

The Germans, taking them for military observers, opened fire. This would account for the flat contradiction between the French and German versions of the bombardment. The Germans would be justified in thinking the tower was being used for military purposes, the French in denying that such was the case. Certainly it was an unpardonably inconsiderate act for any one at the time of bombardment to occupy the towers. If, as Mr. Fortescue's story goes, the ecclesiastics of Rheims permitted such a visit at such a moment, they must assume a considerable share of the responsibility for the destruction of the cathedral.

Ex-Senator Beveridge has made an interesting book in "What is Back of the Great War" (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.; \$2 net). Much of it was written in Germany and describes the heroic unanimity of the nation, its conviction that it is fighting for its defence, and its hatred of Great Britain. In all this there is little novelty, but the case is put concretely and vividly. Among the notables whom the author interviewed were Adolf Harnack in Berlin and Gabriel Hanatoux in Paris. From England he reports a considerable lassitude and division of opinion. This suggests a weakness of his observations. He has no languages. In Germany his contacts were limited to persons holding the official doctrine. In England he discoursed freely, and a few acquaintances seem to have told him obligingly what they divined he wanted to hear. His general prophecy is that the nationalization of industry occasioned by the war will continue, resulting in an approximation to the Socialist great state. Many of his data seem quite casually gleaned. It would be interesting to know on what authority he asserts that Germany can indefinitely replenish the firing line by 1,500,000 troops annually, thus making good her entire wastage. The general estimate is 600,000 in each new class as a maximum, figures which are being largely discounted through volunteering. There are a number of illustrations. The book is among the more readable of its numerous class, but its appeal to serious readers is slight enough.

Will Irwin's "Men, Women, and War" (Appleton; \$1 net) is in part description of Belgian experiences, in part general estimates of the temper of France, Germany, and England. Mr. Irwin writes with sympathy and skill. He is quite without professional pretentiousness of any sort. Few of the correspondents who have followed the armies have given so sharp a picture of the squalor of modern war. Mr. Irwin's characterization of The British Calm, a quality which he regards as both a strength and a weakness, may serve to correct ex-Senator Beveridge's superficial statement of British conditions. The military part of the book is confined to a composite description of the battle of Ypres. The author has a high degree of perceptiveness, and his book well brings out those human and inhuman by-products of a campaign which it is his especial desire to emphasize. Mr. Irwin has had the good sense and right feeling to take himself as an observing human being and not as a military correspondent. Thus his book has a genuineness by no means common in its class.

Under the editorship of Prof. W. P. Paterson, of Edinburgh University, a group of Brit-

ish scholars discuss "German Culture, the Contributions of Germans to Knowledge, Literature, Art, and Life" (Scribner; \$1.25). The object is to state the facts and especially to offset the excessive underestimate of German achievement which has been brought about by the war. The following are the topics and contributors: "History," Prof. Richard Lodge; "Philosophy," A. D. Lindsay; "Science," Prof. J. Arthur Thomson; "Literature," Dr. John Lees; "Art," Prof. Baldwin Brown; "Music," Prof. D. F. Tovey; "Education," Dr. Michael Sadler; "Politics," Prof. D. H. MacGregor; "Religion," Prof. W. P. Paterson. Usually the survey is made with entire impartiality. In the case of the eulogist of German politics this goes so far as to make him distort the political ideals of his own country. Naturally, no exact appraisal of culture is possible, but the display proves a distinct primacy for Germany in philosophy, theology, music, and the sciences of biology and applied chemistry. To these may fairly be added philology, which is not expressly treated. In literature and art the rating is low. The most informatory of the studies seems to us Prof. J. Arthur Thomson's "Science," the best conceived and most penetrating, Dr. Michael Sadler's "Education." It is a book that should be enlightening to honest minds who in a confusing war of opinion wish to get at the facts.

The twenty-sixth volume of Harvard Studies in Classical Philology is of a severer quality than some of its more varied predecessors. Dr. Otis Johnson Todd writes in Latin on the "Time Relations in Aristophanes." After an exhaustive time analysis of each of the eleven extant comedies, he concludes that, with due allowance for obvious comic adventures in topsy-turvy land, the probabilities and the unities of time are dealt with as skilfully and artistically by Aristophanes as by other dramatists. There is no reason, he thinks, for holding with Polczyk that the art of the New Comedy in this respect was derived from tragedy rather than from the older comedy. The chief artifices employed by the new comedy or tragedy to preserve the unity of time or to disguise and palliate the temporal shortening of actions taking place off the stage, may all be found somewhere in Aristophanes. The Aristotelian limitation of twenty-four hours is observed in the "Knights," "Wasps," "Peace," "Thesmophoriazousae," "Frogs," and "Ecclesiazousae," and somewhat exceeded in the "Acharnians," "Clouds," "Lysistrata," and "Plutus." The "Birds" of Cloudecuckootown defy all efforts to sprinkle this particular salt on their tails. Dr. Boak's monograph on the "Roman Magistri in the Civil and Military Service of the Empire" adds one more to the many recent illustrations of the way in which the multiplication of inscriptions and papyri makes possible a minute reconstruction of Roman, Egyptian, and Byzantine administration and law, with which few scholars can afford to burden their memories, but which is nevertheless an indispensable prerequisite of that authentic and documented history of ancient civilization that modern scholarship endeavors to substitute for the traditional moralizing and rhetorical legend. Mr. George W. Robinson's Notes on the Fourth and Fifth Centuries deal with minor points of scholarship such as the rectification of an error in the Loeb translation of Julian, and an over-

sight in the English translation of Negri's "L'Imperatore Giuliano l'Apostata."

