SHAW PLAY SPARKLES WITH WIT

"The Philanderer" Makes Its Bow to New York

IT IS THOROUGHLY DIVERTING

"The Girl on the Film" With Company of Original Principals Is Bountifully Supplied With Songs, Dances and Girls.

By Vanderheyden Fyles

New York, Jan. 10.

"ELECTRA"—By Hugo Von Hoffmansthal. (Comedy theater.)

Electra ..... Mimi Aguglia
Clytemnestra ..... I. Angeloni
Chrysis ..... G. Sterni
Aegisthus ..... P. Rosa

"M'LLE BABY"—Book and lyrics by Stanley Murphy. Music by Henry I. Marshall. (Casino theater.)

Francois Vlobert ..... Charles Judels
Jack Sutton ..... Roland Bottomley
Levia ..... Joan L'Estrange
Lord Berton ..... Charles H. Yorkshire
Clinton Duval ..... Harry T. Belmont
Jess Romaine ..... Victor Snyder
Armand de Grasse ..... Felix F. McCabe
Henri L'Almont ..... Les Raleigh
Jean Biquet ..... Leslie Jones
Mme. ..... Nellie Crawford
Juliette ..... Sadie Carr
Viola ..... Julia Sullivan
Adele ..... Eileen Adair
Lina ..... Marion Roth
Ida ..... Gladys Fox
M'lle Baby ..... Anna Held

"THE PHILANDERER"—A play in four acts, by George Bernard Shaw. (The Little theater.)

Richard Charteris ..... Charles Maude
Joseph Cuthbertson ..... W. R. Gravely
Manuel Craven ..... Reginald Dance
Sir Paramore ..... Reginald Besant
Bob Page ..... E. J. Ballantyne
Dora Tranfield ..... Ernita Lascelles
Julia Craven ..... Mary Lawton
Sylvia Craven ..... Muriel Reddall

"IOLE"—A musical comedy in two acts, by Robert W. Chambers and Ben Teal. Music by William Frederick Peters.

Clarence Guilford ..... Frank Lalor
Lionel Frawley ..... Stewart Baird
Harrow ..... Rexford Kendrick
Ashbridge ..... Royden Keith
George Wayne ..... Carl Gantvoort
Stevenant Briggs ..... Leslie Cass
Hiram ..... William Gorman
Archibald Maudle ..... Craig Lee
Bawley Cheedle ..... W. E. Hovell
Virgil Bunn ..... Augustus Minton
A Clergyman ..... George O'Conner
A Florist ..... R. Flower
A Jeweler ..... G. Diamond
Iole ..... Ferne Rogers
Vanessa ..... Hazel Kirke
Diane ..... May Allison
Lisa ..... Marie Spears
Philodice ..... Edna Pendleton
Chlorippe ..... Edna Temple
Phebe ..... Anna Vane
Aphrodite ..... Gretchen Eastman

"THE GIRL ON THE FILM"—A musical farce, by James T. Tanner, from the German of Rudolf Bernauer and Rudolf Schanzer. Lyrics by Adrian Ross. Music by Albert Sirmay, Walter Kollo and Willy Berdschneider. (Forty-fourth Street theater.)

Max Daly ..... George Grossmith
Cornelius Clutterbuch ..... John McArdle
Valentine Twiss ..... Paul Plunkett
General Fitzgibbons ..... Percy Ferrier
Sergeant Tozer ..... John Western
Lord Bonny ..... Arthur Wellesley
Tom Brown ..... Milbury Ryder
Winifred ..... Emmy Wehlen
Linda ..... Madelein Seymour
Senora Maria Gesticulata ..... Mary Robson
Viola ..... Blanche Ziegler
Olivia ..... Vera Sinclair
Portia ..... Gertie Birch
Mrs. Clutterbuch ..... Hattie Arnold
Euphemia Knox ..... Connie Ediss

"THE LAND OF PROMISE"—A play in four acts, by W. Somerset Maugham. (Lyceum theater.)

Edward Marsh ..... Lamsden Hare
Frank Taylor ..... Shelley Hull
Reginald Hornby ..... Norman Tharp
Benjamin Trotter ..... Thomas Reynolds
Sidney Sharp ..... Barnett Parker
James Wickham ..... Henry Warwick
Clement Wynne ..... Leopold Lane
Sarah Marsh ..... Billie Burke
Gertrude Marsh ..... Lillian Kingsbury
Emma Sharp ..... Marion Abbott
Dorothy Wickham ..... Gladys Morris
Miss Pringle ..... Mildred Orme
Cissie ..... Selma Hall

THEATRICALLY speaking, the old year went out in a blaze of glory. No less than six new plays in half as many nights. And, as might have been expected of him, Bernard Shaw got on record with a piece of his as the very last of the hundreds produced in New York in 1913. Apres moi, le deluge!

