

beyond price, and the employer of 50,000 men. He is brought to London for consultation by the heads of international enterprises. He is recognized, in reality, as a second John Hays Hammond. He is looked up to as a potential Cecil Rhodes. He is accorded distinction as one of the big men of the world. He is consulted by cabinets. He is put at the head of the greatest philanthropic undertaking of modern times, if not of all times.

One of the circumstances that have escaped the scrutiny of his biographers is the fact that, while submerged, as it were, in the material and the practical, this big, brawny, bustling business man, was engaged upon a translation, compilation, and elucidation of "*Georgius Agricola De Re Metallica*," founded upon the first Latin edition of 1536, a monumental technical work published by the Mining Magazine, Salisbury House, London, 1912.

PERCY GRAINGER, the Australian virtuoso and composer, has sprung another surprise on musical America. As the author of many tuneful ditties and brilliant popular successes, he did not inspire much serious consideration amongst his high-brow brethren—in spite of his startling shock of hair. Now at a bound the composer of “Molly on the Shore,” “I’m Seventeen Come Sunday,” “Handel in the Strand,” and other catchy rhythms and spicy oddities, has revealed himself as a serious and ultra-modern composer of astounding originality and an erudition worthy of Strauss. From the important Norfolk Festival comes the report of “The Warriors,” a symphonic poem which, in the words of one musical critic, “makes Stravinsky sound like Mozart.” In intricacy, daring, largeness of design and breadth of conception, “The Warriors” appears to be the most startling novelty of the season.

The interpretation furnished by Mr. Grainger himself is interesting. By warriors he does not mean, apparently, the great generals of history, who busied themselves with the science of military strategy and tactics, but the natural-born fighters, lovers of personal combat, of all ages and climes—"lazy, pleasure-loving men and women who would rather fight than work for a living."

"It may be imagined," says Mr. Aldrich, musical critic of the New York Times, "that Mr. Grainger let loose all the powers of his imagination and opened the flood gates of his orchestral rhetoric in embodying this. The piece is rather terrifying at first, but it has that in it which gains greater significance on repeated hearing. . . . The din which rises to an almost unbearable point at least two passages is not a mere noise-making but the product of a perfectly traceable thematic treatment."

*A
Startling
Symphonic Poem*

family, and in addition the glockenspiel, the xylophone, seven bells and two pianofortes! There are at least fifteen themes in it, and abundant passages of real beauty, of true expressiveness and poetry, even of genuine ability. Grenville Vernon, of the New York Tribune, calls it a triumph of virtuosity. The attitude of musicians generally is one of astonishment for the ability shown.

IF you or I sat down on the upturned point of a pin we'd express anything that came handy to the tip of our tongues—but when Charley Chaplin does it he expresses “art,” according to Mildred Cram, in the Theatre magazine. She also sees a certain kind of poetic motion in the way Charley slithers in custard pies, trips over garbage pails and plunges into crates of eggs. Charley should be taken seriously, says Miss Cram, because he is “contortionist, clown, idiot and artist all in one. He is the world clown, the delicious mountebank, the leivable rogue. He has taken the place of Pierrot, Arlecchino of the Commedia, Punch, Puck and the marionettes and mines of Gauthier's day.”

"He was inspired," says Miss Cram, "when he made up like a Hobo Romeo, drawing a line between the absurd and the tragic so delicately that you laugh at him with tears in your eyes. A romantic clown! A

tramp with a tragic past! Cyrano de Bergerac wrong side about. Charley borrowed heavily from Pierrot. He can be languishing; he can be stricken, love-sick, dumbly forlorn. He is an artist because he can lead an audience unerringly from hoots of laughter into silence and to tears. He accomplished it in 'The Tramp,' one of his most uproarious comedies. In the last 'fade-out' he stood at the top of a hill. Behind him lay a tramp's short dream of love and home, be-



"Oh, doctor, will it make me normal again?"

—Marcus, in The New York Times.

fore him lay the long, white road. He did not show his face, but by the droop of his shoulders, his dumb immobility, his whole, discouraged and disheartened, sagging head, hands and knees, he gave the tramp's little tragedy. He stood a moment—and it was as daring a moment as any of Mrs. Fiske's back-stage expedients—forlorn and pitiful. Then courage came again; he straightened, swung his absurd cane, flourished his elbows, kicked up his sore heels and trotted briskly away into the face of the setting sun."