A garden may cost a fortune (Mrs. Theodore Thomas knows of one the roses in which alone are worth \$20,000), or it may be had for almost nothing, like her own, which she describes entertainingly in "Our Mountain Garden" (Dutton; \$1.50 net). Her husband, the great conductor, needed rest for his overworked nerves, and she needed new strength from direct contact with the earth; so they bought a home of twenty-five acres of wild land in the White Mountains, built a cottage, and surrounded it with specimens of all the wild flowers of the neighborhood. Felsengarten, the place was called, and the dominating idea in the cultivation of it was to keep everything as nearly as possible as nature made it, providing for each blossom its natural surroundings. They did all the work themselves, getting therefrom the expected benefit, besides constant enjoyment. For persons who merely own gardens, expensive or otherwise, without knowing the joys of taking care of them, Mrs. Thomas feels the same pity she does for those who sit in opera boxes but do not understand the music. No one else has written of a garden so simple, inexpensive, and thoroughly home-made as hers; yet owners of all kinds of gardens may find useful hints as well as enjoyment in reading of her experiences and experiments; as when she tells how she combined weeding with fertilizing, thereby obtaining astonishing results; for example, three hundred blossoms from a single Shirley poppy plant. A chapter on Garden Enemies has been added to this new edition of a thoroughly readable, suggestive, and helpful book; a book which also incidentally throws interesting sidelights on the character and the habits of the leading missionary in the realm of music in America.

Drama

A GOOD ROMANTIC PLAY.

Red Wine of Rousillon. By William Lindsey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

This play in four acts is a really good romantic drama, one of the best that has been produced in a generation. In form it is somewhat old-fashioned, requiring no less than eight scenes, but these would present no particular difficulty in a modern theatre possessing a double or a revolving stage. On the other hand, it is compact and well made, developing swiftly and logically a tragic love story of uncommon interest, and is, moreover, exceedingly well written, in simple, smooth, and vigorous blank verse, so adroitly handled as to offer no insuperable obstacles to the ordinary prose-speaking actor. There is scarcely a speech in it of half-a-dozen lines. Genuinely poetic as the work is in tone and quality, and felicitous as are many of its phrases and ideas, it essays no sustained imaginative flights. The conspicuous literary excellence of it consists in a terseness, directness, and pregnancy of expression nicely

corresponding to the rapidity of the action.

The plot is as old as the eternal triangle. It owes something to Dante, Boccaccio, and, perhaps, a dozen others, but it is freshly and ably treated. The passion with which it deals, if illicit, is not guilty. In the far past—the present scene is laid in the twelfth century—a Count of Rousillon planted a vine upon the breast of the enemy he had slain, and thereafter, according to the legend, the blood taint glowed in all succeeding vintages of his estate. Raymond, his descendant, drank deeply of his inheritance and in his rages saw red. When a rival won the fair Seremonda, whom he loved, he slew the bridegroom at the altar and bore the bride off to his castle, where he wedded her by force. Thus he fell under the ban of the church, and had to choose between fighting in Palestine or enduring eternal torment. When the curtain rises he has long been reported dead, and Seremonda is in love with Guilhelm, the page to whose guardianship he had entrusted her. The lady, who, though loathing her lord, has faithfully observed a year of widowhood, makes free offer of her heart and hand, in a charming scene, to Guilhelm; but the latter, though he has long worshipped her in secret, is loyal to his master, putting duty before happiness. As they confer, Raymond, no longer excommunicate, returns, and Guida, Seremonda's sister and confidante, knowing his jealous nature and foreseeing deadly peril, suggests that Guilhelm shall pretend to be her suitor. Meanwhile Raymond, whose faith in Guilhelm has been absolute, is stirred to suspicion by the hints of a wandering troubadour, and cross-questions his page so closely that the latter is forced to take refuge in the subterfuge agreed upon. Thereupon Raymond joyously approves his suit and straightway leads him to Guida, bidding him press it to a happy issue. Then he summons Seremonda to witness the union of the happy lovers, at the moment when Guida, in pursuance of the agreement, greets Guilhelm with a kiss. This is a new, ingenious, and striking situation, which precipitates the final catastrophe. Seremonda, sure of Guilhelm but doubting Guida, and fearing death less than Raymond's embraces, resolves to bring about a duel between her lover and her lord, confiding in the former's prowess. At her behest, during a feast in the castle hall, Guilhelm, when called upon to sing, makes open and unmistakable avowal of his passion, provoking thereby a furious attack from the maddened count, who falls in a fit after a vain attempt to kill him. This is a dramatic scene of great theatrical value.

