

ped and shot them when they dis- pleased us how long would the United States of America endure? The world has stood the Chinese hermit just as long as it can. Russia, Eng- land, Germany, and the United States are getting ready to move in. We need the room and it is not of the slightest consequence who was there first. We are not children. "The earth is the Lord's and the ful- ness thereof," and a dog in the manger occupation cannot endure. Moes were hidden in the earth long before man needed them by One who foresaw his need. Be sure no Dutchman or Chinaman is going to divert man from the stores that were hidden for him before the waters brought forth.

The Boers say they do not want the mines dug or the resources of the country developed. Well, because the whole world moves together and be- cause hermits as men or nations are out of date, they will have to accept the laws of commerce and quit try- ing to obstruct business or they will be crushed by the pressure, now of England and eventually by all na- tions which have representatives in the Transvaal.

There is a great deal of talk about England's not having any right to teach the Boers civility and the ways of modern trade. Nations have rights which individuals have not. The greatest good of the greatest number and the survival of the fit- test, overturned Greece and Rome, dismembered Poland, and is driving out the North American Indian from North America. The land is only ours to use and if we do not use it, the nation that is big enough to con- quer us will harvest our fields, dig our mines and run our railroads.

Forestalling.

Mr. Bryan, overruling the national committee, has determined that the national convention of the demo- cratic party shall be held prior to the meeting of the republicans at Phila- delphia. The reason which he ad- vances for an early convention is that it affords an opportunity for the adoption of an anti-trust plank be- fore the republicans can express themselves in the national conven- tion upon the same subject. At the common law it was an indictable of- fense to obtain control of all the necessities of life so as to produce famine in the market, and thus obtain extortionate prices from the com- munity. Mr. Bryan has determined that the denunciation of trusts is a staple necessary to the existence of political parties and that the organi- zation that does not possess it will perish miserably in the approaching campaign, hence he proposes by the process of forestalling to monopolize the entire out-put of anti-trust den- unciation. It is surprising that one who on more than twenty-three thou- sand different occasions has declared himself to be the friend of plain, com- mon people, a large majority of whom differ with him in politics, should freely admit that he has it in his heart to cause so much of suffering by the absorption of the entire sup- ply of political pabulum. The ability of this anti-monopolist to mono- polize is remarkable.

Recreants.

There are in this community as there are everywhere men who once were republicans, who now unite with the democrats and vote for can- didates of the democratic party who nevertheless proclaim themselves, Lincoln Republicans. They have joined a party at whose national con- vention in 1864, a delegate aroused

the enthusiasm and elicited the cheers of his fellow delegates by say- ing, "For over three years Lincoln has been calling for men, and they have been given. But, with all the vast armies placed at his command, he has Failed. Failed. . . Failed. . . Failed. Such a failure has never been known since the destruction of Sen- nacherib by the breath of the Al- mighty. And still the monster usur- per wants more men for his slaughter pens. Ever since the usurper, traitor and tyrant has occupied the presi- dential chair, the republican party has shouted "war to the knife and knife to the hilt." Blood has flowed in torrents and yet the old monster is not quenched. His cry is for more blood."

This speech was followed by the adoption of a resolution declaring the war for the preservation of the union a failure. And now these one time republicans stand shoulder to shoulder with the detractors of the immortal Lincoln.

Ignace Paderewski.

He is a very modest virtuoso, as modest as Shakspeare and with as sane and wholesome a style. He has the simplicity rather than the eccen- tricity of genius. To be sure he wears his hair longer than men who do not play the piano are accustomed to wear it, but he forgets it himself and the yellowest audience does not remember it after he begins to play. It is difficult to discover from his playing the composer or the compo- sition he prefers. He plays each number as the composer himself might play it: with complete un- derstanding of the feeling and the in- spiration under which it was written. So Catholic a sympathy, so universal an appreciation of beauty can belong only to a cosmopolitan of the type of Shakspeare. Something in his pale, absent minded, unself-conscious face recalls those types whom the old masters painted or modeled and called "a man," a title which baffles the story lovers and fascinates the paint- ers and modelers of all times and of all nations. The golden tone, which with ten fingers jointed and muscled like other men's fingers, from a grand piano like hundreds of other pianos, he yet drew from that piano is all the mystery of genius, more occult than the theatrical feats of the mahatmas and more indisputable.

THE PASSING SHOW

WILLA CATHER

"What, they lived so then in Venice,
Where the merchants were the kings,
Where St. Marks is, and the Doges
Used to wed the sea with rings."
—Browning.

Last week I saw Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in "The Merchant of Venice." It was not only a play, it was the reconstruction of an historic period, the restoration of a bygone civilization, it was the glorious his- tory of Venice animated and made flesh. I not only believe that I never saw Shakspeare adequately played before, but that I never saw him play- ed at all. I have indeed seen Shaks- perian characters well played, but never an entire play so presented as to bring out the playwright's complete conception, his full purpose, every light and shade that go to make the piece as a whole a perfect work of art. Now I know why it is that Ir- ving's "stage-craft" is so much talked of, it is because he plays in every character on the stage, because he

governs this puppet world like a sort of inexorable Providence, making all the players work together for one end and to produce one great harmony, as the conductor of an orchestra does. You felt that great central intelli- gence in Gobbo as well as in Shylock, in the grouping of the characters, in the very painted canvas.

