

THE REBUILT-ARCHIVE READING EDITIONS

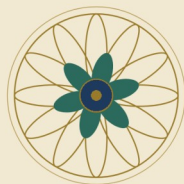


THE GRAPHIC

Literary Criticism and Culture

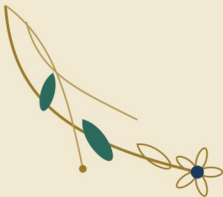


ESSAYS, AUTHORS, BOOKS, AND THE LITERARY LIFE
OF AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF LOS ANGELES



1904 – 1918

LOS ANGELES



A Note on This Edition

This companion volume gathers 105 essays, profiles, lectures, controversies, and records of literary institutions from *The Graphic* of Los Angeles, 1904–1918. It is a selective reading anthology rather than a complete index of the weekly's book pages.

Selection favors sustained literary criticism; substantial accounts of authors, lectures, libraries, clubs, publishers, magazines, expositions, and poetry societies; and shorter book notices when they contain consequential evaluation, comparison, or argument. Routine announcements, plot-summary reviews without critical content, advertisements, unrelated fiction, and literary filler have been excluded.

The pieces are organized in eight thematic chapters and arranged chronologically within each chapter: Literary Los Angeles; California and the West; Novels and Short Fiction; Drama and the Theater; Poetry: Traditions and Reviews; Modern Poetry and New Forms; Literary Lives and Reputations; and Criticism, Reading, and Book Culture. A few related notices—most notably the 1905 Henry James visit—have been gathered as a single documentary cluster. Headings supplied or clarified by the editor are stated in the note following the piece.

The surviving scans are the textual authority. Material through 1908 is carried forward from the earlier visually checked anthology. Later pages were found and reset with the aid of a new offline OCR pass; obvious recognition errors and broken words have been corrected silently, while the syntax and opinions of the original pieces remain intact.

Brief teal notes identify writers, subjects, and institutions and explain why a piece belongs in the collection. Contents and index entries link to article openings in the electronic edition, and each article links back to the index.

Introduction

The Graphic was never solely a literary magazine. Published in Los Angeles as an illustrated weekly of critical comment, it moved briskly among politics, society, theater, music, civic affairs, clubs, business, automobiles, and books. That miscellany is precisely what makes its literary record valuable. Literature appears not in a protected enclave but inside the public life of a young metropolis: a subject for editorial argument, a form of civic ambition, a social event, and a way of deciding what kind of cultural city Los Angeles might become. The pieces gathered here show criticism operating before the rise of a large local university establishment or a specialized book-review culture. Editors, club members, librarians, actors, lecturers, newspaper critics, booksellers, and poets all participate in making literary value.

The earliest selections are strongly local. Profiles of Charles F. Lummis and Idah Meacham Strobridge illuminate two contrasting institutions: the public library and the arts-and-crafts book world of the Arroyo Seco. Reports on magazine writers, women's clubs, reading, and the "literary matinee" reveal the networks that created audiences. The Henry James notices are especially vivid. James's 1905 lecture before the Friday Morning Club becomes at once a serious encounter with his method, a test of celebrity, and a comedy of Los Angeles publicity. The city is not merely receiving an eastern or European master; it is staging and judging the reception itself. Later pieces on expositions, authors' congresses, and poetry societies extend that local scene into national organization.

The criticism ranges widely in quality and temper. At its best it moves beyond announcement into sustained argument. The essays on Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth*, Stephen Phillips's verse drama, Samuel Johnson's Dictionary, Lady Gregory and the Celtic revival, Yeats's drama, and Poe's poetry attempt to define an author's method and historical position. Shorter memorial pieces on Henry James and James Whitcomb Riley record reputations at the moment of death. The California survey is more than a list: it constructs a lineage from early state poets through Ina Coolbrith, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, George Sterling, and the emerging writers of Southern California. Its confidence that the region would develop a literature of its own supplies one of the anthology's governing ideas.

INTRODUCTION · CONTINUED

The two poetry chapters catch *The Graphic* at the edge of modernism while preserving its sense of an older regional tradition. Edgar Lee Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*, the Imagists, Ezra Pound, Amy Lowell, H.D., Rabindranath Tagore, and the Poetry Society of America enter a paper whose taste had been formed by Victorian poetry, public recitation, and the civic-club lecture. The response is not uniform. Eunice Tietjens and Marguerite Wilkinson treat new poetry as a living international field; other writers defend chant, communal hearing, or inherited craft; Harry B. Kennon mocks the multiplication of manifestoes and labels. The disagreement is historically useful. It shows modern poetry becoming a public controversy rather than a settled canon.

Read together, these pieces recover literary culture as activity: selecting, reviewing, lecturing, dining, organizing, publishing, borrowing, memorializing, and arguing. *The Graphic* could be provincial, boosterish, perceptive, skeptical, generous, or severe—sometimes within the same issue. Yet it consistently treated literature as part of the city's common conversation. That conviction links its local profiles to its discussions of James, Wilde, Wharton, Yeats, Johnson, Masters, and Tagore. Los Angeles appears here not as a blank cultural landscape awaiting importation, but as a city already building the institutions and quarrels through which a literary life becomes visible.

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Literary Los Angeles

*Editors, clubs, libraries, lectures, magazines, and expositions
make a public place for books and authors.*



Character Sketches: Charles F. Lummis

by **JUNIUS**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 3, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 18

There can be no doubt that the most picturesque personality in Southern California is that of Charles F. Lummis. And it is not merely because he has eccentric ideas of raiment, preferring to clad himself in the unconventional corduroy to donning the regulation habiliments of his fellows. Even in a tall silk hat and a frock coat, although the picture requires a stretch of the imagination, Lummis would still possess the most picturesque personality. Mr. Lummis prefers the clothes he wears because he feels more comfortable in them, and would resent with righteous indignation the insinuation that he needs any unusual sartorial distinction to emphasize his personality. His cowboy hat and corduroys simply reflect his individuality, which is more pronounced even in his clothes than that of his fellows, and his corduroys are not necessarily the insignia of egoism. Far be it from me, however, to suggest that Lummis is not an egoist. Most great men are egoists—that is, they have an abiding faith and confidence in their own power and

personality. It is a trite saying, but one worthy of all acceptance, that unless you believe in yourself no one else will believe in you.

Lummis is a curious and valuable blending of the past and the future. He is historian and prophet. He wages a keen crusade against the evils and the follies of the present. He believes in the simplicity and truth of generations that have passed away and hopes for a reformation from unnatural life. Furthermore, he has a firm veneration for the past, which in these days of utilitarianism and thought of the morrow is not a popular trend of thought. Lummis knows the value of traditions, knows that a generation that is thoughtless of its forbears and would carelessly allow historic relics to crumble is shallow-pated and insincere. But for Lummis's energetic work and discourse many of the landmarks of Southern California would have been obliterated; the beauty and the courage of the Missions would not have remained to read their lessons to the great grandchildren of pioneers.

His intense sympathy for a dying race has been the inspiration of much of his best work. He knows the Indian, has lived in his tepees, talks his tongue and is ever ready to hold out the hand of a brother to help him. Only last week he made a stirring appeal for the neglected wards of the nation who have been scavenging the earth for food within a hundred miles of this well-fed and prosperous community. Today he is on his way to Washington to speak his mind to the President, who has a warm regard for "the Lion," and to roar his complaint against the Indian Commissioners. It is not improbable that the President may appoint Mr. Lummis himself an Indian Commissioner. If so, I do not envy the other commissioners, for Lummis has a way with him, and it is all his own. He is chairman of the executive committee of the Sequoya League, whose text is "to make better Indians." Lummis is blazing the trail for that purpose.

"The Lion," which is his *nom de plume* in his characteristic magazine, first known as "The Land of Sunshine," and now as "Out West," is a wiry person, a bunch of nerves, and can whip his weight in wildcats either with pen or paw. His head travels slightly in front of his chest, due to long hours and long years under the lamp, but his muscles are firmly knit and well disposed. Once he told me that he worked for twenty hours a day and found four hours of sleep sufficient. This was possible and profitable to body and soul, he believed, because he divided his toil into equal measures, muscular and mental. With his own hands he has built, or is still building—for his castle in the Arroyo is of illimitable dimensions and designs—his own home, and he would rather take his pleasure in putting in 1,600 tons of masonry, as he has done, than in two million motions with a golf club or the oar—because "it leaves a mark." Not only that, but he declares he can have more fun as

his own builder than in any other diversive sport. And his home is as unique as its builder.

“The Lion’s” literary style is also all his own. Epigrams with him are not light conceits. He uses rocks, not pebbles. If his sentences are sometimes jerky, they are shot out with the jerk, the force and effect of a Gatling gun. He gives words their true value and is not afraid of capital letters. His writing is irresistible because he does not shun but courts Truth, and every Thought is stamped with his own private mark.

Lummis as a speaker is by no means as irresistible, although he talks just as he thinks, but his spoken word is not put through the same refining process as that which is written. In speech he is apt to amble. Instead of the crisp rifle shots exploded by his pen, he reveals all the preliminary processes. But when he has made up his mind just what he wants to say and his nerves are strung to the subject then no listener will tire.

He hates Humbug; likewise loathes “our civilized adoration of the ‘Four Hundred,’ the Golmighty Dollar.” Superstition and Stereotypes. The motto, indeed, of the “Lion’s Den” is “To Love what is True; to Hate Shams; to Fear Nothing Without; and to Think a Little.” In these days of false gods and veneer, such apostles are sore needed. Satire is a saving grace, and the nation will not be allowed to forget itself without rebuke as long as we have seers like Lummis or Mr. Dooley.

Lummis was born in Lynn, Mass., forty-five years ago. He was educated at Harvard. After a youthful experience in editing a country newspaper in Ohio, he took a long and characteristic holiday. He walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles and chose a circuitous route of 3507 miles, which occupied 143 days. Arriving here he settled into harness again and became city editor of the Times, filling that position with vigor and requisite ruthlessness for two years from ‘85 to ‘87. After the confinement of the office he again pined for the open. The next five years he spent living with Indians, chiefly in the Indian pueblo of Isleta, New Mexico. He has ridden all over the Southwest and has also spent much time and travel in Old Mexico and South America. No living man, indeed, has so thoroughly explored the continent from Canada to Chile.

His literary industry has been immense and some dozen volumes depict his travels and observations, from “The Man Who Married the Moon” to “The Enchanted Burro.” JUNIUS.

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. Charles Fletcher Lummis (1859–1928) was an author, editor, ethnographer, librarian, and one of the most consequential makers of Southern California’s early literary culture. He edited Land of Sunshine and its successor Out West and served as Los Angeles city librarian from 1905 to 1910.



Los Angeles Magazine Writers

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, NO. 19

UNSIGNED

Two Angelenos figure prominently in the current number of the “Review of Reviews,” Dr. Albert Shaw’s eclectic magazine. Lewis R. Freeman, the former tennis champion, who is spending this winter in Japan instead of Pasadena, contributes a valuable article on the Hawaiian Sugar Product. Among the many interesting facts that Lew Freeman purveys for us is that irrigation and intense cultivation have brought natural fertility to a degree of productiveness not approached by the record yields of other countries. A crop average of ten and one-quarter tons of sugar to each of four thousand acres is the record of one plantation on the island of Oahu whose mill is but a few miles from the city of Honolulu. Irrigation, he says, has been the most potent single element operating to bring about these great yields and extend the available area of cane land. Freeman was formerly an occasional but valued contributor to the local press. I look to see him returning from Japan with portfolios full of good “stuff.” The other Los Angeles contributor to the December number of the Review is Adachi Kinnosuke, who writes on “What Port Arthur Means to Japan.” “With its possession,” concludes Adachi, “we shall have everything for which we went to war with Russia.”

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. This unsigned note is valuable less as criticism than as a compact map of Los Angeles magazine authorship at the beginning of the twentieth century, when periodical publication connected local writers to a national market.

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Henry James in Los Angeles

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 1, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

UNSIGNED

HENRY JAMES'S MISSION

Henry James has promised to address the Friday Morning Club today and the ladies are to be greatly congratulated on the capture of such a prize. I am sure Mr. James will impress the ladies and I hope the ladies will impress Mr. James. This is important, because, although the object of his present stay in Southern California has not hitherto been divulged, he has a very definite mission. I am told on reliable authority that Mr. James is not here simply in quest of material and to absorb local color for a new novel, but that he has been commissioned by the Harper Brothers to "write up" Southern California. The value of the record of Henry James's impressions of this Land of Sunshine and Promise cannot be overestimated. In the current issue of the North American Review Mr. James writes on "New England: An Autumn Impression." Under these circumstances, if for no other consideration, we cannot be too good to Mr. James. The Santa Fe, which has a commendable fondness for men of letters, has been looking after this distinguished author and commissioned Ed Chambers to take care of him around the kite-shaped track. I wonder if Henry James knows all about freight rates now and if Mr. Chambers will try to infuse a literary style into his next schedule.

HAGGARD AND JAMES

Every year Los Angeles is becoming more and more the Mecca of interesting people. The rich, of course, we have with us every winter, but they do not interest us until their millions are past numbering. During the past week Rider Haggard was sojourning at the Westminster, while Henry James was across the way at the Van Nuys. Both men belong to the same club in London—the Savile, whose president for many years was Arthur Balfour and whose distinction is mainly literary. No two novelists of the day are more dissimilar in mind and method. Rider

Haggard has been a most prolific producer and relies more on fancy than on form, while Henry James is considered by many critics the master stylist of the day. Haggard has a beautiful estate in Norfolk, England, which he farms himself and in which he finds complete diversion. Henry James has become a thorough Londoner, attached even to its fog. Haggard reels off his books by dictation to a typewriter; James painfully elaborates every sentence. In Colby's "Imaginary Obligations" the human effect of Mr. James's thought is thus described: "It is a land where the vices have no bodies and the passions no blood, where nobody sins because nobody has anything to sin with. Why should we worry when a spook goes wrong?... His love affairs, illicit though they are, are so stripped to their motives that they seem no more enticing than a diagram." The Friday Morning Club has scored a veritable triumph in surprising Henry James into a promise to talk to them at their next meeting.

HENRY JAMES AND HIS METHOD

I am told that Henry James did not make a hit before the Friday Morning Club last week, although the gracious ladies applauded him vigorously at the end of his long and very abstruse discourse. "Bless the man," writes my club correspondent, "what did he do but bring a bunch of manuscript that seemed exhaustless to the few who could hear him, while he read and dived into the bunch for more. I don't believe that two-thirds of the audience heard what he had to say. I looked at the faces of the other third and most of them were a curiosity. Understand it? Most of them did not. Mr. James read very indistinctly and when at last he turned the final sheet it was a real relief, although he received the usual hand. Well I have heard the lion roar anyhow and have seen his mane. What did he say? Oh he gave us a milk-and-water, transcendentalized Balzac; a sort of grown-up-good-boy of the Sunday school books. I'll venture that Mr. James hasn't read the 'Contes Drolatiques' for many a year. Mr. James doesn't believe in real flesh and blood in his own stories. His idea of Balzac's productions are sublimated and etherialized."

"THE MASTER'S" STYLE

The truth of the matter is that you require a course of special study before you can appreciate Henry James sufficiently to dub him "The Master" as Gertrude Atherton does in the dedication of her latest book,

“The Bell in The Fog,” which, by the way, is a collection of well written but most gruesome short stories. “Daisy Miller” contributes to the New York Times her idea of how Henry James would tell in his later manner the story of Mary and her little lamb—as follows: “It would, perhaps, be superfluous to assume that she, upon long reflection and much introspection, concluded that the impatient pedagogue was perhaps a trifle too precipitate in dealing with the devoted Southdown. However, be that as it may, the pampered minion was incontinently, or so it seemed to Mary, excluded from the privileges of the institution. There seemed upon a closer analysis of the case to be a proneness, an inclination to unseemly mirth and boisterousness on the part of the pupils to whom the novelty of a lamb at the seat of learning was something unheard of, or, to be more explicit, had never in their experience been seen before. The tendency, I might say the predilection, of the timid creature was to pursue, its—or have you had enough?”

JAMES AND LUMMIS

At the close of Mr. James’s dissertation he was the hero of an impromptu reception and many ladies now have the valuable recollection that they shook hands with the great man. Among the men who were brought forward to be introduced to Mr. James was Charlie Lummis, resplendent as usual in his characteristic clothes, for which, by the way, he makes a spirited defense in this month’s Out West, or rather which are made the pretext for a severe chastisement of the New York Evening Post which had ventured to criticise them. After the two distinguished men had shaken hands there was a pause which Henry James broke by innocently murmuring “Have you been in California long, Mr. Lummis?” The Lion did not roar, but responded very meekly. Then the literary cryptogramist remarked that “frontier life must be interesting.” I would not be surprised if the Lion has since chewed up a few caustic epigrams on Henry J.

MR. HENRY JAMES ON AMERICAN SPEECH

I do not know whether or no Mr. Henry James included the subjoined exceedingly pungent remarks in his two-hundred and fifty dollar talk before the Friday Morning Club; but, be that as it may, there is certainly too much of serious truth to pass it lightly by.

“There are millions upon millions of homes in America in which the people call themselves educated and yet they talk about “vaniller cyes cream,” that other “feller,” “porter ricor,” “dorgs” and use similar slovenly expressions.

The newspapers and common schools are woefully to blame. Unconsciousness is only beautiful when perfection in speech has become second nature. What you young ladies should do is imitate. Don’t be afraid to imitate. Whenever among the awful discords of the speech of those around you there comes to your ears the music of some one who has the proper tone and enunciation, imitate that.”

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. Henry James (1843–1916) visited Los Angeles in 1905 and lectured before the Friday Morning Club. The Graphic’s successive notices preserve the city’s mixture of reverence, impatience, publicity-mindedness, and genuine critical engagement with “the Master.”

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Charles F. Lummis and the Public Library

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 19, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 5

UNSIGNED

The Lion's Apology.—I have been reading Mr. Lummis's apology in the current issue of "Out West." Mr. Lummis says: "In undertaking this new public duty, the Lion has no apologies to make—nor disposition to hasten the apologies which already come from the other side." Nevertheless the Lion does apologize, if his much vaunted scholarship lends him sufficient knowledge of the meaning of the word "apology"—and to the extent of over three pages of "In the Lion's Den." I do not know anything about "the apologies which already come from the other side," for this is the first I have heard of any. Mr. Lummis's main contention in his apology is that a man and not a woman should be in charge of the Public Library. But Mr. Lummis himself has for years insisted that he is not a man but a Lion. We are inclined to agree with him at last, especially since absorbing President Roosevelt's recent discovery that the American Lion (the Puma), the species which Mr. Lummis has personified, is a coward. The most definite apology, however, that Mr. Lummis has made has been physical; he has yielded to convention sufficiently to permit his barbaric appearance to be ameliorated by submitting to the hands and shears of the barber. In other words, he has had a hair cut. Other cessions to convention may be expected. At the very first meeting of the directors, with Lummis librarian, one of the important orders promulgated, and duly reported by the daily press, was that the directors' room should be provided with a set of spittoons.

The Lion's Scholarship.—I have no desire to twist the Lion's tail. At the outset of this unfortunate Library dishevelment I was anxious to exclude Mr. Lummis's personality from the discussion. The question was not what Mr. Lummis could or could not do, but what Miss Jones had done or had left undone. But Mr. Lummis has himself insisted that his personality should be a grave factor in the question. His abnormal egoism could not have contrived otherwise. "The Los Angeles library," he allows, "has a magnificent reputation for clerical efficiency. For scholarship it has none." And inferentially, but with quite unmistakable distinctness, Mr. Lummis informs us that he is a scholar and is going to supply the scholarship of which the Los Angeles Library has none. The true scholar, according to Emerson, is the person who can receive the severest criticism of his own views with charity and entertain them

hospitably. No man is a scholar who cannot do that. If I were to say that, in my humble estimation but based on Emerson's definition, Charles F. Lummis is the most provincial person as to books and learning, it might excite some surprise. Nevertheless Mr. Lummis's lack of scholarship should be a conceded fact not only in the light of his colossal conceit but by reason of the cowardly insinuations he has made since he became Librarian. With all gravity he told a reporter the other day as an evidence of how much he was needed and as a reflection upon his predecessor's lack of scholarship that he had found a volume wrongly labeled, with the name of the principal character of the book given as the author. What a Pumaesque discovery! That the Lion, let loose among 120,000 books, should have stumbled upon one mistake. Ah! my dear lion, that was an unfortunate stumble, because, while it displays most palpably your own narrow vision—otherwise lack of scholarship—it is no reflection on your predecessor—to Those who Know.

The Lion's Achievements.—The Lion reviews his achievements in Los Angeles during the last twenty years—in a characteristically modest way. "In the same spirit," he says, "he has undertaken now a larger usefulness—even at the risk of a nominal recompense (a monthly salary of the amount he gets for one story)." How very noble of the Lion! What philanthropy, what patriotism! His books fetch \$250 apiece, according to this, his own, modest computation, but he certainly does not turn out "one story" each month, for the amount of his monthly salary—\$250. Most of us like the Lion's stories. Even his unparalleled egoism "In the Lion's Den" is entertaining, and as an observer, when his ego is temporarily in the shade, he has frequently seen things clearly and shed a white light. But the public could much better afford to pay the Lion \$250 for one story than to pay him \$250 a month in a position for which he has absolutely no qualifications either of training or of scholarship. "He isn't a 'trained librarian'—and is glad." Verbum sap.

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. The dispute surrounding Lummis and the Los Angeles Public Library joins literary personality to civic institution-building. It shows how intensely questions of books, access, administration, and cultural authority could enter local public debate.

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Local Stylists and the Art of Dramatic Criticism

by **CONSTANCE SKINNER AND OTHERS**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 14, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, NO. 13

LOCAL STYLISTS

I. Police Court idyll as reported in the Los Angeles Times by H-rry C. C-rr.

Riotously red in the face and with a breath redolent of that brand of alcohol that rots the gizzard she faced Justice Ch-mb-rs and the mob of onlookers that find daily diversion in such sorry spectacles.

She faced the judge with utter nonchalance and a sang froid that only her rufescent cheeks belied.

She even smiled when the judge told her to stand up.

Stripped of all her mysteries and her sealskin cloak, her story might be true, tho' it had a very pale, thin sound.

Her eyes snapped, and then she smiled again, this time, a smile of cheery confidence.

"What!" exclaimed the prosecuting attorney excitedly, exchanging a glance of horror with his star witness, "Do you dare ——

But she still held her head perched like a bird's to one side with a queer unconvincing smile, full of cruel curves.

Only once she winced.

But when the judge pronounced his sentence, she bowed haughtily.

Daubed in tears her friends watched her. Once as the driven snow, today as scarlet as the flaming poinsettia, she had lost the sense of shame.

Then they led her back to her cell.

II. A Tale of the Noonday Club related in the Los Angeles Club by Ch-rl-s V-n L-an.

The Ham Fatter and the Meal Ticket Man hadn't met for a month, and the Ham Fatter hadn't the price when his one skinned optic—the other has been on the bum since Kid Solomon treated it—caught the Meal Ticket Man on the fly.

Ewell Duvall Moore had to butt into the game. "When I was on the Silvertown —" but, as usual, he was not allowed to deliver the merchandise. The Ham Fatter was hungry and had heard the call of the hash. He can pass out the great warm wind of con-talk in waves that would make Dana Burks or Pierpont Morgan shrivel to thirty cents.

But the Meal Ticket Man is wise and then some. He didn't have to look at the Ham Fatter's piazza twice before he was on to his aliment. "You chase yourself down to John Brink's and fill up your outlines. As long as you won't reel off Hamlet's soliloquy near my listening machine, you can draw on me for one bran mash per diem."

"From high Olympus" commenced the Ham Fatter in the tone that makes the chewing-gum girl swallow her wad—

But the Meal Ticket Man turned on his number 12 fighting shoe, while Ewell Duvall Moore again began to murmur "Silvertown," casting a wistful eye towards a tray of steins that was in Scotty transit in an opposite direction to Ewell Duvall.

The lean guy whistled "All right, all right!" and then began to cuss something awful.

Meanwhile the Ham Fatter fed his face and the Meal Ticket Man laid wagers with himself as to how many mouthfuls the Ham Fatter would take in getting outside the T-bone steak.

III. Musical "criticism" in a great religious daily by J-li-n J-hns-n.

Radiant in all her shimmering similitude, and breathing the very spirit of ecstatic ebullition, Miss M—d R—s. D—v—s entwined her irresistible self around the pulsating hearts of the swaying and surging multitude—even as the fragrant honeysuckle entwines itself around the gnarled and tempest-tossed oak. Now in minors, now in majors (and, it must be confessed, sometimes in primos and secondos), like unto one of the beauteous constellations of the starry firmament, she beshowered the iridescence of her brilliant technic upon the silvery groups of legato semitones which dipped their headless sharps and tailless flats in mute obedience to the magic of her golden pianissimo accellerandos.

Not so far removed in glory was the pulsating pulchritude of Signor R—ss-, the lingering lentos of whose amatos appassionatas clutched hungrily at the cordes con calore of all the doux sisterhood hanging limply on his crescendos molto assai pateticos. Ah, Signor, beware!

Beauty like thine hath its powers. True. But it hath its dangers, too. Rallentando!

On an entirely different plane—that of regrettable concession to commonplace curiosity—was the simultaneous apparition of the famous “Baker’s Dozen” choral and orchestral directors. Each of these displayed his special idiosyncracies and demonstrated, as already predicted in these columns, his positive right to be looked upon as the one and only. Reckless rubatos raged round *piu moto meno mosso* with *andante amorosos*; Venetian Wrightsonatas lapped the velvet clarinetto banks of Elleryland; and the very elysium of Eroica ensemble was finally reached by “Professors” B-rnh-rt, J-hn, L-tt and P—l-n in their quartetto glissando ed *postum cerealando*, “Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity!”

And, if we fail to animadvert upon either the *scherzando trippissimos* of Miss M-ry L. O’D-n—gh-e, the *portando pronunciamentos* of M-x H-inr-ch, or the *grandioso passionnes* of J-s-ph D-p-y, it is only because the *linotypo tremolos* of our *vocabulaire musicano* have become inextricably *strettoed* with our *vibratos con emotiones*, poco a poco, R. S. V. P. ed P. P. C.

Editorial by Gen. H. G. Ot-s in the Los Angeles Times.

Double-fanged serpents in a three ring circus are those twin infamies, the recall and referendum, socialistic, anarchistic, revolutionary, diabolical and altogether damnable innovations, inimical to the body politic of this our great Republic, for which our ancestors and we ourselves have shed our life-blood on the battlefields of illustrious memory. Selah!

Whence sprang these abortions? From the bloody womb of Dissension. Conceived in vicious error and begotten by yellow bile, they are offsprings whose head and feet should be amputated *muy pronto*, if not by the pen, then by the sword.

Whither are we drifting? Quien sabe?

But as long as there is a bludgeon of rectitude and infallibility so long shall this great religious journal thrust defiance in the teeth of its vicious enemies. Let the heathen rage! The Outpost and the Bivouac are ever vigilant. Lay on Macduff, John R. Haynes and C. D. Willard. Huh.

**LOCAL STYLISTS — NO. V: THE ART OF DRAMATIC
CRITICISM — BY CONSTANCE SKINNER**

Why am I a dramatic critic? Because I just dote on actors, and I have a talent for epigrams; besides I have a soul for art, and can distinguish between the lightness of intelligence of a pretender like E. H. Sothorn and the thickness of neck of an actor like Melbourne Macdowell. My mission in life is to encourage youthful genius. If I cannot always induce managers to accept my proteges I can at least roast them when they don't and boost my proteges anyway. To be smart is to attract attention. My *raison d'être* is to keep myself, if not in the limelight, at least in the headlines. I have a penchant for hats and headlines; likewise for exerting an influence upon dissipated actors and for curing ambitious actorines. I like "the show"; I am somewhat of a show myself. I keep in my beauty box a pepper-pot full of personal pronouns (they are invaluable in establishing a dramatic critic's reputation), but I sign my stuff with a rubber stamp.

I have just returned from a transcendent holiday in the backwoods of Canada, where I learned the secret of dramatic criticism. It is, don't you know, a land of maple sugar and the icy mitt. I need them both in my business. Naturally, hereditarily and temperamentally, I am exceedingly susceptible; so I have enshrined my emotions in classic marble. My method of interviewing actors and actresses is to make myself say smart things at the poor player's expense. In this, perhaps, I am not as entirely original as in everything else, for the noble standard of Allan Dale and Ashton Stevens is ever before me. I complete the strange but terrible trinity of Mr. Hearst's great critics. So the Rialto thought I had gone "for good"? Not I. I am I, and I may say without conceit that I am all that I crack myself up to be. Otheman? But, on the other hand, oh the woman! Mr. Stevens, Otheman not Ashton, has warmed my seat in my absence. Voila tout! Here I am once more, and as I said before, I am I.

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. "Local Stylists" parodied recognizable Los Angeles writers and critics, while Constance Skinner's companion piece defended the craft of dramatic criticism. Together they make a revealing, and sometimes barbed, anatomy of the city's critical class.

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Los Angeles Women at Home: Idah Meacham Strobridge

by CATHERINE ROBERTSON HAMLIN

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 9, 1905 · VOL. XXIII, No. 21

No woman in all Southern California has had better opportunity to judge of the diversified merits of work and play than has Mrs. Idah Meacham Strobridge, writer and bookbinder, who makes her home and shop in a great rambling bungalow out on Forty-first avenue. In the way that one who is given to painting mental pictures will, I had created a slender, willowy Mrs. Strobridge, her pale face lit by deep blue eyes and shaded with ebon locks. All the way out to the Arroyo Seco, where she has established her Lares and Penates, I tried to reconcile my imaginary craftswoman with the jolly voice that had talked with me over the telephone, but, incongruous as the two were, not once did it occur to me to reconstruct the being of my own brain. As I sauntered over a thick carpet of brown and yellow autumn leaves that was spread upon the woodland pathway leading to “Artemisia” I absorbed something of the charm of this bit of nature that lies hid within the gates of the bustling city and knew why, with other artists and writers, Mrs. Strobridge has cast her lot there. Like other creatures who love the wild, this woman who goes to nature for her inspiration has made her house as near the color of the falling leaves as paint can follow the tints of the Master Artist. No other shade could fit the surroundings as does this soft, dull brown, copied from Mother Earth.

As I rang the electric bell at the front door, or, rather, at one of the front doors, for each entrance faces one of the approaches, a matronly figure appeared at the end of the wide veranda and invited me to enter. Although I recognized the voice, I asked for Mrs. Strobridge, still harboring a fancy that I might be right even while acknowledging to myself how entirely out of place the vision of my idle fantasy would be in the substantial workshop upon the threshold of which I stood.

Work for Work’s Sake. “I am Mrs. Strobridge; and you are the lady who asked for a chat with me,” said the chatelaine, in courteous introduction. She was dressed for her work—there was no mistaking that fact. A long apron of a cheerful pink and white stripe covered her from neck to ankles; the sleeves were of the style that modistes call “demi-toilette,” ending in a fashionable loose cuff several inches above

the elbows. No words could have given the impression of earnest work that this garb did. As for the "shop," it is satisfying. What more or what better can be said? Evidently the craftswoman holds with William Morris that "nothing is beautiful that is not useful" and, carrying out his principles she has made tools of her daily toil a pleasure alike to eye and mind. Just within the door is a tall desk, its top holding a register that, except for the excellence of its workmanship, is the counterpart of that in any public institution. If Mrs. Strobridge should ever feel the fang of the wolf, this book might easily be the wizard to turn hunger aside, so many are the famous and priceless autographs inscribed there by those who are proud to show that they are friends of the woman who by her faith in the nobility of toil has invested it with dignity. The pens that tempt the visitor to enroll his name among those of earth's great ones lie in a wooden shoe that brings a vision of a land of dykes and picturesque peasant women. On its side in quaint characters is the couplet: "O, the clang of the wooden shoon / It rings in my heart for aye!"

Mrs. Strobridge told me that the sabot was carved from a bit of cottonwood by a homesick European peasant who bestowed it upon her before he turned his back on the new world whither he had been drawn by the lure of gold. Two business-like presses occupy the center of the room; bookcases take up the spare space at the ends and every inch on the sides is used for the different tools of the trade. "When did you learn book-binding, and where?" I asked, my interest too keen to be repressed. "In Nevada, on the desert. I spent many years there and the woman who has no occupation in that solitude is apt to grow rusty," was the ready reply. "Then you are not a stranger to the gentle art of book-making?" I hazarded, my fingers eager to reach some of the volumes on the shelves above my head that drew the eye with a promise of a rare treat. Mrs. Strobridge, following my straying glance, laughed a rippling laugh. "Those books are of double interest to me. They are my own stories that I have bound and—" "Your stories?" "Do you think that there should be a distinct line drawn between writing a book and putting it in covers?" she asked, point blank. "Well, it is not what I expected," was my frank rejoinder.

Then we fell to a discussion of how one woman has come into a two-fold heritage and Mrs. Strobridge told me of her happy girlhood days when, the only child and idol of wealthy parents, she had known no unfulfilled wish. She spoke feelingly of the sorrow that came to darken her life in the loss of the husband of her youth and of the broadening experience brought to her through the sweeping away in a few days of a vast fortune. "I really never knew what the earnestness of life was until I went to Nevada with my husband," she said. "There were days that we spent in the saddle and, oh," with a deep breath, "that was the very fulness of existence. Sweeping on through the splendid stretches of

country, never sleeping twice in the same camp, always learning something of what God meant His creatures to know. Once we took our horses and rode for weeks through the desert places of Nevada, far from where any railroad touched and far also from a stage route. Never do I expect to have such another experience. That was when I got my material for the book that I have on the shelf, 'In Miners' Mirage-Land.' We carried our own camp furniture, to the minutest detail, frying-pans as well as cameras and notebooks. Only twice did we cook our own food, however. We were the guests of cow-boys at the various camps. There are wonderful sights on the wide desert! Once we found a series of caves. One in particular was composed of vast chambers, their sides and roof of chalcedony. The roof was of a faint amber darkening in the walls to pale green, which gradually changed to deep violet. It was superb!" "The Government should preserve such places," I interpolated. "Yes," agreed Mrs. Strobridge, "but it does not, and I hear that sheep herders have taken possession of that magnificent natural castle and that its sides and walls are smoked black. It was during the days and nights in the desert that I heard the stories that are incorporated in the book. There are many prospectors there. None of them is young; many of them are very old but all have some tale to tell of fabulous mines that are awaiting re-discovery. If you could listen to one of those old fellows and not imbibe something of his faith, why you are a stronger minded woman than I, that is all. Even a night of sleep, sound desert sleep, often failed to take the phantoms completely from my brain. That is why I gave my book the name it bears. Most of the stories have already been published though."

When, with one of the coveted books really in my hands, after I had feasted my eyes upon the perfect workmanship of the binding and had enjoyed the soft coloring of the text, I caught sight of the illuminated capitals, a note of wonder broke from me: "You are a witch," I said, "and it is not fair that one woman should have so many gifts." "Isn't that illuminating beautiful?" Mrs. Strobridge said, enthusiastically. "That is all done by my father and he is an old man. He came around the Horn and was one of the earliest settlers in California. Oh, I can tell you, I am proud of my father." "But you surely do not spend all of your time at the press, Mrs. Strobridge? I suppose though, that women are crazy for your work." "Vanity, that is the leading passion," was the enigmatical response. "I recognize that and see how I am meeting the demand. I have created a bag of leather and hide mosaic," handing me a brown ooze bag, inlaid on the sides with a geometrical design formed of horse hide, the soft brown hair out. A cord of the same shade outlined the inlaid portion. The bag was lined with watered silk of a dull green and leather strings, the ends laced in what cow-boys call, "rattlesnake pattern," drew it up. "It is to be a genuine edition de luxe," said the maker.

From the workshop we wandered to the darkroom, where Mrs. Strobridge develops her desert pictures, for she adds photography to her arts and crafts. Then, as one leaves a rare gem to gladden the eyes to the last, she led me to her den, which is hidden in the center of the house, unsuspected by all but those who know the secret of the sliding panel-door. It is a rarely beautiful room, filled with costly oil paintings, each one of which was a gift from a great artist. Each article of furniture, each objet d'art means something more than an intrinsically valuable possession. We chatted until the deepening shadows warned me that I must run for my car if I was to dine at home. But before I left I had learned how a woman, busy with household tasks, may gather the plot for a story and jotting it down place it in an envelope for future reference. Mrs. Strobridge has six books formulated and material for two hundred and eighty short stories—and she does the housework for her mother, father and herself: “Method,” she says, “is the secret of what I accomplish.” Think of that, you idlers who would attain if you “could find time.”

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. Idah Meacham Strobridge (1855–1932) was a writer, bookbinder, printer, and bookseller. Her Arroyo Guild Press and Los Angeles shop helped make the Arroyo Seco arts-and-crafts world a center for finely made books and Western writing.

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Are Women's Clubs Worth While?

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 7, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 14

UNSIGNED

By The Club Woman

Is there anything the clubs have not done? Looking over the calendars one feels convinced that there is no subject in the encyclopedia, or out of it, that the leading organizations of Los Angeles have not explored, more or less superficially.

It makes me have a queer, confused feeling in the back part of my head when I think of what I have heard since the club season began. First, there is literature—ancient classical, modern classical, and “six-best-seller” classical. Personally, I like the last sort of literature because it is no tax on the higher attributes of the mind I hear so much about nowadays. I confess that the new novels are just wicked enough to make one able to endure wearing the dreary mask of absolute goodness one has to assume as a club member. Of course, I am “good” in the sense that I try to be as near the high and lofty standard of American womanhood as possible, but I should be quite discouraged by the knowledge of my shortcomings if it were not for the contemplation of the latest heroines of fiction. They make me feel as free from human frailties as I try to appear when I go among other women and with them pursue culture. And there is something exciting in the chance of becoming acquainted with women, who are not what the heroine in Marion Crawford’s last novel calls “technically virtuous.” It is strange how keen we women are to know these declassé persons on the printed page. We despise them in real life—at a distance—but in books we weep over their troubles.

It always astonishes me when the severest spinster in our club chooses as her subject a topic that one would suppose would let in an unholy red light upon the gray cloisters of her soul. I have listened to essays about the reprehensible loves of the poets and musicians that made me feel that I had wasted my life in not being able to find a congenial soul for whom I could sacrifice my spotless reputation. I remember how our club felt about Juliette Drouet and Victor Hugo. As I sat in my chair and tried to look as if my heart were a perfectly proper ball-bearing piece of mechanism, warranted to throb with conventional regularity, I was for the half hour enamored of romance of the left handed sort. Infidelity and immorality appeared grand and noble when

viewed through a literary haze and, as an organization, our club almost approved of it, for we have all ceased to blush since we finished our course of Bernard Shaw plays. After I had come back to the real world and found myself drinking tea with the air of one who had just finished the last international Sunday School lesson leaf, I wondered whether our club is not sometimes spiritually immoral even while it is always so “technically virtuous.” I am sure I felt ashamed of myself. But enough of literature.

Without mentioning in detail our art programs, which have followed the esthetic development of each country in succession, or our music outlines, which have reviewed the work of the composers from Palestrina to Arthur Farwell, naturally I skip to our miscellaneous subjects ranging from pure food to poor persons. We have lecturers and, one pure food day, a woman brought a whole laboratory with her for the purpose of showing us how to make tests to see whether the coffee was five-sixths chicory or only one-tenth adulterated. She also taught us how to find the formaldehyde in milk. After she had advised us to ascertain how often the cows that supply the dairies we patronize have carbolic acid baths, she said all the club women ought to make a fight for pure milk, as the lives of hundreds of infants were at stake. One or two members wanted us to agitate a campaign for the benefit of bottle babies, but our president was shocked. “We are not directly interested in babies,” she declared. “Why should we waste time we need for the study of the Igorrotes?” No one could give a satisfactory answer and the campaign in the interest of bottle babies is one of the things the clubs haven’t done.

There, I digressed from our miscellaneous subjects. Well, we have had programs on “Cruelty to Animals,” “The Independent Volition of Flowers as Indicated by the Wild Cucumber Vine,” “The Spread of Fletcherism, or Chewing as a Fine Art,” “The Cremation of Garbage,” and “Have Physicians a Right to Extend their Prerogative So That They Can Take Life More Frequently?” We have discussed vegetarian diet, Oslerism, California laws for women, forestry, irrigation, new theories of the alienists, public baths and college settlements.

But now that I have our season’s work I see that the clubs haven’t done—they’ve only talked. Between talking and doing there is as great a difference as there is between Northern California and Southern California. There, I must be fair and I have overlooked the fact that the clubs tried to celebrate Arbor day, but Providence interfered. They have aided the school children to improve school grounds. They have awakened interest in an art gallery, but their efforts have been scattered.

But I often think what a tremendous force we would all become if we could all unite on some great public reform. We have a potential power great enough to regulate the saloon evil, to compel the city to be kept clean and to prevent many frightful offenses against public decency, but we do not wish to do anything that would not be conventional.

Often I ask myself why our clubs do nothing for shop girls and other self-supporting women. I don't mean in the line of sweat shop and child labor agitation. I am not concerned in the patronizing sort of philanthropy that we now and then extend. Have we ever begun a new year with the pledge that each club member would take one unprotected girl, or one struggling woman under her protection? Suppose each of the 600,000 women represented by the General Federation watched over a girl who is in the wage struggle. Couldn't we prevent a lot of real-life plots for modern problem novels and plays from being acted to a tragic finish? I am not blaming the clubs more than I blame myself, but it is strange that, even though we are increasing in our knowledge of art and books and music, we do not add to our stock of practical altruism. Have we ever shared our club houses with the women who are part of the big problems we discuss? Have we ever done anything to improve the spiritual and intellectual lives of the women less lucky than ourselves? We have made spasmodic efforts, but they have amounted to little because we are so conscious of class distinctions that we act as if we were missionary societies when we attempt to carry out the universal sisterhood idea.

We haven't done anything that really counts for women—that is what we haven't done. And it seems a great deal! I am depressed by the idea. Therefore I shall do as all the other club members do. I shall forget about the Other Women. The easiest way is to go to my dressmaker. After all, may I not smother my conscience by reflecting that it would not be well to have our programs repeated, evenings, for the benefit of the toilers? The subject we might discuss might be bad for minds not educated up to the calm contemplation of wickedness in the masterpieces of genius. No, club life might not help the wage earners and the girls that will become the prey of the worst forces in city life. I shall put this serious thought about Duty out of my mind. Shall I have my new Rajah silk made in empire or princess style—that is a question I can decide.

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. The women's-club movement created audiences, libraries, lecture circuits, and forums for writers throughout Southern California. This skeptical essay is included because it records an argument within that culture rather than merely celebrating it.

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The Literary Matinee Infection

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 25, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 8

UNSIGNED

As a husband of one of the sixty-five patronesses of the Belasco literary matinees, I have recently obtained a few sidelights on the drama that are exceedingly illuminating to an everyday business man. Of course we men are not given to the sort of gossip that appears to entertain women, but now and then we have a temptation to tell our experiences and we yield to it. I feel that it is only fair to share what I have learned about the drama and dramatic criticism with the public.

Two months ago, when Mrs. Westlake said she was on the list of patronesses for the Chester Place pastoral, I did not pay much attention to her remark, for I was engrossed in a big mining scheme. Since real estate has been rather overdone by rival firms John Wesley Westlake & Company have been interested in ground floor propositions on promising gold, silver and copper properties. To tell the truth, I did not take time to think what a pastoral might be when given a Chester Place background and I need not say that I was surprised when I went to see "Romeo and Juliet" by moonlight. Afterward, when there was some trouble about the small amount of money realized from the big audience, Mrs. Westlake said she thought the players ought to be satisfied with the knowledge that they had enjoyed an artistic triumph. She explained that the expenses were too heavy for only one performance and that there was more or less vagueness about the returns from tickets.

So far as she was concerned she had put all the money she collected in the Japanese idol in my den and after the pastoral she had counted the dollars and sent her check. She was shocked when I told her that I had borrowed from the idol once or twice when I forgot to have a gold piece changed and she sent a supplementary check that was far more than double the amount I had embezzled while under the impression that I was helping myself from the household laundry fund.

It was a pleasure to lend the Westlake name to the literary matinee project a few weeks later, for Miss Constance Crawley is an artist whom I admire. Mrs. Westlake missed her clubs, during vacation time, and she felt that the matinees ought to mean more to the earnest student of modern drama than several seasons of clubs. I am free to say that I have no use for the problem play and I was secretly glad that business would prevent me from attending the Ibsen and d'Annunzio performances.

Mr. John H. Blackwood, manager of the Belasco Theater, sent out little booklets announcing the literary matinees. The booklets were most attractive typographically and Mrs. Westlake said they were in keeping with the aristocratic character of the matinees. Her name under the W's was most conspicuous. There was something laudatory concerning Miss Crawley, Mr. Harry Mestayer and Mr. Hobart Bosworth, but that did not interest her so much as the beauty of the paper and printing.

All the newspapers except one gave kindly notice to the important theatrical venture but the list of patronesses did not please the one or there was some other trouble, for we had to buy the Examiner and the News whenever Mrs. Westlake wanted to find out what the next play would be.

The day of the "Gioconda" matinee a lot of our friends came in from the beaches and we lunched at the club where there was a lot of talk about d'Annunzio and Duse. If the conversation had not been avowedly literary I should have called it a dissertation on scandal, but then I am merely a man who is a materialist. I believe in drawing the line somewhere, but nowadays I notice that women can speak of any subject if they do so in the name of art and literature. It was evident that a thrilling performance was expected and judging from what I heard at dinner that night the audience was not disappointed.

Mrs. Westlake said that she came away from "Gioconda" feeling dreadfully sad and "teary," even though she was horrified by the scene in which one large actress was carried away in a frenzy of denunciation. She thought Harry Mestayer was especially good in his delineation of what a weak man will come to if he is not watched. I could not find out much about his acting, but she mentioned his iron gray hair, his despondent stoop and his velvet dressing gown. He was stage manager as well as one of the stars and she thought that he gasped now and then as if he were tired from bossing the stage hands. Miss Crawley and Mr. Bosworth apparently were quite above reason for fault-finding from the ordinary point of view, but the criticism of the one antagonistic newspaper next day proved how little persons who have been around the world and have heard Duse in the original production know about d'Annunzio. Mrs. Westlake made the grand tour after I sold my famous subdivision and she passed a whole year in Italy, but, although she is said to be one of the best read of Los Angeles club women, she was all wrong in her estimate of the large actress, but so was the entire audience. I pointed out this fact to Mrs. Westlake and she answered that a man, whose acquaintance with journalistic methods was confined to paying for half pages in Sunday newspapers, was not qualified to jest on a subject so vital to the growth of culture on the coast. To punish me, she took me to the next matinee. I liked it, for Harry Mestayer as Romeo

surprised me. He was handsome, youthful and impassioned. Mrs. Westlake whispered that he was not Italian enough. She thought he lacked the divine fire. "Dago fire," you mean?" I answered, and she did not speak to me again for a whole act.

I thought the play was different from any previous performance of the great Shakespearean love story and Mrs. Westlake was pained because I did not know instantly that it was the Colley Cibber or some such version, of which she did not approve. I liked it, however, and I mentioned it on the stock exchange because Miss Crawley's Juliet and Mr. Bosworth's Mercutio were worth seeing by any one who appreciates the best in the actor's profession. There would have been a crowd at the second performance but Mr. Mestayer retired from the combination of stars in which he was the only local orb. Some one told Mrs. Westlake that he decided that the literary drama was too much of an intellectual strain. I joined the "white squadron," the other night. I took special pains to ask him why he did not continue to interpret heroes who ought to be in sanitariums or madhouses. He made no direct reply, but shook his head as if he had sad, sad memories of his brief experiment as star and manager of literary matinees. He looked like a man who needed a vacation far from the reach of the antagonistic or any other newspaper which declines to recognize an artistic effort because of some petty prejudice. I tried to encourage him to give up his ambition to show matinee girls and club women what a wicked world this is, but he assumed a forbidding manner and ordered another stein of beer.

Because one Mestayer does not make a literary matinee the Belasco theater opened its doors for two performances of "Pelleas and Melisande." This step appeared to Mrs. Westlake a foolish one because she said that the Maeterlinck play would not "act." I asked whether it had a wicked theme and she said it was not exactly wicked--no, it merely treated of love which was not right. "Then it will hold attention," I prophesied. I went to the performance out of curiosity and was amazed to see what was one of the most remarkable plays I ever attended. It seemed to me it was perfectly acted and that the scenery was good, but the antagonistic newspaper found fault next day. But I don't blame the critic because it is the custom for dramatic editors to enjoy performances by lounging in the lobby when they are napping in a box, and it would not do at all to write cheering, pleasant things about the poor, hard working actors. I have never known many dramatic critics, but those I have known I have met at cigar stands during the second and third acts of plays.

Mrs. Westlake read each adverse criticism with indignation, but one morning when she discovered an editorial insinuating that all the patronesses were "literary prigs," she was speechless for a moment.

Then she said she thought I ought to take my Sunday advertisements out of a newspaper that referred so disrespectfully to a member of the Westlake family, but I made her understand that a business man had to take the larger view and hope that country journalism would not last forever in Los Angeles. Mrs. Westlake thought I might be right, but she insisted that it seemed unjust an actress like Miss Crawley should be the victim of local feuds. I agreed with her and took occasion to remind her how much better the domestic life is than the professional life. We gave a dinner party in honor of Miss Crawley, who is going north for an engagement that will make her forget all her Los Angeles experiences, and while we all agreed that though literary matinees were most successful from an artistic point of view, they were invaluable as a means of discovering facts, that, like Mr. Dooley's famous theories, had to be undiscovered again.

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. Literary matinees and author lectures turned writers into public performers. The essay's satire also documents the social machinery—clubs, invitations, introductions, and fashionable audiences—through which literature circulated in Los Angeles.

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Idols of Education

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 19, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 16

UNSIGNED

Touching a few of the vagaries of the present educational system in America, and the graver faults that threaten the purposes of higher education, Prof. Charles Mills Gayley has uttered a well-timed note of alarm in "Idols of Education." But while he speaks as one with authority and the justice of much of his criticism is beyond denial, there is a pedagogical playing with words and subjects that irritatingly resembles pedantry. There is also an odious, and rather unfair, comparison with English institutions of learning, and it is scarcely just when he says that "In the hurry of mundane pursuits the student rarely halts to read, rarely to consider; rarely to discuss the concerns of the larger life." His bitter inveighing against "non-academic or campus activities" recalls the suggestion of another notable commentator recently, who pointed out the leveling effect of these same objectionable "activities." Undoubtedly, there are many "bandar logs"—too many, in fact; it is regrettable that so many are forced to be "men of Argos," and the "staggers" trouble not a few earnest scholars, but there is an ever-increasing desire for real culture and a corresponding improvement in methods—even with the confusion of "fads." Among the legion of other "idols" Mr. Gayley finds those of "Inevitable Grace and Numbers," of "Quick Returns," of "Parade," of the "Lecture Room," of "Caprice and Play"—but the greatest of these are "Inevitable Grace," "Caprice" and "Quick Returns," resulting in the "collapse of culture." In justice, be it said, his exceptions are well taken in presenting serious dangers in our educational system, and the array of his own particular "idols" offers rational and highly practicable suggestions that should interest all hoping for universal higher culture. ("Idols of Education." By Prof. Charles Mills Gayley. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Source scan page 7. Charles Mills Gayley (1858–1932) was a literary scholar and professor at the University of California. The review responds to his criticism of American universities, education, and intellectual life.

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Poets' Corner at the Expositions

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 22, 1915 · VOL. XLV, NO. 25

UNSIGNED

Exception is taken by the erudite and dis- + cursive "Yorick" of the San Diego Union to Mrs. Eunice Tietjens' complaint that literature is not receiving sufficient recognition at the California expositions. She says art, painting and sculpture are in evidence, and that music is treated as a legitimate form of entertainment, but literature, both prose and poetry, is seemingly ignored. "Yorick" feigns to think that literature is not essential; that there is no American literature worth exploiting and nearly all the foreign literature is at war. He asks Mrs. Tietjens what form her literary exhibit would take at the California expositions. Shall it be an exhibition of products or performers? Shall we, he asks, appoint a jury to select the 'literary remains' of authors living and dead? or shall we assemble the living authors in a "congress" and let them collaborate upon themselves and their art? like the "happy family" annex of a circus menagerie. He promises to send Mrs. Tietjens a bronze plaque by parcel post, all charges prepaid—how otherwise?—if she will enlighten him.

Inasmuch as Mrs. Tietjens' bill of complaint appeared originally in *The Graphic* it may be that we have a vicarious commission to speak for the talented poet whose association with Hartiet Monroe in the publication of *Poetry* has revealed the exposition critic as one in authority to express divergent opinions. Her argument that poetry is a "fine art" and in its present renaissance a distinct feature of the cultural progress of our country, ergo, worthy of representation at a national exposition, strikes us as a sound postulate. Surely, she contends, largely considered, poetry is of as much ultimate value as poultry, which occupies more than an acre of space. As to the manner of exhibiting verse her suggestion is that a jury of contemporary poets, reinforced by a professor of literature from one of the universities, and, perhaps, an editor, would be fully as competent to judge the volumes submitted as are contemporary painters to judge the canvases. The volumes accepted could be ranged in book-shelves in a quiet room, where the public could browse at will. "Then," she adds, "since the music of the spoken word is half the magic, periodical readings could be given, either by visiting poets or by someone competent to read their works."

There is nothing bizarre or impractical in her suggestion, we submit. When we consider the wide interest taken in dramatic poetry by all the clubs and reading circles, as well as in cultured homes, the plan of

inviting our modern poets to a congress offers great attraction. With Percy Mackaye, Vachel Lindsay, the “Gospel of Beauty” protagonist; Edgar L. Masters of the Spoon River Anthology fame; Edwin L. Markham, George Sterling, our own John McGroarty, Harriet Monroe, Eunice Tietjens, who reads poetry with admirable dramatic interpretation, and a score of other living poets of acknowledged merit in American annals of literature, in attendance, a successful gathering were assured. Then, too, Alfred Noyes might be lured to the coast and perhaps John Masefeld and Stephen Phillips, Popular? We venture to say the poets’ section at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco would be a foadstone of cultural traffic and repay all expense to the management a hundredfold. Even as the congress of religions at Chicago made a palpable hit so also would the poets’ corner at San Francisco prove a ten-strike. Go to, Brother Yorick! Thou art beside thyself for carping at Mrs. Tietjens’ well-entered complaint.

Source scan page 4. The proposed Poets’ Corner and authors’ congress at the California expositions link literary organization to the era’s great civic spectacles. The piece names Edwin Markham, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Percy MacKaye, and others as possible participants.

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2

California and the West

*Regional memory, landscape, and the effort to define
a literature particular to California.*



Through Ramona's Country

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 27, 1909 · VOL. —, NO. 13

UNSIGNED

Where the sunny valleys slope up to the green hills, and the hills melt into the purple mountains, and the mountains scallop the clear, blue sky—this is Ramona's country, and the subject of George Wharton James' latest book, "Through Ramona's Country." In this, Mr. James, with evident truthfulness and entire sympathy, gives one the real facts about Ramona's author and the book itself, that book so filled with pictures and people and the life of Southern California. He tells, in the first place, how and why Ramona was written. After Mrs. Jackson's (Helen Hunt) official report on the injustice with which the Mission Indians were treated, had been ignored by the "national conscience," she was inspired with the same thought under which Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and decided to try to reach the feelings of the people through a novel. Above all things, the American people like to be amused; indeed they will even swallow information and instruction, if one only wraps them up in an interesting sugar coating.

Ramona, the novel, Mr. James points out, is part truth and part fiction. Many of the descriptions are true to nature, though no doubt Mrs. Jackson took the hacienda, and placed it near the house of another, or moved the whole ranch to a different part of the country. Her incidents, too, teem with that old Spanish life and reflect the customs and daily duties of the time. They are essentially true and Mrs. Jackson, with rare skill pieced them into the fabric of her story. So, also, with the people. Sam Temple, the original of Jim Farar, lived until last year. Aunt Ri is still living at San Jacinto, and in Chapter X she gives an interesting account of Sam Temple's killing of Juan Diego, the incident which Mrs. Jackson uses in the ending of Alessandro. The latter's death and some dispute as to his identity are enlarged upon in a chapter devoted to him, defining the imagination and fact which the author mingled in the description of that character. As Mr. James insists, 'It cannot be too plainly stated that there was no real Ramona.

"Mrs. Wolfe, a bright, intelligent half-breed, was probably the original of the description of personal appearance and general characteristics of the heroine, Ramona. Mr. James relates several stories which might have suggested her elopement with the Indian, the keynote of the novel, but he quotes Susan Coolidge's statement about two Rossetti heads, a man's and a woman's, which H. H. had on her desk: "They were exactly her idea of what Ramona and Alessandro looked like... It was a purely ideal story." The story of the Cahuilla Ramona, a full-blood Indian, told by the woman herself to Mr. James, is treated by him with great sympathy. She tells of the killing of her husband by

Sam Temple, and there is no doubt that this incident, simply removed to another location, is the original of the death of Alessandro. mona Lubb talked into Mr. graphophone, and his persuading her to put aside her terrors of that infernal machine, are almost as interesting as the story.

Her version Radifficulties in -

My. James recites many tales of the Indians, human sort of stories, which make one believe that they are, after all, real people, instead of more or less grotesque and detached statues, — while their legends, folklore and customs are replete with interest. They are a simple people, full of poetic feel- — The chief art in ing and imagination. instinct finds expression in basketry. Art, Mr. James observes, never happens. Mr. James, by the way, has an excellent book on the subject of Indian basketry.

"The stories of the evictions of the Indians in Ramona are absolute facts, save that for dramatic purposes the order of occurrence is not adhered to." Treachery, dishonesty and greed on the part of the whites,

aided by the simplicity and ignorance of the Indians, and the ensuing oppression and evictions, were the immediate causes for Ramona.

the end of the

James adds several chapters, pertaining less directly to the story of Ramona, but which throw a light on the country of her day, and also on the author. And, lastly, there is a chapter, as in all good California books, entitled "A Climatic Wonderland." It needs no comment. The book is well written, of course, and intensely interesting to one who is in any degree willing to learn the truth about the Indians and the country of which we have dispossessed them, (Through Ramona's Country. By George Wharton James. Little, Brown & Co.)

