

that she should carry with her not only the attributes suited to her new rôle, but likewise much of the business of earlier musical successes. Barrie has been Broadwayized, ostensibly for Miss Miller's benefit, but effectually for her great harm.

I recall seeing a billboard in front of a Boston church setting forth this pointed notion—that if you must mix religion and business it makes a great deal of difference which you pour into the other. The same is true of Barrie and Broadway. Many of the finer musical plays of the last few seasons have benefited enormously by the introduction of the sprightly, the fantastic, and the delicate, both in music and plot. But to pour Broadway jazz into the first act of *Peter Pan*, in order to give Miss Miller a chance to dance, is like pouring gin into sparkling Burgundy. You have to remain a child of the sun-shot vineyard to taste the full joy of *Peter Pan*, and the dash of sophisticated hard liquor simply transplants you for the evening to another and harsher country from which there is no return.

The whole scale of the production, following the initial blunder, is too elaborate and too mechanical. The elfin quality is lost. This is doubly unfortunate for Miss Miller, since her own conception of *Peter* is in the main refreshing and joyous. If the management did not force her to emerge from the character so often, she could, I believe, quite easily sustain that childish and utter sincerity which made Maude Adams and *Peter Pan* almost synonymous. Probably she would never attain the rare diction and subtle wit of Miss Adams, for she is by no means as well trained an actress. But she could become a most acceptable successor. That she has not succeeded is distinctly the fault of Broadway management.

### For Your List of Plays

- Conscience*—A rather poor play of an I. W. W. agitator who kills his wife and sees ghosts, redeemed in part by the remarkable acting of Lilian Foster, a newcomer.
- Minick*—An excellent comedy showing remarkable insight into the problem of two generations under one roof.
- The Haunted House*—In which Owen Davis satirizes mystery plays and gives you a new mystery to solve. An amusing farce.
- The Farmer's Wife*—Perhaps the best comedy of the season with a splendid cast headed by the Coburns.
- The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*—With Ethel Barrymore—an interesting revival.
- White Cargo*—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.
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- Grounds for Divorce*—A sophisticated skit on the divorce mania.
- Expressing Willie*—A polite and somewhat artificial satire on psychoanalysis and faddists in general.
- The Fake*—In which a murder for the sake of eugenics and general convenience is made to appear quite the thing to do. A play that should never have been produced.
- The Werewolf*—Deserving sudden oblivion.
- The Best People*—An amusing play using trite material.
- The Show-Off*—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
- What Price Glory*—A very fine, though not a great play, which tries to be pacifist but only succeeds in extolling true glory.
- Lazybones*—The best rural comedy of many years. Very well acted.
- S. S. Glencairn*—Four examples of Eugene O'Neill's earlier pessimism.
- The Guardsman*—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes. Reviewed next week.
- Musical Plays and Revues*—Whenever space permits, we shall list the best of this endless collection. *Madame Pompadour*, *Rose Marie*, *The Dream Girl* and *Annie Dear* seem to be the decided hits.

### BOOKS

(Continued from page 162)

tion" of pages is another such phrase showing a monastic origin. That is why among printers the composing room is still called "the chapel" and these and other terms are in daily use on lips that now speak little of the mediaeval Latin. T. W.

*Mysticism in Robert Browning*, by Rufus M. Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$.50.

WHEN the French literary critics began talking about "les mystiques" without the slightest reference or respect to the sense of *mysticism* in its true and ancient use, there were numerous, unavailing protests which have not prevented English writers from seizing hold and perpetuating this abuse of speech. Mr. Rufus M. Jones has, indeed, an added difficulty in proving to us the validity of Robert Browning's claim to the title of mystic. Mr. Jones admits that Browning was not a mystic in the same sense as Tennyson, who appears to be somewhat of the same school as the twirling dervishes when he confesses to "repeating my own name to myself silently till all at once, as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this, not a confused state, but the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words—where death was an almost laughable impossibility—the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life." (Oh, bosh!—this expression is quite our own.)

