This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

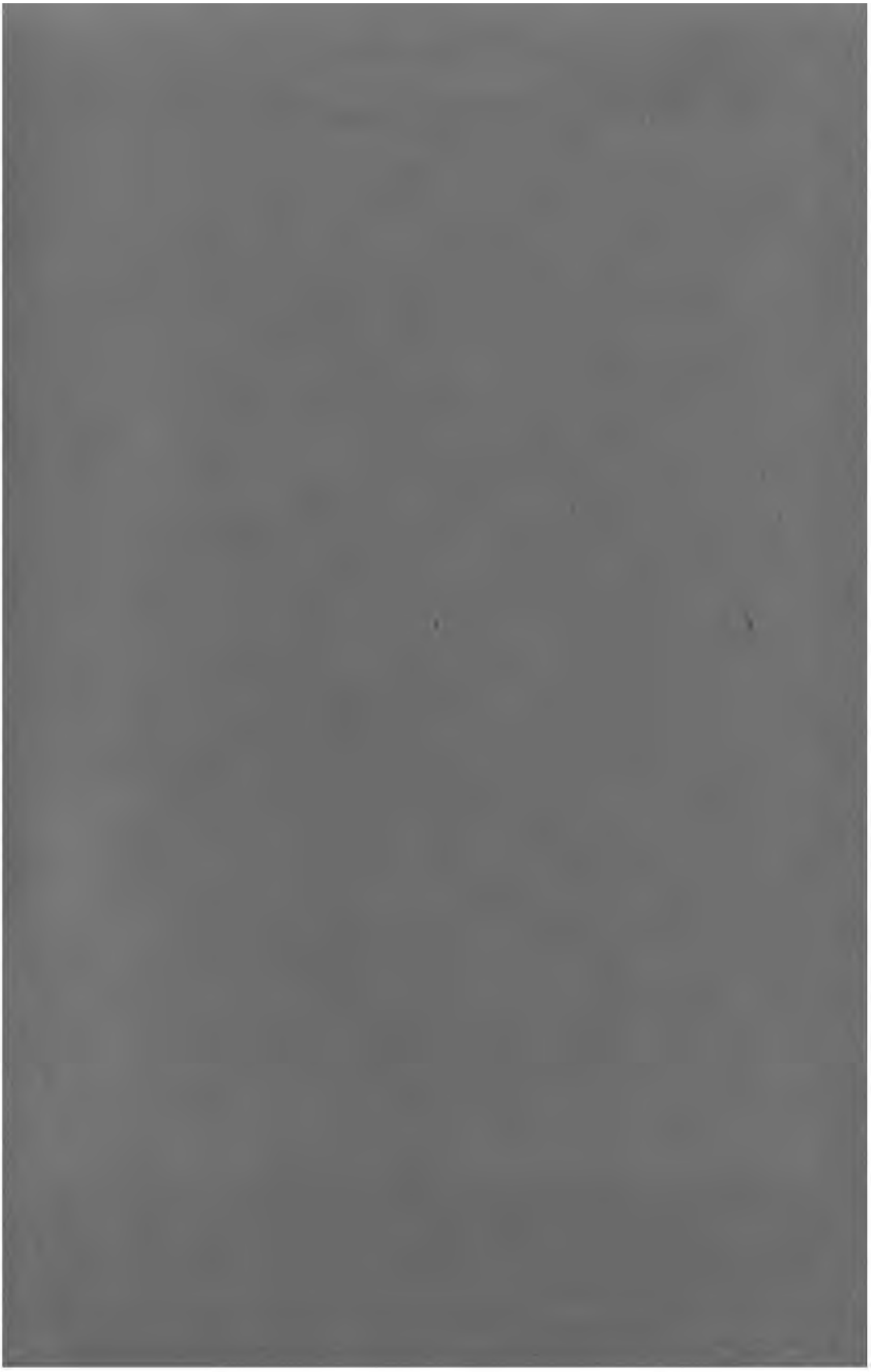
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 953,316

PROPERTY
University of Michigan Libraries
1817
ARTES SCIENTIA VERITA



822.08
P75
P97f

Poet Lore

VOLUME XXIII SPRING, 1912 NUMBER II

FOR HAPPINESS

A Drama in Three Acts

By Stanislav Pshibishevsky

Translated by Lucille Baron

CHARACTERS

Ellen.
Olga.
Mlitsky.
Djarsky.

ACT I

(*A large room. A middle door leading into the hall, on the left a door leading into the apartments, on the right a window. Near the window stands a writing table with open drawers. Letters, papers, and envelopes are scattered in disorder on the table. Daybreak.*)

Ellen and Mlitsky

(*Ellen is sitting at the table, she reads one letter after another, then throws them away with contempt. Rises and looks around haggardly. The door in the hall is opened and then closed with a bang.* Ellen *shudders, goes towards the window and leans against the window pane.*)

Mlitsky (*enters, stops, looks amazedly and anxiously at* Ellen, *goes over to the table, throws the letters and papers into the drawers and locks them up.*

Copyright, 1912, by The Poet Lore Company. All Rights Reserved.

293658

Takes out a cigarette, slowly lights it, and then takes a seat. After a short pause he asks in a tired voice).— Did you open my desk?

Ellen (*slowly turning towards him laughs with a short hoarse laugh*).— Yes, you don't like it perhaps?

Mlitsky.— Why did you do it?

Ellen (*does not answer and looks at him with contempt*).

Mlitsky.— Why did you do it?

Ellen (*laughing sarcastically*).— I wanted to know what the person I heard so much about was writing to you. You must admit that it is a matter of great importance to me. (*Looks at him for a while.*) You thought I was ignorant of the fact that you were deceiving me for weeks. Where do you spend all your nights? At the editor's business meetings? (*Laughs.*)

Mlitsky (*touched to the quick*).— You could be a little more patient. To-night you would have found out everything and you would have spared yourself the trouble of — (*pointing at the table.*)

Ellen.— I would have found out everything. From you? From you I would never have known anything, if Djarsky hadn't told me unexpectedly. Shame, shame upon you! What a scoundrel you are! In a few weeks you are going to marry that — that person, and you did not tell me a word about it. Were you afraid of me?

Mlitsky (*walking up and down the room with pretended calmness*).— Well, let us come directly to the point. I am very glad that everything is known to you, and I am spared the trouble of lengthy explanations. (*Slowly.*) I detest explanations.

Ellen (*with growing anger*).— Because you are a pitiful coward—! (*Yells.*) Why did you play this shameful comedy? You watched all my movements, you were trying to select a moment when it would be most convenient for you to begin your explanations. (*Laughs bitterly.*) You were looking for an opportunity to tell me, but you dared not. You dared not tell your former beloved frankly that you love another, but you lied, lied constantly! Oh, how contemptibly you lied!

Mlitsky (*losing his composure*).— I beg you, let me alone now. I had plenty of your reproofs. You have to be thankful that I forgave so long all these scenes. And so you know already that we must part.

Ellen (*with fury*).— Must part? Part! Ha, ha, ha! No, no, my dearest, this is not so easily done! You sucked out my blood, you crippled my soul, you deprived me of my honor, and now you want to cast me away? I gave you away everything, everything a woman can give. I left my parents for your sake, on account of you people point their fingers at me, and now we must part? Ha, ha! Like a dog I will follow you, I will not let you rest for a moment! Oh, you, you! (*Weeps bitterly.*) Oh God, God!

Mlitsky.— We shall never come to an end this way. It is necessary that you should consider the matter calmly. I love another woman. I was struggling in vain with this feeling for fear of making you miserable, but I submitted, because I had to submit! There are feelings in comparison with which duty and the like things are only a hollow sound. And then, if I know you correctly, you wouldn't want to live with me only for duty's sake. I doubt whether you would like to live with a man who would regard you as a burden tied to his feet, as an obstacle to his happiness.

Ellen (*interrupts him harshly*).— I am a burden tied to your feet? I? So what are you to me then? I was almost a child when you promised me paradise only in order to possess me, and now I am an obstacle, a burden? What were you to me then? What? What will become of me? Where is that paradise? (*Laughs bitterly.*) Where is that eternal happiness with which you seduced me?

Mlitsky.— Do not forget yourself. In your unjust reproaches you deviate from the subject. You went with me not because I promised you paradise, but because you loved me. Or, perhaps, you were attracted only by that unknown desire for happiness and not by love? Then ——

Ellen (*looks at him with wandering eyes*).

Mlitsky.— So, if you knew that misery threatens you with me ——

Ellen.— Yes, yes, misery, but with you! With you, but not that you should abandon me after three years for another, for that — creature. (*Suddenly changes her tone, calmly.*) Well, what are these long speeches good for anyway? Aren't you free? Nothing can keep you here. You don't love me, well, go then, go wherever you please, go to her, go!

Mlitsky (*takes a seat opposite her, slowly and tenderly*).—Listen, Ellen, let us speak reasonably.

Ellen (*rises abruptly*).— Leave me alone! What else do you want from me? Or perhaps you are worrying about me?

Mlitsky.—Yes, I am too strongly attached to you that it should be indifferent to me.

Ellen.— Attached! Attached! Ha, ha, ha, maybe the feeling of thankfulness for former pleasures speaks in you? Perhaps you want to reward me? (*With wild irony.*) You know, everything would go along splendidly if you could marry me off to some one.

Mlitsky (*with suppressed fury*).— You are mean!

Ellen.— It is you who are mean! Why did you take me? Why were you deceiving me for two years with your love? (*With wild anger.*) Well, you paid me for my love! With food and clothing you paid me for it. God, oh God, how contemptible, how repulsive it is! (*Impetuously.*) What else do you want, what? Must I pray to God that he should send blessings

upon your head? Must I kiss your forehead and say: Go, my Stephen, go, seek your happiness elsewhere?

Mlitsky (*looks at her all the time, then laughs nervously*).— All right! This is well said! Let us live further comfortably and happily. You know too well that I shall not leave you until you are provided for. I thought, however, that your heart was more sensitive.

Ellen.— Base clown! You mean to say that you remain here because I force you to?

Mlitsky.— That is just it!

Ellen (*looks at him petrified*).— I want to force you? I?

Mlitsky.— Of course, if you say: I refuse your support, it means: I will be on your conscience.

Ellen.— On your conscience?

Mlitsky.— Certainly, without my help you will perish.

Ellen.— What business is that of yours? Let me perish! Let me taste all these enjoyments, that paradise which you have promised me!

Mlitsky.— You would like to be worthy of the crown of martyrdom? No, my dearest, just think, how unpleasant it is to get on the sharp tongue of all these dames and young ladies who are struggling for equal rights. In every petition of theirs they would bring us up as an example. (*Laughs.*) He is married and the abandoned one perished!

Ellen.— Oh, how miserable, how mean you are! (*Throws herself weeping upon the divan.*)

Mlitsky (*irritably*).— I do not understand why you are crying. I want to go, you are crying, I want to stay — you are also crying. You heap upon me such uncommonly flattering epithets. Our entire conversation has been a mass of insults, and the pauses were filled with your tears. Now judge for yourself, is it not better that you did not know of it before? These scenes would have continued for weeks, and this would hardly have been pleasant for both of us.

(*Ellen rises and goes towards the door.*)

Mlitsky.— Well, let us make an end to this. I shall remain with you. And we shall be happy together. (*Smiles sarcastically.*) Yes, very, very happy!

(*Some one knocks at the door.* ELLEN *goes out.*)

Mlitsky.— Come in!

Djarsky (*enters. He is dressed carelessly. His movements are restless*).— Good morning!

Mlitsky.— Where did you come from?

Djarsky.— Something unpleasant happened to me.

Mlitsky.— What is it?

Djarsky.— The porter got orders not to let me into the hotel until I pay my bills.

Mlitsky.— But you had enough money last night.

Djarsky.— I lost everything while playing cards.

Mlitsky.— You may console yourself, I also lost enough.

Djarsky.— May I stay with you a few days until I receive my money?

Mlitsky.— Of course, there is more than enough room here. (*Puts out the light and walks around restlessly.*)

Djarsky.— You are very nervous.

Mlitsky.— Were you here yesterday?

Djarsky.— Yes, but you were out.

Mlitsky.— Did you speak to Ellen?

Djarsky.— Unluckily, I didn't suspect that she was ignorant of the matter. Accidentally I started to speak about Olga, and thinking that she knew everything ——

Mlitsky (*smiling*).— Did you really think so?

Djarsky (*taking out a cigarette*).— Yes! I didn't realize that you would care to conceal any longer your relations with Olga, which are obvious to everyone.

Mlitsky (*laughs nervously*).

Djarsky.— Why are you laughing?

Mlitsky.— It is surprising how naive you are at times.

Djarsky (*nods*).— Aha!

Mlitsky.— Well, what else?

Djarsky.— Nothing. Ellen was thunderstruck. But she has a very strong character. In one moment she collected herself. She did not betray anything before me.

Mlitsky.— I suppose you liked it, did you?

Djarsky.— Yes, very. I understood that if you loved her, if she was happy with you, she could be something more to you than ——

Mlitsky.— You have an uncommon psychological insight.

Djarsky.— Sometimes. But did I act rightly in preparing her?

Mlitsky.— Better than you yourself expected.

(*Pause.*)

Djarsky.— Well, how does the matter stand now?

Mlitsky.— How? Well, one of us must inevitably perish.

Djarsky.— Not you, of course, but Ellen surely will.

Mlitsky.— Well, what am I to do?

Djarsky.— That is just what I was going to ask you about.

Mlitsky.— I cannot think of anything, I cannot help her. She absolutely refused to accept any help from me.

Djarsky.— It is quite natural that Ellen does not want to be your mistress.

Mlitsky.— Mistress?

Djarsky.— Call it as you please, we wouldn't quarrel about terms. Hm. . . . This is a bad affair. You really are not guilty of anything. Is it your fault that you fell in love with another woman? But, but, . . . what's to be done with conscience? With this stupid conscience which does not want to be subjected to the laws of civilization?

Mlitsky.— Ha, what do I care about conscience? I want happiness, love, life! And to remain here is stagnation, death.

Djarsky.— And so, you decided to sacrifice Ellen?

Mlitsky.— If it cannot be otherwise, yes.

Djarsky.— In order to live, to live happily! He, he. And if this happiness will not fulfill your expectations? If all the sacrifices will be in vain?

Mlitsky.— Everything is possible.

Djarsky.— I just thought of a similar case.

Mlitsky (*laughing ironically*).— I know, I know! You feel quite at home now. Isn't that so? Old theories about chastity, about male instincts ——

Djarsky.— It would perhaps be better, if you could look in more carefully into the depths of your heart.

Mlitsky.— Olga will remain pure and chaste for me though she did belong to another.

Djarsky.— How clear it is in theory. (*Laughs.*) Clear as the sun. Really, was it her fault that some one anticipated you? That she gave him away her heart without suspecting that there existed somewhere a certain Mlitsky? Was it her fault, the devil take it, that that some one demanded from her tangible proofs of her love? He, he, he. You, of course, know yourself what they demand and expect of a girl! Was it her fault that she finally yielded, and gave herself away? Could she have done otherwise? Isn't love stronger than reason? And then, I think, this is a sign of a strong character, courage, noble pride, if a woman does not wait for permission from above to give the proofs he, he — of her love. He, he, he. Really, could there be found proofs more beautiful, more convincing than these? And so I pay no attention to this, and I marry her. At first speaks the mere instinct of the male which is just as strong in the soul of a common peasant as in the soul of a morally refined man, such, for instance, as you. Then the first act of happiness is over. You feel that all that a woman gives up for the first time, all that which in her heart is a mere presentiment, a vague alarm full of fear and desire, all this, we'll say

in the heart of your wife has long ago withered away. She has long ago forgotten the inebriating passion with which she gave herself away the first time, he, he, he.— She is experienced, perhaps a little cold — because — at such times experienced women become very observant, and you know how ridiculous we men are at such moments, he, he, he.— But, perhaps, it is unpleasant for you to listen to me? Perhaps, you don't want me to touch upon this subject?

Mlitsky.— Do you think it tortures me?

Djarsky.— Does it not? Well, then you are an unusual person. Does not even the thought that Olga could already have been a mother torture you?

Mlitsky (*furiously*).— Be silent!

Djarsky.— Why should I be silent, if you don't care, if it does not bother you? (*Vehemently.*) From a person whom I respect I demand that instinct! A peasant may not have it, he may marry a woman who would bring him as her dowry children of another, but you, you must not marry a woman who could ——

Mlitsky (*interrupts him*).— Enough! If you want me to confess how terribly I suffer from it, you may be satisfied. But do not torture me any longer now, it will do no good. I cannot live without Olga. There is something in me which is stronger than all my sufferings, than all my other instincts. (*Waves his hand.*) Let everything perish, if it cannot be otherwise!

(*Pause.*)

Djarsky.— When will Olga return?

Mlitsky.— Why do you ask?

Djarsky.— It probably would have been better if she hadn't gone away at all.

Mlitsky.— Why?

Djarsky.— Because at a distance it always seems impossible to live without the person you love.

Mlitsky (*rises nervously*).— You are unusually friendly to-day. Answer me, do you still love her? Do you love her more than ever?

Djarsky (*contemptuously*).— You are mistaken, my friend.

Mlitsky.— No, I am not mistaken.

Djarsky (*shrugs his shoulders*).

Mlitsky.— Well, then, where does this sudden hatred for her come from?

Djarsky.— I do not hate her at all, but I have no reasons for keeping in my heart noble and tender recollections of her.

Mlitsky.— Aha! You were too sure in your hopes?

Djarsky.— I never had any hopes at all, some one else awakened them in me.

Mlitsky.— Ah, wasn't that at the time of our stay in Paris? N'est-ce-pas? You happened to mention to me something about it. But how did it happen?

Djarsky (*laughing*).— You have an excellent memory! But then it was no more than an innocent trifle.

Mlitsky.— Do tell me about it.

Djarsky.— Oh, nonsense! We were sitting in a separate room in a restaurant and drinking champagne. You know, Olga has a passion for champagne. To tell the truth, we drank a little too much ——

Mlitsky.— Well, and ——

Djarsky.— And nothing else. (*Sarcastically.*) A friend of mine, a blockhead, also a lover of champagne, found me out.

Mlitsky (*with forced liveliness*).— And you fell victims of, so to say, interrupted lovemaking. I read a fine ballad on this theme once.

(*Pause.*)

Mlitsky.— Don't you love her any more? Well, I tell you, satisfaction came pretty quickly. How did it happen that your love disappeared so suddenly?

Djarsky.— Suddenly? Not at all! Gradually, bit by bit my love was vanishing. You also met her in the same male company as I did. It was very disagreeable to me to see so many greedy hands outstretched towards her.

Mlitsky (*with concealed anger*).— Ha, ha, ha — this is very interesting, indeed. But, but, my dear, you have a bad memory. I shall never forget with what enthusiasm you spoke about her before I met her. At that time she was something beautiful, daring, something in the style of a super-woman who despises all laws, who stands above all sorts of prejudices which, by the way, you defend so heartily now. Do you remember?

Djarsky.— I certainly do. But I didn't know her well at that time. She herself was striving then towards ideals which she despises now.

Mlitsky.— You are an excellent orator, but you don't express yourself clearly. I, at least, cannot comprehend what makes you take such a strong interest in my present condition.

Djarsky.— I? God forbid! You simply force me to do it. You are unable to speak of anything else. You want to find out something, you go around me like a cat around a hot dish. You suppose I know something which you don't know, and you want to take me unawares.

Mlitsky (*forgets himself and interrupts him with a sarcastic laughter*).— Tell me only, dear John, is it true that they wouldn't let you in at the hotel?

Djarsky (*smiling*).— Is it meant for me to get insulted?

Mlitsky (*pointing at the door*).— Didn't you hear my conversation with Ellen?

Djarsky.— Do you want me to challenge you?

Mlitsky (*laughing more and more contemptuously*). — Did you really think that Ellen knew everything?

Djarsky.— To the devil! You are born to be a husband who could perfectly well be satisfied with his experienced wife.

Mlitsky (*looks at him attentively*).— You certainly cut me short! (*Angrily.*) You are a real devil! (*Suddenly changing his tone, good-naturedly.*) Why, we forgot all about the coffee. (*Goes into the next room.* DJARSKY *smiles sarcastically and plays with his hat.*)

Mlitsky (*returns, yawning*).— Did you really lose all your money?

Djarsky.— Worse than that.

Mlitsky.— That means — borrowed?

Djarsky.— Yes, and have to pay it to-day.

Mlitsky.— I can lend you some with pleasure.

Djarsky.— I am much obliged to you.

Mlitsky.— Do you want it now?

Djarsky.— Let it be later.

Mlitsky.— Just as you please. (*Pause.*)

Mlitsky (*walks up and down the room, then stops before* DJARSKY; *for a while they look at each other*).— We had better ——

Ellen (*enters with the coffee. She is apparently calm*).

Djarsky.— Good morning!

Ellen (*puts down the dishes and shakes hands with* DJARSKY. *All drink silently*).