Although "The Philanderer" was one of the first plays Shaw wrote, it has never been acted in New York until the other night. Appropriately, it appears at Winthrop Ames's Little theater, which is the favorite resort of people of the taste and culture to enjoy a comedy of wit and satire. The company, however, is almost wholly English, having been engaged in London and rehearsed by Shaw himself, when not too busy sitting for his figure in wax, which, when finished, caused him to exclaim, "How beautiful!" and to add, "I particularly admire my whiskers."

It may be said immediately that, in spite of its seniority to most Shaw plays, there are no whiskers on "The Philanderer." Its zigzag flashes of wit, always in a new and unexpected place, are as dazzling as though penned yesterday. The play about the young man whose "clever, imaginative and humorous ways" make almost every woman fall in love with him is too well known to readers to bear rehearsal here. Of course, you are familiar with the amatory experiences of this Londoner who "never pays any special attention to any woman" and who "doesn't care a bit less for one woman than another." And, after all, it is not so much them—the scrapes he gets into between the clinging, sentimental woman of the old type and the self-reliant, calm, serene creature of the "new," and the aid he gets from the monocled and mannish Sylvia—it is much less these occurrences than the Shavian shafts of wit and ridicule and satire that make the comedy thoroughly diverting.

THE night before "The Philanderer," we got two new musical farces, both produced on an exceptionally elaborate scale, even for this extravagant age. One was home-made and with a native cast; the other, "The Girl on the Film," was brought over from the London Gaiety, with all the favorites of the permanent company of that famous theater.

It is something new to look for the name of the librettist of a Broadway comic opera and find that of a leading novelist of the period. Only the other day, Victor Herbert charmed us with his latest piece, "The Madcap Duchess," the libretto of which was written, in large part, by Justin Huntley McCarthy. And now Robert W. Chambers comes forward in the same capacity. This novelty is something more than just a novelty. It means the introduction of a fresh note in a style of entertainment that has been growing stale, to say the least; an element of imagination; a touch of literary grace. In refashioning his novel called "Iole" for the stage, Mr. Chambers very wisely collaborated with Ben Teal, one of the most artistic and experienced producers of frothy frolics that our stage boasts. And they were fortunate in the score, by William Frederick Peters, who introduced himself to us agreeably last spring with "The Purple Road." He has treated the delicate and unique satire in a sympathetic spirit, originating whimsical motifs for the several characters, quaint strains for clashes in the story, and dispensing with opening choruses and finales.

The curtain rises on a peach and plum orchard just before dawn. Slowly the first rays of the sun appear through the branches and the blossoms. Birds sing joyfully. The sun becomes a little stronger; and we discover, sleeping in the boughs of the trees, Iole and her seven sisters, all in silk pajamas as pink as the blossoms that surround them. They are the daughters of an eccentric poet (Frank Lalor), who is "dead stuck on nature and simplicity." He has brought up his daughters in a "house beautiful," standing in a meadow tucked away among the mountains. They have grown to young womanhood "like so many guileless speckled fawns, who wade about without shoes or stockings and tell everybody to be natural." Waking at break of day, the eight girls burst into happy song. With their life of dancing and of singing, of tennis and of swimming, they think nothing of breaking into Greek or Arabic and are "up" on art, to its most cubist ecstacies.

Of course, Man must penetrate this "back to nature" life, even as he does with such pathetic results in Gilbert's "Broken Hearts." There is nothing painful in this case, however, except to the faddish father of the "eight extenuating circumstances," as the intruders call the girls. For these wide-awake young men—a stock-broker (Carl Gantvoort), an artist (Royden Keith), a sculptor (Rexford Kendrick) and a cubist poet (Stewart Baird)—carry off the girls. It's good-by nature loving! The second of the two acts, in a New York drawing room, finds Iole (Ferne Rogers) and her sisters acting like any other eight attractive, up-to-date young girls, and very smartly dressed, to boot. Indeed, the costumes and the scenery are of quite exceptional beauty, displaying the same taste (backed by boundless dough!) that Mr. Teal showed in "Adele," which was crowded out of the Longacre theater by "Iole," but moved to the Harris, to carry on its highly prosperous "run" till spring.

