

A PAGE OF VERSE

ROBIN

BY E. HAMILTON MOORE

[*The Sunday Times*]

SING me the ripe of the year,
Robin Goodfellow!
Carol content and good cheer,
Jocund, though winter be near,
Though the leaves yellow.

Sing me the barn and the byre,
Harvest thanksgiving;
Praise me the bowl and the brier,
Curtain and candle and fire,
Peace and snug living.

Calmly the year to her rest
Turns from all cumber.
Ruffle your bonny red breast,
Sing, of all bounties the best,
Silence and slumber.

Blithe, then, in cold days and dark,
How the flute mellows!
Pipe 'Who's afraid?' to the lark;
Quire with the angels, brave spark,
Best of good fellows!

THE SECLUDED DWELLING

BY F. W. STOKOE

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

WHEN I shall enter first my grave,
The last of all the homes I've tried,
I shall look round and say: 'This cave
Is quiet, cool, and countrified;

'A hermit's cell, a bland retreat —
Bare, but my books are in my head,
My music too; no need to eat
And drink and smoke, now I am dead.

'I think I might be happy here,
Have time at last, and use it all,
And get the first and last things clear.
Even the Vicar will not call.'

So for a while I take my ease,
And lie and twist my thoughts about,
Content no footstep breaks my ease,
That not a friend can find me out.

But when the winds in autumn blow
And drive about the unending rain,
I shall be restless till I go
And haunt the avenues again;

Peer stealthily in a face or two,
Walk, and return unsatisfied,
And find my thoughts are all askew,
And curse, and wish I had not died,

And smother in my winding-sheet,
And wonder what is wrong with this
Cool, quiet, countrified retreat —
And know at last that what I miss

Is dearer than all these I hold,
Worth buying with all those I
dread —
That it is lonely here, and cold.
All much as if I were not dead.

AT DUSK

BY E. HAMILTON-FELLOWS

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

LEFT to the stars the sky,
Left to the sea the sand,
Softly the small waves drop
Hand on white hand;
Where murmuring hills are steep
Countless musicians keep
Tryst, among wild dim valleys
Lost in sleep.

Their music binds a world
Of alien fields unknown,
Stirs among cloud-hung peaks
Lovely and lone.
Far and remote they seem,
Playing their endless theme —
Thin threads of sound come trem-
bling back,
Dream upon dream.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

INTERVIEWING BERNARD SHAW AND SACHA GUITRY

Two distinguished European dramatists gave interviews on theatrical matters to the press in the same week last October. One was M. Sacha Guitry, — perhaps best known to American readers by his play *Pasteur*, which unfortunately, has not as yet been translated into English, — who discussed his own work and the Belgian theatrical public with an interviewer from the *Indépendance Belge*. The other was Mr. Bernard Shaw, who discoursed to a representative of the *London Observer* upon most subjects under the sun — except perhaps, shoes, ships, and sealing wax, cabbages and kings, of which the dismayed interviewer fails to make mention. He confesses at the opening of his article that he ‘tried to make Mr. Bernard Shaw talk about *Heartbreak House*,’ but confesses that ‘the attempt was only partially successful.’ Mr. Shaw was very eager to talk about the Washington Conference, the command of the sea, Leon Trotsky’s new book, — which, by the way, he greatly admires, — the Irish question, his fellow dramatist, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who recently made a bitter newspaper attack on him, and the affairs of the universe in general. But it was evidently with the greatest difficulty that the unfortunate reporter steered him back to his own writings. Mr. Shaw consented to give only unwilling scraps of information, which the newspaper man contrived to piece together.

Why do you keep bothering about my plays [asked the dramatist]? Is it intellectual affectation, or are you really one of the few very special people who care for them? If you want to meet the master-spirits of the age you will find them in the gallery and

pit when my plays are being performed. You will even find them in the stalls.

The latest news about *Heartbreak House*? Well, the latest is that its third production has just taken place in Stockholm. No; I can’t tell you whether it has been a success or not; there has not been time to decide that yet. The Swedish papers say it has; but it had a disastrous effect on the correspondent of the *Morning Post*. I always have a disastrous effect on that paper; its constitution is not strong enough to stand up to the game as I play it.

Yes; it is a long play, a frightfully long play. If the spectators interrupt and delay the proceedings by guffawing in the usual manner, they will spoil the performance; and they will not be out of the theatre until three in the morning. We shall get through in time for the last trains if they will let us; if not, let them pay for taxis or walk home; and serve them right. People who make audible noises in the theatre should be killed.

I never said that the play is funny. The first act may prove amusing in parts; but the second should produce stupefaction, and the third send the audience home to devote the rest of their lives to repentance and good works. The *Morning Post* man liked the first act; it must be very bad. It was the second that unhinged him.

The London production of *Heartbreak House*, which opened simultaneously with Parliament, is the fourth that the play has had. The first production was that of the New York Theatre Guild, and the second that of a manager in Vienna. Mr. Shaw explains this by saying that ‘New York got in just by sheer artistic gumption, Vienna probably because it knew no better.’ The Stockholm production, third on the list, is now at last followed by a fourth in London.

To judge from the comments of the