performance by all exit and entrance doors, which must open outwards. (3) Where there is a fire-proof screen to the proscenium opening, it must be lowered at least once during every performance to ensure its being in proper working order. (4) Smoking is not permitted in the Auditorium. (5) All gangways, passages and staircases must be kept free from chairs or any other obstructions, whether permanent or temporary

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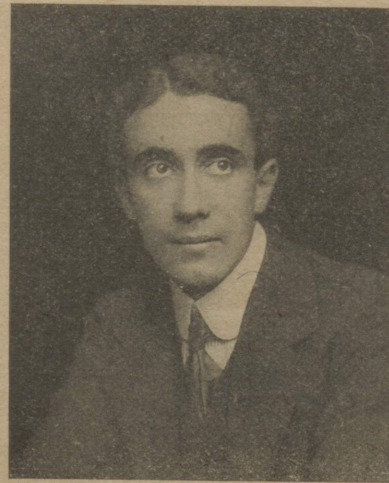


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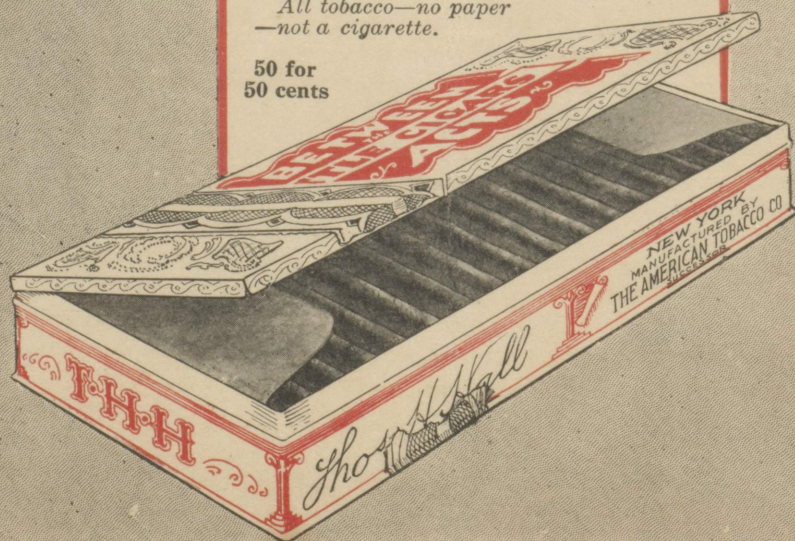


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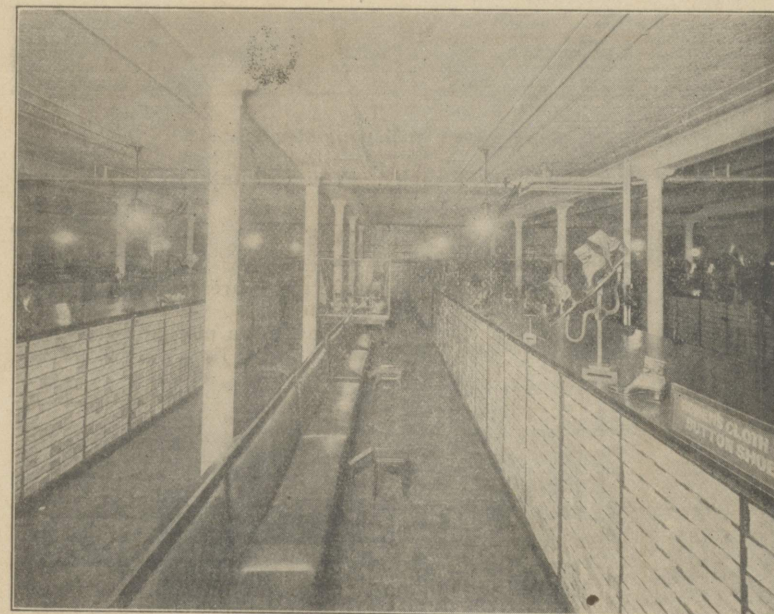
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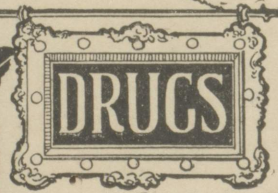
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"John!" she exclaimed, jabbing her elbow into his ribs at 2:17 A. M., "did you lock the kitchen door?"

And John, who is inner guard and was just then dreaming over last evening's lodge meeting sprang up in bed, made the proper sign, and responded:

"Worthy Ruler, our portals are guarded."

Oh, he hit the title alright, even if he was asleep!—United Presbyterian.

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WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, MARCH, 28, 1910.

ORPHEUM NOTES

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John G. Hall.....Stage Manager
Frank A. Girard.....Treasurer
Louis Reinhard, Conductor of Orchestra
James Harvey.....Chief Usher

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Balcony......50
Second Balcony......25
General Admission......50

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Balcony......25
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Refreshments served only in the Rathskeller in the basement.

Smoking permitted on Mezzanine Floor.

Ladies' Parlor on every floor.

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Physicians who may be called suddenly by patients, can leave their seat numbers at the Box Office, and be called promptly to the telephone by the chief usher.

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What is more alluring than fine, vigorous Health? Garfield Tea corrects digestive disturbances, overcomes constipation, purifies the blood, eradicates disease and brings Good Health.

Next week Miss Loie Fuller's magnificent and beautiful spectacle, "The Ballet of Light," will be presented under the personal direction of the famous danseuse. In this production a coterie of bewitchingly pretty dancing nymphs in bare feet and waving a swirling mass of gauze drapery deftly trip through a bewildering fantasy of intricate evolutions while an augmented orchestra under the leadership of a special conductor discourses especially written compositions that vary from the dreamy and seductive waltz to the dramatic passages reached in the spectacular fire dances. The scenic and light effects are superbly marvelous, and the changing hues of color are a sight that simply beggars description.

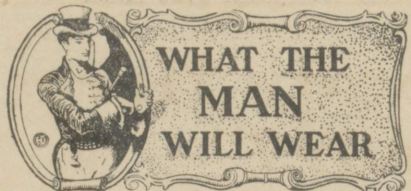
Harry Bulger will be conspicuous among the merry-makers next week with his new character songs in ridiculous costumes and sung in a typical Bulger way, which brought him to stardom in musical comedy.

The Rolfeonians will appear in a musical specialty that classes among the most stupendous offerings of its kind in existence. The entertainment consists of seven men and four women playing on a variety of instruments. The act might properly be termed a lawn fete, for the scene represents the lawn of a country house in old Virginia. The deportment of the instrumentalists and the present day dressing preserves the afternoon tea atmosphere admirably. The act concludes with a dashing ensemble, is neat and classy and distinctively away from the conventional beaten path.

Joseph Hart's "Bathing Girls" will be one of the main features of next week's sterling bill. It is a sort of musical extravaganza with Glenwood White and Miss Pearl Hunt as the principals. The pair will be supported by six bewitchingly pretty and shapely girls, each of whom is a gifted singer. The vocal numbers are tuneful and catchy and the ensemble music is bright and sparkling. The act is superbly staged with a gorgeousness of costumes, and scenic and electrical effects.

"Back in Wellington" is the title of the successful rural comedy skit that will be presented next week by the favorite vaudeville comedians, Howard and North. This sketch is a delightful sequel to their former well worn but ever popular offering, "Those Were the Happy Days," and tells of the meeting between two old boyhood chums in their home village. The piece simply effervesces with humor and contains just enough pathos to make it of real heart interest.

The program next week includes: The Temple Quartette, The Gasch Sisters, and The Two Pucks.



Evening.

Extremely narrow knitted mufflers resembling an elongated scarf are the "last cry" in evening dress. They have the usual fringed ends and are draped around the neck and tucked into the waistcoat front thus guarding collar, tie, and shirt from soiling and crumpling. Sometimes the muffler is fastened at the throat with a large pearl or moonstone pin. Nowadays nobody (or should one say "nobodies?") wears a black muffler. It is associated with long haired singers who compose the "talent" at a middle class musicale. Youngsters are very partial this spring to the flattish-brimmed silk hat.

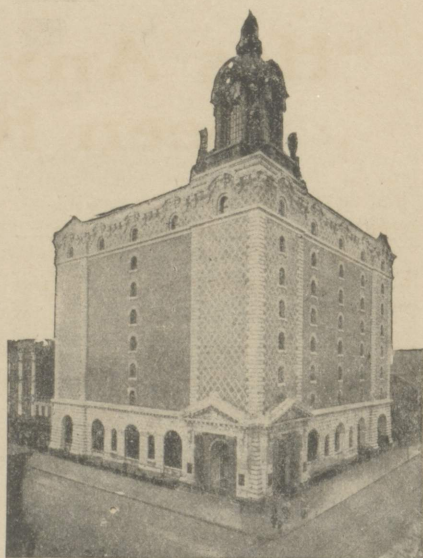
Afternoon.