Mlitsky (*suddenly*).— You will have to excuse me, I must go for a while to the office. (*Looks for his hat.*) Proof-reading will make me sober (*Goes out. Short silence.*)

Djarsky.— Have you any cigarettes?

Ellen (*hands him the box from the table*).— Please!

Djarsky (*lights the cigarette and begins to turn his glass nervously*).

Ellen (*suddenly*).— Will Stephen be happy with her?

Djarsky.— Happy? No, never!

Ellen.— She loves him very much, though.

Djarsky.— It only seems so to him. His love is three quarters the result of his vanity. He is dazzled by her daring actions, he is captured by her beauty, her noble pride; she is surrounded by a multitude of men, so it naturally flatters him that just he happens to be the chosen one. Besides, she knows how to ensnare, to capture, to excite; she promises more with one

look than any other woman is capable of giving, even if she wanted to sacrifice her whole soul and life. Many, many men were already entangled in her snares! I knew one man who became on account of her — he, he, he — what shall I say? But, anyway, words are not important now, in this case. He was happy, and, strange to say, he was even betrothed. He met her accidentally, I don't know how. (*Deeply absorbed in his thoughts.*) In one word, it is enough to say, that he was conquered immediately. She seemed to take a fancy to him; at times she lured him, at times repulsed him. She would allow him to carry her upstairs in his arms to the door of her apartment, and then she would shake her head, and say, 'Thank you!' He, he, — you can just imagine with what a foolish physiognomy that some one must have remained! It was worth while looking at him in such moments! He hated her to such a degree that he was ready to strangle her, and at the same time he was humiliating himself, he was creeping before her, he was imploring her, he even wept once! He, he, he. Wept like a little child. It is surprising that he didn't commit suicide at that time. (*Mysteriously, with a repulsive smile.*) He even stole money from his friend.

Ellen.— Stole money?

Djarsky.— Yes, stole money from his best friend in order to be able to follow her. The journey was expensive, very expensive. Conscience gave way before crime.

Ellen.— Your conscience?

Djarsky.— Yes, mine.

(*Pause.*)

Ellen.— And there is no possibility of saving Stephen?

Djarsky.— Whatever will be in my power I will do. (*Nervously.*) For your sake I will do it. You resemble so much my former fiancee, you remind me so vividly of her. (*Speaks in a low whisper, rapidly.*) I do not want anything, I lost all respect for myself, and do not demand it from others. I hate people, I despise them. But, there are things before which I cannot remain passive, my heart aches and, and — (*Stops abruptly and rises.*) I will do everything in my power, but it will be impossible to do anything,— nothing at all! If she once takes possession of a person, she wouldn't let him off so easily; she will squeeze him out, and then she will cast him away, but let him go, never, never! He will always be bound to her. (*Suddenly becomes irritated.*) Do you still love Mlitsky after all? Haven't you just a little common sense and pride?

Ellen (*interrupts*).— Did pride and common sense help you in your love? God, my God! A thousand times I repeat to myself, Stephen does not love me, he loves another, let him go, let him be happy, it is mean

to keep him here, if he does not love me, but my heart fervently prays for help. I am ready to cling to his feet in order not to let him go. Let him hit me, let him trample upon me, but let him only stay here! (*Nervously presses her head in her hands.*) What will become of me? (*To herself.*) What will be now, what will be? (*Pause. Rapidly.*) You must help me! Please, help me, help me! I am lost without him. I have no home, no relatives, the whole world rejected me. There is only one person in the entire universe for me. Stephen, only Stephen!

Djarsky (*with growing anxiety*).— But how can I help you? What can I do with him? She ensnared him. His heart is an aching wound, but he cannot tear himself away from her.

Ellen (*in trembling voice*).— You are right! Nothing can be done, nobody can save him, nobody!

(*Pause.*)

Djarsky (*as if seized by sudden terror*).— How terrible life is! What is the use of living? Why live?

Ellen.— What? What did you say?

Djarsky.— There is no happiness for both of us, and to live without at least one drop of happiness is impossible!

Ellen (*thoughtfully.*)— Impossible! (*Pause.*) (*Collecting herself.*) Can you imagine the condition of a person who just heard his death sentence?

Djarsky.— What? What did you say?

Ellen.— Death sentence ——

Djarsky.— Death sentence?

Ellen.— I am carrying with me my death sentence. Yesterday there came a telegram. From her, I know that it is from her, and I know what is in it; I didn't open it, but I know that to-morrow, the day after to-morrow, in two, three days she will come and take away Stephen from me. And, you know, every time when I take it out and want to give it to Stephen, my hand begins to tremble. How silly it is! Anyway, sooner or later, I must give it to him, and even if I don't, even then, nothing can change me, nothing!

Mlitsky (*enters thoughtful and sad, takes a seat at the table. To* DJARSKY). — You look tired, don't you want to take a rest?

Djarsky.— Yes, I really am very tired.

Mlitsky.— Go into my room, take a good rest and then we will settle your business.

Djarsky (*rises*).— And you? Don't you want to lie down for a while?

Mlitsky.— No, I have too much work to do.

Djarsky (*going out*).— Wake me up in a few hours. Good night!

(*Goes out.*)

Mlitsky (*after a short silence, seriously, without looking up*).— Don't think badly of me, Ellen, if I said unpleasant things to you.

Ellen (*with deep sorrow*).— I was going to ask you just the same thing. I forgot myself, forgive me. It came so suddenly, so unexpectedly. My head is turning ——

Mlitsky.— We wouldn't talk about it. I will stay with you, let us forget everything.

Ellen.— No, no! Everything is finished between us. I know now that you don't love me and never loved me. No, Stephen, you are perfectly free, I do not detain you any longer.

Mlitsky (*impetuously*).— But I want to remain! (*Collects himself.*) No, there is no happiness for me there! I will forget everything!

Ellen (*bursts out in hysterical sobs*).— Do not torture me, do not torture me! I don't want your love! This compromise is repulsive to me, I would rather have you hate me, hit me — I don't want — I don't want ——

Mlitsky.— Do not cry, Ellen, please, don't! Everything will be well again. I will work hard, I will forget her. You are so good, so kind, you never demanded anything from me. Let us live together again! You were mine, only mine! No other hands touched you. (*Thoughtfully.*) Djarsky is right! What did Djarsky say?

Ellen.— Djarsky?

Mlitsky.— Nothing, nothing. We will live happily together.

Ellen (*suddenly breaks out into a fit of hysterical laughter*).— Ha, ha, ha. Don't leave me, Stephen, don't abandon me! Don't ruin me! (*Throws her arms around his neck.*) Look, look, here is my death sentence! Here is her telegram, she is coming! (*Sits down absent-mindedly and nervously feels her pockets.*) Here, here it is! (*Her hand trembles convulsively as she gives him the telegram and looks at him with wild eyes.*)

Mlitsky (*opens the envelope, reads the telegram once, then again with an expression of greatest emotion, then turns towards the window*).

Ellen (*jumps up with haggard eyes, hoarsely*).— Well, what? What?

Mlitsky.— She is coming!

CURTAIN

ACT II

(*One day later. The same room as in the first act. Twilight.* DJARSKY *is sitting on the divan and is smoking a cigarette. Before him on the table a few bottles of beer.* ELLEN *half turned towards* DJARSKY *looks out of the window. After the curtain rises there is a short silence.*)

Djarsky (*coughs. Long pause*).— There is a peculiar mood in this room. Autumn, autumn.— The rainy season will soon start in. It is terrible when the rain weeps all day long on the windows.

Ellen (*does not answer*).

Djarsky (*after a short pause*).— I wonder why Stephen is not home yet.

Ellen (*laughs quietly*).— I don't suppose he will come so soon.

Djarsky.— Madam Agrelly is coming to-morrow, I think.

Ellen.— I think so.

Djarsky.— Well, what do you expect to do?

Ellen (*with a forced smile*).— I? Nothing, nothing. I shall wait to the end, I am so calm! I am only waiting, waiting. And then, well, I wish them happiness. He loves her, she loves him also, I suppose; why shouldn't she love him?

Djarsky (*laughs ironically*).— She? Loves? He, he, he! She cannot love. She loves only herself, her emptiness, her pride, her beauty.

Ellen (*coldly*).— You must not say that. If she did not love you, it does not follow that she cannot love Stephen. Why then is she so anxious to marry him? He is not famous, he is not rich either; she loves him, and they will be happy together!

Djarsky (*with bitter irony*).— There may be something heroic, self-sacrificing in your submissiveness. Yes, it seems, there is always something heroic in submissiveness, in humiliation. (*Smiles.*) But let us leave heroism alone. We don't need it, we want happiness, just one little bit of happiness! That's what we want! Be frank! I don't know what I would give to have you be frank with me. I don't believe in your submission. I can feel how your heart is bleeding, I sympathize with you more than one would expect from me. You remind me so vividly of my former fiancee.

Ellen.— I have never been so frank with anybody as I am with you. You have shown so much delicacy and kindness to me of late. All my thoughts are wandering away, I cannot think out anything to the end. Now all is ended, this horrible torture of the last days ——

Djarsky (*impetuously*).— You must not let him go! If you love him, you will keep him here! He wouldn't find any happiness with her, only despair and suffering!

Ellen (*with a pale smile*).— No, no! All is ruined now, now it is the end!

Djarsky.— Sacrifice your pride for his sake. You love him. The most important thing for you is to see that he does not perish with that woman.

Ellen.— Why should he perish?

Djarsky (*thoughtfully*).— Because.— How shall I explain it to you?

You know, perhaps, that there exists a certain thing which formerly used to be called the virtue of chastity, but now it has grown out of fashion. Now it has acquired a funny significance. He, he, he.— The young men taught the girls to regard this virtue as ridiculous, and we civilized people, we are making fun of it, but — only in theory, because in our hearts, deep in our hearts.— Well, I would like to see a man who would place a woman passing from hand to hand above a woman pure and beautiful, like you, for instance.

Ellen.— What do you mean to say by that?

Djarsky (*after a short silence*).— Mlitsky belongs to that kind of people who deceive themselves, he belongs to those weaklings for whom the so-called progress,—he, he, he,—seems to be the ideal, in the name of which they destroy the noblest impulses of the soul like an obsolete, out-of-fashion moral; Mlitsky is somewhat in the style of a moral Don Quixote, his heart is filled with those 'good old times,' but he is ashamed of it. He, he, he! But the most beautiful theories of his turn into dust when the worm begins to eat his heart by day and by night.

Ellen.— I fail to understand what you want to say.

Djarsky.— I want to say that the lady who is going to become Mlitsky's wife has been already the mistress of another and perhaps of others ——

Ellen (*looks at him in dumb amazement*).— Does Stephen know about it?

Djarsky.— Yes, he knows.

Ellen.— And?

Djarsky.— Tell him, you tell him about it. Perhaps before you he will feel ashamed. Perhaps, if you tell him, he will think it over, you will make him understand what it means to marry a woman of questionable purity. Did you read 'Hamlet'? Well, I think Laertes was right when he said:

'The Chastest Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she unmaske her beauty to thee.'
Moore.

Ellen.— Why didn't you tell me that before? (*Greatly agitated.*) And he knows it, and still he wants to leave me, me, me for her who passed from hand to hand. Oh, my God, my God!

Djarsky.— Nothing is lost yet. Tell him about it. Only you yourself must tell him about it.

Ellen (*feebly*).— That wouldn't help any, wouldn't change anything. He knows it, knows everything and still he goes to her. Oh, how passionately he must love her!

Djarsky.— Listen to me, take my advice!

Ellen (*in despair*).— No, no, no! Do not talk to me any more! It has no sense. He knows it and still he leaves me.— There is no help, none!

(*Pause.*)

Ellen (*is absorbed in deep meditation. Suddenly*).— From to-morrow I have to remain alone. (*With alarm.*) Alone? What does it mean? How is it possible to live all alone in the whole world? Oh, it must be terrible— !

Djarsky.— It is worse than that! You have no idea how frightful it is. Oh, those nights full of madness and passion.— Nights in bed — it is so awfully quiet, so quiet that you can hear the beating of your own heart— it is dark — and the heart goes on beating, beating, beating.— Some one knocks at your door.— Cold beads of perspiration cover your forehead — and some one is still knocking. (*Continues impetuously, unable to control himself, filled with terror.*) You hear a rustling noise around you, whispering, mad laughter. You jump up, you are trembling all over your body, you light a candle, you are afraid to look back because some one terrible is standing there and stretches out his hands towards you. (*More and more excitedly.*) And the doors seem to open, open.— You want to rush towards the door, to slam it, to lock it.—You are stealing towards it quietly.— Jesus! Mary! But the doors are opened ——

Ellen.— Jesus! Mary!

Djarsky.— And the fire of the candle throws off terrible shadows, the room is trembling, twinkling uneasily — the shadows turn into ghosts, leave the walls, stretch their arms, approach nearer ——

Ellen.— Please stop, stop!

Djarsky (*stops, wipes his forehead with his hand, then goes on*).— Now Stephen is still with you, he drives away these ghosts, but when you will be alone with this mad despair in your heart ——

Ellen (*unconsciously*).— This fate is awaiting me, this fate ——

Djarsky.— Yes! this fate is awaiting you.

Ellen (*greatly agitated*).— This will end badly, badly, badly.

Djarsky (*coldly and resolutely*).— Yes, it will end badly. You will perish, but Mlitsky's lot is still worse. By day or night he will be tortured by thoughts of his happy predecessors. For them this woman was a mistress, for him she is a wife. Ha, ha! The wife of Mlitsky was the mistress of others! This thought will suck into his blood, will poison his feelings, will ruin his life! Yes, the lot that awaits him is worse than yours. A person does not easily commit suicide. You will have to think of some position (*suddenly changing his tone*), yes, you will have to hunt for some employment — oh, this is a very difficult thing — you, the pet child of rich parents,

you who were brought up in luxury and comfort, you will wander from one employer to another — but you will find employment because you are beautiful, very, very beautiful — do you understand what it means? A woman must be beautiful in order to find some work.

Ellen (rises, wringing her hands).— Oh, how cruelly you torture me, how you torture me. What shall I do? He pays no attention to me; yesterday he repulsed me. All night long he walked up and down the room; he was walking like a crazy man; he laid down, then he jumped up, then he begged me to forgive him, he kissed my feet — my God, he is entangled in a net, he cannot live without her, let him go, let him go, I don't want him to reproach me. Let anything happen to me, I do not worry about myself, only let him not kill me with his despair.

Djarsky.— He wants to win you over with his pitiful comedy.

Ellen (with composure).— What did you say? What? You have no right to speak in this way.

Djarsky.— On the contrary! I repeat again — Mlitsky plays a base comedy. Not love draws him to her, but vanity, mean vanity.

Ellen (furiously).— You are lying. *(Suddenly looks at him wildly and cries out.)* You, you yourself still love her. You love her, love her! (DJARSKY *rises in confusion.*) Be silent! You love her. You want to take revenge on her and on him — oh, how pale you are, how your face twitches.

Djarsky (in a low voice, seizing her hand).— I don't love her, but I will destroy her, I will ruin her! I will avenge you and myself.

Ellen.— I do not want you to avenge me. I do not want it. I forbid you! Stephen must be happy. I won't allow you to take revenge. I will live, I will work, I will accept help from him.

Djarsky (wildly).— You shall not do it!

Ellen.— Yes, I will, I will do it.

Djarsky.— Do not scream so. Mlitsky is standing behind the door Ha, ha!

Ellen (looking half consciously at the door).— Oh! *(She goes to the side door, stops, looks at* DJARSKY, *then goes out.)*

Mlitsky (enters slowly and goes up to DJARSKY).— What did you tell her? What?

Djarsky (drums with his fingers on the table and drinks beer. Both look at each other with hatred).— I told her nothing. But she proved to me, as plainly as two and two make four, that I love your betrothed, and that I want to avenge myself on you and her. She expressed just what you are thinking, is it not so?

Mlitsky.— Yes, to a certain degree.

Djarsky (*smiles wickedly*).— Yes, I know it; I knew it long ago.

Mlitsky.— Then why did you become my enemy?

Djarsky.— I am not your enemy; I do not consider anyone an enemy.

Mlitsky.— I do not understand why you are so inimical to her. Was it her fault that she could not force herself to love you? You see, I respect your intelligence so much, that I look elsewhere for the source of your hatred.

Djarsky.— Hm — you are a clever and just man.

Mlitsky.— So, it concerns Ellen.

Djarsky.— Maybe.

Mlitsky.— But you are not so cruel as to wish me to live with Ellen without loving her.

Djarsky.— But I do not wish you to push Ellen into the abyss.

Mlitsky.— So, you think she will be happy if I remain here and hate her?

Djarsky.— You will come to yourself again, and besides, it is impossible to hate Ellen.

Mlitsky.— Don't you take me into consideration at all?

Djarsky.— On the contrary. If you marry Olga, you are lost. You will break your neck in that happiness for which you are so earnestly striving. It is no small matter to call a woman with her past — your wife.

Mlitsky (*passionately*).— The devil take it all, why do you so constantly allude to her past?

Djarsky.— In order to make you think it over.

Mlitsky.— But I know it all.

Djarsky.— Ha, ha, ha! But this is not the thing — to know the naked facts, that she belonged to this or that man. Here the details are important, those little insignificant details of the bed chamber. All the little details, he, ha! how shall we call them? All those secret pleasures which must be hidden from the light, ha, ha, ha! You know, all the caresses which are unknown to marital life. In married life there is no fearing, no straining of the ear, no fear that some one may disturb you, no stealing up the dark stairways to the temple of love.

Mlitsky (*sickly, as if to himself*).— I prefer this to living without her. Maybe there is something else oppressing you?

Djarsky.— No, nothing else. Give me a cigarette.

Mlitsky (*handing him the box*).— Any news?

Djarsky.— Are you tired of me?

Mlitsky.— Not at all, but I leave these quarters to-morrow.

Djarsky.— Yes? (*Takes out his wallet.*) Let us settle our accounts. Here is the money which you lent me yesterday. I am much obliged to you

for it. I am awfully sorry that we have to part under such circumstances. (*Pause.*) You were my best, my most faithful friend. I spent with you hours which will not be easily forgotten. I pity you very much. (*Pause during which Mlitsky sits on the couch and looks straight ahead of him.*) And so, to-morrow you leave Ellen in order to live with a woman of whose love you are not even sure.

Mlitsky (*surprised*).— Not sure of her love?

Djarsky.— You yourself understand that the power of love, like any other power, has its limits. She loved that one, the first one. He, the first one, used up all her love — that broke her down. She passed from one to another, tired, annoyed, perhaps only to forget the emptiness in her heart. You make a comparatively good impression on her, remember, only comparatively good ——

Mlitsky (*looks at him contemptuously and laughs*).

Djarsky.— You are laughing? (*Coldly.*) Why do you play this farce? Your laughter is not sincere. You are afraid of me.

Mlitsky.— I, of you?

Djarsky.— Yes, you of me.

Mlitsky.— You conclude this from the fact that I haven't yet thrown you out of the house?

Djarsky.— You have guessed it.

Mlitsky.— This hasn't happened, only because I wished to disarm the devil in you.

Djarsky.— And have you succeeded?

Mlitsky.— I don't think so.

Djarsky (*suddenly and very seriously*).— Well, listen. Do as you please, be happy or unhappy, it is just the same to me, but if Ellen, in a fit of despair, should put an end to her miserable life ——

Mlitsky (*with concealed fury*).— It will be your fault, only yours, yours, yours. You put her under the spell of this insane terror, you opened up the abyss before her eyes, you have been exerting your influence over her for the past two days. The death of Ellen is essential to you in order to take revenge on Olga.

Djarsky.— You are talking nonsense. You are too excited. But remember, if Ellen commits suicide, and she positively will do it ——

Mlitsky (*yelling madly*).— You, you know it?

Djarsky.— Yes, I know it. Well, good-by, I have to go.

Mlitsky.— Wait awhile — well, if, if, what then?

Djarsky.— Then? That is your affair.

Mlitsky.— And if I survive even that?

Djarsky.— Never, never, you will not be able to ——

Mlitsky (*madly*).— Yes, yes, I will survive it.

Djarsky.— I know that you will not survive it, and that will be my revenge.

Mlitsky.— Yours?

Djarsky (*passionately*).— Yes, mine, mine!

Mlitsky (*looks at him petrified*).— What evil have I ever done you?

Djarsky.— You? None.

Mlitsky.— Yet your vengeance falls upon me, only upon me!

Djarsky.— I am very sorry if, on its way, it will touch you also.— Remember, do not leave Ellen. Good-by! (*Leaves the room.*)

Mlitsky (*absorbed in his thoughts stands in the middle of the room, then goes towards the door, stops, thinks, then opens the door and calls*).— Ellen! (*Ellen enters, looks at him closely. A long pause. He paces nervously up and down the room, unconsciously chewing the end of his cigar.*) Ellen, let us part good friends.

Ellen.— Just as you please.

Mlitsky.— Have pity on me, my dearest, understand me.

Ellen.— I understand everything.

