ter, more especially J. Jusko's of S. C. Judge Ch. L. Guy and Toma Lewis's of A. J. Conant, a trifle affected, perhaps, but a sympathetic study of the old, bearded face.

The crafts are not forgotten, even if as yet textiles and pottery do little more than explain what the scope of the art section of the Exposition may eventually be. It is high time that New York, home of the American National Academy, should have an annual exhibition of importance. It may be that the opportunity neglected by the Academy will be seized by the management of the Bronx Exposition, and the chief interest of their first year's art collection is the promise it holds out of exhibitions, representative of the art of this and other countries, in the days to come when the world will be at peace again.

N. N.

Drama

The Theatre To-day and To-morrow

NOTHER theatrical season has begun and is very nearly Ain full blast. Several dozens of plays, new or old, are performed every evening, and most of them to full houses. On the whole, notwithstanding an occasional speedy withdrawal, the era might seem, on the surface, to be one of very general dramatic prosperity. There is, indeed, no apparent reason for doubting that the bigger managers are making a good deal of money, in spite of war taxes and other existing conditions. But from any point of view whence the theatre may be regarded as an artistic institution—with all its infinite potentialities for good and harm—the outlook has seldom been more unsatisfactory and depressing. Of the old, silly, sensational, or crassly sentimental shows, which most readily provoke the guffaws or plaudits of the indiscriminating masses there is, it may be readily admitted, a superabundance. Managerial profiteers are wise in their generation and according to their limited light. For the intelligent playgoer, seeking diversion of which he need not be ashamed, or some genuine emotional or intellectual stimulus, nothing, or very little, is provided.

Of the thirty or forty pieces so far produced in New York -some, of course, much better of their kind and in method than others-few have any permanent value or require specification here. The best of them do not rise much above the level of respectable mediocrity. The war-plays have the interest of timeliness and the merit of fervent patriotism, but, almost without exception, are moulded on the lines of conventional melodrama. Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" was worth reviving, if only for the sake of its literary sparkle and as an example of artificial comedy. There is some distinctive literary quality, also, together with considerable ingenuity and freshness in "Tea for Three," but this trifle is wholly foreign in spirit and atmosphere and tiresome in its juvenile and shallow cynicism. "Humpty Dumpty" is a pleasant little comedy, with many good points, but is vague in intent and unconvincing in its outcome, the author failing to redeem the promise of a good first act. Such plays of

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youth as "Penrod" and "Jonathan Makes a Wish" command attention as efforts in a comparatively new field. The latter, although unsuccessful here, is a notable little work which deserved a better fate. It is to be hoped that Mr. Stuart Walker, one of the most enterprising and original of our managers, will not be discouraged by this temporary failure, which was due partly to his lack of experience in dramatic construction and partly to inadequate performance.

Across the Atlantic, in England, the condition of the stage is not much more encouraging. There, too, the theatres are doing remarkably good business, but the fare offered is, for the most part, very light, trivial, or commonplace. The prevalence of the war-play, and of so-called musical comedy, is largely accounted for by the fact that London and other large cities are full of soldiers lately returned from or going to the front. They undoubtedly create a demand for stirring war melodrama or careless frolic. The relation between cause and effect is here plainly discernible. But it must be remembered that the general degeneracy and poverty of theatrical art were topics of constant lament long before the war began. The actual situation is not, could not indeed be, much worse now than it was five years ago. The change has been in character rather than in quality. There would not be much cause for complaint if the plays manifestly suited to the moment were good of their kind. It would be unreasonable to look now for new masterpieces of wit, satire, or emotion. The dispiriting fact is that in the most recent output there is the old rigid adherence to ancient artifices, tricks, and conventions, the same lack of originality or invention, the old substitution of sheer theatricalism for genuine imagination or the realities of life. Of all this the cause lies much deeper than the temporary disturbances and convulsions of war. It is to be sought in the progressive subjection of the whole English-speaking stage —the process is not yet complete, but threatens to be—to the blighting control of money-grubbing commercial syndicates. The fatal circuit system of dependent theatres, prescribed plays, long runs, limited companies, and ordained stars, originated here in the far past, has been extended to England, and is slowly, but surely, fastening its grip there. Before very long-unless a sudden financial collapse should prevent the consummation—there is likely to be an Anglo-American stage virtually under one commercial govern-J. R. T.