Source scan page 7. George Wharton James (1858–1923) was a prolific writer and lecturer on the American Southwest. This notice connects his travel book with Helen Hunt Jackson, Mission history, Indigenous life, and Southern California's literary mythology.

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Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 27, 1909 · VOL. —, NO. 17

UNSIGNED

Here in Southern California the people are, above all things, loyal to the picturesque and romantic country in which they live. To them no land is so beautiful, no climate so delightful, no people so interesting, and no life so thrilling. And so they live the free, open life of their country; their pictures are of the snowy mountains or fields of poppies or other flowers; their music echoes that of the mocking-bird and the meadow lark; their literature reflects the romance peculiar to the life. Especially do authors and their readers love to go back to the good old days before the gringos drove out the Indians and covered their fertile valley with networks of railways and great paved cities. Mrs. A. S.C. Forbes has written a most delightful volume of stories about those half-forgotten days, when the Spanish dons held their courts at their great haciendas, and the mission fathers ruled and taught the neophytes.

The stories in "Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons" reflects most charmingly that merry, care-free, irresponsible life, so Latin in its essence, when tears melted into laughter and mourning followed close upon the gayest song. The theme of the book, of course, is love, accompanied "by sighs, shy glances, treachery, heartache and joy everlasting. Of joy there is little in the book. Most of the tales end in lives saddened by death or embittered by faithlessness. For in those old days the lover who so ardently wooed his lady-love on her balcony was, at times, as false and cowardly and careless as he is now. His gayly embroidered jacket covered a cold heart, and, perhaps, her lace reboso shaded dark, lustrous eyes which were still on the lookout for the main chance. But sad as most of the stories end, they are full of the gaiety and dignity of those days. Mrs. Forbes seems to have caught successfully the mission atmosphere and life of the Indians, who first fought the missions and later clung to them. Here are the good padres, blessing, teaching, helping the natives, and here, too, are the mis-guided ones, driving and using the red men like cattle and treating them with harshness.

They are simple stories, all of them, and simply told as they should be. Among the best is the sad one of the Matilijas, who were among the last of the tribes to be driven or enticed into mission San Juan Capistrano. After the capture of most of the tribe, the chief's daughter stole away from the mission and rejoined the remnant of her people,

including her father and > her lover. only to have her wedding dance interrupted by the soldiers who were searching for her. She escaped. but later returned to the side of her dying lover in time to see him draw his last breath, and now they lie in one grave, for “with his spirit went the love-dream of the fairest of all the Matilija maidens.” There is the touching story of “Wana and Ahzi- Papoose,’ who went in search of food when the mission supply had been exhausted, and who were followed by Wana’s sister, never to return. The book is attractively illustrated and ornamented by Langdon Smith, a young artist of Pasadena. Each page is illuminated in soft green and the title pages are especially effective. (“Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons.” By Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes. A. C. Me- Clurg & Co.)

Source scan page 7. Percival J. Cooney was a Southern California writer of historical and regional fiction. The review weighs atmosphere, historical romance, and the representation of Mission-era and Indigenous life.

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California Classics: Charles Warren Stoddard

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 22, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, NO. 8

UNSIGNED

Nothing better than the late Charles Warren Stoddard's poetic appreciation of the Land of Sunshine has marked the California Classic Series. In a number of graceful verses Mr. Stoddard caught the spirit of the sunny southland, his "Apostrophe to the Skylark" and "The Bells of San Gabriel" standing as fitting memories of his work. A short story, "Joe of Lahaina," and a pathetic glimpse of leper life are also included in the collection. George Wharton James, the well-known author and lecturer, contributes an appreciation of Mr. Stoddard that is especially interesting. ("Charles Warren Stoddard." California Classic Series. Arroyo Guild Press.)

Source scan page 14. Charles Warren Stoddard (1843–1909) was a California poet, travel writer, and member of the San Francisco literary circle that included Bret Harte. This notice argues for preserving his work as part of a regional canon.

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Two Years Before the Mast

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 9, 1911 · VOL. XXXVI, NO. 2

UNSIGNED

It is a continuous story which the latest Houghton, Mifflin Co. edition of "Two Years Before the Mast" tells. In addition to the original narrative of Dana's celebrated voyage around the Horn on the brig Pilgrim, together with the interesting "Twenty-four Years After," recounting the author's second visit to the Pacific coast, this time as a passenger, and with a reminiscent eye on former places visited. The wonderful change in aspect of San Francisco bay, for example, in the quarter of a century, is graphically drawn, old acquaintances are passed in review transition in customs from the Spanish of pre-Gringo days to the bustling activities of 1859 panoramically revealed. From the northern metropolis southward to San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara and San Pedro, with the famous coach drive to Los Angeles, "a large and flourishing town of about twenty thousand inhabitants" (350,000 now), then on to San Diego, not forgetting the cliffs of San Juan by the sea, from which the young sailor of the 30's had swung down by a pair of halyards to save a few hides. Says Dana: "The little town of San Diego has undergone no change whatever that I can see. It certainly has not grown. It is still, like Santa Barbara, a Mexican town." What would Dana say, now, of San Diego, if he were alive to revisit that beautiful and thriving port?

It is "Seventy-six Years After" of which the author's son, Richard Henry Dana III, treats in the sequential story begun by his distinguished father in 1835. It is of interest that this son also made the voyage around the Horn in 1879-80, as a passenger, in a full-rigged ship, visiting the scenes made familiar by "Two Years Before the Mast." The son informs us that all the author received from the publisher for his sea classic was \$250 and two dozen printed copies of the book. But the London publisher, voluntarily (there being no international copyright) sent Mr. Dana a sum of money larger than he received for the manuscript. In 1868 the original copyright having expired, the author brought out a revised edition including the "Twenty-four Years After" personal addenda. The son advises: "In reading the story of this Harvard College undergraduate's experience, one should bear in mind, to appreciate the dangers of rounding the Cape that the brig Pilgrim was only 180 tons burden and 86 feet, 6 inches long, shorter on the water line than many of our summer sailing sloop and schooner yachts."

If his father was impressed by the remarkable changes on the coast from 1835 to 1859, the son found the difference in 1911 even more marked and his comments are of particular appeal to Californians. The history of his father's shipmates, the final disposition of the *Pilgrim* and the *Alert* and the recital of other details combine to make an additional chapter of profound interest to all readers of the original story. It is curious that the son omits to mention the thrilling experience his father encountered voyaging from San Francisco to Hawaii in 1859–60, when the steamer on which he took passage was burned to the water's edge and he and others on board were rescued and taken to Honolulu by an English vessel. It was only a year ago that the author's daughter and granddaughter visited the coast for the first time and were escorted by Judge Egan of San Juan Capistrano to the cliffs where the elder Dana took such chances on his life seventy-five years before. The present edition is delightfully illustrated with colored plates, line drawings and maps, and rejoices in a full index. The cover bears a vignette in colors of the *Pilgrim* under full sail and a fair wind. A more satisfying edition of this California masterpiece it were hard to conceive. ("Two Years Before the Mast." By Richard H. Dana, Jr. Illustrated by Boyd Smith. Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

Source scan page 11. Richard Henry Dana Jr. (1815–1882) was an American lawyer and writer whose maritime memoir became a foundational account of Mexican-era California. The review discusses textual additions, publishing history, and later reception.

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The Dons of the Old Pueblo

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 12, 1914 · VOL. XLV, No. 2

UNSIGNED

Percival J. Cooney, author of “The Dons of the Old Pueblo,” is a resident of Los Angeles, connected with the public schools. He writes with an easy pen and with thorough sympathy. As frontispiece there is a sketch map, entitled “The Land of the Dons and the Places Mentioned in the Story,” which prepares the reader for the realistic touch present throughout the book. The imaginative association with the past, such as is provided to the youth of other countries by historic castles and other memorials, is an element regrettably absent in the education of many young Americans, and can, in most cases, only be furnished by travel.

Here in Southern California, happily, a romantic past which lasted till the middle of last century makes the landscape full of a warm human interest. Young people may enliven their Saturday and holiday expeditions with talks of the days of Flores and the Picos, and Fremont and Kearney in spots permanently associated with their deeds. Mr. Cooney’s book fills a needed place in our local literature, by giving Los Angeles and its neighborhood something of the charm which Walter Scott threw around Stirling and Kenilworth. His modest preface, with its closing genial reference to the Latin races, from whom the “Anglo-Celt may learn much of kindliness of heart and speech, of poise-ful dignity, of the graceful, gentler art of living,” is in excellent taste.

(“The Dons of the Old Pueblo: A Love Tale of Old California.” By Percival J. Cooney. Rand, McNally & Co.)

Source scan page 12. Percival J. Cooney’s regional historical fiction is read here in relation to Southern California history and the tradition of Walter Scott.

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Tales of California Yesterdays

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 9, 1916 · VOL. XLIX, NO. 24

UNSIGNED

Eighteen stories, all redolent of eucalyptus and sage brush, from the pen of Rose Ellerbe, president of the Southern California Women's Press Club and weaver of many California fancies that have made her a delightful pen acquaintance in many local households, have been collected under one cover and done into a book by Warren T. Potter, a local publisher. Every one of these stories has a peculiar charm of its own, perhaps the most artistic being "The Faith of His Mother," a fragile bit of handmade lace with a religious tone, "The Fate of His Race," which depicts the plight of Poor Lo, "The Cooks of San Gabriel," peeing a delicious variation of the decision of Paris with a spice of humor, "A Tooth—and a Tooth," a marriage of convenience that turned out well. "In the Shadow of the Mission" also has a beauty that is full of poetry and pearl tints—but why make comparisons or at-

Prof. Wm. Lyon Phelps, author of "The Advance of The English World"

tempt hints of the pictures drawn, Miss Ellerbe's work is too well known here to need local recommendation beyond the word that they are good and typically Californian. ("Tales of Yesterdays." By Rose Ellerbe. Warren T. Potter, publisher. Bullock's.)

Source scan page 19. Rose Ellerbe was a California writer and president of the Southern California Women's Press Club. The review places her regional stories within the institutional literary culture of Los Angeles.

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Edmund Mitchell's Call of the Bells

by **J. M. D.**

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 17, 1917 · VOL. L, No. 8

"Call of the Bells"

The Celtic Club of Los Angeles will welcome their twice-time President's new book. Mr. Edmund Mitchell is a veteran writer, who long ago won his spurs in the field of the novel, and has called on several other continents to furnish him with material for his pencraft. He now makes use of a dozen years spent in the Golden State to build a story that evidently comes from his soul. "The Call of the Bells" reveals the author's familiarity with the Colorado desert, the smiling region of the San Gabriel valley, the spreading city of Los Angeles, and the labor-torn San Francisco. The hero of the tale is introduced to the reader as a drunken young hobo, stranded on the Colorado desert. who steals a ride on a freight train, which enables him "to break the bonds of association with a thief (his quondam companion) and make his way out of the desert of desolation toward the narrow portal of the promised land." But he arrives at Riverside only to fall a victim to temptation, and steal a rich man's purse. It is as a thief he listens to the music of the bells issuing from the belfry of the Mission Inn at Riverside. A girl is ringing out on the music bells the old Jacobite song, with its plaintive refrain, "Will ye no come back again." It recalls Donald Brodie to his better self, and he thinks of his good Scotch mother living at St. Louis. "Oh, my God," he sobbed aloud, "would my mother love me now—a drunkard and a thief?"

Next we find him as a fugitive at Claremont, among the worshippers in the College Church listening to the intense appeal of a world-celebrated preacher. This is the turning point of his career. From that evening he rejects the whiskey bottle and enters on a new life? How he gives himself up to justice, makes good with the help of a benevolent Los Angelan who has devoted his life to the cause of the oppressed—the name given him Rev. John Dana reveals his nersonality—gets back to his mother at St. Louis and himself becomes devoted to slum work; this is the first hinge of the story. A chance meeting with the dissipated son of a wealthy

San Francisco manufacturer, whom he and his mother befriends, and he himself had been befriended, draws him back again to the Pacific Coast. This is the second hinge. There he plays a fine part in labor

troubles, wins the wife of his choice, and all ends happily. The book is full of inspiring lessons. (“The Call of the Bells.’ By Edmund Mitchell. Menzies Publishing Co.)

Source scan page 10. Edmund Mitchell was a novelist and twice president of the Celtic Club of Los Angeles. The notice connects an established writer to California settings and to the city’s organized literary life.

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Novels and Short Fiction

*Reviews of American, British, European, and California fiction,
from social realism to historical romance and satire.*



On Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth*

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 23, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 25

UNSIGNED

I have been reading a masterly article on "Social Ideals" by Dr. Charles Waldstein in the North American Review. The essay was suggested by the reading of Mrs. Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth" which in my humble judgment is the greatest American novel yet written. "It is," says Dr. Waldstein, "a tragedy; not only because it ends with the death of the heroine, but because the heroine loses life's greatest prizes—the true love of a lover and her own self-esteem. She loses what every human soul more or less consciously strives for, a deep and at once concentrated and reciprocated affection of a kindred human being, free from, and above, all worldly and conventional considerations; and she loses this because of conditions which are ephemeral and fortuitous. She also loses the all-pervading moral sense of the harmonious relation between her actual life and the ideal of that life which dominates the soul of every human being with greater or less clearness and consciousness. It is upon this harmony of our moral sense that our self-

esteem depends. It is a soul's tragedy. But the essential element in a tragedy as a work of art is that it should force the reader or spectator into sympathy with the fate which is developed before his eyes. This is the true poetic justice in literature; not so much that the guilty should be punished, as that our sympathy and our emotions should be justified by the artistic presentation, the artistic form."

But it is particularly Dr. Waldstein's analysis of a "society"—"set" created—and Society, the co-ordination of "lasting general human laws" that interests one. Lily Bart's struggle and tragedy lay "between the ideals, the standards or, at least, the aspirations of a narrow society or set and those of human society as a whole." "The disease," writes Dr. Waldstein, who is an American by birth, a doctor of philosophy of a German university, a professor in classical archaeology in Cambridge university, England, and one of the most thorough citizens of the world I have ever met, "the disease which leads to tragic issues is often to be found in the fact that this wide conception of society has degenerated in the minds and hearts of shallow and vulgar-minded people, until its big meaning and purport are entirely lost, and it merely comes to mean the outer tinsel and glittering attributes of a group of wealthy people, who stand prominently before the eyes of the public on a pinnacle of newspaper publicity, in which their trivial acts and the articles of their apparel are heralded to a gaping and envious crowd. These are the people who then set the 'tone' for a whole nation, a tone which reverberates through the streets and slums of cities into the very country lanes, penetrating into the homes of every class, intruding into the harmony of their existence, and often ending in its distant echo with a discord which turns life into low comedy and sometimes into tragedy."

"Now, this 'society', this beau monde, which has replaced the deep conception of society in setting the standards and laws of civilized communities, as Mrs. Wharton describes it in New York, exists everywhere. It is no longer beautiful with the background of chivalry; it is essentially vulgar in its taste and in its influences. The tone is illiterate and uninteresting; there is only the brilliancy of wealth and the glitter of jewels. What there is of ingenuity is to be found in devising new and splendid forms of entertainment; and herein the native inventiveness manifests itself in ministering to the pampered palates of those who have an insatiable hunger for entertainment. But this entertainment is always 'mouvementé', never reposeful, never calculated for people when they are alone or in smaller groups. There is manifest in the life of these people the hypertrophy of the gregarious instinct; there is no time allowed in the program of such house parties for restful seclusion with a book or a lonely walk or ride; only, perhaps, in the hours of the morning, when the women rise late and the men rush off to Wall Street, is there seclusion and peace. The presence of Wall Street is

felt permeating the whole,—the most brilliant of fêtes champêtres, a cruise on the wide expanse of sea, a ride through country lanes. Though Mrs. Wharton has with delicacy shrunk from obtruding it grossly, she has made use of it in the fate of her heroine in a complicated and dramatic situation.”

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. Edith Wharton’s The House of Mirth appeared in 1905. This essay responds to Lily Bart’s fate and to the novel’s social criticism rather than merely summarizing its plot.

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An English Estimate of H. G. Wells's Latest Work

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 1, 1906 · VOL. XXV, NO. 22

UNSIGNED

Mr. Wells, who has hitherto concerned himself with imaginary commonwealths, has brought his mind back to the present and the tangible, and has written a study of the American people. Another brilliant writer has already performed the same task, but between the works of Professor Munsterberg and Mr. Wells there is a profound difference of aim. The former analyses the American mind as a finished product, and speculates not at all on the future; the latter looks for signs of change, motive forces, a national ideal—in his own words, his is a “search after realities.” The one book is the work of a dispassionate scientific observer, the other is the expression of an original temperament, filled with dreams of a World-State, a Utopia of Pure Reason, a Socialism so divorced from the current creed that he might rightly claim it as a private cult. Mr. Wells sets out on his inquiry in the mood of happy wonder. The marvelous is perpetually in his eyes, but it is not what the world so labels. “The pomp and splendor of established order, the braying triumphs, ceremonies, consummations, one sees these glittering shows for what they are—through their threadbare grandeur shine the little significant things that will make the future.” For all his science, he is not scientific. “Insight is of more account than induction, and the perception of fine tones than the counting of heads.” Hence the things in America which impress the common observer go with him for little. He is not dazzled by mercantile bigness or by superfine culture. He asks, not what the nation has done, but what it will do, what is the quality of its will, the form of its purpose. His hero, as he confesses, “in the confused drama of human life is intelligence; intelligence inspired by constructive passion.” And he is undeniably right. A study of a national life which takes the present as the ultimate achievement is doomed to barrenness. The business of the student is to disentangle the lines of development, and, if he be bold, to forecast their issue. Again, in the study of a nation it is the civic qualities that matter, not irrelevant triumphs in art or letters or social amenities. But, if we may suggest a criticism, it is possible to interpret such civic qualities too narrowly. Mr. Wells is occasionally as blatantly utilitarian as the mercantile community he condemns. Why, for example, should it be necessary, in

urging the need for rational and broad-minded education, to sneer at Greek because it is a dead tongue? But such small defects scarcely detract from the interest of a most remarkable book. No bird's-eye view of a nation that we know has a keener imaginative insight. The Socialism which Mr. Wells uses as his touchstone is no abstract dogma, but merely the antithesis of his "State-blindness," the sense of a supreme corporate duty. We should call it "patriotism" for clearness' sake, but any man is free to make his own definitions. The book is illuminating in the fullest sense, a criticism not only of America, but of all civilized society, and it is written in a style which is always attractive and rises now and then to uncommon beauty and power. For Mr. Wells is as much poet as sociologist. He sees his data not greyly set out on a laboratory table, but touched with the eternal mystery of human hopes and fears.

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. H. G. Wells (1866–1946) was already known for scientific romances and social prophecy. The review shows an American weekly receiving him not simply as an entertainer but as a serious analyst of modern society.

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Almost a Great Book: Together

by **M. H. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 12, 1908 · VOL. —, NO. 15

There is little to feed the vanity of women in Robert Herrick's latest book, "Together." In fact, at several points in the first ten chapters one is tempted to cry out, "Oh, no, Mr. Herrick, it isn't so bad as that!" It is justice to say, as a beginning, that

«Together» is almost a great book.

It has power and it has purpose, though what that purpose is each reader must decide for Mr. Herrick has arranged an appalling row of shoes, to fit where they may. With a daring touch he has grasped the deepest prob-

Jems of present day living, and gives them baldly to his readers. He is, above all, a serious novelist; there is no attempt at fine writing, no poetic fights of rhetoric; if he had chosen a text it might have been, "Who would save his life must lose it."

There is little beauty in the story, except the beauty of common, vital things. As Vickers Price looks out upon the traffic in the street from the office building where he is to "exchange his visions of things beautiful in a world of joy?" for the dull routine of business, he tries to hear his particular note, his bit of harmony from all the volume of sound, but his longing for beauty is answered only by the roar of the city below. So the reader, looking for romance, for joy, for things gay and glad in Mr. Herrick's story, will hear only the discord of humanity in his ears. Only the "still small voice" within sings of hope.

The statements are sweeping and the judgments severe. If "Together" is the beginning of a series of pictures of life, one could grant it everything it seems to claim, but if it is a finished picture, a balanced conception, one with the proportions well considered, then serious exceptions must be taken. The women are a poor lot. If the average rau so low in one's circle of acquaintance anywhere in this land, then indeed there would be cause for dismay in the mind of every good American.

Isabel Lane resenting the coming of her child; Mrs. Conry, shallow, sensual, selfish, loveless; Margaret Pole, intellectual, bitter and unsatisfied; Cornelia Woodyard, the vampire; Bessie Falkner, extravagant, sacrificing everything to the "social gift" which satisfied her vanity—only Alice Johnston is a real mother, a conscientious comrade to

her husband—one in six who holds out hope for the race, and yet we boast of our Civilization!

Happily, there are more Alice Johnstons than Mr. Herrick suspects, and they do not all live on back streets. Sometimes, too, they stir away from the babies without either deserting or neglecting them, and sometimes they manage to preserve a waist line, miraculously.

Is it true that only men have deep feeling, are able to think clearly, act ing nor luring. upon principle, and not always upon impulse, long for children and cherish them when they come? It is well to deplore the maelstrom into which business men are hurled, but is it fair to accuse the vanity of women of pushing them in? There is much to be said of the institution of marriage, for and against. It may be as maiming to the soul and the spirit as foot-binding, it may be a survival of paganism, it may be an empty form and as dead as the dodo, really. the spirit of marriage is alive, vitally

But on the other hand,

‘alive, and because of it, or in spite of it—who shall say?—women have grown fine and brave and strong. And it should be remembered also that it is a man-made institution, and all the weaknesses of the artisan are in it.

Mr. Herrick asks: “O, women, what have you done with the souls of men?” Women might aptly reply: “We have borne the souls of men, in the conditions set by men, so don’t complain.” There have been betrayals on both sides. The longings, the restlessness, the futile reaching out for intellectual attainments, are all felt by this intuitive depicter of souls, but they are not so petty as he shows them. There is something that he has missect.

The great American novel is still to be written, although as children say in blind man’s buff, Mr. Herrick is “warm.” He has given us our political monstrosities in clear lines, the selfishthe insidious heresies that have been imbibed by every smallest member of the trusts and monopolies stand out from his pages. The pretense and pettiness of the women, their narrow, restless lives, their parrot-like echoings of the platitudes of the men, may all be true enough, but there is something more deeply true which is nowhere felt in Mr. Herrick’s book, and by so much it misses greatness. There is a fine inness of business is felt, tegrity of soul which is distinctively a national trait, in spite of all the superficialities. It is a type which Mr. Herrick presents—and then betrays.

Margaret Pole is a high-minded, clear-thinking courageous woman; the mother of three children whom she loves and lives with, the vital

influencee of their lives. She is married to a man whom she despises. She finally meets the man whom she loves in the highest sense, he restores her deadened life, vivifies her soul. But they are both married and must part. This is the conversation at what they consider their last interview:

“Would it be easier,” ly. “if for a time we

“If for a little while we left the world behind us and went away—to know all?”

“We should be happier But I cannot ask it.”

“It would be better so.” she whispered dreamily. “I will go!”

And she did—in the book. Three days they took “out of all eternity for themselves,” out of which should be borne “encourage for the future.”

she asked slawhad all?”

To a woman of Margaret Pole’s type courage would not come that way. Quite apart from her obligation to her vows, above her duty to her children would stand her need to be true to herself, to preserve a fine integrity of soul that she might live forever at peace with herself. In denying her this Mr. Herrick has betrayed the woman as he made her, and uttered a false note in the life of the story. An honest soul plays the game according to the rules, to shirk is small and mean.

For this gross departure Mr. Herrick’s effort seems to have incurred the displeasure of the censor of the Los Anit taboo. Let it be said that the Yeung Person is not likely to be attracted toward the book, as it is neither allur- As for the maturer mind the work carries its own antidote.

Mr. Herrick settles no problems. He sums up, by inference, in his last chapters, that the race is won by two and two, and never by one and one. The eternal sex question still remains open; whether marriage, as it is, is a success or a failure, he does not say. As to whether socialism is a remedy he is mute. The mysterious force that chooses and casts aside relentlessly and pitilessly, is still unnamed, yet Mr. Herrick has produced a notable work.

That the talented author is a guest lainy of which not a previous hint has within our gates this week lends additional interest to this new novel on marriage. (“Together.” Macmillan Co.)

Source scan page 8. Robert Herrick (1868–1938) was an American novelist and professor whose social fiction examined marriage, work, and middle-class institutions. This review admires the ambition of Together while disputing its representation of women.

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A Little Brother of the Rich

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 19, 1908 · VOL. —, NO. 16

UNSIGNED

There seems to be at this season an overwhelming production of novels, which lay bare the inmost workings of society and the motives, base and otherwise, which animate its members. To this list is to be added "A Little Brother of the Rich" by Joseph Medill Patterson. To those acquainted in newspaperdom Mr. Patterson's name is familiar as the grandson of the founder of the Chicago Tribune and son of its editor. He, himself, for a time had charge of the editorial page, but political differences caused him to resign, later to become the first editor of the Chicago Daily Socialist.

"A Little Brother of the Rich" cannot, however, be called a socialistic novel. The author points out many existing evils of the present day without attempting to advance any radical remedies. The situations carry their own moral. Paul Potter, who is the central figure in the story, is a young fellow at Yale leading the life of his millionaire classmates without having been born to such a fate. He hails from a small provincial town and becomes prominent in college through his athletic prowess. The glittering prospect of future riches which his associates hold out to him prove too alluring and he is easily persuaded to try his fortunes in New York on leaving the university. From this point Mr. Patterson's object is evidently to show the false, empty and self-seeking principles of the world which Paul enters and its effect upon him. This lesson is somewhat spoiled by the fact that Paul has shown himself heartless and scheming from the first, for he deliberately chose to give up Sylvia in exchange for bare chance of a life among Carl Willhnerding and his fellows.

While the book undoubtedly lacks much in the way of literary quality it has a certain graphic and vivid energy of its own. Paul's increasing money greed and the gradual downfall of all his old ideals by the desire for a success of a very different kind are exceedingly well shown and he is a most consistently contemptible character with only too many prototypes. As for his footing among the idlers it is said:

He was admitted, but he must remain humble, grateful for the fact of his bare admittance, for he was poor in money to their counting. He realized that until he could pile his golden heaps upon golden heaps he must smile to their sneers and humble himself to their quiet scorn. Yet

he was content. For obscurity among them was diligent to his spirit; their greetings of half disdain filled him with a sweeter rapture than the applause or gratitude of the humble could ever have vouchsafed him.

As for the women who now become his friends they are a sorry lot. Beautiful, fashionable and courted they apparently are all alike, scheming, calculating and immoral, from the brilliant Mrs. Evers to the quieter Katherine Dunbar, each one marking down her prey and leaving no stone unturned to obtain success whether it be a brilliant marriage or a dangerous flirtation. Katherine has one redeeming virtue, her loyalty and devotion to her drunken brother, but even this is turned to an unworthy purpose in Up: building the family fortunes. The following is a typical scene:

The light of the huntress shone in her eyes. Never had he stalked a wild animal with more predaceous Joy than she now stalked him. She had promised herself and Billy that there should be but one more Lassie-hunt and she was determined to keep that promise. There had been many moments in her life when she had sickened of the Tassie-hunt. Sometimes when, in Parlington's dim studio, the harp's sad music drifted her out upon the ilimitable, hazy twilight spirit sea; sometimes when she strolled quietly alone in her little rose garden in the Hudson, her long skirts trailing behind her; sometimes when her noble emotions livened at the vision of a deer lusted pet terrier, she felt the falsity only. - Tonight she rioted in royal purple, and wanted it forever. She gave silence to the kindly voice which admonished her that a gentler color was her truer destiny.

Faint stirrings of true womanly feelings these creatures have, but they are stifled all too soon under the crushing heel of false money-mad living.

Mr. Patterson is deeply in earnest. He wishes to present the viewpoint of the burdensomely rich, to show how the money-making passion forces all higher things to bow before it, distorts the minds and consciences of its victims and sets up a new code for society. When one really good influence comes into Carl Wilmerding's life he is induced to cast it out by his father's curious reasoning.

If a gentleman chooses to indulge himself, he does it like a gentleman. He finds some pretty woman for his left hand, who amuses him for a while, and when he is through, he pays her off and all is done. But he doesn't go out in the country to a love-in-a-cottage existence under an assumed name; he doesn't allow children to be born to him and he doesn't keep the thing up for four years, with every apparent intention of keeping it up indefinitely. That is not worthy of you, nor of any other gentleman. It shows low tastes, of which I am ashamed.

Sylvia, who should stand in greater radiance beside the shallow creatures for whom Paul gives her up, is not particularly satisfying and one's impatience constantly grows at her inability to see into the depths of Paul's unworthy soul. Perhaps it was too black for her to realize until her great sacrifice, but when realization does come it is utter and complete.

Paul may be an exaggeration, yet the process of his demoralization is gradual and consistent. He is a striking example of a successful millionaire and all the wreck that such success as his causes to the soul of the man.

(‘A Little Brother of the Rich.’ By Joseph Medill Patterson. Reilly & Britton.)

Source scan page 8. Joseph Medill Patterson (1879–1946), later a major newspaper publisher, also wrote fiction about class and metropolitan life. The notice treats his novel as a purposeful social study rather than mere entertainment.

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Ganton & Co.

by **S. T. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 3, 1908 · VOL. —, No. 18

ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

“Ganton & Co.,” a Strong and Graphic Story—““Peter,” Disappointing,

In *Ganton & Co.*, Arthur Jerome Eddy of Pasadena, has pictured certain phases of Chicago life that he has studied at first hand. He is a trifle vague in his description of stockyard scenes, but is on familiar ground when he treats of the highballs and golf of clubdom. These with the pork-packing industry in a story of Chicago commercial and social life and, on the whole, has succeeded in evolving a most readable novel, in which, while no startling departures from conventional situations are essayed, his characterizations in several instances are remarkably well drawn.

John Ganton of *Ganton & Co.*, is the central figure. He seems to be a blending of Philip D. Armour and John R. Walsh, having the great capacity for detail of the one and the bulldog tenacity of purpose of the other. This interpretation seems also to have been that of Thomas Fogarty, who supplies five full-page illustrations; possibly the idea was inspired by Mr. Eddy, however. At any rate the upper half of John Ganton, including the pompadour hair, might have been caught from the Chicago ex-banker, while the double-chin, heavy jowls, devoid of hair, are unmistakably those of the late millionaire packer.

As for *Ganton & Co.*, the reader, familiar with the LaSalle-street office of Armour & Co., could easily substitute the latter for the former, particularly after the author's explanation that John Ganton had made the company. It was his brains, his industry, his genius that had built it up from a small beginning to the greatest concern of the kind in the world. And although his plant at the yards in sheep, cattle and hogs, killed more than sixty thousand animals a day—Mr. Eddy says “over”—John Ganton's ambition was to double the output, and to do that he bent all the genius of his compelling mind, spurring his lieutenants by his indomitable will and tireless energy, to still greater efforts each month, each quarter, each year.

John Ganton was not a human being, he was a machine. He had sacrificed his days and nights, his youth, his life, his home and family to advance the interests of his company, and he expected all his employes to do likewise. Such was the power and influence of his iron will that he

succeeded in imbuing his men with similar habits until they became as slaves to their Jeadar in his campaign of conquest.

John Ganton has two sons. Will, the elder, has his father's physique and bulldog strength with the weaker chin and absence of purpose derived from his mother. He is at the "Yards," but with a fondness for highballs and other club attractions that are particularly irritating to the father, who is not. unaware of his son's lapses, al-

Haehasmewmelated! having been duly rewarded, and John though the facts are sedulously concealed. John Jr., had an aversion for the slaughtering pen, hated the business, demanded a university education and got it, and was then sent abroad for a year, with a ten-thousand-dollar allowance, to work in the Liverpool branch. There he developed tendencies that gratified his father's heart and eventually—but wait.

How the teamsters' strike was made a great source of profit by John Ganton is cleverly disclosed by the author. Mr. Eddy is rather rough on the unions, in portraying the rank-and-file members as the poor dupes of unscrupulous leaders, but Chicago business men have reason to know that the portraiture of Fanning and Scotty and Ballard is not overdrawn. They controlled the teamsters, were given good jobs at fancy salaries, but their names did not appear on the regular payroll. For a consideration these three agitators agree to call out the men at a certain time, when Ganton & Co., are well stocked, and prolong the strike until the firm has marketed its reserves at inflated prices. It is a Sickening piece of chicanery in which the union men as well as the consumers are flimflammed. Only-Ganton & Co., emerge triumphant, with a million to the good, always excepting the scoundrelly three, who basely betray those who placed them in power.

In this strike the rival concern of Borlan Brothers, refuses to pay tribute to the rascally agitators and as a result the firm suffers seriously for its temerity. Upon Allan Borlan, the youngest of the three brothers, devolves the task of fighting the union.

He ts of a frank, sincere nature, hating shams and despising the scamps who are blackmailing the corporations for their own private gain. He puts up a stubborn and courageous resistance, openly accuses Ballard of theft and in the end is sandbagged and left for dead by the treacherous agitators.

This is the climax of the strike. The men are sent back to work, the leaders

Ganton complacently computes his profits. But the fact that Allan Borlan is in the hospital, a physical and mental wreck weighs -on the old man's mind so that when an opportunity is offered to take over the

business of the three brothers he appeases his conscience by paying a million dollars in excess of the price asked.

Will falls in love with the daughter of a former board of trade man, who, at one time in his career had worsted John Ganton in a deal, which fact the old man never forgot or forgave. He warns his son that if he persists in marrying Keating's girl he will cut him off. The daughter, May, is rather finestrung independent and with a strong will, not in love, but with a liking for the young pork-packer. Her sister Mrs. "Jack" Wilton, is a gay, foolish creature, fond of high lights, high society and of having a "follower," Larry Delaney, in whose company she is seen more often than in that of her husband. Delaney is a stock-broker, handsome, 'unattached, except by Mrs. Jack, and about whom little is known. He is given a valuable tip on Union copper by Jack Wilton, and to show his gratitude, Delaney tries to break with Mrs. Jack. A farewell kiss is detected by the husband who, learning that Delaney is loaded with Union copper, in the belief that a dividend is to be declared, uses his influence in the directorate to pass the dividend. In the resultant slump in prices, Delaney is ruined and rather than face disgrace shoots himself. "At least, he had instincts of a gentleman," is Jack Wilton's sole comment, when he hears that Delaney had destroyed every scrap of correspondence, prior to taking his life.

In their efforts to end the strike, Hull house volunteers are introduced as Ruskin settlement workers. Mr. Eddy Waxes sarcastic over their interference in business matters, about which they are said to know nothing. He is particularly rasping in his attitude toward the young woman reformer who formulates her theories in the club. and lays them "hot-baked" upon the desk, or quite as likely, on the lap, of the offending tyrant. Of her it is flippantly said:

She invades his office, pursues him to his home, dogs his footsteps, interrupts his meals, spoils his digestion. She will not be denied. If she is pretty no one wishes to deny her; but unhappily, she is not often pretty. Handsome women so seldom try to reform the world; the historical rumor is to the contrary. Beauty and reform never go hand in hand without the latter succumbing. Indeed, a woman's zeal for social regeneration has been said to be invariably inverse to her good looks.

One of these social reformers broke in on John Ganton, who, as usual, was in his shirt sleeves, with his waistcoat thrown open and his collar unbuttoned. She didn't know what the "differences" were that she insisted should be arbitrated and when John Ganton with blunt sarcasm pointed

'this out and suggested that she was meddling in affairs she knew nothing about she appeared chagrined and defiant in turn. But she gave

a good story to the afternoon papers in which “that band of philanthropic men and women, enlightened experts in sociological matters” get the front page. The secretary of the National Association for Civic Reform is brought on from Washington, with a view to settling the strike, and he and his ilk are the subject of much clever satire in which a measure of truth enters. The publicity-seeking parson also is depicted in much the same manner. Evidently, Mr. Eddy does not take kindly to social reformers and pulpit orators who find in scare headlines their main sources of inspiration.

John Ganton is stricken with a mysterious disease. He has an aversion to doctors and will not submit to an examination. The veterinary surgeon at the yards who has charge of the firm’s horses, under contract, suggests a remedy, which John eagerly accepts. But he grows worse and has to take to his bed. Then his gentle wife, summons up courage to call in a physician who uncovers the secret. John Ganton has a malignant cancer which nothing can cure. The old man demands to know the truth. He finally submits to the knife and although he survives the operation the end comes a few days later.

Will finds, when the short, businesslike document is read, disposing of the estate, that the grim old man has kept his word and the son is furious, but)

the younger brother proves true and squares the wrong saying. “If father had lived he would have relented.” Whether Will marries his choice is not announced, but the inference is that May Keating can be induced to become the wife of the reinstated heir. As for John Jr., he is recognized at once as the natural successor to his father, when he sits down at the rolltop desk sacred to the head of the firm. He reviews the past year, goes carefully over the events that have helped to shape him to the career now unfolding, then—” with something of a sigh he straightened up, threw his shoulders back as if bracing himself for a burden, and sent for Browning to bring the letters and telegrams.”

Ganton & Co. is not to be classed as a great addition to the literature of the day, but it is a strong story, told in graphic English, with an introduction of many virile characters of both sexes that one feels are drawn “straight from the wood.” Mr. Eddy knows his Chicago, although he is now a resident of California, almost a Los Angelan. In this delineation of commercial and social life the author has widely departed from his previous lines of publication, wherein ethical values, rather than the grossly material, predominate. That he has written a novel of deeply sustained interest, dotted with flesh-and-blood creatures, strongly differentiated, is sufficient proof of the versatility and ability of the transplanted Chicagoan who vies with Charles Frances Holder for Pasadenan honors of authorship. (“Ganton & Co.” By Arthur Jerome

EDDY. A. C. MCCLURG & Co.—C. C.

Source scan page 7. Arthur Jerome Eddy (1859–1920) was a lawyer, writer, and important collector of modern art who lived for a time in Pasadena. The review considers his Chicago industrial novel through characterization, labor conflict, and construction.

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The Testing of Diana Mallory

by **C. C. PARKER**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 10, 1908 · VOL. —, NO. 19

ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

Mrs. Ward's "Testing of Diana Mallory," Powerful and Dramatic

It is entirely plain that Mrs. Humphey Ward believes in the triumph of character over heredity. Her latest story just published in book form after running serially in Harper's for nearly a year, is chiefly just this problem: the working out of an unfortunate and tragic inheritance upon a soul, upright, tender and strong. Diana Mallory has been brought up in the Riviera mainly, and in out-of-the-way places, by a poetic and scholarly invalid father, having lost her mother before her memory began. After her father's death she goes to England, to her own land, which she loves ardently. She arrives Christmas eve. to take possession of an old Jacobean house which she has leased and refurnished. She has engaged a chaperon to live with and attend her, and enters at once upon the typical country life of England. There move about her all the personages of English good society that Mrs. Ward has made so familiar to her readers.

She writes of what she knows, and one of the most charming features of all, her stories is this delightful, highbred mingling of men and women in all the affairs of their daily lives, devoted to politics, to the arts, to society—to everything except an engrossing scramble for dollars. A very enticing picture this, one to make

Americans envious. The circle of acquaintances is not large, but it is intimate and with unrivaled skill Mrs. Ward makes each man and woman of her story as real as one's neighbor next-door.

Oliver Marsham is a young radical member of parliament, who, with his mother, has an estate near the house Diana has taken. In Italy they had made acquaintance with Diana and her father and at once welcome her and introduce her in their circle, a cultivated and liberal one. Diana's ardor, her youth, beauty and charm win for her the admiration and love of all about her, including Lady Lucy, the mother of Oliver. A romance, develops very speedily and prettily. Oliver has proposed for her hand and been joyously accepted, when, like a sword, falls the intelligence that MDiana's mother was a criminal and that the disgrace had driven her father out of Cant and kept him out during his ife.

Juliette Sparling had murdered a woman, the wife of a man whom the world considered her lover. In the trial which followed, her case had been pleaded by Sir James Chide, a famous criminal lawyer, who proves to his own satisfaction that a fine, emotional temperament had been unduly worked upon. In the absence of her husband she had become the victim of a designing man, a gambler, who first wanted her money and finally in a burst of passion had made advances to herself which she resented. In a frenzy of terror and shame she rushes to his wife, who taunts her and finally pushes her against a wall covered with old armor, where, to defend herself, she instinctively clutches a dagger, belonging to a trophy of Eastern arms displayed there, and strikes wildly at her tormentor; the dagger pierced the wife's heart and she falls dead. Broken in body and spirit, Juliette dies a few weeks later, leaving a letter for her child when she shall be grown, and exacting a promise from her husband to allow her to remain in ignorance of her mother.

This news and its effects upon the personalities of Diana's intimates makes the story, a powerful and dramatic one, unsurpassed by any of Mrs. Ward's previous work. One could wish a little less detail in the developing of events, a little more left to the ingenuity and imagination. Voltaire warns, "To be wearisome, is to tell all." Mrs. Ward tells all, but no one can complain that the story is not rich, the characters lifelike and Diana above all, a soul of crystal clearness with a love and devotion all a woman's. In the serial publication the name of the hero is Oliver Markham, now changed to Marsham in the book, for reasons not wholly apparent. ("The Testing of Diana Mallory." by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Harper & Bros.)

Source scan page 12. Mary Augusta Ward (1851–1920), publishing as Mrs. Humphry Ward, was an English novelist and social reformer. The review gives sustained attention to heredity, character, social setting, and her narrative method.

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Holy Orders

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 17, 1908 · VOL. —, NO. 20

UNSIGNED

ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

MARIE CORELLI'S "HOLY ORDERS" RESTS THE CRITICAL FACULTY—OTHER BOOKS

Confession is so notably good for souls, it must include reviewers, so it is well to begin by saying that out of the pile of books upon the table, "Holy Orders," by Marie Corelli, was chosen for the express and single purpose of resting the critical faculty, just as you rest an aching muscle by not using it.

At first thought a reviewer might shut his eyes and write "balderdash," "tommyrot," "absurd emotionalism," "easy money," interspersed by a few scattered platitudes to fill space, but at page thirteen this beens:

At this juncture the door of his study was gently pushed open, and a lovely face peered in at him.

"Are you very busy, Dick?" asked a couxing voice, sweet as honey, 'or may I come in just one minute?"

We threw down his pen, and sprang up from his chair with a quick sigh. of relief.

"One minute isn't long enough!" he declared, going to meet his wife as she entered, and taking her in his arms.

"Come and stay half an hour! I want you, Azalea; 1 want you, badly!"

Here he looked down into her tender eyes. "I want a kiss, too,"—and he suited the action to the word—"I've had a touchy of the blues."

"Oh, poor boy!" and Azalea put up a little white hand and stroked his cheek caressingly. "You musn't! It's the weather, Im sure it's the weather. And it's all horrid, but, Dick, you'll have to go out in the rain, I'm afraid! There's been a very bad fight in the village, and that dreadful man, Kiernan, has nearly killed his wife! Isn't it awful!"

She smiled angelically, and her eyes twinkled with a kind of sparkle, whether of tears or laughter, it would have been hard to say.

He loosened her from his clasp, and his face grew pale and stern. "Kiernan again!" he said. "T must go at once, Azalea. customer."

She looked at him questioningly, as he hastily swept his letters and papers together.

“Were you writing your sermon, darling?” she inquired.

“No, that is, I was trying to ‘think about it, but, really, I’m afraid my brain isn’t as clear as it might be. I am not quite sure what I ought to say sometimes—and, I feel anxious about it

—almost as if I were not altogether doing my duty.” “Oh, Dick!” And Azalea looked reproachfully amazed. such a thing! Your sermons are simply bee-autiful! Perfectly lovely! You know they are!”

He took her pretty face between his two hands and kissed it again.

Etc., etc., and then suddenly, instead of reviewing a new book, memory lifts its wings and away you go back to sixteen, or thereabouts, in an orchard, in the spring time, after school. You are full length in fragrant grass, lost to the world in the pages of St. Elmo! Who ever asked whether he had any likeness to flesh and blood, or noticed the high flown sonorous periods in which were described this world-weary woman hater?

Will you ever forget the breathless moment when the heroine, who is to restore to the hero his faith, stands before the locked cabinet, which she has been told not to open. The hero has returned from a remote corner of the earth and is secretly watching the girl. Was he concealed behind a marble pillar, or a handsomely carved chest, or a suit of armor? Memory fails in the detail, it is a long road to sixteen! Anyway, he wears a sardonic smile on his handsome face as he watches the girl fit the key in the lock, as he supposes, to open the box. “Faithless, like all the rest” he murmurs, hopelessly wringing your heart with pity. But did she turn the key? Not at all. she only wished to dislodge a spider which was making a comfortable seat for himself!

Miss Corellis hero is a preacher who takes his Holy Orders seriously; her villain is a villainess, beautiful, heartless—quite heartless; she rises from the position of the bad girl of a country village, to ornamenting the highest circles of society. But there!

it is wholly useless to analyze a book ‘ that is supposed to run the gamut of human emotions.

Marie Corelli is the adopted daughter of Dr. Charles Mackay, the English poet-journalist; but she is the direct descendant, intellectually of Augusta Evans and Mary Jane Holmes. If you are sixteen, go to your favorite book store, and get “Holy Orders,” there will be those who will envy you the pleasure you will find in it. (“Holy Orders.” By Marie Corelli, F. A. Stokes Co.-C. C. Parker.)

Source scan page 8. Marie Corelli (1855–1924) was one of the most widely read English novelists of her era. This unusually severe notice is valuable for its argument about sentiment, popular taste, and critical standards.

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The Trail of the Lonesome Pine

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 31, 1908 · VOL. —, NO. 22

UNSIGNED

John Fox, Jr.'s "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," a Story of Love and Feuds — "John Marshall and Other Addresses"—"Revelations of the Life Beautiful"—Magazine and Book Notes

With his knowledge and love of the mountains, throbbing on every page, John Fox, Jr. in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," has added another tale of love and feuds, first discovered in literature by Charles Egbert Craddock. The particular corner found by these two novelists is as unknown to the world in general, as Jules Verne's unexplored countries, and as medieval almost, as Maurice Hewlett's tales. The adventurers who braved the Indians and took possession of the mountains, upon which four states corner, the Cumberland, Tennessee, and Great Smoky ranges, seem to have dropped out of the ways of progress almost as completely as Rip Van Winkle during his long sleep. and when discovered by Miss Murfree and John Fox, Jr., are as strange as creatures of fancy.

They live, undisturbed, the most primitive life of a hundred years ago, their feuds last through generations, their loves are fierce and cruel, their right, the swiftest foot and the surest aim, Plenty of scope here for a novelist's fancy and Mr. Fox has improved his opportunity. John Hale, an engineer, young and eager, climbs a trail to see a gigantic tree, which looks down from a mountainside upon the Gap, a struggling little town where he has come to make his fortunes.

He is there accosted and a gun suddenly thrust under his nose—with an inquiry as to his name and business. Right under the tree and gazing down upon the valley where a thin cloud of smoke shows the presence of "furriners," sits a little girl, a wild thing of the mountains, dressed in red homespun, with bare feet and unkept hair. She sees him and flees leaving a barefoot print in the soft soil under the tree. Her curiosity brings her back to see this strange, new kind of man, who carries a white handkerchief and holds his shoulders up. She decides that he is a raider, come to find the "stills" hidden about, although he is innocently fishing. Creeping nearer in her interest, he discovers her and after a little conversation he asks if she has a father, and where he is. "Hyeh, he is!" drawled a voice from the bushes, and it had a tone that made the fisherman whirl suddenly.

Presto! the story has begun—fights, loves and all, “Devil Judd,” the father, is head of the Tollivers, and their enemies, the Falins, are led by equally;

dare-devil men from over the mountains; they are united on only one point, a set determination to exterminate one another. The little girl, June Tolliver, is educated by John Hale, who falls in love with her. He sends her east and after just a few pages she returns so elegant and refined that she can’t demean herself by marrying him! After a number of funerals, hangings and murders it all ends happily, with all that are still alive—satisfied.

Mr. Fox’s story seems too intense to be possible until one remembers that only a few mornings ago the press dispatches told of a disappointed lover who shot his successful rival, just as the bride and groom were starting upon their honeymoon; a wild gust of jealous passion such as spoiled the life of Dave Tolliver and menaced John Hale’s life. So it is not safe to call any tale improbable or impossible. The real charm of the book and what gives it value, is the atmosphere of the great, lonely mountains that pervades it. There is the scent of the laurel and all the wild loneliness that a sensitive eye would see, recorded in a charming, easy style that makes the book a pleasure. (“The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.” By John Fox, Jr. Chas. Scribner’s Sons—Fowler Bros. M. H.C.

Source scan page 8. John Fox Jr. (1862–1919) was an American journalist and novelist known for fiction of the Appalachian borderlands. The review considers regional speech, violence, landscape, and romance.

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The Hermit and the Wild Woman

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 28, 1908 · VOL. —, No. 26

UNSIGNED

In Edith Wharton's latest volume of short stories, entitled "The Hermit and the Wild Woman," she has an answer to all her critics. In variety, both of style and subject, the volume is rich. The highest praise masculine critics can give a woman writer is to say that she does not write like a woman, meaning, I suppose, by inference, that she does write like a man. Many times Mrs. Wharton may be said to write not like a woman, in! so far as she is at times impersonal, unmoved; outside of her subject, as an artist must be. The story that gives the present volume its title is written in this way.

It is a tale of the days of Ghibelline and Guelf in Italy. A steel-colored army attacks a town, a boy sees his mother fall, pierced by an arrow; sees his sister die on the steps of the chapel, her throat slit; sees his father ride forth, never to return, and from all this riot of blood he flees — out through the gates of the city, past heaps of slain and quivering bodies, past ruined farms, up to the solitude of the hills and the woods. Here he stays and becomes a hermit. (His desire is to be perfectly good, and to live in love and charity with his fellows, and how could one do this without fleeing from them? the boy naively argues. Pious persons bring him offerings; he learns to make a garden and becomes known as a godly youth. The years pass, smiling over him; he has time to save his soul.

To keep himself awake, he composes lauds when the demon sleep tempts his soul, and, lest he forget, he asks a priest, who occasionally visits him, to write them for him on sheepskin, which he prepares with his own hands. They seem to him so beautiful that he fears to commit the sin of vanity, so hides them between two flat stones in his cave, vowing to look at them only at Easter time, when all the world rejoices. But, alas, when Easter draws near—to quote the story—"he found he was looking forward to the blessed festival less because of our Lord's rising than because he should be able to read his pleasant lauds written on fair sheepskin; and thereupon he took a vow that he would not look on the lauds till he lay dying." A very nice touch of humor that; a bit of knowledge of the poet-heart. The wild woman waters his garden while he is on a pilgrimage, and he decides when he sees her sleeping in his cave that she is a form the evil one has taken to tempt him.

And so these two child-like aspiring devotees, “saved their souls” living * chastely side by side, their lives filled with good works, until one day. when walking in the woods, the hermit finds her laving her body in the stream, and he is filled with fury to see his effort wasted and the woman ll, — a Fe a ey a still in sin. He seizes her by the shoulder, heaping her with cruel names, but her eyes regard him unwaveringly, and he sees that she is dead.

A procession is coming to do him honor, and he is filled with horror that they should find him alone with this naked woman, whom he had,hel« up to them as holy; he reels, and is half fainting when the procession appears,, but when he opens his eyes again the bishop and his people are kneeling and their eyes regard him not at all. Then the hermit, too, saw that the brown waters of the pool had covered the woman’s limbs as with a garment, and about her head a brightness floated; and the people were worshipping a saint.

Fear smote him and in a weak voice he proclaimed his sins, then felt the oils of the last voyage on his lips and eyes. in the words of the story,

“Peace came to him, and as he lay there, feeling the earth slip away from him and the everlasting arms replace it, he heard a peal of voices that seemed to come down from the sky and mingle with the singing of the throng, and the words of the chant were the words of his own lauds, so long hidden in the secret of his breast, and now rejoicing above him, through the spheres. And his soul rose on the chant, and soared with it to the seat of mercy.”

It is a story of crystal purity, full of the spirit of medieval Italy as though written by Maurice Hewlett, as delicate in sentiment as a tale by de Maupassant, as reserved and finished as possible, by either man or woman. “The Last Asset” is of the ironical, knowing kind that brings to mind Mrs. Wharton’s earlier stories, “The Pelican,” for instance, full of a slightly scornful humor and with full knowledge of the feminine adventures, brilliant and without sympathy.

One could say, quoting Maeterlinck, “Nothing is contemptible in this world save only scorn,” to this attitude of

Mrs. Wharton in many of her stories, if, on the very next page, “The Pretext” did not upset every adverse judgment. It is a story so exquisitely feminine, showing a knowledge so sensitive of the hearts of man and woman that only Henry James at his best can approach.

Liking for long or short stories is a matter of one’s outlook upon life, If one is fond of dipping into souls at the high moments the short story will fill the requirements; if a better or longer acquaintance is desired,

and the inevitable reactions and reversions of human beings sought, then the long story is none too long.

Mrs. Wharton may safely meet her erities with the story of “The Pretext” if there were no long novels to her credit. There are no «apologies for sex, her work transcends the merely individual and may stand as the creation of an artist, a class without limitations. (“The Hermit and the Wild Woman.” By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner’s Sons.)

Source scan page 7. Edith Wharton (1862–1937) was an American novelist, short-story writer, and critic. The review addresses the stories’ style and impersonality while exposing contemporary assumptions about women authors.

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James Branch Cabell's *The Cords of Vanity*

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 22, 1909 · VOL. —, NO. 25

UNSIGNED

Just why James Branch Cabell ever wrote *The Cords of Vanity* might be a much-mooted question. After a reading, one is left with a wholesome disrespect for its leading character, and rather a grudge against the author for making the hero so entirely human. The book is interesting, well written, whimsical in its humor, occasionally epigrammatic, yet it is by no means uplifting. Robert Townsend, the hero, is a cad—an artistic, appealing sort of cad, too. He lives simply to study his own feelings; he sacrifices the love of woman after woman simply to gain a new emotion.

And then, as one of the characters of the book tells him, he walks away saying, “Madam, I thank you for your attention. Pray regard the incident closed.” There is nothing to admire in the character of Townsend, yet Cabell, with a keen insight, has made him just the sort that women would admire, because he appeals to the protecting, maternal passion that lies deep in the hearts of them. When the author permits Townsend deliberately to allow his best friend to be shot for a deed which he himself committed, one shudders, but is convinced that nine in ten men in real life would have done the same thing. *Cords of Vanity* is not a book that would improve the mind, but it would pass away a summer afternoon that held nothing better. (*Cords of Vanity*. By James Branch Cabell. Doubleday, Page & Company.)

*Source scan page 7. James Branch Cabell (1879–1958) was an American novelist and essayist later associated with the fantasy sequence *Biography of the Life of Manuel*. This early review of *The Cords of Vanity* is brief but genuinely evaluative, weighing the novel's style and humor against its morally unappealing protagonist.*

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Martin Eden

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 13, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, No. 24

UNSIGNED

It scarcely seems possible that the same brain that conceived the nobility of character in "Buck," in whom the voices of unnumbered generations of dog ancestors called irresistibly to the jure of the wild; that the same pen that depicted that dumb lover in such heroic proportions should descend to the irritatingly brutal conception—nay, the inanity—of "Martin Eden." While it is a study in striking contrasts, in sharp relief, dashed off in London's characteristically bold style, that stands out from the page, there is a patent lack in the finished product. It is the dual man he deals with, forgetting the third angle completing the two right angles of the human triangle. It even appears amateurish. It lacks the artistic effect and continuity of London's virile, if not always pleasant, It seems to be a collection of literary odds and ends, of shop-talk without perfect adjustment. There are touches of the tone of the "Sea Wolf,"

merely suggestions of its brutishness in this instance, none the less repellant in their approach to cosmic truth. Upon Martin Eden, a human male animal, strong to the verge of bestiality, ruled by primal passions and impulses mostly, ignorant of all culture and the finer amenities of life, of the intricacies of language and bookknowledge, by a miraculous method, is fitted the garment of that class known as the "bourgeois," and with this proceeds a development of a more analytical and critical view of life wherefrom he becomes critic instead of criticized. From total literary darkness he becomes torch-bearer to others, achieving to the honors of authorship—but too late. All this through the love—and idealism. Love brings light and with its death the effulgence of the whole life dies and suicide marks the end of the unhappy ghost in human flesh. Ruth Morse, fragile, cultured and highly conventionalized, allured by the brute strength of the man, opens the door for a prisoned soul, but her lack of understanding of the individualism of her lover drives him forth and not merely turns the key in the closed lock, but kills the newly awakened spirit, as well, in the alchemy of end. Conventionality, that molds men and women, like so many peas in a pod, false culture, hypocrisy, are the strong indictments of the book brought against the advantaged class.

It is not the unhappy realism of the end, it is not the accusation against society, it is not even the failure to create a great hero the

quarrel arises over— it is the clumsy use of the material in a realistic picture by one who knows better. heard,

There is a major motif faintly / but it is well-nigh drowned in the crash of the orchestral accompaniment, none too skillfully harmonized. Judging from the book, Jack London is not, and does not consider himself, a Socialist in the accepted sense of the word, provided that hazy term has been settled by the debaters yet—(the dust has been thick). Mr. London is an individualist. ('Martin Eden.' By Jack London. The Macmillan Co.)

Source scan page 7. Jack London (1876–1916) was a California novelist, journalist, and socialist. This review judges Martin Eden's naturalism, characterization, style, and intellectual argument rather than limiting itself to plot.

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It Never Can Happen Again

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 11, 1909 · VOL. XXXII, NO. 2

UNSIGNED

William De Morgan's fourth and latest novel is ostentatiously, but not actually, based upon the intricacies involved in the deceased wife's sister tangle in England, and the title, "It Never Can Happen Again," has not the remotest connection with the essential story itself, being merely the statement that after the passage of the bill legalizing marriage with the deceased wife's sister, such another tangle—of which society and the world ever has been full—could not rest itself upon similar legal technicalities. Or, in the title, does Mr. De Morgan dig in the ribs his own story? He is really clever enough to do that, for all his sixty-five admitted years.

Alfred Challis, author, married to Marianne, who is the sister of his first wife, falls in love, or thinks he does, with Judith, daughter of Lord Arkroyd. Marianne is the "good sort," but rather dull, complaining, secretive, hugging her sorrows, and with avidity searching for poisoned arrows—and of course finding them. So she finally carries off the children to mother, refusing an explanation that would have cut short the story in the middle of the second volume. Challis pleads for reconciliation, but Marianne has scarred herself deeply on the poisoned arrows generously provided by a busybody neighbor, who delights in magnifying incidents and distorting events that are of themselves not so evil, and she clings steadfastly to mother.

