

plan so earnestly advocated by Marshal Foch at the Peace Conference. The relation of the Council of the League of Nations to the new machinery which it is proposed to set up should be clearly understood. The Council is to receive the reports of the Commission of Inquiry and express its opinions concerning them. But it cannot call out a League army to enforce peace. The treaty not only makes no provision for such action; its whole tenor is in another direction. And there is no provision whatever for any such army. According to the treaty, the Council would tend to become more and more an instrument of conciliation and its administrative functions in this regard would become inoperative. There is no superstate left in the structure of this treaty. On the other hand, the sphere of operation of the Council is a large and important one. Its function in the political sphere is left untouched. It can still serve to lessen the dangers arising from provocative political policies. This treaty does not touch upon any of those topics. Consequently the sphere of action of the Council does not fully appear. The treaty deals only with security and disarmament. It is an attempt to reduce this dual problem to the dimensions of a contract dealing with strictly technical matters. The Council of the League is not called upon to act outside its legitimate sphere in the enforcement of the treaty or in its administration. Instead of regarding this limitation of its functions as lessening its validity, however, it in reality strengthens its position in the sphere in which it is necessary and legitimate. For nothing could injure an institution more than to clothe it with large theoretic powers which cannot be applied in the hour of need.

Finally, the treaty makes provision for including other treaties between two or more powers either as ententes or alliances, when they are designed solely for defensive purposes, enabling the parties to them to lessen their armaments. A tendency towards the old "balance of power" is perhaps inherent in this part of the treaty. But the treaty safeguards any trend in this direction by placing a great premium upon publicity of engagements as over against secret intrigues. To avoid the danger of including treaties which were in spirit contrary to the purpose of this treaty, this remarkable device has been inserted, taken from the proposals of Colonel Réquin, French military technical expert, in the Treaty of Mutual Assistance prepared for the League of Nations. All publicly announced treaties which have been accepted by the Council of the League of Nations and scrutinized by it as coming within the meaning of this treaty and of the Covenant, may be carried out automatically. There is no need of waiting to secure the consent of the Council, Court, or any other body to carry out their terms. This provision is of the greatest possible importance in the hour of danger, for "in all other cases," the signatories must first "inform the Council of the measures which they are contemplating," and await its action. This means that where there are secret agreements or where acts of aggression arise, there is inevitable delay, for the remedy lies through the machinery of the League of Nations and not by direct action.

No greater incentive for publicity of engagements could be found than this which makes the security of the High Contracting Parties dependent to a large degree upon having announced their engagements to the world through registration with the League of Nations. Freedom for automatic and immediate action may easily be, in cases like these, a matter of life and death.

## Vista

IN the garden to this palace presented so long ago to that illustrious Doria by his grateful countrymen, the day comes to an end. From the long terrace under the windows and from the colonnades the walks run, with shaded avenues and marble seats and figures of gods and heroes under ilexes and laurels and cypress trees, until they come at length, past the grottoes and pools and the small fountain jets and the great central fountain with its baroque basin and elaborate deities, to the terrace that overlooks the sea. Close beneath the wall is the harbor shore; and thick along the docks and the farther sand the scores of boats and ships are anchored. The sea is dotted with little sails, white and yellow and rose, bright in the evening air. The big passenger ships and the freighters are steady and fixed at this hour; the small boats, the fishing craft and the sails are coming in, some of them, and some of them going out. The scene of the port, the light, the traffic, and on the other side Genoa, all grow quieter and golden, and achieve a more single tone. They take on a unity that becomes a part of the palace garden.

This Doria garden with its high palace making one end of it, is all so chosen and so splendid that it rouses a competitive stir in the mind. I think of art. I think of the theatre and the course of it in this New York season just ending. I think of what at this moment remains with me out of that season as significant; of scenes, brief intervals, conceptions, that survive the chatter and patter and middle-class efforts toward enthusiasm that afflict the theatre. I try them over now. For all the parts of life, in art, actions, qualities, time, exist together, and must stand a kind of mutual test among themselves of their perfections.

First, as a matter of course, comes Duse, who brought to the theatre of the world a quality that can appear once only in the course of generations, and that to the next generation, who will not have seen her, can never be revealed but only implied through the art of those artists in every field for whom she was the most intense, intangible and fructifying influence of their whole lives. Confronted with the quality of Duse, this garden and palace, this baroque art, dwindles and sinks; it becomes comparable to her only through the mystery of years and the softening light that make its poetry supreme, and touch it with pathos, like some worldly and elaborate passion that fades into a memory. At this moment I think most of Duse's face, her voice, her rhythm; but that first entrance in *The Lady from the Sea* stands out, for its continuity, its style, its poignancy; the theme of maternal love in the first act of *Così Sia* stands out also, the flowing line, the profound feeling, the simplicity of the second act; the death in the third. I recall the level proportion and the just mind of Duse's reading of Mrs. Alving's long speech in the first scene of *Ghosts* and the elegance and breeding—in the last definition of those words—of her *Porta Chiusa*. I think too of the Moscow Art Theatre in *The Brothers Karamazoff*, not a play at all but great scenes, and especially of Tarasova in the tavern and at the trial, greater acting in the realistic school, brought to the last perfection, pushing life through strict resemblance to a revelation almost beyond itself. The list of these high moments out of any season could never be long, and yet for this season it is not short. Ben-Ami in *Les Ratés*, an unequal performance, but often remarkable, and most of all in the scenes of the killing of

