

early sessions of the sale, which produced an excitement in social, as well as art circles.

"Intelligent observers, whose memories need only reach back a year, are recalling the fact that last autumn Professor Volpi, an elderly man of attainment and position in his native land, and an eminent authority on early European art—through whose gallery have passed many of the greatest pictures in the most noted American private collections—was virtually a prisoner, when he first visited these shores, on Ellis Island, there detained by the immigration authorities on a serious charge involving his morality, as seen from the American official view-point. From this duress and charge, he was only released through the quick and decisive action of the Italian Ambassador at Washington. At the time, the very dailies which have been publishing long and laudatory stories of the Volpi sale and of Professor Volpi himself were publishing stories of his detention and the unfounded charges against him. Further, when, after Professor Volpi had left Ellis Island, and modestly showed to the art world the fine pictures he had brought with him, there was a shrugging of shoulders in art circles, an indisposition to accept some of the paintings as valid, and Professor Volpi failed to sell his pictures and returned to Italy last spring, a discouraged and disappointed man, wondering 'what manner of men' were the Americans.

"Happily now Professor Volpi has been vindicated—not personally, for he needed no vindication of his private life and character, but as to the worth of his possessions. The incident is not a creditable one for Americans to contemplate, but perhaps it was to have been expected after the experience of Admiral Dewey—hailed as a hero after his return from Manila in 1898, and his name publicly hissed six months later."

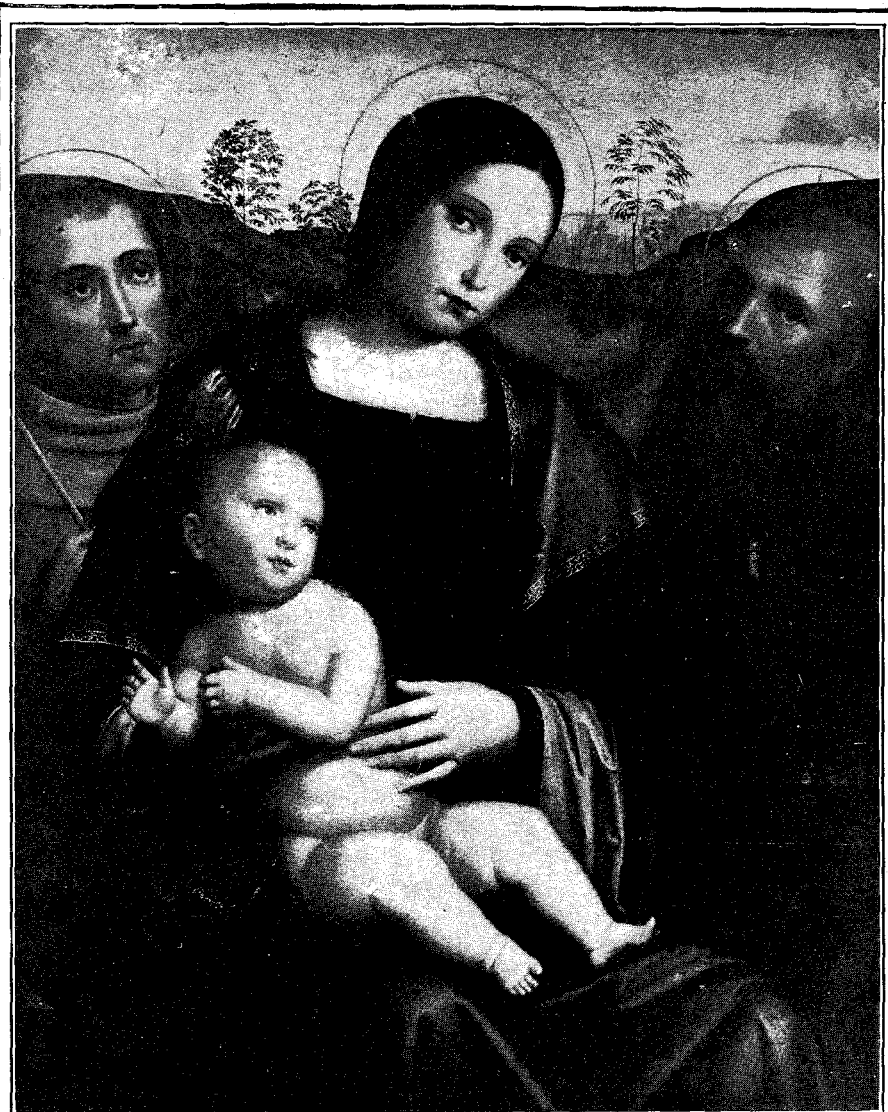
SHOULD PLAYS BE PUBLISHED?—

Plays are made to be acted, but a good many are also published, thus implying that they find readers. To see whether this implication were a fact or only a hope, the *New York Evening Post* sent out an inquiry to publishers asking if they find the experiment profitable and if the number of readers of such books increases normally. There are fifty replies, and the case seems to stand in favor of play publication. It would be more interesting if the dubious answers were accompanied by a statement of the particular plays that inspired the feeling about the general question. We read:

