

he answered that, as it seemed natural to the character, he found it easy for himself. Off the stage he could not have done it; on the stage it was appropriate and therefore a piece of unconscious mimicry. Svengali smoked, I think, cigarettes or long Vevey fins. The Duke of Guisebery smoked, quite as to the manner born, a pipe—a luxury in which Tree, the individual, not the actor, never indulged."

Tree never allowed his own face to be seen on the stage but his personality permeated every one of his productions. "Tree as a personality was greater than anything he accomplished," admits Mr. Courtney. "But you must allow me to observe that that in itself is a compliment, and in the case of many artists a very great one," he adds. "He was always unexpected, daring, original. He often gave one a shock of surprise, welcome or unwelcome. He was good when you anticipated a relative failure, poor, when you could have wagered on his success."

Behind the Scenes with Sir Herbert Tree

His acting was never monotonous, rarely the same from night to night. Like his conversation, it was full of quick turns and unlooked-for spurts of wit. For the same reason, his figure as he moved

on the stage was vivid, graphic, picturesque, satisfying the eye, even when occasionally he failed to satisfy the mind. When he was acting Mark Anthony in the Forum scene he broke off the famous speech in the middle, came down from the rostrum and finished his speech, standing on a broken pillar. I argued with him about this, suggesting that if Mark Antony was really holding his audience he would never have altered his position. Tree answered: "You forget the soon-wearied eye of the spectator: he becomes tired of one situation and demands another. Besides," he added with a whimsical smile, "change is a necessity for my nature." It was indeed. And owing to this he became tired and bored with his part, and sometimes broke off the run of a piece in the midst of a brilliant success."

As to the positive contributions of Sir Herbert Tree to the English stage, Mr. Courtney speaks of the way he carried on the tradition he had inherited from Henry Irving, who had set a magnificent example of stage production at the Lyceum. "Thanks in especial to Irving and Tree, London stage-production reached a higher level of completeness and finish than was to be seen in foreign capitals," says Mr. Courtney. "Sarah Bernhardt and other foreign visitors acknowledged that in this respect they did not do things better in France. Gradually Tree bettered the examples of his predecessors. His critics said he over-elaborated his effects; his friends were never tired of welcoming new grades of beauty."

"He was full of the idea of the importance of the theatrical art, as a main instrument of culture and as a most necessary element in civic and social life. He did not work merely for his own hand, but upheld the claims of his calling. He instituted a Shakespearean week—a most costly undertaking—in order to keep alive our indebtedness to the Elizabethan stage. He presided at meetings, made speeches, inaugurated movements, pushed and encouraged various policies, in order to prove that actors were important elements in the community who had their proper functions in the body politic. You know how many speeches Tree made in the United States, not because speaking was easy to him—it never was—but because he felt it to be his duty to represent British interests and ideals in this appalling universal war."

THE most obvious thing about the Russian revolution seems to be that the scum of the boiling carries the odious taint of the rascally Rasputin and bears a strong Teutonic flavour. This is evidently so in the case of the ex-Minister of the Interior, Protopopoff, whose policies during the last few months of the old regime did much to provoke the final fulmination. In a review of Protopopoff's political history and an exposition of his dictatorship given by E. H. Wilcox, in the Fortnightly Review, it seems clear that Protopopoff was a protege of Rasputin, and that his policy was dictated by a mischievous determination to stir up domestic strife

and sell the Russian birthright for a mess of sauerkraut.

Protopopoff is now safely stowed away in the fortress of Peter and Paul. When the first rumble of the revolution roused Petrograd he slunk out of sight and hid in the home of the notorious herb doctor Badmaeff. Reports say that it was his brother who persuaded him to surrender to the revolutionaries. He went in disguise to the Taurides Palace at midnight of March 14th and actually offered his services to the Executive Council "for the welfare of our Fatherland." Kerenski was called and decided that Protopopoff could best serve the welfare of the Fatherland under arrest and told him so. And now, amongst the many charges preferred against him is one of stealing from the telegraph archives the original dispatches between the late mystic monk Rasputin and Emperor Nicholas and Empress Alexandra.

A correspondent of Current History, who visited the Fortress of Peter and Paul, says: "Protopopoff, like a beast in its den, strode to and fro, to and fro, incessantly, from corner to corner of his cell. He paid no attention to the sound of men moving in the corridor. He did not even glance at the hole in the door." Which is not the first time a jackal has tried to play tiger.

Rasputin first appears in the Protopopoff record when, as senior vice-president of the Duma, Protopopoff returned from England in the spring of last year after creating, temporarily, a favourable impression there as one of the delegation from the two Houses of the Russian Parliament, which attended the conference of Allied Parliaments. Protopopoff had just promoted the new paper *Russkaya Volya* (The Will of Russia), the financing of which, according to a later review of the enterprise given in the Duma by the Conservative deputy Pouriskevitch was engineered by "the three principal banks which work in Russia with German money." About this time Protopopoff was also being criticized for the remarkable indiscretion of being seen in conference with a member of the German legation at Stockholm on the return trip from England. He was also charged with having slipped away for a while from his brother delegates during the stop-over in Stockholm for a quiet chat with the German minister von Lucius.