Mlitsky (*in a trembling voice*).— I do not want our separation to be followed by hatred and regrets. You are too dear to me. I do not want you to hate me. I cannot act otherwise, even if I wanted to. I cannot retreat now. It would spoil my whole life. I will be your brother, I will help you, I will take care of you.

Ellen (*silent for a while, then breaks out desperately*).—And you will give me money, lots, lots of money! (*Thoughtfully.*) And what will I give you in return? I gave you my soul, my body. (*Looks at him longingly.*) Stephen, I gave you my pure body, pure as that of a child. Before I met you I did not know anything. (*He looks at her in terror.*) Yes, Stephen, I was so innocent. Everything belonged to you — my thoughts, my heart, my soul, my life, my body, every nerve of it. (*Passionately.*) And you, you slighted me, repulsed me! How shall I pay you for your help, for your care? You don't want me, you scorn me. How then, how?

Mlitsky.— Have pity, Ellen. Pity me! Do not torture me so terribly!

Ellen (*rises proudly, but laughing hysterically*).— Out of my sight! I do not want your help, your support. Go to her! Go! Share with her the remains of her love.

Mlitsky (*seizing her hands*).— Be silent, be silent, or I will ——

Ellen (*tearing herself away*).— Leave me alone! What do you want from me? What do you want? Ha, ha, ha! You want to have a clear conscience, you want to say to yourself, Ellen is reconciled, she is satisfied with my friendship; you want to deceive your own conscience!

Mlitsky (*looks at her for a time, then speaks vehemently*).— Yes, you were happy with me, now I want happiness for myself. With you, I haven't found it.

Ellen (*looks at him blankly*).— You didn't find any happiness with me? So it means that you lied to me for two years, lied to me day after day!

Mlitsky.— No, I didn't lie. At that time I thought it was happiness, for I knew no other.

Ellen (*passionately*).— I will give you happiness now! Stay with me and I will make you happy. I will give you pleasures which you never dreamed of, I will give you paradise, but, but, please do not repulse me, remain with me. See, this is my fear that cries out so. I shall go crazy without you.— No, no, you will also get crazy, she was the mistress of others, she passed from hand to hand. — (*Falls on her knees.*)

(*A knock is heard at the door.* ELLEN *jumps up and clings to the wall.*)

Mlitsky (*stares at her with frightened eyes, then calls in a hoarse voice*).— Come in!

Olga (*enters, beaming with happiness*).— What a surprise! (*Notices* ELLEN, *stops and looks with astonishment at her and then at* MLITSKY. *A moment of awkward silence.*)

Mlitsky (*composes himself, takes her hand and tries to lead her away*).— Go, please.

Ellen (*rushes towards them, tries to speak, points her finger at* OLGA).— This, this one!

Olga (*very much surprised*).— What does this woman want?

Mlitsky.— I beg you, Ellen, no scenes. (*To* OLGA, *resolutely.*) Go.

Ellen.— Away, away from here! You want to ruin him, as you ruined Djarsky.

Olga (*proudly*).— What do you want from me? I do not intend to ruin anybody.

Ellen (*pleadingly, to* MLITSKY).— Please stay here, stay! I will be your dog; do anything you want with me, but do not leave me. (*To* OLGA.) Go, go away from here. I lived with him for two years, he is mine, mine! You will find many more, I have none but him. He alone, my Stephen, leave him here with me. I shall go mad!

(OLGA *looks for a while at* ELLEN *then at* MLITSKY, *and then goes out.* MLITSKY *follows her. Ellen looks at them pleadingly, stretches out her arms to him, then lets them fall to her sides helplessly. After Olga and Mlitsky have disappeared, she gazes after them unconsciously, rushes to the door and falls down.*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

(*A few days later. A large parlor furnished with much taste. A lamp covered with a lampshade lights the room.*)

Olga (*lying on the couch. Rises every now and then and listens. Steps are heard in the other room. Mlitsky enters very depressed, sits down without taking off his hat.* OLGA *rises*).— You did come finally!

Mlitsky.— Was Djarsky here?

Olga (*anxiously*).— What is the matter with you? Take off yout hat! Are you ill?

Mlitsky (*takes off his hat*).— No, no, there is nothing the matter with me.— But this sharp autumn wind, this rain.— I was walking in the park, the wind was whistling among the bare branches. People say that in such weather some one generally hangs himself — or maybe drowns himself — he, he.— There are people who drown themselves! He, he! But take that shade off the lamp, for it seems to me as if some one dangerously ill is lying here.

Olga (*removes the shade, after a pause*).— Was it really necessary that Ellen should live with you to the very end?

Mlitsky.— Where could she go?

Olga.— Didn't you write to me that you broke up with her?

Mlitsky (*is silent*).

Olga.— Why didn't you move into another place?

Mlitsky.— Because I was afraid that she might commit suicide.

Olga.— Did she threaten you?

Mlitsky.— She will positively do so.

Olga (*impetuously*).— Well, and if she would? What of it if she does commit suicide? It would be only a relief to you and to her. Is it possible that you are so naive as to prefer a life full of tortures and sufferings to death? You said yourself that she can never be happy again, why then should she torment herself any longer? (*Suddenly.*) Did you ever tell her that you loved her?

Mlitsky.— I don't know anything. I never loved any one but you.

Olga.— And didn't this bring you happiness?

Mlitsky.— Why do you ask?

Olga.— Why? don't I see how you suffer? I didn't see you the entire day. Where were you? Oh, how pale you are! You look like a ghost. Your constant fear is like a legion of ghosts. You filled the room with them. Do you feel that I am near you? No, no, you think only of her, you see her constantly before you.

Mlitsky.— Can't you understand that I have reasons to fear for her life?

Olga (*resolutely*).— No, I cannot understand it. I shall never be able to understand it. If something or some one is cast away, you are not supposed to look after it. I refuse to understand it. You say that you never loved any one before you met me. You love me, and you know how much I love you. You ought to be happy, you ought to forget everything. Do you remember what you told me before my departure? You said that for my sake you are capable of committing the greatest crime. And now when you left her — anyway what was she to you? — now you are trembling, shivering with all your body —you are in despair. Oh, God! is it possible that we were mistaken? I was so sure that you will forget everything, that you will drown everything in the happiness which I give you, in the fact that I am always near you, that I am yours forever. But it turned out differently ——

(*Pause.* MLITSKY *deeply absorbed in his thoughts, does not answer.*)

Olga (*continues in a tired voice*).— I was hurrying to you by day and night, without stopping anywhere, without taking a rest. I arrived a day before you expected me, I thought to make you happy by it, I thought, it will be the greatest happiness, the greatest surprise. Yes, it was a surprise! I shall never forget how you stood there humiliated, without being able to understand anything, and looked at me with insane eyes, as if I were a ghost. You would rather have liked to sink into the earth than to look at her.

Mlitsky.— Would it have been better if I had made a scandal?

Olga (*angrily*).—You should have broken that tie at once. You had two months' time to choose between me and Ellen. (*Looks at* MLITSKY, *then changes her voice.*) Listen, Stephen! There is still time to choose. If you feel that you cannot be happy with me, better go. I do not want to be with a person who constantly thinks with despair that his former mistress might commit suicide. I do not want to! No! I do not want to share your love with another woman, I do not want to have her stand constantly between you and me.

Mlitsky.— Share love? Hm.— (*Looks at her.*) You do not want to divide my love? You do not want to have any one stand between us. — (*Presses his forehead with his hand.*)

Olga (*frightened*).— What is happening to you? Did you hear what I said? Do you understand that I don't want to live with you until you forget her?

Mlitsky.— I understand everything. I will forget everything — even — (*Looks at* OLGA.) But it will be very, very difficult, for there are many, many things that I have to forget. (*Composes himself, takes her hand.*) Just be a little patient. I am not altogether well. My brain tells me just

the same you told me now. I know that I cannot live without you. I know that death for her would be real happiness, and yet. . . . Yet there seems to be somewhere within me another brain which reasons differently, which laughs at me and turns my reason topsy-turvy. To-day, for instance, I looked for her all over the city. She is not at home. She disappeared.— I knew it for several weeks. My heart tells me, she committed suicide.— And instantly I became so weak, my knees began to tremble ——

Olga (*interrupting*).— Where then is our happiness, where? Oh, how I longed for this happiness with you, how I trembled at the thought that in a few days a new life will begin for me, such a beautiful life.

Mlitsky.— Do not torture me now. It will all pass away. I have to compose myself. You know, it is impossible to tear out everything of my heart, to forget my past so easily.

Olga (*passionately*).—Yes, yes, it is possible, everything is possible when you love.

Mlitsky.— Yes, yes — it is very easy for you to speak so. There were no obstacles in your way.

Olga.— And you, did you make a great sacrifice?

Mlitsky (*does not answer*).

Olga.— And this sacrifice is above your power?

Mlitsky (*suddenly*).— Tell me only, do you really love me as much as you say?

Olga.— Do you begin to doubt it?

Mlitsky.— No, no, I don't doubt it, nonsense! I only thought of the first impression. You were so tired, so cold ——

Olga (*interrupts*).— No, no, this is not the first impression — (*Looks at him sadly and seriously.*) Your love is not the same as it used to be. I do not feel is as much as I felt it before. I hear some strange notes. You suspect me, you watch me, you analyze every word I say to you. (*Hesitatingly.*) Djarsky worked over you! Oh, I almost hear his words, I almost feel the poison which he mixed into your love.

Mlitsky.— Tell me, why does Djarsky hate you so passionately?

Olga.— He wanted to marry me. (*Suddenly.*) Tell me, Stephen, tell me frankly what did Djarsky tell you about me? Speak the truth.

Mlitsky.— He didn't tell me anything!—only, only (*Hoarsely.*) Did you love him very much?

Olga.— Whom?

Mlitsky.— Him. Pretwitz!

Olga (*wringing her hands*).— So you know that also! Oh, what a torture! So it was all a dream. No, Stephen, I have no strength to fight with ghosts! I have no strength to humiliate myself with these recol-

lections, I do not want to be reminded of them. And I know, oh, how well I know, that you will never forgive it, never forget it, that you will always be digging in my past. No, no, no! You see yourself that we cannot be happy!

Mlitsky (*seizes her hands, kisses them and presses them to his heart*).— No, Olga! I shall never again remind you of it. I will forget everything. I will tear everything out of my heart, I will be happy, and I will make you happy. I love you so much. Why don't you smile, who don't you tell me that you are happy?

Olga (*laughs*).

Mlitsky.— Your laughter is a forced one.

Olga (*laughs again*).

Mlitsky.— You do not laugh sincerely.

Olga (*ironically*).— But I am laughing, laughing from the bottom of my heart, at you, at myself, at your doubts, at your weakness. Really — you are a little bit weak, maybe a little bit too sensitive, too melancholy, or maybe you have too much trouble, grief, sorrow, confess it.— (*Looks into his eyes.*)

Mlitsky.— You are mocking me!

Olga.— No, what makes you think so?

(*Pause.* MLITSKY *avoids her eyes.*)

Olga.— Everything turned out differently. It was all a dream, a reverie ——

Mlitsky.— Do you consider yourself disappointed?

Olga (*does not answer. Silence*).

Mlitsky (*suddenly, with agitation*).— You know, to-day I met Djarsky. He made a repulsive grimace and said that he would visit us to-day. (*With sudden terror.*) I am afraid he will bring misery. I feel it is approaching. You know, Olga, if he comes here, tell him that I am not home, or tell him simply that I don't want to see him. Yes, yes, this will be much better. Tell him that I don't want to meet him at all — he is a real devil, not a human being ——

(*A loud ring of the bell is heard.*)

Mlitsky (*looks at the door alarmed*).— Misery, misery is coming.

Olga (*also filled with terror*).— It is Djarsky! Go into the other room, go! I will tell him that you are out, that you don't want to see him. Go, please go!

(*Another ring of the bell.* OLGA *goes to the door and motions to* MLITSKY *to leave the room.*)

Mlitsky (*stands petrified and looks at the door with wide open eyes. The door opens and* OLGA *enters followed by* DJARSKY).—Ah!—Djarsky—really——

Djarsky.— What's happening? Don't you recognize me?

Mlitsky (*laughs nervously*).— I have such a headache — it aches so awfully that I think I am going insane. (*Rubs his forehead.*) When you rang it seemed to me that hundreds of church bells were ringing — (*Looks at* DJARSKY.) You have a peculiar look to-day.

Djarsky.— It only seems to you.

Olga (*uneasily to* STEPHEN).— You must take a rest, maybe the headache will pass away.

Mlitsky.— Yes, yes, you are right — I shall lie down for a while, I'll take some antipirin. (*To* DJARSKY.) You will excuse me?

Djarsky.— Certainly. (MILTSKY *goes out*).

Djarsky (*after a short silence*).— I suppose you are going to leave soon

Olga.— As soon as possible.

Djarsky.— Mlitsky does not want to stay here any longer. He, he.— I believe it readily.

Olga.— He has nothing to do here. We are going to Paris.

Djarsky (*laughing*).— A most beautiful place ——

Olga (*sarcastically*).— Really?

Djarsky.— There he will perhaps recover himself.

Olga.— Positively.

Djarsky.— I am not sure about that.

Olga (*coldly and proudly*).— Why did you come here?

Djarsky (*with irony*).— Where does this disagreeable tone come from?

Olga (*contemptuously*).— Do you want to play in regard to us the part of troubled conscience?

Djarsky.— Perhaps.

Olga.— I didn't expect anything better from you. You are mean, sly, and treacherous, like conscience.

Djarsky (*laughs loudly right into her face*).— This sounds fine. Mean, cunning, sly, treacherous conscience — this is not bad, he? You are proud and vain; but I don't think you have enough sense to understand that conscience may be something else. Mlitsky knows that better than you.

Olga.— And only to think that I felt towards this person some sympathy. How infinitely naive I was! Only now I see how base your thoughts and feelings are.

Djarsky.— You disguise admirably your fear and despair. It is remarkable that you, you, the leaders of thought and progress, are very much afraid of this cunning, treacherous conscience.

Olga.— We, afraid? Not at all! But really, it is very amusing, that you, Mr. Djarsky, speak of conscience! You ought to be ashamed of this

mean lie! The thing that concerns you is vengeance, not conscience! You want to take revenge on me? I don't know why, besides it does not bother me at all. That's why you moved to live with Stephen and began to prejudice Ellen against Stephen, and Stephen against me.

Djarsky (*cynically*).— As I see, you are very well informed on the subject. Did poor Stephen complain to you?

Olga.— You wanted to waver Stephen's love for me, you wanted to pour poison into it. I know, you are like a poisonous spider.

Djarsky.— Thank you! I am glad that you estimate justly my influence over Stephen. (*Laughs wildly.*) Did he talk to you about Pretwitz? Was he grieved very much on his account?

Olga (*haughtily*).— I beg you not to speak in this familiar way, it is very disagreeable to me.

Djarsky.— Really? Very well. I do pity you very much; you are so charming in your feverish striving towards authority and power — and, what is more remarkable, that you, who spent all your life in a race after them, that you chose a person soft as wax and tender as a child.

Olga.—I know only one desire, one striving, and it is towards the beautiful, and therefore you can easily imagine how unpleasant it is for me to touch anything as filthy as ——

Djarsky.— I? Ha, ha, ha! How skilfully you want to get rid of me, but I am very sorry that I shall have to annoy you for some time (*seriously*) for I have perfect right to be here, right and obligation.

Olga.— To avenge Ellen? Oh, how false and hypocritical is this conscience!

Djarsky.— This is also well said. I didn't know what you could compose such fine sentences, but you will excuse me, if I don't go until ——

(MLITSKY *enters suddenly, beside himself, fixes his eyes upon* DJARSKY.)

Olga (*uneasily*).— What is it, Stephen?

Mlitsky (*hastily*).— Nothing, nothing, I am looking for my cigarettes, I don't know where I put them.

Djarsky (*friendly*). — I wouldn't advise you to smoke if you have such a headache.

Mlitsky (*uneasily*).— Well, what's new? You look so strange — your eyes are jumping ——

Djarsky.— I noticed long ago that you suffer from the mania of persecution.

Mlitsky.— My dear friend, I owe this to you, only to you. (*Shakes his head and goes out. Pause.*)

Olga.— Well, when will you be so kind as to leave me alone?

Djarsky (*impertinently*).— Whenever I please.

Olga (*jumps up*).— You are insane! How dare you? What do you want?

Djarsky.— A few moments of patience.

Olga.— Do you mean to threaten me?

Djarsky.— Not at all. But I would like to convince myself whether the cowardly, treacherous conscience is capable of ruining the happiness of the foremost, intelligent people.

Olga (*proudly and contemptuously*).— There was a time when I pitied you. I felt that I was the cause of your sufferings and I suffered with you. I wanted to give you some consolation, a little friendship.

Djarsky.— You are a wonderful comedian. He, he! I loved her and she took great care to cure me from that love! Did you ever tell me that there was no hope for me? Didn't you stay with me in a separate room in the restaurant, drinking champagne? Didn't you let me carry you upstairs in my arms to the third floor? Didn't you let me unravel your hair and kiss it. You always left an open space between us, and until the very end you stretched out your little finger to me.

Olga.— And you were so foolish that you wanted to grab the whole hand — ha, ha, ha. How silly you were!

Djarsky (*paying no attention to her mockery*).— Once I left you throwing a terrible insult into your face — you sent for me the next day. I tried to avoid you, but you always found me out and dragged me after you, destroying and ruining one part of my soul after the other.

Olga (*petrified*).— And this miserable wretch so understood my pity and sympathy. (*With mockery and contempt.*) Ha, ha, ha! This is splendid! Why don't you recite this terrible, sorrowful ballad about your fiancee whom you abandoned for my sake? I think you also had a certain Ellen?

Djarsky (*jumps up, trembling*).— Silence!

Olga (*laughs still louder*).— What a fine sight! Djarsky in fury? How nervous he is! Ha, ha, ha! Do you remember you told me once that you stole money from your best friend in order to follow me! Did you forget?

Djarsky (*approaches her*).

Olga (*stops before him*).— Well, Mr. Djarsky, what else do you want?

Djarsky.— You surprise me! You really possess courage!

Olga (*with deep hatred*).— Listen! You want to take vengeance. Well! But, maybe we will settle up this business (for with you everything is business), so to say, amicably. You want satisfaction. You are not satisfied with mere friendship — but perhaps you will be satisfied with money? I am sufficiently rich. How much to you want? Name your sum, don't be bashful ——

Djarsky (*laughs joyfully*).— You are exceedingly clever.

Olga.— So, you don't want any money, I am very glad. But you want to take revenge, no matter what it will cost you! Well, take it!

Djarsky (*thoughtfully*).— I am really tired of this comedy! But I am avenged already, though only partly! How much trouble and fear does poor Stephen cause you! You defend a hopeless case. Ellen will surely kill him. Perhaps he would be able to forget her, if he could find a bit of happiness near you.

Olga.— Go on, go on, finish.

Djarsky.— But unfortunately he will never find it! He will not be able to conquer his animal instincts which demand purity from a woman.

Olga.— I am very sorry that I cannot throw you out of here.

Djarsky.— That wouldn't help you any! But, anyway, you are right, let's finish this affair. Thus, I took great care in the first place that Mlitsky should never forget his happy, perhaps happier than he is, rivals.

Olga (*losing control*).— What else do you want?

Djarsky.— But these things are not reliable. His weakness and vanity could perhaps conquer his instincts, and then you could be happy perhaps. But there still remains conscience, and his conscience is one entire wound ——

Olga (*impatiently*).— Further, further.

Djarsky.— Just a moment! In order to make myself better understood I have to confess that no one before touched my heart as deeply as Ellen did. You, you both are the cause of her misery. But you are intelligent, civilized people, and you could have forgotten her, and then who knows, but you could have been happy together. But I wouldn't allow it. I came to avenge Ellen and myself. As soon as Stephen finds out ——

Olga (*very nervously*).— Finds out what? (*Pause*, DJARSKY *absorbed in thoughts.*)

Olga (*losing her strength*).— Did you come to tell him about that?

Djarsky.— Yes.

Olga (*violently*).— And nothing will keep you back? Nothing?

Djarsky.— Nothing! (*Pause.*)

Olga (*passionately, losing control over herself*).— Please, do not tell him about it! Do not tell him now. I beg you, I beseech you, please, have pity! Do anything you want to me, but do not tell him about it! Later later, to-morrow.

Djarsky (*does not answer*).

Olga (*in a whisper*).— I will give you anything you want, I will leave him if you demand it, but do not ruin his life now, it will kill him.

Djarsky.— He pitilessly ruined Ellen, you — me.

Olga (*jumping up*).— All right! Tell him everything now! We shall see who is the stronger, she or I! (*Calls.*) Stehpen, Stephen!

Mlitsky (*enters, his steps are uncertain, he is very pale*).

Olga (*forcibly*).— Look! look at this man. He was my slave, my dog. Can it be true that he will become your master now? Is it true that he shook your confidence in me? Is it true that you never would have left Ellen, if I hadn't arrived so suddenly? Is it true?

Mlitsky.— He lies, the scoundrel! Liar! Away, away from here!