The practice of braiding the semifrock or promenade coat has led to a reintroduction of braided edges on the white waistcoat. It is bound with a narrow rim of ribbed silk, harmonizing in tint with the color of the waistcoat itself. Black Ascots, which have not been the mode for several seasons, are again seen on men who have just returned from abroad. They are of plain silk or of silk and satin pierced with coral pins. A new Ascot from Paris is composed of alternate stripes of white silk and black satin, a truly stunning and essentially "Frenchy" effect. To have the fashionable broad Ascot fit more smoothly a notch is cut on each side of the waistcoat opening, thus making the scarf jut out and overlap.

Morning.

All the new lounge suits are cut so as to give the wearer an aspect of studied slimness. The exaggeratedly "athletic" ideal in dress, with its odious accompaniments of hulking shoulders and sailor broad back, has been discarded. At present, the aim of the best tailors is to achieve a well-knit slenderness, set off with an easy naturalness of shoulders and a supple length of limb. The only place where a coat may be cut loose is over the chest to show that it holds a healthy pair of lungs. According to the English fashion some coats are cut very short, decidedly shaped to the back and waist, with a noticeable flare over the hips. The trousers are always high and do not crease across the instep.

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The kimono cult as exemplified in the latest importations of gowns and which impregnates nearly all of the models, is fatal to the figure not built on long slim lines. It must be said for them that they are charming when worn by the right figure, although in some cases, a bit audacious. But what the stout women are going to do remains to be seen.

Some of the new styles in tailor-mades are particularly trying. There is the blue serge with almost shapeless back just gathered beneath the military patent-leather belt, and another with a three-quarter coat and the three-quarter kimono sleeve. The coat does not meet at the waistline and is gradually cut away in front. Around the bottom runs a three-inch band of black moire and silver passementerie, and about ten inches below this, on the skirt is another band of the moire which loses itself at the sides of the front panel of the skirt.

Morning frocks are being much embroidered. A pink shantung in the peach-blow shade is trimmed with bands of self-colored and shaded silk embroidery. And one sees white morning frocks adorned with effective embroideries in colors.

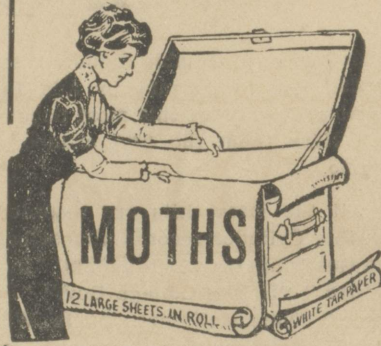
The Chantecler hats do not seem to be going well in the Spring and Summer millinery. Straw and poultry do not go well together, and straw and spring flowers and summer roses are sworn companions. And there is something new in this year's roses. Like the gowns themselves, they are made of the finest muslin and silk. No more stiff roses, but fine flimsy, blowy things that lend enchantment and mystery to any hat. The expression of beautiful color is certainly better in gauzy fabrics than in the solid, and chiffon roses are as much an improvement upon the stiff silk affairs of other days, as the present-day gauze and chiffon gown is over the stiff taffeta.

Straws this season are both very fine and very coarse. The tagal and chip and leghorn and pedal and crinoline are forming both large and small hats, turbans and the wide-low picture shapes. The coarse straws are used for the toques and the fine straws for wider brimmed effects.

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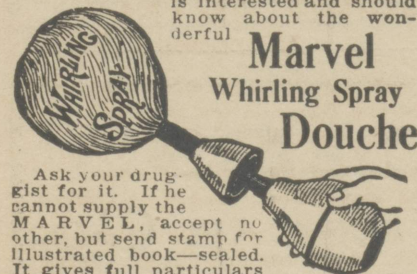
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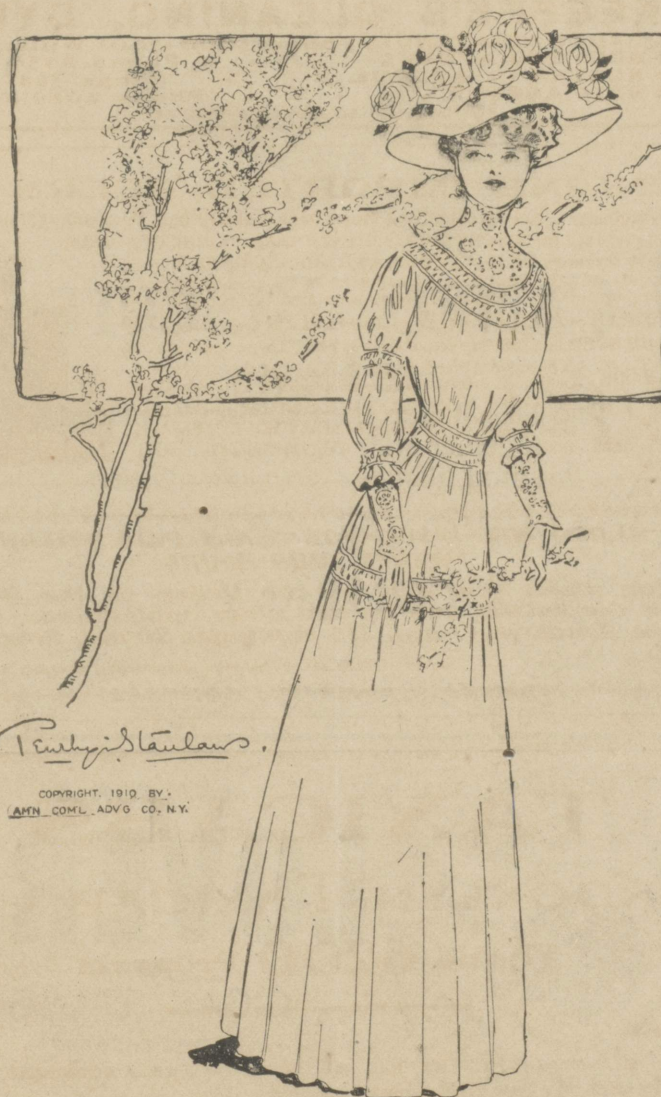
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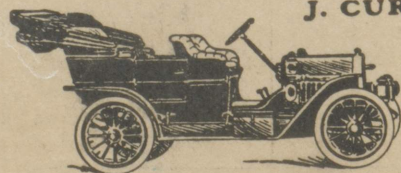
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"THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY"
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 Author of "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Importance of Being Earnest,"
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Cast of Characters.
 Dorian Gray, a novice, who desires to know Miss Adele Blood
 Basil Hallward, an artist and idealist Mr. Templar Saxe
 Cyril Vane, an actor, disguised as Lord Henry Wotton, the pessimist.
 Mr. Edwards Davis
 The time is seven in the evening, and the place is the studio of Basil Hall-
 ward, in London.
 The complete scenic equipment is carried. The scenery was designed by Mr.
 Davis and executed by Lester and Matt Morgan.
 The incidental music of the act has been composed by Mr. Davis; also the
 song, "Drink Forever," which is sung by Mr. Saxe, and is published by Witmark.
 The verses quoted in the conclusion of the act are taken from "The Ballad of
 Reading Gaol," by Oscar Wilde.

INTERMISSION—TEN MINUTES.

"March of the Nations"..... Walter Pond

PROGRAM CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING.

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(10 different styles to select from)			
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Beautifully made.			

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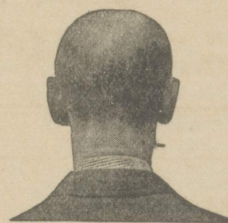
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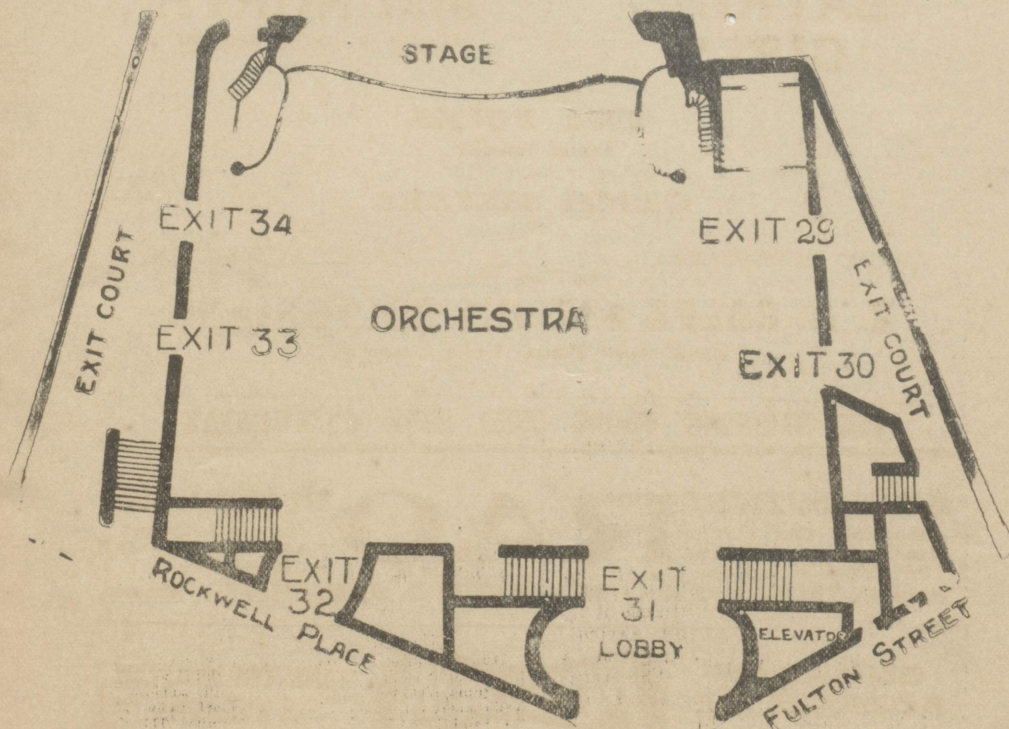
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A motor car resembling a swan has been built for use in India. A photograph of it which appears in "The Sphere" of March 5, is wonderful to behold. There are only the low wheels instead of web feet to destroy the illusion that a huge swan is sailing down the road, keeping close to earth, but not soiling her wings nor disturbing the majestic poise of her neck.