EVER since the London Gaiety became an institution of world-wide fame, American managers have promised to bring its company over to us for a visit. But invariably, when the troupe stamped "Gaiety" arrived, it was found to contain no more than two or three of the London favorites, at most, with the other roles filled by substitutes, often competent enough, but not "as advertised." Now, however, at the Forty-fourth Street theater, we get "The Girl on the Film" with exactly the cast, barring two or three minor actors, that have been playing it at the Gaiety since last April. And the painted scenery and handsome dresses have been brought over also, not to mention a bevy of British beauties to fill them!

In a Gaiety production, the players come before the play. It just happens that several of the present favorites of that house have visited us before, playing in American companies. Surely you have enoyed the unctious cockney humor of Connie Ediss, even if you have never been in London; and the bland idiocy of George Grossmith, and the chic daintiness and agreeable voice of Emmy Wehlen. Dorma Leigh and Madelein Seymour, on the other hand, are unfamiliar beauties; a man who is pleased to call himself Cy-Ra has good looks and is a very graceful dancer, and Lord Dangan is a real live lord! I am afraid I am so hopelessly American that it seems to me more important that he fills a rather small role competently, but if it is of interest, I have no aversion to mentioning that he is the son and heir of Lord Cowley; is tall and slender and rather good looking, of a very English type; was for some years in the Guards, and finally became restless and drove a cab in Belfast, pushed a costercart in London and wound up at the Gaiety.

IT took seven men to make "The Girl on the Film," to say nothing of George Edwardes, whose genius in staging musical comedies amounts to an authorial contribution. Two Germans, Rudolf Schanzer and Rudolf Bernauer, wrote the original farce which James T. Tanner used as his foundation. Adrian Ross, who writes better lyrics than are usual, supplied the words for the many songs which Albert Sirmay, Walter Kollo and Willie Berdschneider set to music more agreeable than their names. If something of the cream of the play's success here has been taken off, it is due to poetic justice. Last summer, on the roof of this same theater, as a climax in a Lew Fields show, a scene was introduced so similar to the chief one in "The Girl on the Film" that the owner of that piece felt justified in going to law. And now what happens? He concludes not to do the farce at all, and it is bought and produced by the very management that was accused of stealing from it!

Two other recent pieces, though both failures—"Who's Who?" and "Kiss Me Quick"—also took something of the bloom off "The Girl on the Film" by fairly well exhausting the possibilities of farcical treatment of the motion picture industry. But, after all, it is the songs and the dances, girls and music, that make the success of a Gaiety piece. And "The Girl on the Film" is bountifully supplied.

The matinee idol is no longer seen and worshiped at first hand, you must understand. He makes his conquests on a film. Max (George Grossmith) is an actor, author and producer of motion-picture plays—cinema-plays, the English call them. The sight of him fascinates many women, and especially the frail and fair daughter (Emmy Wehlen) of a general in the war office. She comes to the offices of the Vioscope, asking for a job and disguised as a boy, so that, like Viola, she may be near her hero. She is engaged as a drummer-boy in a cinema-play of "Napoleon and the Miller's Daughter," then in preparation. The second act takes everyone to a farm in Lincolnshire, one of the most beautiful landscapes ever painted for a stage. The Napoleon play is to be acted there. Another of Max's admirers, a fiery Spaniard, is to play the Miller's Daughter, also in order to be near him. But, you see, having fallen captive to his charms in a silent drama on a screen, she could not know that he spoke no Spanish, whereas she was wholly ignorant of English. So an interpreter is needed for their tenderest love passages. And the wily little "drummer-boy" steps up! Indeed, "he" plays havoc with them, misinterpreting some words of Max's so that the signorita quits him in a huff. The "boy" volunteers to take her place. "Napoleon and the Miller's Daughter" is acted on the Lincolnshire farm. In the final act we see this very film play on a screen, at the Army League Soiree, when the "boy" is recognized. But we have seen much more. At the end of the second act, when the battle of Leipzig was being acted "in the open," the Lincolnshire farmer returned unexpectedly, saw his garden full of fighting men in uniforms, concluded the German invasion had come at last, and, rallying his neighbors, put the poor players to rout.

IT is hard to shock us nowadays, but Anna Held and Mimi Aguglia, eminent mothers both, are doing their best. You've got to give 'em credit, boys. While "Anna Held's Daughter" (her own name appears in only the smallest type) is appearing in one music hall on Broadway, the elder chanteuse—that is to say, mamma—is heading a vaudeville show at another. But mother, as befits maternal dignity, has diamond stockings.