Djarsky (*calmly looks at them*).— I do not understand the reason of your excitement! You, Stephen, do not look well in the least in this heroic position.

Olga (*to* STEPHEN).— Why do you allow him to insult you?

Mlitsky (*trembling violently with all his body, stretches out his arm, slowly and with difficulty*).— Away from here ——

Djarsky.— And wouldn't you like to know before I go what became of Ellen?

Mlitsky (*looks at him unconsciously*) .

Olga.— Let us go, Stephen, please come! I beg you, dearest, let us leave him here.

Mlitsky.— Wait, wait! Let him first say what he has to say. Don't you see he wants to tell me something terrible. (*Yelling to* DJARSKY.) Tell me, tell ——

Olga.— Do not allow him to triumph! (*Seizes* MLITSKY *by the hand.*) Come! I myself will tell you! Come, come, please!

Mlitsky (*tears out his hand and yells hoarsely*).— Speak, speak, you cursed hangman!

Olga (*forcibly*).— I will tell you myself. Ellen committed suicide!

Djarsky.— She drowned herself.

Mlitsky (*does not understand*).— Drowned, Ellen is drowned?

Olga.— Yes, she is drowned.

Mlitsky (*looks insanely at* OLGA, *then at* DJARSKY, *suddenly jumps at him*).— You are lying, lying! Tell me that you lied!

Djarsky.— You will convince yourself soon. I gave your address at the morgue and they will soon bring her here.

Mlitsky.— What does this devil say? She will be brought here?

Djarsky.—She has to be buried!

Mlitsky.— Did you tell them to bring her here? (*In frightful terror.*) Here, here! (*Falls into a frenzy and yells.*) Away, away! Or else, or else — (*Clenches his fists.*)

Djarsky (*to* OLGA).— Mistress! Our accounts are not settled yet. (*Goes out.*)

(*Pause.* MLITSKY *stands in the middle of the room with clenched fists.* OLGA *stands motionlessly near the wall.*)

Mlitsky (*turns towards her and approaches her*).— Is it true? Is it?

Olga (*low*).— Yes, it is true!

Mlitsky (*unconsciously*).— So it is true. Ellen is no more! (*Falls helplessly into a chair, in a moment jumps up and walks over to* OLGA.) We killed her! We! You and I! Yes, yes, you also! You also! (*Laughing wildly.*) I killed her for your sake! Ha, ha, ha! For happiness' sake, for our happiness! I killed her! Ha, ha, ha. For happiness' sake!

Olga (*looks at him with contempt, then bursts out into loud convulsive laughter.* MLITSKY *steals over silently, cat-like towards her.* OLGA *retreats in fear; a noise outside is heard.* MLITSKY *straightens himself out and seizes* OLGA *with mad terror*).

Mlitsky.— They are carrying her! Do not let them in! Lock the door! Don't let them in!

Olga (*filled with terror, trembles violently. A loud knock is heard.* OLGA *and* MLITSKY *leap away terrified. Silence. Another loud knock*).

Mlitsky (*yells wildly*).— I wouldn't let you in, I wouldn't! (*Rushes towards the door.*)

CURTAIN

STANISLAV PSHIBISHEVSKY

By Lucille Baron

STANISLAV PSHIBISHEVSKY is considered the most brilliant, the most original 'super-individualist' in the whole of European literature. Besides being considered by the greatest critics the originator of this movement, he is also regarded as the creator of the 'nude soul,' the 'nude individuality.'

He possesses a wonderful talent, his creative thought works like a living volcano, and fearlessly penetrates into the most hidden depths of the eternal fairy-tale of life, ruthlessly destroying in its course everything that the human race regards with awe and fear.

The personal life of Pshibishevsky played a great part in his works, and therefore it is necessary to stop for a while to consider it.

Stanislav Pshibishevsky was born May 9, 1868, in Posnan, a Polish province on the Prussian boundary. In his autobiography he says: 'My father was a village school teacher, and was always struggling hard to make a living, my mother a wonderful musician and a saint. From her I inherited the passion for music which borders on insanity.'

The colorless and sad nature of the Prussian suburb, the oppressed, ignorant, superstitious people, were the sole companions of the childhood and youth of the future writer. It is easy, therefore, to understand that already in his early youth his soul was filled with disappointments, with hatred towards cruel people and toward the ways of the world. He became imbued with inconsolable gloomy 'toska' (melancholy). In his childhood he was a strict Catholic, and was exceedingly religious; the mystery and splendor of the Catholic Church had an irresistible attraction for him and gave free play to his creative imagination. He began his career by composing church songs, hymns, funeral orations.

Upon completing his secondary education, he went away, in the year 1889, alone and penniless, to Berlin to study medicine. He remained there for five years, but never became a physician, which fact, however, did not prevent him from getting thoroughly acquainted with all the physiological as well as psychological functions of 'the individual.' He also took up simultaneously architecture and the history of the fine arts in Charlottenburg. The study that interested him most, however, and to which he devoted his whole life and writings, was the study of the human soul, psycho-physiology.

He became not only a man of erudition but of action, and took an im-

portant part in the Socialist movement in Berlin. In 1891 he became editor of the 'Workingman's Paper' in Berlin, and was considered one of the best agitators in Upper Silesia. Soon, however, he was carried away by the literary movement which appeared in Berlin under the influence of Nietzsche, and which is known as 'extreme-individualism,' and became a convinced anarchist-individualist.

He belonged at that time to a literary circle which consisted of young German, Norwegian and Swedish modern writers. They were all seized with desires for a new life, for unknown sensations, for new art. It was among them that Pshibishevsky first attracted attention with his views of life, and with his improvised renderings of Chopin and Schumann. It was while a member of this circle that he published his first works: "On the Psychology of the Individual,' 'Chopin and Nietzsche,' These pamphlets made him widely known and popular among the ultra-modern writers who were grouped around the 'Freie Bühne, Gegenwart, Gesellschaft.' Soon after the publication of these two pamphlets he published a third one, entitled 'Die Totenmesse.' It was the first thing of its kind in German literature, and the German critics were extremely amazed at the artistic rendering and the wonderful analysis of the mental condition of the hero-neurasthenic, a typical example of the 'fin de siècle.' This piece made him the leader of the sexual-mystic movement which became his *idée fixe* in all his works.

From 1895 he traveled in Scandinavia, spent some time in Paris, then in Spain. In 1898 he went to Krakow, where he was editor of the magazine 'Life.' Then he went to Lemberg. From there he went to Munich, where he lives at present. Almost all his works were originally written in German, and afterwards translated by himself into his mother-tongue, Polish.

His most important work is his novel 'Homo Sapiens.' It deals largely with the sexual question. There is no doubt that in it Pshibishevsky portrayed his own life in Berlin and Munich. This book made a great revolution in Europe, and influenced many a European youth. It is impossible here to analyze it, but a few quotations will suffice to acquaint the English-speaking public with the views and ideas of the hero of the book.

'I infinitely love,' says Falk, 'bold, powerful, strong characters, who destroy everything, who tread upon everything, who go only there where their instincts lead them; only then they are real human beings. . . . A superman has no use for chains; they are for the rabble, for the slaves . . . I am nature; I have no conscience, for nature has no conscience either; I have no pity, for nature hasn't any; I am nature, I destroy and give life . . . I am stepping upon thousands of corpses because I have to, because my

instincts want it! Because I am not I, because I am a superman! Is it worth while to suffer on account of it? Ridiculous!'

His other works are 'De Profundis,' 'The Children of the Earth,' 'The Children of Satan,' 'The Synagogue of Satan,' and a great number of powerful dramas which are being played all over Europe.

In all his works there is one soul, the soul of the author, who twines with unusual intensity, strength, and feverishness, all his visions and ideas around the immortal problem of sexual life, in which he sees the only manifestation, the deepest and truest nature of the soul.

His characters are presented as if outside the real world, beyond conventionalities, beyond the milieu.

'There is no action in my plays,' he says, 'for I concern myself only and solely with the life of the soul. The outside events are only the poorly painted scenery such as can be seen in provincial towns at amateur performances. . . . The new drama consists in the struggle of the individual with himself. . . . we have to do now with the suffering human soul, the drama becomes one of feelings and premonitions, of remorse of conscience, of struggle with one's self, it becomes a drama of anxiety, fear and horror.'

In all his dramas we meet with the tragedy of the 'powerfully-powerless soul.'

Pshibishevsky is strongly indebted to Ibsen (later dramas), Strindberg, Nietzsche, Dostoievsky, Tolstoy. Nevertheless, his works are entirely different from any of the works of the above-mentioned authors; they are exceedingly individualistic, subjective, and have a touch of something which the others have not. It is sufficient to read two of his plays in order to be able to identify all the rest of them, even if they were anonymous. Pshibishevsky has a great many admirers and there is hardly an intelligent, thinking man in Europe who does not love, or at least know his work.

Pshibishevsky has made a great advance in the development of the psychology and ideology of the super-individual.

A POSSIBLE SOURCE OF SHAKESPEARE'S CULTURE

By Evelyn O'Connor

THERE are seeming inconsistencies in the life of Shakespeare which some critics call mysterious merely because there is no record of the facts that might explain them. One of these fictitious mysteries concerns his formal education, which was, so far as is known, slender in comparison with the knowledge that his works display.

Because the world is ignorant as to where he obtained his culture, it does not follow that he could not have obtained it at all. There is ample proof that genius is capable of educating itself; and mere conjecture, in regard to what he could not have known, since we lack evidence as to how he learned particular things, is futile. The best evidence of his knowledge and culture lies in what he has written. Yet at a time when conjectures are rife as to where Shakespeare may have been educated, why he could not have known all that he did know, and who may have written his plays for him, it is certainly permissible to hazard a suggestion as to what may have been one of the early sources of his culture.

It should be said, however, that the extent and accuracy of his scholarship are often overestimated. He did not possess the scholarship of a close student trained under university conditions, but the wide, miscellaneous information of one partly self-educated, and partly educated through intercourse with men of broader knowledge but less intellectual power. So, therefore, we must be careful not to call Shakespeare a scholar, for a scholar possesses thorough knowledge, with especial regard to the importance of detail; and Shakespeare is often inaccurate and careless in detail, notably in historical detail. We must distinguish scholarship from culture, which is, in literature especially, wide knowledge with particular appreciation of the beautiful. We must realize that Shakespeare possessed culture of the finest quality, quickened by an imagination so vital as to surpass the scholar's definite knowledge in the art that pictures and creates. We must conceive of him, not as a creature of facts and formulas, but as one of nature's master creatures, a great poet, sensitive to every emotion, looking in love on the dim violet and the stars hymning in their orbits, intuitive in the interpretation of character and the significance of events, with an intellect piercing the mysteries of philosophy like a sunbeam, and a memory

ever ready to reproduce far-off things, old impressions, and early lessons. The fairy and folk tales, for instance, that he must have heard in childhood remained in his mind amidst all the busy study of contemporary literature and life in London, and their influence appears in many characters formed from the matter of legend and tale and in countless allusions to the fairy, the witch, the sprite, the elf, and the superstitions connected with them throughout the Shakespearian literature.

It is supposed that in the grammar school at Stratford Shakespeare studied Latin in addition to the common branches; but if he left this school at about thirteen years of age, as is conjectured, it is unlikely that he could have attained anything like the proficiency in that language evident in his works. No mere schoolboy knowledge would account for his wonderful use of current words derived from the Latin, his coining of new words, his employment of Latin derivatives in a sense close to the Latin meaning. For example, Hamlet declares that he hopes by means of the play to force his uncle to exhibit some signs of 'his occulted guilt'; in 'King Richard II' the king speaks of 'flexure and low bending'; Sonnet LX opens thus:

'Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.'

Besides this appreciation of the spirit of the Latin language, Shakespeare had, it is admitted, a wide knowledge of Latin literature; yet, after all, the best proof of his knowledge of Latin is his use of it in English; and his appreciation of his mother tongue is evident in the fact that he did not allow his English to become tainted with Latin constructions, as did so many of his contemporaries who were Latin scholars.

In regard to Shakespeare's acquaintance with Greek there is less evidence, although the fact that he must have known something of it is clear from Jonson's remark that he had 'small Latin and less Greek,' which many commentators seem to interpret as 'less Latin and no Greek,' forgetful that what was 'small Latin and less Greek' to Ben Jonson, one of the best classical scholars of his time, or of any time, might equip many a man called a classical scholar to-day. Jonson in so frank, not to say critical, a declaration, had not scrupled to say no Greek if there were any ground for such a statement. Some scholars profess to find likenesses between passages of Shakespeare and passages in the great Greek dramatists; but most of the resemblances are merely likenesses in the expression of ideas, arising out of similar conditions and circumstances, that are virtually literary commonplaces. In considering this point, the thought comes that probably a wide acquaintance with the Greek drama would have mani-

fested itself by influencing somewhat the poet's own dramatic construction. Undoubtedly, Shakespeare's construction is more natural and lifelike than that of the Athenian tragedian; and yet, though the Shakespearean technique has certain faults which an intimacy with the peculiar rules of the classic might perhaps have remedied, it is, after all, a matter to rejoice over that he wrote his dramas untrammeled by any ideal unity in time, place, and action, or any conventions as to the grouping of personages. The classic form would have tended to deprive us of the heaping measure of richness and variety in incident and character given us in every Shakespearean drama; and the severe outlines and conventional restrictions of the Greek seem to those brought up in familiarity with the Elizabethan drama as almost bare and meager in type and action, notwithstanding the music of the poetry, the power of the characters, and the intensity of the theme. As to Shakespeare's knowledge of Greek, it seems best to believe that he had enough to appreciate it, and perhaps to translate from it during his youth, yet that his acquaintance with it was so incomplete as to render reading in it, sufficeintly to become familiar with its rich literature, a task of some drudgery for which the busy man of affairs, artist, and poet could not take the time in later life.

It is manifest that Shakespeare had a thorough knowledge of French and a reading facility in Italian. But, above all, his mastery of the English language and its possibilities is a thing to wonder at, and it must be considered in its relation to three other languages: Old English, of which many usages survive in the English of Shakespeare's day, and from which the poet inherited a splendid vocabulary; Latin, which has already been mentioned as yielding much of its wealth to the English dramatist; and French, which gave many of the colours that paint the gorgeous scenes of court pageantry and chivalric ceremony in his plays.

Not only did Shakespeare possess a remarkable familiarity with literature old in his day, the Latin classics, some in the original, some in translation, the French romances, and the Italian novels, part of them possibly in English versions, and English literature — such as Chaucer's poetry, and Holinshed's Chronicles, which he made use of in so many dramas, and most noticeably the Bible, which furnished the texts for many of the finest and noblest passages in his poetry — but he became, during his London residence conversant with the literature of the day, as shown by the many allusions in his works. This naturally followed his success in the capital, since it is evident that he occupied a good position among the authors of the time, was on terms of familiarity, if not friendship, with some members of the aristocracy, and was enough of a favorite with Queen Elizabeth, according to the old story, to jest with that august and somewhat dangerous sovereign.

Shakespeare's facility in producing in every play, no matter where the action passes, the correct atmosphere of period and place, is another proof of acquaintance with its literature, since the veritable spirit of a far-off life can be conceived only by one who has read much and thrown over all that he has thus learned the light of a powerful imagination. Therefore, it must have been by this means that the poet was able to produce for us, in his plays dealing with Roman history, the atmosphere that pervades Latin literature; in his plays of ancient Britain a spirit that convinces us of reality even in legend; in the plays whose scene is laid in France, and in those English historical plays whose action passes partly in France and amid French characters, a tone that is truly French; in 'Hamlet' the icy air of the north that has as much power to chill as the breath of winter's wind; and this power of the poet is brought home to us even more vividly in the plays that recreate for us the life of medieval Italy. Indeed, so clearly and wonderfully and truly has he portrayed the peculiarities of Italian life, character, and scenes, that many critics think so masterly an interpretation could come only through the knowledge of a strange land acquired in travel or residence. There is no evidence other than his skill in surrounding us with the Italian atmosphere to support the idea that Shakespeare traveled in Italy; and certain small blunders in geography are sometimes deemed sufficient evidence to show that he never visited that land. The poet's knowledge of Italian literature and his power of imagination may have supplied the beautiful Italian colour that lights so many of the plays; and it must be remembered that the very uniqueness of Italy may render the comprehension of it, through imagery aroused by hints gained from literature, more complete than in the case of prosaic lands; yet, on the other hand, it is easy to imagine one journeying through a country as fascinating as Italy and not obtaining an absolutely correct impression of the land and water relation of one city to another. However, the facts remain that there are several years between Shakespeare's departure from Stratford and the first indication of his settlement in London, during which nothing is known of his life, and that even after he became famous as actor and author we have no definite information as to his whereabouts at particular periods.

Rather too much has been said of Shakespeare's knowledge of philosophy in the assertion of some critics that the author of the Shakespearean plays was a master of all philosophical systems. The clearness of the philosophical passages to a reader entirely unversed in the teachings of the schools may be less a proof that the writer was a careful student of philosophical systems than an indication that he was a genius, and so a natural seer of great truths, with the power to present his ideas effectively. The professional philosopher is not usually so crystal clear to the casual reader.

On Shakespeare's knowledge of nature, which must have been the result of loving familiarity from boyhood, and of human nature, which he knew in its every phase more thoroughly than any other writer of any age or clime, it would be folly to dwell.

Authorities agree that Shakespeare left the Stratford Grammar School at about the age of thirteen, and began to assist his father in business. Even allowing for the superior cleverness of genius, his scholarly equipment at this time could not have been very great; probably a thorough grounding in the common branches and a good start in Latin is as much as can be assumed for him. Almost nothing is known of his occupation afterwards, until his probable arrival in London in 1586, though it is conjectured that he continued to be his father's assistant. Probably during this period, ten or eleven years, the stage was a fertile source of culture to him, as it is known that traveling companies often visited Stratford and neighboring towns.

An occurrence of Shakespeare's youth that must have given him a glimpse of the sort of life with which he became familiar and the spirit of which he so well put into his plays, was the visit of Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth, about ten miles from Stratford, which took place in 1575, when the poet was eleven years old. It would be incomprehensible if all the boys in the country round about did not make their way to Kenilworth or Warwick, where the Queen also stopped, to see what they might of the fetes in progress and to catch a glimpse of their sovereign.

There is agreement among students of Shakespeare, based on allusions to his work as current in 1592, that his first dramatic work may be assigned to the year 1591, between four and five years after he reached the capital. It has been held that his first poem, published in 1593, and dedicated to Southampton, had been composed at an earlier period. We know that he must have been poor when he went to London, since his father had been for years in straitened circumstances, and had a large family, and the poet himself was merely an apprentice in the unsuccessful business, or possibly, as some students believe, the schoolmaster's assistant; and it is a matter of record that he had when he left home a wife and three children; therefore, it is not likely that he could have entered upon a life free for constant study after he journeyed to London.

From that time onward, however, it is safe to say that many rich sources of culture were available to his development. His connection with the stage, the necessary study of the best dramatic literature in the English tongue, and the intercourse with the most brilliant actors and managers of the day meant effort and opportunity. His position as one of the company of players under the protection of the Earl of Leicester, when Shakespeare

first became a member of it, and afterward successively under that of the Earl of Derby, of Henry Carey, first Lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain, of George Carey, second Lord Hunsdon, also Lord Chamberlain, and of King James, at a time when the poet was one of its principal actors and stockholders, as well as its chief playwright, gave him familiarity with great events, with the intrigues behind the processes of history, and with the divinity which hedges a king, as well as with the commonplace humanity which it encircles. In this company he often appeared at court before Queen Elizabeth and later before King James, by both of whom he seems to have been much liked, and no doubt he met during his career most of the celebrated men who rose and fell in the queen's favor.

Moreover, he must have gained much from the friendship of the poets and dramatists of the day with whom all evidence shows him to have been a favorite. To be the companion of such men as Marlowe, Lodge, Webster, Beaumont, Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Bacon, and Raleigh, must have been a greater source of culture than any university course. There was scholarship in the air, the light of wit in tavern carouse, and a challenge to high thinking in the serious discussion of great themes.

At the beginning of his career in the capital Shakespeare had probably one acquaintance, Richard Field, a publisher's apprentice and a native of Stratford; and of course it is possible that he had many more, but nothing definite is known of them. Many are the traditions regarding the great dramatist's first occupation in London, but on two points the stories seem to agree; namely, that he found employment connected with a theater, either in it or at its door, and that he began at what was very decidedly the foot of the ladder. In 1592 Shakespeare was an actor of some distinction and the author or reviser of plays presented at the Rose Theater; and from this time until his retirement his plays followed fast one upon another. It is scarcely reasonable to declare, therefore, that his knowledge of the classics, of English literature, and of history, and his facility in the use of our langauge were wholly gained during this residence in the city, though, doubtless, they were increased there; and it is fair to assume that the foundation and beginnings of such knowledge and facility were his on his arrival; in other words, that they were obtained between the time when he left school, at the age of thirteen, and the time when he went to London, at the age of twenty-two. The question is, where did he obtain the guidance and the facilities necessary for such a training in Stratford? There is no evidence that his parents had any cultivation; and though his father was manifestly a man of intelligence and had been of influence in the community, he had fallen under a cloud during the time that his son was growing up and was in constant financial difficulty, therefore, scarcely able to purchase

books for his son's benefit. The poet did not attend either of the great universities nor any known school after boyhood, and the inference is clear that he must have owed the opportunities for a liberal education to some unacknowledged and irregular source, to a scholar possessing books and living in or near Stratford between 1577 and 1586. The fact of his culture as shown in his plays and poems is as plain as if blazoned in the sky; there is no record of how or where he attained it; the inference to an unknown teacher is obvious; and speculation as to his personality is legitimate. He may have been one of the schoolmasters of Stratford, who discerned the intellectual superiority of Shakespeare; he may have been some gentleman of estate near Stratford, who became interested in the boy; he could hardly have been the clergyman whose church the elder Shakespeare would not attend; but there is another guess which we may hazard as to his identity.

