



"QUIET CORNER," CLYDE FITCH'S HOME IN GREENWICH TOWNSHIP, CONNECTICUT

and of no earthly use and that he hated the sight of these women who went out of their way to be crusading temperance fanatics. After this outburst he left the room. Miss Willard never alluded to his fiery criticism, but chatted on as if nothing unpleasant had happened. In half an hour he returned; and with a smiling face made an apology and asked to be forgiven for his too severe remarks. Miss Willard met him more than half way, and they became good friends. And when with the women of the circle again she said: "Now, wasn't that just grand in that dear old man? I like him the more for his outspoken honesty and his unwillingness to pain me."

...

Another memory of Kate Sanborn is that of the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Julia Ward Howe was undeniably witty, although there was a sting to her wit. A conceited, dilapidated bachelor once said to her: "It is time now for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much; I want youth, health, wealth, of course;

beauty, grace——" "Yes," she interrupted sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all." Of a conceited young man airing his disbelief at length in a magazine article, she said: "Charles evidently thinks he has invented atheism." When Charles Sumner, refusing to meet some friends of hers at dinner, explained languidly: "Really, Julia, I have lost all my interest in individuals." She retorted; "Why, Charles, God hasn't got as far as that yet." Once walking the streets of Boston with a friend, she looked up and read on a public building, "Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary." She said: "I did not know there were any charitable eyes and ears in Boston."

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We know that a great many of our readers were much interested in Mr.

The Stevenson Trail Clayton Hamilton's series "On the Trail of Stevenson" when the papers appeared in

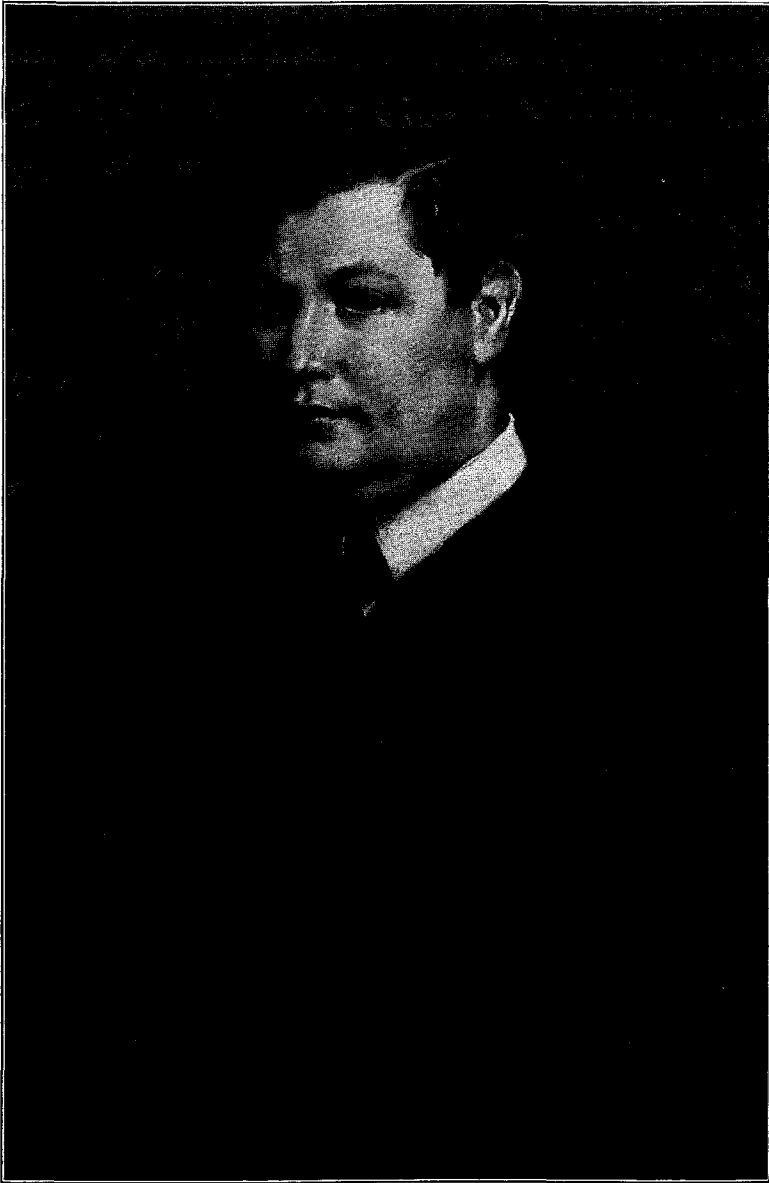
THE BOOKMAN last year. We think many of them will be interested in the series as it is presented in book form.