"I want another child," said Mimi Aguglia to an interviewer the other evening, between spasms as Salome. "I have two dear little ones now, but I am not satisfied. They were born in South America, but I hope the next will be a North American, a real Yankee. My oldest girl is named Argentina, in compliment to the people of the Argentine Republic, where I have been acting for the past two years. My youngest I call Albina, after my old home in Sicily. My next baby I shall christen 'America.'" All of which sounds more like Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch than Salome.

For the second week of her engagement in New York the Italian tragedienne moved on from Salome to Electra. She did not give us exactly any one of the classic Greek tragedies about the woeful daughter of Clytemnestra, but the "futuristic" adaptation of the Sophocles play made by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her son and daughter acted in New York a few times, four or five years ago, and on which Richard Strauss swooped down with sounds like the crack of doom. The drama takes a little less than an hour in performance, and is not wholly divorced from the Greek spirit of exalted apostrophes on terrible and unavoidable fate, with gore and lust and patricide kept somewhere in the offing. As was the custom with Greek dramatists (by no means a bad one, as Ibsen and other moderns have exemplified), we get in only just in time for the end of the story of Clytemnestra and her children and her second huband. Orestes has lived in exile and Electra has been housed among the serving women in the palace of Aegisthus, her step-father. It was many years ago that her mother and this man, her lover, killed her real father and mounted the throne together. Clytemnestra has been troubled with bad dreams, foreseeing the return of her son with murderous intent, and she applies to her daughter for an interpretation. The rest of the play goes to show that "When Dreams Come True" might have been its title instead of being saved all these years to be the name of Joseph Santley's affable entertainment. Orestes turns up full of words and vengeance. After considerable talk, he gets down to work, and he makes a good job of it, ending the wicked lives of both his mother and his step-dad. This excites Electra so that she breaks out into a wild dance, showing that customs in ancient Athens were much the same as nowadays, and the play ends with her collapse.

"But if you name the next baby America won't England, France and Germany feel slighted?" asked the interviewer of the Italian queen of dancing tragedy.

"Oh," said Mimi-Salome-Electra, with a shrug, "those countries need not worry—I may be able to honor them, too."

Mother Held, in diamond-studded stockings, is doing much the same as she used to do. She has given up corsets—not, you understand, to rest her, but because it is the fashion—and she still can't make her eyes behave. She appears, at the frolicsome Casino, in a tabloid operetta called "Mlle. Baby," an excellent vaudeville show, with which she has been touring the country. Her vehicle is a spangled entertainment in one act, written by one Stanley Murphy, with music by Henry I. Marshall, which is no better or no worse than the numerous full-length, opulent plays in which she has been popular many years, except that it is brief. The scenes, I may reassure you, are in Nice, one outside the Jardin de Fleur and the other in the Cafe Paris-Nice; Mother Held's gowns are as gorgeous, numerous and astounding as of yore; and, though she has five songs and the title of the piece is "Mlle. Baby," she fails to sing "Go to Sleep, My Baby." But perhaps, in these days of wireless messages and electric heating, mothers scorn the old-time lullabys.

NEXT to Maude Adams, no American actress of the period could attract as many people in an indifferent play as Billie Burke. This is fortunate, for "The Land of Promise" needs all the help it can get. W. Somerset Maugham set out with an excellent idea, intrinsically not new but set in an unfamiliar, interesting environment. He presents Miss Burke as an English girl of refinement and good education, who, however, is without resources other than the meager salary she earns as companion to a difficult old lady. After ten years, the employer dies. She leaves no money whatever to the girl who has served her faithfully; nor can that girl secure another place. She decides to "go out" to Canada, where a brother, her only relative, has been farming for some years. The next act finds her in a pretty forlorn farmhouse in Manitoba. Her brother is married to a cranky, hard-worked, good-hearted, vulgar woman who was a waitress in Winnipeg, where she nursed him through an illness. She and the sensitive, refined English girl cannot understand each other. Each brings out the worst traits in the other. They quarrel continually; and, after a spat that is just a little worse than the others, the sister is turned out. She has also quarreled, in a superficial, quite disdainful way, with a farmer from another settlement who, to recoup after a bad year on his own place, is working at her brother's as a "hired man." He is about to return to his own farm, now, and purposes getting a wife to keep house for him. He even asked the English girl, who was enraged at his impertinence. But now she calls him in and says she has changed her mind. The remaining acts, in the shack to which he takes her as his bride, suggest "The Great Divide," being a purely theatric, rather gross rehearsal of a woman's natural revulsion from a brutish man, his dominance over her by force and the devotion to him that subsequently develops in her.