Thanks to the oily interference of Rasputin, Protopopoff weathered the storm and, by some wizardry of the "esoteric" forces, was elevated to the Ministry. Whilst still in the probationary stage as "Administrator" of his department, he provoked the strong disapproval of the Duma, and the Minister President Trepoff, in response to the demands of Pouriskevitch, went the length of inducing the Tsar to agree to the removal of Protopopoff from the cabinet. But the united efforts of the Rasputin gang secured a reversal of the decision and, when Protopopoff was confirmed in full Ministerial rank, Trepoff sent in

his resignation.

"Protopopoff was now supreme in Russia," continues Mr. Wilcox; "for the new Minister President, Prince Galytzin, was a mediocrity without a will or a programme of his own." As Minister of the Interior, and following Trepoff's removal, he was responsible for every one of the reckless and fatal measures adopted in Russia's domestic affairs. He has been charged with deliberately withholding provisions from Petrograd, Moscow, and other large towns, with the object of goading their populations to revolt. Nominated members of the Imperial Council who had voted for the resolution in favour of a Cabinet of "public confidence" were removed, in defiance of precedent and, apparently, in contravention of the law, and their places filled by men of trustworthy subservience. The President of the Council was dismissed and his post given to a notorious reactionary, the former Minister of Justice, Shcheglovitoff,

who, according to the Grand Duke Nikolai Michailovitch, was one of the most influential of the supporters of the Tsar in the policy of defying the nation.

"Meanwhile the arrests of political work-

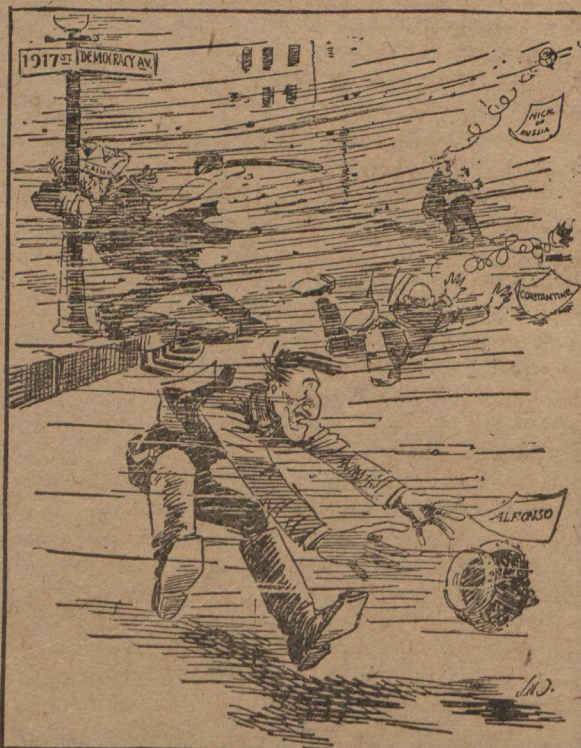
ers were becoming more numerous every day, and on February 11th Protopopoff took the extreme and desperate step of imprisoning eleven of the workmen's representatives on the War Industrial Commission.

"By ordinary human intelligence the arrest of these men at that critical juncture can only be ascribed to a desire to provoke excesses," remarks Mr. Wilcox, in conclusion. "There is, indeed, only one alternative to this view, and that is the theory that Protopopoff's actions as Minister were the aberrations of a madman. For some time past his health had been very unstable, and, apart altogether from his Ministerial record, it had been rumoured that his physical condition was beginning to affect his mind, and that he was threatened with paralysis. How much truth there is in these stories has not yet become known, and we shall probably have to wait for the greatest of modern political trials before the strange case of Alexander Protopopoff is thoroughly cleared up."

THERE is hardly another public character in the history of the United States of whom so much has been heard and about whom so little is known as is the case with Herbert Clark Hoover. His masterly administration of Belgian Relief projected his name in an admirable light before the whole world, but only a comparatively few know anything of the past of the man, or of his struggles and successes in private life.

All of which moved a Boston editorial writer to enquiry. He discovers that Hoover, when a barefoot boy in Iowa—the son of poor Quaker parents—developed a bent towards engineering by reading of the achievements of John Hays Hammond. He went to Leland Stanford Junior University, with nothing more tangible than a determination to study his chosen profession there. He worked as a laundry agent and did other menial jobs to pay for his education. "As usual in such cases," says this writer, "he made his way through college creditably, and from this point onward his progress was not only remarkable, but exceptional."

The sketch of his career which is oftenest consulted is necessarily so compressed and condensed as to be little more than the recital of a string of bone-dry facts punctuated with dates. He is appointed to geological surveys in Arkansas, and in the Sierra Nevadas; he is made assistant manager of the Carlisle mines of New Mexico; he becomes engineer of the Morning Star mine in California; he goes on, holding higher and higher positions, gaining steadily in reputation until we find him filling the post of engineer of the Imperial Bureau of Mines in China. Then the details merge almost into the romantic, for the little barefoot Iowa boy becomes in succession the trusted consulting engineer of mining corporations in different parts of the world, the authorized representative of a hundred millions of capital, director of properties almost



A gusty corner for Royal Millinery.

—J. N. D., in Kansas City Star.