

cans and the complete triumph of the civil service rules would put a man into an office for life. The next step is the adoption of the pensionaire rule. This means taxation of one half the people to support the other half. It is one of the most disagreeable characteristics of paternalism. It is un-American and will surely weaken the Anglo-Saxon extract which has made us self-reliant and independent. Paternalism reduces the strength and courage of the strong and tempts the weak to less and less exertion. When the bureaucracy is increased by the government ownership and operation of the railroad, lighting and telegraph companies, American supremacy, will be, at least, threatened.

Richard Croker's reply to the Mazet committee that of course he was loyal to his "friends" and rewarded them, after election, with offices, calls to mind the meaning of "friend" in politics. Of course, a political friend does not mean anyone who is congenial and enjoyable, somebody who takes an interest, unselfish and unrewardful, in his friends' welfare. Richard Croker's idea of friends are men with no ideas or principles of their own, who will do his will, whatever that involves, on election day and before it, with the understanding that if the Tammany candidates are elected the friends are to be rewarded with an office, involving some service to the people and for which the people pay. The friend's fitness to perform the duties has nothing to do with the question. Mr. Croker's position and definition of it is simple enough, and he frankly admits that he is the Tammany leader, and when Tammany is successful at the polls he divides the offices as he sees fit among his friends and the people have nothing to say about it. And yet Mr. Bryan quotes the Declaration of Independence and the oratorical sentence about the consent of the governed, as though that had anything to do with us and must be applied to the Philippines.

Sir Henry Irving's success in Robespierre is gratifying to all lovers of the drama who realize what Sir Henry has done for the stage in England and America. Illness and large financial losses were not able to weaken his courage, and the London people greeted him with such a warm demonstration of affection, it must have compensated him for the cruel blows which fate has been dealing him. The critics said: "That the play itself was impressive and powerful, but it was the actor, not the piece, that made the occasion one of the most memorable in the history of the drama in London. That night, if never before, Irving's talent blazed into genius, and there were few in the splendid audience who were not ready to concede to him the laurel as the greatest actor of his generation. Nothing in the long list of characters can compare with his Robespierre. There was vigor, power, and inspiration which he had never shown before. Everyone marvelled that a man who was no longer young, had just recovered from a prostrating illness and had been almost overwhelmed recently by financial misfortune, could suddenly renew his youth and courage and with a triumph unparalleled in these latter days of English drama."

The embalmed beef enquiries are tame, commonplace affairs when compared with the Mazet committee now investigating Tammany, Richard Croker and his rapid acquirement of wealth and stocks in the many companies doing business with the city of New York. Mr. Croker is the ward politician developed to his highest

capacity. In keenness, knowledge of sordid human nature, in bull dog courage and tenacity, in a comprehension of the means necessary to secure results, in city politics, Mr. Croker is a type American, which in every city in this country is a dominant influence in politics and city government. Conditions have developed him and will continue to until the public finally comprehends that their cities are dirty and unhealthy, the streets are unpaved and taxes ruinously high because citizens vote according to a national division and without reference to those things, which make all the difference between comfortable or uncomfortable daily living. Of course it is not certain that all the people will ever get together and oust the parasites who have lived on the sale of the city's patronage, but until they do, democracy is an experiment in America not worth quoting.

Nothing that woman has worn in many years, and she has worn hoop-skirts, chignons, tight sleeves, balloon sleeves, dotted veils, scoop bonnets and shoes made on the model of a toothpick and not of a foot, is so ugly as the drum tight skirt. Our models come from France or England, the countries of cheap cabs, and they were never intended to walk in. Our habits, our fortunes, our climate, and last of all, our figures, make the adoption of the drum skirt, flaring at the knees, an absurdity. It is constructed to drag over carpets and polished floors. But over the spit-spattered walks of Lincoln, young and old women trail these ugly skirts and yet we claim intelligence enough to vote and periodically request the privilege.

Booker Washington advises the colored race to take their salvation in their own hands and hundreds of his brothers have accepted his counsel. If some very popular and sensible woman like Mrs. Cleveland were to offer advice and set the example herself of rebellion to continental styles, and conformity in our dress to our own climate, customs, income, and manner of living, it would be a longer step towards emancipation than any constitutional right or privilege which can possibly be bestowed upon us from the outside.

The candy poisoning case at Hastings is one more illustration of the rapid adoption of a new style of committing murder when it is given publicity in the newspapers. A cause celebre like that of the New York club man who received a bottle of poisoned seltzer water by mail will be followed by a number of similar attempts. The Hastings young woman who is suspected of having prepared the candy may have decided to murder Mrs. Morey anyway and might have chosen a dagger or a pistol had her attention not been called to the latest experiment in New York. The law of suggestion is not given the study it deserves. A study of it might result in suppressing the details of crime in the newspapers which are contagious and not innocuous according to the most distinguished criminologists. Mr. Morey's lame confession that he thought the young lady was infatuated with himself, his assertion of sympathy for her family troubles and of his own spotless reputation, is absurd. All such newspaper pleas have a tendency to increase the suspicion against the one who makes the plea. There is positively nothing a man can do in the very uncomfortable position in which Mr. Morey is placed, but to keep still. The old plea that the woman did it has been weakened by so many court trials in which the testimony indicated that the man was accessory that the plea in itself is a suspicious circumstance.

THE PASSING SHOW

WILLA CATHER

Then back to ancient France again,
When Anjou's banner was unfurled,
When life was epic still, and men
Lived all the love songs of the world.

The Seine divides Old Paris still,
And half is yours and half is mine;
There, whip in hand, at every inn,
Spurred chevaliers still quaff their wine.

