

preceding. Hitherto the Irish Literary Theater had engaged such professional actors as they could get together. For 1901 Mr. F. R. Benson [the English actor], who has a well-deserved popularity in Dublin, undertook to mount and produce 'Diarmuid and Grania,' the tragedy written by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore—surely the strangest pair of collaborators! Dr. Hyde's one-act piece, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' was left to himself and such members of the Gaelic League as were disposed to take a hand. This relieved the Irish Literary Theater of any financial responsibility, a service the greater because, in the previous year, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Martyn had felt impelled to express in print views respecting Queen Victoria's coming to Ireland which, perhaps, other Nationalists had courteously concealed; and these views were not such as to assure to their productions any support from Unionists. Moreover, 'Diarmuid and Grania' could not be mounted without a good deal of costly stage machinery, so that, taking all in all, Mr. Benson took a considerable risk, and conferred a service on the people in Ireland who care for literature which one may hope will not be forgotten. I do not think 'Diarmuid and Grania' an admirable production. I do not think it was irreproachably acted. But I do think that to have had it acted at all promoted that keen quickening of intellectual interest which is the soul of education. Archbishop Walsh, at all events, speaking for his church, adopted this point of view when he commended the work of the Irish Literary Theater as an attempt to counteract the demoralizing and vulgarizing effect of the theatrical performances which England exports to Dublin."

The performances, declares Miss Alice Milligan, writing to *The Gael* (New York), were "magnificently staged" in the Gaiety Theater, Dublin, and were attended by large and enthusiastic audiences, which included many notable people. The same writer continues:

"The literary theater week in Dublin brought into prominence the literary and artistic element in the life of the Irish capital and gave an impetus to the language movement. The Irish musical movement alone was neglected, for, tho the play of 'Diarmuid and Grania' called for characteristic ancient music, the orchestral passages and chants introduced were utterly out of keeping, tho very high class. With our treasure of ancient song and a Feis Ceoil committee available for consultation, the authors or their interpreters might well have crowned their triumph by introducing music in the appropriate Gaelic style. The 'gods' in the top gallery came gallantly to the rescue and drowned light operatic selections between the acts by choruses such as 'Paistin Fionn,' 'Fainne Gael an Lae,' and 'A Nation Once Again.'"

The critic of the London *Weekly Register* does not form a very high estimate of the dramatic qualities of the plays presented, tho he considers the shorter piece by Dr. Hyde "healthy and real" and "redolent of the Irish character." The more ambitious play he declares was an indifferent success:

"Mr. Moore—I seem to recognize his hand in this rather than that of his collaborator, Mr. Yeats—has treated the legend in a Wagnerian spirit, with the old *motif* of a dishonorable and ruinous but irresistible love-infatuation. It is the story of 'Antony and Cleopatra,' of 'Tristan und Isolde,' of 'Paolo and Francesca'; but in positive qualities it falls very short of Mr. Stephen Phillips's play, to say nothing of the others. The splendid line in 'Paolo and Francesca'—'His kiss was on her lips ere she was born'—is more than once almost verbally recalled, but the atmosphere of fatal, overwhelming passion so wonderfully suggested in the former piece, the intense poetry of it, are wholly wanting. One everywhere sees plainly what the authors meant, but they rarely succeed in realizing the effects they intended. There is grace, nay, at times majesty of language, and occasional flashes of weird poetry which I should attribute to Mr. Yeats. But Mr. Yeats's genius is essentially lyric and undramatic, while neither the stage nor poetry comes within Mr. Moore's scope at all, great as his talents in their own sphere certainly are."

"Shamus," a writer in the London *Clarion*, says:

"Tho the Irish Literary Theater has not succeeded in bringing out any work of transcendent genius, and becomes *non est*

this year in accordance with the promoters' original plan, it has done much to stir up public opinion and would deserve the thanks of every one if it had achieved nothing else than the performance of an Irish play by Irish players in the Irish language on the regular commercial stage. The effect of this achievement is incalculable, for with the discovery of a long-neglected—or rather new-found—outlet for an unsophisticated and idealizing national feeling there will come into the drama universal a new, vigorous, energizing influence which will make the opening years of the twentieth century as memorable as the years when Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth and Coleridge proclaimed the poetical salvation of England from the dull damnation of the Pope school."