In this connection it should be remembered that after the accession of Queen Elizabeth in 1558 there was an era of doubt and struggle, during which the Church of England was finally established, the Catholic Church was utterly broken and discredited among the masses of the pople, and the Puritans, in spite of persecution, gained in strength and spirit, and prepared unconsciously for the great contest of the civil war, and the triumph of the Commonwealth in the succeeding century,— a triumph in which through the misuse of their political success they were to sink back to religious subordination once more. The curious religious uncertainties of the time are illustrated in the career of Elizabeth herself, who professed to be a Protestant and a Catholic as occasion served, and who became queen as a nominal member of the church whose power within her kingdom she was to aid in destroying. On more than one occasion she seemed to hesitate, on some temporary consideration of interest or desire, in her hostility to the old religion; but her natural disposition, the bent of her intellect, her interests as a sovereign, and the tide of the time carried her onward. At the beginning of Elizabeth's reign the policy of persecution took on the guise of retribution for the cruelties of her sister's reign; and later it was defended as a political necessity to counteract successive plots against the power and the life of the queen. In successive parliaments from 1559 to 1581 increasingly stringent and severe laws were passed, obliging ever widening classes of people to take the oath sustaining the sovereign's supremacy in all matters ecclesiastical and spiritual as well as in temporal things, and fixing heavy penalties for refusal to take this oath; for absence from the services and communion of the Established Church; for saying or hearing mass. And a high commission was appointed, to which the queen might delegate inquisitorial powers. This court and its officers were with reason dreaded by those Catholics who did not keep 'to the windy side of the law' by attending

church services from time to time, since they might be summoned to appear before the high commission to answer an oath as to attendance at church or communion; and the royal pursuivants might at any time break into their houses to search for priests, chalices, or vestments. Often these searches were made at night; and it is sufficient to hint that the inquisition was sometimes ruffianly. Under these conditions there were only two sources of even temporary security,— the generous sympathy of good neighbors of different religious faith and the mysterious resources of old English country houses in the way of secret chambers and hiding-places.

Many families risked discovery in disobedience of the laws and had masses celebrated in private chapels, in houses equipped with hiding-holes to which the priest with vestments and all evidences of his presence would be hurried at any alarm of the approach of the royal pursuivants; and so gave to the Catholics of their neighborhoods the opportunity to observe the rites of their religion. There are numberless houses in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, especially Worcestershire, Northamptonshire, and Oxfordshire, that are furnished with what came to be called priest's holes, some of which, possibly some of those to be mentioned here, may have been made after Shakespeare's youth, by the famous John Owen, servant of the Jesuit Father Garnett, who was renowned for his skill in constructing hiding-places in houses long built. But secret chambers were common in the houses of the gentry long before Owen's time. For instance, there is a hiding-hole in Broughton Castle, Oxfordshire, that dates from the reign of King John; and in regard to Minister Lovel, in the same county, there is a story that early in the eighteenth century, when the house was torn down, the corpse of Lord Lovel, who escaped from a battle near Stoke in Nottinghamshire, in the reign of Henry VII, and took refuge in a retreat in his own mansion, was found in the secret chamber, where he died while his home was in possession of his enemies. Compton Wynyates, in Warwickshire, about fourteen or fifteen miles from Stratford, has a Protestant chapel downstairs, and upstairs in the garret a Catholic chapel, together with many secret recesses. In Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire, a small room, about eight feet square, was discovered during a renovation, containing a chair, a table, a priest's black cassock flung over the back of the chair, an antique teapot, a cup and silver spoon, and some tea leaves dried to dust. On the same story as this hiding-place were two rooms, called the chapel and the priest's room. At Coughton Court in Warwickshire, the seat of the Throckmortons, a staunch Catholic family, one of whom was executed in 1584, on a charge of treason, a bundle of priests' clothes was found in a small hiding-hole. Many other mansions in these midland counties are provided with such secret places, as, for example, Deene Park in Northamptonshire,

which has a very large secret chamber and a subterranean passage leading to a hall a mile and a half distant; Great Harrowden in the same county, which was a famous place of refuge for recusants; St. John's Hospital, Warwick; Armscot Manor House, Cleeve Prior Manor House, Harvington Hall, all in Worcestershire; and Baddesley Clinton in Warwickshire. In several houses there are tubes that pass from the dining-room or one of the living rooms to the secret recess, so that if anyone had to be concealed in haste and there was no time to give him provisions, or if the house were occupied by searchers, the fugitive could be supplied with liquid food. All these arrangements for quick concealment suggest that services must have been frequently held, and that priests must have been constantly lurking in the neighborhood. No doubt at some of these houses they lived, and others they merely visited as wanderers. In fact, Sir William Catesby, of Catesby Hall, about twenty-five miles from Stratford, was convicted in 1581 of harbouring priests and celebrating mass.

Is it not reasonable to take into consideration such peculiar conditions as these and the probabilities involved in them, and, instead of setting up a theory that Shakespeare could not have obtained such an education as his works show, to assume a possibility that he acquired his education from one of the priests that must have been in hiding near Stratford during his youth? Such a man would have been well educated, a master of Latin, probably a Greek scholar, familiar with French and Italian, and would have possessed a few good books. There would have been no set lessons, no regular work. This, it may be inferred from Shakespeare's writings, he did not have, but there would have been what is often more valuable, education and culture imparted in friendly intercourse, in companionship with a scholar knowing books and men, and taught through suffering,— in other words, an inspiration that fired the imagination rather than an acquaintance with the dry details of knowledge, which often checks to some degree or bruises the spirit of genius. And this training through friendly companionship, in mystery, and in danger, would be far more fruitful than schooling carried on under hard, unsympathetic, or unappreciative masters. Therefore, when conjectures are many as to where Shakespeare may have been educated, how he was not educated, why he could not have known all that he did know, and who may have written his plays for him, it is well enough to hazard this suggestion as to what may have been one of the early sources of his culture. Certain facts are known: that priests of that day were well educated; that during Shakespeare's youth, when the practices of the Catholic religion were forbidden they were, nevertheless, carried on in many places near Stratford; that therefore there must have been at least one priest in that vicinity most of the time. And there is a presumption that the

poet's father was of the old religion, since there is record of repeated fines imposed on him for non-attendance at church once a month as required; no doubt he at least knew of the presence of the priest, possibly he was in communication with him, and it may be that he favored his son's acquaintance with him. The idea of such a man versed in all the culture of the day, living in hiding, in hourly danger of death or imprisonment in order to minister to those in whose faith his ministration was essential, having sufficient discernment to recognize the untried genius of the youth, and the deep sympathy and intellectuality to respond to his impulse toward development, cut off from intercourse with all save very few of his peers in culture, and seeking as a comrade the boy, so much his superior, but to whom, nevertheless, he could give so much guidance — forms a picture of great attractiveness. One may give his imagination free play in conceiving the growth of a companionship formed possibly during walks in the woods, carried on perhaps through reading and study in some hidden room or on some pleasant bank far away among the trees on the border of the Avon; and even as he enjoys the picture one may ask of his imagination what became of the friendship. The answer may be that it ended when Shakespeare journeyed to London to seek his fortune; or that it ended in a way more tragic, which left the young poet lonely for his friend, rendered the life of his native town unendurable, and made irresistible the lure and fascination of the great city that held the court, and was the center of the active political and the vigorous intellectual life of England. It is difficult not to believe that the grace and charm of culture, the suggestion of possible achievement, the habit of subtile thought, the vague knowledge of literary masterpieces, must have come in youth in some such intercourse with scholarly attainment and serene wisdom. Otherwise the poor country youth had not gained, so soon after his arrival in London, the assured position and the favor that Shakespeare gained there; had not so soon won a good place in the theatrical company that held at its head the greatest tragic actor of the day, Richard Burbage; had not so soon inspired sufficient trust in his abilities as to receive a hearing for his efforts at playwriting; had not, within seven years of his entrance into the capital, poor and unknown, possessed the literary attainments and the standing among men of letters and men of the court needed to dedicate with confidence such a poem as the 'Venus and Adonis,' his first published work, to so great a personage as the Earl of Southampton. No, with all due allowance for the moulding influence of the life of the metropolis, and the intercourse with men of genius, the fact remains that the young Shakespeare must have brought with him to London the dreams, the memories, the aspirations, the high thoughts, and something of the scholarship of the great poet, Shakespeare.

It is unnecessary to take up here the question of Shakespeare's religion, which has been many times discussed at great length; but it must be said that the suggestion that the great poet received much of his impetus toward culture from a Catholic priest living concealed in the vicinity of his home does not necessitate an assumption as to Shakespeare's religion in after years or even then.

If such a relationship ever existed it must have been some time before the coming of the Jesuits to England; though it may be that Shakespeare met the famous and unfortunate Campion, who traveled through the country nearly a year in various disguises before he was executed in 1581. One of the old-fashioned priests would not have been apt to dwell much on religion, but rather on philosophy and lighter themes.

Among contemporary authors Lodge was a Catholic; Marlowe, an atheist; Ben Jonson, as Drummond said, had been both Catholic and Protestant, knew the arguments for both creeds and had faith in neither; many others were frankly and aggressively Protestant; and almost all of them left traces of their sentiments, for or against particular churches, in what they wrote. In Shakespeare's work, however, save in a few sneers at the mannerisms of the Puritans put into the mouths of some of his least worthy characters, there is a spirit of toleration, of respect, and of reverence toward all religion that convinces us that he was a man tender of the good of every creed, cherishing the animosities of none.

MAX HALBE

By Paul H. Grummann

GERMAN writers have excelled in their ability to depict the life of their native provinces. In this respect they show a singular patriotism and a quick sympathy for their surroundings. What Reuter, Groth, Auerbach, Anzengruber, Rosegger, and Hauptmann have done for their respective districts, Halbe is doing for West Prussia, where his ancestors have lived for two centuries. He was born at Güttland, near Danzig, in 1865. After his preparatory studies at the Marienburg Gymnasium, he studied history and Germanics at the Universities of Berlin and Munich. Especially his historical studies bear abundant fruit in his later work, for to a greater extent than any of his predecessors, Halbe succeeded in showing characters and social conditions as the results of historical forces.

In common with most writers who came into prominence in the eighties, Halbe shows traces of Ibsen's influence. His first drama, 'The Self-Made Man' ('89), gives the strongest evidence of this. Gottfried Kuhn has risen from the station of farm hand to land owner and mayor of the village. His bitter struggle has been carried on honestly, and involves so much self discipline that he comes to make a fetish of righteousness, much as Ibsen's Brand glorifies his hobbies. Kuhn's ambition reaches beyond himself to his son. He himself has been restricted to the peasant class, but his son is destined for the law. The son, however, shows a deep loyalty to the soil and becomes disgusted with the artificiality of city life. Kuhn, finally, after a severe struggle, allows his son to give up his studies, but he refuses to compromise further when he learns that this son is in love with the daughter of his bitterest enemy, whom he is able to involve in complete ruin. When the son realizes that the father will not yield in this matter, he commits suicide, and the father collapses over his body.

The drama is more than the ordinary work of a novice. The character of Kuhn is drawn with insight and considerable consistency. The characterization of the son gives evidence of the author's ability to utilize personal experiences effectively without descending to bald self-portrayal, and the environment is sketched with care. It is true that the characters are a trifle talkative, but in part this lies in the nature of the persons described. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that Halbe's association with the Berlin

naturalists opened his eyes to reality and greatly improved his technique The strength of this influence is seen at a glance in his second drama, 'Free Love' ('90) (published later under the title, 'The Affair'), which appeared after Halbe had gone to Berlin. In this play the action has become more energetic, the dialog terser, and the motivation clearer.

It soon became apparent, however, that Halbe's individuality was not to be obliterated by his association with the naturalists, for his third play, 'The Ice-Drift' ('92), takes him back to the problems of his first play, which are handled now with greater brevity and increased skill. Eduard Tetzlaff has had a hard struggle in maintaining his farm in face of the danger of drift ice and many difficulties with his brutish employees. He has ruled his servants with an iron hand, and hatred and distrust are rampant in his household. The government plans extensive inprovements to obviate the danger from drift ice, but this only makes the hardships of Tetzlaff greater, for it will enable the farmhands to secure work on the government project. When Tetzlaff is practically broken from his long hardships, his son, Hugo, who has been studying mathematics at the university, returns home. Contrary to his own wishes, he feels obliged to take up the burdens of the farm when the father dies. He has won new conceptions of social justice at the university, tries to raise his brutalized dependents to a higher level, but realizes that it is a hopeless task. In consequence of heavy rains the dam is threatened and the peasants assemble in the tavern for guard duty. They become bestially intoxicated and fail to do their duty at the proper time. Hugo appears when the danger is past repair and loses his life in the disaster. The deluge symbolically represents the destruction that is visited alike upon the innocent and guilty in consequence of social injustice that has accumulated in past generations. At first sight Hugo seems to be too much of a dreamer, but his environment and training account for him admirably. His sister, Grete, is more resolute and optimistic, because she has not been out in the world and therefore does not realize by comparison how hopeless her environment really is. Hauptmann's 'Before Sunrise' probably influenced Halbe in this play, but there is not the least sign of servile imitation, for the author has chosen a distinct problem and has handled it in his own way.

After stage managers had hesitated for more than a year 'Youth' ('93), finally was given a hearing, and brought the author not only great popularity, but standing as a real dramatist. The play was written at a high pitch of enthusiasm and made a profound impression. As if he had intended to controvert the critics who had accused him of wordiness, the poet here produced a play which has few equals in terseness. It is a piece of life from the Polish border, where, according to the writer, the passions

of man smoulder under a shallow cover of civilization. Pastor Hoppe, in his youth, had intended to become a physician. He fell in love with a young girl who was too impulsive to defer her marriage until he might complete his studies, and she marries a Mr. Hartwig. Hoppe now gives up medicine and becomes a priest, but his disappointment does not embitter him. Not unlike the venerable bishop in 'Les Miserables,' he develops a broad humanitarianism in the face of trials and sorrows. Hoppe's sister, a good but emotional girl is betrayed, and gives birth to an illegitimate daughter, Annchen. In spite of this lapse a self-respecting man marries her, but the sorrow over her shame becomes so insistent that her son, Amandus, born in wedlock, turns out to be an idiot, in consequence of prenatal influences. The mother dies, and the two children become wards of Hoppe. Annchen, under his care, becomes a wholesome and efficient girl, caring for the household in a very satisfactory way. Hans Hartwig, the son of Hoppe's sweetheart, just out of the gymnasium, and on his way to the university, visits the priest, becomes infatuated with Annchen, and the two become victims of their passions. The motivation of this lapse is superb. Annchen has inherited an emotional nature from her mother, and is absolutely without the guiding and restraining hand of a more mature woman who might sense her danger. Living exclusively in the company of priests, she has not come into contact with normal men. Her brother, who might have helped her in this respect, is an idiot. Chaplain Schigorski, her father confessor, is a fanatic, and reminds her of her mother's sin which he wants her to expiate by entering a convent, thus throwing a most powerful mental suggestion around the girl. Hoppe, on the other hand, reacts against the narrowness of Schigorski to such an extent that he underestimates the temptations of youth and fails to protect Annchen properly. Annchen's surrender is thoroughly plausible, but no more than the rashness of Hans. He has just left the gymnasium with its ridiculous disciplinary system, its formalism, and grind, and is intoxicated with the new wine of absolute freedom. He, too, has inherited an emotional nature and comes into contact with Annchen when she is peculiarly susceptible to his love.

After their lapse has been discovered, Hans offers to relinquish his career and remain with Annchen. Hoppe, however, decides that this could only end in disaster, insists that Hans should proceed with his career, and return when he has become more mature. Schigorski complacently washes his hands of the whole affair. But Amandus, the brother, piqued because Annchen has given Hans the choicest morsels at the table, has conceived a malicious hatred for him and shoots at him. Annchen throws herself between the two and receives the full charge. This conclusion

has been criticized as forced, yet it is one of the best features of the play. As a satire upon poetic justice, it is equal to anything in modern literature.

The effect of the drama was tremendous. The instantaneous popularity of the author did not remain without its serious consequences. Every subsequent work of the author has been measured by 'Youth' and found wanting by critics who found this an easy way of saying something profound. It must be admitted that Halbe has not produced another work that has evoked so much spontaneous enthusiasm, but he has broadened and deepened his art in many directions; has produced far more abiding dramas than 'Youth,' and has done this without spurious appeals to popular favor.

The volley of abuse was particularly strong at the appearance of 'The American Traveler' ('94), a rhymed satire which must be regarded a rather unsuccessful attempt in a new field. After the author had regained his composure he proceeded along more realistic lines in 'Life's Turning Point' ('96). Olga Hensel, after a tragic love affair, inherits an allowance from her lover. After some years she rents out one of the rooms of her apartment to Ebert, a good-natured but aimless and worthless student, whom she does not take seriously. Ebert, however, has a friend, Weyland, an engineer who comes to visit him, because he is seeking ways and means of perfecting a patent. This man has put aside romantic dreams, and is devoted to his work. His seriousness fascinates both Olga and her niece, with whom Ebert has fallen in love. Olga becomes so fascinated with Weyland that she is willing to marry her senile, simpering landlord, in order to procure the means for the perfecting of his invention. Weyland's unflinching devotion to his work, his refusal to be swayed by the temptations of these two women, wins the confidence of Heyne, a capitalist, who has been in America where he has learned not to confound his emotions with his business projects. The drama reflects the sentiments with which Halbe turned from the unproductive life of the Berlin Bohemians.

'A Village Tale — Mrs. Meseck' appeared in '97. The central figure is the daughter of a well-to-do peasant, who, contrary to the local custom, marries Gerlach, the hectic schoolmaster of the village, because she is intellectually superior to her environment. The marriage is, however, rather unhappy, and remains childless, although it continues for fifty years before Gerlach finally dies. She now employs a Mr. Meseck as her inspector. The younger son of a peasant, this man has had the day-dream of procuring a farm through marriage, but is dumbfounded when this woman, fifty years his senior, actually proposes to him. His love for the land conquers, and contrary to his hopes and expectations, Mrs. Meseck continues to live indefinitely. The feeling of implausibility is completely

offset by the superb motivation. Mrs. Meseck, by dint of her superior intelligence completely dominates her physical husband. Her vigilance so completely enslaves him that in sheer despair he finally commits suicide when she insists upon celebrating her silver wedding with him in the village church.

A very decided step in advance was marked by the appearance of 'Mother Earth' ('97). Paul Warkentin, the son of a conservative estate-owner, goes to the university where he is drawn into liberal circles and becomes acquainted with Hella, the daughter of a professor. He marries her in spite of the fact that his father has destined him for the hand of Antoinette, his ward, whose estate borders upon his own. Paul's marriage is along up-to-date lines. The two agree to remain together as long as their love continues, but not to bind each other in case either should cease to love the other. They edit a women's rights Journal, and Hella insists upon the social rights claimed by the modern women, without, however, compromising her self-respect. After some years Paul's father dies and he and Hella return home for the funeral, in spite of the fact that the father had forbidden his return in case of the marriage. Paul's aunt, Klärchen, whose very life is rooted in the estate, so arranges matters that his emotions will be stirred in every possible way, in order that he may not be tempted to sell the estate. Paul has overcome the enthusiasm of his adolescent years sufficiently to feel disgusted with life in a city flat. The old associations cast their spell over him, and he feels regenerated through his contact with Mother Earth, as did Antaeus of old. Aunt Klärchen also sees to it that he meets Antoinette, who, meanwhile, has married a dissolute Pole whose estate borders her own on the other side. In spite of the fact that he had never really been in love with Antoinette, he now feels that his father's judgment had been better than his own. Hella at first makes no concessions, but insists that the estate be sold. When she finds, however, that Paul means to avail himself of the privileges of his modern marriage compact, she completely surrenders and makes every concession demanded of her. But it is too late. Paul has reacted to the other extreme — to the traditional woman — with whom he spends a night of freedom, and with whom he must die because he has violated conservative traditions.

In this play all of the characters grow out of their environment, which has been determined by the historical forces back of it. Paul is naturally somewhat obtuse. He matures slowly, but holds to his convictions with the stubborn persistence of the peasant. Hella has been trained to abstract views by her father, and decides all things logically and selfishly. She has divested herself of all illusions. Entering heart and soul into the women's rights' movement she loses her femininity and with it her charms.