This leaves the author, who is eminent, to complete his nascent entanglement to the wiles of the heartless and beautiful Judith Arkroyd. Finally, they determine to elope and marry before the lords can pass the bill that would legalize his marriage to Marianne. An automobile accident lands Challis on his head—and incidentally kills the real hero of the story. When the former recovers consciousness he has forgotten the beautiful enchantress and cries for wife and baby. Wife has casually read of the accident in a scrap of newspaper on the children's toys, and she hurries to the bedside.

Really, 350,000 words seem too much to devote to so commonplace a set of circumstances, maugre the numerous side issues of the tale, and no one but William De Morgan would dare stretch it out so—or find a publisher if he did. In this novel his style is piquant and entertaining, but it lacks the force and sympathy of Dickens and the brilliancy and

depth of Thackeray—whose ways in story telling he has been accredited with reviving. There are pages and pages of just cleverness, unilluminated by depth or breadth of thought. His analysis is subtle to a degree, but never startling.

It is a story of half-tone values and very ordinary circumstances, relieved, splendidly relieved by frequent glimpses of Jim Copeland, the blind beggar, and his lovable ““dorter,”” Lizarann. The latter, by the time she has twined herself firmly about your heart, dies of consumption—because among all her rich friends and patrons there is no one to send her to a warmer climate— a fact which the author does not seem to mind, so why should we? Her! father, Jim, is the real hero of all these 600 and odd pages. In the depiction of this man, blinded by an explosion at sea, bereft of wife at the birth of Lizarann, run over by a truck on a slippery night in London, and finally killed by the auto which so kindly officiates to restore Challis and Marianne to each other’s arms and their common fireside— in the delineation of this rugged, untutored hero, De Morgan has laid bare the heart of a great soul that is clothed in a form all too gross. There is nothing commonplace or petty in the life of Jim Copeland, save the outer events thereof, and these only serve to reveal his true inward greatness. Very deft is the painting of Jim Copeland.

De Morgan is no tyro in his craft, and long after you lay down this novel your heart harks back to the day they brought back from the seaside the cold body of Lizarann. And you are glad that Jim died quickly on that day, so that he never knew that “my gal” was gone. And there are glimpses of slum life, and of Aunt Stiffig’s treatment of Lizarann, and of the preacher’s encounter with the madman at Lizarann’s house, that you will not forget quickly.

But for all that, 600 and odd pages are a good many. (“It Never Can Happen

Again.” By William De Morgan. Henry

Holt & Co.)

Source scan page 15. William De Morgan (1839–1917) was an English ceramic designer who became a successful novelist late in life. The review assesses the scale, construction, style, and character drawing of his novel.

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The Old Wives' Tale

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 11, 1909 · VOL. XXXII, NO. 2

UNSIGNED

To write a novel of life is simply to confuse reviewers! How can one sketchily and briefly review life? "The Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett, presents just this problem. It is written with a master hand which only increases the difficulty. It is begun in a little inland city of England, with the two daughters of the most important tradesman as chief figures. The business had grown by the thrifty, conservative attention of John Baines. It had grown until three houses had to be thrown together to hold it, and John Baines, bedridden these dozen years, from his chamber, through the medium of his capable wife, still kept his seeing eye upon "the business." A gigantic self-respect grew with the business.

When the signboard one day blew down and into the street, it was not replaced, as Mr. Baines objected to anything that looked like "puffing;" for the same reason a clearance sale was never thought of, and any person so unfortunate as not to be informed, must ask and learn the way to Baines'. The height of Mr. Baines' principles could scarcely be scaled.

Constance and Sofia, aged fifteen and sixteen, are the daughters of this "credit to human nature." As the story begins, they are pressing their noses against the window pane of the show room to watch Maggie, the cook, walk down the street in her new clothes, on her day out, one afternoon in the month. Maggie's life was passed in a eave of a kitchen whose one window disclosed to her the skirts and tegs of passersby. Her duties were many and arduous, but her lot was a common one and needed no sympathy. Her one privilege was to fall in love, which she did perpetually, being engaged eleven times in the seventeen years of her service. Engagements and tragic partings were Maggie's otherwise," Mr. Bennett humorously remarked, "she might have studied the piano instead." The two girls watch Maggie with much disdain. Constance, good natured and gentle, said, "Poor Maggie." Sofia, beautiful, highspirited and mischievous, exclaimed, "It's too ridiculous!"

In this simple way is the keynote of their characters struck. Life flows on. Constance, timid, yielding, conservative, falls in love with and weds the foreman of the business. She has one son whom she adores, but her entire life is absorbed by affairs of the business, by the life about

“The Square” upon which the houses front, and the minute and engrossing details of her housekeeping. She lives, loves and suffers, and finally dies in this same scale upon which her life is pitched. She upholds the traditions of her house; conservative, Steadfast and with the towering selfrespect which makes Baines’ a monument to virtue, she leaves her mark upon her time.

Sofia, adventurous, impatient, proud and stubborn, is marked for a career. She first rebels against going into the shop in the established manner. She prefers to be a teacher, after stormily gaining her point. One day from the window she beholds the radiant master of the new drapery shop across the way. Her mother has discovered and not countenanced the affair, and has sent her to visit an aunt and recover from her infatuation. Opposition has its usual result. Sofia helps herself to a banknote and joins him where their marriage is to take place. She is in the hands of a seducer, but her high spirit and self-respect compel him to marry her.

She finds herself united to an irresponsible fool. He has inherited a little money, so gives himself up life of pleasure as though it would last forever, After four years of marriage, when they have learned to hate each other, he deserts her, leaving her, as he believes, penniless.

But Sophia’s thrift has asserted itself. Once when he returned from an orgie and slept exhausted through the day, she noticed papers protruding from a pocket. Among them she found banknotes for two hundred pounds; she sewed them into the lining of her skirt, with need would come. He loss, but thought he had been robbed on the street. For thirty years Sofia lives without her family, then the sisters meet again and end their lives together. It is a graphic, moving story, written in a style that seems to include all styles. The description of the execution of a criminal near Paris, and its terrible and brutalizing effects. might have been done by Victor Hugo, while Sofia’s experience during the siege of Paris suggests Thackeray, and Beckie Sharp at Brusselis on the eve of Waterloo. Mr. Bennett has humor of the whimsical kind, like Lamb; he has a loving sympathy like Dickens, and an insight equal to Balzac. which says little enough, really, for he is not like anything nor anybody else, so why should one look for it? (“The Old Wives’ Tale.” By Arnold Bennett Geo. H. Doran Co.)

Source scan page 15. Arnold Bennett (1867–1931) was an English novelist and critic associated with the Staffordshire Potteries. The notice examines narrative scale, humor, character, and the novel’s literary affinities.

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The Glimpse

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 25, 1909 · VOL. XXXII, NO. 4

UNSIGNED

It would be interesting to know whether *The Glimpse*, by Arnold Bennett, was written before or after that wonderful story. The fact that it reaches the public at a later date means nothing, as literary resurrections of that kind are universally accepted as a publisher's legitimate plunder. Publishers are all from Missouri! Whenever written, "*The Glimpse*" is a remarkable story, being a little journey into eternity, the eternity of the past as well as the future, and also a journey into the souls of the group of persons who make the story. A man of rather mature years, a musical critic, goes to a musical at a private house to hear some extravagantly modern music, the "*Miroirs*" of Ravel. He listens with intelligence, and a great disdain for the uncertain audience which wishes to accept the music if it is acceptable, but does not know. He is wrapt in a garment of impenetrable egoism, and leaves the private house in which he has been entertained with the dilettante's delight in the flawless superficialities surrounding him.

Life was to him a malady, mournful, but full of a certain keen joy in analysis, like a surgeon's delight in the use of his scalpel. He is married to a beautiful, emotional, woman, whom he considers without mind, since his passion for her has subsided, and they live together in an atmosphere of wellbred chilliness that to the wife becomes unendurable. Her vanity is hurt, her affections blunted, and she turns to another man, a friend of her husband, for attentions that have been denied. Her husband has just become conscious of a new feeling of interest toward her, a wish to rebuild their lives upon firmer foundations, and is about to express his revived love when the wife stormily confesses her intrigue with his friend, and the determination to end their lives together.

He is taken by surprise and stricken with angina pectoris, which, for many hours, keeps him apparently dead. Preparations are made for his funeral; the house is suddenly silent. His wife throws herself beside him in an agony of love and remorse. His soul slips out of his body and makes a journey into the infinite, where he sees life in its entirety. The human body he sees is but a clumsy, temporary habitation for a luminous human soul. He follows Life through phase after phase of being, but never comes to the beginning nor the end. He does see the unimportance of error and that thoughts are palpable things that go to the making of the identity of the soul.

At last, by chance, his soul is hurled back into his body, he resumes life, but with new vision, new sympathy. His wife, meantime, thinking she has been the cause of his death, drinks poison. It would be more than interesting to know if “The Old Wives’ Tale” is the result of a mellowed sympathy through greater knowledge of life, or if the “Glimpse” is a reaching out into the untrod paths of infinity after traversing so discerningly the byways of the would be “The published

It whether Bennett, world, (“The Glimpse.” By Arnold Bennett. D., Appleton & Co.)

Source scan page 9. Arnold Bennett’s metaphysical story is read here in relation to The Old Wives’ Tale and to the problem of representing spiritual experience in fiction.

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The Song of Songs

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 22, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 8

UNSIGNED

Fundamentally, Americans are aliens when compared with continental peoples. Nothing makes this so clear as to read a novel of life, like Sudermann's "Song of Songs," and then try to reconcile it with anything known in our social body. The whole attitude toward the relation of the sexes is so incomprehensible, the ethical code so strange that criticism is as out of the question as when witnessing a play in an unknown tongue, one is reduced to reading gestures and accent, and guessing at all the rest.

The heroine of "The Song of Songs" is a courtesan; there is no mystery in that, courtesans are a universal type, but the way she lived her life can never seem real, outside of the country in which she lived it. Lilly Czepanek was fourteen when her father, a music master, disappeared. Good friends called him a genius of God-given fancy, "with the hall-mark of creative restlessness on his thunder-headed brow." Others, less kind, called him a scoundrel. Hither one, he disappeared and left as a heritage to his wife and daughter, his debts and the manuscript music of "The Song of Songs." After a desperate struggle with poverty, the wife went insane, and Lilly was taken into a circulating library by a woman who alternately praised and beat her. She grew in beauty and fed her mind with the romances she handed back and forth over her counter at three marks each.

Here she was discovered by a young soldier, who spread tales of her beauty until she created such havoc in the regiment that the colonel came up to see about it. He also succumbed to her charms, and made plans for possessing her, but was so baffled by her innocence and touched by her helplessness that he married her rather than lose her. As she was beneath him in caste, he was compelled to resign his commission and live on his estates, where Lilly was put in the care of an elegant woman for training, that she might properly fill her position as the wife of a lord. The colonel was old, a roue, suspicious and tiresome. Lilly was lonely, and soon fell in love with a young man who worked on the estate and had been a member of the regiment that first found her.

Their affair was discovered by the colonel, who drove her away and divorced her. Her lover went to America and left her, giving her the address of a friend in Berlin, to whom she might apply for aid. For a

year and a half she lived upon her jewels, then worked at making lamp shades, and, finally, transparencies, which she could not sell unaided. This took her to the friend for advice, as he was in business. Instantly enamored of her great beauty, he invented a way to put her in a position which befitted her. He pretended that her lover had intrusted him with means for her support, and sold her transparencies at apparently great profit.

Lilly is shown to be a creature of noble sentiments; she could not keep a string of pearls which her husband had given her, and which would have supported her for some time, but she quite ingenuously accepts these pretenses of her lover's friend, receives him daily for a cup of tea, and, finally, melts into his arms quite naturally. She is supposed to be an exquisite creature, religious, musical, with a soul above pettiness, sensitive to beauty, devoted to saving people from their weaknesses. Up to this point any intelligent reader can follow. the play from the gestures, but from here on the language becomes idiomatic. She lives on her emotions, practices lies, deceits and dissipations common to her class, floats supinely down to ruin without a move on her part to save herself, but all the time protesting her innocence and goodness of intention.

To the last she is tremulous with ecstasy, never coarsened, never disillusioned, never guilty in her own eyes. At length she meets a man who loves her, and whom she in turn passionately loves. He does not discover the truth about her until a wily uncle of the ardent youth induces her to drink too much, when she betrays herself. Once again, all is over, and she has a moment of despair, but on the last page has gone back to the man whose mistress she was for several years, is married to him, and presumably ends her career in triumphant, bourgeois respectability! Thank heaven, we don't know the type over here. ('The Song of Songs.' By Hermann Sudermann. B. W. Huebsch)

Source scan page 14. Hermann Sudermann (1857–1928) was a German dramatist and novelist. The review contrasts continental social fiction with American conventions and considers the novel's treatment of desire and society.

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Gertrude Atherton's Tower of Ivory

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 30, 1910 · VOL. —, NO. 22

UNSIGNED

After reading her publishers' announcements that Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Tower of Ivory," is not a novel of divorce, international marriages (save, incidentally), New York society, the Tenderloin, or numerous other things, the reader closes the book harboring a desire that the author had chosen at least one of those subjects, as it might have afforded more savory reading. Because the average American does not possess that elusive quality denoted as psychology, Mrs. Atherton has refused to write of him. Though she admits that she would not do the actual writing of her story elsewhere, she complains that America does not afford a background for a novel, that her native country offers no inspiration; therefore she has laid the scenes of her tale in Munich and London.

For her heroine she takes a wonderful singer of American birth and mysterious parentage, and christens her Margarethe Styr. Margarethe has a past that would put the courtesan

Sappho—not the poet—to shame, yet she has retained a divine youthfulness, and has gained a wonderful through her "experiences." Also, Margarethe has that power (with which woman novelists so frequently endow the children of their brain) of singing in such wonderful fashion that her listeners have dreams that would do credit to a hasheesh delusion.

For her hero, Mrs. Atherton chooses a young English nobleman, John Ordham by name. John is a nice young man of twenty-four, with a baby face, the sophistication of a King Leopold, the white soul of a novice in a monastery, and the charm of a naive school boy. John is exceedingly noble—yes, indeed. He refuses to soil his aristocratic hands with labor, even though his creditors clamor at his door. John simulates anger when his tailor requests payment of a large bill—the rude chap! John cannot even find his 'bawth" tub when he goes avisiting. Instead, he wanders barefooted about the corridors, in a pink dressing gown with green facings, until a grim German fraulein finds and fills his tub for the dear boy. - John is also a true sport. We know it, because he informs this same fraulein that he possesses two hundred and eighty-four neckties, the same number of handkerchiefs and shirts and socks, to match. John is also an honorable man—with the same brand of honor that led Brutus

to stab Caesar. John makes love to his neighbor's wife, but when she capitulates and develops a jealousy and ardor that threatens to discompose him, he flees to his divinity for protection. These are a few of John's psychological traits.

Of course, John and Margarethe meet in romantic fashion. But John does not fall in love with the prima donna while he is free. No, being a psychological young man, he waits until after he marries a pretty, shallow American heiress who loves him with the depth of her little soul. After the wedding, John discovers that Mar-

Margarethe is his affinity. He leaves his girl-wife at a critical moment, and goes to Margarethe to declare his passion. While he is seeking her, frantic messages reach him that his wife's life depends upon his return to her bedside, and that his new-born son is already dead. By this time John's psychology is developed to such a degree that he puts off seeing his wife until he has found his prima donna and heard the story of her life. At the last moment he returns to his wife's bedside and witnesses her pitiful death from hunger, after this pleasant scene comes a denouement dramatic and entirely unexpected—a denouement as artistic as it is improbable.

It is a lovely story. John and Margarethe say so many things that are psychological, their commonplaces become epigrams; instead of merely saying "good morning," in natural fashion, they lapse into rhetorical passages. They analyze their feelings with beautiful egotism. John soars to hyperbolic rhapsodies when he lays his heart at his lady's feet. If John's lovemaking is a sample of what Mrs. Atherton considers the real, fourteen-carat gold, commend us to the commonplace utterances of the everyday man. These latter will say in a blunt, embarrassed voice, unsteady with manly emotion, "I love you." Thank heaven for the honest Americans and sturdy Britons who are not psychological!

Mrs. Atherton has written her story with the experienced hand of the veteran novelist, with fine choice of words, well builded situations. Many of the brilliant sayings which she puts in the lips of her characters must compel admiration for the novelist. They are the fruit of a ripe and cynical wisdom, the lucid thoughts of a woman who has delved below the surface of life. But she has misused a talent that is far from ordinary. Instead of winning sympathy, her two vital characters appear tawdry, unreal, cheaply dramatic, sensuous. Mrs. Atherton's outlook on life, as represented in "Tower of Ivory," is distorted. The book is not inviting reading for the healthy mind. ("Tower of Ivory." By Gertrude Atherton. The Macmillan Co.)

Source scan page 7. Gertrude Atherton (1857–1948) was a California novelist and essayist with a national readership. This review relates Tower of Ivory to her recurrent subjects and characteristic fictional method.

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Crime and Punishment

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 12, 1914 · VOL. XLV, No. 2

UNSIGNED

One of the Greatest of Novels

"Crime and Punishment" is not a new novel, by any means. It is one of the world's masterpieces of fiction, and its author, Feodor Dostoieffsky, has been dead thirty-three years. The novel, in fact, was written about the time of the American civil war, and has been available in more or less satisfactory English translations for many years. The Macmillan Company, however, has undertaken the production of a complete edition of the works of this great leader of Russian literature, and "Crime and Punishment," translated by Constance Garnett, is the latest addition to the series. A young student in St. PETERSBURG, without funds and driven to desperation, after pawning all his valuables with an old woman moneylender, conceives the idea of killing this woman and robbing her of a large sum for the relief of himself, and his mother and sister. At first, he thinks of the idea simply as a novelist might of a plot for a story, and turns the details over in his mind, dovetailing them together. He is not a vicious youth, however, and crime comes hard to him. At last, impelled by bad news from his mother, he almost mechanically commits the crime in the manner he had figured it out, excepting that, as he is looting the place, the woman's sister comes in, and he kills her too. He is so unnerved by his actions that he obtains almost nothing of value. Then the punishment begins. It is not remorse, that furnishes the punishment of this murderer, but the strain upon his mind in endeavoring to decide how he would be expected to act if innocent, even before there is any possibility of his being suspected. Certain of his actions, however, come to the attention of a police investigator, and the battle of wits is on. This detective is no Sherlock Holmes or other paper sleuth, but simply a man with knowledge of character and a long scent. The manner in which the murderer, who is much the superior, mentally, of the detective, betrays himself through this selfsame close analysis of what should be his course, until he can no longer stand the strain, and confesses, is one of the finest studies in all fiction. Translations from the Russian are uniformly unsatisfactory. They lack ease and fluency, possibly because of inherent difficulties in the physical side of the work. An instance of the difficulties faced by the translator is shown by the fact that in few cases are the authors' names spelled in the same way by different writers. We have Dostoevsky,

Dostoieffsky, and Dostoyevsky, Chekhov and Tchekhov, Turgenev and Turgenieff, and so on. This book, however, is in remarkably free style, compared with others from this involved tongue. (“Crime and Punishment.” By Feodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Company.)

Source scan page 12. Fyodor Dostoevsky (1821–1881) was a Russian novelist whose work transformed psychological fiction. The notice considers structure, translation, characterization, and the novel’s place in world literature.

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The Revolt of the Angels

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 12, 1914 · VOL. XLV, No. 2

UNSIGNED

KEEP IT AWAY FROM THE CHILDREN

Not because its characters are a trifle unconventional in the matter of sex relationships (Jor to bar it on that account would be to exclude a great deal of the best of the modern fiction and drama) but because even as there have so few artists capable of expressing themselves in satire, so there are few capable of appreciating it, Auatole France's latest book, "The Revolt of the Angels," should be kept away from the children. Not merely from those of tender years, but even more so from those of tender minds and unformed souls. With such keen, double-edged incisiveness does France's humor bite into beth ecclesiasticism and scientilic religion, that unless the reader goes to it with a solid grip on his own beliefs, he will come away from it either in a mental turmoil or throw it down in disgust before he is half way through. On this hypothesis is it built: Tach human being has a guardian angel. Arcade, the guardian of Maurice d'ksparvieu, takes advantage of the magnificent library of his charge's father, to study religion and science, and finally becomes convinced of the in- Justice of the rule of God. Ile embodies himself, and appears before Maurice, explaining that he, with other angels who have come to similar conclusions and are likewise now in mortal form, are about to organize a revolt against the Most High, under the leadership of Lucifer, The organization of the siege of heaven, and how it came never to be attempted, are the substantial part of the story, but between the lines it is entirely a

'review of the incessant struggle between science and the spirit world. But that is only the serious part of the book. The curious admixture of the human and supernatural in the persons of these angels brings all sorts of surprises at the least expected moments. Imagine, for instance, the guardian angel, Arcade, falling in love with the inamorata of his principal, Maurice, whereupon angel and man fight a duel, the man, naturally, being overcome, though not dangerously hurt And it is all told in the inimitable style of France, who witl lead you on to thinking he is becoming unduly serious or sentimental and then turn it off with a laugh, in such speeches as this: "Love seems to dissolve my bones; it makes me soft and melting as a pig's foot a Ja Ste. Menebould." But by all means, keep this book away from the children. ("The

Revolt of the Angels.” By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. Wilfred Jackson. John Lane Co.)

Source scan pages 11–12. Anatole France (1844–1924) was a French novelist, critic, and Nobel laureate. The review addresses his satire, theology, science, and comic method.

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Jack London's The Star Rover

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 27, 1915 · VOL. XLVI, No. 26

UNSIGNED

From the straight-jacket of San

Quentin prison does "The Star Rover" of Jack London's latest book derive the nepenthe which enables him to throw his freed spirit back over the ages to live again those previous existences when he was a Roman soldier in Palestine, a shipwrecked English sailor in forbidden Korea, a boy victim of the Mormon massacre. While he is sustaining interest in this newest method of the ever-popular idea of transmigration of souls by having his Star Rover, through the "little death" he experiences in the straight-jacket defy his prison warden's cruelty, London is allowing himself to string together a series of the best short stories he has yet written, stories which must convince the reader that in tales of other days, which make the brutality of man seem more plausible than that he insists on instilling into his modern narratives, the Californian will find his greatest opportunity. Possibly, the best of these incidents, these stories within a story, is that of Adam Strang, English "sea-cuny." cast ashore on the rocky coast of Korea in the sixteen hundreds, who by his bearing wins the love of the beautiful Lady Om and becomes virtual ruler of the country before he is overcome in a palace revolution and condemned, with his beautiful companion, to wander on the highways of Korea, a beggar for forty years, ere he sinks his fingers into the throat of the man who brought his misery and dies in his final hour of victory. Like most of London's offerings, the book is unusual and it is more than diverting. It is presented with that plausibility that makes us accept its unrealities by not admitting, mentally, that we do not believe them. ("The Star Rover." By Jack London. Macmillan Company. Bullock's.)

Source scan page 12. Jack London's prison novel uses reincarnation and recurring lives within a frame of bodily confinement. The review weighs that premise, London's style, and the book's artistic strengths and weaknesses.

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Mr. Britling Sees It Through

by **BRUCE BLIVEN**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 9, 1916 · VOL. XLIX, No. 24

H. G. Wells' latest book, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," is not only a fine literary feat, but an extraordinary mental and moral achievement as well— an achievement which has not even been approximated by any other literary man of the warring countries except George Bernard Shaw and Romain Rolland. We have long known that Mr. Wells is the possessor of that rarest, most precious of phenomena, a mind at once both vigorous and facile, sturdy and mobile.

The thing which makes this book a remarkable achievement is the way in which Wells rises above the psychological limitations of nationality and views the war and all its participants with an Olympian justice which would be amazing were he a citizen of any of the neutral countries, and is almost incredible for an Englishman. The achievement is rendered all the more surprising by the fact that the book is closely localized in England, all the scenes occurring 'round about the country home of Mr. Britling, the eminent novelist. In some ways Mr. Britling seems like an autobiographical sketch of Mr. Wells himself; but again one is forced to conclude that many characteristics are fictitious unless Wells is possessed of a hitherto-unsuspected frankness which makes Amiel and Bashkirtseff seem taciturn.

"Mr. Britling Sees It Through" is the psychological history of this novelist before and during the war. The hero—ii the chief personage in a Wells book may be called such—is seen through the eyes of the American visitor in his home whom Wells has portrayed briefly but accurately, with an astonishing amount of shrewd insight into national character. In the later pages of the book this Americanized perspective is abandoned and we are given a frankly subjective point of view.

August, 1914, marked a turning point in the world's history. Something has gone since that day which never can be recaptured, and one realizes poignantly how completely this is true when one sees the skill with which Wells has reconstructed the spirit of those antebellum days. The last few chapters of the novel rise to a height of spiritual beauty and insight which are a little finer than anything else Mr. Wells has done; although the book itself as a novel is not quite up to the mark set by "The Research Magnificent."

To recount the tale of events narrated in the story would be unfair to it and to the reader; only Wells himself can tell a typical Wells story and make it seem significant and important. You always catch a vision of the wider social implication behind his books; you always suspect him of writing sociological allegories as he very frankly did in his wonderful early romances. The alle- The allegory in “Mr. Britling” is simpler than in any other serious book by this author; and the tale is perhaps all the greater because of that fact.

This is a soul-shaking book; and it ought to be against the law for glib young men to review it in a hurry as has been done many times during the past few weeks in America. (The Macmillan Company)

Source scan page 10. Bruce Bliven (1889–1977) was an American journalist and editor. His analytical review examines Wells’s psychology, nationalism, allegory, artistry, and representation of the prewar world.

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Drama and the Theater

*Dramatic literature, actor-managers, modern stagecraft,
and the contest between realism and romance.*



The Good Gray Critic: William Winter

by **R. H. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 10, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 6

THE GOOD GRAY CRITIC

William Winter was to be the honored guest of the University Club at its monthly dinner Thursday evening. The “good gray critic” has been in poor health lately. Mr. Winter is sixty-eight years of age and is the only survivor of the “Greeley gang” on the Tribune, having been forty years in the harness. He is the greatest living authority on Shakespearean drama and his name should find a niche in the hall of fame with David Garrick, Edwin Booth and Henry Irving as one of the preservers of the “immortal bard.” Mr. Winter has written much and has written wisely. He has never sacrificed play or actor to the glory of his own signature, but has striven for the truth.

THE GOOD GRAY CRITIC

It was my proud privilege to sit at William Winter's right hand during the University Club's banquet in his honor last week, and to enjoy two of the most delightful hours of conversation that I have ever known, and his erudite and charming dissertation concerning the American stage. For over forty years Mr. Winter has been the valiant champion of truth and purity in dramatic art. He is the dean of American critics, and has always set a high standard, which, alas, is too seldom followed by the smart young men and women who write for the daily press, and who vainly imagine that Mr. Winter's methods are antediluvian.

Mr. Winter counsels actors and actresses not to read criticism of their work. "For," says he, "if favorable, it only inflates the man's vanity; if unfavorable, it makes the heart ache, breaks the spirit and saddens the mind. It rarely serves the purpose of good instruction. I have not for many and many a year read a review of one of my books. Why should I? I know I have done my best and I am too old to mend my ways." Again he said, "We should criticize plays only where they touch the public welfare, and then from a large, vital point of view. When we do criticize, favorably or otherwise, we ought to give a reason. Then your enemies will not fight you, they will fight facts."

William Winter has been the friend of all the great people of the stage for nearly half a century. He has been Irving's confidant, Edwin Booth's intimate, Joseph Jefferson's biographer and Mary Anderson's dramatic god-father. He showed me a wonderful snuff-box, the other night, that was given to him by Henry Irving, and which had belonged to Lord Byron. "And on this snuff-box," said he, "there are engraved the arms of Byron and the initials of Sir Henry and myself. Within it rests a lock of the hair of Mrs. Sarah Siddons, of Miss Charlotte Cushman and of my dear, dead friend, Adelaide Neilson." Mr. Winter should be prevailed upon to publish that address he read to the University Club; it is too precious to conceal in a closet. — R. H. C.

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. William Winter (1836–1917) was a poet, biographer, and the long-serving dramatic critic of the New York Tribune. The paired notices show how the theatrical critic himself could become a literary celebrity.

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Stephen Phillips and The Sin of David

by **R. H. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 1, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 9

Stephen Phillips occupies a unique position in the world of English letters. The twentieth century audience cares little for poetry in its drama. Incident is far more important than dialogue; spectacle more attractive than poetry. Even Shakespeare is only tolerated by the masses when served with gorgeous scenic embellishments that dwarf the actual drama and impoverish the poetry. It remains for a band or two of strolling players, like Ben Greet and his little company, to give us classic drama for its intrinsic worth alone. Stephen Phillips is first a poet and, therefore, cannot compete for favor on the modern stage with your Pineros or Clyde Fitches. His "Herod," "Paolo and Francesca" and "Ulysses" have been produced with moderate success, but the manager intrepid enough to stage "The Sin of David" has yet to be announced.

The reading of "The Sin of David," given by Mrs. George Dobinson before the Friday Morning Club a few weeks ago, was repeated at the Dobinson Auditorium last Thursday evening. Thursday unfortunately happened to produce the most frigid wind in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and the unwonted weather undoubtedly affected the size of the audience. It is doubly difficult to act or read before a half-filled auditorium, and this was Mrs. Dobinson's handicap on this occasion. But, nevertheless, the reader gave a most illuminating interpretation of the poem. The four principal characters of Mr. Phillips's poem are Sir Herbert Lisle, Colonel Mardyke, Miriam, wife of Mardyke and afterward wife of Lisle, and Martha, sister of Mardyke. There are eight minor speaking parts. The first fruit of the effectiveness of Mrs. Dobinson's reading was found in the fact that she was able to give to each of the main, and to several of the minor, characters an individuality of voice and expression that was so distinct and intelligible that it was unnecessary to preface their dialogue by naming them. This individual distinction of characters, so clear as to avoid any chance of confusion, is in itself no easy task. And it is only happily accomplished when, as in Mrs. Dobinson's case, such characterization is done without strain—naturally and without the jarring suggestion of affectation.

Mrs. Dobinson's great virtue is the total absence of "declamation"; there is no forcing of the voice to unnatural pitch, noise to express passion, nor attempt at histrionic effects, where, in such reading, they would be superfluous and distressing. The reading instead of the acting

of a play may be compared to the violin solo in place of an orchestra. It is obviously incomplete, but the consciousness of limitations and the discretion not to transgress such limitations may crown the work of both reader and violinist as artistic and illuminating.

For the reason Mrs. Dobinson's reading of "The Sin of David" emphasizes its poetry more than its dramatic force. And Mr. Phillips's lines lose none of their beauty in this reader's custody. Only occasionally was the reader tempted towards too rapid a delivery, which last Thursday might have been prompted by the frigidity of the auditorium.

The note of tragedy struck by "The Sin of David" is not a loud one; it is, almost throughout, in the minor key. The passion of Lisle for Miriam is never riotous, but always bears the conscious burden of the initial sin. The irony of fate—the judgment of God—does not have to be demonstrated in loud alarms, in thunder and lightning, but achieves its climax by the death of the little child, who had apparently blessed the union of Lisle and Miriam, but becomes the instrument for punishing the sin of five years before. This sustained chord of sadness and foreboding evil predominates throughout the play, and in Mrs. Dobinson's rendition it is fittingly maintained.

Stephen Phillips pays more attention to the great life motives that control and agitate humanity than to incident or characterization; in these respects his poems resemble the old Greek tragedies. "My object," he has said, "is to eliminate everything but the essentials of character, action and passion—to admit nothing that shall not help on the action. I strive after compression, not expansion."

Thus the effect upon reading "The Sin of David" or hearing it read is not so much the experiences of the individual characters as the impression of the great human tragedy—sin and its punishment. The story is as old as that of Uriah the Hittite, and as new as the latest records of the divorce court.

What Edmund Gosse has called the "marvelous lyrical movement of unrhymed iambics which is the particular glory of Mr. Phillips" is profusely found in his latest poem. Listen to the interlude between Lisle and Miriam after the first avowal of their love:

Stephen Phillips, still a young man, has already done more for a real revival of dramatic poetry than anyone in this generation. If the stage is to return to pure literature, his name will be writ large in the record.

In the meantime, until theatergoers are satiated with musical comedies and realize that the stage has a higher mission than the titillation of the ear and the dazzling of the eye, we may be grateful

indeed to such readers as Mrs. Dobinson for introducing us to the beauties and worth of such work as “The Sin of David.” — R. H. C.

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. Stephen Phillips (1864–1915) was an English poet and verse dramatist whose reputation was near its height when The Sin of David reached Los Angeles. This extended review measures his Biblical drama against contemporary theatrical expectations.

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Other Days

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 7, 1908 · VOL. —, NO. 23

UNSIGNED

No dramatic library can be considered complete without a copy of "Other Days," embodying the chronicles and memories of the stage, as noted by that most delightful, as he is the most conscientious of all American dramatic critics, the venerable William Winter, It is a liberal education in itself to have read this intimate record of the shining stars of the stage with whom the poet, essayist and critic has come in personal contact in the fortyodd years he has been a staff member of the New York Tribune. Couched in the purest of English, having a fine appreciation of the towering talents as well as the human weaknesses of the geniuses who are described, the book is one that will appeal to all lovers of literature, whether or not they are interested in matters theatrical.

Lest one should marvel at the brief reference made to that most recently deceased actor-manager, the gifted Mansfield, this reviewer hastens to explain that Mr. Winter has reserved more ample consideration of that honored and lamented actor for his 'Life and Art of Richard Mansfield,' upon which he has been at work for several years. It is interesting to know that Mr. Mansfield sanctioned and approved this work, which well be published soon as a companion volume to Mr. Winters biographies of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson.

In the opening chapter "A Royal Line," the giants of the American stage from the beginning of the nineteenth century are passed in review, with a more extended consideration of the art of Edwin Forrest than is accorded to others of the blue-blooded fraternity, although Edwin Booth and Henry Irving are by no means neglected. Forrest's character had elements of greatness, and, but for his colossal egotism, he might have had a happy life and left a lovable memory. His career spanned the middle' of the nineteenth century. His impersonation of King Lear was a profoundly affecting performance and as Spartacus, Jack Cade and Metamora, he excelled. But he was the chieftain of the robustious school of acting. Says Mr. Winter:

"He could at all times be seen, heard and understood. He struck with a sledge-hammer. Not even nerves of gutta-percha could remain unshaken by his blow. In the manifestation of terror he lolled out his tongue, contorted his visage, made his frame quiver, and used the trick

sword with the rattling hilt. In scenes of fury he panted, and snarled, like a wild beast. In death scenes his gasps and gurgles were protracted and painfully literal. The bellow that he emitted, when, as Richelieu, he threatened to launch the ecclesiastical curse, almost made the theater walls tremble.”

His opposite was Edwin Booth, one of the greatest actors that ever lived, and as a man, exceptionally noble, gentle, affectionate and good. At first he travelled with his father, the erratic Junius, accompanying him to California in 1852—he was then 19—remaining here four years, where in theaters on the Pacific coast his most valuable early experiences were obtained. There are those living in Los Angeles who recall with a thrill of pleasure Edwin Booth’s later engagement at the California theater in San Francisco in 1876, when Lawrence Barrett and John Mc- Cullough were associated with him in a Shakespearean revival which proved to be the most remunerative engagement. to that date, ever played on the American stage.

To Joseph Jefferson Mr. Winter pays warm tribute. The two were close friends for nearly half a century. The magical charm of his acting was the deep human sympathy and the loveliness of individuality by which it was irradiated—an exquisite blending of humor, pathos, grace, and beauty. The reason of the “endurance” of “Rip Van Winkle,” according to Mr. Winter, was that as interpreted by Jefferson, it had the irresistible charm of poetry. With this view the discriminating, who are privileged to recall Jefferson’s masterpiece, surely will not quarrel. He was truly “a poet among actors.” John Brougham’s name is not so familiar to westerners as other of the men and women of the stage summoned to appear in this book of chronicles and memories and to many his work is all unknown. In temperament Brougham was kindred with the poet Oliver Goldsmith. He had the same benevolent simplicity and careless generosity—and he had the same bad luck. He wrote well, acted well, but in business matters invariably came to grief. He died in June, 1884, in destitute circumstances. Edwin Booth and Mr. Winter were among those who bore the pall to Greenwood cemetery.

There are plenty of theatergoers who will recall the work of Dion Boucicault as Con in “The Shaughraun,” with its sparkling, snappy dialogue, illumined with gems of Hibernian humor. Mr. Winter is scrupulously fair in his estimate of Boucicault’s art, but as a man he finds little to admire in the actorplaywright. He was vain, self-indulgent, shallow, fickle, and weak, and he lived in almost continual antagonisms toward either institutions or individuals. He was essentially little. In denying his marriage with Agnes Robertson, to whom the English court awarded a decree of divorce from him in 1888, he sought to cast a blight of disgrace upon his wife and children. His demeanor toward

professional subordinates was seldom civil, often tyrannical and harsh; so that in the theater, as a rule, he was cordially disliked. The public he flattered—and despised. Altogether, it is anything but a pleasant memory that is evoked of this brilliant but unlovable character, who is thus tersely and subtly introduced: “He was named Dionysius, after the scientist, Dionysius Lardner, to whom, in maturity, he bore a striking personal resemblance.” Ugh!

Rather lovingly the recaller of these memories refers to Charlotte Cushman, that great actress who dominated the American stage in the middle of the nineteenth century and whose Meg Merrilies was one of the most dramatic figures of that or any subsequent period. Her Lady Macbeth was another great personation, to this day unequalled. She read no subtle signification into Shakespeare’s text. She perceived and imparted the obvious meaning, and her style was strong, definite, bold and free. But withal she was of a deeply sympathetic temperament and was particularly partial to Queen Katharine, the tender human feeling, the pathos and the woman-like loveliness of that character touching her heart, and arousing all the enthusiasm of her moral nature. She died in February, 1876. Edward A. Sothorn father of the actor so well and favorably known to the present generation, is accorded an illuminating chapter. He is remembered best as the creator of Lord Dundreary, that fabric of humorous eccentricity in the portrayal of which Mr. Sothorn acquired fame and fortune, John McCullough, another great favorite with the preceding generation, is given vivid portraiture and to his noble character warm and deserved tribute is paid. He was a tragic actor of fine natural talents with a customary repertory which included thirty characters, and for twenty-seven years he shed luster on the American stage. His Virginius and Othello won him deserved favor and many friends. Here on the coast he is especially remembered for his management of the California theater, in San Francisco, in partnership for a time with Lawrence Barrett. McCullough died in a private asylum at Bloomingdale in 1885.

Lawrence Barrett is another tender memory. He rose from the humblest beginnings to envied eminence in the dramatic profession and the recounting of his struggles and triumphs forms a most fascinating chapter. As Cassius, in the San Francisco period of his histrionic career, he made the most conspicuous success of his life. Later, in partnership with Edwin Booth he shared in his labors and in his triumphs and died suddenly in New York, in 1891. That he had true genius is readily granted by this kindly biographer.

Mary Anderson’s rather brief, but yet brilliant, stage life is happily considered and from her serene career one passes to the sorrowful destiny of the beauti-

"OUT- 'DOORS IN THE HOLY LAND"

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

WITH TWELVE IEEWSTRA LONE SY 50 NET

An intensely interesting account of a caravan trip through Palestine. Dr. profound knowledge of the history and his power of explaining what the Holy Land means to us makes this an invaluable book, made doubly attractive by his adventures in the course of his open-air eek os cham; Cum & Welch Come The Big Book Store, 252 South Spring Street ful actress Adelaide Neilson, whose Jast inimitable portrayal of Juliet in this country it was the present reviewer's privilege to see, and it is a recollection never to be 'effaced. She died in Paris, under peculiarly afflicting and melancholy circumstances at the age of thirty-three, just as she had proved herself an auspicious power in the dramatic world, and with a considerable fortune gained as the fruits of her endeavors. In her performances of Juliet, Viola, Imogen, and Isabella, the irradiant imagination of her genius rendered her work unrivalled.

In the coneluding chapter of these admirable chronicles Mr. Winter pays his respects to present stage conditions in America and here his fine scorn for the "Shadrachs" in control is not concealed. Much of his censure of modern stage management undoubtedly is deserved and coming from one who has seen the best acting and the best methods of producing plays, for half a century, his strictures are not to be disregarded, or sneered at as the vaporings of one who has outlived his usefulness,

It is because he knows so well how to discriminate between good and bad that his word is to be treasured, He is eminently right when he declares that what the American stage needs today is not so much actors, but stage managers. He says:

"Acting igs an art, not a business, That is the crux of the present condition of the American theater. For the tradesmen who now practically control it (allowance being gratefully made for an occasional exception) success is determined and measured solely and exclusively by the standard of the box office; in a word, by money. Those persons do not and cannot understand that any human being, unless bereft of his senses, would even dream of sacrificing the possibility of financial profit for the sake of sustaining and promoting one of the fine arts. They do not even comprehend the fact that under judicious management financial profit sufficient to satisfy reasonable expectation and moderate desire is entirely compatible with an artistic administration of the theater such as would insure the one desirable result—good plays well acted."

With the quotation of this sane and sage observation one reluctantly withdraws from contemplation of a charming book of chronicle and

reminiscence. The fact that the author is the father of one of the fairest and most highly respected young matrons of Los

Angeles, and that his visits to this city have endeared him personally to many, combine to make “Other Days” still more attractive than if the talented poet-author were a total stranger to this community. The chronicles are dedicated to William Jefferson Winter, son of the author, in grateful appreciation of the fact that but for his earnest encouragement they would not have been written. Numerous illustrations and facsimile reproductions of famous letters embellish the book. (“Other Days.” By William Winter. Moffatt, Yard & Co.)

Source scan page 8. William Winter (1836–1917) was a poet, biographer, and long-serving dramatic critic of the New York Tribune. This review treats his theatrical memoirs as both literary recollection and a statement of critical principle.

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Richard Mansfield

by **S. T. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 12, 1908 · VOL. —, No. 02

Richard Mansfield came by his artistic temperament, his irascible tendencies, his love of color, his musical ability, in the most natural manner. They were an inheritance from his mother, the celebrated Madame Rudersdorff, whose conspicuous talent as a singer entranced Europe for a quarter of a century. According to Paul Wilstach, who has written a most entertaining biography of the famous American actor, who died all too soon, at the apex of his career, Herminia Rudersdorff, or Kuchenmeister, was married to Maurice Mansfield, a London wine merchant in the spring of 1851, from which union three children resulted, Felix, born in 1852, Greta, two years later, and Richard, the youngest, in Berlin, May 24, 1857. A little more than fifty years thereafter, August 29, 1907, this talented actor, after a remarkable career on the English and American stages, died at "Seven Acres," New London, Conn., a victim of nervous exhaustion brought on by overwork.

Richard was only four years old when the elder Mansfield died, and to his mother was relegated the task of providing for and educating the children. As she was a prima donna, home life with her was out of the question. They lived at Jena, with an uncle of their mother for a time, and, later, the two boys were sent to a private boarding school. For a while Richard bade fair to lose his English tongue, but he acquired a good knowledge of German and of French, his mother speaking seven languages, fluently: English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian and Dutch. When he was twelve, the lad was entered at an English public school, in the borough of Derby, a shire town, where he fell under the influence of a splendid character, Rev. Walter Clarke, the head master. Richard greatly enjoyed the three years passed at Derby and the experience was always treasured in his memory.

In 1872, his mother came to America to fill a professional engagement. Boston was captivated by her talents and induced her to remain. As she was then fifty she decided to do so and sent for Richard and his sister, Greta, to join her. Later, Greta married a Frenchman, and her daughter, years after, under the stage name of Ida Brassey, supported her uncle, Richard, in repertoire. It was an artistic circle into which the lad entered and as Madame Rudersdorff had admission to the most exclusive Boston families the boy must have absorbed much from such an environment. At sixteen he had picked up a liberal musical

education, and was matured beyond his years, While still in his teens he entered the counting house of Eben D. Jordan, a wealthy Boston merchant, remaining two years in his employ and contracting a friendship with the elder man that was to last a lifetime.

Occasionally, Richard felt the effects of his mother's spicy temper, at which times he would pack his satchel and slip away. At eighteen he arranged with her to let him rent a room in Boston—the Rudersdorff home was in the suburbs—and the youth managed to support himself by musical and dramatic criticisms. Later, he opened a studio and taught languages, varying his pursuits by painting water colors, which he sold to his friends. "But when I had sold pictures to all my friends," he confessed, long after, "I discovered I had no friends." Amateur theatricals engaged his attention and proved his bent, but in 1877 he was sent to England to study art, on an allowance. However, he soon abandoned this project and for the next few years looked to the stage for a living, his remittances having ceased, owing to a quarrel with his mother.

His experiences at this period were trying ones. Engagements were scarce and those he did get were not long retained, owing to his eccentricities of genius. It was a bitter struggle for recognition, which was slow in coming. Years after, when at the meridian of his fame, in February, 1898, addressing the faculty and students of Chicago university, he gave a hint of those early London days when, by the light of a candle, he cooked his own poor meal and counted himself lucky if he had a hot baked potato, which first warmed his hands before it did similar service for his stomach. Occasionally, he sold a picture or a magazine article, but these strikes were not numerous.

His first hit was as Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in a second company playing "Pinafore." This was in the fall of 1877. before he was twenty-one. His salary was \$15 a week. A year later he was advanced, by the fortunate illness of a principal in a number one company, to fill the role of the first lord of the admiralty, playing long engagements in the provincial cities. From "Pinafore" he gravitated into the Major General of the "Pirates," again scoring a hit with his voice and his graceful dancing. In 1881, he joined the Globe stock company and the year following news of his mother's death reached him. Richard was named as her sole heir. A few months later he yielded to the advice of his old friend, Mr. Jordan, and left London for New York, where A. M. Palmer, Wallack, and Augustine Daly maintained rival theaters, tenanted by the finest stock companies in America. Besides these, Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, Clara Morris, Mary

Anderson, Modjeska, Janauschek, and other favorites were enjoying deserved success,

To enter these lists required courage, but Mansfield did not despair. ‘

His first success was as the Lord Chancellor in “Iolanthe,” a role requiring a good voice in addition to agility in dancing. He made a hit, but the young man was ambitious to succeed in legitimate parts, and he suddenly resigned from the company, went to New York and applied to Manager Palmer for an opening. He was given small bits at first, but he was ambitious and determined. His chance came when J. H. Stoddard declined to play the part of Baron Chevrial in “A Parisian Romance.” It was finally entrusted to Mansfield, and how he succeeded in winning the public and establishing his fame is a fascinating story graphically told by Mr. Wilstach. They who were privileged to witness Mansfield’s wonderful portraiture of the flaccid little old baron, the lecherous rouse who collapses at a wine supper given in honor of a ballet girl and her professional sisters, will never forget the superb art of that performance. With it Mansfield came into his own; the public and the critics acclaimed him as a great artist was then twenty-six..

Two years later he acquired all rights to “A Parisian Romance,” and began a starring tour, which proved unprofitable. The public in the provinces had yet to wake up to the Mansfield genius and the young actor returned to subordinate work, among other stars, supporting Minnie Madden Fiske for a season. Offers of a big salary tempted him to return to light opera. Joining John Stetson’s “Mikado” company in Boston he achieved new triumphs as Ko-Ko, the lord high executioner, whose opening song, “Taken From the County Jail,” is still recalled with delight by the present reviewer. liking and presently he returned to “Baron Chevrial” and, later, to “Prince

But the part was not to his:

Karl,” in which new medium he found he had a great money-maker. If he had stuck to it he might have won a great fortune, if not so great fame, it was in this play that Beatrice Cameron joined the company and whom

Richard Mansfield was to marry two years later, Sept. 15, 1892. His next great success was in the contrasting dual roles of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, a study that earned him an extraordinary triumph, but which Mr. Mansfield never admired, although he respected its box office capabilities, At a little midnight supper in Los Angeles in 1905, to which a few choice spirits were bidden he confided to this reviewer that the play always repelled him, but its drawing powers made possible the artistic offerings of Alceste in the “Misanthrope,” Don Carlos, and other presentations that did not appeal to the general public with the force of the Stevenson production. What a four hours that was with Mansfield! His wit, his grace, his charming conversational powers, his fascinating

reminiscences, his delightfully served supper, his unaffected demeanor—who of the four or five that sat down with him will ever forget that memorable 12-to-4 experience? It was his farewell visit to the coast. A letter dated New Orleans, Dec, 28, 1905, written in his private car, recalls the evening with pleasure and ends by inviting this recipient to “write something” for his “very sincere friend, Richard Mansfield.” But, alas, before it could take shape, the talented actor had passed away.

It was his London experience in 1888-9, when he made his stellar debut at the Lyceum that resulted in saddling him with a mountain of debt, from which he did not emerge for seven years. His production of “Richard III” was an artistic triumph, but a costly financial experience, attributable to the fact that the season was wrong, the actor comparatively unknown as a star, and the contrast from the same stage with Henry Irving, an established favorite, too marked. He tried “King Richard” in America, but the public was too used to rant and fustian at that time to accept his characterization and the play was withdrawn after a four weeks’ run. Dark days ensued for the actor-manager, but he never lost his grip and the warm reception given to “Richard III” in Chicago inspired and sustained him. In that discerning city Mansfield always reigned a favorite, and he had ever a warm regard for it. “Beau Brummell” brought him additional fame and helped to fill his depleted treasury. His impersonation of the Beau is a delightful memory. The grace, charm, polish and perfection of his art never was better displayed than in this role, ‘Don Juan,’ “Nero,” and “The Scarlet Letter” followed, succeeded by his remarkable production of “The Merchant of Venice” in 1893, when his Shylock proved to be one of his most celebrated roles. He made it the embodiment of malignant, implacable hatred, although in appearance his Jew was venerable and his gait rather feeble. “Arms and the Man” was not a money-maker, although it provoked a storm of critical praise for Mr. Shaw’s comedy and the acting. He retired it for “Napoleon,” which proved a profitable venture. “Rodion the Student” came next, in the denotement of whose accusing conscience, Mansfield gave a subtly-stirring performance.

To that time, however, he had not achieved financial success, and as he reviewed the neglect of the public properly to appreciate his King Richard, Don Juan, Nero, Shylock, Napoleon, and lesser impersonations, it is not strange that the actor waxed a bit cynical, with fatigue, disappointment and debts enveloping him. But a turn of affairs was at hand, and following the production of “Castle Sombras,” he engaged the former stock manager, A. M. Palmer, to act as his business manager. Good fortune attended his efforts from that date to the end of his career. “The Devil’s Disciple,” another Shaw comedy, was put on, in which Mansfield made one change from the original text. Shaw resented it, “shrieking across the Atlantic for ‘heart interest,’” Mansfield courteously

replied, 'Heart interest be d—d.' Not to be outdone in courtly extravagance, the Irishman cabled 'Same to you.'" "The First Violin" followed, a poetic bit that charmed the public without entailing much expense or demanding much energy on the part of its producer.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" was the play that took the country by storm, and which added immensely to the actor's fame. This reviewer was called upon to write the critique for his paper at its initial production in Chicago and he had no hesitation in declaring that as Cyrano Mansfield reached the apex of his powers of acting. It was a whimsical portrayal peculiarly fitted to the talents of this character actor.

As contrasted with Coquelin's Cyrano in many respects it was superior, particularly in the versified introduction of the cadets of Gascogne, which musketry of words, accompanied by the clash of crossed steel, ended in an outburst of enthusiasm whose echoes are still heard. As both Coquelin and Mansfield played in Chicago at the same time, the contrast was inevitable, but Mansfield did not suffer.

"Beaucaire," "Julius Caesar," and "Old Heidelberg" were added to the repertoire in turn, each proving a profitable production. 'Ivan the Terrible,' "The Misanthrope," and "Don Carlos" completed the list with one exception. Mr. Wilstach has succeeded admirably in the presentation of Mansfield, the

Actor, telling of his artistic triumphs and his financial failures with faithful attention to details, but of Mansfield, the Man, there is much yet to be said, and this is noted without any desire to detract from the excellence of the present work. In the glimpse he gives of Mansfield's deep affection for his wife and his love for his boy, George Gibbs Mansfield, Mr. Wilstach has been most happy, Nothing could more faithfully reveal the tender side of the actor's nature. He always had a soft spot in his heart for children, and he poured out his father love in his

Whimsical letters to the little fellow to whom his mother read aloud amusing conceits, composed between cities, hundreds of miles away from their recipient. Lack of space forbids their quotation here, but they teem with delicate imagery, beautiful thoughts and picturesque language, well calculated to entertain the small son, not omitting fatherly admonitions when necessary. Mrs. Mansfield, naturally, was the interpreter of this delightful correspondence.

Alas, that the grim reaper should have made his demand so soon! In the production of "Peer Gynt," Ibsen's almost unactable dramatic poem, with its marked contrasts and shifting impulses that so appealed to Mansfield's art, he found a great medium for expression, but its exactions proved his undoing. His conquest of this new role was at the

expense of his health, and although he lived to see his efforts as an imaginative and interpretative artist accorded the highest praise, the great tension of that season of 1906-7 was so insistent that his debilitated body refused to meet the demands and in March he was obliged to desist, and disband his company. A sea voyage did little good and, with his wife and Gibbs, and his brother, Felix, he returned to America after a few weeks only passed in the south of England. At "Seven Acres," New London, Conn., where he had wired to have a new home ready for his coming, he was wheeled inside the recently completed house and a few days later took to his bed, never to leave it in life.

Mr. Wilstach has told with a delicate repression of that farewell scene between Mrs. Mansfield and the dying man. Richard Mansfield's last words were in answer to his wife's repetition of "God is life." He awoke and recognized her, pressed her hand and answered, "God is love." Then he drew her to him and kissed her. "As he released her he lay smiling peacefully, his eyes open for a moment with a look of joy and delight, and the smile remained as he fell asleep." So passed away America's greatest character actor known to the modern stage. There is yet much to be said analytically of his art, and of his intimate personality, but Mr. Wilstach has given the public a delightful, if somewhat biased, story of the actor's rather stormy, but busy life, and they who read it must acknowledge a debt of gratitude. The illustrations are numerous, and the mechanical presentation well up to the high standard of the publisher. ("Richard Mansfield: The Man and the Actor." By Paul Wilstach.)

Source scan pages 9–10. Richard Mansfield (1857–1907) was one of the leading American actor-managers of his generation. The piece reviews Paul Wilstach's biography while adding the reviewer's own memories of Mansfield.

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The Great Divide

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 16, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, NO. 20

UNSIGNED

Presented first as an acting play, "The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody, now appears as literature, fresh from the press of the Macmillan Company, in book form. Its appeal to the amusement-loving public has been unmistakable, as its long runs in several large cities testify, and now it may be seen in somewhat lesser glory in the stock companies. Its chief value lies in its vivid picture of the types engendered in the rugged, barren, free life of the southwest, Arizona, to be exact, and Massachusetts, with all it stands for of conservatism, restraint, rigid morality and scrupulous commercial honesty. A woman's honor is at stake, and is saved with gold—bought by one man from another. This situation is so revolting to a New England puritan that it is like the yoke of slavery about her neck, until she has, with her own hands, earned the money to buy back her freedom. She gets it only to give it again into the same hands, but she then stands clean in her own sight, since she has exercised the right dearest to a woman, to bestow herself where she wills, not where she must. After that she has still to overcome her spiritual inheritance of winning righteousness by self torture. The hero, who has risen in an hour new born, out of sin and wretchedness, as the Arizona desert is turned from brown to green in a night, by a passionate, swift, deluging rain, finds the path he can walk together. A great human theme, treated dramatically and picturesquely by Mr. Moody. ("The Great Divide." By William Vaughn Moody. The Macmillan Company.)

Source scan page 7. William Vaughn Moody (1869–1910) was an American poet and dramatist. The review treats The Great Divide as literature, attending to regional types, moral conflict, and dramatic theme.

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John Synge's Plays

by **M. H. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 29, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 9

Weird as the wind in the trees, or elfin music in the dusk, are the vague longings of the soul that John Synge has put into dramatic form in the five plays he left at his death—his piercing note of promise, dumb so soon. In strange and beautiful English, and with strange and stirring rhythm, he writes of the Irish, but writes for the world. He tells of realities, but realities overlapped by the intangible: a woman “hard to please,” with strange lights in her eyes; eyes seeing nothing but “the mists rolling down the bog, and the mists again rolling up the bog,” and hearing only “streams roaring with the rain.” This woman, married to an old man, lonely in her mountain glen, dreads age and longs for youth and companionship, just as women do everywhere. Her husband, bitter with age, drives her forth in jealous rage, and she goes out into the night with a tramp, who says to her: “The rain is falling, but the air is kind, and maybe it’ll be a grand morning by the grace of God,” just as the first woman went, unafraid, with the first man, seeing the vision.

Mr. Yeats found J. M. Synge in Paris, in a room at the top of a house in the Latin Quarter, poor, unknown, but wishing to become a writer. He knew the Irish language, but was beginning to forget it, being interested only in the conventional poetic tongue. He had traveled wherever life was picturesque, but had felt nothing of it as yet to express in his writings. “Go to the Aran Islands,” advised Mr. Yeats; “live there as if you were one of the people themselves; express a life that has never found expression.” This he did, and fed full his imagination, which had been hungering. The English is of the time of Malory, as to phrase and force, but colored with the Irish fancy till it fairly glows.

Riders to the Sea is pure tragedy. A play in one act, it was first performed at the Molesworth Hall, Dublin, February 25, 1904. There are four persons in the cast: Maurya, an old woman whose sons, all but one, have been lost at sea; Bartley, her son; Cathleen and Nora, her daughters. A stocking and a shirt have been taken off a drowned man in Donegal, and the priest has brought them to the sisters, to see if they can identify them as belonging to their brother Michael. The mother knows nothing of it. The priest says, “If it’s Michael’s they are, you can tell herself (Maurya) he’s got a clean burial by the grace of God, and if they’re not his, let no one say a word about them, for she’ll be getting her death with crying and lamenting.” Bartley is going by sea to take his

horses to the Galway Fair. Maurya, querulous from grief and apprehension, objects to the journey. The boards have been bought for Michael's coffin, against the time of his body being washed up by the sea.