Practically all the western portion of the Long Island Motor Parkway has been completed and opened to autoists since the 20-mile section between Bethpage and Great Neck has been finished. The cost of the 60 miles of parkway is estimated at \$2,000,000. With such a stretch of parkway it is not surprising that plans are broached for connecting the parkway by new roadways with the exclusive residence sections. The terminal at Great Neck is already accessible from Port Washington, Whitestone, Melba, and other places on the western end of the island's north shore.

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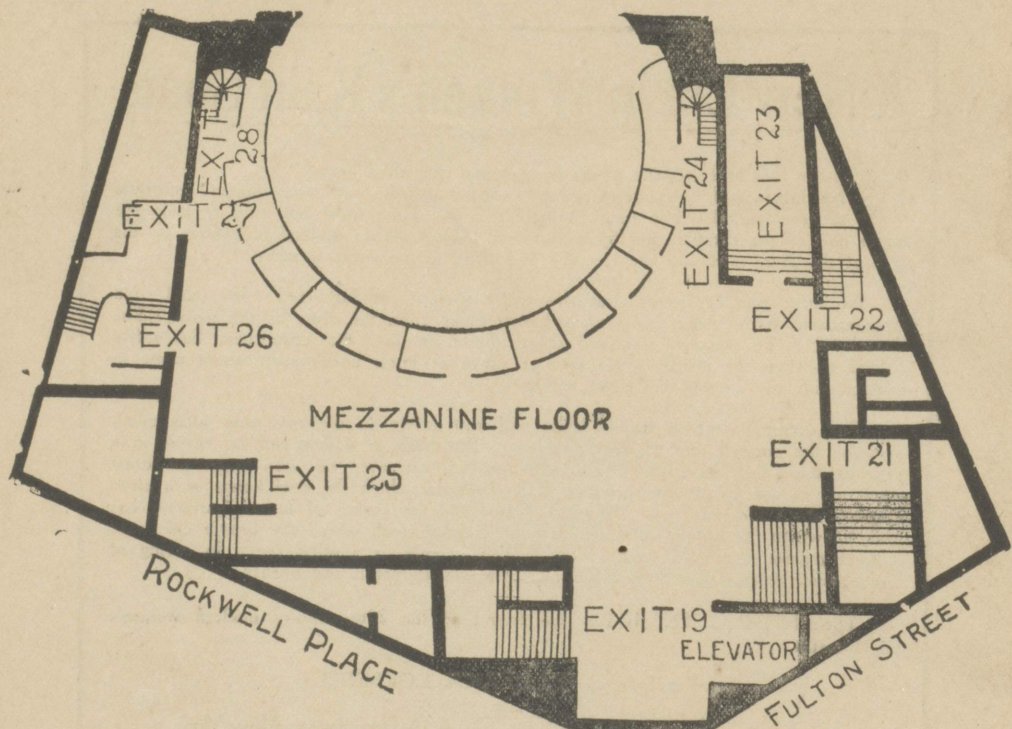
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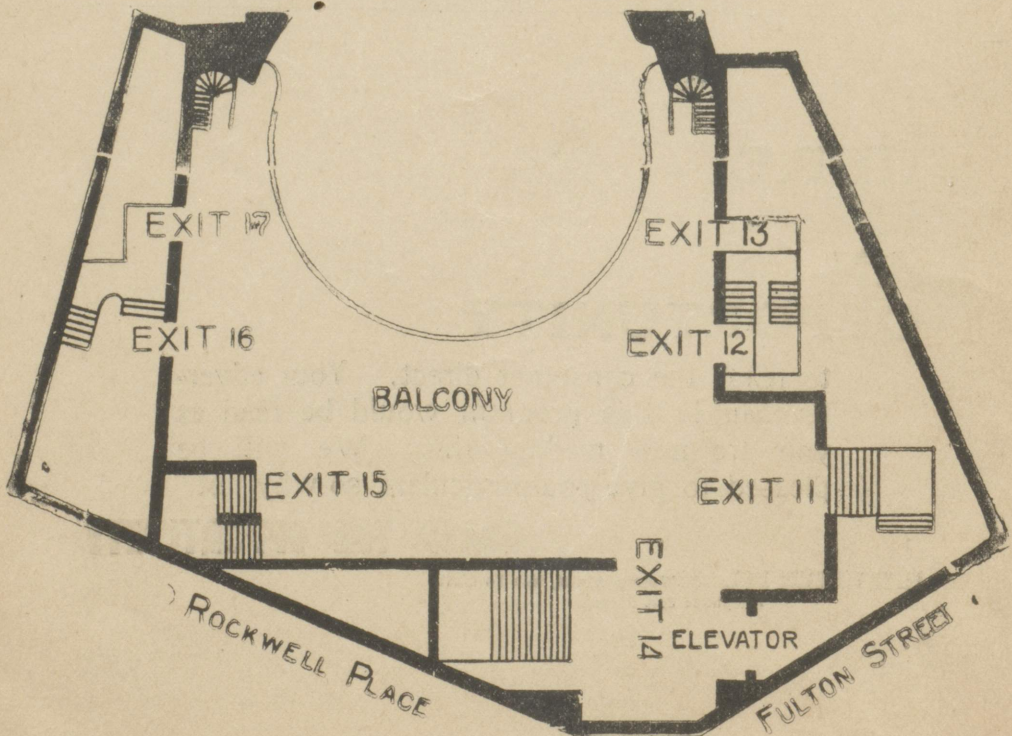
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on Jefferies and gives practical notes for the semi-cultivation of plants in wood and water-gardens. Her notes suggest the possibility of creating charming places where the spirit of Jefferies might dwell. In her illustrations Miss Clarke does not show much knowledge or trained observation of flower forms. Her outline studies of flowers lack perspective, clearness of expression, sureness of touch and delicacy in the treatment of their subtle curves and angles. They have the air of having been studied from pressed or faded specimens. She might do better with the brush alone. In this particular style she would get help from the true and very simple flower-studies of Miss A. M. Corfe. More advanced and more exquisite are the beautiful flower studies of Ruskin. Nothing of the kind is more difficult than the treatment of flowers as landscape, and Miss Clarke is rash in attempting an art in which so few trained painters succeed; such rare pictures as the *Tulip-fields* of Monsieur Claude Monet should show her what genius it needs, if indeed the work of Monet does not make her despair. For flowers treated as *genre* she should study the contemporary work of Fantin-Latour and of Mr. Walter James, and of course the earlier Dutch, French and English flower-masters, such as Van Huysum, though these may not please her so well. She is not afraid of pure, strong colour, indeed she is not sufficiently afraid of it, for she has little idea of its relative values. It is a great merit to have a natural love for it and she may yet learn to see it and use it, in its true proportions. No doubt her work suffers from reproduction, for the representation of flowers by mechanical processes has not yet been satisfactorily accomplished, as may be seen by comparing the first years of Curtis's *Botanical Magazine* and the first edition of Sowerby's "British Botany" with the later volumes of those works, which have no artistic merit whatever. For the rest Messrs. Dent's prints are up to their well-known and popular level.

We have criticised Miss Clarke's text and illustrations from a strictly technical standpoint, but it must be said, that she probably does not intend to appeal to that standard, and we should lose by failing to refer it to the standard which she really seems to have in view. After all, such criticism appeals to but a small and perhaps too artificial public. These people are not too sincere in the expression of their tastes, and they often fatigue us with their continual efforts to keep them up to the mark. Miss Clarke shows that she possesses delicate powers of perception, a cheering personality and a well-ordered, not too subtle intelligence. Her book shows on very page the pure pleasure which she had in making it, a pleasure which

Janet

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS

THE extraordinary action of the Lord Chamberlain's department with regard to *The Mikado*, deplorable as it is alike from the artistic and the political standpoint, will not be wholly matter for regret if its result is to direct public attention to the absurdities of our whole system of licensing plays. The subject is not one which as a rule comes under the notice of the ordinary man. Nine times out of ten he is probably quite unconscious that the Lord Chamberlain is interfering or has power to interfere with his amusements at the theatre. But the tenth time some piece of more than ordinary stupidity brings home to him the outrageous character of the rules under which our drama is governed, and every time this happens the end of the present system is brought a step nearer.