When Paul, however, tries to hold her to her promise, her womanly love does assert itself with pristine force, but she has lost those qualities that might hold Paul, and a half-barbarous, shallow country dame carries off the victory.

Critics have found fault with the supposed epic 'breadth' of this play, but it must be remembered that the theme clearly demands a lyrical treatment. When one compares the funeral feast in this play with the celebration in Sudermann's 'Fires of St. John,' the excellence of Halbe's work at once becomes apparent. He has reproduced this local festival with a fidelity and sincerity that are astonishing; every character and every situation is instinct with the spirit of the place and time.

'The Conqueror' ('99), a drama of the Renaissance, is the author's first attempt at historical drama in the narrower sense. It is rather unconvincing and mechanical, but the drama did have its value for the author for it clarified his views, and he later returned to the historical drama with marked success. In addition to this experiment, Halbe published 'The Homeless Ones,' in '99, and gave evidence of his growing skill in handling modern problems. Regina Frank has left her village home, and has set up bachelor quarters in Berlin, where she teaches music. After a love affair this woman acquires that stability of character, which enables her to live in a self-respecting manner in the midst of the temptations of Berlin life. Her cousin, Lotte Burwig, a girl of the emotional type, finds the formality and conventionalism of her widowed mother intolerable. Fleeing from an engagement with a correct young clerk, she follows Regina to Berlin, in order to emulate her example. Here she falls in love with Döhring, a dissolute estate owner, who spends his winters in Berlin. Regina allows Lotte full freedom, believing that this is the only course by which she will ultimately attain real maturity. Lotte becomes the victim of Döhring, who has no compunctions about deserting her when the time comes for him to return to his estate. But Lotte's emotions lie deeper than Regina's. Her sorrow completely breaks her, and she commits suicide when her mother appears in order to take her back home. The fourth act of the drama is particularly powerful. Lotte, conscious of the impending separation, is forced to attend a masquerade party. The comical background is so skilfully subordinated to the grief of Lotte that an overwhelming effect is produced. Puccini's failure to accomplish just this task in 'Madame Butterfly,' in spite of the aid of music, shows how difficult this juxtaposition of tragic and comic elements is. Nowhere in Halbe's works do we find a more masterly defence of the traditional virtues of womanhood than in this drama. Lured by the hope of freedom, this Lotte is placed into the Bohemian atmosphere where her sound instincts become the very source of

her destruction. Sound to the core, she rebels against the homeless gypsy life of Berlin, and also against the conventional life of her philistine mother. Having no alternative she commits suicide.

'The Millennium' ('99) must be regarded one of the greatest dramas of the author, for nowhere has he shown with greater clearness how historical forces reach into modern life and assist in shaping its character. Halbe has been called a fatalist. This is probably due to the fact that one of his characters calls himself a fatalist, and because Halbe does portray characters so thoroughly rooted in the past that the action receives the semblance of fatalism. 'The Millennium' portrays a village where feudal traditions have remained operative in the midst of modern life. Nominally they are extinct, but this does not invalidate them. Drewfs, the smith, has married a woman who has been on intimate terms with the baron. An old feudal right has here come down as a tolerated custom. The matter weighs heavily on the smith's mind, and he attempts to shoot the baron on a campaign, but just as he takes aim, he receives a wound in the arm. Erratic by nature, he interprets this as a sign of divine grace and becomes a religious fanatic. War and drought in the land he interprets as signs of the approaching millennium, which he preaches with a convincing bigotry. He unjustly accuses his wife of improper relations with the baron subsequent to her marriage, and subjects her to continued abuse and neglect until she finally commits suicide. His daughter, who has grown up in the gloom of this home, has quite indirectly come to regard the castle as the one bright spot of the village, and in consequence of her environment and education she easily becomes the victim of the young baron. Even at his wife's grave, Drewfs maintains his attitude of accusation against her. On the way from the cemetery he is accused by the pastor of being the cause of her death, but he remains defiant. Just as he reaches the village a thunder storm breaks, his smithy is struck by lightning and burns down. This he accepts as a token of divine disapproval, and his self-confidence collapses completely. After he has roamed back to the cemetery he finally goes to the tavern. No longer buoyed up by his fanaticism, he drinks freely, and enters into a conspiracy against the baron. This conspiracy is promptly quelled, and Drewfs follows the course of his wife by committing suicide. The author shows how the suffering and degradation of the villagers spring from the old feudal inequality before the law; that ancient wrongs have inflicted festering sores upon the social structure which naturally perpetuate themselves from generation to generation.

Critics are frequently tempted to read the experiences of an author too literally out of his works. Almost invariably this involves much error,

for an author who utilizes his own experiences, puts them forward under new conditions and adapts them to a specific, well-defined character. So a self-confession was interpreted out of the novelette, 'A Meteor' ('01). Although the evidence by no means supports such an assumption. The story is an account of a young man who matures early, carries off all the honors at the gymnasium, and enters the university with distinction, where he produces a volume of poems which stamp him as a rising genius. But it has been a mushroom growth which ends in collapse. Most of his time is devoted to the task of proving that his first work has been of abiding significance, and his real creative work ceases. He finally writes an account of his life, a confession of inner bankruptcy, sends this to a friend, and commits suicide. The story has a very loose connection with Halbe's life. He did not show meteoric tendencies in his youth, nor did he allow the success of 'Youth' to interfere with his creative work. The stupid insistence of the critics to measure all of his works by 'Youth' did unsettle him for a time, but his moods only approximated those described in the book. While he was at work on this book, 'The Rosenhagens' ('01), a powerful drama, was already taking shape, showing that he was by no means barren of ideas at the time.

Christian Rosenhagen has inherited a farm from his father, and by thrift, industry, and business initiative has increased it until he owns the whole country side except the farm of Voss. His land hunger impels him to wage relentless war upon Voss, but this low German peasant has a tenacity which completely blocks all of his efforts. Christian has a son, Karl Egon, who is sent to the agricultural school and the university, from which he returns a short time before the father's death. Karl frets at the antiquated methods of his father, and is out of patience with his relentless bickerings with Voss. Just before his death, Christian is induced by the pastor to become reconciled with Voss, but as soon as Voss has left the house, Christian recants, calls for Karl and makes him promise not to rest until Voss has been displaced. Karl complies with this request, but with his own mental reservations. He makes use of conciliatory measures, and Voss becomes tractable. An unforeseen difficulty, entirely overlooked by Karl, arises, however, and Voss becomes more stubborn than ever. Karl becomes completely unsettled. His land hunger grows even more aggressive than that of his father, and he threatens Voss with documents that invalidate his title. But Voss will not brook defeat, and driven to the utmost, he kills Karl after a heated altercation. It will be readily seen that the author has deepened and broadened the problem already treated in 'Mother Earth.' Compared with Paul, Karl Egon is more up to date, and his lapse into the old traditions is far more plausible and tragic. The in-

fatuation for Hermine Diesterkamp, who tries to take Karl away to her Bohemian city life, gives the author an excellent opportunity to show how intensely Karl clings to his heritage. The love scenes have been criticized as theatrical appeals to the audience. The sentimentality is quite mawkish at times, even if proper allowance is made for the peculiarity of the characters portrayed. This is due, however, to Halbe's innate emotionalism, not to a sensational tendency, for it is quite clear that Halbe has not made spurious appeals for popular favor in other respects. It must also be remembered that in this play the emotional, romantic love of Karl and Hermine is contrasted with the traditional love of Martha, who feels that she has a natural right to the hand of Karl because she belongs to the estate.

His work on 'The Meteor' led to a rather comprehensive study of the artist's relation to his environment. The subject is treated in its various aspects in three comedies, the first of which, 'May Day' ('03), shows a certain resemblance to Wagner's 'The Mastersingers.'

Eckardsbronn, a free imperial city, prides itself upon its reputation as the patroness of poets. Even the innkeeper is an adept in poetry, and never speaks at all except in verse. On the first of May, annually, a poet's contest is held, at which the mayor crowns the master poet for the coming year. Ansgar, a real poet, has won this distinction some years ago, but since then popular favor has repeatedly crowned Jan Peter, whose poetry abounds in conventional and emotional commonplaces. Ansgar becomes completely unsettled on account of this withdrawal of popular approval. He is still more perplexed when his old teacher, the cynic Spencer, advises him to ignore the opinions of all men, but to put aside poetry for some humdrum and useful occupation. Fortunately for him, Erica, a girl from Heliopolis, who has heard Ansgar's former poem, comes to Eckardsbronn in quest of him. Her approval and love counterbalance the depressing effect of popular disapproval, and Ansgar is inspired to sing a song really worthy of his powers. The drama is a telling satire upon the philistine taste of the compact majority, but the character of Spencer, who reminds one of Ibsen's Ulric Brendel, makes it impossible to read anything like a cynical attitude into the play. Spencer, like Brendel, has become a useless vagabond because he has entirely severed himself from all forms of social control.

From this work, cast in a fairy-tale atmosphere, Halbe returned to the field in which he has done his best work, and produced his masterpiece, 'The Stream' ('04). A French commission had investigated German agricultural conditions, and reached the conclusion that those districts in which the old right of primogeniture was respected were most prosperous;

that the districts in which the younger children received concessions were less prosperous; while those in which the estates were divided in accordance with modern custom were least satisfactory. It is quite possible that this report came to the attention of Halbe and suggested the theme of the next play.

Estate owner Doorn has made two wills. According to the first his oldest son, Peter, is to inherit the estate without encumbrance. But after some years he takes a more modern view of the matter and includes his second son, Henry, who has become an engineer, and his youngest son, Jacob, who is still a minor, when the father dies. The second will remains a secret, and Peter succeeds in destroying it. Peter also marries Renate, the sweetheart of Henry, who relinquishes her because he lacks the means of establishing a household. Peter and Renate have two children, who are drowned, and for the moment Peter's grief is so intense that he confesses to Renate what he has done in regard to the will. He looks upon the death of the children as a divine punishment. After a short time, however, he regains his composure, and refuses to make a public confession and proper restitution. Renate, a woman with a modern conscience, refuses to fulfil the duties of wifehood as long as Peter fails to make proper amends to Henry and Jacob. After she has tried to awaken Peter's better self for years, Renate divulges the truth to Henry. Meanwhile Jacob has had intimations of Peter's crime from a relative who is employed on the estate. Crazed by a desire for vengeance he attempts to cut the dam of the stream and destroy the estate. Peter learns of this in time to interfere; the two engage in a combat, fall into the stream and are drowned.

In order to understand Peter, it must be remembered that he is fighting for more than merely selfish interests. To him the estate stands above the individuals upon it. Threatened as it is by a treacherous stream it must be managed in the most careful manner, and he feels that the last will is something like treachery to its interests. Henry almost shares his views. To be sure, he had not been entirely disinherited, because he had received his professional training. Jacob, who is reduced to the position of laborer on the estate, is filled with bitterness. In him we have one of the best studies in adolescence in modern literature. He has a very real grievance, but this grievance as well as his own importance he exaggerates in a most morbid fashion. He fancies that Renate is infatuated with him, simply because she has dealt with him kindly and justly. Renate is the daughter of an educated man who believes that women should be trained to understand some few things besides housekeeping. Her modern views make it impossible for her to brook Peter's conduct in spite of the fact that she is absolutely loyal to him. In bold contrast with her, Philippine Doorn, the

grandmother of the three men, is in complete accord with Peter and the old traditions.

'The Island of the Blest' ('06) is a continuation of 'May Day,' for it is directed against the motley Bohemianism that is playing havoc among the would-be artists of European cities. Bruno Wiegand has been an ardent social reformer who has advocated, in and out of season, that social regeneration can only come about by the removal of all external restraint and by bringing men back to a natural contact with the soil as preached by Tolstoi. Quite by accident, and in a rather implausible manner, he inherits a fortune and attempts to put his theories into practice. He buys a distant island, to which he invites the various artists and malcontents of his acquaintance. Here, on the Island of the Blest, through a communistic organization which completely honors individual whims, he intends to demonstrate the feasibility of his theories. Three years of bitter disappointment pass, and Bruno is still unwilling to concede his failure. Even the intrigues against him do not convince him. When it becomes apparent, however, that his son is becoming infected with various vagaries existing on the island, and intends to seek his absolute freedom by sailing away from the restraint still found there, Bruno comes to his senses. He bequeaths the island to his impossible companions and accepts the post of minister to an enlightened prince. The comedy shows how the Nietzsche doctrines are accepted by many for whom they were not at all intended. Rascals, well-meaning but weak-minded enthusiasts, serious but poorly trained and narrow visionaries, are presented in motley array. The removal of external discipline throws all of these creatures back upon their physical appetites and passions.

The most mature of Halbe's historical dramas presents a chapter from the annals of Danzig at the time of the Polish supremacy. 'The True Countenance' ('07) presents historical characters in their human and political relations in such a convincing manner that the very spirit of the age is revealed to us. Sebald Meinerts, Jobs Hamel, and Andreas Zierenberg have been schoolboys together at Danzig. Sebald, the son of a ship owner, grows up in luxury and refinement. He is able to patronize art and science to his heart's content and develops a responsiveness to luxury and beauty. His character, however, suffers because his receptive faculties completely dominate him. As an esthete he loses the power of real self-direction. Jobs Hamel is crippled in his youth and becomes completely embittered. Although he rises to the position of city recorder, he cannot forget that the blessings of love and romance, so completely enjoyed by Sebald, are forever denied to him. As a result his whole character becomes the embodiment of selfishness and envy. Andreas Zieren-

berg also is forced to forego the rare pleasures of Sebald. By nature a man of action, he enters the military career. He falls in love with Cordula, the daughter of a Polish count. Ignorant of the fact that this woman has had a love affair with Sebald, he forces her to marry him. The rough military life of Andreas has completely unfitted him to win Cordula, who has been enamored with the polished and responsive Sebald. Cordula tempts Andreas, who has become the commander of the Danzig forces, to enter an alliance with the Polish king. His inordinate ambition and his devotion to his beautiful wife completely lead him from the path of duty. Cordula again meets Sebald and, contrary to her resolution to be steadfast, succumbs to him. Jobs Hamel, envious of both men, warns Andreas. Sebald dies of sheer weakness, a victim of his whims. Cordula, having heard of his fate, takes poison and expires just before Andreas has convinced himself of her infidelity. He now sees her 'real countenance,' which has been an enigma to him from the beginning. Receding from his treacherous alliance, he now defends his city.

Cordula in many ways resembles Hauptmann's Elga. While Elga is attracted by the luxury offered her by her husband, Cordula is attracted by the glamor of art and refinement which surrounds Sebald. Cordula is more negative than Elga. Halbe's sound Germanism did not allow him to portray the Pole with that objectiveness found in Hauptmann. Aside from these two characters, the two plays have little in common.

'The Blue Mountains' ('09) portrays Hans Mühlenbruch, a painter, whose work, in spite of industry and devotion, has been lagging because he has been unable to supply that vital interest which is essential to all real art. Living at a summer resort where everybody seems to be dallying with illicit relations, even Christiane, his wife, becomes somewhat infected with the atmosphere and suggests that he needs some compelling passion to arouse him to renewed productivity. A dissolute Polish capitalist, Muschinsky, visits the place and becomes infatuated with Christiane. In order to impress her, he plans to buy the island with the blue mountains around which many of the inhabitants have woven a gauze of romance. Muschinsky supports a beautiful singer for whom his ardor cools when he meets Christiane. He commissions Mühlenbruch to paint this singer, with the result that the artist completely loses his head. Throwing away his professional ethics, he makes up his mind to possess her. But Mühlenbruch's uncle, a hard-headed man of the world, has been watching the whole affair and succeeds in having Muschinsky and his associates arrested upon an unfounded suspicion that they are fugitive embezzlers. This not only defers Mühlenbruch's rashness, but it administers a shock which is intense enough to bring him to his senses. He learns that the artist

must remain responsive; that he must be swayed by human emotions but that he must remain dominant instead of yielding to them. That spurious emotionalism, which always leads to playing a tlife and invariably involves moral degradation, is here subjected to a satire which is unusually compelling because it is presented in the playful garb of comedy.

'May Day,' 'The Island of the Blest,' and 'The Blue Mountains' are supposed to constitute a trilogy. They discuss the same general theme, and the atmosphere is the same throughout. Upon a real background, confessedly improbable events are presented in the spirit of comedy. This is a field in which Fulda has scored a number of triumphs, and therefore the two authors have been compared repeatedly. Such a comparison, on the whole, is favorable to Halbe. He indulges less in commonplaces, motivates more plausibly and produces a more lasting impression. Fulda's work is the result largely of happy intuitions; Halbe's is the result of carefully considered invention. Fulda is more entertaining. Halbe stimulates the reader to a larger sympathetic interest.

Five stories, written at various times, were published in 1909, under the title, 'The Ring of Life.' Moods and experiences peculiar to the main stages of life are here portrayed at such a high pitch of feeling that the stories might properly be called prose poems. 'The Spring Garden' ('09) is an exuberant account of the unbridled fancy of adolescence. 'The Fighter' ('91) describes a man who has spent some years in America, where the relentlessness of the competitive system has completely robbed him of all confidence in life. 'Doctor Sievering's Return' ('08) relates a youthful rivalry in love which ends in casting gloom and disappointment over the whole life of the man who wins. 'The Last Prescription' ('09) tells how a schoolmaster rises to an honored post in the government by means of chicanery, which he can justify to himself on logical grounds. His deeper feelings, however, so completely contradict his logic that he resorts to self-destruction. 'When We Are Old' ('97) depicts the feelings of an old man who sits in the autumn sunset with his wife, and muses over their past. An almost painful elegy on departed youth gives away to something which strongly resembles the optimism of Browning's 'Grow Old Along With Me.' On the whole, the volume shows an uneven character, as might be expected in the nature of the case. Especially the last story, in spite of passages of rare beauty, contains crudities which are hardly in keeping with the author's present level.

In almost all of the fields of his activity, Halbe has proved his ability to grow. He has been unwilling to sacrifice his standing as poet to a few ephemeral triumphs on the stage. Instead of yielding to the fads of the day, he has followed his own interests, broadening and deepening his art

at every step. It is to be hoped that his deep distrust of mere intellectualism will not lead him into a narrow emotionalism; that his reaction against the naturalism of Holz and Schlaf will not incline him toward a vague mysticism; that his disgust for certain morbid manifestations of modernism will not make him unduly reactionary and put him out of touch with the best tendencies of his times. What he has already produced is a very substantial contribution to the German drama. His steady and sane development seems to justify the hope that he will ultimately stand as one of the great dramatists of our day.

ENGLISH HEXAMETER

By H. W. Boyd Mackay

THE regularity of rhythm occasioned by attention to quantity in verse has so satisfying an effect on the ear that we must regret the inattention to it which characterizes English poetry. I have, therefore, spent some time in investigating the laws of quantity in English syllables, and the practicability of writing hexameters in our language; selecting that meter in particular because it lends itself with an exceptionally graceful facility to either animated or plaintive recital. Nothing that I am about to write has any reference to *accentual* hexameters. Accentual hexameters, however poetical may be the sentiments which they convey, give only a prose (that is an unbalanced) rhythm; for their syllables are not balanced against one another by either number or quantity; not by number, because either one or two unaccented syllables are admitted between those bearing the ictus (or metrical accent), and that without any regular sequence; not by quantity, because the feet of three syllables may be either dactyls, tribrachs or cretics, and those of two syllables either spondees or trochees, and this, too, without any regular sequence.

In dealing with the subject, I propose first to consider the nature of hexameter verse irrespective of the language in which it is written, next the quantity of English syllables, next the distribution of accented syllables, with respect to the ictus in English poetry, next the reasons why the composition of hexameters in English is difficult, and lastly the peculiar difficulty of viewing them.

a. The hexameter line consists virtually of two, in the former of which long syllables precede, but in the latter short, each being regularly closed by one long syllable, although it is always permissible to close the earlier part by a long, followed by a short, syllable, provided the short syllable thus added to the earlier part of the line is deducted from the beginning of the later, and equally permissible to close the later portion by a short syllable, followed by a pause or rest, a liberty which may also be taken in any meter. This division of the hexameter line, combined with the rule that long syllables bearing the ictus shall precede in the earlier part of the line, but short syllables, without ictus, in the later, produces the effect of a rising and falling movement, which imparts animation to the line, and adds to the melody, while facilitating its composition. In the earlier part the ictus recurs three times, followed on the first and second

occasions by one long or two short syllables; and in the latter part it recurs three times, preceded on the first occasion by one long or two short syllables (or, when the earlier part closes with the additional short by one short syllable), preceded on the second occasion by one long or two short, and on the third by two short, and finally followed by the closing syllable without ictus. The line, therefore, as a whole, contains the ictus six times; and on each occasion the syllable under the ictus is long, and is followed by one long or two short, save that the last time but one two short are to be preferred, while the last time only one syllable must follow, and it may be either long or short. Two short syllables, or one short followed by a rest, are always deemed equal to one long; and in this way the feet are balanced against one another.

b. The quantity of English syllables is the rock on which those who have experimented with English hexameters have hitherto suffered shipwreck. They have attempted to apply the rules which regulate the quantities of Greek syllables to the English language, to which they are not applicable. The quantity of a syllable can be judged of by the ear only, and it is probable that many men of poetic genius may not have good ears for time. But, while the effect on the ear (or, more correctly, on the mind through the ear) must be the ultimate test, and while doubts must be solved by placing the doubtful syllable alternately in the place of a long and in that of a short and noticing the effect; yet, I think, we may deduce some general rules from these experiments, but always subject to the condition that if the syllable is long by the rule but short to the ear, or *vice versa*, the judgment of the ear must prevail.