Mr. Maugham, who has succeeded many times with such frothy, superficial, witty farces of the London smart world as "Mrs. Dot" and "Jack Straw," fails to make "The Land of Promise" as appealing as it should be because his expedients are mechanical and obvious and his language is always colorless and sometimes stilted. In short, the play is quite without the "one touch of nature that makes"—well, you know what it makes. And Miss Burke, great as is the charm she exercises as flighty, impudent young girls in the chicest, sheerest lacy dresses, entirely lacks skill to make matters any better. Her voice is metallic and inflexible; and her resources are painfully limited, when drawn on for anything beyond pouting prettiness. Nor does her beauty come out very well when stripped of all the feminine frills she knows so well how to wear. The company includes Lillian Kingsbury, Marion Abbott, Lumsden Hare, Shelley Hull and Norman Tharp, and is excellent. But frocks and frills and froth are what we want from Billie Burke and Maugham.

A dry, hacking cough is hard on the lungs, often causing them to bleed. Ballard's Horehound Syrup is a healing balm that quickly repairs damage in the lungs and air passages. Price 25c, 50c and $1.00 per bottle. Sold by Schramm Johnson Drugs. "The Never-Substitutors." Five (5) Good Stores. (Advertisement.)

The pretty little Hula-Hula dancer who is entrancing Pantages audiences this week in "A Night in Hawaii."

Dramatic News And Comment

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

has not even passed the budding stage; with beauty that causes them to be worshiped by all with whom they come in contact; with a brilliant career already mapped out for them; with success and fame fairly seated upon their doorsteps, and with hosts of admiring friends and enthusiastic well-wishers scattered over the four corners of the earth, these favored children of the movies are truly an interesting people.

Commanding salaries that are fairly startling, they have sprung from a state of no earning capacity to one equaled only by the most successful business men. Furthermore, they have "arrived" in such a short length of time that they cannot begin to appreciate how very extraordinary the amount of their salary really is.

Among the several companies of picture players that gather every day in the large rehearsal hall of the Mutual Film corporation's Broadway studio, at 29 Union Square, New York, you will see many of these young stars at their work. The first thing that impresses you is the absence of any noise or confusion. For general Stage Director D. W. Griffith, to whom these young artists owe their skill, believes in silent rehearsals, and even the voices of the directors are heard only in conversational tones. Then you are actually surprised by the extreme youth and rare beauty of the actresses as you recognize them from seeing them in the pictures.

Jane Gail, appearing in "The Actor's Christmas," with King Baggot, at the Rex today and tomorrow.

There is Mae Marsh, who was discovered by Director Griffith two years ago in Los Angeles. It was this talented little emotional actress, whose fame is already world-wide, who "offered to work for six dollars a week."

And there is Blanch Sweet, whose work on the screen equals the efforts of our greatest stage leading ladies, whose salary per year is 5 per cent interest of a comfortable fortune, and whose age is that of a Vassar "freshman."

And there is Lillian Gish, who, although but eighteen years of age, commands a weekly stipend well over the hundred-dollar mark, and who is said by Belasco to have the most beautiful face of any blonde in the world. Miss Gish, by the way, was found by Director Griffith only a year and a half ago, while she was working for a five-dollar "check" a day, and has since played parts that would test the skill of a Julia Marlowe. She is now playing a difficult role in a large four-part drama of which she said, when complimented upon her work, "Oh, I wouldn't dare attempt it if Mr. Griffith was not directing me."

Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford and Vivian Prescott worked as stage children together. All are now famous picture stars.

One of the reasons for the high place held by these young celebrities is that upon which Director Griffith has always laid great stress: Age is fatal to beauty on a moving picture screen. In the large "close up" pictures a wrinkle that seems perfectly harmless in real life adds ten years to the appearance of the character in the photoplay. Cleverness, artistic temperament, beauty—they are all necessary to picture play greatness. But youth, according to Griffith, is absolutely necessary.

So here's to youth and beauty! And here's to the lucky movie girls! And here's three rousing cheers and a tiger! sis! boom! ah! to their salaries, and here's that they did their Christmas shopping early.

With Authors and Books

THE NEW CRITICISM.

European Dramatists. By Archibald Henderson, Author of "George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works," "Mark Twain," "Interpreters of Life," and Other Works. Published by Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati.

A critic of high culture and wide familiarity with the works of modern dramatists, Mr. Archibald Henderson has here given us studies of the work and lives of six playrights who have made their bid for immortality within the last fifty or sixty years. Before discussing the dramatists of whom Mr. Henderson treats, it may be fitting to say a few words about recent criticism in general and about Mr. Henderson's methods in particular.