"THE BOOK BOOSTER: A PERIODICAL OF PUFF."

A VACANT niche in contemporary periodical literature is filled by a magazine that has recently come to our desk bearing the above title. It is edited by "Mr. Criticus Flub-Dubbe" and published by "Josh, Gosh & Company" in Evanston, Ill. Its purpose, as it is careful to inform the reader on its first page, is to "boost books — our own and others," with the distinction that "the books published by Josh, Gosh & Co. will be boosted without reference to the number of pounds sold, while the publications of other houses will be boosted only when they have passed the dead line, which is 50,000 pounds."

The book boosted in this particular issue is "Faggots of Empire," by Miss Bertha Bosh. "Miss Bosh," we are told from the "Editor's Rocking Chair," "is only fifteen years old, but is extremely bright for her age. She is a Chicago girl, and has never traveled farther than Oconomowoc, which makes her literary feat all the more remarkable. For 'Faggots of Empire' is a story of the reign of Charlemagne, and the author betrays a singular acquaintance with the local color of those times." Indeed, her narrative "contains more facts than the histories." Moreover:

"The cloth used in binding the first edition would, if stretched end to end, reach from Chicago to Evanston. Placed side by side the pages would reach from Chicago to Minneapolis. Smeared thinly, the ink used would cover four townships. Ten million cockroaches could subsist for six months on the binder's paste employed. Set up side by side, the individual letters in the text would reach from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands. And the hot air employed in boosting the book would float 10,000 balloons."

Another interesting literary announcement is made to the effect that "Josh, Gosh & Co. have been appointed Western selling agents for the forthcoming book of Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton (formerly Seton-Thompson), which is to be titled 'Cheap Thompsons I Have Known.'"

The Book Booster is replete with touching poems and thrilling serials, and "The Stovepipe of Navarre," a blood-curdling "Romance of Sword and Cloak," by Miss Poeta Pants, quite puts in the shade all current literary efforts along the same line. From



BERT LESTON TAYLOR,
Editor of *The Book Booster*.

"Alice in Bookland," a version of the famous children's classic that is "up-to-date" enough to make Lewis Carroll turn in his grave, we reproduce Chapter V. on "The Jabberwock":

"Alice followed the Rabbit down another long street. He whisked around the first corner, and that was the last she saw of him for some little time. As she turned the corner, she ran plump into the Little Man with the large green eyes and equatorial grin.

"Hello! What's your rush?" said he. "Are you getting out a book, too?"

"I was running after a Rabbit," said Alice.

"O, Cotton-Tayle," said the Little Man carelessly, "he just went by."

"Something grates on his nerves," said Alice.

"Yes; it's his name," said the Little Man. "He wants to change it to Tayle-Cotton."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Alice.

"Let's get out of this!" the Little Man suddenly said, in a hoarse whisper. "Here comes the Jabberwock!"

"Alarmed, Alice glanced down the street, but saw only a pleasant-faced young woman tripping toward them and singing as she came. The Little Man started off, dragging Alice with him.

"I don't see any Jabberwock," said Alice, holding back.

"She's right behind us!" said the Little Man.

"What, that pretty lady?" said Alice incredulously.

"She kills people by the wholesale!" said the Little Man, whose whisper was growing hoarser. "Twenty duels in her last;

not to speak of poisonings, assassination by ambuscade, and pitched battles. Somebody killed in every chapter. It's awful, awful!" he groaned.

"Oh, that's only in a novel," said Alice, much relieved. But the Little Man dropped her arm, and ran down the avenue as fast as his short legs would carry him.

"Alice waited bravely the approach of the Jabberwock, and was about to speak to her when the Jabberwock



THE HERO OF A ROMANTIC NOVEL.
—From *The Book Booster*.

gave a little shriek and fell fainting to the ground."