THE most majestic National Anthem ever written has been sacrificed to Russia's determination to have done with the house of Romanoff. "God Save the Czar" is to be sung no more, and "The Hymn of New Russia"—a composition reflecting something of the heat of revolutionary fervour—replaces it. The music of the new national anthem was written by Alexander Gretchaninof, already a composer of international reputation and leader of the new school which has undertaken to build up a pure ritual music for the Russian Church.

The new anthem has been heard at two public performances in New York and was received cordially enough. "Sung by a multitude of voices it should prove extremely stirring," is the opinion of a critic in Musical America. Its compass never exceeds an octave, and it "has a touch of Russialism that gives it a becoming suggestion of folk quality."

It is this "common touch" in the tune of the new anthem which may secure its survival. National anthems, like all folk-songs, are usually of the obscurest origin and are rarely written by musicians of the first rank, such as Gretchaninov. But up to the present Gretchaninov has owed his distinction chiefly to his part in the renaissance of Russian church music. "Some of his works," says H. K. Moderwell, in "The Art of Music," "will stand as the most perfect specimens of sacred music the world over."

M. FERMIN GEMIER, director of the Theatre Antoine, is convinced that French dramatic art is on the eve of a great revolution. He believes that the quickening of the national consci-

ence which came as one of the salutary attributes of war has turned public opinion in Paris against the persistent tendency of French playwrights to probe sex problems and pander to pruriency. Speaking to the Paris correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, M. Gemier said that this tendency in the French theatre had been largely responsible for spreading abroad the idea that France had become a degenerate nation and that it was a realization of this shameful fact that had aroused a public demand for change.

As to the form this new development is to take M. Gemier said that the recent formation of the Shakespeare Society in France was perhaps the first great practical step.

M. Gemier went on to say that going back, as it were, to Shakespeare as a point of departure, as a starting point where they were all agreed that truth had existed, it became possible to look ahead with confidence. The experience gained by the recent production of the "Merchant of Venice" at the Antoine Theatre was highly encouraging. He could state that all in France who were interested in the theatre had been much impressed by the results obtained from this first effort. The suppression of the wings and of some of the scenery, and the putting, as it were, of the actors in closer relation to the audience had been a great change in the right direction. By a single stroke they had eliminated much of the artificiality of the stage. A great note of simplicity and sincerity that was entirely new had been struck by this new production of Shakespeare. It constituted the actual start of a plan for rendering the drama more natural and more real.

In reply to the question as to whether the public were ready to accept this change, M. Gemier said they undoubtedly were. There was, in fact, a new audience already created and waiting. At present this audience was in the trenches, but they would soon be back from the war and the theatre must give such representations of the drama as would meet their psychological needs. Development in this direction had great possibilities, and from this basis there would, M. Gemier hoped, spring up a new style and a new drama.

ELLA Frances Lynch who is one of the most active advocates for the educating of children at home and who founded the league of Teacher Mothers, is not very much impressed with the idea of military training in schools. "The home is the best training camp," she says in the New York Times. "Home discipline, home unity, home efficiency must prepare the way and train the individual for national discipline, national unity and efficiency under a democratic Government."

Preparedness calls for a regular daily program of home work, school work, and play, says Miss Lynch, so that the child knows what it has to do throughout the day. Every child must have some task to perform. Teach him how to do the work. Then make him do it promptly, thoroughly, regularly. He must work while at work. To this end, compulsion must not be shunned. Thoroughness must be procured by making a stand against erratic busybodyness and requiring of the child suitable work done honestly. He must learn respect for the finished job.

NOW, the effort to repudiate conscription, says the Christian Science Monitor of Boston, has come up in the Western Hemisphere, and is summed up by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec in terms which go infinitely further than anything the Bishop of Killaloe or the Archbishop of Killaloe or the Archbishop of Melbourne has ever thought it wise to advance. It is obvious

that conscription cannot be attacked in Canada on the ground that the country does not enjoy representative government. Canada not only enjoys representative government, but the Province of Quebec even enjoys a bilingual privilege. Therefore Car-

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