As the details of that system are not generally known in this country it will perhaps be well to explain briefly the nature of the English dramatic censorship and the principles on which it is administered. The King's Reader of Plays (to give him his correct designation) is a subordinate official in the Lord Chamberlain's department. It is his duty to read every play which it is proposed to perform publicly in Great Britain and to advise the Lord Chamberlain whether a licence for such performance shall be granted or withheld. Ireland, it appears, is exempt from his ministrations, which perhaps explains why Ireland to-day has an active literary theatre zealously engaged in fostering a contemporary drama of some artistic sincerity while England has not. If the licence for a play is refused no public performance in any theatre or hall in Great Britain can be given, and from that decision there is no appeal. The licenser, being the mere deputy of a Court official, is not under the Home Office and is not responsible to Parliament. To curtail or take away his powers would require special legislation, though, of course, the spirit in which they are exercised might be modified if wiser views as to artistic questions prevailed at the Lord Chamberlain's office. But as the Lord Chamberlain is not selected for his artistic proclivities or for his knowledge of contemporary drama, but exists for a totally different purpose, namely, to see that ladies who attend Drawing-rooms drive up to the right door and have the right length of train, no alteration in that direction is to be looked for. Be this as it may, no stage play can be performed publicly in England without

a licence from the Lord Chamberlain. And here we meet with one of the most glaring anomalies of the system. *No dramatist can get his play licensed in England at all.* A licence can only be granted to the manager of a theatre. In England, it seems, dramatists are not supposed to exist, only theatrical managers. If a dramatist therefore wishes to have the play licensed he must submit it through a manager, and if, as may easily happen, he desires to get it licensed before any arrangements have been made as to production at any particular theatre, he can only do this through the friendly offices of some manager whom he chances to know. If he is merely a man of letters who has no acquaintances in the theatrical world his play must go unlicensed until he makes such acquaintance. In this country apparently the idea of a man of letters having anything to do with the drama is so abhorrent to the Lord Chamberlain's department that they feel bound to exert all the influence at their command to prevent so disastrous a connection. But though the existence of the dramatist is not recognised at the Lord Chamberlain's office for the purpose of licensing a play, a fee is exacted from him for the granting (or the withholding) of that licence, namely, one guinea for a one-act play, and two guineas for a play in more than one act. The author, in fact, has to pay for having his play read though he is not allowed to submit it for reading purposes or to receive a licence for it if a licence be granted, an illuminating instance of the workings of the official mind when it has to deal with the artist.

The system on which plays are licensed in England being of this gloriously haphazard description it is not surprising that the wrong plays are constantly passed by the Censor and the right plays constantly refused. The problem of deciding what to allow and what to forbid in any department whether of art or morals is notoriously almost insoluble, and is indeed one great argument against any Censorship at all. But when the duty is left in the hands of a Department which has no knowledge of and no interest in the subject in hand the result is inevitably chaos. The plays which have been refused a licence during the past few years include *Monna Vanna* and *Sister Beatrice* by Maeterlinck, *Ghosts* by Ibsen, *La Cilla Morte* by D'Annunzio, *The Cenci* by Shelley, three plays by Brieux (*The Three Daughters of M. Dupont*, *Maternité* and *Les Hanneçons*), *Mrs. Warren's Profession* by Bernard Shaw, *Salomé* by Oscar Wilde and now *The Mikado*. There are of course, many others, but these are the more conspicuous examples. Why were these plays refused a licence? Why does the Lord Chamberlain license *Zaza* and reject *Mrs. Warren's Profession*? Why does he accept *Sapho* and refuse *Les Hanneçons*? Is *Ghosts* a less ennobling and artistically admirable piece of work than *A Wife Without a Smile*? Is *The Three Daughters of M. Dupont* which he banned a depraving play and *Education du Prince* which he blessed an elevating one? We cannot think so. We admit the enormous difficulties of the Censor's position. It would probably be impossible to fill that position without making mistakes. But we maintain that the present Censor makes very many more mistakes than are at all necessary, and that a drastic reconsideration of the principles on which his decisions are based is imperatively required. And we also suggest that if the administration of the Censorship is quite so difficult as it appears, it is at least a question whether the office had not better be abolished and its functions left to the Police who already have power to interfere in the theatre whenever decency or order require.

We have spoken of the "principles" on which the Censor's decisions are based, but it is not easy to say what those principles are. The rejection of *Monna Vanna*, for example, has always puzzled even the most zealous defenders of the present system. The legend is that the Censor misread the stage direction which bids *Monna Vanna enter, "nue sous un manteau"* as "*nue sans un manteau*" and, blushing, refused a licence. But it may be only a legend. The D'Annunzio and the Shelley and

the Shaw plays were probably refused on account of their subjects. The Brieux and the Ibsen ones because they were immoral (!). But there is no knowing. The secrets of the licensing mind are well guarded. *Salomé* no doubt was refused because its cast includes persons mentioned in Scripture, and it is a rule of the Lord Chamberlain's office that no Biblical subject or character should be presented on the English stage unless the play was written before the days of Sir Robert Walpole. This rule, it will be remembered, was enforced in the case of Massenet's opera *Hérodiade*, the characters of which had to have their names altered before the work could be given at Covent Garden! The same principle, no doubt, will apply to Strauss's *Salomé*, and London will be cut off from all chance of hearing the most famous opera of to-day unless Herr Strauss (and Mr. Wilde's literary executor) consent to the alteration of *Salomé's* name to *Mary Ann* and Herod's to *Harrods*. Then the cause of religion will have been safeguarded from the corrupting influence of the theatre—and the Censorship will have made itself so unutterably ludicrous that its days will be numbered even in this solemn country. It is therefore much to be hoped from every point of view that music-lovers in London will make every effort to secure the performance of Strauss's opera in London during the present season. Opera in England to-day has a powerful backing among the rich and intelligent classes of the community, and they are both able and willing to exert their influence on behalf of the art which they love. If they bestir themselves Strauss's opera will be performed here. If the drama in this country had ever succeeded in enlisting a similar measure of intelligence and enthusiasm on its side the Censorship of plays in its present form would not have survived till now. It would have perished of its own ineptitude.

have no knowledge of English manners, as such, nor do we fully believe that they have any categorical existence. But France has hitherto been the fount of politeness from whose sparkling sources the rest of the civilised world has drawn its supply. That this fount should be running dry is as terrible a catastrophe as was the decay of Greek art, and the final oblivion which has overtaken its principles and teachings. In a few years it is more than likely that Europe will no longer possess any but defunct models of *savoir-vivre*, dilapidated antiques without arms or legs.

Politeness, to which the French nation has given so subtle and suave a countenance, probably originated in a sense of fear. To study fear in its highest expression we must go to the insect world. No living thing will make way for you with greater conviction or *empressement* than the common insect of our fields and roads, which through countless æons of fear has gradually acquired an elaborate coat of armour, a number of eyes in its back, a habit of only going out at night, and a thousand legs to run away with. Such a creature is wonderfully adapted by nature for the practice of the cheaper courtesies of life. It could hardly ever make a *gaffe*. In semi-savage countries, such as Germany and certain states of America, politeness is, though barbaric, of a more ceremonious description than among better bred and better fed peoples. A more or less vague feeling of apprehension governs it. And even in France to-day the cheerful good-morning which the French peasant as a rule gives you is often distinctly reassuring when you meet him at some lonely corner of a wood. The practice of handshaking is traced by certain authorities to a desire common to the parties concerned to show that neither is carrying a weapon. But these origins are of small import. The art of politeness, invented and brought to its apogee of completeness by the French, belongs to quite a different sphere of ideas. Politeness, instead of

deftly locked it behind him. But the English Ambassador was equal to the occasion. He leapt from the second-floor window of his apartment on to the stones below, and, though he broke his leg in so doing, he was bowing at the door when the Duc de Richelieu, delighted to have been so elegantly outwitted, entered his *carrosse*. It were wrong to laugh. That was the "grande manière."

The decay of politeness in France may be variously traced to the coarsening and levelling effects of obligatory military service, to the growth of democratic ideas, the spirit of rapacity which is masked under the word "égalité," to the absence of a Court, to political discontent, to financial embarrassment, to many causes, the analysis of which, however, possesses but little interest. That the French are not as polite and, concomitantly, not as cheerful as they were is obvious to even a week-end tripper. For within the memory of man quite the majority of the Parisians, even of the lower middle-class, were examples of civilised and pleasant courtesy to their social peers across the Channel. Did not Heinrich Heine say (who, however, was not an altogether reliable judge in such matters) that the ladies of the Paris Central Markets talked like duchesses? To-day the elaborate phraseology of the French colloquial tongue is giving place to slang, to snippety idioms borrowed from English, the idioms which English can best afford to lose, to sporting abbreviations. The very grammar is being slowly but surely uprooted. And with the stately old language is disappearing the environment which was appropriate to it. The *café où l'on cause* has yielded up its life to the noisy beerhouse. Art and literature are both deeply affected by the decay of manners in France. The vulgar automobile, whose inconsiderate movements are everywhere the epitome of bad manners, is acknowledged to be a chief cause of the poverty which has befallen both artists and men of letters. The devotees of the new sport have neither money to buy pictures nor time to read books.