In these essays, despite their undoubted charm, we see a wide departure in style from the style of Andrew Lang or Saintsbury. This may be due in part to the peculiar psychology of such men as Strindberg and Ibsen, if not of Maurice Maeterlinck and of Bernard Shaw. At all events we find in the essays on Strindberg and Ibsen much high-flown and rather obscure language. Take such sentences for example as the following: "With Nietzsche entered into modern consciousness the sense of a superhuman ideal for man, springing phenix-like from the ashes of universal illusionism, the relativity of the concepts of good and evil, the fundamental amoralism of nature." * * * "Never did artist so persistently cleave to the center of his own being in his effort to project for the world's inspection the inner significance of contemporary existence. Strindberg is the most ego-centric dramatist who has ever lived."

Such diction is in the latest top-loftical manner of the modern critics. We ask ourselves, for instance where Mr. Harris found the word "ego-centric," and what is its significance? It probably is our old and commonplace friend "self-centered" togged out in aristocratic raiment. It must be confessed, however, that the author's sense of fine words and phrases and his excellent memory for the apt and witty descriptive phrases of others give his essays a liveliness they would not possess if they were merely pedantic studies of dramatics and dramatic technique.

Something of the author's own mental characteristics is probably suggested by the dramatists he has selected for discussion—August Strindberg, Henrik Ibsen, Maurice Maeterlinck, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw and Granville Barker. With the exception of the last named, whose work is too recent to be classified, all of the authors belong to the modern iconoclastic school of literature. Strindberg and Ibsen may be described as pessimists, Maeterlinck as a rather sorry optimist, Shaw as an iconoclast, and Oscar Wilde as a decadent. If the author had included essays on Rostand or Barrie, we would have felt more of the human touch, but Mr. Henderson is one of the ultra-intellectuals who revel in the new thought, the complex psychology and fantastic innovations of those dramatists who are more remarkable for intellectual feats than for their human appeal.

All of the playwrights here treated have writ their names large upon the scroll of the world's literary rebels, although Oscar Wilde is less remarkable in this respect than are the others. In his essay on the brilliant Celt who rose to such high renown in English letters only to dash himself from his pedestal by degenerate living, the critic has given us a sane and conservative, but just appreciation. Very properly he differentiates the artist from the man, but does not neglect to point out some of the fatal defects which Wilde's personality wrought upon his art. Speaking of Wilde, Shaw, and Chesterton, the author says: "The mania for certitude died with Renan; confidence had its last leader in Carlyle, and authority relinquishes its last and greatest adherent in the death of Brunetiere. The ease of blasphemy and the commercialization of audacity are accepted facts; we have lost the courage and simplicity for the expression of the truth unvarnished and unadorned. 'We know we are brilliant and distinguished, but we do not know that we are right. We swagger in fantastic costumes; we praise ourselves; we fling epigrams right and left; we have the courage to play the egotist, and the courage to play the fool, but we have not the courage to preach.' The symbol of art is no longer a noble muse, but only a tricksy jade. Criticism, once the art of imaginative interpretation, is now mere self-expression—as Anatole France puts it, 'the adventures of a soul among masterpieces.' We are expected to believe that the greatest pictures are those in which there is more of the artist than the sitter."

We believe that the author has here set forth truly some of the flaws in twentieth century criticism. There is too much of a tendency to egotize, but perhaps we should forgive this tendency in any critic who seeks to interpret the work of such eccentric geniuses as Strindberg, Ibsen and Shaw, the master egotists of our era. As Mr. Henderson says, "the supreme goal of the great literature of our era has been and remains the expression in some form of final artistic denotement of the struggle of the ego at self-realization." This is indeed the keynote of a literature which broke away from the old moorings as a result of evolutionary theory and the consequent attempt to reconstruct all philosophy and ethics. In most cases, however, the outcome has been a sort of literary paranoia. Self-realization has become unseemly egoism. Strange to say, it has led to no pleasant or joyous results. The struggle after the superman supposed to exist in each man's soul has given us only fantastic monsters, all head and no heart.

As a matter of fact, instead of arriving at the superman, the dramatists of this latter day have debased themselves and the humanity which they strive to portray. In Oscar Wilde we see the absolute failure of ideal self-realization. The tragedy of his life is a warning that extreme individualism produces not a higher, but a lower form of man. The central defect of the doctrine is the worship of self and the neglect of others, departing from the old principles of charity, goodwill, kindly fellowship and Christian self-sacrifice.

