

the two sides is reached. "You damned Jew" is hurled at the Jew by the man he accuses. We have here a sensitive and intelligent creature who understands his position exactly and that of his enemies; he understands their strength, their admirable training for certain ends; he understands, too, the amount of sheer massed bluff that they are using on him. The rankling thing with him is this racial prejudice, all the more maddening because it is instinctive and unreasonable. The epithet hurled at him only states in words what is already working.

Chekhov has a scene like that at the end of the third act in *Ivanoff* where the husband cries "Hold your tongue, Jewess!" But this point has been led up to not by a jargon of racial insinuations—there is no mention of race at all,—but by exasperations, tensions, violent, passionate resentments and reproaches. And for the ten lines to the end of the scene we have no competing retort on the Jewess's part. We have the reproaches again and a more terrible suffering; we have no mention of race at all, but, through the taunt, a release of a more cruel and deeper struggle. This is great art springing from the centre; this leaves out argumentative patter and reveals the deepest motive as it works most deeply and elementally.

What does Mr. Galsworthy do? "You damned Jew" the Englishman taunts. And the Jew then in his turn carries the argument to the very gallery gods. "You called me a damned Jew. My race was two thousand years old when yours were still savages. I am proud to be a Jew." Applause. This crushing retort is exactly what the gallery expected, of course; it is what we have heard in a dozen forms; what Disraeli said much better years ago; and what is a competitive rather than a very lofty or poignant reaction after all. This scene works smoothly, but otherwise it is a fatal test of the play's deepest limitations.

As thought *Loyalties* has the same mild relation to our generation of ideas that the dramas fifty years ago with their themes of maidenly virtue, noble womanhood, reformed drunkards, and honest laborers, had to the ideas of the sixties; though we may like our own better. Certainly the machinery that conveys them is better machinery. *Loyalties* as popular theatre is remarkable. As any real instance in serious drama it is amiably negligible. It lacks resource in the revelation of vitality. It moves on the surface only of any life that could be called a living thing. It has a pleasant gift of mild social insight and analysis, and a very easily seen cerebral gesture. By way of solution of any intellectual problems that he arouses, Mr. Galsworthy supplies a gentle, reflective and agreeable paralysis. He has a tact for distributing the blame that sends us home with softer moral horizons. He has a kind of bland profundity that up to a given point has a popular use. But in *Loyalties* there is little creative power. And, what is worse, as a dramatic influence such plays as *Loyalties* tend to hamstring the art of the drama, to thwart its vibrant impulse. Such dramatic writing has a certain smooth and obvious level that encourages too plausible a substitute for the bite, the mystery, the shock of the darkness and light, that make up living.

Mr. Hanray is a good actor. As the old lawyer he too had a quiet exterior but under it a sense of the pressure of reality and intense response. Mr. Dale as De Levis, the Jew, had good moments. If for a second, of course, he had played the part with any deep poignancy or to the limit of its implications he would have knocked a hole through the play, not to speak of hitting Mr. Galsworthy below the mental belt. After Mr. Dale and Mr. Hanray the com-

pany in *Loyalties* had the same virtues as the play itself, though on a lower level of expertness. The ensemble was very even; the general rapport of the cast, if a little tame, was even and agreeable. The performance indeed appeared to be an endless stream of going and coming, with hands quietly at the sides and bodies hopelessly dumb and inexpressive, equably giving us bits of the situation and keeping up always a pleasant and polite realism.

For an American audience the mere fact that these players are foreign gives the illusion of more acting than is, necessarily, going on. The people in being merely themselves seem to be acting. But there is something about this quiet evenness and assurance of an English company that impresses many of us as an Englishman's self-possession is said to impress savages. These actors in Mr. Galsworthy's play, however, have little to teach so far as the art of acting goes. Their virtues are largely negative. They are less crude than our actors, they speak better, their voices are better, they get around more smoothly. But in this special field of finish, diction, tone, and manners, they do not arrive at any positive or creative excellence. They are not in any important sense finished; their speech and tone, as such, arise to no particularly artistic uses; their manner is nothing to speak of if we mean stage manners as one finds them in Rome or Paris or Madrid. As an agreeable stage craft what they do is fair. As acting it amounts to little. It lacks power, abundance, vitality, it has neither eloquence nor poignancy.