the wife and when they find him next day sitting against the wall, staring into space, a combination of pathos and power unique in our theatre; Eva Le Gallienne in the last act of *Hannele*, when she has risen from her coffin and stands at the feet of her gentle chromo Jesus, the pitiful taut smile, the baffling crude pathos of feeling expressed; Lady Diana Manners in *The Miracle*, her performance consisted for the most part of a beautiful sustained rhythm and a happy physical suitability rather than of acting; her costume and make-up too, however lovely, were out of keeping with the Gothic statues and the surrounding mood of the piece; and yet when she first moved there on her pedestal, a great sweetness and beauty appeared: in *The Miracle* also, Kraus, an actor not sympathetic perhaps but an extraordinary artist, and in the scene where the cripple is healed, and later when Pan leans out from the column to exercise his magic on the lovers there, a master beyond praise of technique and of style; Morgan Farley in *Fata Morgana*, in the scene where he falls on his knees and buries his face in the bosom of the woman who has roused in him the depths of a boy's desires and dreams, a beautiful and moving exhibition of something pure and fresh, a strange innocence of passionate life, felt delicately and poignantly by the actor; Clare Eames in *The Spook Sonata*, in that first moment that we saw her sitting in the cabinet, fine acting, a glamor of beauty plus a terrific nervous concentration; Pauline Lord in *Lanzi*, the run of her play a failure, but her acting, in the first two scenes especially, of the young girl—one of the best performances that New York has seen in years—realism in the deepest sense, quivering, exact, simple; and finally, in the field of acting far from all these, Beatrice Lillie in *Charlot's Revue*, not when she was playing in her own person but where she rules the waves, in the black satin gown and flaxen hair, and in the helmet of Britannia, and where she caricatures the determination to keep the centre of the stage against all odds, whether she has anything to contribute or not or gets any pleasure from the spotlight of the world—what talent! A sort of shining whimsical philosophy, done with a sure craft, a gay, infectious oddity precisely understood.

Among other moments on the season's stage, moments less significant than these of Duse and the rest, but pungent and telling nevertheless, I think now of Jane Cowl in that scene where *Mélisande* goes to look for the lost wedding ring, with *Péléas*, whom she will not allow to come near her; I remember how, in the midst of a performance often delicately felt and good and sometimes rather forced and dry, and in a play that is beautiful and limp, unforgettable and foolish all together, this scene stood out as searching and poetic, and how Jane Cowl managed somehow to establish there in that dim place, with its shadows, its gray shapes of trees and the dark cavern at one side, the idea of a poignant isolation of life in a surrounding universe. I recall Ethel Barrymore in that first act of *A Royal Fandango*, a play that began so enchantingly and went to pieces wholly long before the end, I can see now the timid young Spaniard overcome with the beautiful royal lady, and begging her to turn her eyes away, or he would swoon for the passion he felt; the royal lady laying her hand on his and saying that he should tell her about it, and all this done with the finest gift for high comedy in our theatre. In *Cyrano de Bergerac*, Walter Hampden showed studious intention, conscience and plausibility, not to say obviousness. The

talent was slight. His *Cyrano* lacked of all things magnetism and style, and lacked bravura always. But in the balcony scene where a quieter method might be allowed, the actor's conventional poetry and schooling in Shakespeare came happily to hand, and this, together with the dazzle of Rostand's scene itself, made one of the fine instances of the year. Charles Ellis, when he first entered as the valet in *The Spook Sonata*, with his clasped hands, his head held forward, the hair plastered flat on the brow, and his whispering speech, created into Strindberg's scene a dramatic quality quite above it, oddly drastic and original, an impression that bites yet into the recollection of the play, and strangely, into this far-off interval.

The light sinks to a quintessence, and becomes the measure of things in their eminence. Within this moment here in the Doria garden are possible only final memories, in life, in art. Some of these scenes from the year's theatre come now to more, some to less, in this place and at this hour, where a beauty emerges that calls out the beauty in the world, and makes of all else a perfect and still oblivion.

STARK YOUNG.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Why Blaine Lost

SIR: In your issue of June 11th you published an article entitled *Political Corruption and The Public* by William E. Dodd. I must correct Mr. Dodd's statement that "Blaine was made forever ineligible to the Presidency because of his comparatively petty wrong-doing."

Two things made James G. Blaine forever ineligible to the Presidency. First, the well-meant but most unfortunate speech of the Rev. Samuel Burchard in which he said "We are Republicans and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. We are loyal to our flag." These remarks lost more than enough Roman Catholic votes to change the result of the election. Secondly, the miscount of votes in New York City which enabled the Tammany managers to count for Cleveland many ballots which were actually cast for Butler; this gave victory to the Democrats.

Those are the reasons why the presidency was lost to James G. Blaine.

POLLY BLAINE DAMROSCH.

New York City, N. Y.

### More Advice to Marian

SIR: Mrs. Wholey's Marian who has a home but wants a job is to be matched by that other middle-aged woman who has a profession but who wants a home.

It's a gruelling process to go to your job, rain or shine, all day long, winter and summer, for twenty-five years, barring a month's yearly vacation, and a trip abroad once in a decade. The average woman on the average salary can't do it and keep house also. The average woman wants a home, a piece of her idealism made visible. She wants friends there to talk.

As for really worth-while conversation happening only among specialists—we all do love to talk shop; but I should die of malnutrition if I couldn't listen to some one whose shop was not my shop. Wouldn't Marian like to have a half-day job, and also keep her house going?

To many middle-aged business and professional women it would be paradise to relinquish half their day, and some pay, to have leisure for home, friends, and self—just a chance to sit in the sun, as George Soule puts it. A specialist is often like a peascod, very full of peas, when she—or he—would rather be pansies.

But the "efficient organization" of our business and professional world has no place for the vital, educated, middle-aged homemaker nor for the trained professional who wants a half-time job. All together then, let's shout the truth, "inefficiency!"—and reform the organization!

FLORENCE L. C. KITCHETT.

Hartford, Conn.