The old chateau from ruins rise,
And queens tonight are born anew,
Brought radiant back from shadow land,
To smile tonight for me and you.

And gallants gay, with powdered hair,
Shall lead them in the stately dance,
And all those hearts shall beat again,
Those sad, glad hearts of Olden France!

Lift high the cup of Old Romance,
And let us drain it to the lees;
Forgotten be the lies of life,
For these are its realities!

—W. C.

Mr. Richard Mansfield's interpretation of the chief and, indeed, the only character of the play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," is entirely worthy of the foremost American actor of his time. It is by no means one of his most brilliant efforts, for Mr. Mansfield is a character actor, not a romantic actor. It is such a complete departure from anything that he has ever done, or that any other living American actor ever attempted, that he is entitled not only to our admiration, but to our gratitude for having addressed himself to so serious an intellectual effort and enriched us by so unique and exotic an experiment. It has cost him much money and study and has been a continual provocation to his unfortunately irascible temper.

The character is one which gives Mr. Mansfield little opportunity to display his most prominent merits; his subtle underplay, his inimitable finesse, his penetrating analysis of personal motives and mental attributes. On the other hand, it attacks him from the side on which all Americans are weakest, that of the Academic requisites; physical repose, grace of carriage and rhythm of motion, sonorous and rich and varied elocution. The French think more of those technical beauties than we do, it is a part of their partiality for elegant form. The demands which the role makes upon the actor's physical strength and technical skill of execution are enormous. The part is one of the longest ever written, and memorizing is exceedingly difficult for Mansfield. He often stumbles in his lines after he has played a part for years. There are a dozen or more long, involved speeches, crowded with fantastic imagery and bristling with abrupt transitions and violent contrasts, perfect rifle volleys of words, that require a richer and broader and more versatile elocution than any other modern play demands. For instance, the famous speech about the nose in the first act:

You might have said at least a hundred things
By varying the tone, . . . like this, suppose,
Aggressive: "Sir, if I had such a nose
I'd amputate it!" Friendly: "When you
It must annoy you dipping in your cup;
You need a drinking bowl of special shape!"
Descriptive: "'Tis a rock? . . . a peak! . . .
. . . a capel
—A cape, forsooth! 'Tis a peninsula!"
Curious: "How serves that oblong capsular?
For scissor-sheath? or pot to hold your ink?"
Gracious: "You love the little birds, I
I see you've managed with a fond research
To find their tiny claws a roomy perch!"

And so on for a hundred lines. This is a mere coleratura passage, so to speak, an exercise which tests the resources of the voice to their uttermost. The same is true of the intro-

duction of the Gascon cadets, beginning:

"These are the Cadets of Gascony,
Of Carbon of Castel-Jaloux!
Brawling and swaggering boastfully,
These are the Cadets of Gascony?"

Which Mr. Mansfield delivers with wonderful esprit, but with considerable noise. It is in these passages that, laboring under the disadvantage of an ingeniously bad translation, the actor is astonishingly brilliant.

The first act, but for the incidents of the poetic duel and the hissing of Montfleury, would be dull. It transpires, of course, in the old theatre of the Hotel de Bourgogne, and a wonderful bit of old Paris that scene was with its fair ladies and gallants and parasites and gamblers. The curtain of the mimic theatre is drawn and Montfleury, the fat actor, a mountain of quivering flesh, comes out, clad in a goat skin with a little garland of flowers perched above his puffy face, and a tiny flute of reeds in his hand and unctuously recites:

"Happy is he who far from the thronged court,
To a voluntary and sweet exile yields himself."

when "Cyrano" drives him from the stage because he is a bad actor and because he has dared to make eyes at "Roxane." Not that this incident has anything at all to do with the play, but it is picturesque. Later Cyrano fights his duel with the viscount, composing a ballade as he fences, which ballade Mr. Mansfield delivers with all the fury of action, thrusting his words and his blade together. But it is at the end of the act, when he is alone with his wooden friend "Le Bret" that Mr. Mansfield achieves the most poetic moment that he reaches in the play, that for a moment he is Ruy Blas indeed:

"At times I'm weak: in evening hours dim
I enter some fair pleasaunce, perfumed
sweet:

With my poor ugly devil of a nose
I scent spring's essence, —in the silver rays
I see some knight, — a lady on his arm,
And think, "To saunter thus 'neath the
moonshine

I were fain to have my lady, too, beside!"
Thought soars to ecstasy, : . . O sudden fall!

—The shadow of my profile on the wall!"

Nothing could be more delicate, more naïf, more pathetic, more revelatory of the man's soul than the actor's reading of those lines; his voice grows tender, tranquil, melodious, and O so young! In this blustering Gascon there was the first timid romance of a lad of twenty, which had never had a chance to live.

The most notable effects the actor accomplishes in the second act are in his introduction of the cadets and his interview with "Roxane." She meets him at Rageneau's pastryshop to beseech him to protect her handsome, witless lover who has joined his company. For a moment Cyrano believes that her veiled references are to himself, and he forgets his nose.

Roxane:
"On his brow he bears the genius-stamp;
He is proud, noble, young, intrepid,
handsome."

The actor's muscles contract, his face becomes a stony mask. He remembers the nose then. That word "handsome" recalls it. He promises to win her lover for her and to protect him. When "Roxane" compliments him upon his bravery in putting a hundred men to flight last night, he bows and murmurs, "I have done better since."

There is, however, one of the author's neat "points" in this act which Mr. Mansfield quite overlooks.—Ah, the rapture of finding anything that Mansfield overlooks! When the hungry poets whom the verse-loving pastry cook "Rageneau" admires and pities, come in and devour his pastry behind his back, "Cyrano" calls his attention to it.