"Three publishers confest to altruism in publishing plays without enough profit to make it really worth while, tho in each case they said that they kept on in the belief that some day they would receive a distinct return on their investment. Of the remainder, forty-seven find the play branch of their business profitable in a greater or less degree—in most cases a greater. Seven publishers replied flatly that there was no increase in the number of people reading plays; they were either just holding their own or were losing money on the venture. On the other hand, forty-three reported a decided increase, and in the majority of cases their replies were couched in enthusiastic terms. As is only natural, the older and more staid publishers were rather more cautious in their statements, and consideration of this fact gives prominence to an interesting condition. Especially during the last ten years a large number of small publishing firms have come into being, established in many cases by young college-bred men who were dissatisfied with the conventional outlook of the older houses, and so started in for themselves. It is due in no small part to this younger generation that the printed play has reached the stage it has in this country."

"DEADWOOD DICK" FORGOTTEN

ALL the old heroes of the *Deadwood Dick* pattern have faded from the minds of schoolboys. No youth now goes forth to fight Indians or herd cattle on the plains. Even Fenimore Cooper has staled; and nothing short of air-plane or motor-car can stir the imagination of the modern



Courtesy of "The American Art News."

"MADONNA," BY FRANZIA.

A superb example of the fifteenth-century Italian school, which brought \$41,000, while a Botticelli, not so characteristic of its painter, sold for \$7,000.

boy. The head master of the Tome School, of Port Deposit, Md., Dr. Thomas Stockton Baker, so assures us in a lecture delivered at Cooper Union and reported by the *New York Times*. He declares:

"Our boys, as they sally forth on their imaginative adventures to-day, like to go in very high-powered motor-cars, or a mighty aeroplane comes in handy in their trips by land and sea. The trusty blade of former days is a very inadequate weapon to meet the dangers their imaginations conjure. The boy must be armed with the most death-dealing devices that the editor of the popular scientific monthly can present to his eager reader. Captain Kidd has been supplanted by the stealthy submarine-captain who smells rather of the engine-room and talks in terms of horse-power than in the gory dialect of the classical pirate.

"There never was a more complex subject than the study of the American boy. He does not lend himself very well to analysis. He is usually chivalrous, except to his fellows, when he is apt to be utterly merciless. His powers of imagination are boundless, but his flights of fancy nowadays do not take the direction his father's mind traveled, or even the trend that the

foreign boy's follows. The little Frenchman still likes to picture himself fighting savages in strange corners of the earth. The American boy is less of a buccaneer, less of a frontiersman, than the foreign boy. To him Fenimore Cooper is almost a sealed book, while the European lad still reads lovingly the stories of the backwoods."

"This change from the old order, which had its value for the imagination if it sometimes dealt cruelly with excitable natures, brings perils of another kind which must be watched lest they gain strength from the temper of the present times:

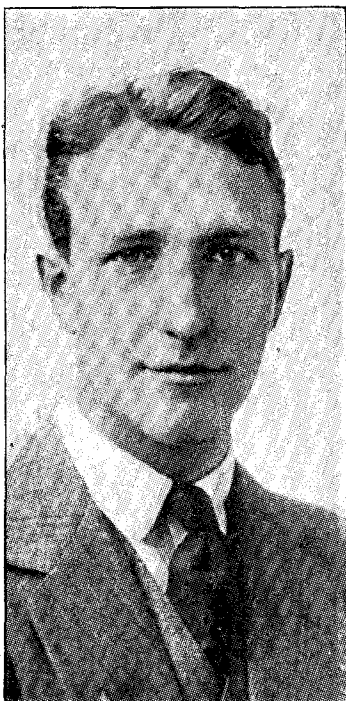
"The war has stirred all nations to their profoundest depths, and we are trying and testing every bit of the fabric of modern civilization to see whether it is necessary in our way of living. We shall probably discard many things as a result of this searching national introspection. In the department of education there was probably never a higher degree of thoughtfulness than at this present crisis. The great danger in this country to be avoided in our school-work is the danger of materialism. In Europe the intense suffering which has prevailed will give a background of seriousness and thoughtfulness to all endeavor that we Americans shall not possess except in a faint reflection. Europe will have to think in terms of materialism. Stupendous debts will have to be paid, ruined fortunes will have to be repaired, shattered homes will have to be restored. It is to be hoped that the schools in the United States will do something to halt the appeal that is being made on every hand to the obvious, the cheap, the popular. The agencies for mental development are all too few, and if the schools fail in their duty the condition will be deplorable."