ROWLAND STRONG.

WILLIAM BARNES

WILLIAM BARNES published in 1868 a small volume of verse, containing some of his best work. The volume is called "Poems of Rural Life in Common English," for he had previously published poetry only in the Dorsetshire dialect. This poetry in dialect is so well known that it needs no word here; even in his life-time it was sufficiently appreciated to cause him to feel some misgiving in publishing the English poems; but it was surely his humility that bade him hesitate, for in these pages is to be found the poem called "The Mother's Dream," long ago garnered by Professor Palgrave into the "Golden Treasury." Is it too well known for quotation?

I'd a dream to-night
As I fell asleep,
O, the touching sight
Makes me still to weep
Of my little lad,
Gone to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,
I my child did seek,
There, in train came by
Children fair and meek,
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
O, it did not burn;

hypothesis but a description which will enable us to foretell its behaviour under different conditions. And is not that the aim and purpose of all knowledge?

We may not all be interested in questions of electric inertia, or radio-activity or the instability of atoms for themselves, but we must be interested in the approach to what Sir Oliver Lodge describes as "the theoretical and proximate achievement of what philosophers have always sought after, viz., a unification of matter."

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Sculpture of the West. By Dr. HANS STEGMAN. Translated by MARIAN EDWARDES. Temple Cyclopædic Primers. (Dent, 1s. net.)

WE have ceased to wonder at the marvels of cheapness issued by Messrs. Dent. All our capability of wonder is now directed to the fact that in every instance the value is fully maintained. "Sculpture of the West" is no exception to the rule. One hundred and sixty pages are filled with excellent type and a considerable number of good photographic illustrations, followed by a small but useful bibliography and an index of artists' names. If ancient sculpture, Greek and Roman, can only claim some forty pages, we have no cause to grumble, for the literature of this branch of the subject is enormous, and for the most part easily accessible. The short chapter on the Christian era to 1000 A.D. seems to postulate rather too much knowledge on the reader's part. In the section devoted to the early Middle Ages England is dismissed with a single page, and the only English sculptor mentioned in the book, William Torrell, finds no place in the index—he is a mere "goldsmith." The progress of Italian sculpture to the close of the twelfth century is excellently set out, and Niccolo Pisano receives perhaps rather more than his meed of praise. But it cannot be said that as a whole the sense of proportion is well maintained, and this constitutes the main defect of this otherwise admirable little guide. The greater part of the book is occupied by German sculpture, and—we say it with all due respect to Dr. Stegman—Peter Vischer is not worth more than Michael Angelo, while we cannot discover the name of a single other German sculptor whom we can rank with Donatello—or even with Bernini. Germany as a whole would seem to have wavered continually between the living realism of Vischer—which it seldom attained—and the utter conventionalism of Stosz, which is no more or less than Byzantinism "up to date." Yet Dr. Stegman claims for the Nuremberg school a decided tendency toward realism, and describes Stosz as its greatest exponent. The only example of his work here illustrated displays the "ivory attitude" in its most aggressive form, and the fat smirk on the face of the Madonna conveys no idea of life. Despite Dr. Stegman's assertion that Adam Krafft "took his stand on the old Gothic," we find in his work—notably the Via Crucis at Nuremberg between the town and the cemetery—more of the Roman than of the Gothic manner of narrative sculpture.

The notice of French sculpture in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is extremely slight, and is overshadowed by the author's enthusiasm for Dannecker, Thorwaldsen and Schadow. Of the three Dannecker was perhaps the greatest artist, though Thorwaldsen was more successful as an imitator of the antique. We are glad to find Houdon given his right place as the master-sculptor of the eighteenth century, but we cannot help regretting that limitations of space have compelled the author to confine his notice of the great apostle of Romanticism, Rude, to the concluding half-dozen lines of his book.

Miss Edwardes's translation is a little stiff, and she has not quite shaken off the German idiom. But the book as a

general guide or for rapid reference is most handy and attractive, and well worth more than its very modest price.

Siena and Her Artists. By FREDERICK H. H. SEYMOUR. (Unwin, 6s.)

It seems hardly right that this little book should run the gauntlet of serious criticism. Well meant, a labour of love, compiled from notes made while the author was developing an affection for Siennese painting during several visits to "the beautiful and perfectly unique city"—it is what? Merely a rambling record of the aspect of Siena, ancient and modern, and a brief account of Siennese painters from Duccio to Rutilio of the seventeenth century. To Mr. Langton Douglas, who has specialised in the creed-inspired art of Siena, this volume will seem like an intelligent pupil's essay to a professor of history; to Mr. Hobart Cust, who has compiled a vast, learned and laborious book on Sodoma, Mr. Seymour's notes on that artist will seem the playtime task of a saunterer in Siena.

For whom then is the book destined? Certainly for the unlearned and culture-eager spring visitor to Siena, to whom the Races of the Palio, and the Madonnas of Duccio, are equally misty. He or she reading the pages at night, after the day's adventures in Siena will find them treasure-trove. He or she will perhaps excuse or approve the author's sentimentality about the figure of John the Baptist in Jacopo della Quercia's baptismal font; will copy into a note-book the passage wherein Mr. Seymour neatly observes that Siena, in punishment for her contumacy towards the Renaissance, seems to have been placed in Coventry and "severely let alone" for centuries upon her disdainful Acropolis; and perhaps he or she will not notice the slang, the misprint, and the woeful clichés in the following passage describing a Pinturicchio fresco:

Upon one of the "pranciest," a chestnut, is seated, as to the manner born, the prince of painters, the peerless Raphael Sauzio.

A book for the amateur—yes! Unimportant, but redeemed by enthusiasm and headlong interest in the subject.

Historical Character Studies. Translated from the Dutch of Dr. JORISSEN by the Rev. B. S. BERRINGTON. (Sutton, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN a quiet and reasonable manner Dr. Jorissen studies the vivid characters with which he is dealing. There is something pathetic and something humorous in the incongruity of Marie Antoinette being a subject for staid research, and of a well-reasoned monograph. Dr. Jorissen is a very human professor: but he remains a professor throughout. And if ever his heart beat more quickly in the writing of his monograph, he kept the effect sternly under control. She is only the daughter of Maria Theresa, who was ill-starred enough to be caught in a political crisis. You see the butterfly pinned in the collector's drawer—pinned with delicate precision, be it said—and hear the collector's exposition on the species: that is the way of course to know about Diurnal Lepidoptera though the flowers and the field are the domain and the sun the proper showman of the living butterfly. Quietly he recounts the facts, and as he records them you feel that with him the facts are far the most important matters, as presumably to the historian the facts should be. But the more you read, the more incredible it becomes that Marie Antoinette, who is exposed and described with this minuteness, could ever have lived and rejoiced in her brief day of sunshine. And yet when the disquisition is at an end, if the imagination is not entirely lamed, there comes before you a truer picture of the creature—or rather the basis from which a truer picture may arise. Everything is there but the breath of life. Such a disquisition has the usefulness too of a photograph of a picture. It kindles

the memory of the real thing—only the colour is wanting and colour is apt to be the life of a picture:

Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eye,

In two lines Thomas Nashe expressed the significance of the tragedy more forcibly than a commentator could have done in many volumes. The translation is rather clumsily made. And in a book printed with such admirable type on such good paper, as this book is, misprints are singularly annoying.

SHAVIANS FROM SUPERMAN

DONNA ANA has vanished to sup her man; the DEVIL and the STATUE are descending through trap, when a voice is heard crying "Stop, stop"; the mechanism is arrested and there appears in the empyrean Mr. CHARLES HAZELWOOD SHANNON, the artist with halo.

THE DEVIL.

[While Shannon regains his breath.] Really Mr. Shannon, this is a great pleasure and quite unexpected. I am truly honoured. No quarrel I hope with the International? Pennell quite well? How is the Whistler memorial getting on?

SHANNON.

So, so. To be quite frank I had no time to prepare for Heaven, and earth has become intolerable for me. [Seeing the Statue] Is that a Rodin you have there? Ah, no, I see, rather late sixteenth century—Jean Gougon? Not in very good taste. We don't like sixteenth-century sculpture.

THE DEVIL.

Oh! I forgot, let me introduce you. Commander! Mr. C. H. Shannon, a most distinguished painter, the English Velasquez, the Irish Titian, the Scotch Giorgione, all in one. Mr. Shannon, his Excellency the Commander.

SHANNON.

Delighted, I am sure. The real reason of my coming here is that I could stand Ricketts no longer. Ricketts the artist I adore. Ricketts the causeur is delightful. Ricketts the enemy entrancing. Ricketts the friend, one of the best. But Ricketts, when designing dresses for the Court and other productions, is not very amiable.

THE STATUE.

[Sighing.] Ah! yes, I know Ricketts.

THE DEVIL.

[Sighing.] We all know Ricketts. Never mind he shall not come here. I shall give special orders to Charon. Come on to the trap and we can start for the palace.

SHANNON.

Ah! yes. I heard you were moving to the Savoy. Think it will be a success?

