

## THE HOTEL

By Miss Monroe.

The long, resounding marble corridors, the shining parlors with shining women in them.

The French room, with its gilt and garlands under plump little tumbling painted loves.

The Turkish room, with its jumble of many carpets and its stiffly squared un-Turkish chairs.

The English room, all heavy crimson and gold, with spreading palms lifted high in round, green tubs.

The electric lights in twos and threes and hundreds, made into festoons and spirals and arabesques a maze and magic of bright, persistent radiance.

The people sitting in corners by twos and threes, and cooing together under the glare.

The long rows of silent people in chairs, watching with eyes that see not while the patient band tangles the air with music.

The bell-boys marching in with cards, and shouting names over and over into ears that do not heed.

The stout and gorgeous dowagers in lacy white and lilacs, bedizened with many jewels, with smart little scarlet or azure hats on their gray-streaked hair.

The business men in trim and spotless suits, who walk in and out with eager steps, or sit at the desks and tables, or watch the shining women.

The telephone girls forever listening to far voices, with the silver band over their hair and the little black caps obliterating their ears.

The telegraph tickers sounding their perpetual chit—chit—chit from the uttermost ends of the earth.

The waiters, in black swallow-tails and white aprons, passing here and there with trays of bottles and glasses.

The quiet and sumptuous bar-room, with purplish men softly drinking in little alcoves, while the bar-keeper, mixing bright liquors, is rapidly plying his bottles.

The great bedecked and gilded cafe, with its glitter of a thousand mirrors, with its little white tables bearing gluttonous dishes whereto bright forks, held by pampered hands, flicker daintily back and forth.

The white-tiled, immaculate kitchen, with many little round blue fires, where white-clad cooks are making spiced and flavored dishes.

The cool cellars filled with meats and fruits, or layered with sealed and bottled wines mellowing softly in the darkness.

The invisible stories of furnaces and machines, burrowing deep down into the earth, where grimy workmen are heavily laboring.

The many-windowed stories of little homes and shelters and sleeping-places, reaching up into the night like some miraculous, high-piled honeycomb of wax-white cells.

The clothes inside of the cells—the stuffs, the silks, the laces; the elaborate delicate disguises that wait in trunks and drawers and closets, or bedrape and conceal human flesh.

The people inside of the clothes, the bodies white and young, bodies fat and bulging, bodies wrinkled and wan, all alike veiled by fine fabrics, sheltered by walls and roofs, shut in from the sun and stars.

The souls inside of the bodies—the naked souls; souls weazened and weak, or proud and brave; all imprisoned in flesh wrapped in woven stuffs, enclosed in thick and painted masonry, shut away with many shadows from the shining truth.

God inside of the souls, God veiled and wrapped and imprisoned and shadowed in fold on

fold of flesh and fabrics and mockeries; but ever alive, struggling and rising again, seeking the light, freeing the world.

## A CALAMITY OF CULTURE

By Mrs. William Flewellyn Saunders.

AS the days go by we become more and more sensible of the change that Charles Frohman's death will make in theatrical affairs, not only in America but abroad, for he was the strongest link connecting us with the broader dramatic life on the other side of the water, the shuttle, which, darting back and forth between the old world and the new, wove the best and most forceful thought of each continent into a web in which the color and values of each enhanced that of the other.

The dramatic exchanges between America and England are too well known to need comment, but in none of the eulogies of Frohman's work which have appeared since his death have I seen any allusion to what was, in my opinion, the biggest and most significant of his many enterprises.

Much mention of London successes brought to America, of American successes produced in London, of Persian adaptations which, through his endeavors, the American public has been able to enjoy; but no allusion to the plan arranged and announced for the season just past, a plan which the outbreak of the war made impossible, but which, if it had been carried out, would have been the beginning of a reciprocity which could not have failed to be of the greatest benefit to the dramatic affairs of both countries.

I allude to his intention to produce in Paris, with the original companies, four or five of his most successful American productions, a plan which, at first glance, might seem doomed to failure, but I imagine that Frohman knew the French public as well as the American.