Bartley: "How would it be washed up, and we after looking each day for nine days, and a strong wind blowing a while back from the west and south?"

Maurya: "If it isn't found itself, that wind is raising the sea, and there was a star up against the moon, and it rising in the night. If you had a hundred horses, or a thousand horses, what is the price of a thousand horses against a son where there is one son only?"

Bartley sets out, but his mother withholds her blessing. Later, she goes to intercept him and give him a cake to eat on the way. In her absence the sisters examine the stocking and shirt and find them to be Michael's. They weep to think of him floating on the sea and "no one to keen him, but the black hags that do be flying on the sea." They hide the clothes as Maurya comes in keening softly, the cake in her hand, abstraction in her eyes. She has seen Bartley riding to the sea and after him the phantom of Michael, on the gray pony. It is a premonition she does not question.

In a few minutes they bring Bartley's body, covered with a sail, and lay it on the table. Maurya sprinkles him with holy water from a cup, then lays her hands together on his feet and says, solemnly, "They are all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Sheamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn; and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of every one is left living in the world. No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied." She kneels down, and the curtain falls. The bitter heartbreak of an aged mother, full of the superstition of a primitive life, remote, priest-ridden, and poor, but universal and human. Every line of this little play quivers with emotion.

Synge's other plays comprise *The Playboy of the Western World*, *The Shadow of the Glen*, *The Well of the Saints* and *The Tinker's Wedding*. They are remarkable for their strong imaginative quality and their intuitive perception of the elemental. Mr. Synge's works were a feature of the revival of Irish drama given in Molesworth Hall, Dublin, and his death was a distinct loss to the Irish movement.

Source scan page 14. J. M. Synge (1871–1909) was a central playwright of the Irish Literary Revival. Written shortly after his death, this review closely reads Riders to the Sea and situates Synge's language and dramatic imagination within the Abbey Theatre movement.

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Luke North's The White Flame

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 5, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, NO. 14

UNSIGNED

Another solution of things that are, is offered by Luke North, whose writings are not unknown to readers of *The Graphic*, in a reading play entitled "yhe White Flame." There are two periods of time covered in the little drama; the first scene being laid in the "early dawn of Egypt, when the pyramids were new and human motive was little mercenary; when reigion and philosophy were one and did not claim to be other than the exjJanation of life and nature. This was before theology, when ceremonies were known to be but symbols and priests were but teachers and friendly guides on the way.' The scene is between a teacher and his pupil, Alessandro, @ man much younger than the other. They are about to part; for ten years the pupil has been guided and taught the deep truths of life, now he is to test them for himself. They are in aw chamber of the Great Pyramid, where, on an altar, a blue flame burns. Over a lofty portal shines an intense white light.

It is to enter this chamber of the white light that Alessandro has been fitting himself. The flame is the tes. of the soul. The altar flame burns a steadfast blue, verging to white, so long as the human thought within its range is centered on the finer things of mind and soul, beyond the reali of the emotions. Should the mind waver, the flame turns red. The teacher says, "Avery span of life is but a flame, my son, a flame to burn away the dross hat hides reality." And again, "Life holds no dross, save for those who think it. This is truth that shall humble thee." Man is a triad of mind, soul and spirit; only the spirit is formless and eternal. Mind and soul last out the round of man's long earthly cycle on the wheel of rebirth. Alessandro has loved a woman from whom he has een separated; now he would bridge he gulf of passing consciousness and 'live with those high souls who keep the knowledge of the way of things from Time's corrupting hand.'

instead of his guidance, the teacher tells him, he will now have only the light within:

Alessandro—I lave no fear, father.

Teacher—And when the way Is darkest, say to thyself, "I have no fear.'" "To those who have no fear no harm can come.

Alessandro—I drank a deeper draft than lips of flesh may taste. I asked of life perhaps too nueh,

Teacher—None ask too much. aud many ask too little, content with husks and flowers that Wither ere they be fairly plucked. But thou shall drink again. ‘There comes a time when man’s return to cosmic night begins and souls flo blend again, when separated rays unite, and each soul finds its counterpart.

They part, and Alessandro prepares to enter the chamber of the white light. As he moves toward it, he hears the voice of the woman he loves; she comes, and they meet. The white light goes out, and the altar flame burns red. The remaining three acts are in modern time and setting; the author brings his philosophy to the present fay problem, and the play ends in an exalted idea of service to man triumphing over self-seeking. The themes of this play, as Mr. North says in “a last word,” reach beyond the surface of life. It is an interesting presentation of a theory of life that will meet much sympathy. “The White Flame.” By Luke North. The Golden Press, Los Angeles.)

Source scan page 7. Luke North was the pen name used by a California writer associated with locally published drama. The notice considers The White Flame as a reading play and examines its philosophical and dramatic design.

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The Life and Art of Richard Mansfield

by **S. T. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 23, 1910 · VOL. —, NO. 21

Than William Winter no student of the drama in the country is better qualified to give a just and yet critical estimate of the life and art of the late Richard Mansfield, and in the authorized biography of him who was the foremost exponent of the drama on the American stage when death intervened, Mr. Winter has so fairly weighed all the contradictory virtues and defects of the great actor-manager that the discerning reader unhesitatingly pronounces it a true life and not merely a eulogy that has been so faithfully recorded.

Naturally, no little of the biographer's personality enters into the seven hundred odd pages of the two volumes forming an analytical survey of Richard Mansfield's private life and public career. It was because of an intimate friendship with the actor, extending over a period of twenty-five years, that he so greatly aided in giving value to the work here considered; and of all the correspondence that is published, as tending to reveal the inner springs of action governing Mansfield's life, that between the actor and the dramatic critic, who was to turn biographer, is by far the most engaging and informative. His letters and his erratic ways prove Mansfield to have been a man of unquiet, impulsive, imperious mind, intent on personal aggrandizement and the acquisition of wealth and fame, who was so impatient of delay in the fulfillment of his purposes that he scarcely ever allowed a moment of peace either to himself or any person near him. But, as Mr. Winter points out, while he was at times a trial to patience, he was essentially a practical exemplar of devotion to high ideals, an active instrument of virtuous intellectual force and, therefore, a potent, influential character, worthy of respect and sympathy in life, and of thoughtful commemoration, now that he has passed away.

This is exactly how this reviewer, whose privilege it was to enjoy the friendship of Richard Mansfield, the man, wholly aside from the actor, would have estimated his ruling characteristics. Throughout, Mr. Winter has preserved this impartial spirit in treating the various episodes that, in the mass, constituted the Mansfieldean career. That the creator of Beau Brummel, of Baron Chevrial, and of numerous other stage personages gained many brilliant victories and encountered many grievous disappointments no one who reads this life may dispute. It is a sad thought that, after so gallant an effort for the achievement of noble

results, he should have died, exhausted in the struggle for intellectual preferment over materialism.

With admirable judgment Mr. Winter has repressed the undoubted enthusiasm he felt for Mansfield's art and sympathy in his aspirations, allowing the subject of his memoir to speak for himself through the medium of his letters wherever possible. As to the biographical facts stated, they were authorized by Mansfield himself, hence may be relied upon. It was the actor's wish that his dramatic godfather, William Winter, should undertake his biography, and his plans for the enrichment of the work were thwarted only by his death. But while the projected visit together to scenes closely associated with Mansfield's early life was frustrated, so painstaking has been the work of the biographer, so keen an analysis has been brought to bear upon the art of the actor, that it is difficult to see in what respect the present valuable offering could have been bettered. Great care is evidenced in the ascertainment of facts outside the personal knowledge of the biographer, and in expressing conclusions it is certain that no hastily formed opinion is uttered, but only the ripe estimate of a mind unfolded that has dwelt long and judicially on the images demanding critical consideration. This is what makes the present work so valuable; it is not alone precise in its information, but so authoritative in its outlook that, so far as Mansfield's art is concerned, the reader is satisfied the final word has been pronounced on Mansfield's histrionism, when he shall have finished the second division of the biography bearing upon this part of the portraiture.

In addition—and this, to our mind, is no small factor—is the polished diction displayed, the well-balanced survey, the skillful analyses at all times, the nice choice of words to convey the proper meaning, the mature judgment, so thoroughly yet so simply expressed, and the smooth, pure Anglo-Saxon English employed that is a constant joy to one whose occupation compels him to encounter the half-baked utterances of immature reporters of the daily press or the pitiful attempts at “fine” writing in the down-to-date novel ground out of the publishers' hoppers. In a word, Mr. Winter has given us literature of a high order.

Richard Mansfield was born in Berlin, Germany, in 1854. His father was an English merchant of musical tastes, who died when Richard was only five years old. His mother was the celebrated Madame Rudersdorff, a Russian, whose artistic talents her second son so fully inherited, together with those erratic traits of mind that were markedly characteristic of this richly endowed woman. The temperament she transfused was at once a blessing and a curse, for, while it made possible those flights of imagination and creative work that endear Mansfield's memory, it also gave him those periods of gloom and melancholy, those

asperities of disposition that embittered his life and led to the many unjust misinterpretations of the actor by those whom his brusque ways offended. His mother's nomadic life—due to her professional engagements—was reflected in the boy's movements, and his education was pursued respectively at Jena, Yverdon, Bourbourg, Berlin, and finally at Derby, England, where young Mansfield was so kindly treated that the memory was ever sweet. Proficient in modern languages and well-grounded in the classics, the youth at nineteen was brought to America by his mother, who established her residence not far from Boston. Showing a fondness for art, Richard studied painting for a time, but his tastes were histrionic, and joining a dramatic society, he soon appeared in public to the disapprobation of his mother, who, curiously enough, was opposed to his adopting the profession of the stage.

This constant friction led to a separation, and in 1877 Mansfield left Boston and returned to London, where, his allowance being stopped, he led a precarious existence, professional engagements being few and far between. After various trying experiences, he had the good fortune to be cast for the part of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in the performance of which he made a signal hit—he was unusually gifted as to voice—and that proved the beginning of his regular professional career. It was in this character that the present writer first saw Richard Mansfield, and he had the good fortune and privilege to study his increasing dramatic stature at regular intervals until that final essay of *Peer Gynt*, which so cruelly helped to end the actor's brilliant career.

Passing over his London experiences, we turn to Mansfield's first great success on the New York stage, when, as the Baron Chevrial in *A Parisian Romance*, in 1883, he began his initial starring tour. Through the ensuing years, Mr. Winter has followed Mansfield with rare fidelity, giving his successes and his failures, revealing his breadth of vision, his lofty ambition and his constant and untiring desire to achieve great things in the profession he so signally adorned. It is surprising to note how much creative literary work Mansfield found time and inclination to do, in addition to his musical compositions. Monologues, poems, essays, plays, sketches and public addresses, a long list, testify to the energy and ability of this remarkable man. His marriage with Beatrice Cameron resulted in much happiness, and to their young son, George Gibbs, a handsome little chap, the proud father was greatly devoted.

Many pages are given over to a consideration of the various characters interpreted by Mansfield, together with much data of an interesting nature concerning the big productions essayed by the actor-manager. In addition is a critical analysis of the art of Mansfield, in which the astonishing versatility of the man is unfolded. He had the fortune to distinguish himself in almost every branch of the dramatic art

—in comic opera, farce, and burlesque, light comedy, romantic drama, melodrama and tragedy. The many beauties of his interpretative art are lovingly recalled by his biographer, whose verdict that Mansfield was one of the most extraordinary, versatile, and, above all, interesting actors that have ever graced the stage will be heartily indorsed by all who have studied his career. That he should have been cut off from further work at the comparatively early age of fifty-four is a cruel thought—just when he had won the right to live at ease, his financial obligations all wiped out and with a handsome balance in bank. Mr. Winter has done his work well. No man could wish for a more conscientious, capable biographer, and every friend of Richard Mansfield owes him a debt of gratitude for his labors. In good time we shall hope to see another point of view of the dead actor accorded by his faithful wife, telling of his relaxations, his home life, his ideals, his intimate aspirations. Such a volume will fitly supplement the splendid record given us by Mr. Winter, which every admirer of the great actor will want to have in his library. Printed in clear type, and with wide margins, the publishers have aided in producing a work that is an enduring monument to one whom the country reckoned as its foremost histrion. (Life and Art of Richard Mansfield. By William Winter. Two volumes, illustrated. Moffat, Yard & Company.)

Source scan pages 14–15. Richard Mansfield (1857–1907) was one of the leading actor-managers of the American stage. This extended review of William Winter's authorized biography combines literary judgment, dramatic history, and the reviewer's own recollections of Mansfield.

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Yeats, the World Musician of the Drama

by **RANDOLPH BARTLETT**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 23, 1912 · VOL. XXXVII, No. 26

SEVENTH OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON SYNGE, YEATS AND LADY
GREGORY—TWENTIETH PAPER ON MODERN DRAMA

After reading several plays by William Butler Yeats in succession, one becomes fascinated, almost hypnotized, by the insistent music of his language and the brilliance of his rhythm, which, for the most part, is a combination of the iambic and the dactylic measures that oftentimes has a tendency to act upon the mind almost as a narcotic, so that the reader frequently finds himself floating along upon the music of the verse with little regard for the meaning. This is no mere display of virtuosity for its own sake on the part of the greatest of modern minstrels, but a careful working out of his ideals, often specifically expressed. In his "Statement of Principles" of the Abbey Theater, Yeats says: "Before men read, the ear and tongue were subtle, and delighted one another with little tunes that were in words; every word would have its own tune, though but one main note may have been marked enough for us to name it.... The ordinary dramatic critic, when you tell him that a play, if it is to be of a great kind, must have beautiful words, will answer that you have misunderstood the nature of the stage and are asking of it what books should give." And again: "One must be able to make a king of faery or an old countryman or a modern lover speak it with so much of emotional subtlety that the hearer may find it hard to know whether it is the thought or the word that has moved him, or whether these could be separated at all."

Thus Yeats, writing out of the richness of his own soul, and always with the ear, as much as the mind, of his audience in view, especially in his poetical dramas, has established himself as the incomparable lyricist of the stage for all time. Nowhere is this so strongly manifest as in his poetical allegories, described in the preceding article, but scarcely less apparent is it in the other three plays in the same volume, "On Baile's Strand," "The King's Threshold" and "Dierdre." These three stand as representative of Yeats' distinctive treatment of Irish folklore, being free from the highly developed allegorical tendency noted in their companion pieces. I have grouped them together under the general classification of historical dramas, but I believe Yeats would take no theme which, in its nature, restricted him to a certain set of inflexible facts. It is interesting to note the difference in treatment between his plays and those of his co-

worker, Lady Gregory, founded on the ancient traditions of Ireland. After reading one of Lady Gregory's plays one says to himself, "This thing is so; this is the way it really happened." Yeats leaves no such substantial impression, yet without further knowledge than the face value of the plays themselves, I should say he doubtless expressed the spirit of the traditions even more faithfully than did his contemporary, for the spirit alone was of interest to him, and the facts not at all.

"On Baile's Strand" seems to have been written with more consideration for his audience than any other of Yeats' plays. This is shown by the introduction of two characters almost extraneous to the plot, a blind man and a fool, who make clear the relationships of the principal persons in the drama. The fool is a magnificent acting part, one which Yeats elaborated as fully as he dared without interfering with the dramatic proportions, and his pride in it is evidenced by his dedication of the play "To William Fay, because of the beautiful phantasy of his playing in the part of the fool." Knowing Yeats' delight in all allegorical figures, there is a danger of trying to discover in these characters a hidden meaning. I think they contribute more to the play by being taken literally. In fact, in none of the three plays in the historical group is there any evidence of the allegorical or symbolic tendency of this author.

The play opens with a scene between the blind man and the fool. The latter has stolen a fowl which the former is preparing for their meal. They have wandered into the assembly hall of the great King Cuchulain of Muirthemne. The blind man, feeling his way about, runs his hands over a great chair, and recognizes it as the chair of Conchobar (pronounced Konokar). Laboriously he obtains the attention of the fool, and talks about the king. Cuchulain is a great warrior, but wild and irresponsible, recognizing no authority, not even that of the high king himself, although they have been on friendly terms. Conchobar, having mastered the remainder of the country, is coming to place an oath of fealty upon Cuchulain, who is childless, that he may leave to his sons a peaceful inheritance. Meanwhile, there has come from the country of the Scottish queen Aoife, a young warrior bent upon slaying Cuchulain, who once overcame Aoife in battle. The blind man declares the youth is Aoife's son, and makes mysterious hints as to the identity of the father.

Then the kings arrive, and Conchobar makes his request of an oath of fealty from Cuchulain. The latter objects to being bound by any oath. He desires to live his own free, untrammelled existence, "like a bird's flight from tree to tree." The characters of the two men are shown in their argument:

CUCHULAIN.

And I must be obedient in all things;

Give up my will to yours; go where you please;
Come when you call; sit at the council-board
Among the unshapely bodies of old men.
I whose mere name has kept this country safe,
I that in early days have driven out
Maeve of Cruachan and the northern pirates,
The hundred kings of Sorcha, and the kings
Out of the garden in the east of the world.
Must I, that held you on the throne when all
Had pulled you from it, swear obedience
As if I were some cattle-raising king?
Are my skins speckled with the heat of the fire,
Or have my hands no skill but to make figures
Upon the ashes with a stick? Am I
So slack and idle that I need a whip
Before I serve you?

CONCHOBAR.

No, no whip, Cuchulain,
But every day my children come and say
This man is growing harder to endure.
How can we be at safety with this man
That nobody can buy or bid or bind?
We shall be at his mercy when you are gone;
He burns the earth as if he were a fire,
And time can never touch him.

CUCHULAIN.

And so the tale
Grows finer yet; and I am to obey
Whatever child you set upon the throne,
As if it were yourself.

CONCHOBAR.

Most certainly,
I am High King, my son shall be High King,
And you for all the wildness of your blood,
And though your father came out of the sun,
Are but a little king and weigh but light
In anything that touches government,
If put into the balance with my children.

CUCHULAIN.

It's well that we should speak our minds out plainly,
For when we die we shall be spoken of

In many countries. We in our young days
Have seen the heavens like a burning cloud
Brooding upon the world, and being more
Than men can be now that cloud's lifted up,
We should be the more truthful. Conchobar,
I do not like your children—they have no pith,
No marrow, in their bones, and will lie soft
Where you and I lie hard.

Conchobar imputes this viewpoint to the fact that Cuchulain has had no wife or child, and in the argument Cuchulain takes occasion to sing the praises of Aoife in highest terms. Finally, finding that all the lesser kings agree that he should take the oath, Cuchulain does so, and just as the ceremony is completed the warrior arrives. He challenges Cuchulain to combat, but the latter takes an instinctive liking to the youth, and finally wins him over to friendship. This is not pleasing to the other kings, who declare that the young man has placed a spell upon Cuchulain, and the latter, believing this to be the truth, insists upon fighting, and kills the stranger. Returning to the assembly hall alone he encounters the fool and the blind man, and learns that the man he has killed is his own son and Aoife's who never had forgiven him for conquering her. His reason departs, and he rushes down to the shore and slashes with his sword at the crests of the waves until they overwhelm him.

With the possible exception of "Cathleen ni Houlihan" this is the best suited for public performance of all of Yeats' plays. The situations are dramatic, and he has taken pains to make the motives clear. It is about the only one of his works which does not demand a hand-picked audience.

In "The King's Threshold" the story itself is even simpler, and more direct, but there are few in these days who will appreciate the idea of a poet starving himself to death because a king has refused to recognize his claim to equal honors with "bishops, soldiers, and makers of the law," the more especially as the incident ends in the king actually abdicating in favor of the poet. Yeats admits that he reversed the original story to give the poet the better of the argument, and my own feeling is that, in doing so, he has made it unduly fantastic, and has spoiled the making of an excellent tragedy.

The entire action transpires in the courtyard of King Guaire. The poet Seanchan (pronounced Shanahan) deprived of his traditional place at the king's table, has lain down upon the steps of the castle and refused food and drink, taking advantage of—

An old and foolish custom, that if a man
Be wronged, or think he is wronged, and starve

Upon another's threshold till he die,
The common people, for all time to come,
Will raise a heavy cry against that threshold,
Even though it be the king's.

To endeavor to dissuade the poet from placing this curse upon him the king first calls the pupils of Seanchan to plead with their master. The opening words of the play, the king's appeal to the poet's pupils, is of interest, as it gives a suggestion of Yeats' own attitude toward music:

I welcome you that have the mastery
Of the two kinds of music: the one kind
Being like a woman, the other like a man.
Both you that understand stringed instruments,
And how to mingle words and notes together
So artfully, that all the art's but speech
Delighted with its own music; and you that carry
The long twisted horn, and understand
The heady notes that, being without words,
Can hurry beyond time and fate and change,
For the high angels and drive the horse of time—
The golden one by day, by night the silver—
Are not more welcome to one that loves the world
For some fair woman's sake.

Seanchan, however, convinces the pupils that he is doing the right thing for art, and they leave him. Then comes the mayor with a plea on behalf of the townsfolk who desire certain concessions from the king. He is followed by a friend who appeals on behalf of the poet's aged father, but who admits that Seanchan's mother warned him his journey would be in vain. The lord chamberlain, a soldier, a monk, girls, and princesses argue successively but unsuccessfully. Then comes Fedelm, Seanchan's sweetheart, and she has almost persuaded him to go with her, when he realizes his self-appointed task and says:

If I had eaten when you bid me, sweetheart,
The kiss of multitudes in times to come
Had been the poorer.

As a final resort, the king himself comes, first in supplication, and later threatening to hang all the poet's pupils unless Seanchan abandons his plan. It is all to no avail. Then the king admits himself beaten, and gives up his crown to Seanchan.

Had this theme been handled by any less an artist than Yeats it would have been almost grotesque. Being a poet himself, however, Yeats has been able to make it almost logical. To the lay mind, however, suicide, even of the symbolic sort, is scarcely a strong weapon, and the purely arbitrary condition that it would place a curse upon the

adversary fails of conviction. It is too much like the case of the absurd youth in Tchekof's "Sea Gull" who tries to kill himself because a man who had taken his sweetheart refused to fight a duel with him. In this play we must be satisfied with Yeats' poetry and let the remainder pass.

Beautiful, unhappy Dierdre, whose story was told by Synge in three acts, has provided Yeats with inspiration for but one act, thrilling with passion—the final scene in the life of the betrayed lovers. The story of the elopement of Dierdre with Naisi on the eve of her forced marriage to Conchubar (the Conchobar of "On Baile's Strand") is merely mentioned in passing by wandering musicians. Of Dierdre's motive in persuading Naisi to accept Conchubar's promises of safety—her fear that age might change their idyllic affection—there is no mention. The whole tragedy, in the Yeats' version, is the treachery of Conchubar, the murder of Naisi and Dierdre's suicide. The little drama, in its essentials, is almost identical, action for action, with the last act of Synge's play, excepting for the quarrel between Naisi and Dierdre in the latter.

There the likeness ends. Synge wrote with an iron pen. There was no shading of the sinister clash of antagonistic forces. Words and swords clanged upon each other with metallic relentlessness. There were three men and a woman to be killed and Synge wove no tapestried mirage of poetry about the shambles. To Yeats the thing which could not be spoken of beautifully was no subject for the drama, and he has glorified the passing of the son of Usna and his queen in his customary exquisite verse. Contrast, for example, the few quick sentences in Synge's play in which Dierdre persuades Conchubar to allow her to look at Naisi's body for the last time, with the following Yeats conception:

DEIRDRE.

(Almost with a caress) It is so small a gift, and
you will grant it
Because it is the first that I have asked.
He has refused. There is no sap in him;
Nothing but empty veins. I thought as much.
He has refused me the first thing I have asked—
Me, me, his wife. I understand him now;
I know the sort of life I'll have with him;
But he must drag me to his house by force.

If he refuse (she laughs), he shall be mocked of all.
They'll say to one another, "Look at him
That is so jealous that he lured a man
From over sea, and murdered him, and yet
He trembled at the thought of a dead face!"
(She has her hand upon curtain.)

CONCHUBAR.

How do I know that you have not some knife,
And go to die upon his body?

DEIRDRE.

Have me searched,
If you would make so little of your queen.
It may be that I have a knife hid here
Under my dress. Bid one of these dark slaves
To search me for it. (Pause.)

CONCHUBAR.

Go to your farewells, queen.

DEIRDRE.

(To musicians) Now strike the wire, and sing to it a while,
Knowing that all is happy, and that you know
Within what bride-bed I shall lie this night
And by what man, and lie close up to him,
For the bed's narrow, and there outsleep the cockcrow.

This is the essential difference between Yeats and Synge—to Yeats the drama must first of all be beautiful, to Synge it must first of all be real. Yeats insisted that the speeches of his characters must always have a pleasing sound—Synge would split the ear drums if he found it necessary to express his idea. Synge received his inspiration from the crashing of the waves upon the bleak islands of the northern coast. Yeats retired within himself and there found all that he needed for the creation of his art. Each has his place in the world of letters and he who would usurp either must be a genius indeed.

(Plays, by William Butler Yeats; The Macmillan Company.)

(Next week—Yeats' prose dramas, *The Unicorn from the Stars*, *Cathleen ni Houlihan*, and *The Hour Glass*.)

Source scan pages 6–7. Randolph Bartlett's modern-drama series introduced Los Angeles readers to the Irish dramatic revival. This installment compares Yeats's symbolic and musical drama with Synge's harder theatrical realism.

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Literary Drama and Jelf's

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 22, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 17

UNSIGNED

As the public taste in plays exists at present, the dramas which are a success in the theater seldom make good reading, and vice versa. The publication of plays of high literary value is gradually educating a new school of playgoers so that, it seems reasonable to hope, in the not distant future there will be a demand to justify theatrical managers in producing plays for which one can have respect as works of art. Conversely, it seems reasonable that if a sufficient number of the successful plays were published so that the public could read calmly the stuff it applauds so vociferously when spouted by a matinee idol or footlight goddess, there might come a reaction from the thralldom of romance which prevents rapid progress upward in the drama. "Jelf's" belongs to this latter class. It was a success in London and, it is said, is to be given in America. It is built on the old melodramatic formula. There is a hero, a heroine, a heavy, a character man, juvenile lead with its concomitant ingenue, and the low com. edian finally saves the day for the hero. Of course, it is all perfectly modern. Charles Klein or Augustus Thomas might be proud of it, and Paul Armstrong would introduce a few characters from low life and be proud to call it his'n. Briefly: Richard Jelf, direct heir to a long line of Jelfs, noted and conservative bankers, being foreordained to manage the bank, is prepared for his life work by being sent out to California to live on a ranch. That is the way British bankers bring up their heirs—not! In good time for the first act Jelf returns, and fifteen minutes later you know it is foreordained that he is going to mess up the British banking system by his "daring," which turns out to be mere stupidity, but is called everything else. Also, he is predestined to marry the fair Lady Fenella. Any gallycry god could tell you that within fifteen minutes of the opening of the piece. This from the publishers who have given us the brilliant Arnold Bennett and the masterly "Rutherford & Son" is something of a blow, the moral being that a stage success is not necessarily, nor even probably, a literary one. ("Jelf's," by

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO.)

Source scan page 17. The review begins with a substantial distinction between plays that endure as literature and plays designed primarily for commercial performance, making the notice more consequential than its immediate subject.

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Renaissance of Romance in Modern Drama

by **RANDOLPH BARTLETT**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 28, 1914 · VOL. XLIV, No. 26

Romance has had a romantic history in the last few years. It is not long ago that the advanced critics and dramatists declared that blind adherence to romance, as contrasted with realism, was the great American curse so far as the theaters were concerned. They inveighed against the happy ending, the love story and all that went with them. Then came a few years of so-called realism, which was not realism at all, but for an excuse to its brutality. These were the days of "The City," "Madame X," the Olga Nethersole kind of plays and other things from the French, and the plays of the underworld. From this there then came another and the latest dictum is that in true romance lies the only realism with which art has any business. This viewpoint has many adherents for the reason that fidelity to its principles produces thites which are pleasant to contemplate, without precluding the possibility of their being also true. In other words we seem to have reached a happy medium between the artificial romance, which had no relation to life whatsoever, and was pure melodrama, and the photographic-realistic which went out with camera and stenographer in search of that which was merely sensational, regardless of its artistic value.

This is one of the most significant of the prevalent signs of a renaissance of romance, a healthy reaction toward the beautiful without banishment of the true. Nor is it the only sign. Another is the large number of volumes of poetry published, for publishers being wary persons and not prone to emotional enthusiasms, are not given to putting forth books for which there does not appear to be a reasonable prospect of a good sale. The fall consignments of volumes to the reviewer's table have more poetry this year than in many seasons past. They come from varied sources, often unexpected. For example, a little volume of verse by Franklin Henry Giddings, carries this foreword: "Why should one who has given his best years to science and discussion, and who hopes to give to them the years that remain, turn aside to make a book of verse? What excuse can he offer, unashamed? Mine is good enough for me. I have made the book because it bade me make it!" Truly, a good excuse. World there were more authors who could conscientiously say as much. And that is one of the symptoms of romance enjoying a healthy renaissance—the man of science turning to dreams and rhymes.

This same condition is reflected in new fiction. Marie Corelli, who has been a tractarian for years, has just given us her latest novel, pure romance. Meredith Nicholson has written a whole novel to prove that lives can be well ordered by being brought into harmony with romantic ideals. Opie Read, in the twilight of his career, has abandoned his former meanderings among the bizarre and melodramatic, to write a romance of the poetry of business. Nor does all this mean romance in the sense of tracking Angelina and her Algernon through dense forests of words, for the purpose of flinging them together in the rites of matrimony at the end. Romance has come to mean more than that, since we have had our little excursion into realism. It now means insight into the ideals of life, realization that the camera and the stenographer are not transcribers of life in themselves, knowledge that the fact in itself, without the coloring of the imagination which interprets it, may be as misleading as direct truth. This is the transcendentalism of Jewell and of Emerson, to which many have adhered faithfully, but which has not been the ascendant star for the last decade or so, and never, in any great degree, has been an influence in the American drama. Yet this is the thing toward which what worthy drama we now possess is unswervingly tending.

Edward Sheldon is one of the most important of the American dramatists, and "Romance" is his best play—that is it is the one which will remain longest in dramatic literature—because it is founded on the basic principles of this romantic renaissance. The play was a great success in New York, and, incidentally, is one of the few popular stage productions which is nothing in the reading. As "Romance" is a tragedy within a comedy, a grandson of a bishop comes rushing in, bubbling over with the joy of living, and at the same time a bit embarrassed by what he is going to tell, not from any sense of shame, but because he is afraid the older man will not understand. He is in love with an actress, and wants to marry her immediately to protect her from the difficulties in which she is placed. The bishop objects, but not unkindly. The youth chafes under his questions, for are not all questions concerning those we love, cruel and callous. The sensitive young lover declares that the bishop, of course, cannot understand the emotion which has mastered him. A little sadly the bishop goes to a small cabinet, brings out a little handkerchief and a few withered violets, and tells his story. The three subsequent acts are devoted to the scenes which the bishop describes, he himself being the lover, and the woman in the case being an opera singer.

It is New York in the late sixties. Tom Armstrong, the bishop of the prologue, is the rector of a fashionable church, and Cornelius Van Tuyl one of his leading parishioners. Van Tuyl is wealthy, and travels and entertains lavishly. The first scene is at a reception at his home, where Mme. Margherita Cavellini, known to the play as Rita, is the guest of

honor. There is much gossip among the guests as to the relations of Van Tuyl and Rita, and Tom, who happens in accidentally, hears, reproaches the gossips, but, as spiritual adviser mildly approaches Van Tuyl on the subject and receives a vigorous denial of wrongdoing. Yet when Rita and Van Tuyl are left alone, it is learned that they have lived together abroad. But Van Tuyl feels his age incapable of coping with Rita's youth, and he intimates that their relations, which must end sooner or later, may as well cease at once. This is a severe shock to Rita, not so much because of her deep regard for the man, but because her life has been a succession of alliances formed and broken. She tells him of her first disillusionment:

RITA: A young man come join our serenata— Beppo, 'is name vas— Beppo Aquilone. 'E vas 'an'some an' 'e 'ad nize voice—oh, ver' light, you know, but steel—simpatica. Ve stan' together when ve sing an' 'ave—I dunno—vone, two duet. An' so it go for two—t'ree veek an' 'e say noding much, but every time 'e smile an' look at me my 'eart is full vit' great beeg vishes an' I feel like everyt'ing in all de worl'd is new an' born again. An' so vone evening 'e come vit'TM me to my leetle room—an' den 'e tell me dat 'e love me—an' all night long 'e 'old me close an' keess me—an' T feel 'is 'ot breat' like a fire upon my face—an' de beating of 'Is 'eart, it come like strong hblows 'ere against my own, An' den 'e sleep. But I—I do not sleep. I lie still an' aniet, an' in my mind IT have vone t'ought— "Is dis vhat people mean when dey say—Love?" An' so de hours go by, an' de night is feenish. an' a— a— 'ow you say?—a long, t'in piece of sunlight, it creep in my leetle vindow an' it shine on Beppo vhere he lie beside me. An' oh! 'e look so young!—an' den de sunlight—ow you say?—it tease him, so 'e 'alf vake up. an' 'e vink 'is eves an' sav, "Ah. Rita, ti amo!" An' den 'e sigh an' put 'is 'ead 'ere—on my shoulder—like a feette babv dat is tired, an' go to sleep again. (With passionate tenderness.) An' oh! I put my arm about 'im an' T smile an' t'ink "For love I vaited all night long, an' vit' de day—it come!"

VAN TUYE: And so it does, my dear,

RITA: (Jn a different voice.) You t'ink so? Vait—! In twelve hour—twelve hour! 'e sell me to an English traveler for fifty lire. At first, J tink I die—I soffer so! An' den at las' I onderstan'—an' laugh—an' know dat I 'ave been one great beeg fooi—

VAN TUYL: MY DEAR, I—

RITA: (Shaking her clenched hands.) A fool to tink dere vas some greater, better love—a love dat come at morning an' shine like sunshine—(with a wide gesture)—ves, all trough de day!

VAN TUYL: There is.

RITA: (Fiercely.) Dat is vone lie! You 'ear—? vone lie! (Voluptuously.) Love—it is made of keesses in the dark, of 'ot breat on de face an' 'eart beats jus' like terrible strong blows! It is a struggle—ver' cruel an' sweet—all full of madness an' of vhispered vords an' leetle laughs dat turn into a sigh! Love is de 'unger for anoder's flesh—a deep down tirst to drink anoder's blood—Love is a beast dat feed all trough de nighi an' when de morning come—

Awakened by her tragic beauty, Van Tuyl accepts her amendment to his proposal that they are not yet quite at the end, and agrees to drive with her the next day at four. Enters then Tom, the young vicar. Her passion is ripe for his purity as his purity for her passion. At the first glance their fate is sealed, and Van Tuyl comes into the room just in time to hear the already captivated Rita make an engagement with 'Tom for the next day at the hour set aside for the drive. Turning coolly to her now forgotten lover she informs him that their engagement is postponed indefinitely.

Weeks pass and Tom and Rita are constantly meeting. The next scene transpires at the rector's study. Rita meets Van Tuyl there, and tells him all about it in reply to his questions as to what she will do if the rector proposes marriage. She says she would refuse, for he would want her to leave the stage and she hates New York, but also she assures her former lover that there is no danger, as they never have spoken of love. At first, she admits, she tried to make him do so, but then, realizing he was different from other men she had known, she stopped. and they just talked about his work and such things and so the days have slipped away. The end has come, for tomorrow she is leaving for Europe, her engagement in America being ended. Yet. she admits to Van Tuyl, she loves Tom, and finally agrees that it is better she should leave without seeing him. Tom arrives, however, and Van Tuyl leaves the room. The crisis cannot be evaded; the mutual love is revealed. But even in the rapture of the moment Rita draws away. It cannot be, for all world knows what she has been. But Tom forgives. It was, of course, a long time when she was poor and struggling. Rita fits for time, but cannot bring herself to tell that her career has been one constant succession of lovers, right down to the time she: him. We wrings the truth from her at and confronts her with Van Tuyl. Then snarling and broken, he orders them both out of his house.

That same night Rita, in her farewell performance, scores the triumph of her life. There is a lively scene in her apartment, cheering from without, a speech from the balcony, and then utter weariness and wretchedness. Van Tnvi comes, but as the friend and not the lover. although he offers to take her to the villa at Millefleurs to help her forget. As he is urging her to be strong, word comes that Tom has called

to see her. Rita decides to admit him, and Van Tuyl slips out unseen. The young minister is half mad, torn between his love of the woman and his desire to save her soul. He rants about repentance and salvation in delirious phrases, and sneaks off hell and quotes scripture alternately until the woman is frantic. At length she calms him. She tells him that, not his preaching, but his love has shown her what a woman should be. She swears to him that she shall never again give herself to any man. He is about to leave, satisfied, when he sees Van Tuyl's card. His fury breaks out again. He accuses, denounces. She denies, and implores him to believe. At length, the real cause of his madness reveals itself—he admits it. He thought he had come as the priest, but confesses he came as the lover. It is a terrific scene. The woman is fighting against her desire to save her love, and she wins. His sanity returns and Tom departs.

This is true romance—not the superficial sort concerning Algernon's pursuit of Angelina, but having to do with "The tender charm of poetry and love." The development of the soul of Rita from the pessimism of "Love is a beast that feeds all through the night, and when the morning comes love dies," to her realization of the heights of love in the struggle to save herself from her frenzied lover—that is romance of the highest order. And in this play there is exemplified the development of the attitude of the public. Ten years ago we would have clamored for three or four acts of the story of the bishop's grandson and his actress. Now we care nothing about them—for us the play is ended when Rita saves her soul. It is romance—with a difference. ("Romance." By Edward Sheldon. The Macmillan Co.)

Source scan page 8. Randolph Bartlett was a Los Angeles dramatic critic and writer. His essay offers a substantial historical argument about romance, realism, and the modern stage.

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Hauptmann, Greatest Dramatist of a Generation

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 12, 1914 · VOL. XLV, No. 2

UNSIGNED

FLAUPTMANN GREATEST DRAMATIST OF GEMERATION--BY RANDOLPH BARTLET:

(e ERHART Hauptmann will be

America, probably, for many years to come, only through his published plays, and since this giant among the European dramatists has knit together in his own works the period from the zenith of Ibsen's powers to the present day, the publication of his complete works must certainly be regarded as the most important dramatic literature offering of this decade. It is interesting to note the progress of the career of this great German chronologically with those of contemporaries whom he has seen rise and wane.

It was in 1889, when Ibsen was just completing what was to be his greatest financial success in his lifetime, "Hedda Gabler," that Hauptmann, who had been groping for a profession for several years, wrote his first play, "Before Dawn," a socialistic drama which was fortunate enough to get an immediate production at the hands of the Freie Buhne and precipitate its author into a turmoil of controversy which stimulated him, naturally enough, to further effort. Contemporaneously with the production of "Hedda Gabler" came that of Pinero's "The Profligate," and Hauptmann's second play, a sordid drama of domestic trouble, "The Reconciliation." For several years nothing more was heard from Ibsen. but, meanwhile, came Hauptman's "Lonely Lives," a confessed remodeling of "Rosmersholm," yet with much the same conclusion, and then, in 1892, he won recognition as the master dramatist of Germany, a position he has held ever since without question, with "The Weavers." This was the year in which Oscar Wilde gave the world that remarkable drama, "Lady Windemere's Fan" and Shaw produced one of his first important pieces, "Widowers' Houses.' In 1893 Hauptmann wrote one of the first of the "crook" plays, "The Beaver Coat," Ibsen returned to the "Rosmersholm" theme with a new interpretation in "The Master Builder,' Pinero presented one of the most disagreeable plays ever written, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' and Wilde came out with "A Woman of No Importance." In the few years that followed Hauptmann produced. among other things, "Hannele" and "The

Sunken Bell," Ibsen sang practically his swan songs in "Little Eyolf" and "John Gabriel Borkman" and Shaw struck twelve with "Candida" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

Here came the parting of the ways. These were golden years of the drama. The influence of Ibsen had been for seriousness, that of Shaw and Wilde for satire with an assumption of flippancy. Down to "The Sunken Bell" it was not impossible to discern in the work of Hauptmann a strong suggestion of Ibsen, for, barring the absolutely opposite method of treatment, "Brand" tells a story of aspiration not unlike that of Hauptmann's bell maker. But Hauptmann now stood upon his own feet, his ideas his own, his method his own. Beside his freedom of construction the Ibsen plays are formal and constrained; beside his sincerity of purpose and statement, the works of Shaw, Wilde. Pinero and Jones are flippant. Hauptmann did not toss light phrases here and there, nor people his dramas with intellectuals from whom such phrases might nattrally be expected to flow. His characters lived, and did not orate. It is life that speaks through the Hauptmann mouthpieces, and not the virtuoso of language. Nor is this a disparagement of Shaw or Wilde, whose art many hold to be of a higher order, but simply the key to the difference in character. Until Galsworthy came, youngest of the British clan, and hardest of all to appraise, Hauptmann's influence was not apparent in England. Jn the last few years it has spread with amazing rapidity, however, and now we have an almost complete edition of Hauptmann's dramas in this country, only one or two volumes more being needed, a mass of material for everyone who has the least interest in the stage, as a student of its evolution, as an author manager or playgoer.

Various of these plays have been dealt with in this department previously. The fifth volume will come from the press in a few days and will contain "And Pippa Dances," a legend of the glassworks, mostly in prose, "Charlemagne's Hostage," an historical drama in blank verse, and "Schluck and Jau" in a combination of prose and verse. These all belong to what may be called the middle period of "Henry of Aue" and "Rose Bernd." This is the period when Hauptmann seems ever to appreciate more the value of beauty of form and of language. His tragedy is no less inevitable,-and his emotions no less human, But with experience there has come to him a realization that the first business of art is to be beautiful. It may be an austere beauty, the awful loveliness of an horizon at sea, banked with masses of black clouds, that sweep onward relentlessly, but beauty it is, all the same. For example, "And Pippa Dances" could be a merely terrible tale of the adventures of a little group of persons in a storm-bound cabin, with nothing spiritual to relieve its pagan spirit. But, preventing this, Hauptmann introduces such passages as this, where the wonder-working Wann places a diminutive gondola in

the hands of the adventurer Hellriegel and sends him away on a hypnotic voyage: WANN

Now Michel journeys solitary o'er the clouds.

Silent the journey is, for in those regions high,

All sound has died away, resistance finds he none. Where are you?

HELLRIEGEL Grand do I ride through roseate morn! WANN What do you see there? HELLRIEGEL

Oh, more wonders have I seen, Than any human soul can ever comprehend, And over hyacinthian seas I bend my flight! WANN

But now your ship is dipping downward, is it not? HELLRIEGEL

I do not know. The mountains only rise to meet My eye and like gigantic towers looms the world WANN

And now? HELLRIEGEL And now I soundlessly have sunk to earth Where 'mong the gardens glides my bark full silently. WANN You call them gardens, that you see? HELLRIEGEL

Yes, though of stone.

In lovely meadows blue are mirrored marble flowers And lofty pillars quiver white in emerald vales.

But pause, my boatman,—tell me now just where you are!

HELLRIEGEL

On ships I set my foot, on carpets soft and fine, A stately gallery of coral me receives! And now I knock three times upon a golden gate!

WANN And what upon the knocker are the words you read? HELLRIEGEL Montes chrysocreos fecerunt nos dominos! WANN What happens when the sound of knocking dies away? [Michel Hellriegel does not answer but rather begins to groan as if oppressed by a nightmare,] PIPPA

Wake him, oh wake him, do, you dear, you wise old man! WANN [Taking the little boat from Michel's hands. Enough! To our secluded cabin come again And to your exiled, snow-bound fellowmen return And shake yourself, and send the golden travelhoard Into our laps, for we are sadly languishing.

"Schluck and Jau," while it is regarded by most of the Hauptmann critics as among his least satisfying works, in many ways is as interesting reading as any. In the first place, it is almost his only attempt at humor, although the entire drama is not humorous. But here again is the spirit of beauty present, beginning with the prologue,

spoken by a huntsmen, for this is a fantastic entertainment supposed to be given at a hunting feast:

The resonant barking of the brachs is dumb.
The red pack and the yellow pack together
With the white pack are resting in the kennels.
The dogs lie prone and dream, or else they lick
The fresh-sewn wounds which the young boar at bay
Gave them in struggling with his bloody tusks
We have slain deer and badger, fox and
Partridge and pheasant, and the field-fare hang
Corded in long rows in the cellar safe:
And Master Hare who never yet before
Traveled but upon level earth alone
Hangs from the watchman's windows in the tower—
And no man knows how that he rose so high.
The hunt is over, the merry feast at end,
The last hallooing silent on the breeze,
And in the early dawning will this house
Stand void of guests. Deserted will it lie
And raise its solitary turrets red
Above the endless multitude of trees;
These rooms will silent be but for the roar
Of the great forest, or the owl's nightly hoot,
The buzzard's scream or rustle of many wings
Made by the ancient warder's whirring doves.
Thus, worthy huntsmen, lend a gracious ear
And eye to what this curtain will disclose.
Over it let your courteous vision glide,
Unless it rather seek the beaker's ground,
And take our sturdy piece to be no more

Than the free child of an untroubled mood,

“Free child of an untroubled mood’——what higher recommendation could there be than this, and the dramatic fancy bears it out. Like Slippam this is not a story to be told in any other way but that of the author. “Charlemagne’s Hostage” is not a pleasant tale, and yet it too is touched by this same spirit of beauty which has been Hauptmann’s endowment to his work of later years. It is rather in the spirit of an exact reversal of the theme of the magnificent “Henry of Aue.” Charlemagne, upon the appeal of a certain young girl, a hostage for a Saxon dispute, gives her absolute freedom, and she develops degenerate tendencies, in which she is incorrigible. The aged king loves the girl, and permits the affairs of empire to go drifting while he wrestles with his problem. Finally, in his wrath at her betrayal of his magnanimity, he orders her to her imprisonment in a convent, where she dies, and he is released, to return to his In a passage of great power he bids farcu the corpse of the unfortunate girl, himse deemed to action:

Mother, was Satan uot One of God’s angels who aspired to be Like God and fell and thus God thrust him forth! O unimaginable fall of radiant Armies to the abyss! Children of heaven Made of its purest glory who were yet Unsatisfied and whose great cry rang out, Whose cry of love rose in the halls of heaven: Help, Satan, help! We would be like to God! See ye the dark defiance in her face? God’s might was shattered ‘gainst his angel here, And human might was shattered and mine own! Now she is dumb, but in my dreams I saw Her radiant body white, for what I spake Never to her I say to you this hour: I loved her. God fills the universe with his great name: But she is silent and no echo comes! Ah, tell me what I know not, why the world Did burst in two and the crack cleave my heart? She stands today before her heavenly Judge! What will he say, oh, what oppose unto The proud and searching silence of her lips? Will the great King ask her: Where is my ring? And for her silence slay her, as I did, Again, that she arise defiant more Unto new passions and to torment old? Pain was her portion here, both pain and pride, As both are mine. And so—a long farewell! Was she a flake of the infernal fire? Then think, my lords, or seas of equal fire! No wonder then that with a singed heart The happy spirits to destruction crowd!

These plays do not in any way interfere with a previous statement to the effect that Hauptmann’s “Henry of Aue” is the greatest drama since “Faust,” but rather confirm that view. It is doubtful if he ever will reach again the heights of that magnificent epic, classic in beauty and form, and yet ultra-modern in spirit and idea This, notwithstanding the fact that no less an authority than James Huneker, the great iconoclast, prefers “Rose Bernd,” one of the lesser known Prose dramas. With so massive a genius as this it is, perhaps, an unprofitable business to try to

select one work as the greatest, for it is not a matter for the present generation to judge, In this country Hauptmann will not be staged until the theater-going public reaches a much higher plane of intelligence than at present, but, meanwhile, let us be thankful for this excellent, and virtually complete edition of his dramas. (Gerhart Hauptmann Dramatic Works. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. B. W. Huebsch. Five volumes now published, containing seventeen plays.)

Source scan page 8. Gerhart Hauptmann (1862–1946) was a German dramatist and Nobel laureate. This major survey places his work in relation to Ibsen, Shaw, Wilde, naturalism, and modern theatrical form.

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Lady Gregory and the Celtic Revival

by **DAVID GEMMELL BAILLIE**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 20, 1915 · VOL. XLVI, No. 25

Lady Augusta Gregory, of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin; essayist, story-writer, historian, poet, playwright, stage manager and producer, is the younger daughter of Dudley Persse, D. L., of Roxborough, County Galway. She married Sir William Gregory, member for County Galway in the parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; and Governor of Ceylon in the Indian Empire, which is an important part of the British Empire (but not of "England!" The country of England itself is a part of the United Kingdom; and the United Kingdom is a part of the British Empire; a relationship which seems to be grasped by some American writers even as some Scotsmen are said to joke, "Wi difficulty." Sir William died in 1892.

These few words summarize the domestic and social drama; and there are few literary careers marked by greater absorption in the work, than hers. Yet she made a late beginning of it; and if she had given ear to all the yellow journal and magazine trash about being "too old at forty"—superannuated at fifty—in one's dotage at sixty—or if there were the slightest foundation of truth in the preposterous assertion that the experience called living one's life is adverse to mental functioning, she never would have begun at all!

For half a century she dwelt quietly among the "characters" she has presented to the world in her plays; then she began to report them; to jot down their droll, quaint sayings and turns of speech as she heard them; to chronicle their doings as she witnessed them; to take the sentiments of their hearts as they revealed them to her and to set them forth sympathetically in orderly fashion—and lo! the modern Irish Drama was in existence. Simple enough!—But the greatest achievements are those of which simplicity is the essence.

It was when her son went to Harrow school that the widowed Lady Gregory settled down permanently at Coole Park; but she could not accustom herself to empty time, and soon she was interesting herself in the old Gaelic literature. She devoted herself to the study of ancient Celtic epics; translated them into English, and published many of them; the best known perhaps being those which appeared under the titles "Gods and Fighting Men" and "Poets and Dreamers."

She was the first author to write in the true Irish dialect, which is Celticized English; English, graced with all the quaint turns of construction, peculiarities of phrasing and the intimate, keen psychological directness and vividness of expression, of the Gael. English, in its severely classical form, is, next to ancient Latin, the most cold-blooded, emotionless, formal, matter-of-fact language under the sun; a language which, as Rob Roy says in the play, has aptly become the lingual medium of weavers and spinners and sic-like mechanical persons; or, in modern phrase, “of commerce and industrialism.” But, in the lands of the Celt, this coldblooded language becomes warm-blooded; and the idiom of the people, infused by the character of the people, transforms English so thoroughly that it is like a new tongue; a language of emotionalism; a language of poet and preacher and prophet; of saint and singer and seer; of story teller, and dramatist and dreamer.

The modern Irish Theatre began with the Twentieth when she found her principal literary life-work. Her researches in Irish literature and her translations from the Gaelic awoke in her a responsive native echo, stimulated latent forces of originality and led her to the greatest discovery of her really wonderful career—her discovery of herself. And with this, the realization of the important truth that the literary and dramatic possibilities in Celtic life and character did not cease when the songs of the bards died out and the brands of the warriors were sheathed, but linger still, in all their primitive simplicity and strength, in the homes of the humble; on the green fields where herd-laddies watch the grazing cattle; by the shores where the fishermen dry their nets; on the seas where they venture with their cobbles; in the market-places where the farmers and drovers chaffer; and in the fervid and emotional political movements that have gained strength as national consciousness has begun to demand life, liberty and the pursuit of a happiness attainable only by following national-instincts and functioning in terms of race and nationality,

All of the forces I have indicated—elemental forces in the Celtic Revival—have received literary expression in the House, bidding us enter in and know the folk of Ireland. She has performed for Ireland a work similar, and not in the least inferior to that performed for Scotland by Robert Burns; and it is curious to note that, at the time of his premature death, Burns was equipping himself with a knowledge of the technique of the stage, with a view to presenting in dramatic form the Scottish types and scenes and characters with which he was familiar. Burns was only 37 years old when he died; thirteen years younger than Lady Gregory was when she began to write for publication.

Both subjectively, as a philosophical and analytical writer, and objectively, as a dramatist and descriptive and phonographed the

human life and human nature of Ireland. Yet her creation of an Irish acting drama, or Irish stage, with players trained under her own supervision to be the very people, not of her fancy, not of her imagination, but of her interpretation, although for obvious reasons the most popular part of her lifework, is incidental and auxiliary to the main purpose which has inspired and dominated that work, namely, the Celtic Revival. A reviewer writes: "When the Twentieth century began, there was in Ireland no theater where Irish plays were produced; no actors except those imported from London for short engagements; no home opportunities for training actors; almost no national drama. Now there are all of these; and a company of local players so well-established at its home theater in Dublin that it can afford to take a long foreign tour, playing exclusively the dramatic product of this movement, interesting and important in that it has given to a highly-individual and picturesque people a mode of expression it never before had. Lady Gregory represents author, manager, coach; with one keen eye on business issues, while the other keeps a close artistic outlook, Personal adviser and friend to the individual players; purveyor of enthusiasm both behind the scenes and to a skeptical public (but skeptical no longer), she is at once a moving spirit and a very material presence. Her success seems the more marvelous when it is considered that she attained nearly the half century mark without coming into immediate touch with the theater, is technicalities and its intricacies."

I will add that Lady Gregory has the happy faculty of being able to awaken enthusiasm in others. Without that, she could have accomplished nothing, for, astounding and quixotic as the statement may sound in our over-commercialized republic, the members of the company of Irish players originally gathered by Lady Gregory for the Abbey Theater in Dublin (which is destined to be remembered in the literary annals of Ireland as the Globe Theater is in those of England), — played for LOVE. There was no salary list, because all the available funds were used for the maintenance of the theater, which is a costly business. But Lady Gregory found young Irish enthusiasts willing to study in their off-time, rehearse at odd hours, play publicly in the evening, and, through the day, work at the prosaic, gainful occupations which produced a pay-envelope. Here was indeed devotion to art, unparalleled in modern annals.

Lady Gregory's present company is composed of the seasoned survivors of this early ordeal of studying and acting under difficulties insuperable excepting to youth it may positively and truly be said, each is an artist, with the instincts of an artist. with the devotion of an artist, with the culture of an artist, and with the method and finish of an artist. With the possible exception of John McGroarty's company, or that of the peasantplayers of Oberammergau, who, however, in both instances have

specialized in one play only and make no pretence to versatility or repertoire, Lady Gregory's Celtic company is the most artistic band of dramatic players in the world today; and one of the most artistic that have ever enlightened, instructed and gladdened humanity; and it is certainly THE most versatile. The motto or slogan which Lady Gregory has chosen for her dramas is taken from Walt Whitman, a poet with a Saxon name but with a Celtic method:

"Where you seek afar off, you generally come back at last to things best-known to you; finding the best or as good as the best in the folks nearest to you; finding the strongest, sweetest, lovingest, happiness, knowledge, not in any class but in this class; not for any hour but for this hour."

Here are some of Lady Gregory's titular works, briefly annotated: "Poets and Dreamers"; studies and translations from the Irish. "Raftery; West Irish Ballads," 'Jacobite Ballads,' 'An Craobhin's Poems,' "Boer Ballads in Ireland," "A Sorrowful Lament for Treland," "Mountain Theology," "Herb Healing," "The Wandering Tribe," 'Workhouse Dreams,' "On the Edge of the World," "An Craobhin's Plays," "The Twisting of the Rope," "The Marriage," "The Lost Saint," "The Nativity," "Folk Studies," "Literary Studies," "Plays," "The Deliverer,"

I should add, by way of warning, that in spite of the humor and the human nature in them; in spite, too, of their quaint drollery, Lady Gregory's scriptural plays do not savor in the slightest degree of irreverence; and where a bungler, even if miraculously visited by the idea, would have had a hard time to keep out of the bog of foolishness and of trifling with matters that to our being a consummate artist, and a genius, has picked ier steps discreetly, and never has slipped.

Her Irish Folk History Plays should be studied by every person interested in the drama.

In the first series are Arabia, Kincora and Dervorgilla who is claimed by Galloway in Scotland as well as by Galway in Ireland. She is supposed to have built the crookbacked old bridge that spans the Nith at Dumfries, and leads from Dumfries to Galloway. More modern in tone is "The Canavans," a play of Queen Elizabeth's time, introducing Peter Canavan, a iiller; Antony Canavan, his brother, the widow Greely; the widow Deeny. The name of Greely reminds me that all of the founders of American journalism were Celts- Greely of the New York Tribune; Dana of the New York Sun; Bennett of the New York Herald.

"The White Cockade" introduces Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, King James II. of the United Kingdom (and Seventh of Scotland). Carter, his secretary; Mat Kelleher, owner of an inn at Duncannon; Mary Kelleher, his wife, and a number of minor characters.

“The Image” is a profoundly psychological three-act comedy woven around village dreamers. “Spreading the News” is a farce about folk who had no business but to be minding one another’s business,

“Kiltartan Tales,” should be read by all Celtic students,

This is by no means a perfect review of Lady Gregory’s works; for a complete descriptive review would fill a volume. It is merely a glimpse, to induce those who have not already done so to take more than a glimpse; and to have a good square look, each for himself, at this Celtic author’s Celtic works. Such a look will minister most agreeably to one’s pride of race; for Lady Gregory’s performance is “a credit to us a’.”

For intimate expression of human nature, the English have no writers fit to be compared with the Celtic writers, This is not said by way of disparagement of purely English literature; but to enforce the truth that there is an individualistic and independent Celtic literature, modern as well as ancient, which should not be snubbed and put aside as an auxiliary branch of English literature; for it is nothing of the kind. It possesses qualities not to be found in English literature; and one of the most practical of these qualities is endurance, for Celtic literature is the voice of days of old—and of days to be.

Source scan page 4. Lady Augusta Gregory (1852–1932), playwright, folklorist, and co-founder of Dublin’s Abbey Theatre, was a central organizer of the Irish Literary Revival. David Gemmell Baillie’s essay accompanied the period of her American lectures.