[They descend and no reply is heard. Whisk! Mr. Frank Richardson on this occasion does not appear; void and emptiness; the fire-proof curtain may be lowered here in accordance with the County Council rules; portraits of deceased and living dramatic critics can be thrown on the curtain by magic lantern in order to symbolise stupidity, vulgarity, mendacity, personal uncleanness, ignorance, blackmail, envy, disappointment, rage, folly, defective syntax and caddishness. Needless to say, seven notable portraits are omitted. Of them, more anon. The point of this travesty

will be entirely lost to those who have not read Mr. Shaw's dramatic masterpiece, "Man and Superman." It is the first masterpiece in the English literature of the twentieth century. It is also necessary to have read the dramatic criticisms in the daily press and to have some acquaintance with the Court Theatre, the Stage Society, and certain uncensored plays; and to know that Mr. Ricketts designs dresses. This being thoroughly explained, the Curtain may rise; discovering a large Gothic Hall decorated in the 1880 taste. Allegories by Watts on the wall, "Time cutting the corns of Eternity." "Love whistling down the ear of Life." "Youth catching a crab," etc. Windows by Burne-Jones and Morris. A Peacock Blue Hungarian Band playing on Do-metch instruments music by Purcell, Byrde, Bu'l, Bear, Palestrina and Wagner, etc. Various well-known people crowd the Stage. Among the living may be recognised Mr. George Street; Mr. Max Beerbohm and his brother; Mr. Albert Rothenstein and his brother, etc. The company is intellectual and artistic; not in any way smart; but Mr. George Moore enters with a Zion of the aristocracy and Mr. Theodore Cook. The Savile and Athenæum Clubs are well represented, but not the Savage, the Garrick, the Gardenia or any of the establishments in the vicinity of Leicester Square. The Princess Salomé is greeting some of the arrivals who stare at her in a bewildered fashion.

THE DEVIL.

Silence please, ladies and gentlemen, for his Excellency the Commander.

[A yellowish pallor moves over the audience.

THE STATUE.

It was my intention this evening to make a few observations on flogging in the Navy, Vaccination, the Times Book Club, Vivisection, the Fabian Society, the Royal Academy, Compound Chinese Labour, Style, Simple Prohibition, Vulgar Fractions and other kindred subjects. But as I opened the paper this morning, my eye caught these headlines: "Future of the House of Lords," "Mr. Edmund Gosse at Home," "The Nerves of Lord Northcliff," "Interview with Mr. Winston Churchill," "Reported Indisposition of Miss Edna May." A problem was thus presented to me. Will I, shall I, ought I to speak to my friends here—ahem—and elsewhere, on the subjects about which they came to hear me speak? [Applause.] No, I said, the bounders must be disappointed; otherwise they will know what to expect. You must always surprise your audience. When it has been advertised (sufficiently) that I am going to speak about the Truth for example, the audience comes here expecting me to speak about Fiction. The only way to surprise them is to speak the Truth and that I always do. Nothing surprises English people more than Truth; they don't like it; they don't pay any attention to those (such as my friend Mr. H. G. Wells and myself) who trade in Truth, but they listen and go away saying "how very whimsical and paradoxical it all is" and "what a clever adventurer the fellow is to be sure." "That was a good joke about duty and beauty being the same thing";—that was a joke I did not make. It is not my kind of joke—but when people begin ascribing to you the jokes of other people, you become a living—I was going to say statue—but I mean a living classic.

THE DEVIL.

I thought you disliked anything classic?

THE STATUE.

Ahem! only dead classics—especially when they are employed to protect romanticism. Dead classics are the protective tariff put on all realism and truth by bloated idealism. In a country of plutocrats, idealism keeps out truth: idealism is more expensive and therefore is more in demand. In America there are more plutocrats and therefore more idealists . . . as Mr. Pember Reeves has pointed out in New Zealand. . . .

THE DEVIL.

But I say, is this drama?

THE STATUE.

Certainly not. It is a discussion taking place at a theatre. It is no more drama than a music-hall entertainment or a comic opera, or a cinematograph, or a hospital operation, all of which things take place in theatres. But surely it is more entertaining to come to a discussion charmingly mounted by Ricketts—discussion too, in which every one knows what he is going to say—than to flaccid plays in which the audience always knows exactly what the actors are going to say better often than the actors. The sort of balderdash which Mr. — serves up to us for plays.

THE DEVIL.

[Peevish and old-fashioned.] I wish you would define drama.

HANKIN.

[Advancing.] Won't you have tea, Commander? It's not bad tea considering where we are.

THE STATUE.

So the prodigal has returned! I was afraid he was going to become an idealist.

HANKIN.

[Aside.] Excuse my interrupting, but I want you to be particularly nice to the Princess Salomé. You know she was jilted by Mr. Redford.

THE DEVIL.

You might introduce her to Mrs. Warren. But I am afraid the Princess has taken rather too much upon herself this evening.

THE STATUE.

Yes, she has taken too much, I am sure she has taken too much.

A JOURNALIST.

Is that the Princess Salomé who has Mexican opals in her teeth, and red eyebrows and green hair, and curious rock crystal breasts?

THE DEVIL.

Yes, that is the Princess Salomé.

SHANNON.

I know the Princess quite well. Ricketts makes her frocks. Shall I ask her to dance?

THE DEVIL.

Yes, anything to distract her attention from the guests. These artistic English people are so easily shocked. They don't understand Strauss, or indeed anything until it is quite out of date. I want to make Hell at least as attractive as it is painted; a place as well as a condition within the meaning of the Act. Full of wit, beauty, pleasure, freedom—

THE STATUE.

Ugh. Ugh.

SHANNON.

Will you dance for us, Princess?

SALOMÉ.

Anything for you, dear Mr. Shannon, only my ankles are a little sore to-night. How is dear Ricketts? I want new dresses so badly.

SHANNON.

I suppose by this time he is [in Heaven. But won't you dance just to make things go? And then the Commander will lecture on super-maniacs later on!

SALOMÉ.

Senor Diavolo, what will you give me if I dance to-night?

THE DEVIL.

Anything you like, Salomé. I swear by the dramatic critics.

HANKIN.

[Correcting.] You mean the Styx.

THE DEVIL.

Same thing. Dance without any further nonsense, Salomé. Forget that you are in England. This is an unlicensed house.

[SALOMÉ dances the dance of the Seven Censors.

THE DEVIL.

[Applauding.] She is charming. She is quite charming. Salomé, what shall I do for you? You who are like a purple patch in some one else's prose. You who are like a black patch on some one else's face. You are like an Imperialist in a Radical Cabinet. You are like a Tariff Reformer in a Liberal Unionist Administration. You are like the Rokeby Velasquez in St. Paul's Cathedral. What can I do for you who are fairer than —

SALOMÉ.

This sort of thing has been tried on me before. Let us come to business. I want Mr. Redford's head on a four-wheel cab.

THE DEVIL.

No, not that. You must not ask that. I will give you Walkley's head. He has the best head of all of them. He is not ignorant. He really knows what he is talking about.

SALOMÉ.

I want Mr. Redford's head on a four-wheel cab.

THE DEVIL.

Salomé, listen to me. Be reasonable. Do not interrupt me. I will give you William Archer's head. He is charming; a cultivated liberal-minded critic. He is too liberal. He admires Stephen Phillips. I will give you his head if you release me from my oath.

SALOMÉ.

I want Mr. Redford's head on the top of a four-wheel cab. Remember your oath!

THE DEVIL.

I remember I swore at, I mean, by the dramatic critics. Well, I am offering them to you. Exquisite and darling Salomé, I will give you the head of Max Beerbohm. It is unusually large; but it is full of good things. What a charming ornament for your mantelpiece. You will be in the Movement. How every one will envy you. People will call upon you who never used to call. Others will send you invitations. You will at last get into English society.

SALOMÉ.

I want Mr. Redford's head on the top of a four-wheel cab.

THE DEVIL.

Salomé, come hither. Have you ever looked in the *Daily Mirror*? Only in the *Daily Mirror* should one look. For it tells the truth sometimes. Well, I will give you the head of Hamilton Fyffe. No critic is so fond of the drama as Hamilton Fyffe. [*Huskily.*] Salomé, I will give you W. L. Courtney's head. [*Sensation.*] I will give you Grein's head. I will give you all their heads.

SALOMÉ.

I have the scalps of most critics. I want Mr. Redford's head on a four-wheel cab.

THE DEVIL.

Salomé. You do not know what you ask. Mr. Redford is a kind of religion. He represents the Lord Chamberlain. You know the dear Lord Chamberlain. You would not harm one of his servants, especially when they are not insured. It would be cruel. It would be irreligious. It would be in bad taste. It would not be respectable. Listen to me, I will give you all Herod's Stores. . . . Salomé, Shannon was right. You HAVE taken too much, or you would not ask this thing. See, I will give you Mr. Redford's body, but not his head. Not that, not that, my child.

SALOMÉ.

I want Mr. Redford's head on a four-wheeled cab.

THE DEVIL.

Salomé, I must tell you a secret. It is terrible for me to have to tell the truth. The Commander said that I would have to tell the Truth. MR. REDFORD HAS NO HEAD.