The individualist believes that he can obtain a higher goal by developing in himself all the mysterious and latent qualities of his nature at the expense of his fellow man. Naturally this turns the world topsy-turvy, and the zealots of this school necessarily find themselves preaching new codes of morals remote from accepted standards.

No doubt the world will gain something from the examples of egotism which Strindberg, Ibsen and Shaw have set before us, but it is the opinion of the present writer that the most valuable lesson will be one that teaches the world a return to some at least of the older standards. "There still remains in the depth of every heart of loyal intention," says Maeterlinck, "a great duty of charity and justice that eclipses all others. And it is perhaps from a struggle with this duty against our egoism and ignorance that the veritable drama of our century shall spring." Mr. Henderson himself seems to have a prevision of the new drama based upon altruism rather than upon self-ideals when he says: "The sociologist, the social reformer, is destined to be the hero of the future." Already we see some signs of this revolution in the plays which are now being stazed in Paris, London and New York.

TREATISE ON LIGHTING.

The Lighting Book: A Manual for the Layman, Setting Forth the Practical and Esthetic Sides of Good Lighting for the Home. By E. Laurent Godinet. Published by McBride, Nast & Company, New York.

This is a very comprehensive treatise on the subject of illumination, embracing as it does the various means of transmitting light, the position in which lights should be placed in order to obtain the best results and effect, and in general it covers the subject of light and lighting very thoroughly. House lighting is a hundred years or more behind every other science. It is not so much on the side of too little light that we err, as it is in subjecting our eyes to the constant strain caused by seeing the unprotected source of the light. There are chapters dealing with the following: "Light and the Eye," "The Misuse of Light," "Light and the Mind-Psychology," "The Modification of Light," "Seeing by Light Transmitted," "Shading and Redirecting Light," "Light on the Path," "Making the Most of Light," "Indirect Lighting," "Individuality in Lighting," "Light in the Home," and "Light and Decoration."

The illustrations, numbering about forty, are very attractive, and the book will be of great value to those interested in this most important but much-neglected subject. A powerful beam is thrown on a dark subject.

THE LEGACY OF ISRAEL.

Our Modern Debt to Israel. By Edward Chauncey Baldwin, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of English Literature at the University of Illinois. Published by Sherman, French & Company, Boston.

If proof were needed that the world is awaking to a belated realization of its incalculable debt to Israel, the amazing output within the last decade of books dealing with the Old Testament would furnish abundant testimony. Most of these books have, however, been written by specialists, and more or less exclusively for scholarly readers rather than laymen. They are, moreover, for the most part bulky volumes repellent by reason of their size to the average reader, who is usually ready to indorse the verdict of the old Greek librarian that "a big book is a big bore." Furthermore, these books have prevailingly been surveys of a comparatively narrow field—the priestly element in the Old Testament, the prophetic element, and the sagea. Never, hitherto, has an attempt been made to set forth within brief compass the work in its mature and significance of prophet, priest and sage.

Who these men were, what they did, and what we owe, both institutionally and ethically, to these three classes who together guided and molded the life of Israel, are the questions that the author answers. He has performed his work both sympathetically and thoroughly. Convinced by his own studies that we are what we are by reason of what we owe to Israel, he has shown us, in the light of modern biblical scholarship, exactly in what this obligation consists. The result will be a revelation to those who have not followed closely the recent progress of biblical scholarship. His conclusions as to our obligations will be a revelation to many.

Though the book is a product of sound scholarship, a most salient merit is its popular appeal. It is written throughout in a style admirably adapted to those who, making no claim themselves to exact scholarship, can yet appreciate a clear and adequate exposition of the debt of the modern world to Israel.

HEREDIA'S SONNETS.

Sonnets From the Trophies of Jose-Maria De Heredia. Rendered Into English by Edward Robeson Taylor. Printed by the Author, San Francisco.

Not among the great bards can the name of Joseph-Maria De Heredia be inscribed, but this highminded and truly inspired French poet gave to the world many artistic verses. In the present volume of about 200 pages, Mr. Edward Robeson Taylor presents the sonnets of Heredia contained in the book entitled "Les Trophees." This is the fifth edition of Taylor's translation. In a note to this edition Mr. Taylor says: "Since the passing out of print of the fourth edition of these versions the author has been constrained—moved thereto by the desire to make them as perfect as possible—to go over them once more. The result has been the making of some changes, which he trusts the competent will look upon as improvements." In a sonnet modeled after those of the poet, Taylor has written these verses to express the position which in his opinion Heredia holds among the world's literary elite:

For though he felt not passion's noblest ire
That bears the uttered thought on wings of fire,
Nor made his numbers all the vastness sweep,
Yet he was Art's and drank of her deeps
Until Imagination, true and deep,
Burst into beauty on his flawless lyre.