It is plain that syllables occupy various periods of time in pronunciation. Thus, *streams* occupies longer than *stream*, *stream* than *gleam*, and *gleam* than *dim*, though they are all long; while the first syllable in *amity* occupies longer than the last, and that longer than the second syllable in *darkle*, yet these are all short. Yet, for the purposes of prosody, we generally recognize but two quantities, the long and the short, although it must be confessed that the very short, obscure vowel heard in the final syllables of such words as *darkle*, *able*, etc., does not sound adequate at the end of a line, and that when a syllable, which, if accented, would clearly be long, occurs without accent, it seems in some words hardly to satisfy the ear if used either as long or short. The second syllables in *nature* and *Sabbath* are examples, while the second syllable in *window* is clearly long. This latter may be due to an effort to avoid the vulgar pronunciation *windy*.

Why does the ear, in appreciating rhythm, recognize no other differences, as a rule, than that of the short and the long syllable, and why does it always regard each long syllable as equivalent to two short? I think

the explanation is that the mind does not take note of minute differences of length, but reckons as long every syllable by which the attention is arrested, and also every syllable in which it is customary to dwell upon the vowel, but as short all others. The word *do*, when used as an auxiliary, with a negative, may be considerably prolonged without producing the effect of a long syllable, simply because it does not arrest the attention; but the word *dim*, notwithstanding the shortness of its vowel, will not scan as a short syllable, but scans perfectly as a long one, no doubt because we are obliged to dwell on it for a time sufficient to admit of the absorption of the idea which it conveys. To test the quantity of the word *do*, read the following line:

Pangs do not rise in the heart where love sheds light in his dawning.

The meter is perfect, and remains so if we substitute 'do arise' for 'do not rise,' but, if we substitute 'do rise,' the *do* seems to me insufficient to fill the foot. To test the length of *dim* read the following line, and ask yourself whether it is not improved by leaving out 'and' after 'dim':

Shades, dim and gloomy and deep, on the waves of the ocean are falling.

If the above explanation be correct, it will follow that monosyllables which have a short vowel must nevertheless produce the effect of long syllables when they convey a distinct idea; and that monosyllables whose vowel is naturally long, but is capable of a rapid slurred pronunciation, must be so pronounced, and produce the effect of short syllables, when they do not convey a distinct idea. And I think we find this to be the case. The word *is*, though naturally short, is long when used to predicate existence. Examples of both its uses occur in St. Paul's apothegm:

'He that cometh unto God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.'

The word 'are,' though naturally long, is pronounced short when used as a copula. If, in the line 'Shades,' etc., above, we substitute 'seas' for 'ocean,' we become sensible of the shortness of 'are.' Again 'there' is short in such phrases as 'there is,' though long when used of place. Speaking generally, monosyllabic substantives, adjectives, adverbs, interrogative pronouns, verbs, numerals, and interjections are long; and monosyllabic articles, prepositions, conjunctions, and pronouns (not being interrogative or numeral) are short.

We cannot, in English, lengthen a syllable by reason of the initial consonants in the next syllable. Every one who reads the line:

'Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?'

must be sensible, on reflection, that the second syllable of 'heathen' is short, notwithstanding the second consonant following. Here, indeed, the second consonant is in a distinct word; but no one could say that the second syllable of 'heathendom' is long. The reason is, because in English each syllable is pronounced as a distinct entity and carries its own consonants with it, whether they come before or after. For instance, no one pronounces 'window' as if it were 'wind-ow.' In French, owing to the rapidity of pronunciation, final consonants are incorporated into the following word; and we must suppose that, in the classical languages, initial consonants were incorporated into the preceding. We ourselves have an example of the former procedure in the phrase 'at all.'

An accented syllable may be either short or long. In the words 'pity,' 'quicken,' 'color,' etc., the accented syllables are short. So also in 'nature,' as may be perceived by contrasting it with 'notion.' So also in 'people' and 'imagine,' both which occur in the above line, as may be discerned by contrasting the former with 'peerage' or 'peevish,' and the latter with 'rajah.' The line might be made hexameter thus:

Why do the pagans rage, and the nations determine a vain thing?

An unaccented syllable may be either long or short. Examples of long unaccented syllables occur in 'window,' and I think in 'sabbath.' Examples of long, unaccented syllables are very common in words having a *y* sound, as grandeur, saviour, future, nature. In words compounded of two words, as 'elm tree,' or of two roots, as 'manhood,' the second syllable has a secondary accent.

The syllable *-sion* or *-tion* is now always pronounced very short, with an obscure vowel sound and an almost evanescent *n*.

On the whole, we may conclude that syllables in which we wind up the vowel with an added obscure second sound, as is generally the case before *r;* or in which we double it, making it like two short vowels, as in 'aunt'; or in which it is, in its nature, diphthongal, as is the case with the alphabetic sound of *i*, and with *-ow* in *how;* and syllables in which the vowel is preceded by a *y* sound, as in the second of 'grandeur,' and syllables in which there are several initial consonants, as in 'stream,' or in which we dwell on the final consonant, even when a word follows, as in 'dim,' are long; and that other syllables are short.

An hiatus does not sound badly in English; but, on the contrary, an elision, except in a few instances, would savour of affectation. The reason is, because we pronounce each syllable as a distinct entity.

c. An unaccented syllable should not, in English, be placed under the ictus. The reason is because we lower our tone at the accent, and at the

ictus also, making no difference between them, except that the ictus is somewhat more emphatic. This rule did not prevail in Greek, because the Greeks raised their tone at the accent. How they emphasized the ictus I do not know, but it must have been in some way admitting of either the presence or absence of an accent. The following example, in which the first syllable of *picture* is short, accented, and without ictus, while the second is long, unaccented, and under the ictus, shows what the effect of violating this rule would be:

Like a picture of a day gone by and remembered in silence.

Any syllable, whether accented or not, may go where there is no ictus. Two consecutive accented syllables produce a much better effect in English spondees than one accented and one unaccented; and the accent on the second or third syllable of a dactyl does not spoil the rhythm. The two following lines contain spondees having the second syllable accented. The former of those lines also contains a dactyl (there, color), in which the second syllable is accented, and the latter a dactyl (ocean, lit), in which the third syllable is accented:

There color, blended with sound, one harmony rolls on the senses:
Soon as the sun bursts forth, old ocean lit over with radiance:

a. The difficulties attendant on the composition of English hexameters are these:

i. The line must begin with a long syllable. In English, clauses generally begin with an article, a preposition, a conjunction, or a pronoun, and the greater number of such words are short. If we would begin the line with a long syllable we must generally begin it with an abstract substantive, or an adjective qualifying one, a plural substantive or an adjective qualifying one, an adverb, an interrogative, a numeral, or an interjection, or with a predicate, or with a qualifying phrase.

2. The last syllable but one must be both long and accented. This almost restricts the writer to compound words, participles, and abstract substantives.

3. Very many valuable words are excluded. Words containing three or more short syllables consecutively are excluded, although in the classical languages those containing three only might have been used, provided the next word began with consonants. Under this order fall *reality*, *minister*, *amity*, *covering*, and very many other words. Words in which a short syllable is either preceded or followed by a long unaccented one are excluded, because, in order to insert such a word, we should have either to place a short syllable in a long syllable's place, or to place an unaccented

syllable under the ictus. Under this ban fall *discover*, *nature*, and many other words.

e. If the hexameter lines be rimed, further difficulties present themselves. In any meter the riming syllables must fall under the ictus; and, if there be further syllables in the line, they must be identical, unless a comic effect be intended, and must rime even in that case. In hexameter the riming syllables must also be long, and each must be followed by one syllable and by one only. These are difficult conditions.

On the whole, I doubt whether it would be practicable to compose, within any reasonable time, a poem in English hexameter. But I have composed eight lines, and I should like to quote them with the object of showing what my idea of hexameter verse is. I admit that the word nature is wrongly scanned, since its first syllable is short and its second long (see above), but this license admits of the use of a very expressive word, which could not otherwise be inserted unless an unaccented syllable were placed under the ictus.

Love in the heart of the good, pity tinged by a sacred emotion,
Justice in tenderer mood, earth's side of the life of devotion,
Calms whose soul it has prest, that the changes of life do not move him;
Yields to his conscience rest, in the Calm — eternal above him.
Ay! but it wrings pangs, too, quickened still by the life it engenders,
Reaching the grief, ever new, of creation, in spite of its splendours,
Asking of nature in vain, and of God, the enigma undying:
Whence if a just God reign, is the world of illusion and sighing?

THE NEW DRAMA

THE PLAYFARER

"The play's the thing"

By Homer H. Howard

WITHIN the last few years there has been in the United States an increasing number of what might seem to be unique dramatic undertakings. But they are not unique. They represent a natural attempt on the part of a people eager for self-expression in action. We are no longer content to let the professional actor, manager, playwright do for us, but we want to act, manage, and dramatize for ourselves. This desire for action is characteristic of the American people. Action is the foundation of all drama. One can see at a glance why it is that the number of theaters is constantly increasing and why we may look forward to a dramatic age, equal to any in all literary history.

This spirit is giving rise not only to numberless extraordinary productions, outside the narrow professional circles, but to numerous movements whose aim is the betterment of dramatic conditions. It will be the endeavor of this department to chronicle the doings of these dramatic adventurers.

The Toy Theater

PROBABLY the most extraordinary American dramatic venture is the Toy Theater in Boston. The Toy Theater, which was opened the first night of the new year, produces regularly every two weeks until the middle of April.

The idea for a small, amateur-professional playhouse had taken firm root in the mind of Mrs. Lyman W. Gale. Many people had felt the desire for a little, intimate theater where there might be produced small plays, which, because of their delicacy, their poetic charm, their subtlety, or for any other reason, find it difficult to get a hearing on the regular stage. During the summer of nineteen hundred and eleven Mrs. Gale talked the idea until sufficient interest had been aroused to make the undertaking possible. Then came a search for quarters, the first of many difficulties. A stable at 16 Lime Street, in the West End of Boston, at last began to be remodeled. Here, between a stable and a blacksmith shop, with an aristocratic apartment house opposite, the theater and its office were inaugurated by placing a desk and a chair on the second floor, with the noise of the carpenters and the plumbers below. Many said that the place was impossible. Some who had promised support withdrew in order not to be connected with a failure. Diffi-

culties increased. The remodeling proved to be a more elaborate process than had been anticipated even for the very simple appointments. About this time the newspapers began to be troublesome and demanded news of the venture. The project was as yet too uncertain to make it desirable to present it to the public. Being denied satisfaction, the press made up its own story and printed several absurd reports as to the nature of the Toy Theater's intentions. In view of this it was deemed wise to hasten the sending out of the general announcements, accompanied by the subscription blanks, for it has been decided that no tickets were to be sold to the public, but that the expenses of the productions were to be met by subscriptions for the season.

There are three subscription performances of each program, Tuesday and Thursday nights and Thursday afternoon. A subscription of twenty dollars entitles the subscriber to one seat for each of the eight weeks of the season. Monday nights are public dress rehearsals, to which students of dramatic technic and friends of the actors and directors are given free tickets. The brief statement of the plays being prepared put a stop to the gossip and the ready response of checks showed that the theater had been conceived upon an idea of solid appeal. But difficulties were not at an end. Trouble arose as to the exact authority to be vested in the various members of the staff, which was settled only by a reorganization of the management. Other difficulties arose. But the steadfast perseverance of the founder and manager made the once vague plan more and more clear, and the organization gathered strength on every side. People of talent offered their services free as coach, producer, stage directors, decorators, actors, secretaries, and playwrights. Looking back one sees that the coming on of the Toy Theater was like that of a small but seaworthy craft stricken by wind and waves, but riding proudly over the waters with her prow cutting steadfastly ahead. Thus it came to the opening night, January the first, nineteen hundred and twelve.

The Toy Theater bears a noticeable resemblance to the Théâtre Libre in Paris. It was opened the thirtieth of March, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven. André Antoine had at last won his way into the Cercle Gauloise. At once he began to advocate revolutionary ideas. Contrary to the custom of the Cercle, he advocated the production of unpublished, unacted plays. The Cercle flatly refused to act such plays, and Antoine, in a rage, declared that they should be acted. Consequently he gathered other young enthusiasts and prepared a bill, but the production had to wait till the end of the month, when Antoine's salary was due at the office where he was em-

ployed as a clerk. The première was not a great success, but friends wrote enthusiastically of it, and Paris responded to the novelty. Little by little Antoine won his way, until in nineteen hundred and six he was named director of the Odéon. The inner history of the Toy parallels almost exactly the history of the Théâtre Libre.

The Toy has its resemblance to the Abbey Theater of Yates and Lady Gregory, in Dublin. It, too, was started in a small and obscure way by amateurs who were interested in producing out-of-the-way plays. Just now the Abbey Players in their developed form are making a successful tour of the United States.

The success of these dramatic adventurers may give others the courage to begin in a small way. The Théâtre Libre, which started in a wine merchant's shop, was spoken of as 'grand comme un mouchoir de poche.' This applies equally to the Abbey Theater, which opened in a vacant storeroom and to the Toy, which is a remodeled stable and seats exactly one hundred and twenty-nine.

The première at the Toy gave three one-act pieces, a satirical dialog, by Oliver Herford, 'Two Out of Time'; George Middleton's 'In His House'; and Bernard Shaw's 'Press Cuttings.'

'Two Out of Time' deserves mention only because it served by its setting to make the audience forget the smallness of the stage. Mr. Platt, who is largely responsible for the settings, deserves the warmest possible praise for his work. Mr. Platt gained his experience with David Belasco and afterwards managed a theater in Belgium as well as much private work in producing plays in the castles and country mansions in Spain. His work in the Toy marks him out at once as a man of experience and of natural artistic understanding.

'In His House' is a rather uncertain play. It proves that a play poorly acted loses nearly all of its appeal. At the Thursday afternoon performance the part of Volney was played by Mr. Robert S. Rawson, who gave to it a really sympathetic and convincing interpretation. This made possible and more real the part of the wife. This should serve as a lesson in care in casting plays. Art must progress relentlessly over the bodies of the incompetent.

The play of the evening was decidedly 'Press Cuttings,' despite its undramatic character. The piece was prohibited in London because, like the old French novels at the time of Madame de Rambouillet, it deals with present-day people under lightly disguised names. As usual, the auditors refused to take Shaw seriously, and laughed both at what the author intended as comic and at what he considered as of deepest importance. This was by far the best produced play of the evening. In the case of Mrs. Farrel the acting

was most remarkable and with one exception it was wholly adequate. The orderly, as played by Mr. Glidden, was a gross misrepresentation of the meaning of the part. To Shaw the orderly and Mrs. Farrel were the only sane, sensible people in the piece. To be sure, he would find them comic, but in the high Meredithian sense. Had the orderly been playing in somewhat the understanding, sympathetic, reserved manner in which Mrs. Gale played the charwoman, the piece would have gained in totality of effect. With that exception this is as fine a production as 'Press Cuttings' is apt to have.

The second set of plays promised well; Mrs. Marks's 'The Wings,' a one-act poetical drama; 'Between Engagements,' a comedy from the Swedish of Franz Hedberg, and a dramatic version of Stevenson's 'Sire de Malétroit's Door.'

'The Wings,' as a play, is very hazy in its exposition, and consequently less and less clear as it goes on. This, added to the difficulties of verse, leaves the auditor in a very uncertain state of mind as to what it is all about. To make such a piece carry requires supreme acting, and this it did not have. It has been suggested that to have produced the play later in the year, when the available actors and their abilities were better known would have been wiser. While the monk read his lines in excellent fashion he marred the part by too much ecclesiastical posing. The other actors did not always succeed in making clear the meaning of their lines. Here, again, the stage setting deserves the utmost praise. The costuming and stage pictures were so exquisite that it is small wonder that the audience felt that it had had a treat.

The second play has been very aptly called 'a Swedish trifle.' It was pretty enough, but had no value dramatically or otherwise. The piece is in the leisurely style of fifty years ago, and was able to keep the audience in a very mild state of amusement until it was time to close the curtains.

There is no doubt as to the permanent interest which Stevenson's 'Sire de Malétroit's Door' has as a short story, but as a play it seems doomed to fail. Half a dozen stage versions have been made, and not one has been able to retain the charm and interest of the original. Again, at the Toy Theater, there was illustrated the fact that there is a fundamental antipathy between these two forms of literature, the short story, and the short play. This production was remarkable in that it brought the first professional actor upon the Toy Theater stage. John Craig, of the Castle Square Theater, Boston, being out of the present bill at his own theater, consented to play the part of the young gallant in the version of Stevenson's story. His presence gave the production whatever professional air it may have had.

Thus far, then, we may say that the Toy Theater has justified its existence and fulfilled the promise of its organizers. This is particularly true in the case of 'Press Cuttings'; 'The Wings,' and 'In His House.' It is, of course, too soon to prophesy as to whether or not the Toy will outlive the present season, but when one remembers that out of the six plays produced, only three were unquestionably worth acting, it would seem that a little more care ought to be exercised in selecting plays if the enterprise is to deserve support another year.

The Drama League

The Drama League of America, which is probably the greatest organized force acting in behalf of drama in America, was formed in Chicago in 1910 through the initiative of The Drama Club of Evanston, Ill. A preliminary announcement states that the idea of The Drama League was born of the desire to improve theatrical conditions as they exist to-day on the American stage. It was hoped that the various woman's clubs would send delegates to form a drama committee. These delegates would then carry back the plans and inspiration of the main body of the Drama League. To this end a letter was sent to the presidents of one hundred and sixty-five Chicago clubs. In this way the directors were able to profit by the wisdom and experience of other organizers.

From the first the founders insisted that their aim was not to establish a censorship of the stage, but to create a public which will stand by the manager in his every worthy effort, and thereby make good drama 'pay.' Actors like William Faversham, Holbrook Blinn, Henry Kolker, Margaret Anglin, Forbes-Robertson, and Henrietta Crosman expressed hearty sympathy with the cause, as did Winthrop Ames, director of the New Theater. Amicable relations were established with various managers. Such men as Harry Pratt Judson, president of Chicago University; Dr. Richard Burton, of the University of Minnesota; and George P. Baker, professor of dramatic literature in Harvard University, were interested in the success of the Drama League. The founders felt that with the unlimited possibilities before them, the responsibility not to make a false step was heavy upon them. Make haste slowly was their motto.

The immediate activity of the League manifested itself through a Playgoing Committee. It was the duty of this group to attend all first nights, and if the play was approved, an announcement was to be issued to the League members. These were sent as early as possible in the opening week of an engagement. Plays of which the Committee did not approve were not reported. It is expected that all members will attend the plays which are reported.

This is the first branch of the activity of the Drama League.

The other branch may be called educational. This consists of seven departments, each with its chairman and a general secretary.

The Drama Study Department has issued such study courses as: Significant Modern Dramas, Types of Dramas, Racial Types of Drama, Recent Successful Plays. Lists of plays for informal home reading are also issued.

The Junior Department aims to organize children's clubs all over the country and to prepare drama study for them. These clubs are to have a trained, salaried leader, and ought to give one or two plays each year. For the future of American drama this is a most vital branch of the educational work. Children who are now fifteen will in ten or fifteen years become our theater public.

A Teacher's Department will interest teachers in drama study and in the League. This is to be done largely through the various institutes. This work is closely allied to the work of the foregoing committee and will urge the introduction of that work into the schools.

There is a committee whose business it is to advise clubs about lecturers, readers, and class leaders for its programs, in accordance with its needs and finances.

A library committee has prepared lists of dramas and reference books on the subject, which it is considered that every library should have. Lists of books are published, one costing fifty dollars, one costing one hundred dollars, and one one hundred and fifty dollars to secure. It is believed that clubs in towns and villages will co-operate in securing these collections for their libraries.

Another committee prepares lists of plays for amateur acting clubs, and gives advice and suggestions.

The Publication Department intends to publish quarterly lists of all recent books and other material dealing with the subject.

At the close of the first year the membership included one hundred and fifteen clubs, fifty-five in Chicago and sixty from twenty-nine states. The affiliated membership was about eighteen thousand. Wisconsin was organized into a chapter and Boston into an affiliated Drama League. The General Federation of Woman's Clubs had placed its drama department under the direction of the League and recommended to all its clubs membership in the League.

