

of educational economy appeared to have aroused among working people. When the Workers Educational Association—a federation of trades unions, cooperative societies, and educational bodies—organized meetings to oppose it, it met everywhere with instant and enthusiastic support. Two bye-elections, one in Manchester and one in London, took place immediately after the proposals had been made public. In both the Labor candidate put opposition to the educational “cuts” in the forefront of his program. In both he was returned, largely, in the opinion of good observers, on that ground. To the astonishment of politicians, the gratified surprise of many educationalists—an attack on education turned out to be bad politics. When the question was discussed in the House of Commons recently, members dealt with it in an unusually chastened mood.

Some reductions in educational expenditure will be made, largely by the silent pressure of administrative action, which cannot be resisted so easily as open reversals of policy. But it may be prophesied with some confidence that no government will in the near future appeal to the country with the frank declaration that it intends to make large savings at the cost of education. For over two years progressive movements have been beaten from point to point. If one ground seemed more hopeless than another for making a stand, it was that of education. And it is precisely in education that the stand has been made.

The person who is happy enough to belong to a nation which takes education seriously, will see nothing surprising in such a result. To an Englishman, who is accustomed to see education treated as the Cinderella of the public service, it is very remarkable. To what is it due? Probably no doubt to the practical fact that the proposals for educational economy threatened to disturb the arrangement as to salaries recently made with the teachers, and that the National Union of Teachers, not to mention the smaller societies, is a powerful and well organized body. But mainly, it would appear, for deeper and more significant reasons. For one thing, there is the immense improvement which has recently been taking place in the schools themselves. Twenty years ago, under the old régime of formal discipline, the majority of children were undeniably glad when their schooldays were over. Today, thanks to the new freedom which is generally being won for them, to the intellectual concern which has as its aim to adapt the school to the child not the child to the school, to the conceptions of the purpose and method of education for which England owes much to (among others) distinguished American writers on education—one need mention only Professor Dewey—the schools are becoming places of activity, life, a vigorous and many-sided growth. Naturally they have won the affection of the children, the true propagandists of education, to a degree which was rare in the past. Naturally the change of attitude on the part of the children has produced a corresponding change among the parents with the result that the primary school has in many places become a popular institution, and that parents are quick to resent proposals which threaten it.

In the second place the last ten years have seen a silent revolution in the sphere of higher education. Historically primary and secondary education have been until recent times in England social rather than educational categories, not stages of education, but systems of education between which somewhat slender bridges have been thrown by means of scholarships. There is a long way still to travel until that doctrine and the organization based upon it are entirely discarded. But the most impressive feature in

the educational history of our generation has been an expansion of secondary education which twenty years ago would have seemed beyond the bounds of possibility, and a growth in the desire for it on the part of the mass of the people which has doubled the secondary school population since 1910. Consequently the supply, greatly as it has increased, has been so far short of the demand that some 10,000 children are refused admission to secondary schools every year because the schools cannot accommodate them. Hardly less important, the spread of adult education represented by the growth of the Workers Education Association and kindred movements has given organized labor a new conception of the possibilities of higher education of a liberal and humane kind as a vital element in the life of a democracy, and has produced a growing body of students who can speak from practical experience of the value which such education has had for them.

The result is that the development of education has become one of the ideas which appeal to the popular imagination. The consequences of that change of outlook in the ranks of labor may be far-reaching. It will awaken a powerful response among sections of the community, for example the teachers, who are little stirred by conventional programs of social reconstruction. Amid the general disillusionment of the moment it offers evidence that a population with new ideals is growing to maturity.

R. H. TAWNEY.

Memory

Do not guard this as rich stuff without mark
Closed in a cedarn dark,
Nor lay it down with tragic masks and greaves
Licked by the tongues of leaves.

Nor let it be as eggs under the wings
Of helpless startled things,
Nor encompassed by song, nor any glory
Perverse and transitory.

Rather, like shards and straw upon coarse ground,
Of little worth when found:
Rubble in gardens, it and stones alike,
That any spade may strike.

LOUISE BOGAN.

Little Sonnet

Let your loving bondswoman
Salute your lips if you prefer;
This is your courtesy to her.
Yet still remember how she ran
From her grave, and running, leapt
To catch the arrows of your hurt,
To stretch her body in dust and dirt,
Flinging a causey where you stepped.

Remember how, asleep or waking,
The shallow pillow of her breast
Shook and shook to your heart's shaking,
In pity whereof her heart was split;
Love her now; forget the rest;
She has herself forgotten it.

ELIN

A Tchegov Note

WE of the Moscow Art Theatre wanted the rights of production for his play, *Uncle Vania*.

"Why? Listen to me, don't do it. There is no need for it. I am not a playwright." Anton Pavlovitch was trying to be evasive. "And after all I don't even know your theatre."