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Somber Play Conceals Sermon

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 9, 1916 · VOL. XLIX, NO. 24

UNSIGNED

Somber in the extreme, preaching a debatable sermon, "The Woman Who Wouldn't," by Rose Pastor Stokes, tells in four acts the story of a working girl wronged by the man she loves, yet who will not marry the seducer although pledged to wed—because his fickle fancy in the interim of engagement has found another. A model daughter in every other respect yet for this false step together with her refusal to marry the man she is driven from home by a stern father who sees the proprieties outraged. With the help of strangers and her own exertions she brings forth and sustains the child alone, her false lover having denied her and taken the new favorite to wife. The years go by; she studies working conditions and becomes a labor agitator known far and wide. Then it is she returns to the little mining town, heralded as a great leader and a saint, to find her mother dead, her father crippled in a mine accident and Joe, her former fiancé, a widower. Love kindles in his bosom, the child too appeals to his lonely heart; he desires marriage with "Mother Mary." But she replies obstinately: "I must belong to myself— be mistress of my own body and soul. I couldn't marry the man who didn't love me even though I loved him and his child lay under my heart. I can't marry the man I don't love even though he loves me and is the father of my child." The pictures are dreary, full of protest against labor conditions, the most real being against that commercialism which is making marriage wellnigh impossible among the poor. The dialogue is somewhat labored in its argumentative tone, an offense in construction for ordinary stage purposes. It will probably suit the radicals. But whatever force the writer's argument against loveless marriage in any circumstances may have is clouded by her mode of handling for others.

("The Woman Who Wouldn't," a play in four acts. By Rose Pastor Stokes. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Source scan page 22. Rose Pastor Stokes (1879–1933) was a writer, activist, and socialist. The review considers the argument, construction, dialogue, and stage value of The Woman Who Wouldn't.

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Play Production in America

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 14, 1917 · VOL. —, NO. 03

UNSIGNED

One of the most valuable and fascinatingly illuminative books relating to the drama, including the technical and mechanical side of the stage also, that has come to my desk this season is "Play Production in America," by Arthur Edwin Krows, and issued from the press of Henry Holt & Company.

It was while he was associate editor of the Dramatic Mirror that I first became acquainted with his piquant style. In his contributed articles to that magazine; and my anticipation as to the interest and breadth of subject matter treated in the present volume is not in the least disappointed. Rather beyond all expectations is this most practical of reviews of one of the most attractive of professions, to the popular mind. In this book he has made one achieve what we deserve — acquainted with certain rules of the playwriting game and the marketing of one's product, of the direction of a play, the setting of the stage and the names of the pieces of scenery and adjuncts to scenic effects as produced backstage. He has given us peeps into various managers' offices and made us acquainted generally with the various members of the theater staff and their activities, with the methods of publicity and advertising, with the ticket-selling end of the affair, with the view of the critic and his duty to his employer and the public and as to the disposition and psychology of audiences. In fact the stage becomes not a visionary picture, all theory and poetry, but appears in its physical, matter-of-fact aspect but none the less interesting.

Mr. Krows' more recent connection with that famous producer, Winthrop Ames, and in the motion picture game, together with extraordinary powers of observation with an eye to utilitarian as well as poetically artistic purposes, has made him a particularly good authority. This is by far the best single, all-round volume on the subject I have yet read. And I am sure any theater-goer will profit by its perusal.

Source scan page 11. This review treats theatrical production as an art, examining playwriting, direction, stage mechanics, and the institutional conditions of the American theater.

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Poetry: Traditions and Reviews

*California verse, poetic craft, older traditions, and reviews
of individual poets and collections.*



Russell Judson Waters—Poet

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 3, 1907 · VOL. XXVII, No. 10

UNSIGNED

RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS—POET

From time to time there have appeared in various Southern California publications, verses signed “Russell Judson Waters.” Few of the people who have read and admired these bits of verse have identified the author with R. J. Waters, the president of the Citizens National Bank, it being doubtful if many of the men who know R. J. Waters as a banker are familiar with what “R. J.” stand for. Yet, truth to tell, “Russell Judson Waters” and R. J. Waters are one and the same. Mr. Waters, like

many another man active in business or finance, has a diversion. Where one man hunts, another fishes, or another drives a high powered automobile, or another spends his leisure at the club, Mr. Walters coquettes with the Muse.

RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS—POET

The book in every way is ideal for the purpose which animated Mr. Waters in publishing it—as a gift and a remembrance to those whom he esteems as friends. Typographically it is a work of art. Every page is splendidly illustrated. The artists have been in close sympathy with the writer and the margin engravings are unusually fine. Throughout the work are other illustrations that add to the artistic effect. This book, *Lyric Echoes*, is not on sale and those who get one may be sure that it will carry with it the good wishes of Mr. Waters.

*See original issue pages cited in the source edition. Russell Judson Waters (1843–1911) was a teacher, lawyer, businessman, author, and Republican congressman from California (1899–1901). He moved to Redlands in 1886, helped organize many of the young city's civic and commercial institutions, became its first city attorney, and moved to Los Angeles in 1894, where he entered banking and served as treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce. His literary publications included the poetry collection *Lyric Echoes* (1907) and the Southern California novel *El Estranjero* (The Stranger) (1910). These notices show a local literary reputation growing from the same civic networks in which Waters pursued business and public life.*

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John S. McGroarty's Wander Songs

by **S. T. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 14, 1908 · VOL. —, No. 24

There are many who write verses passably well, but few who write poetry, genuine poetry, these materialistic days. John McGroarty is a true singer. He lilts in rhythmic measures as naturally and as entertainingly as a mockingbird emits its clear, pure notes on the still night air. Los Angeles is rich in literary talent and Mr. McGroarty's talents are of the first order. His *Wander Songs*, just received, fully evidence this assertion. They are redolent of the California hills, the valleys, and the good gray sea of the Pacific. The first stanza of "The King's Highway," "El Camino Real" of the padres of blessed memory, which opens the collection, gives the keynote to the contents:

All in the golden weather, forth let us ride today,
You and I together on the king's highway;
The blue skies above us, and below the shining sea;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road for me.

It is a fascinating bit of lilting verse, and the one, by the way, that first attracted this reviewer to the singer, marking him as more than a mere verse maker. "Just California" will appeal to every son or daughter of the coast, native or otherwise, who comes across it:

'Twixt the seas and the deserts,
'Twixt the wastes and the waves,
Between the sands of buried lands
And ocean's coral caves;
It lies not East nor West,
But like a scroll unfurled,
Where the hand of God hath hung it,
Down the middle of the world.

One could have wished Mr. McGroarty had discarded the use of "twixt," of which emasculated word he is so fond as to indulge in repetition. It is submitted that "Between the seas and deserts, / Between the wastes and waves," would read much more smoothly and quite as poetically as the awkward "twixt," and it is hoped the second edition of the book will correct this lapse. It is because his work is so uniformly good that any evidence of a departure is resented. Particularly breezy is "The Hills of Santa Cruz," where in springtime the Creator of them took the poet and—

He set me on the hills, on the topmost hill of all,
And I heard the morning winds and far sea-breakers call,
I heard the winds a-singing from the lands and waters met,
An' I live a thousand years, oh I never can forget.

Again, “In San Joaquin,” the ghostly cottonwoods, the moody owls, the wail of the gaunt coyotes, the cry of the wild geese and the beating of their gray wings form a perfect picture in the star-dust of the sky. Then comes—

An' I deep in white mists steeped,
Breathed on the day's hushed lyre,
And far the dim Sierras leaped
In living waves of fire.

This is California. “In Monterey” is hymned a graceful tribute to a kindly old man who assisted the Master Singer, Robert Louis Stevenson, in the days when the Prince of Dreamers lingered sick and poor in the cradle of California. “The Bay of San Diego in the Land of Heart's Desire” is another delightful lyric, which is subtly reminiscent in swing of the Celtic poet Fiona Macleod, with whose songs, no doubt, the Los Angeles Celtic poet is familiar. But the handling is his own.

There is “The Call of California,” “The Bell of Dolores,” and the strong and virile “Rough Riders,” which the poet read at the unveiling of the equestrian statue of Captain “Bucky” O'Neill, in the plaza at Prescott, Arizona, July 3, 1907. “The Pathway of the Seas,” “The Gray Day She Died,” and “The Seven Glens” are in Mr. McGroarty's best vein, but where the vein is so wide and so full of pure gold it is hard to be invidious. Every loyal Californian, every lover of outdoors and especially every Los Angeleno, should hasten to buy a copy of *Wander Songs* and enjoy to the utmost the melodious singing of the author. (*Wander Songs*. By John S. McGroarty. Grafton Publishing Company.)

Source scan page 8. John Steven McGroarty (1862–1944) was a poet, journalist, playwright, California historian, and later a United States congressman. The review is unusually specific about his local imagery and verbal craft, praising the California character of Wander Songs while objecting to a repeated archaism.

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The Great Fight

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 21, 1908 · VOL. —, NO. 25

UNSIGNED

Ever since the late Dr. William Henry Drummond published "The Habitant," and other French-Canadian poems, in the quaint patois of the native of lower Quebec province, the reputation and popularity of the author have steadily advanced, each new book of poems being warmly welcomed by a large audience that has learned to appreciate at their true worth the delightful humor and tender sympathy of the Irish-Canadian poet. It was his big heart and great sympathies that made it possible for an alien to comprehend so wonderfully the nature of the habitant farmer, whose heart and soul he seemed to penetrate almost by intuition, until the moods, mainsprings of action, drollness and quaintness of the French-Canadian are revealed by the masterly touch of genius.

Who that is familiar with "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," "Poleon Dore," "Johnny Courteau," "The Voyageur," "The Rossignol," "Baptiste," and other of his more familiar habitant poems, will not rejoice at the prospect of getting a fresh supply in "The Great Fight," the last collection, alas, that the public will have from a pen that is now forever stilled. In this final volume are brought together the poems and sketches which remained unpublished at the time of Dr. Drummond's death, April 6, 1907, when, stricken with cerebral hemorrhage, at Cobalt, Ont., whither he had hurried from Montreal, on what he conceived to be a call of duty, he passed away after lying unconscious for five days.

His wife, May Harvey Drummond, has contributed a short, but deeply interesting, biographical sketch of her beloved husband, and the doctor's old friend, E. W. Thomson, of Ottawa adds a sympathetic poem of appreciation, as also does Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. The "Great Fight" is lovingly dedicated by Mrs. Drummond—who edited the posthumous poems and sketches—to "Those Three Brothers, who were his pride and joy while he lived, and now that he has gone, remain a strong tower of defense to his family." As with the preceding volumes, the present one is charmingly illustrated by Frederick Sampson Coburn, a warm personal friend of the poet-doctor. ("The Great Fight: Poems and Sketches." By William Henry Drummond. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Source scan page 7. William Henry Drummond (1854–1907) was an Irish-born Canadian physician and poet known for dialect poems of French-Canadian life. The notice evaluates his posthumous volume and the strengths and limits of its regional voice.

† INDEX OF FIGURES & ORGANIZATIONS



Poets and Poetry of California, 1852–1904

by **S. T. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 3, 1909 · VOL. —, NO. 18

Responding to the address of welcome in San Francisco the other day Ambassador Bryce paid warm tribute to the physical environment enjoyed by Californians, which, he said, conduced to the development of art and poetry to a marked degree that one day must make the state famous as a literary and artistic center. Mr. Bryce was not indulging in airy persiflage when he said this; he possesses temperament, knowledge, culture and poetic instincts—and these attributes were reflected in the observation credited to him.

Perhaps he is not unfamiliar with what has been accomplished by the men and women who have felt the lure of the mountains in their blood, whose hearts have throbbed in unison with the moan of the long breakers, echoed the lilt of the meadowlark in the luscious springtime, reveled in the intoxicating scent of orange blossom, joyed in the music of canyon streams onrushing to the valleys below, communed in the solitude of the desert as their souls expanded under the big, low-hanging stars, indulged their imaginations in the neglected courts of crumbling mission walls, or lay in luxurious ease neath the languorous southern sky, and yielded to the charm of the most seductive climate in the world. Poetry? Why, the country is full of it and ever since the days of the Argonauts it has found interpreters who have sung of its glories in melting measures or impassioned strains in accordance with the emotions that swayed the souls of the singers.

What a cluster of brilliants is that evolved by retrospective glance! Forestalling Charles Warren Stoddard, whose genius found expression in the pages of the Golden Era of ante-bellum days, is the short-lived muse of the gifted Edward Pollock, who died December 13, 1856, at the age of 33. His art is full of imagery and lofty conceptions. Perhaps the poem most redolent “of the land he loved is that entitled ““Evening.”” beginning:

The air is chill and the hour grows late
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars and misty sails,
Unshattered have weathered a thousand gales;
Slow, wheeling, lo, in squadrons grey,

They part and hasten across the bay,
Each to its anchorage finding way.

John Rollin Ridge is another of the earlier poets of California who found his inspiration in mountain and river, vale and sea, sunlight and starlight. A collection of his poems was published in the late 60's in San Francisco. Contemporary with Ridge was the young Scotchman, James Linen, whose lyrics and ballads were current when San Francisco was still in its 'teens. The two volumes of his verse do not betray a high order of merit, but his ballad-writing has both pathos and power. Lyman Goodman, a brother of the founder of the famous Virginia Territorial Enterprise, was a true poet. He died at 24, succumbing to mountain fever, but not before he had left many evidences of his talent in sonnet, madrigal and lyric, to keep green his memory. An ill-starred genius was W. S. Kendall, who preceded the brilliant, but equally unhappy Richard Realf to a suicide's 'grave by nearly three years, in January, 1876. Kendall was a moody soul, but with an eye for color effect and a mind given to riotous fancies, as witness this description of a California midsummer afternoon:

The fountains splash, the coy winds fan the leaves;
A misty languor of expectant bliss
Pervades the earth, the sea, the sky—
I think of ripe lips thirsting for a kiss.

As journalist, critic and poet, James F. Bowman, who passed away early in the eighties, holds high place in the literary annals of the state. Perhaps it is not strange that so few of the earlier California poets reflected that local color which is a marked characteristic of so many that followed after. They came to the coast with impressions fixed and the songs they sung were conceived in the homes they had left behind, although given utterance in the new territory. It is not until a later generation of the seventies and eighties begins to pipe that the distinctive physical charms of California are found inspiring the local bards to metrical language.'

Among the earlier women poets of the coast the name of Eliza Pittsinger must not be overlooked. She came to California in the early sixties. Her verse is mainly of thematic mould, with large topics as her inspiration. Her productions are earnest, serious affairs, which have been collected under the title "Bugle Peals." Says one of her contemporary critics: "When her muse came down from the sacred mount it was at the invocation of serried battalions, not to smiling Cupids beckoning from beds of roses." Several examples of her lyrical efforts are given in "Poetry of the Pacific," that valuable anthology compiled and published by May Wentworth, herself a poet. in 1867. Minnie Myrtle, of sad memory, is another of the women poets who sang

in a minor key, but with deep earnestness and feeling. Adah Isaacs Menken's poetry has the temperament of her race, but her work, though brilliant betrays uncultivation.

Ranking with the earlier California women poets, and known equally well at this end of the state as in the north, is Ina D. Coolbrith, a native of Illinois, but a resident of California ever since she was a little girl. Her charming verse is replete with local color and much of it evidences tender poetic feeling combined with great beauty of construction. Her "Meadowlarks" is as graceful and delicate as a piece of gossamer lace. The appended stanza well discloses the bent of her muse:

Sweet, sweet, sweet! Who prates of care and pain?
Who says that life is sorrowful? O, life, so glad, so fleet!
Ah! he who lives the noblest life, finds life the noblest gain,
The tears of pain a tender rain to make its waters sweet.

With Bret Harte's poetic contributions the masses are more familiar than with any of the California singers already noted. He came to the coast in 1854, lured by the gold excitement and the prospects of fortune. His early work in the Californian first attracted attention to his genius. but it was in the six years that he acted as secretary of the United States branch mint at San Francisco, from 1864 to 1870, that his most notable and characteristic poems appeared, "John Burns of Gettysburg," "The Pliocene Skull" and "Society Upon the Stanislaus," among the number. In the Overland Mouthly, of which magazine Mr. Harte became the editor in 1868, much of his most virile productions in prose and poetry first saw light. His best verse, it is agreed, is to be found in his dramatic dialogues of which "Jim," "In the Tunnel" and "The Heathen Chinee" are regarded as masterpieces. To our thinking his best poem, artistically considered, is "Dickens in Camp.' We have room here for only the first and two concluding stanzas:

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

* * * *

Lost is that camp: but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of western pine!

As eccentric and unconventional today as he was in the early seventies, when his poems, "Songs of the Sierras," made a great stir in England, Cincinnatus Heine Miller, or Joaquin Miller, as he is known to fame, remains one of the greatest lights of California literature, despite the fact that of recent years he has produced nothing worthy of note. But his originality, his untrammelled style and vigor of thought and expression entitle him to high rank among American poets. As has been well said, "In the sweeping rush of his rhythm there is a suggestion of the roaring streams and swaying forests whose music he heard in his youth," when, in the fifties, he delved for gold in the California hills. Who can forget "Kit Carson's Ride" or "The Ship in the Desert?" Regarding his "Passing of Tennyson," Ambrose Bierce has aptly said. "It is a superb instance of what we have agreed to name inspiration. Who but a great poet would have thought—who but Joaquin Miller did think of a nexus between the death of Tennyson and California's unseasonable rain?" Here is the closing stanza to which Mr. Bierce refers:

All silent.... Lo, he lies in state....
Our redwoods drip and drip with rain....
Against our rock-locked Golden Gate
We hear the great sad sobbing main.
But silent all.... He walked the stars
That year the whole world turned to Mars.

Charles Warren Stoddard made his advent on the Pacific coast in 1850, when a lad of 7. He has always been a favorite author with Californians, and his flights of poetry have evidenced the great love he bears for the state in which he passed so many happy years. This affectionate regard is intensified in his poem on California as the first stanza, here given, well denotes:

Oh, thou, my best beloved! my pride, my boast,
Stretching thy glorious length along the West;
Within the girdle of thy sunlit coast,
From pine to palm, from palm to every crest,
All fruits, all flowers, all cereals are blest.
And there, the precious hearts still spared to me
Beckon; and there my holy dead find rest—
Under the Mountain Lone, the Calvary,
Fanned by the winds that sweep the Occidental Sea.

Edwin Rowland Sill first came to California in 1862, remaining here until 1867, when he returned to the east, but settled in Oakland in 1871 as principal of the high school. later filling the chair of English literature in the state university at Berkeley. A scholar, an idealist, his aim as a teacher was 'to stimulate a fine personality rather than to impart knowledge, we are told. The dominant trait in his poetry is spirituality, whether in describing nature or dealing with the deep hearts of men. He

produced slowly and as he died at 45 his literary output is necessarily incomplete. But he has given us quality at least and as one of his critics has truly observed, "The charm, suggestion and strength of his verse cannot be gainsaid." Here is a philosophic little psalm of his, called "Life:"

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon, and—What!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

Richard Realf, poet and soldier, whose strong and original poems will be remembered with keen interest by old-time readers of the Argonaut, met self-inflicted death at Oakland in October, 1878. The day before he ended all his earthly troubles he wrote a pathetic poem which he called "Vale!" In the appended first stanza is sung his own requiem:

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum." When
For me this end has come and I am dead,
And the little, voluble, chattering daws of men
Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to tell the truth:
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song,
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
He wrought for liberty, till his own wound
(He had been stabbed), concealed by painful art
Through wasting years, mastered him and he swooned,
And sank there where you see him lying now,
With that word, "Failure," written on his brow.

John Vance Cheney drifted Californiaward in 1876, when he was a young man of 28. He studied for the law and practiced for a time in New York city, but deserted the bar for the muse when he reached the coast, a position as public librarian in San Francisco permitting his fancy free play. Mr. Cheney excels in the lighter lyrical poems, treating of love and nature, and his work finds ready acceptance in the best magazines. For the last fifteen years, or more, the poet has been in charge of the Newberry library at Chicago, a position he only recently resigned. George Horton, now United States consul at Athens, who formerly taught school at Oakland, has published two books of poetry having the titles "Songs of the Lowly" and "Aphroessa." Much of his verse is of high grade,

Charles Edwin Markham was born in Oregon, but lived in California from the time he was 5 years old until his growing talents as a poet of

distinction took him to New York to give his productions the benefit of the larger market. Like Rowland Sill, Mr. Markham taught school at Oakland until the demand of the muse became too insistent to be subordinated to pedagogy. Of fine quality, with a touch of the saga in many of his more preteritious efforts, his poetry has found favor both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Other poets first introduced through the Argonaut were Emma Frances Dawson of San Francisco, Kate M. Bishop and Annie Lake Townsend. All three produced work of a high order twenty-five years ago, although little of it has been preserved in permanent form or is known to the present generation, more's the pity. Mary H. Field was a contributor to the Californian, which from 1880 to 1882 fairly scintillated with brilliant writing. Her poetry evinced a delicate touch and an insight that proved the artist. Contemporary with her was Daniel S. Richardson, who sang of the redwoods and revealed nature in all her variant moods. A native California poet of that era was, Richard Henry White, whose verses have been collected in a volume entitled "The Cross of Monterey." Another native son who was touched with the singing gift was Charles H. Phelps, who was born in Stockton, and whose graceful verses one occasionally met in the best magazines a quarter of a century ago. He was also a regular contributor to the short-lived Californian.

General Lucius Harwood Foote's name was appended to many felicitous bits of verse in the same publication, one of which, "Sutter's Fort," pays a deserved tribute to the "Staunch old captain, with courtly grace," who dispensed his favors with open hand to countless numbers in the early days. With a pretty fancy and a delicate touch, Louise H. Webb, a sister of Mrs. Irving M. Scott, penned many dainty bits of verse which appeared in the Californian and the Argonaut of a quarter of a century ago. "Jubilate" graphically and picturesquely portrays the view of San Francisco bay and surroundings from the Berkeley hills. Edmund Russell, too, is numbered among the contributors of poetry to the evanescent Californian. Mrs. Henry Washburn, the Jean Bruce, we opine, who wrote in the late sixties, a decade after published a book of tuneful verse descriptive of the beauties of the Yosemite valley.

Madge Morris Wagner's poems appeared mainly in the Golden Era, which resuscitated periodical later transferred its place of publication to San Diego. Her work shows sincerity and power, but is lacking in polish and style. Clarence Urmy, a native son, was a contributor of meritorious verse to the new Golden Era, as also were Lilian Hinman Shuey, Alice Denison Wiley, Fannie H. Avery, Carrie Stevens Walter, Walter E. Adams, Edward E. Cothran and David Lesser Lezinsky. Mrs.

Wallace Bruce, Elizabeth Chamberlain Wright and William O. Dickson are entitled to place with the coast poets, their single effusions of really superior merit occupying space in Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins' painstaking and comprehensive review of California writers and literature, entitled "The Story of the Files," now out of print, and to whose pages the present reviewer is indebted for much of the information gained of the earlier poets of California. Mrs. Cummins recalls the name of Daniel O'Connell, who came to the coast in 1868 from the English navy, and later became connected with daily journalism. A volume of verse entitled "Lyrics" is to his credit and from specimens seen it is evident the author possessed poetic ability of fine lyric quality.

Anna M. Fitch, wife of the silver-tongued Thomas Fitch, in her younger days wrote not a little excellent verse, which, however, a later generation knows not. Other verse writers of California note include Ina Lillian Peterson, a niece of Ina D. Coolbrith, whose sonnets evince decided poetic merit, Emily Brown Powell, Vinna Woods, Anna Morrison Reed and Lillian Plunkett. Clarence Urmy, noted above as one of the contributors to the revived Golden Era, is being recognized in the eastern magazines for his graceful verse. The following, "A California Psalm," is from a recent number of Putnam's:

I lifted up mine eyes unto the hills
Where fair Los Gatos like a lovely gem
Is set in California's diadem;
The sky was wreathed with sunset daffodils,
And honey-dew that twilight-hour distils
Lay on the poppy fields and wet the hem
Of Evening's robe, who softly sang to them
A slumber song of Dreamland vales and rills.
Unto the hills I lifted up mine eyes
As one who seeks some guerdon or reward,
And lo! into my heart of hearts there crept
The grateful balm that weary mortals prize—
The help that cometh even from the Lord—
And, gazing long, I ceased to gaze, and slept.

There broods a peace upon the hills,
Too vast for morning winds to break,
Though murmurs throng the broken rills,
And voices of the woodland wake,
Till half I turn to hear again
The flutes of Arcady at dawn,
And rout of hurrying nymphs that feign
To dread the kisses of the faun.

The old world goes its way, my dear,
The old world goes its way.

Though hearts may break and lives may fail,
Though rosy cheeks grow wan and pale,
We do but as we may, my dear,
We do but as we may!

The old world goes its way, my dear,
The old world goes its way;
And some rejoice while others weep,
And some have sown who may not reap;
For time bears all away, my dear,
For time bears all away!

The old world goes its way, my dear,
The old world goes its way;
But, spite of cares and spite of tears
A mighty purpose thrills the years,
And who would say it nay, my dear,
And who would say it nay?

Leroy E. Mosher, well-remembered in this city

Albert F. Kercheval is little known at this day, but twenty-five years ago the poems of this gifted Los Angelan were widely quoted in the state and out of it. The Bancrofts published a thick volume of his collected verse in 1883 bearing the title "Dolores, and Other Poems." A daughter, Rosalie, seems to have inherited not a little of her father's talent, the latter portion of the book comprising her poetic offerings. The elder Kercheval ranged over a wide field, but his creative work evinces remarkable power and extraordinary versatility. The long poem "Dolores" is a legend of the San Gabriel mission, in blank verse, and abounds in splendid descriptions of the Southern California scenery before the gringo came. "Shakespeare" is in a lofty vein, as befits the subject, and the treatment is worthy of the great master. California subjects are numerous and the southern part of the state, especially, attracted his poetic ardor, as witness his "Mission, San Fernando," "Mount San Bernardino," "Moonlight in Los Angeles," "Sierra Madres," "San Diego" and many others of well-known local import. In all a fine conception is discernible with an almost utter absence of the commonplace.

Philosophical and evolutionary is the "Apistophelon" of Dr. Frank D. Bullard, a really remarkable poem in which three disputants present their arguments in favor respectively of orthodoxy, unitarianism and agnosticism. The devotee, the doubter and the disbeliever contend through one hundred and forty quatrains in rubaiyat form, in which the poet undoubtedly reveals his own soul-searchings for light and truth. He rejects the creed that one must do right on earth to gain reward

hereafter for the less selfish belief that one should do right for right's sake and not because of a prize that is held out. His summing up is:

Then cultivate the plants and cut the weeds,
And grow a crop of Worth from noble deeds.
So when the Harvest of our Life is gleaned
The World shall profit, for we sowed good seeds.

One of the most prolific writers of verse in Southern California was the late Eliza A. Otis, whose powers of description rather outstripped her felicity of expression. Her effusions have been gathered in a memorial volume bearing the title "In California—Where Sets the Sun." Henry Linden Flash also belongs to the Southern California tier of poets, a collection of his metrical work appearing in book form three years ago. The contents are of varying merit and the topics range from love lyrics to war poems of patriotic fervor. A true lyric poet is John S. McGroarty, whose "Wander Songs" were reviewed in *The Graphic* a few months ago. Mr. McGroarty has a fine sense of rhythm, combined with a Celtic temperament that inspires to Parnassian heights. He has read his Fiona Macleod to good advantage and unconsciously has reflected the lilt of her haunting rhymes in several instances. His "King's High- Way" (it Camino Real), "The Green Glen of Glenties" and "The Hills of Santa Cruz" attest Mr. McGroarty's right to rank with the first singers of the state.

Many poetic thoughts have been given a metrical setting in the columns of the local daily press from time to time over the signature of Neeta Marquis. Her work is rather uneven in point of literary execution, but her muse has a pretty fancy, as the annexed example of her work, "At Twilight," which appeared in the *March Sunset*, proves:

Like scimitars the eucalyptus blades
Cut through the sunset; their curved edges keen
Its dripping redness hold; their outlines clean
Are etched the purer as the swift glow fades.
They loom like memories distinct and rare,
Sharp silhouetted with unerring art
On the horizon of some loving heart
Whose sun has set and left but twilight there.

Grace Adele Pierce is a name seen appended to many attractive poems having for their inspiration home and heart interests of the gentler, unimpassioned type, also to poems of nature in her pensive moods. She is a resident of Santa Monica. Two volumes of her collected verse have been published. Another of the quieter poets is Alice Irvine Henderson, whose dreamy "Interludes" was reviewed in *The Graphic* last December. Henry Reed Conant is of the more virile trend of local

poets. The mechanics of his verse are seldom slovenly or faulty, and his muse often essays lofty flights.!

Here, for example, is a little poem, "God's Love," which shows the high purpose of the singer:

I know, where'er my feet may be,
Though prone to stray,
His watchful eye is over me,
Both night and day.

And, though oftentimes this heart has erred,
'Mid worldly cares,
I know His pardoning ear has heard
My humble prayers.

At all times, e'en when I have failed
To do His will,
His love has in my heart prevailed,
And guides me still.

E. A. Brinninstool is well known to readers of the Express for his daily offerings in verse. Not all are of a high order, but many gems fall from his industrious pen in the course of the year. Here is the concluding stanza of one of his more recent poems, "The West For Me:"

O, the boundless West, and the wild, free life that is spent in the
open air,
With the handiwork of the God of All in the plains and the
mountains there!
I love the sweep of the streams that creep from the hills to the
throbbing sea,
And I hear their call as the shadows fall—O, the West, the West
for me!

One of the fairest of home singers, whose fine poetic touch is noted all too rarely, is Gertrude Darlow, of the Los Angeles public library staff. Miss Darlow is a lyrist of exceptional merit, with lofty conceptions and a nice sense of rhythm. A beautiful nature is reflected in her charming verse which never sinks to mediocrity and is always inspiring and uplifting in its tendency. "Sweet April," here given, is a happy illustration of her delicate art:

Sweet April! Child of sun and shade,
By turn in smiles and tears arrayed,
As glad to come yet half afraid
To follow after March;
No other month can imitate
Your charm as frail, as delicate,
Bewitching, blithe and arch.

Perhaps the most promising of all the younger poets of California, north or south, is Caroline Reynolds, a niece of the ad interim mayor, W. D. Stephens. Miss Reynolds' name is a familiar one to readers of *The Graphic*; much of her lofty, finished creations having appeared in these pages in the last four years. Her work evidences unusual insight into the deeper human feelings for one so young—she is only 20—and a perfect ear never permits a false rhythm or a halting line to mar the beauty of her productions. Within the last six months the six or seven remarkably fine poems printed in *The Graphic* over her signature attest her extraordinary perception and interpretative powers and reveal her possession of poetic talent of a high order. Than her "The Quest," "When We Two Ride Together," "The Storm," "Destiny" and "Spring Song" nothing finer has appeared elsewhere in current periodicals, east or west, in the same period. The last named poem is reproduced here as a fair example of the lighter mood of her muse:

Adown the vale the elfish Pan is piping roundelays,
A song of youth and joy and love; a lilt of sunlit days;
And deep the murmur of the sea moans through the leafing trees:
A call of Spring, the gypsy Spring that rides the balmy breeze.
And over hills and over dales the witching gypsy goes,
The sunlight tangled in her locks where rests a new-blown rose;
With dusky eyes like forest pools, where sips the thirsty deer,
With wine-red lips that laugh or pout, and mock old Pan's weird leer.

And where she treads the flowers bloom and lush green grasses grow,
And when she laughs 'tis like the winds that through the lilacs blow,
And when she weeps 'tis like the rain that drips in shadowed pall
Across the mist-hung pasture fields a-dream at evenfall.
And over dales and over hills and o'er the rim of day
Into the gray of twilight hours the gypsy goes her way;
And Life is Youth and Youth is Love and Love is all in all,
When sweet above the Pipes of Pan there rings the gypsy's call.

Editor Bok, in the current *Ladies' Home Journal*, complains that he is not able to get good poetry, "nor can anyone else," he ventures to assert, so far as his observation goes. We do recommend to his notice Miss Reynolds' muse or the poetic work of Miss Darlow. Either one is well worth while. The first-named for strength and beauty, the latter for delicate charm and graceful expression. Southern California is sure to produce many fine poets as the native-born continue to blossom under the generous sun of this ineffable climate and begin to reflect from within the glories of their birthplace. Ambassador Bryce speaks with a seer's voice. California is destined to occupy a prominent place in the

Union before many years as the home of glorious singers, wonderful painters and divinely-gifted poets. It is inevitable.

Source scan pages 4–5. Samuel Travers Clover (1859–1934), editor of The Graphic, signed criticism with the initials S. T. C. His survey is one of the magazine’s fullest attempts to construct a California poetic tradition and is especially notable for insisting that Southern California would produce poets of its own.

↑ INDEX OF FIGURES & ORGANIZATIONS



An Introduction to Poetry

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 29, 1909 · VOL. —, NO. 26

UNSIGNED

In the London Academy of recent date appeared an extended review of *An Introduction to Poetry* by Raymond Macdonald Alden, just published by Holt & Company. The reviewer is T. S. Osmond, an authority on the subject, who says in part: "It is much more than a treatise on versification. Of its six chapters the first three—nearly half the book—deal with substance, rather than form. But it is probably the last three chapters, dealing with rhythm, meters, feet, rhyme and assonance, stanza form, etc., which will be found both most interesting to the critic and most useful to the learner.

"The discussion of rhythm is particularly good, holding the balance between rival theories, not making 'accents' or 'stresses' the beginning and end of the matter, recognizing the importance of time measure, taking due account of 'rests' and distinguishing between the methods of music and of verse. 'Two streams of sound pass constantly through the inner ear of one who understands or appreciates the rhythm of our verse; one, never found in the real sounds which are uttered, is the absolute rhythm, its equal time intervals moving on in infinitely perfect progression; the other represented by the actual movement of the verse, is constantly shifting by quickening, retarding, strengthening or weakening its sounds, yet always hovers along the line of the perfect rhythm, and bids the ear refer to that perfect rhythm, the succession of its pulsations.'

Elsewhere the writer speaks of rhythm as a chain of innumerable equal links moving past the artist at a fixed rate of speed, into which he inserts sounds, without altering the speed further than by slight temporary accelerations or retardations; and points out that while a musician can create sounds of exactly the required duration, a poet must choose among previously existing sounds and take those that come nearest to what he wants. "These sentences, in my belief, go pretty near the root of the matter." The critic quoted further says that American students are more fortunate than English ones, as there is no book in that country that deals adequately with the subject. (*An Introduction to Poetry*. By Raymond Macdonald Alden.)

Source scan page 7. Raymond Macdonald Alden (1873–1924) was an American scholar and teacher. This notice is retained for its concise argument about poetic rhythm and meter.

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In Behalf of Poets and Poetry

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 7, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, NO. 10

UNSIGNED

In England, as in America, the reading public seems to take so little interest in poetry that an organization has been formed in London, known as the Poetry Recital Society, whose avowed object is to stimulate the jaded appetite in poesy, to assist poetic talent in attaining publicity, to bring together lovers of poetry by the formation of local reading centers, in which a study and discussion of the art and mission of poetry may be profitably followed. It is aimed to establish lectureships, to publish an organ, to offer premiums for poetry and in various other ways to arouse the public to a sense of what it is missing by its apathy toward that which Plutarch quotes Simonides as classifying as "speaking painting," as distinguished from painting, which he called silent poetry.

These efforts may help, of course, but the time to instill a lasting love for poetry in the individual is to begin in early youth. The schools, public and private, and the reading circle at home, are the places to sow the seed for an after appreciation of poetry that shall never be eradicated. "Fanny" and "In Memoriam," "Lady of the Lake," "Miles Standish's Courtship" and other good old "pieces," with which the youngsters are fed, are excellent in their way, but it is not with these "heavies" that we should expect to inoculate the youth with an abiding passion for poetry. Rather would we lead up to the more enduring poetic taste by having short poems of beauty read aloud at a certain hour—the poet's hour—the selection of which we would place in the hands of a genuine lover of poetry, engaged especially for this purpose.

By beginning at the lower grades and gradually working up to the high school mentalities, by the time the pupil is ready for college or the school of life he or she should be so well grounded in the gems of English poesy—in those in the Anglo-Saxon tongue—that a discriminating taste for the best would be bred and a love for it implanted that the vicissitudes of life in the great world could not wholly remove. Of course, there would be a certain percentage of the scholars upon whose ears poetry would fall with meaningless phrases, presenting no mental pictures, arousing no imaginative qualities; that is inevitable. But to a majority of minds a constant association with the nobler forms of poetry would leave a lasting impression, softening the asperities and exalting the fancies as nothing else could. It was Pope who declared that—

By heaven and heaven alone

The genuine seeds of poesy are sown.

This is, in a measure, true of the poets themselves. But only a small fraction of mankind ever become poets. The argument here used is for a better appreciation of poetry, and to this end we contend that a more systematic method of instilling a desire for such is certain, were the school system throughout the country elevated to a true conception of the value of this art in the minds of our plastic youth.

It is undoubtedly true that poetry, per se, finds little favor in the eyes of the average publisher, who must see sure returns for the mechanical cost before undertaking the venture. How one ingenious poet found the means to circumvent his publisher came within our ken recently. In reviewing Barr Moses' story of "Dreaming River," a well-known Los Angeles writer called attention to the numerous poetic fancies interspersed, and hazarded the guess that the author must have had a large stock on hand that he was anxious to unload. "This shrewd observation drew from Mr. Moses the following letter, which The Graphic is permitted to publish. It is dated Alexandria, Minn., and reads:

Your suggestion that I had a large supply of poems. to work off, is more or less true, except that I didn't invent the poet for the purpose, but after I had him invented was struck with the opportunity which he offered. But the best part of it is the success of the ruse. I couldn't sell the same verses to the magazines, I know, because I have tried. If the poems had been published by themselves or with enough others to make a thin volume, you and about forty-six other of the fifty reviewers whose opinions I have so far read would have ignored the book, or published merely the name, the price, the author and the publisher, and the other three would have remarked in half a dozen lines that the book was negligible. As it is, the book is in the second edition in six weeks; of the fifty reviews, some running up to a column and a half in length, only one is decidedly unfavorable, and some of the reviewers are saying of the verses: "Beautiful little gems in a no less beautifully-wrought setting," and similarly pleasant things. Now, do you not perceive that you should hail me—whether as a poet or a novelist doesn't matter—as a discoverer or inventor of that muchneeded aid in the literary world, a new and successful method of marketing verse? And inventors are not without honor, whatever poets may be,

Is it true that only women read poetry now?

adays? If so, more honor to their discernment. What a poor world it would be if all the beautiful, poetic creations, since Homer and Sappho sang, were obliterated. We hope the Poetry Recital Society of England

will find imitators on this side of the Atlantic, but still more do we hope that directors of poetry will be added to our public school faculties, in much the same way that art instructors and singing teachers are employed.

Source scan pages 2–3. This unsigned defense of poetry considers the relation between poetic value, length, reading habits, and public taste. It is included as a substantial statement of The Graphic’s pre-modernist poetic assumptions.

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George Rice Carpenter's Walt Whitman

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 9, 1909 · VOL. XXXI, No. 19

UNSIGNED

And tell them; and the truth of truths is love. sang a poet, and spoke truth. And it is this quality of love in Walt Whitman that has preserved him, an increasingly notable figure in American

He was born May 31, 1819, in the hamlet of West Hills (township of Huntington), on Long Island, where his ancestors had lived since the middle of the sixteenth century. Like Whittier, he sprang from an old, permanently settled country stock, scarcely to be differentiated from that of New England. Huntington was settled in 1653 by New England colonists, and its connections across the sound were more intimate with Connecticut than with New York. The Whitmans were of English stock, and independents in faith, and, like their neighbors, often in revolt against their rulers, who were alternately Dutch and English. Joseph Whitman, in 1655-79, was successively constable, grand jurymen, surveyor, townsman, leather sealer. Of his son Joseph, complaint was brought in 1690 by Henry Whitney for "stealing his daughter's affections, contrary to her mother's mind, and using wilful means to obtain his daughter's love." The testimony, however, shows him to have been "a good lad," much evidently his methods were eccentric, to say the least. One of this family removed to a farm in the hills and was the direct ancestor of Walt Whitman. The settlement was a quiet, peaceful, independent community, without aristocratic ideals, without intense ambition for either learning, godliness or wealth. A typical Anglo-Saxon community, where democratic virtues grew undisturbed. Whitman's mother, says Dr. Bucke, the first biographer of the poet, was of marked spiritual and intuitive nature, remarkably healthy and strong, had a kind, generous heart, good sense, and a cheerful and even temper." The boy passed his early years on the farm, and not until he was a man grown did he step out of the Long Island country. He was a quiet, thoughtful, but active youth, showing genius in no point, but, as we can see now, capable of deep impressions, of which he did not until middle life attempt analysis. At the age of twelve he was engaged in a lawyer's office. His employer helped him with his writing and composition, and subscribed for him to a circulating library. Here he read the "Arabian Nights," all of Scott's Novels and his poetry. In 1833 he became a printer's apprentice in the office of the Long Island Patriot, a weekly paper, later a compositor on the Long Island Star. He had a taste for literary composition and printed

several “sentimental os” in the Patriot an@ the Mirror, a “shionable paper in New York City. “8s love for reading, his taste for writtg. his sound training as a cormpo- ‘or, and his native genius for friendiP Save him a bent for teaching, and fr two years he was a country pedagogue. Then he is heard of as a Teaker on political questions with radaha es Like Whittier, he was an «ottonist, a teetotaler and opposed to eee Punishment. Of his life or state ot mind, from 1840 to 18650, little is reiblaat two clearly marked characterfor 8 became well defined—a fondness orqude and a craving for compan- ‘onship, In his reminiscences, he says that he oe to go off, sometimes for weeks ira (ch, down in the country or to oe Island’s seashores—there, in the ee pee of out-door influences, I went JPoughly the Old and New Test-

LT “ted and absorbed Shakespeare, r =, the best translated versions

I could get of Homer, Eschylus, Sophocles, the old German Nibelungen, the ancient Hindoo poems, and one or two other masterpieces, Dante’s among them.” Also he declaimed Homer and Shakespeare to the surf and seagulls by the hour. His other passion was for people. He knew the inmates of hospitals, prisons and poorhouses of the city. He saw the good in them and the bad, and what justified their lives. Also he knew lawyers, doctors, scholars and writers, but the people he liked best were the decent-born, middle-life farmers and mechanics. He rode with conductors and stage dvivers by the hour, watched workmen at their trades, and was everywhere with the workers of the world.

His writing before 1850 was thin, amateurish, moralizing productions like others of his day. At thirty-one he was a somewhat indolent newspaper writer; at thirty-six he had written a series of extraordinary poems, original both in form and substance. Mr. Carpenter accounts for the change by Whitman’s growing love of public speaking. It was only then that he found himself following a faint, new rhythm. another world, a world circumambient about his contemporaries, but one whose existence they ignored or were ignorant of.” He knew little of the world of the minority—that of the stable folk of education and recognized position.” His sympathies were with the vast world of artisans and laborers and here, to his thinking, worked out her mysterioius plans. is the poet of democracy. Progress in psychology and medicine places him as a mystic, and mystic experience is more common among men of letters, Mr. Carpenter says, than would be imagined. Lowell had ecstatic experiences, Symonds was subject to something of the same thing. Tennyson passed at times into a waking trance, all experiencing this knowledge of the Whole and the universality of love,

Of his later life more is recorded and generally known. There is a broader understanding of his aims and a less unfriendly attitude by the public at large toward his work. In concluding Mr. Carpenter says Whitman is of “those who bring a message to their brothers, a truth mainly expressed in their lives, only incidentally through their writings. These are the great accepters and unifiers of life; they show new and noble ways of living. He is the first and the most notable of those who, in the nineteenth century, in Europe and in America, preached the vision of the world as love and comradeship.” (“Walt Whitman.” By GR Carpenter. The Macmillan Co.)

Source scan page 7. George Rice Carpenter (1863–1909) was an American literary scholar and biographer. His study gives the reviewer an occasion to consider Whitman’s development, democratic thought, influences, and poetic form.

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Browsings in an Old Book Shop: Early Ballads

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 25, 1909 · VOL. XXXII, No. 4

UNSIGNED

For ballads I have always had a weakness. Dr. Percy's "Reliques" is a favorite volume, and in an old chap book I have a quiverful of records of obsolete habits, tastes and customs done in quaint verse. Consequently, when I picked up this week, at the Old Book Shop, a volume of "Early Ballads," illustrated with numerous fine steel engravings, edited by Robert Bell and published in 1864, I quickly made myself a Christmas present of the little red-covered book. 'There are two score famous old songs between the boards, ranging from John Lydgate's "London Lackpenny," of the fourteenth century, to "The Merchant's Daughter of Bristow,' taken from the Roxburghe collection in the British Museum. It was a popular ballad early in the seventeenth century, and has been frequently reprinted since its initial appearance. "The Nut Brown Maid" dates back to Henry VIII.'s time in printed form, although there can be little doubt that it was sung long before it was given to the public in the types. Robin Hood, another favorite, probably belongs to the fourteenth century, and the history of "Patient Grissell" is antecedent to 1590. The story upon which the ballad is founded was first related by Boccaccio. The earliest English version is in the Canterbury Tales, It will be recalled that Patient Grissell, from being a poor man's daughter, came to be a great lady in France, being a pattern to all virtuous women.

"Chevy Chase," which records one of the old feuds of the Percy and Douglas families, is one of the most ancient of the border ballads, and is replete with rude strength. Each line rings like a clarion note. "King Arthur's Death," "The Spanish Lady's Love," "Johnnie o' Cocklesmuir," "Tord Beichan," "Mary Ambree"—which ballad I fancy gave Kipling his suggestion for the title of "Captains Courageous"—"The Old and Young Courtier." "The Bonny Hind Squire," "The Mermaid," "The Jew's Daughter," "The Cruel Sister," "Saddle to Rags"—a rare Yorkshire ditty—"Lord Lovel" and a score or more of almost equally famous verses have delighted my eyes and senses, between whiles, since I came upon the book. With not a few I was already familiar; the newer acquaintances afforded additional pleasure.

Shakespeare not necessarily held the ballad singers in scorn, “I had rather be a kitten and cry mew, than one of these same metre balladmongers,” he put into the mouth of Hotspur, in Henry IV. But Hotspur, doubtless, was ridiculing the court poets of his time, rather than the border songs, of whose deeds he was a living participant. He was impatient of “mincing” poetry, and, as a commentator has pointed out, in disclosing this trait, the great bard gave a splendid touch of insight. Do you recall the rogue, Autolycus, in ““Winter’s Tale?” He is interrogated by the clown as to his wares, and replies, “ballads,” continuing: ‘Here’s one to a very doleful tone; how a usurer’s wife was brought to bed of twenty money bags at a burthen, and how she longed to eat adders’ heads and toads carbonadoed.’ Mopsa urges the clown to purchase. She wants a “merry” one, and Autolycus suggests “Two Maids Wooing a Man,” which all three sing, showing the tune and the ditty were well known in that region. I wish I could reproduce a few of the quaint illustrations from the old chap book I possess to embellish this all too brief “browsing.” S. ae

Source scan page 3. This essay joins literary history to the culture of secondhand books. Its account of early ballads treats oral transmission, popular memory, and the survival of old literature in print.

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Ida Frances Anderson's Love's Garden and Other Verses

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 19, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 12

UNSIGNED

"In Love's Garden and Other Verses" presents an interesting problem. After two careful readings of her volume, one to absorb the spirit of her verse, the other to analyze it, the reviewer must confess that it cannot be classed as poetry.

Miss Anderson's conceptions are truly poetic, but, instead of impressing the reader with their beauty, she oppresses him with the erudition of her mechanics. Poetry does not necessarily mean jingling lines that rhyme. It may, and frequently does, exist in prose. It exists in Walt Whitman's verses because of their primitive appeal—the note of intense masculinity and rugged elementalism. But Miss Anderson's verse—which seems to have followed in the Whitman line—does not possess the master's spontaneity nor his freedom of thought and expression. The poetry which is best qualified to be called poetry is that which makes the reader pause and say wistfully to himself, "I have thought these things in a moment of pain or happiness. This writer has listened at the door of my heart and expressed in words my innermost thoughts." One of the first requisites of poetry is beauty of form—or else an ugliness so commanding that it sweeps the reader off his feet. Miss Anderson's verse meets neither of these requirements. It reminds one of a jewel whose sparkle is dimmed because it lies in a tarnished casket. ("In Love's Garden and Other Verses." By Ida Frances Anderson. Arroyo Guild

Source scan page 14. Ida Frances Anderson was a Los Angeles poet whose work appeared in the region's periodical and club culture. The review is unusually discriminating for a local notice and records the judgment formed by two readings of her volume.

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William Sharp's Songs and Poems

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 26, 1910 · VOL. XXXII, No. 13

UNSIGNED

One of the most interesting personalities of the modern literary world was William Sharp, whose work under double natures is so unique. "Fiona Macleod," the name through which he published his woman poems, created a stir by the passion and understanding they expressed, an understanding only possible seemingly to a woman. He was responsible for five volumes of verse from which selections have been made for the present work, "Songs and Poems," which is made uniform with his "From the Hilts of Dream" by Fiona Macleod. The selection was made by his wife in the effort to keep in definite form poems that were printed scatteringly in magazines and small editions, now out of print. In the collection are included unrhymed poems, written in and about Rome in 1890-91. In a letter to a friend, he wrote, "I felt that there is in verse, as in painting, a borderland for impressionism, pure, and simple, for the suggestion of a certain color and emotion, a vivid actuality, which are apt to be dissipated by the effort and restrictions of rhyme.

In this verse you will find something of my passion for the Campagna, and of that still deeper passion and longing for the beautiful." He alluded to "Red Poppies," which reads:

Through the seeding grass,
And the tall corn,
The wind goes:
With nimble feet
And blithe voice,
Calling, calling,
The wind goes
Through the seeding grass
And the tall corn,
What calleth the wind,
Passing by—
The shepherd wind?
Far and near,
He laugheth low,
And the red poppies
Lift their heads
And toss i' the sun.
A thousand thousand blooms

Tossed i' the air,
Banners of joy,
For 'tis the shepherd wind
Passing by,
Singing and laughing low
Through the seeding grass
And the tall corn.

From a volume called “Earth’s Voices,” dedicated to Walter Pater, “To Suffer Grief Is to Be Strong” is taken:

To suffer grief is to be strong,
And to be strong is beautiful and rare.
'Twas in thy court, O Love, I learned it there,
This sad, sweet song!
No one who dwells thy ways among
Who shall not learn thy thousand ways of grief,
Or how wild fears succeed each poor relief—
A dark'ning throng:
There, too, a man may learn to put away
The crowned summit of his heart's desire;
But, O, the bitter burning of love's fire—
Its bitterer ashes grey!

To quote is almost invidious, but “The Coming of Love” is one of the most charming of all, so full of joy and music. One stanza is all that space permits:

In and out the osier beds, all along the shallows,
Lifts and laughs the soft south wind among the grasses;
But, ah, whose following feet are these that bend the mauve
marsh-mallows,
Who laughs so low and sweet?—who sighs—and passes?

(“Songs and Poems.” By William Sharp. Duffield & Co.)

Source scan page 14. William Sharp (1855–1905) was a Scottish poet and critic who also published as Fiona Macleod. The review considers that divided authorship, impressionism, unrhymed verse, and individual poems.

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Poe and His Poetry

by **S. T. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 17, 1914 · VOL. XL, No. 8

By Lewis Chase, Ph. D.

That, I feel, is the last word on Edgar Allan Poe has been uttered by the erudite Lewis Chase., Ph. D., son of that Ethan Allen Chase of Riverside whose celebrated citrus fruit nursery has done so much to help make famous the orange growing industry in Southern California. Before considering the book in hand it is pleasant to recall the fact that Prof. Chase, the son, was at one time well known in Riverside social circles—in the early 90's—as the tennis partner of his lamented brother “Marty.” Lewis went to Stanford when the university was first opened, but gained his Ph. D. at Columbia. He took a fancy to the stage after leaving California and played in such airy trifles as “Richelieu,” “Hamlet” and “Rigoletto.” After tutoring at Columbia he was full professor of English literature at Bloomington, Ind., and Louisville, Ky. Going abroad later he studied German in Berlin, French at Grenoble, France, lived for a time at Bordeaux where he lectured at the university, and of recent years has lived in London.

It is interesting to note that in the Poetry and Life series published by

George G. Harrap & Co. of London,

Prof. Chase is the only American author. Nineteen volumes have been issued, try” by William Henry Hudson, general editor of the series and staff lecturer on literature to the university extension board of the University of London, Johnson and Goldsmith, Gray and Shelley, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, Lowell, Burns, Spencer, Mrs. Browning, Milton, Scott, Tennyson, Longfellow, Byron, Horace, Pope and the Elizabethan lyrists are among the poets treated by a brilliant lot of essayists, so that Prof. Chase may well feel proud of the company in which he is by no means inconspicuous.

What the author has done and done well is to present a biographical study of Poe in such a way that it serves to young students as an introduction and key to the work of the poet. More than thirty representative poems are included in the little treatise, so carefully selected and so characteristic that they admirably reflect the movement of the mind of their author, the literary criticism accompanying

illuminating the poet's qualities and thus supplementing the biographical material in a striking manner. Professor Chase has brought to his task a well-informed mind, a great love for his subject and a facility of expression in the choicest English that lends additional charm to what he has to offer. No matter how well-defined the life and works of Poe may be in the average reader's mind, after reading the essay of Professor Chase new light is obtained on the genius of what Mr. Gosse has called "The Piper of Hamelin to all later English poets,' whose stimulating power and historical position are admitted the world over. S. T. C.

Source scan page 10. Lewis Chase (1873–1937), a literary scholar and teacher, wrote on Poe's poetic technique and reputation. The Graphic's presentation of the essay reflects the continuing early-twentieth-century effort to establish Poe as a major poet and critic.

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True Mission of Our Poets

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 19, 1916 · VOL. XLIX, NO. 12

EDITORIAL

Environed by so much scenic grandeur and dwelling in the midst of ineffable floral charms, it is not strange that a school of painters of distinct and pleasing personality is developing in Southern California. In the last fifteen years the advance in this branch of art has been little short of remarkable and eastern connoisseurs have not been slow to comment upon and profit by the progress made. Devotees of music, too, for similar reasons, have been greatly augmented, that form of artistic expression finding a large and intelligent following. Gratifying as this is, to our notion a still more felicitous development, attributable to vicinage, is that of the poetic instinct, which The Graphic is striving to foster by giving publicity to the meritorious work of California singers. We have before adverted to the fact that Mr. Braithwaite's Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915 contains a list of nearly two score poems by Southern California contributors to The Graphic. Good as these are we discern a better technique, a clearer vision, a finer poetic fancy in the verse that has been submitted to us of late. In these singers, whom we may designate as "emerging poets," we believe will be heard, eventually, the true voices of California, graphically reflecting her many variant moods in mountain, valley and sea and bearing messages to the benighted east, that will be as a lure not to be withstood. Typical of the expression of this emergence note is the poetry to be found elsewhere in this issue of The Graphic, in which the trees, the hills, the sea, the "bigness" of the country are depicted in no uncertain manner and with no little perfection of craftsmanship. We welcome these interpreters of the beauties and glories of Southern California and while we may, at times, make room for a poem faulty in mechanics, its poetic charm will atone for shortcomings that time and facility found in practice can cure. Poetry is making greater appeal to the masses these days than has been evinced in the previous half century and it is an encouraging circumstance, for the lover of poetry will not tolerate the banalities and indecencies that have been a deplorable feature of much of the modern journalism. Once get the standards of the people raised they will take care of the rest. Poetry, real poetry—not of the ridiculous "booster" prize type—cannot fail to aid in this ameliorating process and we shall presently hope to see a flowering of embryo poets that will shed a glorious intellectual perfume athwart the chrome-yellow newspaper atmosphere.

Source scan pages 1–2. This unsigned editorial defines The Graphic’s own cultural program: to foster California poets and to oppose literary work it associated with mere boosterism or sensational journalism.

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Madge Morris Wagner's The Lure of the Desert

THE GRAPHIC · FEBRUARY 3, 1917 · VOL. —, NO. 06

UNSIGNED

"The Lure of the Desert" by Madge Morris Wagner comes at a time when we are sadly in need of real poetry. This is an era of experimentation; when the poet is trying his hand at divers verse forms, and generally with results that make us turn our eyes Olympusward and exclaim: "Shades of Sappho and Theocritus." Mrs. Wagner's poetry, like her beloved desert, is fine, big, healthy, and free; but free, not in the sense of free-verse God be praised. She paints for us a series of pictures that are so colorful that we do not feel the need for pigments. Her desert poetry has a triumphant symphonic strain, rather than lyric quality. She sings naturally; is untrammelled and free, and has shaken off the petty conventionalities of man, to become the mouthpiece of Nature. We live in her desert. She is "In tune with the Infinite," and unafraid. She tells us of what she sees with dignity, sincerity, truthfulness, and vigor.

Pink-throated lizards pant in thy slim shade;
The horned toad runs rustling in the heat;
The shadowy gray coyote, born afraid,
Steals to some brackish spring and laps and prowls
Away; and howls, and howls, and howls, and howls,
Until the solitude is shaken into added loneliness.

Here is a startling and beautifully delineated picture painted by one who knows the desert. Although there is nothing particularly poetical about the howling of a coyote, Mrs. Wagner has made her coyote as poetical as the pink throated lizard. Robert Browning would have loved this passage. "The world is so new—you with God / In the Yucca land."

These two verses sum up miles and miles of the parched desert land of the New World. No poet could have such a thought about the Egyptian desert, for it is as old and wrinkled as the mummies in the museum at Cairo.

TO CALIFORNIA

Her breath is the purest, the wine of her mouth
Is richer than Circe's of old,
Her sandals are laced with the silk of the South,
Her bosom is woven with gold.

This lyric applies to Greece as much as it does to Southern California, and it might have been written by the Aegean Sea. It contains much of Old World culture. For contrast, notice the following:

NOT ACCLIMATED

I hate you, Southland of the southern west,
I say I hate you! All your hot brown breast
Is dried and shrivelled up. Your wide hot mouth
Breathes only drouth.
Your mountains toss their jagged peaks, and stop
Just short of majesty. Your rivers drop
Beneath the sands of their own beds, and seep
Through mud and roots and low things, and creep
Like cowards to the sea.

This startlingly original conception of Southern California is one of the best poems in the collection. The mountains short of majesty and the coward rivers are splendidly imagined. One can hate Southern California on a hot August or September day, when it is a country mummified, and Mrs. Wagner has caught this aspect and has pictured it in a most unforgettable manner. In this poem *Not Acclimated* (the carping critic might quarrel with the title) we have some of the best poetry of the book.