WALTER HALE. FROM THE DRAWING BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

For now Mr. Hamilton's text is illumined by twenty-five illustrations by Mr. Walter Hale, illustrations which show that excellent artist at his best. Faithfully as the Stevenson trail has been followed by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Hale has not been behind his collabo-

rator. Years ago he tramped and bicycled through the Scott, Barrie, and Stevenson country in Scotland. The haunts of R.L.S. in the Forest of Fontainebleau have long been familiar to him. In the course of many motor trips at home and abroad he has touched, in



CLAYTON HAMILTON. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ALBERT STERNER

Italy, in Switzerland, in the southern part of France, in the Adirondack country, and on the New Jersey coast, the scenes associated with Stevenson's life and work. We regard this book as one of the most attractive of the illustrated

books of the season, as it will probably be one of the most permanent. In extending this endorsement we mention, incidentally, that it is not a publication of the house that publishes *THE BOOK-MAN*.

STEVENSON ON THE STAGE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE recent great success of *Treasure Island* at the Punch and Judy Theatre has made many people wonder why so few of the buoyant and bracing tales of R.L.S. have been transferred to the service of the stage, and has attracted the immediate attention of literary students to the entire subject of Stevenson's relations with the theatre.

Stevenson was a man of many moods, and his attitude toward the question of composition for the theatre was subject to frequent oscillations; but the poles of his opinion may be pointed out by comparing two passages in his letters. At one time, he wrote to his father, "The theatre is a gold mine; and on that I must keep my eye!" Years later, he wrote from Vailima to Sir Sidney Colvin, "No, I will not write a play for Irving, nor for the devil. Can you not see that the work of *falsification* which a play demands is of all tasks the most ungrateful? And I have done it a long while—and nothing ever came of it." The first passage was penned in the high tide of his ambition as a playwright, and the second passage was written after this ambition had been quenched by disappointment.

Stevenson wrote four plays in collaboration with William Ernest Henley, and a fifth play in collaboration with Mrs. Stevenson. The last of these, *The Hanging Judge*, which was written at Bournemouth early in 1887, has never been acted, and was never printed, even privately, during the lifetime of R.L.S. After her husband's death, Mrs. Stevenson printed a few copies and presented them to his intimate friends. I have seen a copy of this issue in the library of Mr. William Archer; but, in a very hasty reading, I failed to discover any noticeable merit in the play. In 1914, Mr. Edmund Gosse printed privately an

edition of *The Hanging Judge* that was limited to thirty copies; but, so far as the general reader is concerned, the piece remains unpublished.

But the four plays which Stevenson produced in partnership with Henley are published in the works of R.L.S.; and all four of them, at one time or another, have been acted on the stage. *Deacon Brodie* was first produced at Pullan's Theatre of Varieties, Bradford, on December 28, 1882. In March, 1883, a performance of the play took place at Her Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen; and on the afternoon of July 2, 1884, it was introduced to the London public at the Prince's Theatre. *Admiral Guinea* was produced at an afternoon performance at the Avenue Theatre, in London, on November 29, 1897; and *Beau Austin* was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, in London, on November 3, 1890, with Mr. Beerbohm Tree [now Sir Herbert Tree] in the title part. I can find no record, in my notes, of the first performance of *Macaire*; but this piece, also, has been produced in public. Stevenson, however, never witnessed a performance of any of his plays, and was never even privileged to see a scene of his enacted in rehearsal.

The only one of these four plays which exhibited any indication of vitality in the theatre was the first, and perhaps the poorest, of them all,—*Deacon Brodie*. In 1887 this piece was presented in several cities in America,—the tour opening at Montreal on September 26; but its comparative success must be ascribed less to its own merits as a melodrama than to the very interesting acting of Edward John Henley, the brother of Stevenson's collaborator.

Deacon Brodie, which was elaborated from an early draft made by Stevenson himself, was completed by Stevenson