Coming in slowly with your hands at your cuffs and saying quietly, "Old chap, your wife has just swallowed a pair of scissors," to which he says "Where is she?" taking a step forward perhaps, does not mean that you are acting. It means but one thing, necessarily, that only a fine artist can afford to risk it. Or, if someone insists, we may yield the point but add that, with matters thus, the sofa in the last act did quite as much acting as the lady fainting on it

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Grieved Advertising Manager

SIR: In a recent issue of the *New Republic* Miss Martin, speaking of the refusal of every New York and Boston women's magazine to publish a radical feminist article, states that it was finally accepted and published by the editor of a *Far Western* magazine. That publication was *Sunset Magazine*. So far so good. But Miss Martin could not resist the temptation to add parenthetically "Western editors may be less for the housewife's right to unpaid labor, but I noticed this magazine did not carry much household advertising."

In this one sentence your contributor manages simultaneously to kick the shins of our advertising manager and to land an uppercut on the jaw of our editorial integrity. So far as the uppercut goes, I don't mind particularly. I am used to it. But our advertising manager is a most temperamental soul and his shins are exceedingly sensitive. Ever since the publication of the aforesaid slam he has not been his usual buoyant self; he has been going around muttering to himself, buttonholing people and telling them his story. For be it said, this genius of the advertising business succeeded in putting into the issue of *Sunset Magazine* containing Miss Martin's article a total of 7,168 agate lines of paid advertising with what he terms the "woman appeal." According to his figures, these 7,168 agate lines constitute over fifty percent of the total volume of paid advertising in that issue. Perhaps this figure will enable you to understand his bitterness, the sense of wrong he has been laboring under ever since his accomplishment was so glibly belittled by your contributor. May I not ask for a correction, so that he may be vindicated and an end be put to his sufferings?

WALTER V. WOHLKE,

San Francisco.

Managing Editor.

THE BALLAD OF WILLIAM SYCAMORE

(1790-1880)

My father he was a mountaineer,
His fist was a knotty hammer.
He was quick on his feet as a running deer,
And he spoke with a Yankee stammer.

My mother she was merry and brave
And so she came to her labor,
With a tall green fir for her doctor grave,
And a stream for her comforting neighbor.

And some are wrapped in the linen fine,
And some like a godling's scion.
But I was cradled on twigs of pine
In the skin of a mountain lion.

And some remember a white, starched lap
And a ewer with silver handles.
But I remember a coonskin cap
And the smell of bayberry candles!

The cabin logs with the bark still rough,
And my mother who laughed at trifles,
And the tall, lank visitors, brown as snuff,
With their long, straight squirrel-rifles.

I can hear them dance, like a foggy song,
Through the deepest one of my slumbers,
The fiddle squeaking the boots along
And my father calling the numbers.

The quick feet shaking the puncheon-floor,
And the fiddle squeaking and squealing,
Till the dried herbs rattled above the door
And the dust went up to the ceiling.

There are children lucky from dawn till dusk,
But never a child so lucky!
For I cut my teeth on "Money Musk"
In the Bloody Ground of Kentucky!

When I grew tall as the Indian corn,
My father had little to lend me,
But he gave me his great old powder-horn
And his woodsman's skill to befriend me.

With a leather shirt to cover my back,
And a redskin nose to unravel
Each forest sign, I carried my pack
As far as a scout could travel.

Till I lost my boyhood and found my wife,
A girl like a Salem clipper!
A woman straight as a hunting-knife
With eyes as bright as the Dipper!

We cleared our camp where the buffalo feed,
Unheard-of streams were our flagons,
And I sowed my sons like the apple-seed
On the trail of the Western wagons.

They were right, tight boys, never sulky or slow,
A fruitful, a goodly muster!
The eldest died at the Alamo.
The youngest fell with Custer.

The letter that told it burned my hand.
Yet we smiled and said, "So be it!"
But I could not live when they fenced the land,
For it broke my heart to see it.

I saddled a red, unbroken colt
And rode him into the day there,
And he threw me down like a thunderbolt
And rolled on me as I lay there.

The hunter's whistle hummed in my ear
As the city-men tried to move me,
And I died in my boots like a pioneer
With the whole wide sky above me.

And your life's easy where mine was rough,
My little clerks of the city!
But an easy body is fragile stuff
And I find you easy to pity.

I lie in the heart of the fat, black soil
Like the seed of a prairie-thistle;
It has washed my bones with honey and oil
And picked them clean as a whistle.

And my youth returns, like the rains of Spring,
And my sons, like the wild geese flying,
And I lie and hear the meadow-lark sing
And have much content in my dying.

Go play with the towns you have built of blocks,
The towns where you would have bound me!
I sleep in my earth like a tired fox,
And my buffalo have found me.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.