[The audience long before this have begun to put on their cloaks and the dramatic critics have gone away to describe the cold reception with which the play has been greeted. All the people on the stage cover their faces except the STATUE, who has become during the action of the piece more and more like Mr. Bernard Shaw. Curtain descends slowly.]

ROBERT ROSS.

JULIA TILT—POETESS AND WOMAN

WITH all allowance, be it said, we have never before nor since had an English poet who was a woman. Alone has the authoress of "Poems and Ballads" (London: Churton, 26 Holles Street, 1847. In the twopenny box; but they'll take a penny if you insist) set down for us with unflinching truth and vigour a woman's point of view. Shakespeare's women are failures or, at any rate, half-truths. Perhaps Whitman, perhaps Swinburne, has come nearer to the truth; but only Julia Tilt can Reveal Her Self. Our poetess is not artist enough to give us a perfect presentation, or wide-minded enough to give us a complete one. But if the twopenny box will only yield sufficient copies of "Poems and Ballads" (by J. T., of course, not A. C. S.!) we are hopeful for the literature of the future.

(A friend, to whom I have shown these notes in manuscript, declares that the preceding paragraph comes straight out of an article on Laurence Hope in the *Monthly Review* for June. Pooh! And, even if it does, my poetess Revealed Her Self half a century before Mr. Flecker's. We might adore, but would rather not marry, Laurence Hope; we love but do not fear our Julia. What! Am I quoting him again?)

I would only ask this: Can Mr. Flecker show for his

poetess half the number of subscribers that I can for mine? Here (pp. xv. to xxviii.) is a list of nearly three hundred, beginning with H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester and two other princesses, going on with two duchesses, two marchionesses and ten countesses, and not coming down to plain "Mrs." for two whole pages. And what—to quote Julia herself—

What has caused proud Briton's dames,
To congregate en masse,
And mix with such a social air
With those of different class;

on pp. xv. to xxviii.? Not to see "The Countess Of C— Dressed For The Queen's Grand Fancy Ball, June 6, 1845," as they were when the poetess saw them, but to celebrate in the divine Julia herself the revelation of True Womanhood.

For stately grandeur, honest worth,
Are both in her combined,
A noble compact when it's found:
Alas! how hard to find.

It is my object to let Julia speak for herself, so far as possible; and the claim of True Womanhood will not be denied to the author of the following lines "Written On Seeing Her Majesty Open Parliament, 1847."

The graceful form is still the same,
The snowy brow unchanged,
Though five young cherub forms around
The mother's chair are ranged,

[Surely Princess Christian was then a little young for public appearance?]

And, gazing on with looks of pride,
Saxe-Gotha's Prince stands by her side.

Yes, earth's choicest gifts have fell
Upon that happy pair . . .

How pure and true the Womanhood that inspired those words of genius! Take another passage:

Yes, heaven lays in every breast
That feels another's woe,
And that it's in thy gracious heart,
Your deeds of mercy show.

Who will dare now to say Julia Tilt did not Reveal Her Self, and was not Truly Feminine? Mr. Flecker, who appears to have claimed for his poetess everything that I claim for mine, admits that his is a "sincere, but imperfect artist," and talks of "certain crude verses," which yet "seem to ring more true than exquisite phrase and swelling harmony." Julia is a sincere, but (I cannot deny it) an imperfect artist. Her genius rose superior to the dusty laws of grammar and rhyme. Things (alas for the poetic temperament!),

Things which formed my happiness
Are now a shadowy dream;
This world how different it feels
To what it used to seem!

Hear her yet again:

Oh Ireland, a shadow is fallen
And spread its dark shade o'er the land;
Thy fate is now so appalling
We cannot your sorrows withstand.

And though the tear of sympathy springs to her Womanly eye when she thinks of the sorrows of the Isle,

Where the air is so pure, and the sky is so blue
That no reptile e'er found him a seat [!]

she has all the unflinching morality of her sex. "Its the vengeance of God going forth," she cries, "to punish some sin of their pride." "The true lover of the art" (Mr. Flecker again!) "confronted with this straightforward verse, should not let speculations about the weak rhyme interfere with his admiration and pleasure."

But we ought not to dwell on the faults of our poetess. Let us turn to her transcendent merits. And first among

to publish any more books that treat of Shakespeare and his life and his writings?

The very name Shakespeare bereaves some persons of the sweet reasonableness which they show in all other matters. Was ever there a saner critic than Professor Walter Raleigh? Yet, in the quite unnecessary little volume which he has been persuaded to add to English Men of Letters, he writes:

There is . . . nothing to object to Aubrey's other statement that "when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style, and make a speech." Imaginative children are wont to decorate many a less worthy occasion with play-acting.

In any other connection such criticism would be written down as sheer midsummer madness; it is a pity Professor Raleigh forgot to exercise his faculty of humour.

Then there are those who see Shakespeare and his day through the spectacles of their own theories. Take, for example, the article by Mrs. Stopes in this month's *Fortnightly*. The title of the paper is misleading; it deals not so much with "Elizabethan Stage Scenery," as with the stage scenery of to-day and the manner of dealing with plays not presented upon public stages in Elizabeth's day. Shakespeare idolatry runs riot: Shakespeare could do no wrong! Owing to the absence of scenery, we are told that Shakespeare had time to devote himself "to the due alternation of secondary incidents (which always advanced the main action)!" Is there a single play by Shakespeare from which more than one incident might not be taken, without its ever being missed except by those already acquainted with the work? Then here is conjecture set forth as fact:

We cannot understand Shakespeare's complete conception without seeing the whole of his play. In his work the action progresses from step to step; the idea evolves from conversation to conversation. To cut out anything, therefore, is to create a hiatus, irreparable by the stop-gap of mere scenery.

What proof have we that the plays were not "cut" in his own day and possibly by his own managerial hands? How can scenery be said to be a stop-gap for a hiatus in any play? Further on Mrs. Stopes shows that she has an entirely erroneous idea of the Elizabethan audience. It was very similar to that of to-day, thoroughly stupid, fond of simple fun, easily stirred by rant, entirely jingo; differing chiefly in that it did not strive to conceal its fondness for full-blooded naughtiness and its love of blood. But Mrs. Stopes would have us believe that Shakespeare trained his listeners "so as to be able to collaborate with him," until they became so highly intellectual that a Court Theatre audience of to-day is by comparison an ignorant mob. Another fact: "Nobody except the great was forced to learn to read!" What does this statement mean?

Mrs. Stopes is bent on proving that our plays of nowadays are poor things because all gift of imagination has been destroyed in playwright, player and playgoer by the use of scenery. "We have evolved a respectable school of British art" (!) but our theatres have been degraded. May be so; many will agree; but our use of scenery is no more to be blamed for the poorness of our plays than the want of it in Shakespeare's days for the greatness of his works. But space forbids that Mrs. Stopes's argument should be followed at length—or even seriously. In fact we have only dealt with it as an example of the deleterious effect that Shakespeare has upon almost all who write of him, and because—as was said in the beginning—it is quite time that a protest was raised against the constant maltreatment of our greatest poet. He is our greatest poet, let him rest at that; he was not a minor deity who could do no wrong; but a major man who could do more right than any before or since. If he was a god, then he had feet of clay; as a man he had a head of gold. Let his fame as well as his bones rest in peace.

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

THE SPLUTTERING FLAME

THE article by one "Z" entitled "Sham and Super-Sham" in the current *Blackwood's*, with its angry splutterings from a smouldering fire of hate, should rouse the antagonism of all who believe that the ends of criticism are not served by violent and personal, not to say libellous, denunciation. Of Mr. Shaw, against whom the attack is directed, I may say at once that I am opposed to his doctrines and do not propose to defend them; moreover, Mr. Shaw is quite capable of taking care of himself. But much as one may hate sincerely an idea for its supposedly evil influence upon one's own age it will not be smashed by the mistaken efforts of those whose hatred of ideas tends only too often to hatred of men.

Again, it would be as well if one could evolve a new definition of decadence. This is but one of the charges brought by "Z" against both Mr. Shaw and Nietzsche, the latter of whom, it will be remembered, included Wagner in that category. One begins to suspect the stability, say, of Mr. Meredith's Everard Romfrey and to ask, though not without fear of hurting the feelings of one to whom epigrams are anathema, whether decadence is not the "last word" of the journalistic Mrs. Grundy: of whom to-day, apparently, it cannot be said that "son petit chien fait la révérence comme un maître à danser," or that, if a grandmother, "c'est une grandmère tres agréable"; she is scarcely worthy of such delightful badinage. Assuredly, the term is abused when applied to Nietzsche, who, however one may disagree with the general trend of his philosophy, bids us, in one of his most profound parables, "keep holy our highest hope." "Z," needless to say, makes the usual references to "hopeless madmen," "madhouse smatterings," "diseased eccentrics," etc. It would seem that he confounds decadence with a conscious egoism which he himself might find it difficult to explain. Decadence we may define for him as a state of mind existing chiefly where mind is decaying from want of use: the grievous condition of your Philistine whose comfort is threatened by the advent of new ideas. I do not anticipate that Philistia will be staggered by this reversal of its point of view.