NE of the latest plays to attain the somewhat doubtful One of the latest plays to assume the following of J. E. Harold Terry (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The great popularity achieved by it on both sides of the Atlantic will doubtless attract many readers, but the chief virtues of it are essentially theatrical and far more effective in the theatre than in the study. Beyond question it shines brightly in comparison with the majority of current war pieces. Wholly independent of the cheap thrills of melodrama, it is a genuine comedy, dealing with general conditions—instead of specific instances—animated by a fine, liberal, and intensely patriotic spirit, and full of shrewd and humorous insight. Moreover, it is written with liveliness if not with any remarkable brilliancy. On the other hand, the plot, whose progress and issue are obvious from the first, and the personages are all modelled upon old and conventional types. Characters and incidents are so plainly devised to secure a predestined end that there is no opportunity for doubt or suspense.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

POETRY AND DRAMA

Little Theatre Classics. Volume I. Little, Brown. \$1.50 net. Norwood, R. W. The Modernists. Doran. \$1.25 net.

FICTION

Baroness Orczy. The Man in Grey. Doran. \$1.40 net. Birmingham, G. A. The Island Mystery. Doran. \$1.50 net. Buckrose, J. E. The Silent Legion. Doran. \$1.45 net. Burt, M. S. John O' May. Scribner. \$1.35 net. Canfield, Dorothy. Home Fires in France. Holt. \$1.35 net. Cather, W. S. My Antonia. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.60 net. Dodge, Louis. A Runaway Woman. Scribner. \$1.50 net. Goodwin, Ernest. The Caravan Man. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50 net.

Gould, Nat. As Fast as the Wind. Stokes. \$1.25 net. Gray, Joslyn. Elsie Marley, Honey. Scribner. \$1.35 net. Hurrell, F. G. A Dreamer Under Arms. Dutton. \$1.50 net. Masson, T. L. Best Short Stories. Doubleday, Page. \$1 net. McSp dden, J. W. Famous Ghost Stories. Crowell. \$1.25 net. Norris, K. Josselyn's Wife. Dou'leday, Page. \$1.40 net. Sears, C. E. The Bell-Ringer. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.35 net. Terhune, A. P. Fortune. Doubleday, Page. \$1.40 net. Tokutomi, K. The Heart of Nami-San. Stratford. V llotton, Benjamin. Potterat and the War. Dodd, Mead. Vachell, H. A. The Soul of Susan Yellam. Doran. \$1.50 net. Wells, C. The Room with the Tassels. Doran. \$1.40 net. Wells, H. G. Joan and Peter. Macmillan. \$1.75 net. Wild Apples. By the author of "The Straight Road." Doran. \$1.50 net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Williams, V. The Man with the Club Foot. McBride. \$1.50 net.

Wright, H. S. The Seventh Continent. Badger. \$2.50 net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Gay, H. N. Abramo Lincoln. R. Bemporad & Figlio. Gordon, A. C. Jefferson Davis. Scribner. \$1.50 net. Lavell, C. F., and Payne, C. E. Imperial England. Macmillan. Leupp, F. E. George Westinghouse, His Life and Achievements. Little, Brown. \$3 net.

McGlothlin, W. J. The Course of Christian History.

Macmillan. \$2. Meigs, W. M. Life of John Caldwell Calhoun. 2 vols. Neale

Publishing Co. \$10 net.
Page, T. N. Tomasso Jefferson. R. Bemporad & Figlio.

Sothern, E. H. The Melancholy Tale of "Me." Popular edition. Scribner. \$2 net.

NATURAL SCIENCE

Emerson, L. E. Nervousness. Little, Brown. \$1.25 net. Evolution of the Earth and Its Inhabitants. Yale Law Press. \$2.50 net.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

Herzog, S. The Future of German Industrial Exports. Doubleday, Page. \$1 net.

West, H. L. Federal Power, Its Growth and Necessity. Doran. \$1.50.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Appel, J. H. Living the Creative Life. McBride. \$1.50 net. Faulkner, J. A. Wesley as Sociologist, Theologian, Churchman. Methodist Book Concern.

THE WAR

A General's Letter to His Son on Minor Tactics. Doran. \$1 net. Anderson, R. G. Not Taps but Reveille. Putnam. Anonymous. The Near East from Within. Dutton. \$5. Artemas, the Second Book. Doran. 50 cents net. Call, A. P. Nerves and the War. Little, Brown. \$1.25 net. Le Goffic, C. General Foch at the Marne. Translated by Lucy

Menzies. Dutton. \$1.75. Masefield, J. The War and the Future. Macmillan. \$1.25. Rouvier, Jacques. Present Day Warf re. Scribner. \$1.35 net. The Son Liveth: Messages from a Soldier to His Mother. Little, Brown. 75 cents net.

Woods, H. C. The Cradle of the War. Little, Brown. \$2.50 net.

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Eastman, C. A. Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains. Little, Brown. \$1.25 net.

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Hunt, C. W. The Little House in the Woods. Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.35 net.

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Crane, F. Twenty-one. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents. Guest, F. B. C sting Out Fear. Lane. 75 cents net. Hayden, George and Alice. Throw Physic to the Dogs. Doran.

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