In the final act Seremonda and Guida tremblingly await the final crash. They know that in the morning Raymond and Guilhelm, armed each with a boar spear, have gone together into the forest, and that Raymond has returned alone. Of his companion's fate he will say nothing, but presently gives the signal that summons all to the evening banquet. When Seremonda refuses food, he begs her to partake of a

special dish prepared by his order. It is, he says, the heart of Guilhelm, whom he had killed when he would not defend himself. Thereupon Seremonda quickly leaps from a window into the raging sea. And Raymond, bewailing the curse that makes him kill what most he loved, strikes a dagger into his own heart and so dies.

This bald synopsis, of course, robs the story of all its freshness, charm, and power, but reveals enough of its general nature to show that in design and motive it is infinitely superior to the general run of modern melodramatic romances. This is no machine-made structure of conventional sensations, but true human drama arising out of the conflict of character and circumstance, romantic and pictorial, but entirely logical and natural. The one touch of mediæval savagery in it is appropriate to the period and has abundant warrant. Each personage is distinct, vital, and psychologically consistent. Raymond, maniacal in jealousy, is, in his milder moods, not entirely unsympathetic. He is brave and generous. Guilhelm is a fine type, innately noble and thoroughly virile. Seremonda is a feminine study of rare fidelity. Guida, an admirable foil to her, is equally well sketched. The subsidiary persons—the troubadours, the mute squire, the landlord and his waitress, the priest, and others—are etched in with the surest sense of contributory effect. Nothing is superfluous to the main theme, which is pursued with an intentness and rapidity seldom if ever equalled in recent drama. That the "Red Wine of Rousillon" is a remarkable work, both in the literary and dramatic sense, is certain. That it might be made as effective upon the stage as it is upon the printed page there is no good reason to doubt. Whether actors could be found to-day to do it justice—rooted as it is in those elemental emotions which plumb acting capacities to the depths—is another question altogether.

J. RANKEN TOWSE.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES."

Very welcome in a theatrical season which has so far been conspicuous principally for its failures is this revival at the Empire Theatre under the Frohman management of a well-tried favorite. The play is so well known that comment on its merits, which are many, or on its defects, which are honest and obvious, is superfluous. William Gillette is the play, and custom has not staled the smooth perfection of his performance. After seeing Mr. Gillette's interpretation of the character, even in re-reading the tales, his is always the figure that presents itself to the mind's eye, his the low, throaty tones that one hears when the great detective puzzles the amazed Watson with one of his platitudes of deduction. Mr. Gillette has surrounded himself with an entirely competent cast. Edward Fielding plays the Dr. Watson acceptably and with commendable self-sacrifice refrains from emphasizing the fatuity of that character; Joseph Brennan is a good Professor Moriarty; Edwin Mordant plays James Larrabee, and Helen Freeman Alice Faulkner.

S. W.

Music

A PROLIFIC MUSICAL SEASON.

For a number of years October was not one of the musical months in New York. Last year eight concerts were given in Aeolian Hall during that month. This year the number is twenty-two, while for November the bookings are forty-eight, as against thirty-two last year. This is not the only straw indicating that the present metropolitan season will be the busiest on record. With the exception of a few notabilities (several of whom are held by military duty or duress), the leading professional singers and players of Europe are on this side of the ocean, not a few of them having come over last season and remained here—a novel experience for nearly all of them. Europe has little more use for them now than it had during the summer. In France, public musical activity seems to have ceased entirely. England has had spasmodic attempts at opera, and there are a considerable number of concerts, many of them for the war funds; the venerable Philharmonic Orchestra is to be conducted (and probably supported) this winter by that millionaire Mæcenas, Thomas Beecham. In Germany, operas and concerts have been and are being heard in considerable numbers, but the prices of admission are a mere fraction of what they are in ordinary times, while emoluments for the artists are on the same reduced scale; so we have them with us, ready to appear in operas, or concerts, or both, at the usual American rates.

Concert managers, interviews with many of whom are printed in last week's *Musical America*, seem to agree that the present season will be not only busy, but prosperous, for the deserving ones. Where there are so many great stars, the minor ones must suffer, and it is probable that more bookings even than last year will be cancelled. The operatic outlook is better than it was last season, when the Metropolitan was the only operatic organization left in this country. Campanini has organized a new company for Chicago, with many big artists and the promise of success in consequence. Boston has probably lost its own company for good, but some of its leading singers, with others of note, are in the new organization gathered by Mr. Rabinoff and called the Boston Opera Company. Three things give special distinction to this organization, which opens an interesting season of two weeks at the Manhattan Opera House next Monday: the presence of such distinguished artists as Felice Lyne, Maggie Teyt, Maria Gay, Tamaki Miura (a genuine Japanese soprano, cast for the title part in "Madama Butterfly"), Riccardo Martin, Zenatello; the unique scenery that distinguished some of the operatic performances given in Boston; the co-operation of Pavlowa and her company, which adds the attraction of first-class ballet and gives an unprecedented chance for a brilliant presentation of the ballet music