The poetry that does not deal with the Southland or nature is not quite so fine. Mrs. Wagner is at her best when she "rites of those things that lie closest to her heart, but "To a Mummy," "Sappho to Phaon," "The Christmas Cross," "Coronals," "Inconsistence," and "An Inward Glimpse" show Mrs. Wagner to be an intellectual or poet's poet as well as a great painter of landscapes.

"Rocking the Baby" will undoubtedly be a much cited poem, but somehow, it misses fire. This is not because Mrs. Wagner failed to feel what she was writing, but because she felt too much what she was writing. Through over-feeling, she has under-expressed herself. The same thing has happened in "Somebody's Baby Dead," and this last mentioned poem is one of the very rare commonplace poems of the collection. "Her Christmas Gift" is exquisite. It rings true and has that skillful touch that keeps it from being mawkish, the great danger to all love poetry. "To You," "When the Roses Go," "I Have Never," "You Think a Serious Thought," all contain fine lyric quality. "Across the Great Divide" is particularly lovely:

I never hear the night wind blow,
Or see a red rose pearled with dew,
Or hear a lark's song in the dawn,
But that I think of you—
Of you, dear heart, of you.

The following poem is full of a delicate and quaint humor:

COQUETRY

It is so precious sweet to be a little fool,
A pretty little petted simpleton,
And let the great big fellow you have won
Believe that he is captor, and his rule
Imperative, while round your fingertips
You wind him with a smile or pout of lips.
Who would be large and wise, and boastful rule,
When it's so "cute" to be a "little fool?"

Mrs. Wagner knows women as well as she does the desert.

To sum up, as a poet of nature, Mrs. Wagner approaches greatness. She soars far beyond the realm of first class minor poetry, aye, even to the very portal through which the great poets have entered in a burst of glory, and she stands on the threshold, the door ajar. Much of her verse is sonorous, stately, and much is lyric. Her work is the result of culture and she combines with Old World intellectuality, the haunting, wild beauty of the New, therefore it does not come as a surprise to learn that Mrs. Wagner's verse is more appreciated abroad than in her own country. Every poetry lover should have a copy of "The Lure of the Desert" on his library table.

("The Lure of the Desert." Harry Wagner Publishing Co. Bullock's.)

Source scan page 25. Madge Morris Wagner (1862–1924) was a poet and journalist closely associated with California desert writing. This long review discusses landscape, free verse, individual poems, and poetic technique.

↑ INDEX OF FIGURES & ORGANIZATIONS

Modern Poetry and New Forms

*Frost, Masters, the Imagists, free verse, performance,
and the institutions of a changing poetry culture.*



Contemporary Poetry Survey

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 12, 1914 · VOL. XLV, No. 2

UNSIGNED

FINE SPEECH AND COMMON THINGS

There are many who regard Wilfrid Wilson Gibson as a truer spokesman of the common folk of England than the mighty Masfield himself, and not without reason. Gibson has the same rare gift of fine speech concerning common things, the same gift for the dramatic presentation of character, and much of the same rough music.

“Borderlands and Thoroughfares,” the former referring to three dramatic dialogues in the style of “Daily Bread,” and the latter to a group of poems from which the volume takes its title, contains some of Mr. Gibson’s most characteristic work. In “The Wind” he writes:

To the lean, clean land, to the last cold height,
You shall come with a whickering breath,
From the depths of despair or the depths of delight,
Stript stark to the wind of death.

And whether you're sinless, or whether you've sinned,
It's useless to whimper and whine;
For the lean, clean blade of the cutthroat wind
Will slit your weasand, and mine.

Mr. Gibson does not hesitate, if a heretofore unknown word comes to his hand and suits his need, as “whickering breath.” This same faculty he employs to a diametrically opposite purpose in a serio-comic poem, “The Vindictive Staircase, or The Reward of Industry,” wherein he tells of the nocturnal wanderings of the ghost of an erstwhile overworked charwoman, which—

Tiptoes up and down the wheezy staircase,
Sweeling ghostly grease of quaking candles.

“Sweeling” may be a word in Houndsditch, and “whickering” perhaps may have been picked up by Mr. Gibson in his wanderings among his folk of the streets and fields. At any rate, both words carry their meaning and their sound.

EARTH TRIUMPHANT

In these days when so few people have time for poetry, its production seems to be a hopeful sign. It shows there are those who persist in holding the poetic attitude toward life. Conrad Aiken, a young American poet, is one of these.

“Earth Triumphant,” the title poem of his volume, is undoubtedly arresting in thought, whatever faults of looseness and reiteration it may possess. The poet cries:

Let him, him only, sing of life
Who out of terrible triumph sings,
Whose soul comes glittering like a knife,
With savage laughter cuts and flings!

Exactly such a young man as this was he in youth, who in the ecstasy of a glorious swim far out into the ocean comes to see that life means spending oneself freely. The earth, indifferent and beautiful, continues her dance:

Love touched him, veiled the truth;
And life made slave of him.... Meanwhile the earth
Still through the starlight danced her endless song,
Turning her lord's love to slow death and birth,
Still changing grey for green, the weak for strong;

Life's cry she heard not, knew not right or wrong;
Youth rose, youth fell; she smiled to sun, danced on,
Smiling the same smile, dancing, dawn to dawn.

Lengthy quotation is impossible, or one would quote all of the lyric, "Dilemma," which closes the volume. Especial attention must be called to it, however, because it is a worthy and convincing defense of the poet who takes not dreams but earthly realities for his theme. And in it Mr. Aiken shows that he has the truest poetic ideal, that of finding the beauty in all things however base. That is another mark of kinship with Masefield, as the reader who is familiar with the "Everlasting Mercy" will recognize. The facts of life may seem discouraging,

And yet, from sordid and from base,
Passion can lift a shining face.

So sings an American apostle of beauty of whom we should all be proud. ("Earth Triumphant." By Conrad Aiken. The Macmillan Co.)

OPEN WATER

Modern, also, is the latest poetry of Mr. Arthur Stringer, for the poems in "Open Water" are in that new manner called vers libre. Mr. Stringer writes with vigor and with a strong moral purpose.

The first impression, therefore, that one gets of the poems in "Open Water" is that they are for the most part old themes and thoughts in new style; but the style has force and freedom. He writes:

Yea, I will arise and go forth, I have said,
To the uplands of truth, to be free as the wind,
Rough and unruly and open and turbulent-throated.

Like many modern verse writers Mr. Stringer is usually moral in aim. It is thought and action that move him to sing, and not often beauty pure and unmixed.

AMERICA AND OTHER POEMS

Another volume of new poetry is that entitled "America," from the pen of Mr. W. J. Dawson. Mr. Dawson is as certainly mature as Mr. Aiken is young, and his work has the calm assurance of experience. Of America he writes:

For a bitter night and day they shall be tried,
They shall moan within the cruel hand of greed;
But ever when the wrong has wrought its worst
Shall arise Redeemers answering to their need.

In fact, throughout his poems Mr. Dawson shows the optimistic spirit of a man who has been tempered by experience and long life and has

emerged to the quiet pleasures of faith. In a poem addressed to his daughter he says:

So all is done. My daughter, now
Look up and see thy place prepared.
See how the streets of heaven glow,
The fruit of Life with angels shared.

Other notable poems are an imaginative soliloquy of Salome and a fine address to “A Grecian Altar.” But all are expressive of the quiet pleasures of a mature spirit.

POETRY IN APPEARANCE ONLY

Definitions of poetry are as various as definitions of music, and as a modern novelist has sensed the latter in the expression, “Music is any noise balanced against silence,” so poetry may be said to be speech balanced against silence. Yet line division alone cannot make poetry.

Nowhere in these verses does there appear that fineness of conception and perception without which verse cannot become poetry. The subjects themselves, however serious, are not transformed. One example will suffice:

I saw a naked soul
Crying in the dark.
Its little outstretched hands
Reached dumbly at my heart.
“Who art thou?” I asked.
“Knowest thou not?” it said,
“Thy little unborn son!”
And then I woke, alone,
And hungered after her,
Its mother yet to be
Whom I had never seen.

Mr. Kemp’s conceptions of Biblical incidents are usually much finer than his transcriptions from life; but until he learns the essential relation of form to feeling his work will remain poetry in appearance only.

Source scan pages 21–23. This sequence surveys six contemporary poets and repeatedly returns to diction, narrative verse, vers libre, form, modernity, and poetic craft. It is preserved as a cluster because the individual judgments form a coherent account of poetry in 1914.

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Life and Edgar Lee Masters, with Notes on Poetry

by **MARGUERITE WILKINSON**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 3, 1915 · VOL. XLVI, No. 5

Quite the latest planet to make its appearance in the heaven of contemporary American poetry is the Chicago lawyer and poet, Edgar Lee Masters, whose "Spoon River Anthology" has, to quote Current Opinion, "sifted him out of comparative obscurity as a writer to national fame." Every lover of poetry is already familiar with at least some of the two hundred life histories in free verse which compose this book, and there is hardly a literary publication in the country, including The Graphic, which has not praised it in the last few months. Yet the history of its author's development is but little known. The case of Mr. Masters is extraordinary, one of those literary metamorphoses that are met once in a lifetime. For who would expect that a man of forty-five, who had to his credit six absolutely undistinguished books, three of them in very indifferent verse, would suddenly, in a single impulse, blossom forth into a truly great work? Yet Spoon River is as different from Mr. Masters' early work as reality is from sentimentality, as an authentic voice crying in the wilderness is from empty echoes of the past in a ruined temple of classicism.

In the case of Mr. Masters is seen a perfect illustration of the old principle that there can be no true poetry that does not deal with life. For up to the age of forty-five Mr. Masters wrote of shadows, and remained in merited obscurity. Now he writes of life, and suddenly he is become a power. Two men, two men as far apart as the poles, have cast their influence over the two periods of his work. One was Shelley, the beautiful dreamer of vivid dreams, and one was Masters' friend William Marion Reedy, who has tasted deep of life. And, strange as it may seem to one who does not know how often it happens, it was the incomparable poet who prevented Mr. Masters from finding himself sooner.

This difference is one of disposition. To Shelley, his beautiful remote ecstasies, his flaming ideals, were life. To the young Masters, an instinctive realist, they were literature. They came to him second-hand, as they come to all of us, and although they were not his own reactions they stamped for him indelibly his conception of what poetry should be. It should deal with Shelleyian subjects, with stars and roses, mountains

and mythologies, and the other panoplies of dream. Anyone who has had occasion to read the mass of derivative verse which is daily submitted to our magazines will appreciate how common this mistake is, how much watereddown Shelley and Keats cumbars our literature today. Mr. Masters kept his brain in two watertight compartments, life in this one, poetry in that. And inevitably his poetry was false.

Then came William Marion Reedy. He told his friend frankly that the stuff he wrote was “rotten,” because it held nothing of himself, nothing of the human experience that many active years had taught him. Friendship and a keen critical judgment broke down the watertight compartment. Mr. Masters, metaphorically speaking “took off his coat” and, half convinced, but half in derision of himself and Reedy, began on Spoon River. “You want life, well by Buddha, you shall have it, raw!” was his attitude, and no one was more surprised than he when Reedy, followed by the literary world, salaamed before him. It is an amazing history. Would that there were more William Marion Reedys in the world, one for each potential Masters. Surely, the poetic millennium would come if each versifier wrote what he’ has seen with his own eyes, felt with his own hands, and apprehended with his own gray matter!

Spoon River has already elicited besides a huge mass of critical prose, at least two poems. One is by Carl Sandburg, the Chicago poet who took “Poetry’s” \$200 prize last year, and the latest in Reedy’s Mirror last week, is by Richard Butler Glaenzer, himself a vers librist of some note. We quote it in part:

Ever since you revealed to me
Spoon River,
I have understood what Keats
Meant us to feel
In his sonnet on Chapman’s Homer;
But your river is broader than the Pacific,
And the glass you have swung down to our
Has made visible most of Heaven,
And more of Hell,
And all of Charity.
I glory in the lyric masters of our past.
But you have swept through my heart
On a river whose rhythm is life:

Its waves have marched through my soul
To a music whose art is beauty:
You have buffeted and choked me,
And left me bruised... but at peace!
For both blow and balm
Issued from the hands of truth:
But you have made me a glory of our present.
She is the genius of your power.
I glory in the lyric masters of our past;

* * Ok As the Nile to Egypt, So Spoon River to the New World!
Judgment by Peers

In this country the real and ever-increasing interest in poetry, is nowhere more clearly shown than in the number of critical prose articles on the subject which are appearing steadily in the more literary magazines. And of equal importance with their appearance is the fact that these studies are for the most part written by the poets themselves. The day when the sentimental layman could cull bits from their favorite bards for the delectation of the reading public is mercifully at an end, and the right of the poet to be judged by his fellow-craftsman is more and more clearly recognized.

This right of judgment by peers has long been accorded the other arts. In every salon and exhibition it is the painters who judge paintings; in every concert and musical event it is the musicians who have the last word. So it is with sculpture, architecture and the rest. And when these things are taught it is by practical craftsmen. But poetry is not yet free from bondage. To a large extent our magazines and collected volumes correspond to the current art exhibits and symphony concerts. Yet how often are the poems chosen by competent poets? And how often, in our schools and colleges, is our youth taught poetry by a real craftsman? Yet poetry has a craft and a technic as well as a soul, and deserves to be treated as a serious art. Fortunately, however, in the last analysis neither the layman nor the college professor can make or unmake a poet. It is his fellow poets who judge him and whose judgment endures. So it is well that they themselves should write for us their impressions of contemporary verse, while it is yet in the making.

For those whose interest still clings to the eighties Arthur Symons, the last frail and exquisite singer, contributes to the North American Review a delightful reminiscence of Paul Verlaine—the man rather than

the poet. In this line Mr. Symons is supreme. Who can forget his appreciation of Ernest Dowson?

It is good to see, now that the deluge of war poetry has somewhat subsided, the English periodicals returning to the contemplation of pure art, and that the poems and personalities fly as usual. Poetry and Drama, has not yet resumed publication, which is a great pity, since in our opinion it is the best of them all. But the Poetry Review is out as usual, and the irrepressible Egoist continues to batter the universe, and to carry poetry on its shield. The Poetry Review for May-June reprints a "Celtic Castigation" from the incomparable James Stephens, which is so amusing that we wish we might give it all. But here is a part. It is leveled at Ezra Pound:

arn There are so many things I wish he would do: I wish he would not mention my name; I wish he would not write quite so mistakenly about Synge; I wish he would not write quite so mistakenly about Mr. Lawrence; I wish he would not write quite so mistakenly about Mr. Joyce;... I wish he would not repeat a conversation of Mr. Yeats, and call it an "imaginary portrait" of Sir Hugh Lane; I wish he would not say that I ran away from Ireland; I wish he would run back to America; I wish he had never run away from that great country; I wish he would bury himself and stay buried....

Tis God can do all things He will, and will all things He do;

He can make an ape, an ox, a fox, or a lively kangaroo.

For God, who made all things, has made the world and made it round,

And he made policemen's feet to beat in the verse of Ezra Pound."

Apropos of Ezra Pound, it is interesting to note that in the new Imagist anthology, "Some Imagist Poets," of which we shall say more later, he is noticeable by his eloquent absence. No one can say that Mr. Pound is a static individual. No sooner do we have him firmly fixed in our minds as an Imagist than, presto! he becomes a Vorticist, a school whose manifesto begins "Beyond action and reaction we would establish ourselves." To one who saw the first, and we believe the only, number of the Vorticist organ, "Blast," it would seem that short of deliberately asking admittance to the English equivalent to *Matteawan*, Mr. Pound could go no further in that direction. We await his next move with real anxiety!

A. EF. Housman's unexpected reappearance on the literary horizon with a war-poem—even though it is not a very good one—brings poignantly to mind the spirit of this gentle English professor who lives so quietly, absorbed in the penning of his serious prose works, with

never a line of poetry these twenty years, yet who wrote in his early youth a single slender volume of imperishable lyrics. This little book, "A Shropshire Lad," is knit into the very warp and woof of many of the younger generation of poets, and wherever a group is met together, on windy beaches or in "perfumed alcoves," someone is sure to produce Housman, either from a wellworn volume or from a loving memory. And his welcome is always certain. The lyrics have been reprinted innumerable times, but never yet enough, They have no titles. Here is one of the most beautiful:

When I watch the living meet,
And the moving pageant file
Warm and breathing through the street Where I lodge a little while,
If the heats of hate and lust
In the house of flesh are strong, Let me mind the house of dust
Where my sojourn shall be long.
In the nation that is not
Nothing stands that stood before; here revenges are forgot,
And the hater hates no more;
Lovers lying two by two
Ask not whom they sleep beside
And the bridegroom all night through Never turns him to the bride.

Source scan page 6. Edgar Lee Masters's Spoon River Anthology appeared in book form in 1915 after magazine publication. The essay recognizes its linked epitaphs as a major event and places Masters amid a rapidly changing poetry culture.

↑ INDEX OF FIGURES & ORGANIZATIONS



Imagists of Today and Notes on Poetry

by EUNICE TIETJENS

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 31, 1915 · VOL. XLVI, No. 9

With the appearance of the second Imagist anthology—fortunately they have dropped the French title, and this volume is called simply “Some Imagist Poets”—the tendency of the school is very clearly shown, and it is possible to form an adequate idea of its place in contemporary poetry. To one acquainted with the work of these young poets the first anthology was extremely haphazard and inadequate; poets who were not, strictly speaking, Imagists at all were included, others were not properly represented, and the whole effect was a distinct confusion. But in this second volume the movement is crystallizing, the outsiders have been excluded, and there can be no unfairness in judging the school by its standard.

In the last year much technical criticism has been written about Imagism, criticism which has for the most part left on the mind of the reader a confused sense of technicalities, of the psychological value of the image, of the errors of symbolism, of the technic of free verse, wavelengths, rhythm-curves and the like. That Imagism has called forth so much criticism of this sort is, it seems to me, an inherent sign of weakness. For these things belong to the craft of verse-writing, the craft which must always be present, yet must not be apparent. The Imagists themselves have insisted so strongly on technic, so strongly on the subtleties of word-picturing, that they have confused the issue. The dangers of any artistic school are always most clearly visible in the less talented members, and in the less successful Imagistic poems, one cannot distinguish the poetry for the images.

Yet as a school there can be no doubt that the imagists have already accomplished much that is valuable, and will accomplish more. They have brought to a point and focused pertinently the modern revolt against bombast, the revolt against rhymed ethics, and the revolt against the old, set verse forms. They have shown definitely that free verse, although it is much more difficult to handle technically than the regular verse forms, yet can be concise, lyrical and haunting, a thing which Whitman with all his breadth and sweep failed to do. They have reintroduced into our poetry what has been wittily called “the key-hole type of poetry,” a type which the Greeks used to perfection and of which the Orient, Japan in particular, is past master. For all this we cannot be too thankful.

Yet in opposing as they do—it is definitely stated in the preface to this second anthology—— “the cosmic poet,’ they have deliberately discarded, along with its weakness, the strength of English poetry. For it is precisely this sense of cosmicality, this breadth of vision, this feeling that the poet has penetrated and reconciled all things—not merely sensuous images, no matter how keen, and has, somehow, woven of them all a definite pattern—this element it is which has distinguished all our greatest English poets. And, since, after all, these young men and women are English and American, not Greeks and Japanese, in discarding all this they have labeled themselves definitely as belonging to a minor school.

But, having once definitely settled what they are not we may proceed to enjoy them for what they are. This anthology is like a string of delectable gems, each beautiful, polished, separate and remote. The enchanted palace to which their key-hole gives swift glimpses is at once sensitive and vivid, full of singing, and very beautiful. It is, too, very welcome. Of the six poets included in this volume it becomes clearer and still clearer that the most subtle, the most purely imagistic and clean-cut is H.D. Her poems have a magic in them, a swiftness of vision and an economy of thought and word which is not touched by any of the others. We should like to reprint four of her seven poems, but must content ourselves with these two

Oread

Whirl up, sea—
Whirl your pointed pines,
Splash your great pines
On our rocks,
Hurl your green over us,
Cover us with your pools of fir.

The Pool

Are you alive?
I touch you.
You quiver like a sea-fish.
I cover you with my net.
What are you—banded one?

Richard Aldington again offers several very sensitive, lyrical poems, “truly imagistic in character. But on the whole he leaves a less perfect impression than in the earlier anthology, perhaps, because in his longest poem, “Childhood,” he has abandoned beauty to disparage ugliness at great length. “Lemures” and “The Poplar” are both unusually beautiful. F. S. Flint again shows himself a thorough master of the new free

medium. His poems have a warmth and humanity, which he shares with D. H. Lawrence. The following by Flint is particularly haunting:

ACCIDENT

Dear one!
you sit there
in the corner of the carriage;
and you do not know me;
and your eyes forbid.

Is it the dirt, the squalor,
the wear of human bodies,
and the dead faces of our neighbors?
These are but symbols.

You are proud; I praise you;
your mouth is set; you see beyond us;
and you see nothing.

I have the vision of your calm, cold face,
and of the black hair that waves above it;
I watch you; I love you;
I desire you.

There is a quiet here
within the thud-thud of the wheels
upon the railway.

There is a quiet here
within my heart,
but tense and tender.

This is my station.

Of the other three, D. H. Lawrence, Amy Lowell and John Gould Fletcher are so well known, and have published so many volumes of their own that it is not quite possible to identify them wholly with the group. They are all adequately represented here.

Ezra Pound, who was prominent in the last anthology, is noticeably absent from this, having gone over to the “Vorticists.” It is a pity, for he was at one time a true Imagist. Ford Madox Hueffer, who was included in the earlier volume is also absent. He never was truly an Imagist, and has grown too big for the school; no one of them has written so big a

poem as his "On Heaven." The others have dropped out largely for personal reasons.

It is evident that the Imagists have set their foot well on the ladder of success and are here to stay. Aside from their actual accomplishments, their leavening influence is great, and exercised in the right direction. Let us wish them well!

AUTHORS' CONGRESS IN SAN FRANCISCO

Miss Ina Coolbrith, in the congress of Authors and Journalists, which she called together recently at the San Francisco Exposition, devoted much time and more love to the subject of poetry. There were nearly a dozen addresses dealing with different phases of the subject. Of the poets Edwin Markham, Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, Charles Phillips and Herbert Bashford spoke. Professor Alden and Professor Hill of Stanford, Professor Armes of the University of California and others represented the academic attitude. As was perhaps inevitable the congress devoted its energies principally to a review of the past, and for the most part the critical discussion seems to have contented itself with reiterating those academic truisms, so many of which have today ceased to be truths. Of contemporary poetry there was no adequate treatment.

In a letter from one of the younger poets, a real modern, who attended, there is this entertaining bit: "In this backward looking congress," she writes, "it was with great joy that I welcomed the more down-to-date ideas of that promising youth Edwin Markham, one of the most modern persons there and by far the nearest to the younger generation in thought and purpose. His insistence on the use of the plain human words of common speech, his rebellion against 'poetic license' and affectation and his insistence that 'every theme is a theme for the poet' were as grateful to me as fire on a frosty night."

But the congress was worth attending for the one very beautiful ceremony of the crowning of Ina Coolbrith, poet laureate of California. Ina Coolbrith, author of a few very melodious lyrics which are, however, pretty widely known, was a contemporary of Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard and Joaquin Miller and is the only one of the early Californians still living. She is an honorary member of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco—the only woman ever so honored—and has a big personality. Two of her sonnets, "California," her ode, and "The Song of Blossom Time," are known and loved from end to end of the state and to meet her is to yield one's affections. It was fitting, therefore, that California should bestow on her the laurel crown of poets in token of love

and gratitude, and the speeches of presentation, made by United States Senator James D. Phelan and Dr. Wheeler of the University of California, were dignified and beautiful and worthy of the occasion. When Miss Coolbrith accepted the crown in a few simple well chosen words there was genuine emotion.

California is not the only state in the United States, it seems, which has been guilty of discourtesy to poets. Last month the conservative Massachusetts, in her cultural stronghold, Cambridge, witnessed an extraordinary discourtesy to a distinguished guest, Alfred Noyes. Mr. Noyes, who was attending the commencement exercises at Harvard, had just finished reading his poem written for the Phi Beta Kappa society when he was arrested for debt, in connection with a dispute over a commission alleged to be due to a local lecture bureau. Fortunately, his friends furnished bonds and Mr. Noyes was spared a trip to the police station. But what a comment on American manners!

From the bulletin of the Poetry Society of America we learn, however, that Boston has not in toto abandoned its reverence for poets and poetry. The Author's Club has recently been devoting much time to poetry, and its department, known as "Shop-Talk" where poems are read and criticised, has been unusually active. At the last meeting of this department Josephine Preston Peabody and Robert Frost were among the speakers. Boston's activity in matters poetic is, however, taking a more ambitious turn, and a little group of poets and other writers has successfully launched the Poetry Society of New England. It will be in the nature of a younger sister of the Poetry Society of America and will be affiliated with it.

That Elizabeth Barrett, in the days before she was Mrs. Browning, did not hesitate to criticise, very respectfully, yet frankly, the poems of the great man who was later to become her husband, is an interesting bit of human information which we find in "New Poems," by Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. As a whole the volume is rather the rag-tag and bob-tail of the work of these two immortals. But Mrs. Browning's criticisms, contained in letters to Robert, are good. They deal mostly with inversions and obscurities, and anyone who has profited by the sincere and intelligent criticism of a fellow-craftsman will know that, undoubtedly, they were very good for her liege.

Whimsy is a quality which is more often found in prose than in verse these days. But when it is at its best it is utterly delightful. Of our young poets Nicholas Vachel Lindsay is the one who has made the most successful use of it. Here is a recent hit from a series called "Cruikshank Drawings in Verse." We reprint it from the Chicago Evening Post.

HIST! OR, THE HAUGHTY BUTLER

A haughty butler came to me
By moonlight gray, when earth was sleeping,
Drooping his awful crest.
His cheek was streaked. He had been weeping.
With lagging feet, with hat in hand,
Quite like a timid poor relation,
He wailed of mysteries and of shames,
Yet blessed me, called me his salvation,
IF I BUT LENT A SECRET EAR!

And then he told, O what a tangle!
The sort of tale that gives proud dukes
And demi-gods their nobler angle,
'Tis only safe to tell thus much.
It shows a butler can be human,
And moan and sigh, and droop the eye,
And weep, like any tender woman.

Here is another inimitable bit from his latest volume, "The Congo and Other Poems." It is one of twenty "Moon Poems:"

YET GENTLE WILL THE GRIFFIN BE

(What Grandpa told the children)

The moon? It is a griffin's egg,
Hatching to-morrow night,
And how the little boys will watch
With shouting and delight
To see him break the shell and stretch
And creep across the sky.
The boys will laugh. The little girls,
I fear, may hide and cry.
Yet gentle will the griffin be,
Most decorous and fat,
He'll walk up to the milky way
And lap it like a cat.

Source scan page 6. Eunice Tietjens (1884–1944), poet, editor, and traveler, was associated with Harriet Monroe's Poetry. Her essay evaluates the second Imagist anthology and discusses H.D., Richard Aldington, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence, Amy Lowell, John Gould Fletcher, and Ezra Pound.



With the Passing of Poetic License and Thoughts on Robert Frost

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 28, 1915 · VOL. XLVI, No. 13

UNSIGNED

There are certain phrases dealing with the subject of poetry that are in common use among the laity, yet which form no part of the vocabulary of the poet, and which come to him with a distinct shock when spoken in his presence. These phrases, that exist in every art and in many other departments of life, had perhaps, a meaning in the far days in which they were coined, although even then they must have represented the attitude of one entirely outside of his subject. But today even that value is gone, and they remain embedded, as archaic as an Elizabethan ruff, in the stuff of the English language.

Such a phrase is the old “poetic license.” In its younger days it must have been invented as a sort of blanket excuse to the uncomprehending lay mind for all the vagaries of that race of strange and unaccountable beings known as poets. And when one remembers how certain of the old writers tortured and distorted the uncomplaining language in fitting it to rhyme and meter—the rhyme of the old German Meistersinger

Hans Sachs wird ruhig ein Schuh— Macher und Poet dazu.

is an immortal example—even the poet of today must confess to a certain sympathy with the lay mind of yesterday.;

But with the sense in which the phrase is now used he can have no sympathy. It is a little doubtful if those who still use it know precisely what the phrase may mean, but, presumably, it is one of two things: Either it means that the poet has, deliberately or otherwise, falsified facts to make them suit his own idea of the beautiful or the artistic, or that he has taken liberties with the king’s English, has clipped it and twisted it to suit his rhyme or his rhythm. If “poetic license” is used as an excuse for either of these things the genuine poet of today would be the first to repudiate it and to demand that his work be judged by the hard criterion of the intellect. It may be set down, almost as a hard and fast rule for the benefit of the laity, that any writer of verse today who would claim “poetic license” as an excuse for any consciously false or distorted element in his verse, is not worthy of serious consideration.

For the modern poet takes his work with a chastened seriousness and permits himself no liberty of any kind with what he considers the basic principles of his art. And of those basic principles the first is a scrupulousness, amounting in some of us almost to fanaticism, in getting down the exact shade of truth as he sees it. This truth may be, in fact, usually is, suggestive rather than literal, but it is always the truth. And if it were a question of being silent on a theme or deliberately writing what he considers a falsehood, he would unhesitatingly choose to be silent. For the true poet is never a propagandist, and, having no a priori convictions, he is free to write of life or of dreams as he finds them. Yet he knows, even more certainly than his readers, that only insofar as he is scrupulously true to his own phase of the truth will his work be valuable. License to distort his vision is the last gift he would ask!

If on the other hand “poetic license” means a permit to twist and torture the language, to lop off syllables from unoffending words, to make strange inversions of sentence constructions, and to resurrect archaisms because they rhyme—here again the phrase is meaningless today.

If the modern poet gives himself greater liberty in the verse forms he uses—though even here he has only discarded one set of rules for another quite as binding if not quite so easily defined—yet on the other hand he no longer permits himself to lay ruthless bands on the language. The “poetic” words which once besprinkled the pages of even the best poets are now laid aside, we hope forever, along with other outworn garments of an earlier civilization. Here, again, it may be stated with certainty that the verse-writer today is not worthy of serious consideration who thinks himself licensed to use such words as “e’en,” “twist,” “mongst,” “e’er,” and the rest of that ilk, or who resorts to stich subterfuges as “do swoon,” “did come,” or even to some of the less crude sentence inversions, such as Ben Jonson used, doubtless with the full sanction of his times, in these famous lines:

I sent thee late a rosy wreath, Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It might not withered be.

Technically, the standard of verse today is higher than ever before, and where the older verse forms are used, even by our third-rate versifiers, it is with a degree of skill which in an earlier day was only possible to the genius. For it is a law of the progress of all art that a technical device which was originally the discovery of genius becomes the commonplace of the next era.

No, the true poet of today asks for no license of the old sort. If he cannot speak the simple truth as he sees it, and speak it in terms which shall be direct and intelligible, his work will not stand the test, and he will be doing his harassed contemporaries a real service by leaving his page virgin. For no thread-bare "poetic license" can cover his inadequacy!

Thoughts on Robert Frost

It is some time now since Robert Frost's poems of New England first jutted, as stern and uncompromising as Plymouth Rock, into the consciousness of American poetry lovers. England, which always looks to America for "types," for broad, simple, picturesque lines and the "barbaric yawp," had acclaimed him first. But we hung back, partly because we missed in his work the familiar element of beauty, but partly, I suspect, because we have too lately outgrown ourselves the narrow ideals of New England to look at them

Modern Poets --- = from the detached point of view which finds in them only a curious social phenomenon. Even coated with England's approval Frost was for many of us a hard pill to swallow. We hemmed and hawed. Was it poetry? Could anything be poetry that contained such lines as

They realized from the way I swobbed my neck

More than was needed something must be up. Truth is that the man seems to have no facility of speech, no magic of words, either in "North of Boston" or in his earlier book "A Boy's Will," which is largely intended to be lyrical. All his lines are full of thick, inelastic words, of hard monosyllables, difficult to articulate. As a verse-maker he is tongue-tied. Hard-

Sara Teasdale, Poet ly once in two hundred lines does he make a phrase that sings. Nor can it be urged that he adopts this awkward wording altogether as a means of character delineation. It is with him even in his lyrics. Even the occasional little miracles, which are embedded in the general difficulty, like this image for instance from Ghost House

The footpath down to the well is healed, are hardly more than creditable Jinguistically.

Yet when we have said all this, when we have fussed and fretted and asked why he didn't use prose, and longed with an almost physical longing for a little pagan beauty, there stands Frost's work, as stern and uncompromising as Plymouth Rock, and absolutely undisturbed by the waves of criticism. His people, and the homely, hard-featured stories he tells about them, are curiously real and lifelike. Their exaggerated

reticences, their hard, unreasoning codes and cramped lives have an air of finality, a sort of inevitability about them that has seldom been equaled in American literature.

One can no more get away from Frost than one can get away from life itself. His things have the same quality of etching themselves into one's consciousness and returning to it again and again that de Maupassant's short stories have. Dislike them if you choose, ascribe to them all the evils that in your more pessimistic moments you ascribe to life itself, yet if you have once read them you can never forget them. and "The Death of the Hired Man." or "Home Burial" will remain with you as part of your consciousness long after you have forgotten whether it was a poem or a short story.

Of all the men who are telling stories in verse today, Masfield, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Edgar Lee Masters and the others, Robert Frost is the bleakest, the most austere, and in a sense the narrowest. Yet this very narrowness and austerity make for strength. It is safe to forecast that Frost's poetry will remain in our literature just as New England remains in our national life, a hard and indigestible lump, which yet must somehow be lived with and reconciled to the rest of life as we know it. The odd thing is that we rather like New England and her son Frost for their uncompromising stubbornness, and, if there is little danger of our loving either of them, we still regard them with much respect and a half-grudging admiration. /

Source scan page 5. Robert Frost (1874–1963) was an American poet whose early books brought conversational speech and New England settings into modern poetry. The essay considers his method alongside the changing idea of poetic diction.

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Primitive Chanting of Poetry

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 9, 1915 · VOL. XLVI, No. 19

UNSIGNED

In the early days when the distinctive race poetry was being developed—in the days of the Greeks, or of the Minnesingers on the continent, or of the Trish bardic order “with its perfect artifice and its imperfect art”—the melodic or sound element in poetry was counted of equal importance with the sense content. A poem was judged entirely by the effect which it produced when spoken or chanted by the human voice, not when seen by the eye.

But modern civilization and the printing press have wellnigh changed this. Time is all too short and knowledge too bulky today for us to acquire it by word of mouth, and, imperceptibly, our memories have shifted from the ear to the eye, so that a visual memory is now much more common than an auditory one. And as our memory, so is our comprehension. We really understand better, those of us who are educated to the printed word, what we read than what we hear, especially if it be the least bit complicated or metaphysical. Particularly is this true of poetry. When we listen to verse read aloud for any length of time our minds are so lulled by the mere sensuous beauty and rhythmic flow of the words that it is often very difficult to understand the sense at all.

This change in the audience has had a natural effect on the writers of poetry. Although the sound element is an absolute essential and all good poetry is compounded in varying degrees of both sound and sense, yet the emphasis has changed gradually from the pure music of the words, to the sense content, so that much excellent poetry of today has comparatively little appeal to the ear, and the reading of poetry belongs rather to the library and the closet than to the audience chamber and the forum.

This fact would not be particularly lamentable in itself, since one sense channel is much the same as another, were it not that it tends to limit the enjoyment of poetry to the educated classes, to make our poets more and more “literary,” and to take them further and further away from the people. It is the conscious desire to stem this tendency and to restore poetry to its more primitive and popular state that has led some of the poets of today to lay special stress on the reciting or chanting of poetry.

In Ireland this movement has been headed by William Butler Yeats, who has, in common with the other poets of his land and day, a rooted conviction that poetry and the drama must return to the soil and be reborn. Mr. Yeats thinks that, in Ireland at least, this can be accomplished by a revival of the early bardic manner of rendering poetry. The bards it seems did not exactly recite, nor did they exactly chant. Rather they deliberately pitched the speaking voice—not the singing voice as in chanting proper—in definite melodic and rhythmic intervals. As the speaking voice has a much smaller range than the singing voice these intervals were not so large as those of our musical scale, being frequently quarter, or even eighth notes. But they were none the less definite, and accompanied as they usually were on the primitive Irish harp or psaltery, the effect was much more that of chanting than that of reciting as we understand the terms today.

In one of Yeats' prose volumes—"Ideas of Good and Evil," if my memory serves, though all my efforts fail to locate a copy—he gives a very beautiful illustration of this. Mr. Dolmetch, who has done so much toward reviving an interest in early musical forms and has reintroduced the harpsichord, has set down in musical notation the inflections of the speaking voice in rendering in this way a little poem beginning "Impetuous heart, be still, be still!" from Yeats' "Countess Cathleen." The effect, even when picked out by an amateur with no better teacher than the printed word, is truly magical.

One could hardly blame Mr. Yeats for the following amusing incident, even if by chance it were true, from George Moore's "Hail and Farewell." Moore is speaking of a rehearsal of "Countess Cathleen" in the very early days of the Irish theater.... "He had come to tell me that Yeats had that morning tied up rehearsal, and was explaining his method of speaking verse to the actors, while the lady in the green cloak gave illustration of it on a psaltery.... In a fine rage I started out of my seat crying, 'Edward, run, and be in time to catch that cab going by! He did this, and on the way to the Strand indignation boiled too frercely to hear anything until the words 'quarter tones' struck my ear. 'Lord save us! Quarter tones! Why, he can't tell a high note from a low one!' And leaving to Edward the business of paying the cab, I hurried through the passage and into the theater, seeking till I found Yeats behind some scenery in the act of explanation to the mummers, whilst the lady in the green cloak, seated on the ground, plucked the wires, muttering the line, 'Cover it up with a lonely tune.' And all this going on while mummers were wanted on the stage, and while an experienced actress walked to and fro like a pantheress."....

In America the movement toward restoring the value of the sound element in poetry has taken a slightly different turn. Instead of

deliberately attempting to restore an earlier form, our poets, who have little or no wealth of tradition behind them, have turned toward creating a new one. Foremost in this movement is Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. When his poem "General William Booth enters into Heaven" first appeared in Poetry, nearly three years ago, readers were startled almost as much by his stage directions, printed at the side of the poem (To be sung to the tune of The Blood of the Lamb with indicated instruments. Banjo, grand chorus, tambourines, all instruments in full blast, etc.) as by the striking content of the poem itself. But since then Mr. Lindsay has proved that these directions represented an original and really valuable method of presenting poetry. His method, instead of being lyrical like the Irish revival, is essentially dramatic. He sometimes chants, sometimes almost sings, at times imitates the "train-caller in a Union Depot," and again drops his voice to a sibilant whisper. Yet there is in it nothing of the hot sentimentality, the nerve-racking intensity, in which most "professional readers" of poetry indulge, and which causes a mere poet to squirm in agony while the reading is in progress.

Opinions on Mr. Lindsay's reading necessarily differ. Floyd Dell, who was literary editor of the Chicago Evening Post in the days when that paper's Friday Literary Review was a real inspiration and who now edits "The Masses," said of Lindsay's recitation, "Here is Homer chanting to the Greeks!" Amy Lowell, the Boston poet and adapter of polyphonic prose, said of him, "Here is a white negro minstrel!" Lindsay himself would probably say that his readings were a little of both. Indeed, he has said something of the sort in a note which he wrote to accompany a group of his "poems to be chanted." Here is part of it:

"Mr. Yeats asked me recently in Chicago, 'What are we going to do to restore the primitive singing of poetry? I find what Mr. Yeats means by 'the primitive singing of poetry' in Professor Edward Bliss Reed's new volume on The English Lyric. He says in his chapter on the definition of the lyric: 'With the Greeks "song" was an all-embracing term. It included the crooning of the nurse to the child... the halfsung chant of the mower or sailor.... the formal ode sung by the poet. In all Greek lyrics, even in the choral odes, music was the handmaid of verse.... The poet himself composed the accompaniment. Euripides was censured because Jophon had assisted him in the musical setting of some of his dramas.' Here is pictured a type of Greek word which survives in American vaudeville, where every line may be two-thirds spoken and one-third sung, the entire rendering, musical and elocutionary, depending upon the improvising power and sure instinct of the performer. I respectfully submit these poems as experiments in which I endeavor to carry this vaudeville form back toward the old Greek precedent of the hali-chanted lyric. In this case the one-third of music must be added by the instinct of the reader. He must be Iophon. And he may easily be Iophon if he brings

to bear upon the piece what might be called the higher vaudeville imagination.”...

There can be no doubt that this movement which Yeats, Lindsay and the others are fathering, to bring poetry back to the audience chamber and the market place, and through them to the people, is a most valuable movement. More and more, contemporary poetry is tending in spirit away from the refined subtleties of aristocracy and toward a broader, simpler and a more genuine democracy. This it is doing in spirit and in form. It is not too much to hope that this larger a part, will lead us ultimately nearer to the supreme goal of the lovers of the art, the day when to the people at large as to the educated few, poetry shall be as much a part of common life as is our daily bread.

Source scan page 3. This essay places modern experiments in poetic performance within a long history of chant, song, and communal hearing. Its reference to Yeats and contemporary recitation makes it an important bridge between revivalist and modernist ideas.

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Rhyme and Contemporary Poets

by **MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 6, 1915 · VOL. XLVI, No. 23

Once upon a time, in a country where cookery was considered important, there was a guild of bakers who made a great many cookies. All the cookies had raisins in them, And because no one complained the bakers supposed that everyone like the cookies. And they came to believe that cookies had always been made with raisins. They went on believing this until one or two young bakers made cookies and put in almonds instead—or perhaps it was citron. How very daring! But when the other bakers found that people liked the new cookies they began to make experiments themselves, and put in currants—and there was so much discussion about cookies that they were better made than they had been before in a long, long time, and more of them were eaten and the guild prospered, But there were in the land high priests of the cult of cookery who were afraid that raisins would be forgotten, and they liked raisins. And, therefore, they issued a proclamation in “a loud and dreadful voice” to the effect that cookies without raisins were not real cookies and that even if the batter was sour and the spices forgotten, and the baking badly done, cookies with raisins were better than cookies without raisins.

Something like this has recently happened in the world of the poets. A few of them have ventured to make poems without rhyming the last word of one line with the last word of another. Therefore, much discussion has arisen and many experiments are being made and many people who prefer their poems with raisins—I mean rhymes in them—think that the poets should be reminded of rhyme, and of its importance. To such critics rhyme seems to be quite essential, not just one way of enhancing the sound values in poetry.

in the London Spectator of October 2 there is an article on “Rhyme” which lovers of contemporary poetry might like to read and discuss. Most of them would agree with the writer of it that “Rhyme is by no means always a drag upon the poet; it may be a rich source of beauty and a glorious stimulus to song.’ They will also agree, probably, that ‘rhyme has helped to fashion some of the loveliest things there are in the world.” But there are other things in the article that seem less axiomatic. Let me quote:

“Clearly, even in the greatest poetry, rhyme does to some extent guide the poet’s steps; but this is a loss in liberty that is a gain in power,

for poetry is only more emotional than prose because it conforms to more rigid rules. An easy medium cannot express the supreme emotions, and the liberty of open prose or easy verse is a liberty that sends leanness into the soul. When good rhyme is well used its effects are too subtle for analysis, but there is not a beautiful English lyric of whose beauty it is not a calculable part: when it is used with obvious excess like the excesses of Swinburne, and even when it becomes master instead of servant, driving the finest and freest thoughts away, it is a lavish and gorgeous master and almost justifies its usurpation,”

In support of his thesis of the fundamental importance of rhyme the writer in the *Spectator* quotes a number of passages from Greek, Latin, French and English poets. And several of these passages are very bad arguments. After remarking that “we use the rhyme of two whole syllables when we wish a volume of rich sound,” and that “some such are easy and valueless, as the eternal ‘fountain’ and ‘mountain’ of the hymns, but Tennyson can make a stanza glow with them” he quotes the following:

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.

The contemporary poet might well ask what there is that is difficult and valuable in this stanza in contradistinction to the “easy and valueless” use of mountain and fountain. If my memory serves me rightly there are one or two young poets writing for “low-brow” magazines who have rhymed weather and together and leather and feather. Perhaps the critic would have us understand that the cleverness consists in having them all in one stanza!

It is not an enthusiasm for Tennyson, but simply a desire for justice that would make one wish to see Tennyson better represented. Aside from the burningly obvious and somewhat questionable tautology in the fourth line, the passage is not remarkable. Therefore, although we are told that “there is not a beautiful English lyric of whose beauty rhyme is not a calculable part,” it is pleasant to quote one of Tennyson’s lyrics which is at least more beautiful than the passage given above, and which is unrhymed—unless the repetition of words and sounds and phrases at irregular intervals be included in one’s definition of rhyme. Certainly, it is not rhymed in the usual and conventional sense of rhymed poetry. It is to be found in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*:

SUMMER NIGHT

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;

Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The firefly wakens; waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

Tennyson has written another unrhymed lyric which many people find beautiful, the famous “Tears, Idle Tears.”

And what will contemporary poets say in answer to the critic's implication that unrhymed verse is easier to write than rhymed verse, ‘an easy medium’ for slovenly artists? No less a person than William Butler Yeats has already said, “A great many poets use vers libre because they think it is easier to write than rhymed verse, but it is much more difficult.’ The number of those who think it easier to write is growing smaller all the time and the real craftsmen know well that he is a slovenly artist who halts before difficulty and that if he does not use rhyme it must be only because he considers that it will not help him to full and perfect expression and will not enhance the value of his act of creation. Mr. Yeats goes on to say that “The whole movement of poetry is toward pictures, sensuous images, away from rhetoric, from the abstract, toward humility.”

That many people have been writing unrhymed poetry badly is unfortunate, but not strange. There are always many people writing rhymed poetry badly. But that there are a few craftsmen, disciplined and devout, making excellent poems without rhymes, those who read contemporary poetry thoughtfully or better, joyously, should be willing to admit. And perhaps fewer people would write rhymed poetry badly if we were not told by the critics that “even when it (rhyme) becomes master instead of servant, driving the finest and freest thoughts away, it.....almost justifies the usurpation.” The poet should know the uses of the tools in the old kit of the poets and he should be able to use as many of them as possible. He should be a master-workman, however, to whom any ‘obvious excess’ is a fault.

The time will come, perhaps soon—I hope so— when we shall be more accustomed to hearing poetry spoken, chanted, and sung, when we shall cultivate the glorious habit of repeating aloud for our own pleasure the verses we enjoy. When that time comes Is it not probable that the more subtle and less obvious devices for making poetry strong, vividly expressive and beautiful, will be more and more valued? Is it not probable that tone quality, assonance, repetition and contrast, refrains and quaint “organic rhythms,” lines composed “in sequence of the musical phrase and not in sequence of the metronome,” vivid phrases that are the result of delicate sense experience and seem like a pioneer’s picture of an unknown country, balance of phrases and ideas, a nice equilibrium of sound and sense—is it not probable that these things will give us a pleasure as keen as the pleasure we feel in rhyme? None of these things is new, but they are now being combined to give new effects and there is a new interest in them. The old rolling hexameters of the Greeks were much repeated by real human voices, and they were unrhymed. The psalms were really chanted by the Hebrews far more frequently than we chant most of our rhymed poetry. The blank verse of Shakespeare is a great glory that has been echoed by many a real voice.

Rhyme will always be popular, probably, with many people. There is no good reason why it should not be. And it can always be suitably used in the making of songs, light verse, or comedy. That it can also be used with great dignity and very nobly in serious poetry has also been demonstrated many times. Arthur Davison Ficke probably believes in it as firmly and uses it as well as any of our younger choir of today. But that “the poetry that has the fullest and clearest sound in it is rhymed poetry, for meter itself is only like a pattern but rhyme is like a voice’ has yet to be proved—vocally.

The following delicate little poems are by Richard Aldington and are in the October number of *Poetry*. They are unrhymed, but the cadence gives pleasure and each image, or sense impression is given with a clarity and simplicity that is very much worth while:

As a young beech-tree on the edge of the forest
Stands still in the evening
Yet shudders through all its leaves in the light air
And seems to fear the stars—
So are you still and so tremble.

The red deer are high upon the mountain,
They are beyond the last pine trees.
And my desires have run with them.

Those who enjoy really clever rhyming should read a song from “Juanita” written by Lauren E. Crane, one of the early Californians, and published in the *Sacramento Union* in the early days of that paper.

There are three long lines and two short lines in each stanza and the long lines are triple-rhymed. Here are two stanzas:

Tonight the stars are flowing gold;
The light South wind is blowing cold, Esta es mi lucha?
The bright, bent moon is growing old, Escucha!
Through tall and silent trees there seems
To fall the promise of fair dreams Querida!
How all the starry white air gleams Mi vida!

Source scan page 4. Marguerite Ogden Bigelow Wilkinson (1883–1928) was an American poet, anthologist, lecturer, and critic. Her essay examines rhyme and free verse through Yeats, Tennyson, and contemporary poetic practice.

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Poetry's Prize Winners

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 20, 1915 · VOL. XLVI, No. 25

UNSIGNED

Two American poets who are not afraid of being

"too local" are Nicholas Vachel Lindsay and Constance Lindsay Skinner, the winners of the two large cash prizes awarded by Poetry for poems published in its pages in the third year of the life of that little magazine. Mr. Lindsay has already been introduced to the poetry-loving readers of The Graphic as "iomer chanting to the Greeks" and "the white negro minstrel," as the poet who is doing more than any other American to make verse vocal again. He is well known throughout the country as the young poet who traveled through the agricultural country of the west and middle west, "afoot and light hearted," on "the open road," trading his rhymes for bread. On the highways he learned the people as many a master poet has learned them there since the beginning of time. And his poems are full to overflowing with folklore and folk impulse. He knows that those who forget the people will be forgotten by them. He knows that in those things and those persons that are "nearest, cheapest, easiest" spiritual beauty is inherent. He can recognize romance in plain clothes. He can reveal it in a novel. He can find it in persons and things that the rest of us pass by as uninteresting and dull when we walk the prosaic streets of every day.

There is a certain bad proverb that we are taught when we are children "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Genius is forever taking the cheap pigskin of our common daily experience and fashioning it anew into an embroidered wallet which holds the spiritual wealth of nations. In this country our spiritual wealth is great but those who have skill enough to mine and quarry it, to mint and collect it and to make the purse for it have hitherto been few. And until recently not many poets have shown us how to find in the lives of people of many races and kinds that inhabit these states poems that show the glory of our common life. Mr. Lindsay, I believe, is one of the few. There are crudities in some of his work and I am glad of it. The masters have been guilty of crudities, But in all his work is the life which is also in the work of the masters. His poems are not the achievement of a polished nonentity.

In "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven" was the soul of the salvation army man on the corner. In "The Santa Fe Trail" was the

aspiration of the living thousands who have come westward over that trail, something of their dream of a new home in a clean new land. In "The Congo" was the virility and the huge and hearty jollity of the negro race. In "The Kallyope Yell" was the very essence of the circus. And in "The Chinese Nightingale," the poem chosen by Poetry's jury as most deserving of The Helen Haire Levinson prize of two hundred dollars, is something of the mysterious fascination which is the heritage of all the children of the orient, yes, even the humblest of them. Not many poets are brilliant enough in constructive imagination to give us the old-world vision of the laundryman, but in the shack of a San Francisco laundryman is the setting of this delicate little fantasy. "The Chinese Nightingale" is a poem rich in fairy intuition, delightfully musical, full of color, alive in every line.;

Chang, the laundryman, makes a fine magic with joss sticks and fire crackers and then, on the wrist of the joss in the corner, appears a "gray small bird" that sings of "a princess loved forever." Then—

And the joss in the corner stirred again;
And the carved dog, curled in his arms, awoke,
Barked forth a smoke-cloud that whirled and broke;
It piled in a maze round the ironing-place,
And there on the snowy table wide
Stood a Chinese lady of high degree,
With a scornful, witching, tea-rose face.

Then the lady and the bird talk and sing to Chang in a most bewitching way. out of hearts ages old and forever young. Says the lady:

Bird, do you dream of our home-coming day,
When you flew like a courier on before
From the dragon-peak to our palace-door,
And we drove the steed in your singing path—
The ramping dragon of laughter and wrath—
And found our city all aglow,
And knighted this joss that decked it so?
There were golden fishes in the purple river,
And silver fishes and rainbow fishes;
There were golden junks in the laughing river,
And silver junks and rainbow junks;
There were golden lilies by the bay and river,
And silver lilies and tiger-lilies,
And tinkling wind-bells in the garden of the town,
By the black-lacquer gate
Where walked in state
The kind King Chang
And his sweetheart mate.

Miss Skinner, who is well-known in Los Angeles, was born in British Columbia and grew up among the Indian tribes of the northwest where her father was a government official. She used to go about with him, as a child, and became friendly with many primitive bards. In a note about her own work she says, "Primitive song was the spontaneous utterance of feeling. Intellectuality and learning were negligible. The spoken lines were in broken meter, and the idea, which was an emotional rather than an intellectual conception was completed by the accompanying instrumental theme. It was strongly endowed with the primal and essential qualities of poetry, viz., passion and aspiration." Very true and lovable is "The Song of the Little Son" and the freshness of the forest itself is in this Indian love song.

Oh, the wolf has his mate on the mountain—
Where art thou, Spring-daughter?
I tremble with love as the reeds by the river,
I burn as the dusk in the red-tented west,
I call thee aloud as the deer calls the doe,
I await thee as hills wait the morning,
I desire thee as eagles the storm;
I yearn to thy breast as night to the sea,
I claim thee as the silence claims the stars.

Third prize of fifty dollars was awarded to H.D. (Mrs. Richard Aldington), one of the imagists, poems published in *Poetry* in March, 1915. If there is any cause for regret as to these prize awards it is that there was not a fourth prize and a big one that might Constance Lindsay Skinner have been given to Witter Bynner for the passages from his poem "The New World" which were printed through the year in this same little magazine.

Source scan page 5. Vachel Lindsay (1879–1931) was an American poet of public performance, while Constance Lindsay Skinner (1877–1939) was a Canadian-born writer active in the United States. The article evaluates prize-winning and current poetry rather than merely announcing awards.

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Wanted—A Title

by **HARRY B. KENNON**

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 8, 1916 · VOL. XLX, NO. 2

(Disagreement on any topic is conducive of thought and growth. The battle rages hotly just at present between the camps of the metricians and the vers libre, between the oid school and the new, which latter styles itself "Imagist." Perhaps there is misunderstanding, but discussion should clear the atmosphere. Here is the view of one contributor to The Graphic.—Editor.)

Something that no writer will dispute and something that the majority of readers appreciate is the value of an illuminating title; and never is that value more obvious than when one tackles—no other word defines the proceeding—much of the new poetry of the Imagists. One reads the lines and strives to fit them to the titles, the titles to the lines, and often the "fit" is with the reader, who risks being thought stupid, by devotees, if he confesses his perplexity. To call the disciples of this peculiar cult Imagists is well enough, since they will have it so; but, in all honesty, would not Enigmatists do as well?

It happened, on a recent Sunday evening, that a man was reading aloud from that apotheosis of words Amy Lowell's "Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds." His guests were a few drop-in intimates, a mixed little audience that received the poems with mixed emotions, a very frank audience. Miss Lowell has the certain virtue of not being at all difficult to vocalize and the reader ambled along neatly until he came to "The Book of Hours of Sister Clotilde" and the sinuous super-rainbow snake that extinguishes Clotilde, while furnishing glowing hues for the Virgin's robe. Dealing with the snake he threw all color into his voice possible, as he read:

"His crest was amber glittered with blue, And opaque so the sun came shining through,"

"What's that?" interrupted a woman on the opposite side of the table. "Read that again," and the lines were repeated.

"It can't be done," dissented the protestant.

"What can't be done?" asked the patient reader.

"The sun couldn't do it."

"Poetic license," murmured the Curate.

“Poetic fiddle-sticks!” exclaimed the Dissenting One, “if a thing, call it crest if you like, is opaque it’s opaque.”

“But Auntie,” remonstrated the pretty Art Student, “this is Imagism.”

“Can’t help it; the sun don’t shine through solid substances.”

“Oh, don’t be so literal,” objected the Bond Peddler, lazily.

“Never mind the letter,” chided the Curate, “embrace the spirit.”

“Embrace nothing. I am a lost woman. Opacity transparent.”

“But don’t you think it lovely, Aunty?” pleaded the Art Student.

“I don’t like snakes. Good night.”

“Don’t rush away,” urged the host, “don’t rob a serious evening of its bloom. Here’s a short one:”

If I go back on my dictionary, No poet shall make me declare

“When I go away from you

The world is dead

Like a slackened drum.

I call out for you against the juttied stars And shout into the ridges of the wind. Streets coming fast,

One after the other,

Wedge you away from me,

And the lamps of the city prick my eyes So that I can no longer see your face. Why should I leave you,

To wound myself upon the sharp edges of the night?”

“Now,” demanded the Dissenter, “tell us what all the fuss was about? What does she call it?”

The reader, who had omitted the title with fell intent, asked her to guess. She replied that she was not good at conundrums—never was, but suggested as something fitting “A Drunken Tramp Turned Out of a Saloon.”

““Beyond the Bar,” laughed the Bond Peddler.

“Oh, that’s too bad of you!” wailed the Curate. “How would ‘Soul and Body Parting’ do?”

“Not at all,” said the Bond Peddler, “it’s not that sort of game. There’s a ‘can’t lose me, Charley’ ring to it that knocks out the spiritual. It’s a chilly, windy night, you see—they’re in the park, near the boulevards—it’s time to break away—he has made a false start I’ve got it: ‘The False Start.’”

“Isn’t it interesting,” remarked the Bond Peddler’s wife, who liked the poems and who had remained silent, as was her way, “isn’t it interesting to see a man reveling in youthful adventure when he’s fat and bald? Who was she, Charley?”

“Shall a man kiss and tell!” was the unabashed response.

“You haven’t named the poem,” said the host to a Quiet Member.

“I can’t name it. I think of the lines.”

“You’re warm,” commented the reader,

“It wish you hadn’t put that idea of a cold night into my head,” complained the Art Student. “But for that, I should have said the poem was inspired by Albert Bloch’s picture, ‘A Night in Munich’ ”

“Only one of you is warm,” scoffed the reader; “the others are not within hailing distance. It’s called ‘The Taxi.’ Don’t you see it?”