That was mere craftiness on his part. He simply wanted to see our production of *The Sea Gull*. We gave him the opportunity. As we had no permanent quarters, our theatre for the time being settled in Nikitsky's Theatre, and it was advertised that there a performance would be given without the public. All the scenery was moved there.

It would seem that the filthy condition of the empty, unlit, and damp theatre, with the furniture removed, would have made an unfavorable effect upon the actors and their single spectator. Nevertheless the performance gave Anton Pavlovitch a great deal of pleasure. Evidently he had hungered for the theatre during his banishment in Yalta.

With what childlike pleasure he walked about the stage and visited all the dirty dressing-rooms of the actors! He loved not only the brilliant side of the theatre but the seamy side as well.

He was pleased with the performance but criticized several of the actors. He included me in the number, in my part of Trigorin.

"You play wonderfully, but not my character. I didn't write that."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"He has checked trousers and ragged shoes."

And this was the only explanation that Anton Pavlovitch would vouchsafe me, in spite of all entreaties.

"Checked trousers, and he smoked his cigar like this."

And this was all I could get out of him.

This was how he always expressed his remarks: imaginatively and tersely.

They would amaze me and cut deep into my memory. It was as if Anton Pavlovitch gave you a charade: you could not rest until you had solved it.

He judged the execution of one of the parts severely and with great cruelty. It was difficult to imagine it possible in a person so exceptionally kind. Anton Pavlovitch demanded that the part be taken away immediately. He would accept no apologies, and threatened to forbid the further production of the play.

As long as the conversation was about other parts he would allow a friendly jest about the short-comings of the performance, but as soon as they talked about this part Anton Pavlovitch changed his tone and dealt hard and merciless blows.

"You can't! Listen to me. This is a serious undertaking."

. . .

He intended to write a play for us.

"But in order to do so it is important that I see your theatre," he kept on arguing in his letters.

When it became known that the doctors wouldn't allow him to make the trip to Moscow in the spring we took his hint, and decided to go to Yalta with the whole troupe and the complete settings.

In April, 1900, the entire troupe with their families, the settings and the properties for four plays, left Moscow for Sebastopol. They were followed by some of the public, fanatics of Tchegov and our theatre, and even one very

important critic, S. V. Vassiliev (Flerov). He went with the specific purpose of reporting in detail our performances.

This was a great migration of nations. The Crimea gave us but a cold reception. An icy wind was blowing from the sea, the sky was enveloped in clouds, and at the hotel the stoves were going full blast, but we were freezing.

The theatre was still boarded up from the previous winter, and the storm was playing havoc with our placards, which no one read.

We became despondent.

But now the sun came out, the sea smiled, and we became cheerful again.

Some people came, tore the shield off the theatre and threw the doors open. We entered. It was as cold as in a cellar. This was a cellar indeed, which you couldn't air in a week, and in two or three days we were to play in it. We were worried above all about Anton Pavlovitch. Would he be able to sit through a performance in this damp, heavy air? All day long our ladies chose places where it would be best for him to sit, where there was the least draught, etc, etc.

Little by little our company collected near the theatre, which began to bustle with life.

We were all in holiday mood. The second season, everybody dressed in new hats and jackets. We were all very young and we were terribly pleased to be actors. Everybody tried to be extremely correct: this was not a provincial troupe, but a metropolitan company.

A very much dressed-up lady appeared, proclaiming herself a local aristocrat, a friend of Tchegov's, and demanded the literary box for all performances. In her wake came the public, and very soon all the tickets to the four advertised performances were sold out.

The next day we waited patiently for the steamer on which Anton Pavlovitch was supposed to arrive.

He was the last one to come from his stateroom, looking pale and run-down. He coughed violently.

His eyes were sad and sickly but he tried to smile pleasantly.

I felt a desire to cry.

Our eager photographer, the amateur Tikhomirov, snapped him on the gangplank of the ship and afterwards everywhere that he could. He would run after Anton Pavlovitch and photograph him, sometimes alone, sometimes with the troupe, in all poses and attitudes. This everlasting photographing evidently impressed Anton Pavlovitch, and gave him the idea for the photographing scene in *The Three Sisters* which he was planning at the time.

Everybody tactlessly stormed him with questions about his health.

"Very good. I'm quite well," Anton Pavlovitch would answer.

He didn't like solicitude about his health, not only from strangers, but even from his friends. He never complained, no matter how badly he felt.

The following day, Easter Monday, that is, we began our performances. We had a double ordeal: we had to play before Anton Pavlovitch and a new public. The whole day passed in excitement and worry.

I had a glimpse only of Anton Pavlovitch in the theatre. He came and surveyed his box and was uneasy for fear he wouldn't be screened from the public.

Notwithstanding the cold he wore a light overcoat. Everybody remarked it but he again answered briefly:

"Listen. I am well!"

The theatre was very cold, full of cracks and unheated.