The book will be read with interest by all who love artistic verses.

NEW EARTH THEORIES.

A Journey to the Earth's Interior, or Have the Poles Really Been Discovered. By Marshall B. Gardner. Profusely Illustrated. Published by the Author, Aurora, Ill.

This book sets forth some very unusual theories with reference to the general construction of the earth. These theories differ very materially from those of scientists. The author feels that he is right, and, being possessed of some means, has published his work in book form, with the desire to get his theories before the world and to incite intelligent discussion on the subject. The illustrations are of the highest order.

WILD ANIMAL TRAILS.

Along Four-footed Trails: Wild Animals of the Plains as I Knew Them. By Ruth A. Cook, Formerly Assistant in Charge of Nature Work at the Children's Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. With Illustrations by Mabel Williamson. Published by Graham & Matlack, New York.

While this work especially appeals to the young, so thoroughly and comprehensively is the subject covered that both young and old will be highly edified and entertained by its perusal. This book has been out of print for a number of years, but owing to persistent demands, stimulated no doubt by the boy scout movement and renewed interest generally in outdoor life, a reissue is now offered the public. The story deals with the characteristics and habits of the coyote, the antelope, prairie dogs, jack rabbits, the wild ponies of the ranges, the beaver, the skunk, the gopher, field mice, and not even neglecting the destructive grasshopper. The author of this highly interesting book knows whereof she speaks, having been reared in the western country where these animals, even the buffalo, were plentiful in the early years of her life. She is thoroughly capable to and does intelligently cover the field. In fact, one will find it difficult to lay the book aside until it is completed. The public is fortunate indeed in having a reissue of this comprehensive work on animal life.

LITERARY NOTES.

The translation from the German of "The Education of Karl Witte" has been completed by Professor Leo Wiener of Harvard university, and the book is down for publication at an early date by the Thomas Y. Crowell company. Mr. H. Addington Bruce, of the editorial staff of the Outlook, has supplied an illuminating introduction and has co-operated with Professor Wiener in the editing of the translation. This work is certain to prove of more than usual interest to parents and educators.

How the conditions of the poor weighed upon the conscience of a sensitive, better-to-do mother in a mid-western city, is vividly told by Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon, who writes in The Survey of her own experiences which led her out of her own home into a state-wide campaign for social betterment.

"My first visit to the poor haunted me. The smell of those close rooms would come to me suddenly. At times the recollection of their scarred gray walls almost produced a momentary illusion of cracks and scars starting out upon my own walls, until I brushed my hand over my eyes and looked again. Just as the vanishing view of a stereopticon makes a composite picture with the succeeding view, so the rooms of the poor seemed to blend with mine.

"And the burning eyes of the sick child danced upon the page when I tried to read. At night, lying awake, a recollection of the consumptive on his miserable bed in the damp room would bring an actual shiver of cold, and a sudden consciousness of a hard lump—that wasn't there—under my shoulders.

"Then I remembered the rose bush that had reached a thorny branch out through the ragged fence, and caught my dress, detaining me when I would have passed on. And again the symbolism of it all came over me. These memories and visions of the poor—they were the clutch of the thorns.

"Social workers have all felt it. It holds them to their work, because the thorns curve backward, and one cannot pull away.

"There was no question about going back to visit the poor, and no thought of duty when I went again. I was irresistibly drawn by a desire to help."

From the age of twenty the dominating enthusiasm in the life of the distinguished French engineer, Philippe Bunau-Varilla, has been the Panama canal project. In his book on Panama, to be published early in the year by McBride, Nast & Co., every phase of the great drama of Panama is described with the knowledge of an expert and the vigor of a born fighter. At twenty-six M. Bunau-Varilla was in complete control of the operations of the original Panama company. After years of hardships he returned to France and endured the years of political intrigue that resulted in scandal and failure. He was finally instrumental in persuading the United States to adopt the Panama route and as minister of the new republic signed the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty.

Where Best Known.

Why hasn't Colonel Roosevelt visited Colombia on his Latin-American tour?—Charleston News and Courier.

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50c Package FREE to Any Woman Who Wants a Beautiful Figure.

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Actress Tells Secret

A Well Known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Gray Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home Made Mixture.

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her gray hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview at Chicago, Ill., made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a gray haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to prom