The Art Student saw it beautifully; the Curate, after a fashion; the Quiet Lady with an appreciative smile. The Bond Peddler said “he wouldn’t stand for it at any price. Imagine heart throbs over a gas bus!” The Dissenting One was too busy to give an opinion.

“What are you up to?” asked her host, across the table.

“I am doing one of those things myself—wait!”

The little circle waited in silence while she scribbled. “There!” she exclaimed.

The reader took the paper she passed over, scanned it with a chuckle, and looked up. he asked.

“In the lines.

I feel myself whirling along as

But you won’t find any bugging stars

“Where’s your title?”

there, or Jumping street; it’s plain every day stuff. Read.”

He complied with glee:

“Within the hollow of her hand

She holds me fast

As one—alack!—content.

I, still-born scion of a gallant race

Whose sires are first to greet the sun,

Here rest, the golden heart of me

Warmed by her faithless warmth.

Anon, she breaks me, beats

And tosses me about,

Feeds me hot herbs and hotter fires.

Why should she thus maltreat me,

Why wound me thus to sate sharp edge of appetite?"

"What's the answer?" cried the Bond Peddler. "It isn't decent, you know, but you're an Imagist all right.";;

"Ym a mother with baby yowling for his ten cclock bottle this minute," responded the newlyfledged poet. "I am going home, and it's no false start.";;

"But your title! Give us your title!"

"Ask Amy. That baby of mine is the real thing. You Imagists may write lines about him, if you like. But for the love of heaven don't forget the bottle! I do, sometimes; it's awful! Take care of my reputation, I go to wound myself upon the edges of the night.":

"The sharp edges may cut you to pieces," pleaded the host. "Leave the title behind you.":

"Let Imagists supply it," said the Dissenting One as she vanished, "I won't.

Will some Imagist kindly oblige?

Ice Skates

A certain grill was nine steps down, In a California town, Under a skyscraper of renown, In the basement heat, Here two eastern fancy skaters Slide while ice froze in the shakers But never on the street.

A rectangle of ice pipe made,

Asbestos festoons, ceiling laid

With green light bulbs that flash and fade An artificial chill.

White covered tables clustered thick,

The band beat ragtime with a stick, Intoxicating, shrill.

A pause, she came, swift, vivid grace, A Russian suit, a winsome face,
Her partner lead her to her place On ringing, silver skates. Figure eights and strange devices
They cut while people ate pink ices And waiters clattered plates.

She looked down on them from her height,

A feeding mob come for a sight,

To see her skates cut keen and bright, Guided straight and true

In circling maze across the ice,

Her whirling feet like twinkling mice, Trim and sure they flew.

It was a cold, still moonlit night, The Schuylkill River frozen tight,
Mile after mile lay smooth and white Resounding to the sound Of skates
and laughter come to woo Under a sky deep Prussian blue, Where far stars
blazed and drowned.

From where the bank in mystery lay, He lead her arm in arm so gay,
She swayed and floated fair and fay, A high moon drifted pale, His arm
pressed close against her side, Each step for step and glide for glide,
Like gulls before a gale.

They drank the wind's fierce draughts divine, Of snow-chilled,
golden, heady wine, His eyes—the moon—the stars—their shine— His
kiss— she missed her cue— She saw again the smoke filled place, Her
partner's strange distorted face, 'As her skate hit his shoe!

Hundreds of fat feeding faces, Waiters pushing to their places With
trays of heaped-up food. "Say—What's the matter? In a trance? This
isn't any phoney dance! Look sharp or else you lose your chance. They're
plenty more as good!"

What her partner said she knew, It was the truth, alas, too true. As
after all good jobs are few

She carefully watched her slide. She skated on, slim, gay, as though
Worlds lay beneath her flashing toe, She finished in a painted glow,

Curling a spiral çlide.

—PAULINE B. BARRINGTON

Source scan page 4. Harry B. Kennon's dialogue is a lively skeptical response to vers libre, Imagism, and the proliferating labels of the new poetry. It is included as a substantial period counterargument, not as the anthology's editorial position.

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Concerning Rabindranath Tagore and Notes on Poetry

by **MARGUERITE WILKINSON**

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 30, 1916 · VOL. XLIX, No. 14

Millions of plain, kindly folk; thousands of clever, energetic folk; hundreds of brilliant folk; and always, over and above all these a few great personalities, a few powerful leaders; that is the way the world is made. And such a leader of the others is Rabindranath Tagore, who has come to our country from the orient to lecture and will arrive in Los Angeles week after next. He will travel through Southern California, lecturing in Los Angeles at Trinity Auditorium, Monday evening, October 9.

First, last, and always he is a poet, But he is also a dramatist and a writer of short stories and a teacher of youth, a musician and a sage, winner of a Nobel prize for literature, a lover of mankind. His friends tell us that he is, moreover, a man who, having lived through most of the experiences incidental to human life, has found it sweet, or rather has sweetened it for himself by wresting the best from each experience. They say that he is a prophet speaking peace to the people and that we should learn from his words how to infuse a new quietness into the brew of occidental civilization.

Certain it is that the old adage about prophets at home does not apply to Tagore. At home he is said to be greatly honored and loved. In the Bengali rice fields and under the "shaggy-headed banyan tree," everywhere in his own land, the children of his country sing his songs. And in the grim industrial cities of London and Chicago hard-headed men of the "tired business men" type, and women of many classes and kinds, read and recite with pleasure his own translations of his own poems, and share, for the nonce, in their charm, their inspiration, their excellent simplicity of utterance. Indeed it was Chicago's privilege to introduce Tagore to lovers of poetry in this country, A year before the Nobel prize was awarded to him Harriet Monroe printed in Poetry the first group of his poems published in English.

Rabindranath Tagore was born in Calcutta in 1861, of an illustrious and honored family. The very name "Tagore" originally meant a god or Lord. His father, Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, was a distinguished man, and seems to have been wise in his way of caring for his little poet

son. For in a brief and interesting biography of Tagore by Ernest Rhys, published by the Macmillan Company, we are told that after one of little Rabindranath's schoolmasters had inflicted the cruel punishment of making him stand out in the terrible sun of Bengal for hours, because of a lesson imperfectly learned, his father took him away from school and placed him in the charge of private tutors, who gladly taught a child most eager to learn. And through all Tagore's childhood, Mr. Rhys tells us, he lived in deep and dreamy communion with nature. Anyone who has read that book of "child-poems" with the exquisitely symbolic title "The Crescent Moon," may happen to think now of the poem "Twelve O'clock" which reveals such an exquisite sympathy with the truant longings of small boys that one must needs quote it.

Mother, I do want to leave off my lessons now. I have been at my books all the morning.

You say it is only twelve o'clock. Suppose it isn't any later; can't you ever think it is afternoon when it is only twelve o'clock?

I can easily imagine now that the sun has reached the edge of that rice field, and the old fisher-woman is gathering herbs for her supper by the side of the pond.

I can just shut my eyes and think that the shadows are growing darker under the madar tree, and the water in the pond looks shiny black.

If twelve o'clock can come in the night, why can't the night come when it is twelve o'clock?

Mr. Rhys tells us that when Tagore was only a young lad his mother died and that he missed her mother love and longed for her. His beloved wife died while he was still in the best years of active middle age, and soon after her death, his young daughter, also, died. Perhaps through the loss of this dear woman-trinity, the mother, the wife, and the daughter, Tagore learned a part of that sympathy that has given his pictures of womanhood their tenderness and charm.

The first paragraph of Mr. Rhys' biography serves to set forth something of this Hindu poet's ideal of poetry. "In talking with the Indian poets you will find, said one of our early Orientalists, that they consider poetry a divine art, practised for untold ages in heaven before it was revealed on earth." This conception of the art of poetry must surely have come down to Tagore as a heritage from the ancient poets of Bengal whose works he studied, and may be responsible, in no small degree, for the beauty of his achievement. If a poet's dream be not large and daring his achievement will be negligible. Rather let it be said of any artist "His dream was never fulfilled!" than "If he had dared a greater dream he might have found himself!" And it would be well for America and well for her poets if they would hold this high thought of the Bengal poets nearer to their hearts, if they would rise more

frequently, on the wings of a wild dream, far above that sordid earth where poetry seems to be chiefly a “culture stunt,” or a way of filling out pages in magazines, into that austere air where poetry is the very life and fire of the spirit in mankind, om a challenge to eternity.

Best known of Tagore’s several books is “Gitanjali,” which, in the original Bengali tongue is said to carry that language to its “most forcible and melodious pitch. It is very likely that most occidental readers, however much they may rejoice in the limpid music of the English prose poems, have no just conception of the grace and fluency of the rhythms of the original. In the flow of these rhythms the minds and hearts of his countrymen are said to be caught, so that the words are remembered with their accompanying tunes and sung on the highways again and again. In that way they are true lyrics. The lyric feeling of these spiritual songs should be apparent to anyone who looks into the English version.

“Let all the strains of joy mingle in my last song. The joy that makes the earth flow over in the riotous excess of the grass, the joy that sets the twin-brothers, life and death, dancing over the wide world, the joy that sweeps in with the tempest, shaking and waking all life with laughter, the joy that sits still with its tears on the open red lotus of pain, and the joy that throws everything it has upon the dust, and knows not a word.

In that collection of earlier poems, love poems, called “The Gardener,” poems not nearly so well known as “Gitanjali,” but instinct with fine lyric quality, is this little poem which will bear repetition very well.

My heart, the bird of the wilderness, has found its sky in your eyes.

They are the cradle of the morning, they are the kingdom of the stars.

My songs are lost in their depths.

Let me but soar in that sky, in its lonely immensity.

Let me but cleave its clouds and spread wings in its sunshine.

The Macmillan Company, who have published all the works of Rabindranath Tagore, have announced that soon after his arrival in this country they would publish a volume of his short stories to be called “The Hungry Stones and Other Stories” and later, another volume of his poems to be called “Fruit Gathering.”

The latter is a sequel to “Gitanjali.” They are also preparing for the public an edition of the poet’s complete works which is to be called “The Bolpur Edition.”

September number of Poetry is interesting—as usual. Poetry is always interesting even when we do not like everything in it. This month one of the best things in it is a review of Thomas MacDonagh’s “Literature in Ireland: Studies Irish and Anglo-Irish.” The review is written by Ezra Pound. Mr. Pound’s poetry is not pleasing to ordinary plain-minded and not oversophisticated folk. It is not pleasing, even, to all those whose chief business in life is to cultivate their minds and ponder on questions of aesthetics. Perhaps the truth of the matter is that Mr. Pound is a little too studious and precious, and far too clever to write good poetry. But prose criticism? It seems to me that he is at his best as a critic. Very rarely do I read any of his reviews and criticisms without finding a really illuminating and interesting sentence. This review as a whole is recommended to students of contemporary poetry. Let me quote here only the passage in which Mr. Pound quotes brief, broken phrases from MacDonagh’s book.

“MacDonagh’s book is important and I doubt if I can show its trend better than by quotation, even by a very brief and fragmentary quotation of broken phrases:

“Difficulty in getting rid of words, cumbrous epithets, poetic inversions, genteel days.

“Metaphor that cannot be understood without knowledge of historic events which have not affected Ireland.

“Tendency to hammer the stressed syllables and slur the unstressed.

“Music goes out of its way, as it were, to follow the varying expression of the word. (This properly commended.)”

To this same number of Poetry John Drinkwater contributes a most admirable lyric entitled “Invocation”:

As pools beneath stone arches take
Darkly within their deeps again

Shapes of the flowing stone, and make
Stories anew of passing men,

So let the living thoughts that keep,
Morning and evening, in their kind,

Eternal change in height and deep,
Be mirrored in my happy mind.

Beat, world, upon this heart, be loud

Your marvel chanted in my blood.

Come forth, O sun, through cloud on cloud
To shine upon my stubborn mood,

Great hills that fold above the sea,
Ecstatic airs and sparkling skies,
Sing out your words to master me—
Make me immoderately wise.

Let me quote also the following quaint lines by Mahdah Payson of San Diego, who is a prominent club and society woman known locally:

TO MY MOUNTAIN

O my mountain, my mountain—
Enveloped in your cloak of snow

Can you hear?
Temple of my night,
Cradle of my day,
Can you hear?

I warn you of the braggart of the sky,
The sun! the sun!

He outruns my warning words
To steal your snow,
O my mountain, my mountain.

Great body-guard of God—
Can you hear?

On August twenty-eighth Dr. William Hayes Ward, who was, for nearly fifty years, a member of the staff of *The Independent*, first as associate editor, then as superintending editor and editor in chief, died at his home in South Berwick, Maine. When he gave up active work on the staff of the magazine and became a contributing editor in nineteen thirteen, on account of his advancing age, young poets lost a kindly and astute editorial adviser. Now that he has gone into the far country whose copy we cannot blue pencil and whose poetry and current topics we never read, poetry has lost an able and devoted friend.

He was, in truth, the friend of young poets and the friend of poetry. It is sometimes hard to be the friend of both at one and the same time. "This is very interesting," he once said, of a certain manuscript, "but I do not understand it. Therefore I am returning it." The budding genius wisely decided that if Dr. Ward could not understand it, it was not worth printing.

But Dr. Ward was more than a fine editor with a love of poetry. He was also an archaeologist and a student of oriental seals and cylinders. He directed the Wolfe expedition to Babylonia in 1885. He was an acute thinker. He was the author of several sound books. He was the discoverer and biographer of Sidney Lanier.

Dr. Clinton J. Masseck, a graduate of Tufts College with an A.M. from Harvard University and the degree of Docteur de l'Université de Paris, is the new editor of *The Dial*. He has been an instructor in English in Washington University, St. Louis, and has been active in the work of the Little Theater there.

"Don't offer to read verse manuscript," said a clever New York editor to a young writer looking for editorial work, "don't offer to do it. They always turn that job over to the office boy." Innocent magazine readers on the coast will be allowed to conjecture that this is why magazine verse is—what it is. Innocent young writers will comfort themselves with the thought that their inspired outpourings are not being returned to them because editors with lofty brows scorn them.

"I am always interested in the manuscripts from California," said another clever New York editor. (I always describe New York editors with that adjective.) "People must all be writing out in California," he went on to say, "for a very large percentage of the work that comes in here comes from that part of the country." I assured him soberly that there was much talent in California when I left last June. Ocean and mountains, intense color and prodigious variety—and talent? Of course there is talent. The fact that there is talent is only a natural effect of the cause—California's bewildering physical beauty. But I wish I might have assured the editor that the young poetic talent on the coast was being developed and encouraged by older and wiser talent and culture, not simply praised and "boosted" by injudicious relatives and friends. I wish I might have told him that the poets of California had learned to come together for high converse and intellectual discipline and a sharing of the vision of beauty and naive gayety, as the great poets of all time have loved to do.

Source scan page 4. Marguerite Wilkinson (1883–1928) was an American poet, anthologist, lecturer, and critic. Her account introduces Rabindranath Tagore to readers while also reporting on the institutions and editorial labor surrounding contemporary poetry.

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Poets at Dinner

by **MARGUERITE WILKINSON**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 3, 1917 · VOL. —, NO. 10

In the world of poets no social event of the year is of greater importance than the annual dinner of young and old, radical and conservative, are wont to foregather in The National Arts Club where meetings of the society are held. It is an occasion of effervescent wit and humor.

When the tables were taken from the hall that we might all be nearer to the speakers of the evening, Edward J. Wheeler, editor of *Current Opinion*, and President of The Poetry Society, rose to introduce the speakers. But first of all he announced that he had arranged with an unknown donor for the award of a prize of five hundred dollars to be given for the best book of verse to be published this year. The announcement was greeted with hearty applause and Mr. Wheeler went on to say that the judges would be chosen by The Poetry Society. Then he introduced Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, the English poet of whom I have written more than once in this department. But Mr. Gibson would not make a speech. He said there was no speech in him. He had nothing to say. He was shy and reticent and could only be induced to tell us that he was not an "ist" and that he had no "ism." He said he had no theory of how to write poetry put away in his pocket. Then he read a group of poems from "Battle and Other Poems" which many critics consider the best series of poems inspired by the great war.

Amy Lowell was the next speaker and with crisp geniality she took issue with Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Gibson. First she said that she did not believe in prizes nor in the results obtained by offering prizes for poetry here and now. She had heard of the almighty dollar, but would even five hundred almighty dollars accomplish anything for poetry when no one knows enough to make a just and wise award of the prize? Accordign to Miss Lowell, prizes only stimulate poets to make more poems. We need not more poems but better poems. We shall not have better poems until we have better criticism, she said, and she believes that, as yet, we have no critics. Miss Lowell herself has never allowed her work to be entered in a prize contest, and as she has been heartily and cordially praised by many of those who rank as critics in this country no one can claim that her opinion is due to any feeling of slight or jealousy of more fortunate poets. Miss Lowell knows, what many another poet has discovered, that many of our writers of critical reviews are writing criticism because they

must earn livings, not because years of broad education and deep culture, in addition to native aptitude have prepared them for the task.

After Miss Lowell had spoken, Mr. Wheeler introduced Edgar Lee Masters. Mr. Wheeler said that several years before the publication of “The Spoon River Anthology” he had paid two dollars to a spiritualist for the pleasure of hearing from a ghost. He said that if he had only waited he might have heard from two hundred and fourteen ghosts for a dollar and a half. Mr. Masters read a seriously interesting paper on American poetry and its relation to American life, in which he said that the poet of today, living in our modern America, is rich in possessing more and better materials for the making of poems than ever the ancient Greeks possessed. Mr. Masters’ paper was very well worded and one memorable epigram deserves repetition, “Satire,” says Mr. Masters, “is the child of Love, loving Beauty and of Hate, hating Ugliness.”

William Marion Reedy was the last speaker of the evening and he had much to say of Mr. Masters and Spoon River. He said that he had been called “the discoverer” of Edgar Lee Masters, but that it would be more truthful to declare that Mr. Masters had discovered him. “For three years, now,” said Mr. Reedy, “Spoon River has been roaring through my office in spate and flume. The inundation has been greater than any known inundation of the Mississippi, and my real reason for coming East to the poetry dinner was regard for the safety of Mr. Masters. I came to act as his bodyguard when he goes home with his royalties.”

Miss Lowell is not the only poet who is dissatisfied with the present status of criticism. William Watson, “the dean of English poetry,” has just issued a volume of verses that satirize critics and criticism rather delightfully. It is called “Retrogression and Other Poems,” and is, in a sense, a retrogression, for we want the maker of the incomparable “Ode To A May Morning” to go on giving us in his books the pulsing beauty of fine lyrics. We do not like our singers of sweet and serious beauty to become, even for the nonce, merely clever, And that is what Mr. Watson does.

Source scan page 4. Wilkinson’s report on a Poetry Society of America dinner brings Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, and other writers into a single social scene. It captures modern poetry as institution, performance, publicity, and argument.

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Review Poetry: The Rhythms of Prose

by **MARGUERITE WILKINSON**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 10, 1917 · VOL. L, NO. 11

Professor William Morrison Patterson of Columbia University has written a most interesting book on the “Rhythms of Prose” which has been published by The Columbia University Press. The book is more like a treatise on experimental psychology than it is like a theoretical monograph on aesthetics, but, in my opinion, that makes it the more valuable. The scientific method of test and experiment has been used in the deduction of all facts presented. It is stiff reading, but would repay a poet for the perusal of it, I believe. One chapter is devoted to a discussion of the rhythms of verse libre. From that chapter I quote these paragraphs.

“The confused state of mind with regard to the general trend of the movement, that is, as to whether it is prose or verse, must not lead us into concluding that a distinct aesthetic experience has been produced essentially different from that of prose or of regular verse. There are only two ways in which a series of measuring time-units can be co-ordinated with a second series of sensations—syncopation and coincidence. Either syncopation predominates, in which instance we feel the stimulus as prose, or coincidence predominates, and verse experience ensues. What room is there for a tertium quid?....What actually happens in the hearing or utterance either of vers libre or of certain forms of so-called ‘rhythmic prose’ is that during one phrase or group of phrases the aggressive timer feels syncopating temporal experiences, during the next phrase or group he begins to feel coincidence of the accents with his subjective measuring pulses.” This really amounts to saying, however, that free verse is the result of alternating experience, and does actually exist part way between prose and regular verse as an experience of alternation of the prose and verse rhythms. Another interesting paragraph in this book is the following: “Wallin’s experiments at Yale have shown how easily passages of verse, such as that of Tennyson or Browning, might be read as prose is so arranged.” To my mind this really goes to show one simple fact—that verse grades into prose and prose back into verse by imperceptible degrees and that, for the novice, it would be difficult indeed to make rhythmical quality the sole line of demarcation between prose and poetry. Other things make boundaries between the two.

Source scan page 4. William Morrison Patterson was a Columbia University scholar of rhythm and aesthetics. Marguerite Wilkinson's review uses his study to consider prose rhythm, critical vocabulary, and contemporary poetry.

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Sarojini Naidu's The Broken Wing

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 7, 1917 · VOL. —, NO. 02

UNSIGNED

"THE BROKEN WING"

This is an unusual volume of verse. It is a curious combination of Occidental and Oriental. Some of the songs are patriotic and all contain that lyrical quality necessary to render a song a song. Miss Naidu's patriotism is sincere and delicate and it is exceptionally pleasing after the banal and blustering patriotism that this war has called forth from Continental and American writers. In that portion of the book entitled "The Flowering Year" are some exceptionally beautiful poems of nature, mingling with Indian colorfulness a grace that reminds one of the better work of Gallic writers. These poems are most lyric and lyric quality is not easy to define as it is as vivid as a mirage and no less difficult to grasp. Lyric quality is to a poem what charm is to a woman. Few poets possess it to any degree although many have had a soupcon of it. "OQ Spring! I cannot run to meet Your coming as I did of old, Clad in a shining veil of gold,

With champa-buds and blowing wheat And silver anklets on my feet."

This stanza is simple, dignified, but containing withal, a sheer, bird-of-Paradise beauty that delights the mind's eye. The blowing wheat is a master-stroke. Although wheat is not particularly sumptuous, here it undoubtedly lends an added glory to the picture. This ability to make glowing use of the commoner properties of poetry is not the least of Miss Naidu's gifts. Her love-poems contain all the abjectness of Indian womanly love, but into them is breathed the personality of true womanhood. Miss Naidu is Lawrence Hope with a soul. The book is one of the most charming volumes of verse that has appeared in a long time. ("The Broken Wing" by Sarojini Naidu. New York, The John Lane Company. Bullock's.)

Source scan page 11. Sarojini Naidu (1879–1949) was an Indian poet and political leader. The review attends to her imagery, lyric form, and the meeting of Indian subjects with English-language poetic conventions.

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Literary Lives and Reputations

*Portraits, biographies, obituaries, controversies,
and the making and remaking of literary fame.*



De Profundis

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 22, 1905 · VOL. XXII, No. 12

UNSIGNED

My friend, the Bookseller, tells me that he sold out his supply of Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" in ten days, and that he had doubled his original order. He also informs me that the interest in Wilde's prison philosophy has caused a demand for other of his works. In England, several of his plays have been revived, and a one-act play, "The Flower o' the Rose," has been produced for the first time. It is only a few years ago that Wilde's name was tabu in all decent society, and when a Wilde play was revived it was "By the author of 'Lady Windermere's Fan.'" Thus may Time expiate the vilest sin. "De Profundis" is a most remarkable book, if only for the rare beauty of its English. Wilde was a consummate poser and it is difficult to get away from the fear that his penitence was a pose.

He came to regard his punishment as a revelation and to accept the gospel of sorrow, for he says:

I now see that sorrow, being the supreme emotion of which man is capable, is at once the type and best of all great art. I have, after terrible difficulties and struggles, been able to comprehend some of the lessons hidden in the heart of pain. Clergymen and people who use phrases without wisdom, sometimes talk of suffering as a mystery. It is really a revelation. There are times when sorrow seems to me to be the only truth. Other things may be illusions of the eye or the appetite made to blind the one and cloy the other, but out of sorrow have the worlds been built, and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain. Pleasure for the beautiful body, but pain for the beautiful soul.

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. Oscar Wilde's De Profundis, written in prison and first published in 1905, invited reviewers to reconsider the relationship between scandal, suffering, and literary reputation. The Graphic's notice belongs to that first wave of reassessment.

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Some Authors I Have Known

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 18, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 7

UNSIGNED

In a series of reminiscences "Some Authors I Have Known," W. L. Alden, an American journalist now living in London, writes: "I was for some time sub-editor of a weekly New York paper, which was owned and edited by Robert B. Roosevelt, the uncle of President Roosevelt. When I read of Mr. Roosevelt's death the other day at the age of 79 I could hardly realise that the vigorous athletic man whom I knew in my youth had nearly reached his eightieth year. He was a short, stout man, a clever and forcible writer of leading articles, many of which he furnished to the New York Herald, an enthusiastic fisherman, a bon vivant. I remember telling him one morning that a friend of mine who had lived by rule all his life, and had never indulged in a single vice or irregularity of living, had suddenly died of a stroke of apoplexy. 'What a terrible warning against leading a regular life!' said Roosevelt. While Roosevelt never indulged in dissipation of any sort he was certainly what most people regarded as a free liver, and the fact that he lived to be nearly eighty certainly seemed to justify his disapproval of a regular life. He was a genuine humorist, and he wrote a book entitled 'Five Acres Too Much,' a burlesque of a book that was popular at the time, and undertook to show people how to grow rich by cultivating ten acres of land. Roosevelt's book was immensely funny, but it is nearly forty years since it was published, and it was long ago forgotten."

"Mr. Roosevelt wrote a number of other books, chiefly books dealing with fishing and kindred sports. He could throw a fly further than any other man in the United States, and proved it in various contests. He was a good yachtsman, although he never went in for racing. He had a curious boat, rigged in a way unknown on this side of the Atlantic, and he was very fond of making long coasting voyages in her. In politics he was a Democrat, and at one time was the leader of a faction of the Democratic party in New York City which revolted against the rule of Tammany Hall. However, he ultimately made his peace with the Tammany ring, and was nominated and elected by Tammany to Congress. Late in life he was the United States Minister to the Hague, and I met him in Rome during one of his temporary absences from his post in Holland, and, at his request, ordered a dinner for him at the Falcone, one of the old-time Roman restaurants that has now disappeared. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, the United States Minister to

Italy, and myself made what a lady novelist, whose book I was reading the other day, called a ‘partie carée,’ and they all professed themselves delighted with the roast boar and the artichokes ‘all Ebreá,’ which is the especial Roman manner of cooking that vegetable. And now of that little party I am the only one who still survives to eat my annual artichokes in Rome.”

“I notice that several papers have spoken of Mr. Roosevelt as one of the destroyers of the Tammany ring. That is a mistake, for, as I have said, he made his peace with Tammany. The real destroyer of the ring was Mr. Louis Jennings, late Member for Stockport, and at one time the political mentor of Lord Randolph Churchill. Jennings was for some years the editor of the New York Times, and his attacks on the Tweed ring were begun without the help of anyone, and at the cost of no little peril to himself. One day two truculent Irish Tammany ‘heelers’ came to the Times Office and demanded to see Jennings, announcing that they had come to cut his heart out. Just at that moment Jennings passed through the ante-room where the fellows were waiting, and heard what they said. ‘I am the editor,’ he said. ‘If you mean to cut my heart out now is your time. You will never have a better opportunity.’ Jennings was unarmed and was by no means a fighting man in appearance, but the two scoundrels assumed that he must be ready to shoot them down if they made the slightest movement towards him, and they thereupon ignominiously retreated, leaving Jennings’s stout heart uncarved.”

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. The personal-recollection form allowed a periodical critic to turn literary history into social memory. Its value lies in the texture of encounter: authors appear as working people, public personalities, and remembered voices.

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The Saving of Bret Harte

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 25, 1906 · VOL. XXV, No. 8

UNSIGNED

I had some correspondence with Bret Harte while he lived in San Francisco, but I did not meet him until he came to New York, writes W. L. Alden in M. A. P. He had by that time written half a dozen stories, including the "Luck of Roaring Camp," and his fellow-countrymen had decided that he was a greater genius than Dickens. His journey overland from San Francisco was a triumphal procession--if the term may be applied to a railway trip. Every day the newspapers reported his progress, and when he reached the East he was received with dinners and speeches, and treated as if he were the most distinguished guest that the United States had ever entertained. Soon after, with the curious fickleness of the American people, it was generally agreed that he had "written himself out," and that he could no longer write stories that were worth reading. He could not write after he had been informed by the Press that "he was played out," and for a time it looked as if he were about to justify the charge. There were, however, some who still believed in him, and among these was Dana, the editor of the New York Sun. He bought Harte's stories, and he procured for him the appointment of Consul somewhere in Scotland. On this side of the Atlantic Harte found that the public still believed in him, and, cheered by this, he did, if anything, better work than he had ever done in his California days. Had it not been for Dana, and the Consulate, it is very possible that Harte's career as an author would virtually have ended within the year after he came to New York. Without any reason, except, perhaps, the feeling that an excess of praise had been lavished on him, the New York press, with the exception of the Sun, treated him with sheer brutality. The man's genius was too fine and delicate to meet unscathed the cruel treatment that was given to him. Mr. Charles Dana, the man who made the New York Sun a power, and came to be recognized as one of the foremost of American newspaper editors, was a firm believer in the theory that a newspaper can exercise no influence except by iteration.

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. Bret Harte (1836–1902) helped give California writing a national audience. This short piece is included for the way it contests the simplification of his reputation and keeps a foundational Western author within the state's literary memory.

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On Shakespearean Authorship

by **GEORGE A. DOBINSON**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 22, 1906 · VOL. XXVI, No. 3

Who wrote the works commonly attributed to Shakespeare? Was it the ponderous and unimaginative Francis Bacon, as pretended by the ingenious and notoriety-loving Ignatius Donnelly; or was it Roger, Earl of Rutland, as maintained by the latest claimant to literary discovery, Dr. Karl Bleibtreu of Berlin? And finally, what does it matter if we are to accept the recent dictum of Leo, Count Tolstoi, who asserts that the Shakespearean plays are of no account, the writer of them "not entitled to recognition as a great genius, nor even as an average author?" Tolstoi is a man of great estimation in the literary world, and he has a sympathiser in another distinguished man of letters, George Bernard Shaw, whose modesty does not prevent him saying that he can write far better plays than those of Shakespeare.

Putting the Great Cryptogram out of the question, as being founded upon an exploded theory and as a farcical attempt to obtain notoriety on the part of its inventor, it may seem to the iconoclastic mind that the combined recent assaults of Tolstoi, Shaw and Bleibtreu are destined to shake the foundations of our long cherished beliefs in the integrity of the immortal bard. The next think in order is for some other writer to prove that Shakespeare never lived at all. Archbishop Whately once wrote a satirical pamphlet in which he adduced strong arguments to disprove the fact that Napoleon Bonaparte had ever existed, and surely it ought to be comparatively easy to erase, on paper, the memory of a man who was born three hundred and forty-two years ago.

It is evidently the intention of the German critics to stir up a new and great discussion upon the so-called discoveries of their eminent confrère. German writers have always devoted more space and time to analysis and comment upon the Shakespearean plays than have the critics of the English speaking countries. The respect and veneration of these foreign writers has been most marked, and will be undiminished even if some of them should become converts to the latest theory as to the authorship. Neither the gloomy opinions of the pessimistic Tolstoi, nor the vain braggadocio of the paradoxical Shaw will, however, avail to change the long settled lofty public estimate of the value of the plays. This valuation is based not only upon their literary worth, but upon the service they have rendered as influences upon human life and character, upon the benefit they have been to the student in the pursuit of high

ideals, and to the playgoer, illiterate or otherwise, who is for the time taken into the realms of imagination and made to appreciate the poetry of life, its beautiful possibilities and its depths of tragic despair.

The argument that Shakespeare would not have visited Italy and other countries in which he locates the action of some of his plays is made by those who ignore the fact that the author borrowed most of his plots from foreign sources, which enabled him to give a local coloring with ease to each particular story. Artistic verisimilitude is not necessarily to be obtained only by investigation at first hand. Shakespeare's marvelous mind was shown in his knowledge of the springs of human action, his development of character, and his ability to portray the whole range of emotive feelings in language of surpassing beauty. Dr. Bleibtreu's work entitled "The True Shakespeare," just published in Berlin, will shortly appear in a translated form, and will no doubt be widely read, when its arguments will receive due consideration. So far, however, as the advance announcements indicate, the book is simply an ingenious piece of special pleading, and its guesses are unsupported by any evidence, documentary or otherwise. The Earl of Rutland, who is set up as the new idol, died in 1612 at the age of thirty-six. Shakespeare died four years later, but as no plays under his name were published later than 1612 when Rutland died, that fact is to be taken as a convincing proof, with other "evidence," of Rutland's authorship. Such reasoning deserves to rank with the Donnelley cryptogram in its absurdity. Also, we are told that Rutland visited Denmark and went to Italy and therefore could have written "Hamlet" and the Italian plays. But as he did not go to Italy until after the publication of "Romeo and Juliet," that argument goes for nothing; if the learned doctor has no better evidence to offer to support his theory than a series of coincidences, it is probable that it will share the fate of similar attempts to draw public attention, and incidentally to sell books.

The desire to pose as a "literary Columbus" in the case of any of these doubting Thomases is usually founded upon an assumption that it was absolutely impossible for a man of Shakespeare's education and experience to have written the works attributed to him. Then the natural inquiry begins "Who was it?"—Perhaps the next discovery will be that the plays were the work of a syndicate of the Elizabethan nobility whose members all had mysterious reasons, like those of Lord Rutland, for remaining unknown. The desire for notoriety is at the bottom of the attempts to make converts to many of the alleged new discoveries in letters, in religion and in research. It is a noteworthy fact that the leading English speaking authorities on Shakespearean literature take no stock in Dr. Bleibtreu's claims. The student of today will be still satisfied with the life of Shakespeare and the estimate of his genius as contained in the monumental work of George Brandes, and in

the less extensive but also appreciative volume of Sidney Lee. After all, such disputes are of little benefit. For three hundred years the world has enjoyed the splendid legacy of the plays, the crowning glory of the most brilliant epoch in English literature, and we may well be content to accept the testimony of Shakespeare's friends and co-workers, rare Ben Jonson and the rest, as to their authorship. Let the injunction contained in the famous epitaph against disturbing the writer's bones be extended to apply to the periodical disturbance of his well earned reputation.

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. George A. Dobinson's essay enters the period's energetic dispute over Shakespearean authorship. Its interest here is cultural: the controversy moved freely among theaters, clubs, newspapers, lectures, and amateur scholarship.

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Josiah Flynt's My Life

by **M. H. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 14, 1908 · VOL. —, No. 24

To psychologists, *My Life*, by Josiah Flynt, should be as interesting a human document as any of his contributions on tramping have been to criminologists. It is an intimate account of himself from his earliest conscious years, and is peculiarly uncolored by his later experiences; modest also, to a degree, in his estimate of his place among those who have blazed the way along the paths of human progress.

He has written out his soul, as it was, for the reader to draw his own conclusions, and the inevitable conclusion is the pitifulness of it all. The victim of a strange wanderlust, it carried him up and down the entire social scale, from the Weariest Willie, hitting the road, to converse with Tolstoy and Ibsen and the intimate friendship of writers and scholars everywhere. A man of brilliant mental qualities, yet he could enter trampdom on a perfect equality with its citizens, and died from the excessive use of stimulants, meanwhile keeping a childlike trustfulness and a soul singularly untouched by evil.

Mr. Flynt, in his Foreword, says: "What I am going to do as a passionate explorer of *Die Ferne*—the ever-disappearing Beyond—has been done for all time, so far as the Under-World is concerned. The game is over and the dealer retires. My dead Self I hereby put aside, and begin afresh with a new world. The old Self died hard. I can hear its bones rattling yet. But there came a time when it had to go, and now that I know that it is really gone, that tomorrow morning, for instance, to find peace and contentment for the day it will not be necessary for me to take up my staff and go nervously through the same antics and searchings as of old, a sweet satisfaction steals over me and I am glad to be alive. This book puts a finish for the present, at any rate, on all that I have heretofore written about the Under-World, and sums up what I won and lost during my wanderings."

Before his own story was finished the end came for him, the terrible inevitable end of the inebriate. He contracted pneumonia and, after sharp suffering, died January 20, 1907. His first runaway trip was taken while he was still in dresses. His nurse, having punished him severely for a slight offense, left him to do an errand. He was seized with a desire to run away and fled down the lane to the main street of the village. Here a police officer found him and locked him up for safekeeping until

his parents claimed him. He says no later escapade ever brought him quite the same fine shade of satisfaction. This was at Evanston, Illinois, in 1873.

Evanston was for many years the stronghold of Methodism in the Middle West. It was settled by pious New Englanders and middle New Yorkers. His mother was the daughter of a professor in the local theological institute; his father, Oliver Atherton Willard, a brilliant man, the editor of a Chicago daily paper. His paternal grandmother, Madame Willard, was a pious and stately dame, long a notable figure, and his aunt, Frances Willard, too well known to need comment. His environment was of the sternest virtuous type, but “narrow, prudish and selfish,” he calls the system later. His parents required of him what other parents of their station required of their children, but he was imaginative, a wanderer by instinct, sensitive and shy by nature. For the slightest lapses he was severely whipped by his father, until he decided that since the punishment must come he would get his quid pro quo, so pilfering and lying became bolder.

His mother once scrubbed his mouth for saying “Geel!” but, alas, it was after he had learned to swear in earnest and smoke cigarettes hidden in sand caves on the lake shore, quite unbeknown to his pious relatives. His father dying when the child was eight, his mother became the wage-earner and he was left in the care of a governess all day during her absence in the city. It is easy to see how the wanderlust grew upon him, lonely, not understood and imaginative, as he was.

After a series of schools and runaways, he finally ended in a reform school in Pennsylvania, from which he escaped and began his real tramping with “Gay Cats” and hoboes. This lasted eight months, when he determined to join his mother, who had engaged in educational work in Berlin. He worked his way as a coal-passer in the engine room of the Elbe, sailing to Bremerhaven, and from there tramped to Berlin, which he entered at one o’clock at night, ragged, dirty and penniless, but having turned his face permanently toward decent living. Heredity here seemed to triumph over early associations, and he began the rich, studious years that made him the friend and companion of Arthur Symonds and the men of letters of his day in London, Germany and America.

He had a passionate curiosity for and interest in human beings, and he followed wherever it led. He lived with tramps, not to study them for literary purposes, or artistic purposes, but to understand them. It was not the poetic vagabondia of Villon, of Richard Hovey, or Bliss Carman, but the tramp of the water tank along the railroad, and he accepted the life, all of it, dirt, begging and discomforts, with a heartiness that convinced his companions. Afterward, he did detective service for

railroads and police, pursuing the criminals who had once been his friends with the same zest that he had felt in tramping with them. This new work, doing for pay what he had before done for love, led swiftly to the end—he earned more money than was good for him, and as his orders and opportunities increased, his ability to fill them seemed to melt out of his grasp.

His one steadfast idea to the end was a passionate love of his mother, which included a desire to “make good” with his articles. A curious, contradictory nature, which fulfilled its destiny in the face of conventionality—respectability even—but it was his form of culture, his self-development, and “was perfect of its kind,” says Symons, who writes the Introduction to the book. An added chapter by Alfred Hodder tells of his wonderful personal magnetism and his gift of conversation.

“He scattered treasures of anecdote and observation as Aladdin of the wonderful lamp orders his slave to scatter gold pieces.” He further says he had “got up” all the accepted literature of criminology, but five minutes of Flynt’s talk turned the books into rubbish. Five hours’ stroll made him forget that the rubbish existed. Flynt paid with his person, but he won merited distinction as a criminologist. He made real and human the vast army of the misplaced, those whom the world calls tramps. (My Life. By Josiah Flynt. The Outing Publishing Company.)

Source scan page 8. Josiah Flynt (1869–1907), born Josiah Flynt Willard, was an American sociologist and writer whose firsthand studies of tramps and the urban underworld challenged the era’s armchair criminology. This substantial notice treats his posthumous autobiography as both a psychological document and a record of social investigation.

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Sidelights on Dr. Richard Garnett

THE GRAPHIC · JULY 10, 1909 · VOL. —, NO. 06

UNSIGNED

LATE SCHOLARLY AND POPULAR LIBRARIAN OF BRITISH MUSEUM
SYMPATHETICALLY RECALLED

As a constant visitor to the British Museum, whither I go in search of facts and dates of use in my work, naturally, I long ago made the acquaintance of the late Dr. Richard Garnett, who was the kind friend of every earnest seeker in the great storehouse of literature, of which he was the bright and shining star. Born in Lichfield in 1835, where his father was a prebendary of the Cathedral, he went to the British Museum at the age of sixteen and there remained until his death, which is yet so recent that the wound is still fresh that his passing away caused. His first employment was as assistant in the printed book department, and his great friend at this period of his life was Coventry Patmore, from whose poems he has edited a volume of selections. His ability found slow recognition, and it was not till 1875 that he was made superintendent of the reading room, a position he held till 1884. During these years he won the affection of all classes of readers, from the eminent author visiting the Museum at long intervals in search of material, to the broken-down copyist whose very subsistence often depended on his kindness. Whatever work came in his way was impartially divided, The poorest reader could rely on courteous hearing and patient help.

Dr. Garnett's personality was to a great extent merged in the Museum. Only once, when a vacancy occurred in the Bodleian, was there any likelihood of his leaving it. From 1884 to 1890 his chief work was the printing of the library catalogue. In the latter year he became keeper of the printed books. He was by far the most popular official at the Museum. His personal appearance might be best described by the German adjective, "rustig." He stooped a little, and in later years became very grey, but no one, who looked at his ruddy, weather-beaten face, would have supposed that he had passed his life in study. Country visitors hardly liked leaving the Museum without a sight of Dr. Garnett. And for students, it was a pleasure to look up from work and watch him poring over the catalogue with a reader, explaining difficulties, hunting out references, and evidently enjoying the blessing of the giver. His work at the Museum has been valuable in many directions. Its visible and tangible results are seen in the catalogue and in his editions of authors.

But whole generations of readers can bear witness to results of a higher and intangible kind, to the patience with which he placed his unrivaled learning at their disposal making himself, as has been said, “servus servorum, the slave of the slaves of literature.”

Dr. Garnett was only twenty-three when he published his first work, an anonymous volume entitled “Primula and Other Lyrics.” In the following year he published “Io in Egypt and Other Poems.” The volume is now out of print, but some of the finest poems, such as “The Ballad of the Boat.” “Fading Leaf and Fallen Leaf” and “The Pope’s Daughter” are well known and included in anthologies. The following rather singular criticisms, over which one can fancy Dr. Garnett smiled, appeared in the *Athenaeum*: “Mr Richard Garnett’s ‘Io in Egypt’ is a volume full of quaint, luxurious, colored fancy, with much Scholarly intermixture and laborious painting of pictures in rich and bloomy words, such as the English language supplies more abundantly than any other.” Dr. Garnett’s other volumes of verse are “Poems From the German,” “Idylls and Epigrams and “Iphigenia in Delphi.” But the blossom of his genius is in “Io,”

In translations Dr. Garnett was very happy. He attempted some of the most difficult German lyrics, and his renderings of Uhland, Platen and Heine are both correct and musical. With Goethe he is not always so successful. The “Song of the Archangels” in “Faust” and the magnificent passage beginning “O glücklich, wer noch hoffen kann,” are really untranslatable, as Dr. Garnett would be the first to admit. Much of his own poetry has a distinctly German ring.

In prose, Dr. Garnett wrote two admirable short biographies, the lives of Carlyle and Emerson, in the “Great Writers Series.” In the former there are some curious autobiographical touches, which will interest the reader hardly less than the actual subject. The latter is perhaps the best summary biography ever written. The *Examiner* (of Mr. Minto) contained, and the *Illustrated London News* (of Mr. Shorter) includes, critical articles signed “R. G.,” and these are well worth the trouble of looking for.

But the student who Dr. Garnett should begin with “The Twilight of the Gods,” published in 1888. The book is a collection of short stories dealing chiefly with late Pagan and early Christian ages. The deepest problems of religion and philosophy are touched with delicate satire, with humor that has sadness in the heart of it. You wonder, at times, what it all means, but if you had turned to the author for an explanation, he would have answered, with an enigmatic smile, “It is a problem of laughter and tears; but you will not be able to solve it.” Every page of the book bears traces of deep learning and exceeding culture. It is the satire of the student, and it pleases more in such graceful pieces

as “The City of Philosophers” and “The Poet of Panopolis” than in the rough Rabelaisian humor of “The Demon Pope.” Much has been written about Dr. Garnett’s attitude of mental superiority to accepted beliefs.” Had he been a mediaeval abbot, one can fancy him mingling joyously in the Feast of Unreason. well pleased that the people did not take the threats or promises of the church too seriously. He sees the weaknesses of professors alike of old religions and new. He pities the Elenkos who are tenderly nursing “ancient creeds, whose main virtue is the virtue of their professors.” His Momus has a hold both on Christianity and Paganism; his bishops, cardinals and popes are wonderfully human. He bursts in upon the pious hermit of the desert, telling him slyly that he owes his canonization to the many days he has passed in the society of the devil. Even his saints in Paradise are jealous of each other and of their own reputations in the world. He smiles at the forlornness of the gods, “disinherited of thunder,” and sees, not altogether with regret, the goat cropping the grass on Ida.

Dr. Garnett went through the City of Believers and found it a Vanity Fair. There were rich wares for sale at the booths, and he handled and appraised them all. He watched the faces of the buyers, and wondered to find them so eager. If only they knew it. there is great disappointment in buying. He saw one moaning over a rich garment, because the color faded in the morning sunlight, and another paying dearly for jewels which one day he would find were only brilliant glass. He met young strangers and warned them not to spend their money too freely, And as they passed on, he looked after them wistfully, for the crust of cynicism is there, and he himself had been tempted to buy. As he went down the long street with the cries of the vendors in his ears, he was not so scornful as you might have fancied. That there are cheats and rogues in the city, he knew too well; but perhaps in an obscure place, even in Vanity Fair, there may be treasures that a man might well sell all to purchase. He was not sure; he wished it might be so, And, meanwhile, it was some service to unmask the cheats.

The biographer of the late Dr. Garnett will have much to say about his learning, and much about the grace with which he wore it. A pedant could not have given us glimpses into so many worlds. They are twilight worlds, indeed, and in each is the dim figure of the Sphinx, with her unanswered riddle. But there are hills and rivers, too, and the night wind rushes through the pines and overhead the moon and stars have risen.

London, June 25. EDWIN A. COOKE.

Source scan page 5. Richard Garnett (1835–1906) was a British librarian, scholar, poet, translator, and critic associated with the British Museum. This literary portrait emphasizes the range of his scholarship and writing.

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Chesterton's George Bernard Shaw

by **M. H. G.**

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 18, 1909 · VOL. XXXII, No. 3

"Most people either say that they agree with Bernard Shaw or that they do not understand him. I am the only person who understands him, and I do not agree with him," is the introductory note of Mr. G. K. Chesterton in his book on George Bernard Shaw. This statement of fact qualifies him to judge fairly this aggravating personality; aggravating because he will not be measured by any of the established standards. Mr. Chesterton says, further, that Shaw is not understood for the simple reason that he is an Irishman, and Englishmen have never taken the trouble to understand Irishmen. "All the time that we were creating the comic Irishman in fiction, we were creating a tragic Irishman in fact." As for Mr. Shaw himself, to quote again, "It is indefensibly foolish to attempt to explain a man whose whole object through life has been to explain himself." Yet so little has he succeeded for himself that Mr. Chesterton seems almost to have created him. A creature of paradoxes, his whole fault lies in not understanding the great paradoxes of life; a creature seemingly of great complexities, his biography shows him to be a person of great simplicity and Puritan severity.

Mr. Chesterton defines a paradox as a "rapid summary of something which is at once so true and so complex that the speaker who has the swift intelligence to perceive it, has not the slow patience to explain it," and much of Mr. Shaw's impatience and touchy vanity arise from this swift arriving at conclusions. Rightly to understand him, it is necessary to consider the traditions of his ancestors. A Protestant Irishman is an anomaly—he is a person without a country, though on his native soil; a Puritan in a land of mysticism and superstition; an aristocrat, cut off from other aristocrats by these barriers of religion. From this situation have arisen great virtues of mind and heart—and great limitations.

To quote the book again, "All the virtues he has are heroic virtues. Shaw is like the Venus of Milo; all that there is of him is admirable."

But like that famous marble, he, too, is mutilated. Having no country, he has no patriotism. Living in a sort of social garrison, he has not absorbed the traditions of childhood, the sense of the supernatural, the love of the soil with its solid shapes of ownership. The things that everybody knows without learning them he escaped because of this alien seclusion. "Nothing about him can be supposed to refer to a family feud

or to a family joke.” But here comes the paradox of Shaw, the greatest of all his paradoxes and the one of which he is unconscious. These one or two plain truths which quite stupid people learn at the beginning are exactly the one or two truths which Bernard Shaw may not learn, even at the end. “He is a daring pilgrim, who has set out from the grave to find the cradle.”

Mr. Chesterton scouts the idea that Shaw is insincere, vain or complex. He is a passionate believer in life, but without joy in it. “Let us eat, drink and be serious,” might be his motto. He is brilliant, witty, courageous, and—mistaken. The book is written from Mr. Chesterton’s heart as well as from his head; he grants Shaw all his qualities, but defines him in a keen and masterly manner. In closing he says, “Humanity never produces optimists till it has ceased to produce happy men. It is strange to be obliged to impose a holiday like a fast, and to drive men to a banquet with spears. But this shall be written of our time: that when the Spirit who denies besieged the last citadel, blaspheming life itself, there were some, there was one especially, whose voice was heard and whose spear was never broken.” To quote any passage is invidious where all are so good. Though a biography of Shaw, it is also an illuminated bit of Chesterton. (George Bernard Shaw. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. John Lane Company.)

Source scan page 15. G. K. Chesterton’s 1909 study of George Bernard Shaw became an occasion for The Graphic to consider paradox, Irish identity, Puritanism, and Shaw’s relation to modern life. The review is substantial enough to stand as a critical portrait of both Shaw and Chesterton.

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Some Aspects of Thackeray

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 9, 1911 · VOL. XXXVI, NO. 2

UNSIGNED

Charles Whitley told us several years ago that the search for Thackeray's contributions to Fraser's Magazine had become a recognized parlor game for the cultured. The interest in Thackeray, the man, has been so keen the last year that we have not stopped short of the "color of his breeches." The dust heaps of the museums and of public and private libraries have been sifted for a new anecdote, a new detail, that would serve to "extra-illustrate" his life. Mr. Melville has been one of the most indefatigable of these sifters. About a decade ago he gave us a "Life of Thackeray" in two rather portly volumes. There have been other "Lives"; and the biographies and autobiographies of the last fifty years have been spiced and seasoned and made appetizing with references to and anecdotes of this most engaging of personalities.

In this the centennial year the amount of "copy" dumped into the printing offices has been measured by tonnage, but little of great value has found its way into permanent form. With three exceptions, the fourteen papers of Mr. Melville's new book have appeared already in periodical form, and at least one more delightful contribution to periodical literature from the same hand—"Thackeray's London," in the July Century—one is sorry to miss from the present collection. Not many of those who knew the author of "Vanity Fair" remain to give us first-hand information concerning him. So we cannot be too grateful to those like Mr. Melville who will give him to us in perspective.

"Dear Thackeray," said the late Mr. Locker-Lampson, "his happiness and his comfort were fragile charges to be entrusted to anyone. His dutiful and gifted daughters were their best guardians." This was written in 1883, or thereabouts, and one of the daughters, Lady Ritchie, has given us much, but not the final word. The larger portion of Mr. Melville's book is a real contribution to the general fund, and one's measure of gratitude would have been the greater if the two hundred and seventy-five pages had contained an additional ten pages devoted to a full index. Carlyle thought certain of "Thackeray's Ballads" were among the best things he ever wrote, and to these ballads, and to the illustration of the book, Mr. Melville has very properly given liberal space. A touching incident concerning several of these verses, "The Mahogany Tree," to paraphrase Mr. Melville, must close this brief review:

“On the Christmas Eve when Henry Mayhew brought the sad news of Thackeray’s untimely death to the Punch staff, who suffered not the loss of the novelist so much as the loss of an old friend, he said, ‘I’ll tell you what we’ll do. We’ll sing the dear old boy’s “Mahogany Tree”; he’d like it.’ Accordingly, they stood up, and with such memory of the words as each possessed and catching the breath here and there, by about all of them, the song was sung.”

(“Some Aspects of Thackeray.” By Lewis Melville. Little, Brown & Co.)

Source scan page 11. William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863) was a major Victorian novelist and satirist. The review evaluates Lewis Melville’s scholarship and briefly considers Thackeray’s biography, ballads, and reputation.

↑ INDEX OF FIGURES & ORGANIZATIONS



Samuel Johnson and His Dictionary

by **JOHN T. BRAMHALL**

THE GRAPHIC · NOVEMBER 13, 1915 · VOL. XLVI, No. 24

Speaking of Becky Sharp, and her contemptuous treatment of Miss Jemima's gift of a Johnson's Dictionary, we recall how Goldsmith, in his amusing reverie, saw ejected from the Fame Machine the parcel of folios which the very grave personage who had lifted them into the seat esteemed something valuable to pay for coach hire, but which the inquisitorial coachman rejected with scorn, declaring that he had driven his coach to the Temple of Fame, man and boy, these two thousand years, and did not remember to have carried but one dictionary in the whole time. It must have been the Johnson, then, and no other, "The publication of Johnson's Dictionary," says "Trench, "was undoubtedly the great event in the history of English lexicography. Never before that time had its principles been so clearly grasped and so distinctly laid down," Of the doctor's plan and his 'noble preface,' Trench says that "he was vanquished only by the grandeur of his own conception." As it is a good guess that the number of Americans who have read that 'noble preface' is not greater than the total of the reserve of the United States army, I will venture to give a few paragraphs:

"It is the fate of those who toil at the lower employments of life, to be rather driven by the fear of evil, than attracted by the prospect of good; to be exposed to censure, without hope of praise, to be disgraced by nuscarriage, or punished for neglect, where success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward:

"Among those unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries; whom mankind have [has] considered, not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths of learning and genius, who press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress. Every other author may aspire to praise; the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and ever: this negative recompense has yet been granted to very few."

Stateliness of language scarcely equaled by anything but the prayer-book. Johnson was no ordinary compiler, no mere collector of words. He was an author. His task, as he understood it, and as it was given to him, was to codify the laws of the English language, to pass judgment, ex cathedra, upon the words of our speech, endorsing these as genuine, and

stamping those as counterfeit. An impossible task, as now admitted, but no man in the eighteenth century was better fitted for the part of a literary Hercules than Samuel Johnson:

“When I took the first survey of my undertaking, I found our speech copious without order, and energetic without rules; wherever I turned my view, there was perplexity to be disentangled, and confusion to be regulated; choice was to be made out of boundless variety, without any established principle of selection; adulterations were to be detected, without a settled test of purity; and modes of expression to be rejected or received, without the suffrages of any writers of classical reputation or acknowledged authority.”

He pleaded with “those whose thoughts have been, perhaps, employed too anxiously on verbal singularities,” not to disturb the orthography of their fathers, and insisted on steadiness and uniformity. “I am not yet so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.” “There is a phrase that orators should paste in their hats. He continues: “Language is only the instrument of science, and words are but the signs of ideas: I wish, however, that the instrument might be less apt to decay, and that signs might be permanent, like the things they denote.” The modern reader often wishes there were a Johnson today, to say to the coiners of light words: “Thus far, and no further!” But Johnson was no standpatter, no hide-bound protectionist in language. He could see the signs of change as well as anyone on the street, or down by the London docks:

“The language most likely to continue long without alteration, would be that of the nation raised a little, and but a little, above barbarity, excluded from strangers, and totally employed in procuring the conveniences of life; either without books, or, like some of the Mediterranean countries, with very few; men thus busied and unlearned, having only such words as common use requires, would, perhaps, long continue to express the same notions by the same signs. But no such constancy can be expected in a people polished by arts, and classed by subordination, where one part of the community is sustained and accommodated by the labour of the other. Those who have much leisure to think, will always be enlarging the stock of ideas, and their increase of knowledge, whether real or fancied, will produce new words.”

Ah, gentle reader of picture-covered best sellers, think not that the digging of etymological roots is without romance! Attend thine eye to this:

“When first I engaged in this work, I resolved to leave neither words nor things unexamined, and pleased myself with the prospect of the hours which I should revel away in feasts of literature, the obscure

recesses of northern learning which] should enter and ransack, the treasures with which I expected every search into those neglected mines to reward my labour, and the triumph with which I should display my treasures to mankind. When I had thus enquired into the original of words, I resolved to show likewise my attention to things; to pierce deep into every sign, to enquire the nature of every substance of which J inserted the name, to limit every idea by a definition strictly logical, and exhibit every production of art or nature in an accurate description, that my book might be in place of all other dictionaries whether appellative or technical.”

No wonder he was “vanquished by the grandeur of his own conception.” But he quickly saw that the language of a growing people is too strong a force for the mind of one man, however learned, to control, and with the honesty that made him bluntly confess to the woman who asked him how he came to define “pastern” as the knee of a horse, that it was “Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance,” he declares:

“But these were the dreams of a poet doomed at last to wake a lexicographer. I soon found that it was too late to look up instruments, when the work calls for execution, and that whatever abilities I had brought to my task, with those I must finally perform it. To deliberate whenever I doubted, to enquire whenever I was ignorant, would have protracted the undertaking without end, and, perhaps, without much improvement; for I did not find by my first experiments, that what I had not of my own was easily to be obtained; I saw that one enquiry only gave occasion for another, that book referred to book, that to search was not always to be informed; and that thus to pursue perfection, was, like the first inhabitants of Arcadia, to chase the sun, which, when they had reached the hill where he seemed to rest, was still beheld at the same distance from them.”

Did anyone say that Dr. Johnson lacked humility? Confident in his learning, and yet recognizing his limitations, he was often overbearing in conversation, and impatient of correction. But when Boswell complained to him that he had humiliated him before company, he confessed his error and offered “to make it up in hity times, in any way you like.” But to get back to the Dictionary (and I beg the proof-reader to allow the word the distinction of the capital letter). There were dictionaries, or rather glossaries, before Johnson’s great work, and the English Dictionary of which the late Sir James Murray was the eminent editor, was as much more complete and thorough than Johnson’s, as his was to all that had preceded, but as the pyramids of Egypt have been exceeded in height and in magnificence by later structures, they still remain, in their ruins, the most impressive examples of man’s handiwork. And so we look back upon Johnson’s Dictionary as the

pyramid that marks the grandeur of the English language, it is the polished stone taken from that great monument that has gone to enrich many of the most elaborate temples of English erected in our later days.