Browning, according to Dr. Jones, is not at all according to this gospel of supernal dizziness or gyration: his only claim (and it seems a poor enough one) to be called a mystic is that he realized his knowledge—in other words, was a real poet of his own kind, and used apprehension rather than external communicated facts. The most satisfactory page of Dr. Jones's study is where he shows us that, at least, Browning had a conception of true mysticism which is lacking in many of his commentators. In *A Death in the Desert*, with its Protestant sense of the soul's aspiration rather than the descent of the Holy Spirit in a special grace, and in the dangerous doctrines of old Molinos risking the precipices of consciousness in a plunge at the divine, we have Browning's statement of his mystical beliefs. The quotations in Dr. Jones's essay go far to reaffirm that Browning's soul was typically Protestant in its best personal sense and British with its limitations.

*Pascal D'Angelo, Son of Italy*. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

THIS is the autobiography of Pascal D'Angelo, one of the pick and shovel gang that passes us on the country roads and digs in our city subways and excavations. The sufferings and disillusionings of a superior soul under the soiled shirt of the foreign laborer: the hunger and deprivations of the poor immigrant striving for a place on the lowest rung of the American ladder of success, and finding it after a long trial. Pascal D'Angelo has at last won a place in editorial sympathies and there is much in this book to warrant hopes for him in permanent literary circles. The verse *Omnis Sum* is interesting:—

On the Calvary of thought I knelt, in torment of silence.  
The stars were like sparks struck from the busy forge of  
vengeful night.

The sky was like a woman in fury  
Dishevelling her tresses of darkness over me.  
It seemed as if the whole universe were accusing me  
Of the anguish of Deity.

## THE QUIET CORNER

*I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library—C. Lamb.*

"One million to one, it used to be, but now it's even money—humph!" muttered Doctor Angelicus, from the depths of his easy, far too easy chair, his snort disturbing the somnolence of the Quiet Corner most ungently. Tittivillus, the impish page boy, always furtively at war, in underhand ways, with Angelicus, was automatically startled into uttering his shrill, "Yah!" even without knowing what the Doctor was driving at. Hereticus prepared to do battle. Statisticus it was, however, that man of figures, who took up the gage.

"What uneasy dream, born, mayhap, of a misplaced bet on the ponies at Tia Juana, or New Orleans," he inquired, "is responsible for this outburst? One million to one has become even money, has it? How, on what, and where?"

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Doctor Angelicus thrust a pudgy forefinger into the midriff of a rustling newspaper. "Listen to this," quoth he. "The scientists are at their old tricks again, and the newspapers, as usual, are cheering them on. Professor Highy Tighty, or some such name, astronomer extraordinary to the University of Topsyturnydom, tells the world that the average life of a star instead of being some millions of years, as was supposed generally, is probably some millions of millions of years. It having been assumed (Oh, God, Oh, Montreal, these gay assumptions!) that our earth had been formed out of a fragment of the sun, torn asunder by the close passage of a great star; mathematicians had calculated that the chances against another such celestial smash-up were 1,000,000 to one. But now that the age of stars has been increased millions of times, the odds against collisions become so reduced that they are now even. Let's get a bet on this, gentlemen, before a bump occurs. Who votes for a collision? Who against?"

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"What I want to know," said Hereticus, acidly, "is who is to hold the money?" "What I want to know," said Primus Criticus, "is who needs the use of the money, pending settlement on Judgment Day, more than me?" "What I want to know," said the Business Manager, "is how long must the man who bets against collision wait to get his money, if no collision happens?" "But what I would like to know," said the Editor, "is how the popular newspapers could ever fill their enormous space, and sell their editions without the speculations of modern science?" "The divorce courts, the doings of society, get-rich-quick schemes, and crime waves would help even if modern science shut up shop," replied Angelicus. "So let us hope it will remain open. It's at least funnier than the other things."

✻ ✻ ✻

Doctor Angelicus seemed to be threatening to proceed, but paused in the midst of his argument to brush off a fly from his nose. Interrupted in his train of thought, the Doctor fell into reverie and hummed softly to himself—

'Tis the last fly of summer  
Left buzzing alone.  
All her lovely companions  
Skedaddled and gone.  
Not a bit of fly-paper  
Not a netting is nigh  
To protect our poor blushes,  
Our nose or our eye.

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