

Bowery, one might remark that things seem to come in bunches. If I ever knew, I have forgotten who it was who wrote the first successful play dealing with the Jew last season, but someone must have started the ball rolling—and it is still going at a rate that exceeds the speed limit. I wrote about "The Melting Pot," and then there was Wm. Dodson in "The House Next Door," and others I don't recall at the moment. Not satisfied with the list, along comes Henri Bernstein with "Israel" and has another go at the same subject. The play was a great success in Paris and has been here, despite the fact that he who adapted it from the French took it upon himself to make a change in the ending—though apparently he repented and recognised his misdeeds, because his name does not appear on the programme. Despite a weak ending, however, "Israel" is a remarkable drama, which rises to the Parnassus of real greatness in the second act—one of the greatest and best built climaxes ever seen on the American stage.

The plot deals with a young French prince, Thibault, who hates the Jews. Notwithstanding the fact that Thibault is a man of great intellectuality, his hatred for Hebrews is purely blind, unreasoning prejudice and jealousy. At his club he has a large following of young men who, for the most part, not having brains enough to think for themselves, allow Thibault to think for them, forming a background for him, as it were. In the same club there is a fine old Hebrew gentleman, quiet, dignified, polished. Thibault, however, decides that he must leave the club as he will not tolerate a Jew. With his followers he meets the Hebrew, Justin Gutlieb, leaving the club. Thibault tells him of the objection he and some of his friends have for the presence of a Jew and asks him to resign. Gutlieb refuses, whereupon Thibault insults him by knocking his hat from his head. Gutlieb calmly picks it up and walks out. Of course he is forced to challenge Thibault to a duel. Thibault's mother, the Duchess of Croucy, asks Gutlieb to call upon her. She does her best to get him to retract his challenge but he is obstinate. During their conversation we learn that the Duchess' late husband was a financial partner of Gutlieb, and also that Thibault, though the young man of course does not know it, is Gutlieb's son. Here, in truth, is a nice complication! Thibault arrives upon the scene rather inopportunely and finds Gutlieb and his mother in conversation. His mother explains, when the Hebrew leaves, that she was endeavouring to avert the duel. By clever pleading and reasoning she persuades Thibault to spare Gutlieb, but suddenly the prince becomes suspicious. Why does his mother plead the cause of the Jew? Why is she so con-

cerned about the impending duel when she has praised him for former duels he has fought in the same cause? He puts these and other questions, her answers only making him more suspicious. Throughout this act Bernstein builds his climax with great skill. The wordy duel between mother and son goes brilliantly on; bit by bit Thibault gets nearer the truth, and the tremendous scene culminates in Thibault learning, to his utter bewilderment, the secret of his extraction. This is a truly great scene—one which alone would put Bernstein among the greatest playwrights of the age. In the subsequent duel Thibault refrains from killing Gutlieb, though he can not explain why. The Hebrew receives a slight wound in his sword-arm. Thibault's discovery of his own Hebrew extraction does not lessen his hatred of the race, but merely makes him hate himself, and in the last act he threatens to kill himself, and really nobody in the audience would regret the demise of such a prejudiced, if intellectual, young cad. But—and here is a great weakness of the ending—instead of killing himself he marries a rather flighty female who would surely strengthen the suicidal tendencies of many Thibaults.

But that second act is sufficient to keep it going, combined with the excellence of the cast which has been entrusted with its presentation. The three chief roles are played by Miss Constance Collier as the Duchess of Croucy, Mr. Graham Browne as Thibault, and Mr. Edwin Arden as Justin Gutlieb.

They are splendidly cast. Miss Collier, a popular English actress, came over last season to play in "Sampson," but she did not succeed in attracting much attention. Her work in "Israel," however, is marked by great emotional ability, and in the scene with Thibault her efforts to avoid a confession by banter, severity, humour, maternal affection and tears alternately is a notable piece of acting. Mr. Graham Browne plays the part of Thibault in a manner worthy of Miss Collier's art, and Mr. Edwin Arden makes Gutlieb the favourite throughout, with his fine, dignified mien and impressive presence.

George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" has been done into an opera, and "The Chocolate Soldier" is the result. It has made a decided hit, and passed its 100th performance last month. The music is good—better than the libretto version of Shaw's play—and the cast is eminently satisfactory.

Mr. Wm. Faversham is on tour after a New York run in an elaborate production of Stephen Phillips' "Herod." He has made a splendid setting of the admirable drama.

Critics and public alike agree that Forbes Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is beyond adverse criticism. The great English actor has as many admirers here as he has in London.

David Belasco will produce three new plays later in the season. One is from the pen of Eugene Walter, who wrote "The Easiest Way."

A PARK OF MOUNTAINS

TWO years ago when visiting a ranch in the Foot-hills, forty miles west of Calgary, a man from the east asked where the man of the house might be. He was told that the rancher had left home early in the summer with his brother, an eastern professor of geology, a party of prospectors, a pack of ponies and a camp outfit—in order to scale Mt. Robson. It had been rumoured that a party of United Statesers had their theodolite packed ready to make the ascent, and it was counted bad form for the experienced Canadian mountaineers who had spent years exploring other mountains, to let any outsider make that climb first. They spent ten weeks in the attempt to scale Mt. Robson. They were beaten by a September snowstorm. A year later they tried it again and made the ascent.

Mt. Robson is one of the highest mountains in America, and it is one of the little items in a new national park which has been laid out on a scale of magnitude unsurpassed in America. Two

years ago the Stoneys in the foot-hills began to be alarmed because they understood that their good autumn hunting ground up around the head waters of the Saskatchewan was to be made into a national park. The park has been determined; and it reaches from north of the Yellowhead Pass clear down to the watershed of the Saskatchewan, where it joins the Banff national park that extends down to the C.P.R. The new park, situated on the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, has about five thousand square miles. This, of course, does not include the slopes of the mountains which are not square, but rise in all shapes and sizes, mostly sublime, everywhere within sight of the tourist. This is practically a *terra incognita*, though here and there may be found ruins of Hudson's Bay posts, such as Henry House and Jasper House. Here also are great sulphur springs which with temperatures ranging from 116 to 125 degrees Fahrenheit will make excellent mineral baths for tourists.



Mount Robson is the highest known Peak in the Canadian Rockies; one of the stupendous objects of interest in Jasper Park.