The year of the announcement of the plan of the Dictionary, 1747, “is distinguished as an epoch,” says Boswell, “the epoch when the arduous and important work was announced to the world.” The ordinary historian, glancing at the year 1747, ignores the foundation of the great monument of the English language, and tells us of the naval victories of Anson and Hawke, now forgotten. The industrious Boswell tells us that Dr. Adams found him one day busy at his Dictionary (a work in which he was practically alone), and asked him how he was to get his etymologies. The Doctor pointed to his five-foot shelf of authorities, and spoke of a Welsh gentleman who had just published a collection of Welsh proverbs. Dr. Adams expressed a doubt regarding Johnson’s ability to complete his task in three years, and instanced the French Academy, which consisted of forty members, and yet took forty years to compile their Dictionary. Upon which Johnson reduced pluck, patriotism and the pursuit of patronymys to the rule of three: “Let us see; forty times forty is sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman.” That wouldn’t go now, but it went then, all right. “With so much ease and pleasantry,” continues his biographer, “could he talk of that prodigious labour he had undertaken to execute.”

In those days the dictionary maker must be safe and sane, or what Dickens derided as “Podsnappery.” There must be nothing to bring a blush to the cheek of innocence. “It is remarkable,” says Boswell, “that he was so attentive in the choice of passages in which words were authorized, that one may read page after page of his Dictionary with improvement and pleasure; and it should not pass unobserved that he has quoted no author whose writings had a tendency to hurt sound religion and morality.” But however we may smile at the smug critics and too-careful censors, we must reverence the sincere piety of the man who prayed to his God for support in his labors to the time when he should render up at the last day an account of the talent committed to him. In the beginning of 1775 he wrote: “I now begin to see land, after having wandered, according to Mr. Warburton’s phrase, in this vast sea of words. What reception I shall meet with on the shore, I know not. * * I hope, however, I hope the critics will let me be at peace, for though I do not much fear their skill and strength, I am a little afraid of myself, and would not willingly feel so much ill will in my bosom as literary quarrels are apt to excite.”

Johnson argued for preparedness in language as well as in arms. The Earl of Marchmont was arguing for a pronouncing dictionary, on Sheridan’s plan, the correct pronunciation of shibboleth, then as sixteen

hundred years earlier, distinguishing the Ephraimites from the Gileadites. Said Johnson: 'Why, sir, consider how much easier it is to learn language by the ear than by any marks. Sheridan's dictionary may be very well, but you cannot carry it about with you: and when you want a word you have not the dictionary. It is like a man who has a sword that will not draw. It is an admirable sword, to be sure; but while your enemy is cutting your throat, you are unable to use it. Besides, sir, what entitles Sheridan to fix the pronunciation of Englishr" An admirable idea. It was the Earl of Marchmont, by the way, who noted that Johnson was the first to put "Whig" and "Tory" into a dictionary. One had to look out for politics in those days, as well as national susceptibilities, in words. The Scotch were peeved at his definition of "oats." "And what do you think of his definition of 'excise?'" asked Marchmont. "Do you know the history of his aversion to the word 'transpire'? 'to escape from secrecy to notice; a sense lately innovated from France, without necessity.' The truth was that Lord Bolinbroke, who left the Jacobites, first used it,—therefore it was condemned." And so partizanship can be hidden in a word, as well as shown in the wearing of a rose or the squeezing of an orange. kok Ok

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five—you remember what Wendell Holmes said: "Georgius Secuadus was then alive—" et cetera. Several things happened, not only the affair of Lisbon town, and not only Braddock's arm was done so brown, but my Lord Chesterfield, left without a scalp to his literary crown, so to speak. Dr. Johnson got his scalp. It is old stuff, perhaps, the Chesterfield letter, but so, for the matter of that, is the Dictionary. "When the Dictionary was about to be published," as Boswell relates, "Lord Chesterticid, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted in a courtly manner, to soothe and insinuate himself with the sage, conscious, at it should seem, of the old indifference with which he had treated its learned author." He spoke of the doctor in terms of exaggerated praise and adulation, said that he would surrender all his privileges in the English language and pay homage to the author of the Dictionary of the English Language as his dictator and pope. The sage wrote the noble patron of literature a letter, "expressed in civil terins, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him." It was not without dithculty that Boswell induced the doctor to let him have a copy of the letter, twenty-six years after it was written, It is now in the British Museum. It reads:

"My Lord: I have lately been informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an

honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

“When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the most of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—and that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the whole world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither my pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little. Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

“The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, found him a native of the rocks. Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has at last reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligation where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

“Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less, for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord. Your Lordship’s most humble, most obedient servant,

— “SAM. JOHNSON.”

This letter, says Thomas Seccomb, in his “Age of Johnson,” is not animated by a tone of indignant moral reproof (like Benke’s ‘Letter to a Noble Lord,’ or Hazlitt’s to Gifford, or Cowper’s ‘Valediction’), but as a polite and overwhelming snub administered by a poor scholar to a great

noble it has never been approached, and it marks a new era in the story of literary selfhelp. It is Literature's Declaration of Independence.

We will take leave of the doctor with a glimpse of his more pleasing and human side. for, literary lion as he was, he was intensely human. John Gilbert Cooper related that, soon after the publication of his Dictionary, Garrick, being asked by Johnson what people said of it, told him, among other animadversions, it was objected that he cited authorities which were beneath the dignity of such a work, and mentioned Richardson. "Nay," said Johnson, "I have done worse than that, I have cited thee, David." JOHN T. BRAMHALL Chicago, November 8, 1915.

Source scan page 4. John T. Bramhall's essay revisits Samuel Johnson's Dictionary and the famous letter to Lord Chesterfield. Its central subject is the emergence of the professional author from dependence on aristocratic patronage.

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World of Letters the Poorer

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 4, 1916 · VOL. XLIX, NO. 14

EDITORIAL

Had the late Henry James retained his American citizenship, instead of relinquishing it to become a British subject, this week his native country would be mourning the death of its foremost literary exponent, both as critic and novelist. But the literary world is universal; it is as a citizen of the republic of letters that the author of "The Ambassador" must be regarded and as such his passing will be a matter of genuine regret to the reading public of all English speaking countries. While "Roderick Hudson" was his first book (1875) it was the delightful "Daisy Miller" (1878) that first won him wide audiences. Not that Henry James ever attained to popularity, in the modern meaning of the term, but among worth-while readers he has ever since enjoyed a distinguished following. It was in the eighties that he reached, if not perihelion, at least, a commanding position in the literary horizon with his notable "Portrait of a Lady" —a trifle prolix though it was, "The Bostonians," "The Princess of Casamassima," a study of English society; and "The Tragic Muse," to mention his chief works of that decade. In the nineties stands out his "What Maisie Knew," a pitiless analysis of the thoughts and feelings of an unfortunate child. But as his mind matured the art of Mr. James became subtler until in "The Ambassadors" even his warmest adherents chafed at the allusiveness of the narrative although fully realizing the brilliance of the performance. It is in his analytical treatment of character and incident that Henry James has proved so superior. He is relentless in his strong situations, his methods, at times, especially in his later years, reaching a degree of refinement of irritable tenacity. Not a writer of dramatic power, as was Meredith, but one of great delicacy of touch and with a perfect literary finish his work, particularly in his critical studies, notably "French Poets and Novelists," fascinates by its sympathetic insight. He was an accomplished French scholar and enjoyed the high regard of French critics. It was only natural that, last year, Henry James, in order to show his sympathy with the allied cause, should take the oath of allegiance to the crown. He had lived and worked in England for more than forty-five years and all his feelings were pro-English. Yet America is justified in honoring him as a distinguished son of her soil and should his remains be given sepulture in Westminster Abbey it will make of that noble pile only a richer mecca for his countrymen than they have hitherto regarded the British pantheon.

Source scan page 1. This obituary returns to Henry James eleven years after his Los Angeles appearance. It praises the analytical subtlety and finish of his fiction while acknowledging the difficulty of his later style.

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Goodbye, 'Jim!'

THE GRAPHIC · AUGUST 5, 1916 · VOL. XLX, NO. 6

EDITORIAL

What a reunion of kindred souls must that have been when James Whitcomb Riley passed the portals of the abode of the shades and greeted that other poet of the children, Eugene Field. Eugene preceded the Hoosier singer by a score of years, but in the interim Riley has not produced anything that ranked with his earlier poetic offerings. Although his body continued to perform its functions his brain had been atrophied for so long that although death came only recently, for years the creative spirit had been wanting in him whose "Little Orphant Annie," the "Raggedy Man," "The Doodlebugs" and 'Goodbye Jim' made the poet beloved, not only in Indiana, but throughout America. Riley's poetry, in spite of taking dialect form, was easily understandable of all children, since it was so simple, so gently expressive of childish wants, ambitions and emotions. A bachelor by choice, he was "Uncle Jim" to every child in Greenfield and, later, all Indiana was comprehended in this affectionate pseudo kinship. Riley's excursions into the field of philosophy, into the more complex questions possessing the human mind, while revealing clear thinking, did not add to his reputation and he wisely confined the efforts of his muse to dealing with the homely joys and sorrows, fancies and humors of the common people. He has had many imitators, but none that could dispossess him in the affections of the little folk, Riley was *sui generis*; he reflected not an idealized world, but the plain, everyday conditions all about him and his reward was instantaneous and enduring,

The lecture field, in which the inimitable Bill Nye and Eugene Field were his "co-partners in crime," as he once characterized the triune to the editor of *The Graphic*, broadened his circle of friends and greatly widened his list of readers. To hear him recite "Little Orphant Annie," "The Old Swimmin' Hole," "Goin' to the Fair" and that Hoosier classic, "Goodbye, Jim, Take Keer o' Yourself," was to enjoy an evening ever rendered memorable. Riley had the most delicate and "spaking" hands. When he waved them on the platform they were more expressive than words; they were the most graphic exponents of sign language we can recall in an experience that includes intimate acquaintance with the Sioux, Cheyenne, Crow and Apache Indians. Reminded of this trait, he once laughingly remarked, "Perhaps, it's because I feel it the poem recited] clear to the tips of my fingers." Riley had lived to reach almost

the Biblical three score and ten years. He had been ailing for many months before the final summons came. His many friends and admirers will echo in their hearts that half title of one of

Source scan page 1. James Whitcomb Riley (1849–1916), the widely read “Hoosier Poet,” combined dialect verse, public recitation, sentiment, and humor. The editorial records the scale of his popular literary reputation at his death.

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Brooke's Elizabethan Drama

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 21, 1917 · VOL. L, No. 17

UNSIGNED

There is a whimsy of style quite suggestive in spots of Holmes' Autocrat or Carlyle's Teufelsdröckh in Rupert

Brooke's treatment of "John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama," originally a "dissertation" with which the eminent

English poet won his Fellowship at

King's College, Cambridge in 1913, but expanded into a sizeable volume by extensive appendices entering into an exhaustive and erudite examination of this little known dramatists's life and works.

Now that Brooke has given up his life in the European struggle this latest volume has an interest quite aside from its scholastic value and narrower artistic appeal. Among the topics he handles is the definition of art in terms almost algebraic, and having settled this point by demonstrating how indefinable, elusive and variant art is since it is really merely a state of mind he discusses the theater as a place of amusement and the elements of a good play and a good critic. The latter is "he who can both feel a play perfectly at the time, and sum up its particular taste and intensity perfectly in this introspective summary."

Having established general principles he reviews the somewhat familiar history of the origins of the drama, in rather a satirical manner at times with regard to the attitude of the Church toward the stage and its influence upon things dramatic. Also the inheritance bequeathed to the Elizabethan period traced from the religious spectacles, miracle plays, interludes and more especially from the strolling players who "after severe competition with amateurs during the first part of the sixteenth century, settled. some of them, into the theaters and became the actors of the Elizabethan drama." The constructive methods of Kyd, Marlowe, Donne, Marston, Tourneur, Jonson and the contemporaries of Webster are compared with a fine appreciation of the niceties

Hilda Sharp, author of "Stars in Their Courses" (Putnam's)

of technical skill. He also enters into detailed controversy with other authorities with regard to Webster's relative merits and as to contested plays of uncertain authorship. "The Duchess of Amalfi?" and "The White Devil," regarded as Webster's best productions, are discussed at length

and with detail of quotation illustrative of Webster's Style, peculiarities of expression and constructive methods, also characteristics which throw light upon this dramatist's personality. For the student the appendices offer much interesting criticism of his various plays. ('John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama.' By Rupert Brooke, John Lane Co. Bullock's.)

Source scan page 11. Rupert Brooke (1887–1915) was an English poet and scholar. This posthumous study of John Webster allows the reviewer to consider Brooke's style, scholarship, and work as a critic of Elizabethan drama.

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Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger

THE GRAPHIC · JUNE 9, 1917 · VOL. L, NO. 24

UNSIGNED

This volume is the intimate personal record of the stirring life in war time of Alan Seeger, "The Poet of the Foreign Legion," who died in a charge at Belloy-en-Santerre July 4, 1916. These letters, addressed to his mother and friends, contain his frank expression of all his hopes and fears. The diary, found in France by his father, is arranged chronologically with his letters, and the whole volume is the expression of a brave and sensitive soul, meeting sadly and with superb courage all the vicissitudes of the great war. ("Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger." Charles Scribner's Sons. Bullock's.)

Source scan page 11. Alan Seeger (1888–1916) was an American poet who served in the French Foreign Legion and died at Belloy-en-Santerre. The notice considers his wartime letters, diary, and developing posthumous reputation.

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Criticism, Reading, and Book Culture

*The practice of criticism, the art of reading, fine printing,
children's books, essays, and the afterlife of books.*



Twentieth Century Frivolity

THE GRAPHIC · SEPTEMBER 3, 1904 · VOL. XXI, No. 5

UNSIGNED

Many of you know Dr. Henry Van Dyke by his books, by his love of nature and of the piscatorial art, and by his sincere, broad Christianity. Dr. Van Dyke has been attending the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance Convention in England, and his address on "Christianity and Current Literature," according to a London paper, touched "the oratorical high-water mark." The eminent Presbyterian spoke of the three "mischievous and perilous tendencies" of the twentieth century, branding them thus: the idolatry of glory and conquest; the idolatry of wealth; the growing spirit of frivolity.

"A sane and virile and lovable literature" is the antidote that Dr. Van Dyke propounds. Frivolity is eagerly seized upon by men and women as

a relief from the cares and pressure of the stress of modern life. They infinitely prefer a musical comedy to Shakespeare, or the latest copy of “The Smart Set” to one of Addison’s essays, or even Van Dyke’s latest book. They have been “thinking” all day: they do not want to “think,”—except at Bridge—during their evening’s recreation.

What people read and their avenues of amusement supply the truest test of national taste. The question asked by Mrs. Atherton in the *North American Review*, “Is American Literature Bourgeois?” has not yet been answered satisfactorily. We are very strenuous in our business but very frivolous in our mental recreation.

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. The essay condenses a recurrent concern in The Graphic: whether modern reading habits could sustain what Henry van Dyke called a sane and vigorous literature amid the pressures of speed, fashion, and commercial amusement.

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Books and Their Reading

by **R. H. HAY CHAPMAN**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 7, 1906 · VOL. XXIV, No. 14

The Sunset Club, composed of some seventy men who care for the best things in life, devoted their last evening's symposium to a discussion on what is certainly one of the highest boons of existence—Books. The pleasure of reading is only surpassed by the joy of playing with little children, but, in either event, it is futile, indeed impossible, to lay down hard and fast rules of course or conduct. Some years ago Sir John Lubbock in reply to a popular demand made a selection of the "Hundred Best Books." No doubt, this selection, which of course included masterpieces, was helpful to many young students, but no man, however learned and however catholic in his tastes, can prescribe for you or me what we should or should not read. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," is as true of books as of diet. Therefore to assume an attitude of dictation such as is done by some librarians is impertinent. Even a child's taste should not be forced. If an infant's system needs sugar, he will cry for sugar, and his own instinctive demand is, in the majority of cases, wiser than all the counsel of physicians. Much, of course, can be done in training the young idea "how to shoot" or how to read by the power of simple suggestion. The child wandering through a well selected library can only choose good books, but when a father puts certain volumes behind glass, under lock and key, the curiosity of a boy can never be satisfied by any other volume than those prohibited. To condemn a book to an index expurgatorius or to label it unfit is at once to provide an incitement to the young, and even to the mature, mind to devour it at the first clandestine opportunity.

An interesting feature of the Sunset Club's discussion was brought out by the apparently prevalent conviction that while this is an age of more universal "education" and general intelligence than that of any previous era, yet the popular literary taste is deplorable. One speaker had the sagacity to point out that such a view was fallacious in that a thousand people read today where one used books a hundred years ago. The colossal output of hundreds of thousands of presses accounts for the flood of unworthy publications—not literature—which engulfs and pollutes public taste, and there can be no viler and surer corrupting avenue of literary taste than that paved by the omnivorous reading of newspapers and periodicals. The penny newspaper and the ten-cent magazine, while the majority of them are well written,—indeed far better written than most of the output of all the printing presses of a

hundred years ago,—are calculated to vitiate, and often to destroy, the natural capacity for the enjoyment of good books. In my own personal experience, I know this to be true. For many years, by force of circumstances and not by choice, I was wont to scan—not even to peruse—scores of newspapers every day of my life. Gradually my taste, once strong for “belles lettres,” grew weaker. The very physical effort of reading many newspapers so exhausts the eye that when the day’s work is done one cannot concentrate the optic nerve on consistent reading, but finds one’s hands spasmodically turning the pages of magazines or other current literature, the eye refreshed by the pictures, but the brain seizing only an occasional sentence or paragraph of the text. For many years I used to discipline myself,—and in a measure succeeded,—by insisting on reading, for at least half an hour before going to sleep, certain books that seemed to me worth while—Walter Savage Landor’s “Imaginary Conversations,” De Quincey’s “Confessions of an Opium-Eater,” odd volumes of “The Spectator,” in the days of Addison and Steele, Carlyle’s “Sartor Resartus,” Sterne’s “Sentimental Journey,” a volume of Tennyson, and a few old friends from my shelves of Balzac, Thackeray, Dickens, Stevenson, Kipling, and my favorite novel of all, George Borrow’s “Lavengro.” This half hour’s exercise, which was by no means always easy or pleasant, was in a measure a saving grace.

Newspaper and periodical reading beget the perilous habit, aye, the deadly sin, of “skipping,”—imperative if one must absorb and digest the news and thought of the day, but desperately inimical to the true pleasures of reading. Indeed this perilous practice, if persistent, brings forth in time the Dead Sea fruit of literary disgust. The once most interesting essay, the poem, each line of which one loved in fresh and unspoiled youth, fails to command and hold earnest attention. The eye hops from paragraph to paragraph, from verse to verse, no longer letting the mind enjoy the fragrance of each sentence, the beauty of each bud of thought, and before you realize it, you may have lost one of the dearest joys of living, the peace and pleasure of a good book.

“There is,” wrote Sir John Herschell, “a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole tenor of a man’s character and conduct which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet: ‘Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.’ It civilizes the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous.”

Therefore, my son, if you would preserve this precious taste, abjure the debauching appetite of consuming newspapers. Certain journals you must read, of course, but select carefully the daily newspaper that suits you best, and read no more of it than you must do to keep yourself

informed, as should every good citizen of the world, of the State and of the City.

There are many fads, fashions and fancies among those who pose as “well read,” and the most offensive person one can meet in a long day’s march is he who waxes didactic over what the rest of the world should read. The literary sermonizers who themselves learned to read many decades ago may lash themselves into ferocious wrath because this generation will not read Scott, Thackeray and Dickens, but their fury will only satisfy themselves and excite derision elsewhere. The massive circumlocution, the prodigious paragraphs, that so frequently characterize the work of any of this illustrious trio form stumbling blocks to the boy or girl whose taste has been nourished on the terse, crisp “stories” of the modern newspaper, from which, when carefully edited, every redundant word and every superfluous sentence have been scrupulously expunged, and whose criterion is found in the short, simple, but essentially strong word-painting of Kipling. The truth is that our forefathers were blessed enough to enjoy so much more leisure than ourselves. A whole week’s journey of a hundred years ago is consumed today in less than twenty-four hours. Electricity, which has revolutionized travel and message, and hence has so quickened the pace of life, has also had its tremendous influence upon literature. The story that Scott or Thackeray took ten pages to tell is told today by Kipling in a single page, and the latter suits the mood and tense of the present generation much better. Furthermore, it is much more difficult to tell a story in one hundred words than in one thousand, and those who lament an alleged deterioration in literature seldom are themselves masters of the art of writing. The man who exalts himself above his fellows, who quotes himself as “laudator temporis acti,” the glorifier of the day that is gone, rarely reads the best contemporary literature, and when he does, it is with a prejudicial sneer.

It were futile to point out to the elderly gentleman, who still revels in Scott and other ponderous classics, that the pages of Maeterlinck, of Oscar Wilde, and of Edith Wharton, reveal new beauties of style never dreamed of by the old masters. But if a man find peace and consolation, happiness and rest in books, what matter it whether they be volumes of the “classics,” or the last assortment of “penny dreadfuls,” or “best sellers?” No one is foolish or insolent enough to quarrel with or correct his friend because their tastes differ in flowers, and the one prefers the humble violet, and the other the gorgeous rose. The note of the age, in religion, in science and in all the arts is tolerance. Please Heaven and the Muses, our librarians will be less didactic and more tolerant.

See original issue pages cited in the source edition. R. H. Hay Chapman treats reading as a disciplined art rather than passive consumption. The essay belongs to a period in which newspapers, clubs, public libraries, and inexpensive editions were rapidly widening access to books.

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Over Bemerton's

by **M. H. C.**

THE GRAPHIC · OCTOBER 24, 1908 · VOL. —, NO. 21

E. V. Lucas calls his latest story, "Over Bemerton's; An Easy-going Chronicle," and the sub-title is as much an inspiration as the tale itself. For in these hustling times what adjective presents so many charming suggestions as "easy-going?" Add to this quality, a mind saturated with literature, not only the riches, but the foibles of literature; a humor as quaint as Charles Lamb's, as whimsical as Crother's and an understanding of society as keen as Shaw's without his malice—and you have a work of varied delights. There is story enough, Kent Falconer, an English bachelor of fifty-five, returns to London after an exile of thirty years in Buenos Ayres. His one point of attachment is his stepsister's family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, Naomi, Drusilla, Lionel and Frank. They are all grown up. Naomi, twenty-nine, the quiet head of the house, inclined to charity as a serious occupation, scours London for suitable rooms for him and the opening chapter establishes him in comfortable quarters over a second-hand bookshop—"Over Bemerton's." in fact and he resumes his life from this vantage ground, dropping into place in this family circle and mingling with all sorts of interesting people and books. The books are quite as much a part of the story as the people.

In the thirty years of Falconer's absence the world has made strides, all of which strike his fancy—from the new fashions in flowers to the new attitude of parents toward their children. Drusilla is an art student and suffragette: all her men friends wear long hair and flowing collars and like drawing to be ugly and poetry to be Irish." She wears a badge, bearing the words "Defiance, not Defence" and is a very pretty young firebrand of the most advanced type. Her arrest and incarceration as one of the band that made difficulties in Downing street. is a delicious bit of truth and humor.

Mr. Dabney, a man "with prematurely gray hair, a slightly discontented expression, and a sensitive, critical mouth," edits a most unworldly journal which admits no advertising and is a protest against the ever-increasing worship of success to which he sees England devoting herself. He is one of those "eloquent and clear-sighted men who must be in revolt to be articulate and well directed." There is Mrs. Duckie, the landlady; Mr. Duckie, her husband, head waiter at a time-honored restaurant; Miss Gold, a "shut-in" whom he had almost loved in

his youth when she was a dashing girl. A fall from her horse crippled her for life and she lies looking at the world, and dispensing good from her couch.

Trist, his hero at twenty-one, is now a man who “makes a point of never belonging wholly to any type.” His aim is always to be “original somewhere, although never original enough to be conspicuous.” He has evolved some working principles ‘with which he would in his Chesterfieldian manner, instruct his son, if he had anything so ridiculous.’ “The art of life,” says Trist, “is to say the same things to everybody. To differentiate one’s treatment of people may be interesting, but it leads to complications.” Again, “The art of life is to keep down acquaintances. One’s friends one can manage, but one’s acquaintances can be the devil.” Still another: “The art of life is to show your hand. There is no diplomacy like candor.”

Then there are Bemerton and his woman clerk; Azure Verity, an actress; Alf Pinto, a concert hall singer; Mrs. Wynne the autocratic grandmother who has so “capricious a memory that while remembering clearly incidents of the dim past, she is often unaware that she is saying now what she said with equal solemnity five minutes earlier.’ The temptation to quote from every page is almost irresistible but there would be no place to stop. It is a story to be taken whole.

“Over Bemerton’s” is a book of charming humor, it has literary quality of a high order and expresses all the!

zest for life and taste for books which a literary enthusiast feels. One of the most entertaining bits is ““A Chinese Biographical Dictionary”” by Herbert from which Mr. Lucas quotes freely and always to illuminate some human quality. the man who loves life and his kind. the man with a sense of humor, the irresistibly The book-lover, man who feels an artist’s joy in a finished production will thank Mr. Lucas for “Over Bemerton’s.” It is the rare book that of necessity can only happen now and then. (“Over Bemerton’s.” By E. V. Lucas. The Macmillan Company.)

Source scan page 8. E. V. Lucas (1868–1938) was an English essayist, biographer, editor, and publisher. The reviewer praises the literary humor and social observation of Over Bemerton’s and places Lucas in an essayistic tradition extending from Lamb.

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Materials and Methods of Fiction

THE GRAPHIC · JANUARY 2, 1909 · VOL. —, NO. 05

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The origin and evolution of this verbose medium would seem to point to the fact that the novel was an invention for those wordy chroniclers who could not encompass their painful prolixity in the limits of the drama. That the novel is not the highest form of artistic expression is evident to all but the sciolists. Fundamentally, it encourages verbosity, analyses, mental ruminating, and makes unnecessary terseness, pithiness and brevity, three of the most difficult expressional weapons to handle. Next, its slovenly looseness begets a rambling style and execution that are antipodal to the condensation and force necessary to perfect art. Again, technical skill is a needless concomitant to the novelist, while being the basic element in the construction of the drama. The novel is an artificial and ephemeral form of expression, and even now there is a tendency to revert to the more exacting and artistic medium of the drama.

In “Materials and Methods of Fiction, although Clayton Hamilton emphatically tells us in chapter nine that ‘nearly all of the technical principles which have been outlined in the six preceding chapters apply not only to the novel and the short story, but likewise to the epic and to the drama,’ nevertheless, he has had the novel foremost in his mind all the time, and has drawn nearly all of his illustrations from the novel. Therefore, it appears to this reviewer, he fails in creating a permanent word of criticism by not taking the vital and fundamental form of fiction and constructing upon that his “materials and methods,” instead of analysing the novel and showing in what ways the drama differs from it. He treats exhaustively, though, the subject of literary expression, considering the phases of subjective material and the aims and nature of literature. (“Materials and Methods of Fiction.” By Clayton Hamilton, with an introduction by Brander Matthews. The Baker & Taylor Co.)

Source scan page 7. Clayton Hamilton (1881–1946) was an American critic, teacher, and writer on drama and fiction. The reviewer uses his book as an occasion to argue about the novel’s materials, structure, and relation to life.

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Cemeteries of Dead Reputations

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 25, 1909 · VOL. XXXII, NO. 4

UNSIGNED

One of the best novels of last year's Christmas output happened to be the work of a bookish author who had the courage to choose for the lodging of his London hero rooms over a bookseller's shop. It is unnecessary to add that the old bookseller himself was one of the most interesting characters in Mr. Lucas' story. There is something about life in the shade of tall folios and mouldering quartos that should, indeed, make for picturesqueness, observes a discriminating writer in the New York Evening Post. And it is an object lesson in philosophy, one's visit to an old book shop. Here are the decaying corpses that represent the thoughts and ideals of whole generations that intended to set the Thames on fire. Some of them succeeded; more of them failed.

The second-hand book store is the cemetery of dead reputations. And one thinks in metaphors as one turns from shelf to shelf. These books have come in waves like those of the great sea. Often they have come with a great roar, and men have stood in half-shivering expectation upon the shore, awaiting the result. Then the wave was broken. Has it, perhaps, made a mark upon the polished rocks? In any case, its place has been filled by another wave, coming on in the same pride of seeming power. The first wave and its work are forgotten in our watching of all those which follow.

Such imagery as this is, however, far from finding expression when one stands in most book shops. The thought of it all is there, but one keeps it somewhere in the back of his head. One prefers to handle the books; for the second-hand book shop is an excellent kind of library. The most beautiful of them all, we are tempted to think, is one which is scorned by most amateurs and collectors: one which, situated in Paris, the home of method, boasts no catalogue, no advertisements, no sympathetic disposition of its treasures. This is the free library of the Paris quais, on the left bank of the Seine. Below one, and opposite, are the figures of the patient anglers, "apparently as happy as if they had been sharers in a miraculous draught of fishes." The open air—the bustle of Paris all about one—the monuments of centuries of great history standing to right and to left: such is the setting of this library. At twilight, the lamplighter comes by and adds a new note to the decoration, and swift little bateaux-mouches dart by on the river, which stretches up and down in plain view. Is not that the finest library in the

world? Thousands of trifling students have found it so. An academician, leaving a session of the Institute, has been known to pause a moment, and even to find a dingy brochure likely to help him in his big work. Art students bring their sketches here and sell them for a few sous, when the pangs of hunger seize them. For this library is fully illustrated.

The old book stalls, whether those along the Seine or under the arcades of the Odeon, in Paris, or those of dingy streets in London and Oxford, make up an institution rarer with us. Our civilization is, perhaps, too new for it. Before you can have old book shops, you must have interests that reach far back. You must have had the dispersal of many thousands and tens of thousands of good libraries—not “great” libraries, for these are snapped up by the dealers. You must have many thousands of half-forgotten books, bound in crumbling calf and mouldering sheep: such books as leave on your sleeve and gloves a fine powdery dust, not comparable to anything else under the sun. Cloth bindings will not do, nor best sellers, no, not even a hundred years from now. The paper used in our best sellers will have passed out of being, and their type will be illegible, long before the writings themselves can have taken on, through antiquity, a sentimental and historic fascination. And so it will be a long time before America has many really interesting book shops. We shall still have to go to Oxford, to London, to Paris, for that kind of thrill.

Source scan page 9. This compact essay reflects on secondhand bookshops as repositories of lost fame. It belongs to the anthology as a meditation on literary reputation and the afterlife of books.

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Fairy Tales from the Old French

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 10, 1910 · VOL. XXXIV, No. 2

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Fairy tales, old and new, are sure of a place in the public's heart, that abiding place of the child. Sad, indeed, must be the heart that has lost all childishness! Appealing to this universal need, the Hodder & Stoughton Publishing Company of New York and London have issued a sumptuous edition of fairy tales from the old French, rewritten by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and illustrated in color by Edmund Dulac. The tales included are, "The Sleeping Beauty," "Blue Beard," "Cinderella" and "Beauty and the Beast." In an interesting preface Quiller-Couch explains that all these stories are to be found in the Cabinet de Fees, printed in Geneva in 1785 and 1789, and published in Paris by M. Cuchet in the

, year that the ancien regime rocked to its downfall with the Bastille. Doubtless, they mark the revulsion from turmoil and horror that throbbed in the air all through the latter part of that century. The four included in this new dress are by Charles Perrault, and Madam de Villeneuve, a name little known in literature but kept ever green by the tale of "Beauty and the Beast." Charles Perrault was a brother of Claude Perrault, the architect of the Louvre. He was a famous person in his day, and wrote poems and lengthy discussions which moulder in dust; but his packet of fairy tales, which he wrote down for recreation, after hearing the nurse recount them to his little boy, are still read and loved. If this were not a comment on a book for children one might be pleasantly and profitably diverted just here in several directions. First, that following these tales back, leads straight to the field of Greek mythology, and then the significant little fact that Mons. Perrault wrote his immortal tales for recreation! A whole sermon on modern methods could be preached right there. Quiller-Couch has edited the stories in the light of the criticism of the last and best audience, the children. The story must end happily and the moral must be so well hidden that it cannot be suspected by the most wideawake child. The illustrations are delicate and beautiful, garbed in the costumes of the eighteenth century, although written in the seventeenth, because the stories were then at their highest vogue and perhaps for the added reason that never were costumes so picturesque as in the reign of Louis XVI. The present beautiful quarto volume is bound in red morocco, tooled in gold. For lovers of fine bookmaking this work can scarcely be surpassed. ("The

Sleeping Beauty and Other Fairy Tales from the Old French.” Retold by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. Hodder & Stoughton.)

Source scan pages 17–18. This literary-historical notice considers Perrault, Madame de Villeneuve, oral tradition, and Arthur Quiller-Couch’s adaptation of French fairy tales.

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Joy of the Mosher Books

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 10, 1910 · VOL. XXXIV, No. 2

UNSIGNED

If the 1910 list of Mosher publications in its rose-tinted covers is in itself a work of art, which it certainly is, how much more is to be said of the delightful books themselves emanating from the Mosher presses at Portland, Me.? Daintier presentation books, combined with genuine literary merit of contents surely never came together. All the senses have their delight in contemplation of these exquisite little works of typographic art, whose format is a

veritable joy, and the longing to share with others these literary treasures is a natural desire inspired by the quality of the contents equally with their physical appearance. To such a catholicity of tastes—and the best tastes, too—do these Mosher books appeal. Here is Plato's *Apology of Socrates* translated from the Greek by Prof. Benjamin Jowett, that classic by a classicist; there is an exquisite reprint of poems by Daniel Henry Holmes called "Under a Fool's Cap"—wherein, as Mr. Mosher has well said in his foreword, the author's keen sense of humor stands revealed. He has taken these old tags of nursery rhymes and fashioned out of them lyrics as tender as ever were written. Lovers of Shelley will be delighted with his lyric poems so beautifully brought together; also with the poet's celebrated "Defense of Poetry;" another fascinating booklet is Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis" and "Scholar Gypsy" combined, Gordon Bottomley's dramatic "The Riding to Lithend" is a gem of typography, as it is a feast intellectually. "Passages From Herbert Spencer" will enchant the philosophically inclined. There are Browning's "Italy, My Italy," Rossetti's "Dante at Verona" and Swinburne's "Siena" in loving comradeship of form a gift in ten thousand and O, at so inexpensive an outlay. But these are only a hint of the many. Get the catalogue without delay and delight your genuine book-loving friends, whose tastes you can easily please from among so noble a collection.

Source scan page 17. Thomas Bird Mosher (1852–1923) was an American publisher known for finely designed literary editions. The essay connects literary taste with typography, paper, format, and the pleasures of bookmaking.

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Andersen's Fairy Tales Again

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 9, 1911 · VOL. XXXVI, No. 2

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Lives there a grown-up with soul so old and mind so practical that he does not occasionally like to dip into the realm of fairy fancy, renewing his youth and enlivening his imagination at the same time? We hope not. And certainly the child that does not love to hear and read, and hear and read again tales of hobgoblins and fairies, ogres and beautiful princes, is abnormal.

Last year George H. Doran Co. issued a number of fairy tales from the old French with colored illustrations by Edmund Dulac. This season, in good time for the holiday demand, the same publishers have reproduced from Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales for their offering to the children, and these are again copiously illustrated by the same artist. Dulac is to fairy stories what Doré was to Dante—his facile pencil and brush catching the ideas and interpreting the weird fancies of the fairy-tale teller with thrilling effect. This young Franco-British artist quickly won the recognition he deserved as an illustrator, combining as he does the essentials for pictorial creation, the imaginative and the decorative. It is only four years ago, after but two years in England, and at only twenty-six, that Dulac "arrived," when he exhibited water-color illustrations for the "Arabian Nights." Inspired by the adventurous character of his text, his fancy riots happily and appropriately; he waves his wand, spreads the magic carpet, and we see good children skilfully riding huge reindeer and snow queens perilously seated on ice thrones. He is equally happy in delineating the humorously grotesque as the tenderly romantic. The combination in this beautiful edition is irresistible. Eccentric, unequally gifted, Hans Andersen is the prince of fairy-tale tellers and Dulac, waving his magic brush, is the wonderful scene-shifter. Seven of Andersen's most fascinating tales have been selected and Dulac has further embellished them by nearly thirty richly colored illustrations.

Andersen was an erratic genius of versatility in writing, but though his books descriptive of different European countries are so beautifully worded that they are considered Danish classics, yet it is because of his stories for children that his fame will forever endure. It is told he was not even fond of children; however this may be, his strangely childlike mind best expressed itself in the weaving of these fantastic tales or in skilfully and beautifully investing with personality animals, birds,

flowers, trees. Nor does he forget to do a service to literature by helping to keep alive the interesting myths and traditions of northern Europe. Though he nowhere points his moral, it is usually there, and much else beside.

In “The Snow Queen,” though demons and hobgoblins are rampant, the elements are personified, customs and places so ingeniously suggested that the inquiring young mind is sent further afield after real knowledge. The same may be said of each tale—“The Nightingale” taking the reader into China, and not much burlesquing its strange court ways. “The Garden of Paradise” leads to a fairy heaven and descants on the functions of the four winds. “The Mermaid,” quite the sweetest story of all, and Dulac’s illustrations perhaps the most fascinating too; one feels the artist must have seen the wonderful submarine gardens of California’s coast. “The Emperor’s New Clothes” shows how easily a clever swindler can hoodwink a whole nation of grown-ups, till a little child declares the truth; “The Wind’s Tale,” a sadly pretty fantasy concerning the fate of an alchemist, Waldemar Daa, who wasted his life trying to make gold, and his three daughters; and “The Real Princess,” a funny little story about the sensitiveness of royal cuticle, which is solemnly announced as a true story.

As early as 1848 the tales were prophesied an immortality in the nursery, and that is far from being the least worthy immortality a man can win. Writing for children, Andersen is singularly felicitous, fanciful, tender and true to nature. The book is a quarto volume, bound in cloth and tooled in gold, a gift book that will have fine effect on each juvenile recipient, for what child could be insensible to the sacredness of books when they are such marvels of beauty as this de luxe edition? (“Stories from Hans Andersen,” with illustrations by Edmund Dulac. George H. Doran Co. Hodder & Stoughton.)

Source scan page 11. Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875) transformed the literary fairy tale, while Edmund Dulac (1882–1953) was a leading illustrator of gift books. The notice treats translation, illustration, and writing for children.

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The Joy of Gardens

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 9, 1911 · VOL. XXXVI, NO. 2

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“A garden is a lovesome spot, wot—and a very treasure house of faith, health and energy. How so well shake off the world and its sorrows as to delve in a garden plot and woo joy and beauty with a trowel? And what is so certain of reward as labor passed in this wise way? No devotion wasted upon the ungrateful, no soul-revealing to the uncomprehending! As gardens are a universal delight, so are books upon the subject a never-failing source of interest.”

Gardens may be as various as persons and, like the human family, develop character and style with age. “The Joy of Gardens,” by Lena May McCauley is much more than a description of formal enclosures! It is written in prose, but its essence is a poem. For the writer has gone hand in hand with nature; the joy of gardens includes the joy of buds, the joy of melting snows on sunny slopes, that free the crocus, and start the streams singing. It includes, too, the sweeping winds, the wooing rains, the uplift of labor and does not exclude the snail’s silver trail or the cricket’s chirp. It is a story to invite one’s soul with, even if one does not possess the soil of the garden bed. Too little heed is paid to Thoreau’s conclusion that “a broad margin of leisure is as beautiful in a man’s life as in a book.” The modern city life has no margins, they are all “ealled!” But a man with a garden, large or small, is a man with a vision. To quote the book, “We may knock at the door of heaven, giving praise in pleasure as well as in work.” The charm of the work is in bits like this one: “This wee morning-glory was bound to succeed, for it had been practicing throwing its lasso tendril by the light of the moon. as the perfect spiral bending toward the iris told too plainly. It seemed a sin to uproot it; but what about the waiting iris bloom, what of the artist iris lover to whom the offense of mixed plants was a greater sin than the ending of the life of the morning glory vine? With a look to right and to left to see that no one was watching, the tender-hearted weeder lifted the earth about the morning glory roots with a wide scoop of the trowel, and, all unconscious that it was being taken to other worlds, it was replanted beside the kitchen porch in another warm, sunny spot, and a string made ready for its climbing.”

A pretty sympathy with everything —hbeast, bird or flower—that has life, and an artistic intuition of the limitations of less broad-minded

humans, lift Miss McCauley's work into the broadest sphere of appeal. It is a human document—"gardens" is the bit of definiteness upon which her mind rests, poised for flight. The volume is profusely illustrated with forty-eight views of lovely gardens from all over the country, including Los Angeles. many of the cuts in color, For the aid of the practical, would-be gardener there is an appendix full of useful hints as to what to plant and when; also garden plans. With all its beauty, the book is also replete with suggestions from the tried gardener and will be full of satisfaction to those who love to read of gardens, as to those who love to plant them. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." Beautifully printed on good paper, "The Joy of Gardens" makes a strong bid for favor. ("The Joy of Gardens." By Lena May McCauley. Rand, McNally & Co.)

Source scan pages 11–12. Lena May McCauley was an American journalist and author. The notice treats her prose style and the garden book as a form of poetic literature rather than as a purely practical manual.

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Chesterton's A Miscellany of Men and the Return of the Essay

THE GRAPHIC · MAY 10, 1913 · VOL. XXXVIII, No. 24

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"The man who thinks backwards is indeed, a very powerful person today: if he is not omnipotent, he is at least omnipresent." To excuse himself from the imputation of such a sin Mr. Chesterton goes on to say, "The man who thinks backwards is very frequently a woman." But we cannot let him off so easily. If he does not exactly think backwards he with his paradoxes and his cap and bells sounds mightily like it, and tempts us often to put him aside as merely foolish. Like all writers who are too prolific in a style full of mannerisms, especially like the too voluminous humorist, he runs the risk of Wearing out many of his readers. The professional writing of paradoxes easily becomes the empty clashing of word on word; the topsy-turvy manner spills out all meaning, and the hungry reader is not filled. "Of all great nations of Christendom the Scotch are by far the most romantic." Thus does G. K. C. cast the fly, and he lands his fish only by speciously showing that by "romantie" he does not mean romantic, that by Scotch he means Irish.

But the best essays in this new collection of journalistic papers are not the frivolous-humorous, but the serious. Chesterton with all his fun is a serious thinker, as profound, at least, as the newspaper-reading public will attend to. He has a credo that is so important to him that he recently felt compelled to preserve its dignity by resigning from the staff of the London Daily News to which he had long been a regular contributor. In an article on himself in T. P.'s weekly he declares himself a Liberal "though the Liberal party has seceded from Liberalism." When he went on the Daily News he felt that the Liberal party "was being split by the absence of a controversy" and proceeded to repair the defect by involving himself in a "large number of extremely agreeable rows." Against Dr. Clifford, the anti-Catholic, he tried to be "just to the Catholic theory or Christianity," and came to be called a convert to Catholicism. Against Robert Blachford, the secular Socialist, he tried to show that Socialism could be orthodox as well as secular. Thus by controversy, echoes of which run through his essays, he attempted to clear the air and solidify real sympathies."

This is sufficient to show that Chesterton is really an earnest man and that with all his nonsense he is serious. As in the volume “What’s Wrong with the World” he said excellent things about education and suffragism. things that give one furiously to think, so in this ‘Miscellany’ he strikes us occasionally with a pointed truth. “The Separatist” in this volume suggests an illuminating distinction between the Oriental and the European philosophic attitudes toward life. “Conscript and Crisis” is a fine picture of the most significant period of war: the conscription of troops, in a little French town. This is quite perfect and is not marred by empty fooling. These papers and three or four more are Well worth reading for their suggestion to trains of thought, They stand away above Mr Chesterton’s tale of disappointment at finding no Stilton in Stilton. or his pondering the mystery that the Irish have no Trish stew. (“A Miscellany of Men.” Bry G. K. Chesterton. Doda, Mead & Co.)

Source scan page 9. G. K. Chesterton (1874–1936) was an English essayist, critic, novelist, and poet. This review weighs his paradoxical manner, serious thought, journalism, and the continuing vitality of the essay form.

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Criticism in Its Highest Form

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 12, 1914 · VOL. XLV, No. 2

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CRITICISM IN ITS HIGHEST FORM.

There are three kinds of criticism —destructive, constructive and creative. The first may be either praise or blame, its characteristic being that it reflects simply the unsupported likes and dislikes of the writer. The second, likewise, may be favorable or adverse, but is the resultant of an analytical mind sympathetically considering a subject with a view to the elevation of the art discussed, by showing wherein lies the strength or weakness of the individual example. Creative criticism has little to do with either, It is a transcription of the emotions of an understanding Spectator, perhaps, so far as surface evidence is concerned, having little actual relation to the thing which was its inspiration. Thus the newspaper review of a play is almost invariably destructive criticism, most of all when it inanely praises the unworthy offering; Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism" and Huneker's "Iconoclasts" are constructive criticism; Keats' sonnet to the Elgin marbles is creative criticism. And in this class, all too rare in modern prose, comes "The Enchantment of Art" by Duncan Phillips. This is a volume of essays which have appeared here and there in various of the high class magazines, assembled in a book that makes reading a delight, so well has the publisher realized that such fare must be presented with the finest of the printer's napery.

Discussing "The Impressionistic Point of View," Mr. Phillips states his attitude in the opening essay: "A creation only becomes a work of art when it represents a genuine emotion on the part of its creator and is so conceived and so expressed as to communicate that genuine emotion to others." Thus, to Mr. Phillips, art that cannot be broadly classed as impressionistic is not art. The artist who sees a tree and reproduces it with perfect fidelity, line by line, on his canvas, has not created a work of art unless the tree has conveyed to him an impression—inspiration, as in the giant redwoods, eternal waiting, as in the Monterey cypresses—which he has made visible in his picture. Now, it is clear that a man who thus establishes the point of contact between life and art, cannot go about among creations of genius, without becoming imbued with impressions worth recording, and such a record is bound to be creative criticism. With the cubists and all their kinds he has little patience, "One such picture," he avers, "would have relegated its creator to a very

private sanatorium. But a hundred and more! Evidently an important movement!” Velasquez is almost his ideal of all that a painter should be —no slavish adherent to mere beauty of line or color, but par excellence the man who portrayed the beauty of truth.

One may only suggest the series of banquets this book contains. It is not confined to painting and sculpture, but Mr. Phillips passes his time between pictures in the company of the elect. Symons and Yeats, Bridges and Stevenson, Galsworthy and Walter Pater—his appreciation of these is no less keen than of Giorgione and Watteau. Truly, this book is a journey among the masters of all arts. Mr. Phillips has not always the elegance of phrase that should be the birthright of him who wrought in finest gold of line and color and word; yet his work has an elasticity surprising in an American writer of today, for with the majority it is the clatter of naked ideas and the din of violent attempts at originality. Our literature is raw and bleeding, turned out in vast quantities, paid for at inordinately high prices, and, naturally and inevitably, true to the spirit of speed which dominates the day. Here we have a book from a bypath, by a man who has taken time to consider a few things carefully. It is entirely personal, not egotistically nor self consciously so, but with the human touch that alone makes criticism readable. In short, of this book one may say what its author says of Pater, “He always selected for analysis such artists as could give him hints of delicate emotions and subtle conceptions quickened, through sympathetic suggestion, within his own brain.” “The

Enchantment of Art” is, for the reader of culture, one of the truly fine:

books of the year. (“The Enchantment of Art.” By Duncan Phillips. John Lane Company.)

Source scan page 25. Duncan Phillips (1886–1966) was an American art critic, collector, and museum founder. The essay distinguishes destructive, constructive, and creative criticism before reviewing The Enchantment of Art.

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The Year's Ten Best Books

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 12, 1914 · VOL. XLV, No. 2

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Fiction—"The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman." (H. G. Wells.)

Public Affairs—"Drift and Mastery." (Walter Lippmann.)

Foreign Affairs—"Insurgent Mexico." (John Reed.)

Travel—"Japan Today and Tomorrow." (H. W. Mabie.)

Poetry—"Earth Triumphant." (Conrad Aiken.)

Gift Books—"East of the Sun and West of the Moon." (Doran Edition.)

Criticism—"The Enchantment of Art." (Duncan Phillips.)

Drama—Hauptmann's Works. (Huebsch Edition.) Ethics
—"Bahaim; The New Social Religion." (Horace Holley.)

Mythology—"The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed." (Cenydd Morris.)

Seldom has a Christmas season brought to the book buyer so alluring an array of literature as that which the publishers offer this year. There is scarcely one of the favorite authors not represented by a book at least the equal of former efforts. The events of the last year, even before the breaking out of the European war, have been such as to stimulate the imagination of the poet and the romancer, and to bring to bear upon social, religious and political problems the keenest intelligence of the English and American writers. To Walter Lippmann, a young American, must be awarded the literary honors of the year for his intensely interesting analytical view of conditions in this country, "Drift and Mastery," which already has been recognized by leading educators, and named as compulsory reading in advanced university courses. More popular because of its wider appeal, will be H. G. Wells' novel, "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," which was reviewed at length in last week's issue of *The Graphic*. A book the title of which will appeal only to a limited circle, is Duncan Phillips' "The Enchantment of Art," a record of the impressions made upon a mind as sensitive as a photographer's plate by the contemplation of works of art and classic writing. For persons who desire to make presents of beautifully illustrated and printed books, there is, among the Doran company's customary output of this sort, an especially splendid volume, "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," a

series of northern myths with colored plates exquisitely done from highly original conceptions. John Reed's "Insurgent Mexico" is partially known from its magazine publication; it gives a keen view of the problems besetting the southern neighbor. Hamilton Wright Mabie in "Japan Today and Tomorrow," apparently, has come closer to the Japanese in a sympathetic way, than any other visitor to that empire. there are many volumes of poetry, an interesting phenomenon of this season, Conrad Aiken's "Earth Triumphant" being given first place not only /ecause of its excellence, but because tf voices the spirit of the new world Mm sonorous tones, Hauptmann's dramatic works easily tower above those of any other dramatist of today, and the Huebsch edition, now nearing Completion in uniform volumes, will interest the steadily increasing circle

of play students. Horace Holley's work on "Bahaism" is a new view of the possible religious evolution of the coming years. Last, but not least, of the works we have arbitrarily selected as deserving of first mention, is "The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed," a collection of Welsh mythological lore, in which the poetical instincts of the author, Cenydd Morris, are shown. not only in his excellent prose, but in interpolated lyrics throughout the book. lor want of classification one of the most entrancing of all publications of the season has not been included in the categorical list, the completed twenty-volume set of The Bibelot, that mine of exquisite gems of classic prose and poetry. So much for generalizations. For details we can only refer to the reviews which follow, in the compilation of which

The Graphic has sought to be fair at all times, not only to the authors and their publishers, but to those of its readers who look to it for literary guidance.

Source scan page 11. This editorial selection supplies a compact map of The Graphic's 1914 critical canon across fiction, criticism, poetry, drama, travel, and public affairs.

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Aesop's Fables in a New Edition

THE GRAPHIC · DECEMBER 9, 1916 · VOL. XLIX, NO. 24

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This is the best edition of one of the world's best books. How many of us know that "an Aesop" in Greek meant a humped back, and it was for this reason that the famous old slave with a humped back was called Aesop. The name, indeed, has now come to stand for a fabalist, and the back is forgotten. Lokman and Nassen were called the Aesops of Arabia—meet them in the Arabian Nights; John Gay's two claims to fame are his authorship of the first "London Musical Show," and as the English Aesop: La Fontaine was the Aesop of France, Lessing of Germany, and Bidpay of the third century the Aesop of India. Now we have a true American Aesop, Frederick Burr Opper, the creator of Happy Hooligan and other classics! This edition, published by Lippincott, makes him indeed worthy of the name! Incidentally, Caxton translated and printed the first edition in English, just four hundred and thirty-two years ago.

If a magic wand could make old Aesop's friends—the Ape, the Fox, the Crow, The final note of distinction in one's home is a well chosen library. Mr. Millard's long experience as head of the Rare and Fine Books Department of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, and his present direct relations with the chief sources of book supply in London, equip him with unrivaled facilities for the building up of dignified private libraries on the Pacific Coast.

the Crane, the Eagle, the amb, the Rayen, the Cock, the Wolf, the Cat, the Frog, the Mouse and others of the glorious company come to life to examine the Twentieth Century editions of the fables of which they are the heroes, they would doff their hats to Mr. Opper and say: "You have the humor, the fun and the spirit of us all—thank you!" All the fables that you and your young friends want are here and with them, the fascinating illustrations by the great cartoonist.

Source scan page 12. This notice combines a literary history of Aesop and the fable tradition with an assessment of Frederick Burr Opper's American illustrated edition.

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The Creative Will

by **J. M. D.**

THE GRAPHIC · MARCH 10, 1917 · VOL. L, NO. 11

This study in the philosophy of aesthetics beginning, as it does, with a dictum flatly at variance with any of the canons of Japanese art, which it discounts later, does not promise well from the outset. With its later conclusions the practical man is likely to disagree; and the presentation thus offers an excellent opportunity of trimming up our syntax of art. The author finds the symbol of aesthetic truth, like the-symbol of all knowledge in the human body. The deeper facts of art and the deeper facts of life, he goes on to declare, are synonymous; and “all can be tested by the forms and mechanism of the human body.” This is a direct challenge of Christian art ideals, with their contempt for this “body of our humiliation” (mistranslated “vile body” in the authorized version) and their glorification of the soul which shines through the veil of the human face. Buddhism, though, which is behind the canons of Japanese art, has this same contempt for the sensuous in the human frame. The forms and mechanism of the human body are thus to be treated as merely material for artistic drapery.

By section 7 Mr. Wright comes to a division of art into masculine and feminine, a sex distinction which is obtrusive and unreal; for the highest form of art ignores this mundane cleavage. No wonder the book is full of astonishing paralogisms and apparent inconsistencies. While admitting that poetry is the highest of arts, and that the British are too utilitarian to be artistic, he yet declares that in poetry they are easily first. He seems to slip out of this concession, however, in his list of great artists when, in treating of the “All-in- All of Art,” he mentions twelve names as characteristic of the enduring quality in great art—Beethoven, Brahms, Bach, Mozart, Michelangelo. Rubens, El Greco, Giorgione, Titian, Balzac, Flaubert and Goethe. His discussion of national types of art is anything but final. Surely the Belgians, descendants of the old Belgae-Walloons, are Celts and not Teutons, and do not “stem from the same Germanic stock” as the Dutch. Mr. Wright has indeed attempted the impossible; to give any hint of what art really is, and yet ignore the moral. “sacall, You are Welcome.

Source scan page 11. Willard Huntington Wright (1888–1939) was an American critic who later became known for detective fiction written as S. S. Van Dine. The review challenges his philosophy of aesthetics and his treatment of national and artistic traditions.

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Suspended Judgments and Rodmoor

by **R. B. S.**

THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 7, 1917 · VOL. —, NO. 15

If you have ever re-read an old favorite of your youth in later years have you not at times noted a marked change in viewpoint? Mayhap what seemed fascinating then grew tame and uninteresting in the light of broader knowledge and experience. Or what was then too dull to be finished was read with keen delight. In a lesser degree is this sensation of reconsideration in John Cowper Powys latest literary collection called "Suspended Judgments," which comes as a sequel to his former book of dissertations on favorite authors and their works in "Visions and Revisions."

To many, especially of western readers, the name of Powys is unfamiliar. But to those fortunate book lovers who have become acquainted with any of his unique viewpoints, his peculiarly individualistic style of diction, his poetic quality, his prodigality in the use of signifeant and well-chosen words and his almost elemental defiance of the accepted usages in literary criticism as well as an avowed disposition for radicalism exhibited between the lines he is of the

John Cowper Powys at Trinity deepest interest. He is a Romany by nature, a child of the country lanes and mottled woodlands of a drowsy summer afternoon or of a sunny bank by a gurgling brook in early springtime.

In his present volume he has defined the art of discrimination as the art of etting oneself go along the lines of one's unique predilections;" with the resute push of the inquisitive intellect, whose role it is to register—with just all the preciseness it may—every one of the discoveries we make on the long toad." Which makes criticism rather a matter of sensations than of juridical decisions of finality. Therefore, be-Cause of this fluidity in intellectual and emotional growth, his judgments are "Suspended Judgments," subject to frequent change.

About Montaigne, the great humanist, and his impersonal personalities he creates such interest and warmth one is Moved to go straightway to buy and read, he analyzes the tragedy of Pascal's "etense of Christianity, comparing his thought Processes with those of New-Man, that colossal and indefatigable churchman and defender of the faith, with Schopenhauer, Nietzsche; he finds i Oltaire, the man much more interesting than Voltaire's work—with a few ex- 'eptions; he

moralizes over Rousseau, pie of the most passionately anarchiwei minds in the history of the race” and Philosopher who hated humanity.” Bal-
“ac, characterized as the “greatest novght that ever lived,” who touched the Masmativ margin of our normal lie,”

Oe RA Oe oe ee eld bd ein occasions a most interesting commientary on the similarity of style employed by our own Theodore Dreiser. “Mr. Dreiser,” he says, “it must be admitted, goes even beyond Balzac in his contempt for rules; but just as none of the literary goldsmiths of France convey to us the flavor of Paris as Balzac does, so none of the clever writers of America convey to us the flavor of America as Mr. Dreiser does.”

Victor Hugo, Guy de Maupassant, Anatole France, Paul Verlaine, for whom he expresses a marked preference among the poets, Remy de Gourmont, William Blake, Byron, Emily Bronte, Joseph Conrad, Henry James and Oscar Wilde represent a varied and rich field for commentary, all of whom are clothed vz a new and peculiarly individualistic as well as human interest. (“Suspended Judgments.” Essays on Books and Sensations, by John Cowper Powys. A. B. Shaw, publisher. Bullock’s.)

Source scan page 11. John Cowper Powys (1872–1963) was a British novelist, essayist, and itinerant lecturer. The paired notices assess his judgments of major European and American writers and then test those principles against his own novel Rodmoor.

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COLOPHON

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