Of "Booster" poetry we present the following sample, which appears under the title "Flubdubaiyat":

Each Morn another Rubáiyát doth bring.
There seems to be no limit to the Thing;
But every Rimester in the land must give
Khayyám's Quatrains another rendering.

Ah, Omar K., could you and I conspire
To grasp this sorry, sloppy Stuff entire—
Save Fitz's Version—wouldn't we remold
It into Kindlers for the Kitchen Fire?

The editor of *The Booster* in his literary researches recently made a brilliant discovery. The most successful authors, he says, cultivate the dream habit. They are thus enabled to work out in their sleep the plots for their next stories, and to give the whole of their day to straightaway writing, without pause for invention. "When an author has a romance in hand that must be done in, say, three days," continues the writer, "he stimulates his or her imagination with a midnight lobster, or mincepie, and can thus work twenty-four hours a day and still get in his regular quota of sleep." In case this recipe fails, the editor offers the following "Rules for Succeeding in Literature":

"Rule I.—Practise dictating to a typewritist every day; then to two typewritists. Pen-pushers are in the rear of the procession.

"Rule II.—Read the history of Europe during the seventeenth century and the colonial history of this country.

"Rule III.—Hire an office in an office building, and cultivate business habits.

"Rule IV.—Never delay the action of your story by trying to analyze character.

"Rule V.—Never permit character to develop, no matter how many years are supposed to elapse between the first and last chapters. Developing character is old-fashioned novel-writing. It forms no part of historical romancing.

"Rule VI.—Have something doing in every chapter.

"Rule VII.—Never attempt to describe any kind of life with which you are familiar. You'll run out of action before you reach page 39.

"Rule VIII.—Endeavor to be dramatic, and, whenever possible, melodramatic.

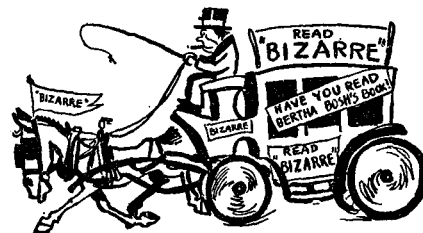
"Rule IX.—Acquire an original and striking style. Some readers prefer action, some prefer style.

"Rule X.—Get Julia Marlowe or Richard Mansfield to play a stage version of your novel. Have a clause in the contract permitting you to make a speech before the first-night curtain.

"Rule XI.—At the outset get some one to introduce you to the purchasing agent of a big book-mill.

"Rule XII.—If possible, live in Indiana.

"Rule XIII.—When you make a hit, swell up and tell everybody that you've 'arrived.' They'll believe it."



"A LITERARY HACK."
—From *The Book Booster*.

San Francisco as a Musical Center.—In many cities the production of "grand opera" has proved to be a decidedly risky experiment, from the financial point of view, and the fact that San Francisco during recent years has shown itself only second to New York in its appreciation of this form of musical art is worthy of note. "Ever since the days of Parepa Rosa," declares the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "through the experience of all the great artists from Patti down, San Francisco has been a musical city." It continues:

"To comprehend what the enthusiastic record of the present Grau season of grand opera means, it is necessary to remember that in all of England, Scotland, and Ireland there is not a city except London where such a tremendous organization would find patronage enough for more than a few nights. In London itself a regular grand-opera season is given for two or three months at the most every year, and then it is a notorious fact that grand opera never pays. In every city in Germany and Austria they have opera-houses, and what we call stock companies, who sing regularly; but in every case such places and organizations are subsidized by the Government or the potentate who rules, and the tax on the public is very light. In our own country Grau gives every season eighty to a hundred performances in New York. The subscriptions of the boxholders reach some \$250,000. With that guarantee, even, there have been many seasons in which the impresario has lost money; but the expenses are enormous, and if the public do not sustain the opera a fortune may easily melt away. Outside of New York there is a profit in many cities, but only with a limited number of performances. In Buffalo, for instance, which is about the size of San Francisco, Grau never gives more than five representations. Chicago last year was allowed only one week. Boston is a more profitable city for opera; but the engagements made by Grau for this season, like those he made for last, show that San Francisco, without any question, stands next to New York. The present experience is proving that, proportionately, the patronage