Speaking of canvas, any one of Ir- ving's Shaksperian productions is enough to convince one that scenery may have a noble meaning, like all else that is fitting and beautiful, and that any actor has a right to enhance or elaborate the playwright's scheme by scenic accessories, just as a con- ductor has a right to transcribe a Liszt rhapsody for a full orchestra. Certainly it can only add to the ef- fectiveness of the first act of "The Merchant of Venice" to have the first act beautifully staged upon the square of St. Marks and to suggest in the promenade of the gallants all the gay, luxurious life of the Venetian nobles. Certainly the trial scene gains in dignity when the pomp of the Venetian court is put tangibly before your eyes.

When I first saw Richard Mans- field's "Shylock" I maintained that masterly and convincing as it was, it was the "Shylock" of Richard Mans- field, and not that of Shakspeare. Mr. Irving handles the text more respect- fully, and his interpretation is more orthodox and, strange as that may seem, at the same time more free and immensely more varied. Mansfield voices the tragedy of the Ghetto; he presents the patriarch burning un- der the accumulated wrongs of cen- turies, the picture of age in exile and subjected to insults. His "Shylock" knows the passion of bitterness but not that of personal hate, and he values money only as a means to power. But "Shylock" himself said, "And if you wrong us, shall we not have revenge?" and this quality of personal hatred against "Antonio" as the exponent of Christian doc- trines and practices, which is touch- ed very lightly by Mr. Mansfield, is the point of strongest emphasis with Irving. It is a hate that the Jew himself cannot control, that breaks out when he would not let it be seen and endangers the plan of revenge he broods upon. It is the hysterical hate of an old man, that breaks the voice and glitters in the eye and shakes the body as with palsy. The ferocity and malice under that cackle of trem- ulous laughter with which the Jew first proposes the terms of the bond to "Antonio" makes the listener shud- der. With Irving's "Shylock" the passion for his ducats is a material passion, simply that of a miser and no more. When he says of "Jessica," "would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!" he means just that. Yet the patri- archal side of the Jew is not forgot- ten, only Irving scores in a single scene the point that Mr. Mansfield devotes the entire play to. It is in the scene at his own house, before he goes out to sup with the young Venetians, that Irving's "Shylock" is the patriarch. And what a wonder Ir- ving makes of that scene! The cur- tain rises on that dark house on the canal, the light burning before it. The mashers of the Venetian carni- val, clad in rain-bows of color, troop through the street; a gondola hung with colored lanterns, full of youths and maidens singing to the accom- paniment of a guitar glides down the canal. As the laughter of the maid- ens dies in the distance and the mu- sic goes to sleep on the waters, you hear the rap of "Shylock's" staff, and the Jew enters, muttering and curs- ing the gaily he hates and the opu-

lence and splendor of his oppressors. The scene with "Jessica" is solemn and dignified almost to pathos, for in his own house the Jew is still high priest and representative of Jehova on earth. After he goes out, again the mashers, the gay gondolas, the arrival of "Lorenzo" and his friends, the amorous passages with "Jessica," and the flight. Then the Jew re- turns to his desolated house, the song and laughter heard across the canal mocking his despair. In the trial scene he is less theatric than Mansfield and much more dramatic. Mansfield gave "Shylock" in his mo- mentary triumph a sort of cynical satisfaction, while Irving's "Shy- lock" is no more of a cynic than the child who kicks the door that pinched his fingers. As he plays it, the scene is full of fine "points" like this: When "Bassanio" offers him six thousand ducats for his three, Shy- lock approaches him and taps the bag of gold with his sharpened knife, listening to the clink of the coins, and then answers him: "If every ducat in six thousand ducats" etc. The final blow of "Portia's" decision he receives with a sort of tottering apa- thy, like a man stunned by a physi- cal blow. Creditable and ingenious as Mr. Mansfield's performance is, it will scarcely stand comparison with an interpretation so rich, so varied, so complex, so full of subtle analysis and so quickened with dramatic power. This is the work of a larger intellect, a larger experience, a more conscientious study.

I wonder how she ever happened, I wonder what she really is that strange combination of sentiment and comedy, of witchery and mirth, of carelessness and happy intuitions, that incarnate grace that they call Ellen Terry? That "Portia" with a voice of dreamland and the dignity and exquisiteness of all the queens of old Romance, who after playing the fair lady of Belmont for lo, these fif- teen, nay twenty years, still catches in her lines and dares to improvise in the "quality of mercy" speech. I don't believe Sir Henry himself knows her much better than the rest of us do. I had a long chat with the stage manager about her, and I'm con- vinced he doesn't know her. "Naw," he said, "she doesn't know the lines of any of her parts, and in blank verse of course that's awkward. Why doesn't Sir Henry call her down do you say? Dear me! then there would be stormy times for all of us! Why the Governor would never dare sug- gest that Miss Terry ought to know her lines. Why the Governor hasn't hung up in a star's dressing room since we've been in the states. She takes the best one every stop and the Governor he takes what's left. Then she puts up her hammock in her dressing room and sleeps between acts, and we have to hold scenes for her. She's not in a good humor this trip anyhow. She hates her part in "Robespierre" and is never done find- ing fault about it. O, he's a good man, is the Governor, a good man and patient."

I have an old picture of Miss Terry as "Mamillius" to Charles Kean's "Leontes," taken when she was five years old, and even there the grace of that little body is as the grace of an elf child, and the face has the same exquisite mobility and sensitiveness that she has kept into her fifties.

But to Belmont: Ah, that was a "Portia" to dream on! I never want to see another. There is comedy and comedy and then some; but hers is the comedy of grand dames and prin- cesses of the blood, done regally and blithely and to the tune of silver bells,