That the serious and realistic French playwrights are trying to free themselves from the inborn idea that "l'Amour" is the only subject that lends itself to dramatic treatment is very apparent to anyone who has followed the plays produced in Paris in the last few years—they are making strenuous efforts to throw themselves into more vigorous and robust lines of thought, but for the most part without much success from a dramatic point of view.

Of course, there are Francois de Curel's keen, psychological studies, cast in the drama form, but he himself says, "Mes pieces ne sont par 'theatre' au sens qu'on donne habituellement a ce mot." And there are Brieux's problem and reform plays, but his sincerest admirers admit that his serious works are "plaidoiries" rather than dramas.

There is "La Flambee," heralded as the greatest patriotic drama ever written, in which, however, the patriotism is so sketchy that one remembers the General only as a husband madly in love with his wife and pitifully jealous. There is Lavedan's "Servir," where the love motif is absent, it is true, but lacking it, the action goes "clopin-clopant," and, more recently his "Jeanne Dore," where even the passion of mother-love, torn and agonizing, cannot hold the play together—and Thurner's "Bluff," where the physician entangled in meshes of professional ethics is only a marionette, except in the scattered love scenes. And many, many others, where, lacking the love motif, the writer seems as helpless as a mason without mortar.

To love almer de l'amour is to be roused to some of the strongest emotions that humanity can endure, but there are others at least almost equally strong—ambition, religious fervor, avarice, patriotism, envy, devotion to an ideal, the exaltation of self-sacrifice. These are the emotions which inspire our American playwrights (for the Anglo-Saxon is always a little shy in exposing his love emotions, and while the love motif is there, of course, it is usually of secondary importance),

these are the emotions which they depict with realism and it would certainly be of incalculable benefit to the French writers to be able to see sane, strong, human plays, vital and robust, where love takes the place it holds in real life (even in France, I believe), always present, always powerful, always an influence in one way or another, but not always thrust, glowing and palpitating au premier plan and not always swaying humanity to the exclusion of all other emotion.

And on the other hand the American dramatists would gain much by a closer rapprochement with those of France, for our writers work carelessly, often crudely, our American plays have little literary merit and it is very often that even those which are most successful on the stage can be read with any pleasure, while it is the exception to find a French play, however worthless as to its theme, which it is not a joy to read, so pitiful is its dialogue, so perfect its style.

There has always been a literary affinity between France and America—it is easy to trace the source of much of our literary inspiration back to France. That she is ready now to take from us, if given the opportunity, is shown by the fact that almost immediately after "Sherlock Holmes" was played in Paris, where it had a wonderful success, Gaston Le Roux dramatized his "Mystere de la Chambre Jaune." Of course, "Sherlock Holmes" is not a play of any particular importance, but it is so entirely different from anything which had appeared on the French stage up to that time, that its success might be considered epoch-making.

That the plans of Charles Frohman (which were undoubtedly only the beginning of a large and comprehensive campaign) should have been interrupted by the war and demolished by his death is but one more of the culture-calamities brought about by the barbaric struggle going on across the water.

It is hoped that he left behind him someone with the broad vision and the artistic business flair necessary to carry on such a work, and that when the war is over and the renaissance that France is to have begins, it may be taken up again by someone of equal ability and enthusiasm.

Perhaps, among other good results it might bring about a collaboration between some of the French and American playwrights—say, Pierre Wolff and Augustus Thomas, or Paul Gavault and George Cohan—a collaboration which might produce an international play free from the race caricatures, which, constructed in all good faith, are constantly appearing on the stages of both countries.—St. Louis Mirror.

## HOWEVER, NO PROOF IS NEEDED

In the opinion of the New York Herald, Mr. Bryan attains to the climax of asininity in classing the American note to Germany with Austria's ultimatum to Serbia.

Is there to be no limit to Mr. Bryan's reasonable attacks upon the policy of the government of the United States in the midst of a great crisis?

Or is it that Mr. Bryan is merely bent upon proving to the country his utter incapacity to understand the written language, his congenital inability to grasp the significance of international issues?

As illustrating the haziness of conception which prevailed years ago as to what and where the Philippines were, Dean Worcester tells in his book, "The Philippines, Past and Present," of a good old lady who came to him on his first return from the islands for a bit of information. "Deanie," she said, "are them Philippians you have been a-visitin' the people that Paul wrote the Epistle to?"