Let us watch more closely the splutterings from "Z" his fire:

Decadence and perversion are writ large over everything that come from his (Mr. Shaw's) pen.

I am tempted almost to enlarge upon the meaning of perversion. Lady Cicely Waynflete, Candida, Julia Craven—. But stay! We reckon without our printer. The word, of course, was "perverseness"! Or could it have been "pervious,"—capable of being penetrated—indicating that here at length is the last word (if not the *mot juste*) upon Mr. Shaw and all his works? For says our critic:

It is our desire in this article merely to hasten the process of his own self-induced dissolution.

Again:

It is no longer the thing to admire Mr. Shaw. If you wish to be of the elect you must have passed beyond that.

I suspected it. "Z" is of the Elect. He may splutter next at the serene glow of the hard, the gem-like flame. We are on the way.

His scoffing ten years ago when certain critics detected danger-signals in the work of the author of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, showed his utter lack of insight.

Delicately put, sir! and fit for any drawing-room table. Modesty and Tact combined in the absence of a letter and a name! I am surprised, though, that you should forget elsewhere your good taste (a slip, perhaps) by making use of the word "prostitute": we, remembering our duty to society, speak of "unfortunates." Mr. Shaw, it seems,

babbled at that time that the Englishman is shocked at the danger to the foundations of society when seriousness is laughed at.

And at this we have the white light of vindicated morality, a beacon for all who have "made our nation what it is":

Well, who was right?

Can there be any doubt about that? In a few well-chosen words and with one hand upon his heart "Z" has consigned "this ignorant jackanapes," "this feeble imitator of diseased eccentrics" to his gallipots. England is saved.

H. SAVAGE.

FICTION

Pilgrimage. By C. E. LAWRENCE. (Murray, 6s.)

MR. LAWRENCE has given us another of his allegorical novels. Peruel, one of the fallen angels who attempts to re-enter heaven, is sent down to earth for his repentance, and becomes swineherd to a monastery; he has a power of dreaming dreams, and asking uncomfortable questions about the problems of existence and faith. He is expelled by the monks for heresy, wanders through the world, and dies in raptures, a leper. It will be seen that Mr. Lawrence's ambition is a high one, and it may be added that his style is grave and careful, free from the dreary affectations—such as that of beginning most sentences with the word "And"—that distinguish most books written in poetical prose. The idea of a Christ-like wanderer upon earth brought into antagonism with the Church is one of the main conceptions of modern Thought. It may be found in Mr. Wells's story of the Angel, in Mr. Yeats's play, *Where there is Nothing*, in Mr. Bernard Shaw's *John Bull's other Island*, where it is the inspired doctrine of Kegan, the unfrocked priest. But Mr. Lawrence has no quaint humour, no impassioned sincerity, no superb poetry, that can do justice to such an idea. His book is little more than pleasantly sentimental; there is no backbone of earnest or new thought. It is hard to be interested in the land of "Argovie," in the worn-out characters of the Jester, the Monk, the Feudal Baron. The relentless misery and modernity of de Maupassant's "Une Vie" makes us realise the unhappiness and mystery of this world far more vividly than the death of a Jester's robin, or the flogging of an inoffensive angel. And the gospel of Mr. Lawrence is only a refurbished and thin idealism, an insidious poison for the mind, against which the greatest modern writers have been struggling for fifty years.

Which Woman? By G. B. BURGIN. (Nash, 6s.)

FOR a writer who has produced twenty-eight books in half as many years, Mr. Burgin contrives to maintain a fresh style and tell an interesting story. Perhaps in "Which Woman?" the striving after the quaint is too obvious, but this may be forgiven in one who writes so well. As the title suggests, the story is one more attempt at a variant upon the old problem, two women and one man. Hubert Mallinson, "the great novelist," promises to deliver a lecture at Bedlam, and is about to start for the asylum when he receives a letter from a woman, who informs him that she has selected his name at random from "Who's What" because she is lonely and desirous of excitement. We are not left long in doubt as to the identity of the writer. She is Lady Marion Revel, the widow of a baronet. At the asylum, Mallinson meets Ernestine Nicol, a beautiful lunatic, who places a ring on his finger and says flattering things in a highly poetical way. Thus the two women are introduced. Lady Marion may be described as "full-blooded." She is, in Mr. Burgin's words, "a woman who would not let happiness slip from her grasp without making a vigorous effort to secure it—a woman who, loving a man in every sense of the word, does not hesitate to tell him so." Ernestine, on the other hand, is a fragile creature who, even when she

recovers her sanity, remains most of the time in a half dream of other worlds. Mallinson becomes her benefactor, and eventually her lover. When Lady Marion sees the announcement of the engagement she rushes to him in a frenzy of wild desire. It is the night of the dinner Mallinson is giving to his friends to celebrate his approaching wedding, but Lady Marion's passion is stronger than his love for Ernestine and he succumbs to her entreaty, until the Duke of Duncannon, Marion's would-be husband, is announced. Then he hurries her out into the night, a broken-hearted woman. Mallinson is in a difficult situation. If he breaks with Ernestine she will assuredly go mad again, while his passion for Marion will not allow him to live and lose her. The story ends abruptly, but we are led to believe that Mallinson will commit suicide. Throughout the book there are many quaint episodes. There is the clause in the will of Marion's husband which compels her to exhibit his three hats in the hall; a millionaire who cannot eat; a waiter who poses as an author, and so on. They are all dealt with in Mr. Burgin's light style. He is guilty, however, of a curious anachronism. In the first chapter Mallinson refers to the recent earthquake in San Francisco, whereas a few pages later on we find him reading a letter dated June 14, 1905, and we are given to understand that it was received within a few days of its composition. Now the American catastrophe did not occur until April 18, 1906, so Mr. Burgin's principal character must be credited with considerable foresight. That may be a small blemish in a clever book which, by the way, must surely contain a record number of quotations. There are nearly one hundred in its three hundred and thirty pages.

The Tangled Skein. By the Baroness ORCZY. (Greening, 6s.)

THIS is a sentimental tale of the days of Mary Tudor, with a fairly ingenious plot. There is an innocent maiden, a very good English lord, a double, and two very wicked Spanish diplomatists who speak with a scarcely veiled sneer and contrive most diabolical plots. The style is of the most jerky and suburban type, and antiquated words such as "bosquet" and "becoiffed" are sprinkled about to give what the authoress would doubtless call a Merrye England savour. The characters, moreover, are entirely melodramatic. But if we are to understand from the preface that the book is meant chiefly for children, it will probably please where it is meant to please: the external trappings of the period are brightly realised, and every boy will be pleased when beside the marble basin two human hearts "find each other," and soul "goes out" to soul.

A Race for a Crown. By W. H. WILLIAMSON. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THIS is a rattling romance, so crisply and stirringly written that in writing of it we find ourselves turning back to its pages to re-read some of these rousing, thrilling fights. There is some of the best sword-work in this book that we have encountered for many days. There is hard riding, too, in pursuit and chase, with the horses' feet ringing so clearly on the road, and the sense of racing for life and a crown so vividly conveyed, that we have sat forward in our chair as if over a saddle-bow, fumbling for a pistol-holster and trying to loosen an imaginary sword in its scabbard. The great fight in the pitch-dark room at the castle, with the enemies, two a side, tip-toeing around feeling for each other with drawn blades, is an encounter in which D'Artagnan himself would have loved to take part. This is but one bonny fight of many, only one of the ventures, stratagems and spoils which make up the story of this "Race for a Crown." Mr. Williamson has as quick and neat a turn of pen as his men have of sword. There is a humour also in his writing that is as refreshing as it is rare in romance. The story itself is conceived in wit. It is that of two cousins born on the same day, their mothers being the two twin sisters

First Public Performance of a New Play in One Act

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“ A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY ”

BY

OSCAR WILDE

At 9.15 p.m.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY IN THE ORDER OF THEIR
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MARIA (a Tirewoman)..... Miss MARIE HAYES
BIANCA (Wife to Simone) Miss AMY ROOKER
GUIDO (a young Florentine Nobleman) Mr. STANLEY SMITH
SIMONE (a Florentine Merchant) Mr. GEORGE HAYES
SERVANT TO SIMONE Mr. J. DOCWRA ROGERS

SCENE: An Upper Room in a House near Florence.

Period circa 1510.

NOTE.—The Florentine Tragedy having been left by the Author in a fragmentary form the opening scene has been written by Mr. T. Sturge Moore. The dramatic rights are the property of Oscar Wilde's literary executor, Mr. Robert Ross.

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(c) The Safety Curtain must be lowered about the middle of the Performance so
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SAMUEL PEPYS, Esq., F.R.S.....Mr. ALEXANDER CLIFTON
MRS. KNIPP (of the King's Playhouse)...Miss KATHLEEN FEARNHEAD
SIR WILLIAM KILLIGREW.....Mr. J. DOCWRA ROGERS
SIR CHRISTOPHER MINGS.....Mr. STANLEY SMITH

SCENE: The Dining Room of Mr. Pepys' House.