The reports of some of the committees at the first national convention of the Drama League, held January the twenty-sixth, nineteen hundred and eleven, are interesting, as showing how much the organization had already accomplished. Requests for aid in selecting plays to be given by clubs and other organizations, for aid in organizing local drama reading circles, inquiries about lecturers and readers had constantly

increased. There was a gratifying feeling that the League was already beginning to be looked upon as an authoritative source of information along all branches of drama activity. It was also pointed out that the three performances of 'Little Eyolf' given by Nazimova, were due to the request of the League. The bulletins of the Playgoing Committee were posted in more than sixty affiliated clubs, in Harvard, Chicago, and Northwestern Universities, in the Chicago Art Institute, in many libraries, in one restaurant, one factory, and in two co-operative clubs for girls. A letter from the Shuberts credited the League with the great success of the Sothern and Marlowe and the New Theater engagements. Mrs. Fiske's time was extended from four to five weeks. Already the movement was justly felt to be a national one.

The Drama League of Boston was organized March the thirteenth, nineteen hundred and eleven, at a public meeting called to consider the matter, and Prof. George P. Baker was chosen president. A pamphlet was immediately issued, calling attention to the League and asking for members. The Boston organization differs slightly from the Chicago League It has, besides a secretary-treasurer and the president, an advisory board of twenty, an executive board of six, a playgoing committee, a drama study committee, and a publication committee.

The Boston League has conducted a series of conferences, open only to members and invited guests.

William Butler Yates spoke of the Irish players and the Abbey Theater. Professor Grandgent, of Harvard, spoke of Maeterlinck's 'Blue-Bird,' and the management of the Shubert Theater put on several changes of scenery to show how the spectacular scenes were managed. Madame Simonne talked very intimately about the development of the French drama, and especially of the newer style of acting and managing. Mr. Henry L. Gideon lectured on the history of opera, and William Faversham told of some of the tendencies of modern drama. These afternoon conferences are a source of much interesting information for a class of people eager to get just such knowledge.

The officers of the Boston League are: president, Prof. George P. Baker; secretary-treasurer, Howard J. Savage; executive committee, Frank Chouteau Brown, Miss Frances G. Curtis, Judge Robert Grant, Mark A. DeWolfe Howe, Mrs. Henry G. Pearson, Mrs. Martha E. G. Woodward; advisory committee, Holker Abbott, Rev. Sherrard Billings, H. T. Parker, John Craig, Lorin F. Deland, David A. Ellis, Rabbi Charles Fleischer, Philip Hale, Miss Rose Lamb, Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, Rev. Maurice J. O'Connor, Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, 2d, Prof. Samuel P. Capen, Charles J. Rich, Mrs. Eva W. White, Frederick Win-

sor, Robert A. Wood, Prof. Katherine Lee Bates.

American Drama Society

AN older organization than the Drama League is the American Drama Society, which was founded in Boston during the winter of nineteen hundred and nine, by a group of earnest people, who desired for Boston a higher grade of theatrical production than was being provided by the New York managers. It seemed that a city, which with its suburbs numbered more than a million and a half inhabitants, ought to have a steady supply of the highest type of dramatic entertainment. The standards and traditions of Boston demand and promise to maintain a theater in which there will be given well-written and artistically produced plays. The society, therefore, hopes to initiate the enterprise of an adequately endowed theater in Boston, where the best drama may be seen at reasonable prices.

In a quiet way the American Drama Society has been working for an increased knowledge of dramatic matters, and for a keener sympathy with the best in that field. The club activity is divided into two main currents; the establishment of an endowed theatre in Boston, and the cultivation of interest in the drama, thus assuring social aid and welcome for the theater when it shall materialize. To these ends the organization is arranged in several special committees. One of these is to study the possible relationship of school and drama. This aims to encourage a more thorough and systematic study of plays and an educational interest in pageants, history-plays, and the good current productions. Another will endeavor to strengthen the relationship of church and drama. English drama originated in the church, and it is desired to re-create the old bonds and to revive the ecclesiastical interest in morality and mystery plays. Another committee has charge of plays in settlements, and aids and assists in the producing of good plays by and for the younger people in the various settlement houses. This is virtually an extension of the school work. Many of the foreigners have an inborn love and appreciation for the dramatic. The aim is to turn into the proper channels this natural instinct.

One of the most important branches of the work is the discussion section, which meets once each month to consider, chiefly from the technical standpoint, some play which has recently appeared at one of the Boston theaters.

In accordance with the desire of the society to see an endowed theater in Boston there is a committee which investigates the history and organization of all civic and endowed playhouses, both in America and abroad. One of the regular monthly meetings was given up to a

lecture, by James Platt White, of Buffalo on, 'The Organization of a Theater.' The burden of Mr. White's idea is that a privately endowed theater is preferable to a civic theater because the former is wholly free from political influences. This lecture will be printed in an early number of POET LORE. In connection with this part of the work it is hoped from time to time to produce a play by an American playwright who is comparatively unknown. After the scheme is perfected one long play, at least, will be tried out each year.

The program, which was sent to the society members at the beginning of the present season, contains a brief statement of its creed and its aims: 'The American Drama Society believes in the establishment in America of civic or municipal theaters where the best plays, both classic and modern, shall be given by a well-trained stock company at reasonable prices. With a view to preparing the way and hastening the founding of such theaters, it proposes:

'(1) To make a thorough investigation of the history of similar theaters in Europe, of the experiments already made in this country, and of the problems which shall need to be met in the carrying-out of this enterprise.

'(2) To get in hand a repertory of modern drama, especially of American plays, by the discussion of current plays at the theaters, the reading of plays by their authors, and the trying-out of plays under simple and inexpensive conditions.

'(3) To interest itself in procuring under present conditions suitable plays for children and good plays for workers at reasonable rates.'

The officers of the society are: president, Miss Charlotte Porter; vice-presidents, Prof. Katharine Lee Bates, Dr. Richard Burton, Mrs. Bryant B. Glenny, Mr. Percy Mackaye, Mrs. Josephine Peabody Marks, Dr. Colin E. Scott, Mr. William Roscoe Thayer; corresponding secretary and treasurer, Miss Louise Adams Grout; recording secretary, Miss Sarah Marquand Smoot. Council, Mrs. George P. Morris, Discussion of Plays; Miss Dora Williams, Plays in Schools; Rev. Wm. H. Van Allen, S.T.D., Co-operation of Church and Drama; Miss Charlotte Porter, History of Civic and Endowed Theaters; Mr. F. Lyman Clark, Plays in Settlements; Mrs. Josephine Clement, Play-production.

THE PLAYHOUSE

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER

The Trend Toward the Civic Theater

'PROVISION for the intellectual life of the town.'

Under words such as these a new idea is moving men.

Within about fifty years, under such words as these, some forty-nine or more towns — not capitals

— of Germany have made appropriations in their yearly budgets for the purpose of securing for their home people the performance of the highest artistic grade of plays, both classic and modern, at moderate rates.

Especially have they sought to provide the best dramatic art, classic and modern, for their school children and their wage earners at the lowest rates. Namely, these rates: the German equivalents of the nickel and dime of our cheap 'shows.'

It is invariably the result, whether at other times this is the case or not, whenever these cheapest admission rates for the children or the wage-workers are offered that the houses are crowded. The common supposition that the great things in art are for the exclusive or moneyed class does not seem to be borne out by the facts as far as they have yet appeared.

In the provision thus made in these town budgets for 'intellectual life,' music frequently is included, but the drama takes the lion's share of the appropriation. By 'intellectual life' educational training is not meant. Educational facilities are always otherwise specially provided for. The inference is that art is considered to be conducive to the intellectual vitality of the educated citizen, young or old, and is the proper expression of that vitality.

The capitals of Germany are excluded from this modern movement in the drama, for the intellectual life of the people, because the capitals are court centers. As such they have for a long time enjoyed the maintenance and special patronage of the drama, afforded them by the monarch, duke, or other titled ruler of each principality. Of those brilliant theaters of the German Courts in Berlin, Munich, Meiningen, Dresden, Stuttgart, and the rest, everybody has heard. Of the civic theaters in Nuremberg, Cologne, Freiburg, Mannheim, Frankfort, and the rest, perhaps most of us have heard next to nothing, because they are not of long standing. They represent a still growing movement.

Admirable in many ways, as the court theaters are, they do not offer Americans who value the American idea of a Fraternal Civilization quite the inspiring and relevant example that this modern municipal dramatic movement now puts before us.

In Great Britain a similar movement, begun later, is also under way. It is significant of a like awakening in the life of the people and the drama.

It is not moving so rationally and regularly in the channel toward municipal subsidy or support as in Germany. It is not to be expected that it would manifest itself in precisely the same way. But it is moving in a kindred spirit toward the establishment of permanent local dramatic centers. It aims to

provide the people of the home town with performances, high-grade plays, both classic and modern; to grow, locally, its own school of actors and playwrights, to satisfy and express, like the German municipal theaters, the 'intellectual life' of the community.

In this British movement, Scotland takes the honors. Glasgow, with characteristic Scotch hardheadedness, has looked to the 'sinews of war' for its Repertory Theater, devoted to the development and expression of the town's dramatic life.

An enthusiast over the similar localized dramatic movement, carried on at Miss Horniman's Theater in Manchester, has said to me: 'Yes; Manchester's is great, but Glasgow's the real thing.' By that I understood it was meant that by attaining a civic backing, Glasgow held a surer lease of life for the service of its citizens in the future.

Manchester, however, enjoys the judicious support of Miss Horniman. She was also the guarantor behind the still earlier movement in the same line of the Irish players in the Abbey Theater of Dublin. Liverpool still more recently has undertaken a similar local dramatic enterprise.

Within ten years Dublin, Manchester, Glasgow, and Liverpool have all taken steps exemplifying the trend toward the permanent local or civic theater devoted to the growth and expression of the dramatic life of the town of its birth.

Various methods of attaining the communal good desired have been tried in this civic movement to supply permanent favorable conditions for 'intellectual life.' These methods do not all seem to me to be equally desirable or effective. Evidently they have been swayed one way or another by special needs or local opportunities and exigencies. But all are of interest as illustrations of practical ways and means toward an end in itself worth while. All are significant of a new trend in civic and dramatic life.

Ways and means and other details I do not now and here propose to discuss. What I want to do is to put before the reader of these few paragraphs the fact that this new trend exists.

This idea of the need to provide for 'intellectual life' in each town by its home people is neither a matter of theory nor fancy, but of current accomplishment.

THE PLAYREADER

By Helen A. Clarke

I

ONE sometimes wonders why the reading of plays is as yet such an embryonic habit in America. It would seem to be a form of literature especially adapted to the life and movement of American civilization.

Is it not time that we substitute for continuous novel-reading, which

is something like viewing life in the same leisurely fashion as one views nature in an old-fashioned carriage drive, the reading of plays as part, at least, of our literary recreation? The best span of horses will keep the same aspects of a landscape before the eyes for an appreciable length of time, just as in the novel the same aspect of a story is kept before the mind, while backgrounds and settings are enlarged upon. The play, on the other hand, gives one the onrush of life, more as nature is seen in a rapid spin in a modern motor car. Backgrounds and settings are given in the smallest possible compass in an absolutely businesslike literary style — suggested, not described — allowing delightful play to the imagination of the reader, for while he pictures to himself the details of the environment, he is at the same time becoming acquainted with the story, and watching the play of the characters one upon another.

Besides the intellectual stimulation to be derived from this form of reading, there is the practical fact that whereas one is driven to sit up all night in order to read a novel at one sitting, a play may be read in an evening, and a good night's rest included as a part of the enjoyment.

But one can never experience all the pleasure there is to be derived from play-reading unless one dips into the plays of past ages.

The play, more than any other form of literature, makes the past live before us. A Greek play, for example, will give us glimpses of the mythology, the philosophy, the life, and the dramatic art of the time of its composition. Therefore, while the reader of plays will wish to keep abreast of the dramatic art of the day, he will find his interest in this greatly enhanced by the perspective and atmosphere to be gained by a comparison with the earlier forms of dramatic art, often so similar and yet so different.

I am speaking, of course, of the general reader, to whom I would say, 'Let not the scorn of those who read in the original deter you from the reading of translations.'

Many scholarly and poetic minds have in all ages devoted themselves to this work of translation, and there is no need for shame or self-abasement on the part of the intelligent appreciators of literature in languages other than their own, if they gain their knowledge through the scholarly delving of others into the secrets of forgotten languages. Why should these have labored, if not to bring home to the unscholarly but intelligent the utmost possible beauty of the original?

Thus, we may read Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes in translation and feel as intimate with the life of the time as Robert Browning shows himself to have felt when he attempted the feat of writing the apology of Aristophanes.

A close reading of this poem in

connection with the dramatists mentioned may well be used as an aid to our own understanding, for Browning has reconstructed the times and the characters of the two poets, Euripides and Aristophanes, largely from their plays. Every hit made by Aristophanes in his plays against Euripides is made use of, while the personality of Euripides as revealed through his plays is set over against that of Aristophanes until we seem to be in the very midst of the dramatic war which divided Athens on account of these two great but diverse geniuses.

However, if I were going to recommend a first play of Aristophanes, I should mention 'The Clouds,' in which Socrates, the philosopher is the butt of this ancient writer of comedies, and for a first play of Euripides, I should mention 'Alcestis.' These will not plunge one into the midst of the dramatic war, but they will give one a good first view of Greek custom, philosophy, and art as well as showing these writers in some of their most exalted poetic flights, for even Aristophanes with all his buffoonery had a lyric strain, in which he sometimes indulged, hardly equalled by any other Greek poet.

It is well, when reading in an unfamiliar language, to read one translation in prose in order to get as near the literal sense as possible, and one in verse for the sake of coming near the poetic atmosphere. The new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' recommends Arthur S. Way's verse translation of Euripides, and Coleridge's prose translation. If these are not handy one can always fall back upon the Bohn edition of Euripides in prose, and Potter's translation in verse.

THE CALDRON

"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble"

Pelléas et Mélisande in Boston

BOSTON has had its much advertised performance of the 'perfect music drama' of Maeterlinck and Debussy. Hitherto, Paris, Brussels, London, and a few favored cities in America have known the music drama 'Pelléas et Mélisande' through the interpretation of Miss Garden or Miss Teyte and the mise-en-scène of M. Carre, of the Opéra Comique. Now we know that the only authentic setting of this strangely beautiful work is Old Norman, whereas we have previously made the mistake of enjoying it in a Scandinavian atmosphere. Alongside of the inspired, creative interpretation of Miss Garden we have the highly intelligent, self-conscious portrayal of Mme. Maeterlinck. The one had the complete sanction and enthusiasm of the composer, the other is given to us with the authority of the playwright. Except for these and one or two other differences in detail the recent production at the Boston Opera House had nothing new to offer us. The work had

already been studied by sympathetic, intelligent artists before the American première in New York, and the interpretation in these earlier performances was masterly throughout. The value of the production in Boston, under the management of Mr. Russell lies in the opportunity given us for repeated hearings of the revolutionary score.

Up to the time of writing this article there have been two performances of 'Pelléas et Mélisande' at the Boston Opera House. On both occasions the house was entirely sold out. In opposition to the statement of the cynic that it was the stories of Mme. Maeterlinck's leopard skin and diamond decorations that filled the house we venture to state that many — perhaps most — were attracted by the desire to hear a repetition of this rarely beautiful work or to become acquainted with it for the first time. For 'Pelléas et Mélisande' has done what Aïda, Habanera, and L'Enfant Prodigue have failed to do: it has brought Cantabrigia and Copley Square to the shrine on South Huntington Avenue.

No need here to repeat either in detail or in outline the story of the poetic play first brought out by the Belgian symbolist at Paris in the early nineties. It has become the property of the entire literary world, and some of its lines have become the shibboleth of even the superficially informed. Such lines as, 'You cannot understand me, it is something stronger than I,' 'Sometimes the aged need to touch with their lips a woman's brow or a baby's cheek,' 'If I were God I should take pity on the heart of man' and 'It is no longer we who are willing it' have become almost as familiar as the more familiar lines in Hamlet. But the music that Debussy has written as an accompaniment and interpretation of Maeterlinck's drama is even now — nine years after its first production — familiar only in mood and principle. Its technique is almost as baffling as it was in 1902, and the fragments of melody are as haunting as mysterious and as intangible as when they broke on our ears for the first time. Debussy's precursors were all the known music of the ancient times and the modern; his imitators are numerous, his successors have not yet appeared; his only fear is the obvious, the formal, the conventional.

HENRY L. GIDEON.

A LAYMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE

THE recent performance of the opera of 'Pelléas et Mélisande' will long mark in my memory a red-letter day of artistic pleasure. I found in the presentation no lack— as some of the critics have — of a pervading mystery and haunting poetic beauty. Indeed, it was in these things that it seemed most remarkable, in spite of the fact that the stage setting appeared to be

scrupulously exact and definite in time and place. That the music was often boldly dramatic, and that the acting of the part of Golaud was distinctly realistic.

There was a peculiarly soft lighting of the stage pictures which gave them a far-away loveliness, and there fell across them from time to time strange boding shadows. There was always something mysteriously elusive in the background of the music — for Debussy's music appears to have a background and a foreground. And behind the realistic Golaud, there were the poetic figures of Pelléas and Mélisande and Arkel.

Golaud in the drama seems to occupy a realm apart from the others. As I listened to his agonized questioning in the last act, I was reminded — but with a difference — of Plato's famous comparison of our life to that of one living in a semi-dark den, and looking upon the shadows thrown into it from outside as realities. Golaud, in his questions seemed such a man vainly struggling to grasp a shadow.

The love of Pelléas and Mélisande is one of those predestined affinities of soul dreamed of by poets and realized, perhaps, not often on the earth. Mélisande is an undeveloped little soul. She 'cometh from afar,' but with no knowledge of her country nor awakened consciousness of self. As with a butterfly just escaped from its chrysalis, one should not expect of her other action than faint flutterings. Weakness, timidity, purity, grace, and always a certain psychic quality are hers. and these Madame Maeterlinck suggested. Those tender Boticelli-like poses — unfortunately one could not forget that they were poses — might have pleaded their beauty as their only 'excuse for being'; but they were also dramatically significant. Where could one better find glimpses of the budding soul than in mediæval art? Surely not in Greek art and not in primitive nature.

In the love scene by the fountain Madame Maeterlinck lost for a time her self-consciousness, and a wonderful light and childlike sweetness came into her face. As she faced Pelléas and threw both arms about him in a soulful embrace, she achieved a really convincing climax.

MARY EVELYN COLLAR.

THE IRISH PLAYERS IN PHILADELPHIA

THE Irish Players have had the extraordinary compliment paid them wherever they have played of having their vital art taken for life itself.

In Philadelphia, ostensibly this arrest was for violating the terms of a puny bill passed last year by the legislature of Pennsylvania, to prevent Sarah Bernhardt from playing a play by Rostand. Really, this arrest is caused by the shock incident to witnessing a live play, played in such a new and live way in a country so unused to living art that

some people have mistaken it for life itself.

An extract from the Philadelphia 'Ledger' gives a glimpse of the highly edifying situation:

'Thronging up to city hall immediately after being released from the magisterial court on bail bonds supplied by the managers of the theater, the players and their critical compatriots formed a picturesque group outside the doors of room 676, in which Judge Carr was sitting.

'Although no attempt was made by the district attorney to call the prisoners to the bar, an examination revealed the fact that all were present.

'The act of the legislature of 1911, under which the charges were made, was formally read to Judge Carr, after a ten-minute wait, while the stage settings of the drama or comedy, whichever it will be styled, were being arranged by the court officers. The enormous crowd which had gathered for the hearing was not sufficiently supplied with seats, and the court would not go on with the trial until every one was seated.

'The judge displayed an astonishing ignorance of the play when the trial first opened, but copious notes, taken during the giving of testimony, soon gave him the ins and outs of it from both the players' and objectors' point of view.

'The prosecutor in the case, Joseph McGarrity, a wholesale liquor dealer, of this city, was called to the bar of the court, and after a searching examination and a rather severe rebuke for having participated in the disturbance on the first night of the play in this city, was allowed to proceed with his reasons for considering the play one which is contrary to the McNichol act, controlling all public performances and moving picture shows.

'He stated that he had seen only one act of the play, and that, having become thoroughly disgusted and aroused, he had left the theater, after first giving voice to his opinion.'

Our Irishmen, it appears, are so used to our artificial stage that they don't know a live Irishman when they see him. I mean that eminent Irishman, J. M. Synge, whose genius does his countrymen honor, and who 'though he is dead, yet speaketh.' I seem to need to say that I do not exactly mean Christy Mahon, the play boy, he who thought he had killed his father, and who, finding it to be taken as heroic by a romantic girl, took the hint with a quickness of wit and will and an awakening of heart and fancy that become heroical. In themselves they are worth while. Yet being based on nothing substantial, not even on a really killed father, such heroism shows capacity indeed, but no abiding accomplishment. This is a fable that teaches other than Irishmen. But it was doubtless meant to teach them especially to their spiritual profit, with reference to their own richly endowed, but not yet either solidly established or 'kilt entirely,' country.

C. P.

MAY 26 1916