A NEW STATUS FOR ENGLISH ACTORS

ENGLISH ACTORS in the war have made it "henceforth impossible" for even the "least respectful enemies" of the theater to be supercilious to this institution. This is regarded as highly satisfactory by *The Saturday Review* (London), and especially, it thinks, will it be so regarded by those "who have an incorrigible affection for the theater." The protest in England against sending actors to the front, which we noticed some time ago, has become completely hushed. Quite another view is now exprest. "Privates, corporals, and subalterns in the King's forces, enlisted from the London stage, are doing more for the prestige and dignity of the British theater than a generation of social petting or distributing of judicious honors." This writer calls for a record of the military activities of the people of the stage since August, 1914, and cites a statement from the recently published letters of Mr. Harold Chapin, the American actor and playwright who was killed at Loos while fighting in the English ranks. Mr. Chapin had lived in London since his childhood and passed his whole career on the English stage; but he continued to retain his American citizenship. The point here raised concerns the right and wrong publicity in the matter of the actor's participation in the war, and the passage from Chapin's letter, written from France in June, 1915, bears a reference to a London stage idol:

"I have been the recipient of many complaints about the way the press are booming ——'s joining of the A. S. C. Strangers in the battalion only knowing me by sight have sought me out to explain that it is 'things like that' that give the stage a bad name. . . . He makes it look as if he were the only 'pro' who ever joined the Army. It's too bad. There are hosts of us out here."

Some of the larger results of the actors' fighting, as *The Saturday Review* points out, will be a reconstruction of the



HAROLD CHAPIN.

An American actor and dramatist who fell fighting with the English forces at Loos in September, 1915.

attitude of the world outside the theater to the world inside it. The contrast will be particularly marked in England where the actor still, in the minds of conservatives at least, holds an inferior social status, and in the eyes of the law enjoys the unrepealed statutory description of "rogue and vagabond." We read:

"The theater will be the better in all ways for the proof it has given that in quiet patriotism and sacrifice it has shown itself nowise inferior to the common English standard of true manliness. The Bohemian tradition of the 'artist,' or even of the 'artiste,' as an abnormal person to be known anywhere by his oddities of dress and manner went out of fashion when W. S. Gilbert's 'Patience,' from being a contemporary satire, became a historical document. For many years practitioners of the arts, as a protest against the Gilbertian view, have taken great pains to be respectable and thoroughly of the world. But the roots of the tradition lie deep, and the tradition itself dies hard.

"The attitude of the public in England to men of art is always a little colored by a feeling that art has very little to do with the common sense and energy which get the ordinary business of the world successfully along. 'Those fellows are not men: they are artists,' says a character in one of Schnitzler's comedies. For this attitude to art artists in the '90's had themselves very largely to blame; but it is an attitude which will hardly

survive the war. The war has given to the younger generation of poets, painters, musicians, and players an opportunity to complete their work of dissociating art from its affectations and excesses. Many have affirmed their simple English manhood by paying the extremest debt. They have splendidly removed any possible taint of effeminacy from their calling. Men like Rupert Brooke and Harold Chapin have restored the true English tradition of men of letters and music—the tradition of Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, and Wyatt.

"The mistaken view—a view which, we fear, has been, in the strict sense of the words, a very vulgar and common view—that men who wrote poetry or appear in plays are any the less keen or manly or practical by reason of these polite accomplishments—has probably by now died out, even in the most impervious and materialist minds. The idea of art as something apart from life, the product of a continuous inbreeding of masterpieces, a conceited hermit or sibyl working far off from the fields and streets where the necessary work of the world is being done, has been rudely and healthily shaken; and, along with the arts in general, the theater will no doubt richly share in the benefits of our renewed sense that in the midst of art we are in life."

Normally, says the writer, here taking up the point made in the introduction, "the theater—the theater which really stands for some sort of an attempt to entertain us with an image of English life—has special difficulties of its own to struggle with in addition to those which it shares with the arts in general." Going on:

"We all know what Dr. Johnson thought and said about actors, and how Lamb was struck by the apparition of Garrick among the poets in Westminster. The theater, tho it touches the fine arts on one side, reaches down on the other to arts which may be as well, or better, studied in the gardens of the Zoological Society or the Jardin des Plantes as in the theaters of the West of London; and it is inevitable that our general estimate of the player's art should suffer from an indiscriminate view of theatrical proceedings at large. The tendency to disparage the actor is all the more marked in classical English literature and opinion, owing to the frequent failure of English literature and English drama to come to terms of alliance. The theater which could find no place or encouragement for Browning or James or Meredith must expect now and then to be twitted with finding places innumerable for people who invert the counsels which the good friars gave to Fra Lippo Lippi."